

Dear Walter,

12/20/75

When the mail came yesterday I knew your card without looking at it. When Lil handed me that card without a word I said "Walter?"

We have a new system on the mail. The mailman drives in every day instead of leaving it in the box. The outgoing mail is too heavy to fit any mailbox. I hope it stays this way, although reason tells me it cannot because it is the new book. So, before he is due I take the mail out and leave it on the hood of my car. This lets him know in advance whether or not he has to use his trunk. Generally I am the one who goes out when he comes so I can help him, often saving him having to get out of his car.

I start leafing through the mail as I return to the house, separating out the orders and other matters to which Lil attends. This time of the year the cards go with her share. I stick to what I know I have to read. I have less time and more to do.

Also, I have an apparently severe case of phlebitis, which limits what I can do. And is making me fat. But I work more than a day each day. I've reorganized the way I work and what I work on. Most uncomfortable of all is straddling a typewriter table, always with the left leg up, sometimes both. When I have to keep both up I have an old hospital-bed table in the living room and I carry the typewriter in there.

Although I reported what I now know are typical symptoms, the doctor did not so regard them. It began to get real bad when I was rushing Post Mortem out. Oddly, beginning the morning of the first of the last two days during which my work was essential. I had the negatives shot in Washington and the book printed elsewhere. Each day I had to work most of two shifts and make the trip. By the end of the second day or into that night it was pretty rough. Then the doctor diagnosed it as phlebitis, but decided it was mild because when he gave me the tests that are supposed to cause excruciating pain I had none. He prescribed a very mild anti-coagulant that did nothing and by the time I had taken enough of that he decided on the alternative, that it was deep. At the hospital, when I didn't react promptly to injected anticoagulants a vein scan was ordered in the left leg. Fortunately the radiologist, a stranger to me, was a fan of mine and decided to do both. It is in the right, too, but not as heavily. I was discharged from the hospital less able to walk than when admitted and before the level or oral anti-coagulant was established. It was increased before I left and three times thereafter in accord with what blood tests every other day showed. I suppose there is some improvement because they reduced this by a sixth last week.

Of course I'm trying to sleep more. But the mind is too alert and there are too many problems. I started trying to sleep more after the pneumonia and pleurisy of May and late April. Some nights, like last, I can't. No pain. Just the mind won't rest.

I've reorganized my day around my capabilities. And during this rough period some Washington area college kids ran a carpool for me. They would not hear of my taking the bus. The doctor was also optimistic about how soon I could drive to Washington. He thought two weeks after I left the hospital. A month after that it was too much. I was still exhausted three days later. The consequence of the legs being pendant, I suppose.

I can go to and from the cellar and I can walk some. I'd be able to walk more if the land were flat. I started walking up the hill for the first time day before yesterday when a bad dog tried to bite me. Fortunately I saw a large stone as he was charging, a long charge, and was able to restrain myself until he was almost upon me before letting it fly. My aim was good. It is not just that nobody wants to be bitten. I am under injunction against getting cut or even bruising myself. So, I can't do any of the outside work I usually do in cold weather and the fuel oil bill will be much greater. I can't use the fireplace. But today I made the steeper hill twice and when the weather is not wet I'll be trying a little more each day.

But I run the packaging dept. efficiently. Lil addresses envelopes for the small and individual orders and makes labels for the larger ones and while I sit with my legs up and covered with a blanket, which becomes a work-table, I do the packages. At the times I keep my legs up so other times they don't have to be. Generally to the news.



A combination of circumstances made it possible for me to print Post Mortem at a time when it could have accomplished something had it not been for your friend who I used to consider mine and one who used to be his and their combined insanities and self-promotions. Greg got to crazy even for Mark. Temporarily, anyway.

We had put aside virtually every penny from the previous books beginning the first of the year. We have recaptured all the manufacturing costs of Whitewash IV and paid off the loan Jim made and all the other cash costs and aside from the other and not inconsiderable costs are in the black. Can you imagine what a regular publisher could have done? I did this without a penny for advertising or promotion, not a single radio-program call I paid for. It couldn't even be looked up in Books in Print (which just came out with a typo in our address!).

So, instead of holding onto this for the purpose for which it was accumulated, reprinting the works close to out-of-print, we used that money, a consultation fee and a one-time use of one subsidiary right and had enough to pay all costs, including a mailing. (I had to do that when I couldn't walk and it looks and reads like it. I'll enclose a copy.) In less than the first month, with only that mailing, we've sold enough books at \$10 plus postage to recapture about 25% of these costs. Again, for all its liabilities, can you image what it would do if it were on sale in the bookstores, even without promotion?

It is as definitive a book as there can be on a subject like this. Maybe it will yet accomplish something, despite all the negative efforts close to led by Bantam. It will now reach more people than the earlier irresponsibles and the net result of the book as I understand it is to serve federal interests.

It is the ripoff my letter of notice said it would be. I don't have to read it- and havn't- to know this. I haven't finished the intro and I know Anson, whether or not alone, was out for me.

FW did not mention Post Mortem. Since Xerox bought it it has refused to mention any of my books, for one spruious reason or another. I read a "review" sent me by another (once you did) and in checking something my eye was caught by a device poorly disguising some cribbing.

When I can I'll finish the book. Rather read it. I'm barely into it. I'll want to do this when I can annotats it.

In this field there are some dead giveaways on the phony books. They are clear in this thievery/formula/ desecration. Others are seeing them and asking me. Two scholars, and I do mean with real credential, who know the field, are already doing this. One has spotted the outright thievery of the work of another (that happens to have been done for me and with my materials). Anson is a thief, one of the upwardly mobile. In New Times he did this with some of the content of Whitewash IV which he got from the copy I sent New Times two months earlier in an effort to sell ancillary rights. I have the records and of a conversation between the two events with him.

If I am able this time I think I'll try to do something. The facts will justify it. Jim has cleared enough of the work that we have to do so the people those like your employers pay can have something to steal so that he is getting started on earlier cases. Because we are actively in court in four cases there will come a time when he won't be able to do much, but he is starting now. If the combination of all these rotten efforts succeeds in helping the bad guys abort what has been possible for two years I'll not be surprised if I'll be able to get help.

Bantam has a particularly despicable record on this subject. There was a policy decision against Whitewash, which had more than mere editorial approval. It then reprinted Epstein's defense of the FBI and miserable and wretchedly inaccurate assault on Warren. To this it added a corrupt condensation of the 26 volumes as deliberately dishonest as any work of that kind can be. Meanwhile it made specials of all the propaganda the government wanted out, beginning with the Warren Report and missing few if any. After all of this there was not only no acknowledgement - there wasn't even a question when I wrote. Meanwhile it provided its vice president to be a racist partisan when he didn't have to appear at all in what will be recognized as the one possibility of forcing a solution to the King assassination. In his testimony Tenkin was a bastard. It was not



merely bias, deceptiveness and an anti-black act. It was to make a court record that Bantam, knowing the pro-FBI, pro-government, pro-the crime is solved, forgot its content of the Frank book, out \$100,000 up for it. There is nothing more it could have done to prevent a solution to that terrible crime or to help corrupt government. The overall record makes it indistinguishable from a government front. I think in time this will come to be understood. The time may come when I can help it be understood. I look forward to this because these assassinations turned the world around.

I have despite all been able to carry my work on the King assassination forward, too. Since Tenkin's testimony I have obtained enough suppressed evidence to start all over again, the new-evidence route. There is no reasonable question that those Tenkin served started framing the story of the assassination before Ray was identified, leave alone captured. And I expect more.

And at just this juncture what happens? Greg and Abernathy promote themselves with common, deliberate lies that, with the defaming of the black administration of Atlanta forced it to prove independently what I had earlier as Dick would have learned if he'd phoned me, that it was all falsehood. Department of Disinformation stuff. I do hope that CBS, which is doing its own dirty work, uses that footage. They deserve it. They have the con man on film. And his record as a con man.

The evidence I have already obtained - and I expect more - is enough to attract a competent expert in civil law and the suits are airtight. You know my work. When I describe it this way I'm not exaggerating. In time this will work out as it should. My illness does effect my mind or my determination. I was able to take David Belin on when my feet were so swollen I could not wear shoes and force him to come out for a new investigation. I've turned some blacks on, too. One, a reporter, really believes that Dick is doing this kind of crazy thing - and without knowing the subject, which is new to him, he so recognized it before we met - to increase his bookings. Even I did not think that and tried to dissuade him.

The Times has been struggling with its own whitewash of the King assassination, turned around from a decent enterprise in which I'd interested it.

But it is not yet all Bantam, government, CBS, the Times and other finkery. Bantam may yet learn that it made itself part of a Cointelpro operation, more than once. I'm sure it was and I have friends working on my leads and analysis. Nick or not I can function. I'm less deterred by power than ever. I keep pressing and with Jim keep making a record that in time only an overt authoritarianism will prevent from succeeding. I've taken the last steps prior to filing against the CIA, with proof in hand (and deposited elsewhere, too). I'm talking about personal suits and for damages that can be demonstrated. I've taken the initial steps with the FBI. There are some fascinating ramifications that lead back to Anson/Bantam. I think you'll be better off not knowing them.

This is why I haven't sent you Post Mortem. Not disappointment over the Leda matter. I don't want to compromise you in any way. What I've told you above is not secret. What I'm not telling you is another matter, in your interest.

The prospects in Congress are not as good as they could and should be, thanks to the efforts of Greg, Park, Bantam and many others, including Congressional egos. There is also more dirty work afoot and not known. It will put all of this collection again with overt racists unless it is aborted. For the next month there are now only two possibilities of my doing anything to frustrate any of this, barring good fortune and attention to the contents of Post Mortem. (It has much of which you do not know.) The odds do not discourage me. I feel as I did two years ago, that the prospects are good. Jim and I alone, for example, may yet do it in court. We do not underestimate the power and situation of the federal agencies that have so much to lose. And their allies.

Don't worry about me, because I'm going to make it. I worked all the time I was in the hospital and I've made six public appearances since discharged. I've held two successful press conferences, both well attended and well reported, if suppressed in the likes of the Times and the Washington Post. The one on my new King material had at least four times the attendance of a coinciding Congressional hearing on the FBI and Oswald. (I'd refused to appear on the coming CBS King special when they gave me a con-



flict of interest. I supposed it shocked them that there are things of more meaning than coast-to-coast prime-time TV attention. They had not fewer than 5 people at this press conference and I expect them to use parts on their special. It would have been the second lead item on the Cronkite news that night if the Angolians had not released the captured CBS crew. What CBS-TV used the next morning was the most irrelevant they could and still plug themselves dishonestly.)

We haven't spoken for a long time. Because it is known that we are friends (I noted and appreciate the underlining on the card) I'm updating you and recommend that you be careful about anything relating me.

In a sense that has no real meaning our financial situation is better. However, we'll be using this money to reprint two of the earlier books. We'll have enough when the time comes -soon with one and before long with the other. I also have another consultancy that includes a respectable fee. So, what we are nesting will soon be spent but then Lil starts her very difficult time of the year in two weeks and it produces our only regular income. By then I expect to have enough back from the books so maybe we may consider buying meat once in a while.

In spite of the many troubles and problems I'm not as alone as I was. I can't exaggerate in anything I say about Jim. I know you've met him. His excellent legal briefs also have considerable literary merit. And he is not the captive of the clichés of the teaching and practice of law. He is also a man. I'm sorry you were not in court the last 12 of the many times I charged perjury to the FBI. When the judge threatened that if we said such things out of the courtroom we could be sued, his spontaneous response, without turning to look at me, was that we were both ready at that instant to do exactly that. It so startled the corrupt judge that he actually asked if we were not afraid. Jim assured him we were not and the judge dropped it. I think you met Howard. When I wanted to write a fourth part for Post Mortem and an independent judgement on what to exclude from a book-length appendix I also got an unexpected fee that enable him to come here and make these decisions and annotate that appendix and with footnotes lace it into the text. With the phlebitis I then did not recognize, what a godsend! His own fine book has been bought by another publisher who is putting enough into it to make it clear he is going for best-seller. The collegiate publisher was killing it, not selling it. It has, among its many merits, limited focus and ultra comprehensibility. Lil and I rejoice for him.

Time to go to bed. Lil has been talking about writing Agnes for a long time. She did not realize that I have your home address until I told her that I was going to write you at home. Maybe she'll do something tomorrow. She is taking a soak now. She likes Agnes.

Believe me, I'm neither discouraged nor depressed. I need some walking so when the dog attacked me I reapplied for a permit to carry a gun (which I detect). And I went walking as much as I could with a stout six-foot staff. I regret that I can't now return to the writing for which I yearn but I do the other things I must do. I look forward to a productive year, one or more accomplishment. And I hope it is a good one for you.

Sincerely,

P.S. You'll struggle through the typos. I can even force myself to go to bed when I'm not sleepy and that time has come. But I'm sorry for them.