

Dear Dick,

1/28/81

Often in recent years I've intended to write you, to ask how your project in publishing was going, what was with the boys and to update you on myself. I thought of it again an hour earlier than I intended to rise this morning, reminded, of all things, by the slight pain that awakened me.

The doctor to whom Dr. Segal finally referred me is an exceptional person and an exceptional physician. He diagnosed a partial arterial blockage in the left thigh the day after Labor Day and two weeks later he gave me a plastic artery from the groin to the knee. I had no pain, required no sleeping pills and everyone was raving about how much more blood was getting to the foot, where the supply had been inadequate, than was getting to the other foot. While I was in the hospital I had a venous thrombosis, for which I was medicated for another week. The day I was discharged there was an accident. Blood clots broke loose and I returned the next day for corrective surgery. It was possible only to the ankle. So I still have trouble with the left leg and with walking and other forms of exertion. I don't know what can happen other than nature healing what can be healed, with the assistance of medication. I have a notion that I'm having or have had another venous thrombosis, that slight pain in the calf. Maybe later today when ~~Hafnagel~~Hifnagel sees me, I'll learn.

I'm sorry you've not been able to get here to see what I've done. This is an odd way to put it, I realize, but since you can't begin to read what I've done, all that is possible is to blow your mind - if 60 file cabinets of once secret records can be impressive. ~~With~~With no money and without normal resources, this much I have acquired to now and there will be more.

I've read all of it, too, and as I read made subject files of records that I'll, hopefully, use in writing, and that I think will be of greater interest to others in the future. How else can one have access to such materials? Can you visualize 60 file cabinets of records and the time required even to flip that many pages?

In the course of this I've established a few principles of law and even the Freedom of Information Act was amended because of me - as I enjoy the courts reminding the Government.

I was also reminded of you all over again recently because of your friend, Peter Shepherd. He was agent for one of the worst books in years, by a terrible person, and if evaluated as a human being, David Lifton. His book, indistinguishable from a spook black book, is mistitled "Best Evidence." Where it deals with fact it merely repeats, uncredited, my published work. Its conjectures, which is what Shepherd could sell, are entirely impossible. The net result is a hurtful book on a serious subject and a considerable amount of hurt to countless innocents.

Emotionally I'm not up to writing now but I'm hopeful. The first book I want to do is tentatively titled "The King Conspiracies." I can now do a really definitive book on the King assassination. The last time I saw you I had one largely written and was awaiting the end of C.A. 75-1996, in which I sought the FBI's evidence. That case is still in court. I've gotten 55,000 pages and they still have not searched in compliance with my actual requests. However, I now have the suppressed official evidence that is quite unusual in one respect: it entirely confirms my analysis of what really happened. The FBI, despite its best efforts, really proven and suppressed what I'd figured out had to have been.

The book I visualize is a short one, with an enormous appendix of these suppressed records, in facsimile.

I always think of short books and they always grow as I write and think of things I believe should be said. In this case I hope to be able to overcome that.

After I finish with it I don't know what I'll do with it. I have no agent and publishers think only in terms of hokum in the field in which I work. At this point in my life - I'll be 68 in April - I can't go into debt to publish it myself. I know, from my past, that if I have time I can recover manufacturing costs without leaving home. I've done it twice, with my last two books. But I can't think of a situation in which the burden could fall on my wife.

The last time I saw you I had only a little of the FBI's records. They've been kicking and screaming and they've been able to tie me up for some years, but they've had to disgorge. And there will be more, already decided.

They don't love me.

There was a time when they had six lawyers working on me. I don't know how many agents and analysts. When that failed they turned to dirty works and with the timidity of the judges, that has been more effective. But despite it, I have successes. It only slowed me up when I had less time, as we all have with each passing day.

Of course they hate me because I am responsible for the change in the Act that opened up the FBI's and CIA's files. All those records that have been forced out are because of that change in the law, when one of their dirty tricks backfired with the Congress.

I now have copies of their records of the time when we first met. They had then decided that they had to "stop" me. One of their ~~plans~~ plans was to tie me up in a spurious libel suit, but the special agent who was to file it chickened out.

I also have a <sup>fair</sup> liar collection - far from all - of the other dirty things they did. Like telling LBJ that my wife and I annually celebrated the Russian Revolution. What it really was was an annual religious outing at the farm we then had. The Jewish Welfare Board used to bring Washington ~~area~~ area service personnel and their families to the farm right after the high holidays, so the kids could see eggs hatch, play with the

baby chicks, see eggs being laid and gather them, and play with tame farm animals.

There were other indulgences in Hitlerism, too. I wish I could file for the rest and for damages.

I miss the physical activity with which I kept myself in good shape. After the initial thrombosis I set about making this place on the side of a mountain look better. My neighbors refer to it as a state park. I started heating us with wood with the first energy crisis and still do it, although I now can't cut my own wood. Until this season I did. Now I'm buying the wood, and it not only helps the energy crisis, it costs much less than fuel oil. If I am more capable next winter, then I already have that wood stacked and dried. It is too far from the house for me to bring it in, which is why I bought this year's supply.

The literary and social values of the archive I will leave are incalculable. I'm arranging for some uses now. A professor friend has finished a scholarly article I hope he'll expand into a book, a case study of the FBI's intrusion into local matters and an incredible domestic intelligence operation as part of it. This, of course, is scholarly. I don't know how successful it can be as a book. It will be valuable.

Girls at the local Hood College do honors papers with some of the records, things like that. And learn what can't be taught.

I no longer think in terms of the literary values because there is no way for me to use them. And no way for me to generate interest in them.

Now that I'm limited in walking I use an exercycle, which the way in which I close. It is boring as hell. So I do it when there is something on TV I can look at. I'm now pedalling as much as 25 miles a day at a simulated speed of 15 mph, but not all at once. The early morning news is on in a few minutes. (So my apologies for the typos also.)

I did want to thank you again for Dr. Segal and what it led to, despite the accident of the clots breaking loose.

I hope your project went well and that all is as you'd want it to be with the boys. Best to them and Jill.

Sincerely,