

4/19/68

Dear John,

Only the personal news in your just-arrived letter of 5/14 depresses me. As Lili and I grow old more rapidly together (if this can be said of living with a man who spends so much time away) that people should, the more she means to me. You and the children have lost something.

If I correctly unravel your third paragraph, again, through the elipsis, you'll find I have a suggestion of it; O in N.O., p. 384, par. beginning, "The man in Miami,..." For several months I have had such possibilities in the back of my mind and, between breaths, have been gathering a little on it. I now have a tape recording (not mine but a duplicate to protect the friend who made it) of advance knowledge. My friend, new at investigating, phoned me 3 a.m. in New Orleans, gave me a number, and I called him from a clear phone, with a tape recorded in the booth with me. I have his tape, loud and clear! No mention!

I would like to know your source on the Guantanamo plot to be sure it is not feedback. Jim and I have known about this for a long time. We have been silent to protect the little yellow bastard. In fact, last November, when I thought Jim was about to use it, I persuaded him not to, on the ground that no matter how yellow Bobby is, necessity will drive him our way and we should keep him in a position to maneuver. He has almost eliminated this for himself, but not quite. I still hold his keys. He is also stupid, acknowledging responsibility for what is not his responsibility. That the jerk hasn't learned from his brother's experience is stunning; he keeps himself the captive of the same ignorant advisers. I don't care whether you tell you (former?) friend of the turned back or not, but they should all have learned that there is but one way to deal with blackmail. In fact, I know more than this that they can use. Were I in his position, I'd use it myself-some of it, that is! Not what Spindell has, and not what Hoover has- and they won't dare. Unless there is a deal of a magnitude I cannot conceive cooking, they'd have used it by now if they did dare.

Unless he reaches manhood before the convention, he is then exceedingly vulnerable to the kind of emotional thing that can be done with all of this.

I am aware that you may not be able to deliver on your promise to see to it that for silence you'd get my expenses back to me. I am particularly aware because it is I who feel the pinch, more than you can imagine. But without being in a position to deliver, you should not have made the promise. Your regrets pay few of my bills.

If I were afraid, I'd neither have started this nor fought it as I have; nor would I be working such killing hours, mortgaging myself for the future I expect to have for worrying about it. Besides, there are some kinds of lives that

may not be worth living. I've shortened and ^{am} ~~am~~ shortening mine for a purpose. It means something. It is worth it. And it must be done. Whatever the consequences, I have and can conceive no alternative-not for me. And I find that one way or another, despite the now-great fatigue, I am capable of whatever is required. My instincts are still undulled, and I can still go right where I want for what I want. I sense it properly, find it instinctively, and then get it.

This now varies from people being willing to lay bare the secrets of their personal lives so I can poke around and find what not their personal affairs is there that I want and need to things so hot I cannot write them to you. And I have it on tape!

But if anything should happen to me, do I not have enough scattered around, and to the knowledge of the other side, to make their cost so great they may be my best insurance policy? At some point, Bobby may realize what is true, that as President he'll need me even more. That burning wood will haunt him. Reread the introduction of PW beginning on page 7 and make the appropriate changes. Perhaps you'll see it that way.

If not, my hair, as you know, is short and it'll burn less.

Meanwhile, the other side is having a few of its own minor problems. One of their men is in the booby hatch, properly, and with real foresight he has a weapon available. I have made what I regard as a real breakthrough in counter-intelligence and I have developed it to the point where it is first, a protection to me and the others involved and second, to where my disappearance would not hurt that part and would, on the contrary, make even more of it. It is as though the tanks made the Bailey bridges as they crossed the rivers.

There is nothing that can be done about the wealthy and powerful who are so uninformed they haven't learned what happened to their kind under Hitler and Mussolini. More, I do not believe that even with the prevalent complacency, this is either Germany or Italy.

Some things, though, do disappoint me. I had hoped that Joan might open a few small doors, and would want to.

I doubt if you have the slightest concept of the logistics involved in licking Sylvia's rump! Whether Sauvage still does it or not I cannot say. He is a remarkable writer. I think that except for an occasional attack on Garrison (that I also think one of my letters may have ended), he is silent.

About Turner: given a choice, I think I have less use for a crook than a quaker. Quakers stiffen more readily than crooks straighten. I saw him spend two days recently in literary pilferage....By the way, I sent Hal some things that may give you a few chuckles on Lane. He is now billing himself as Garrison's unpaid chief investigator. And all the time I thought that was Girvich. This

guy is even worse: he doesn't even pretend to do any work. Just steals, when he can. You should see the cover ad in PW for his new book. One man alone! He did all of it. So, why are the rest of us killing ourselves-it is all done!

I've never enjoyed the sight of guts, but some day his I'll see.

You ask me what I'll do if.... That I cannot say. But I can tell you what I will not do: I will not go to Canada, or Australia, or wherever else people flee today.

I'll be less lonely than you infer.

And I'll survive it.

However, I still believe none of ~~this~~ dire things will come to pass.

Chins up!

Sincerely,

April 14, 1968

Dear Hal:

Apologies are in order - but I'm sure you know I'd have written were there not matters holding me back.

Sadly, I must tell you my marriage is through; too long and sad a story to recount, but cancer and my pursuit of the assassination finished it off. We'll discuss it someday when we have a free moment in our concentration camp.

It looks very much like "they" have struck again - and once again "they" are having their tracks covered from within. Bureau friends here tell me it's the same bag all over again; The systematic removal of "their" political opposition via murder.

Your letter to Kennedy will get there my way, if not by yours; there are things in the wind that tell me the reason for his long silence, then his own personal type of WHITEWASH; on reasonably "inside" authority, I get it that Bobby was in on the "Guantanamo Plot" to assassinate Castro in mid '63, but his brother didn't know of his thumbs up, let alone the plot; Daddy Warbucks has known it all along, has let Bobby know that he knows it (through Pearson's column), which has kept little Lord Forelocks in line; I smell Salinger as the "liaison" man between the camps, which would insure the continuing silence ad infinitum. Mutual backscratching like this hasn't occurred since Hitler and Mussolini traded fingernail fodder. It's almost impossible to conceive for me, but I am now convinced this thing makes the title WHITEWASH sound kind.

Again, sadly, I have been unable to scrounge dime-one out of anyone out here for our cause; the swiftly passing events have them petrified - and no amount of body rubbing and face kissing, fingernail pulling and fire-bomb threatening will shake them loose; had Garrison been able to get Shaw into court the backsliders might well have climbed aboard. I'm still in there whacking, but it doesn't look promising. I'm sorry I let you down; I know but a particle of what you have given and it makes me feel even worse; I'm convinced we'll win out, even if it's after our last "shower".

I am privvy to another insiders looksee that should either interest you or make you vomit. Phil Battaglia, who was Reagan's campaign manager (and resultant Executive Secretary - til erased by the homo charges in Pearson's piece) is one of the key advisor/operatives in the BOBBY KENNEDY CAMPAIGN!!!!. He has been quoted by a source absolutely unimpeachable (can't break the confidence) that "I don't give a shit this time; I'm riding a winner in all the way." His entre was invited and guided by none other than JESSE UNRQH. You figure this one out yourself and let me know your opinion.

Morgan is STILL unemployed; I smell a kind of boycott; Dolan's Metromedia (KNEW) has interviewed him, things are still undecided, however; (Harv just called; I called Joe to clear the way for a Q-T confab between them tomorrow just now; we'll see!). I don't

know whether or not Joe will induce management to take Harv on, since he is still Joe (Hero) Today, Gone Tomorrow; Morgan is Dolan's intellectual peer and Joe knows it. Sibling schtick might undue the chances.

Bill Turner is running for Congress here, against Phil Drath in the primary; Drath is the Quaking Quaker who sailed into Haifong Harbor with his Noodnik friends to deliver them drugs, rather than from evil; as liberal as this area may seem, his candidacy is pure nostril clearing; Turner has a chance for the Democratic nomination if he call rally the bread; because of the cuase, I'm going to try and help him where I can.

Let me comment on the last Kennedy letter again: It's your best yet! What bothers me, considering my aforementioned remarks, is just what in the hell are you going to do if that little lickspittle gets elected - when he'll know that you know that he knows that you know.....? He'll burn your wig!!!

I spent a weekend back in Los Angeles with a friend/business associate who is an Executive VP of City Investing in New York; (I might have sent you a copy of a letter he sent me vis-a-vis ALFIE last September?) Anyway, a lot of water has passed under his tokas since. He is more convinced now than ever that "they" are going to keep control of this nation, if they have to kill off every dissident Nigger, Kike, Indian, Hindu, Malamute, and Yankee to prove their point. As the essential head of a 3½ Billion dollar corporation, these are ALARMING words; now I know you're going to holler "screw the bastard, he's a cowardly, miserable, motly.....", but he ain't going to stick his into the fan. Not many are.....

I just acquired Savage's Oswald Affair; good for its vintage; no index; has he written subsequent books? Like his style, albeit he licks Sylvia Meagher's rump when you are due the essential praise; what in the hell is the matter with these people that they can't have the courage of their (your) convictions.

I hope Lil is feeling better, gets over that ankle thing soon; must close now and proceed to get stoned out of my skull on vodka and grapefruit juice. I'm due!

Best Personal Regards,

John

