



went to confer with a young lawyer with whom I work. (He hasn't been before a jury yet but we made history and precedent together and are about to do more of it.)

I had a debate scheduled with David Belin. He ran the Rockefeller Commission and was one of the major Warren Commission lawyers. It was October 22, when I knew I'd be in the hospital. Vanderbilt would accept no substitute. I don't know why. I know nobody there. Although I told the bureau I'd let them know when the doctors said I could they called twice during the checkin examination, the second time during the prostate check, is you think as the kids present did that it was funny. The doctors made an estimate (optimistic) and the debate was set for November 19. Meanwhile, the book was being manufactured while I was in the hospital. I rushed one of the first copies to Belin so he'd know what it said before we met. The oldest of these young men simply refused to let me travel alone, fortunately as it turned out. He accompanied me at his own expense. I prepared a speech for Belin as I prepared for the speech in announcing the book. By then the vibes were that the book was too hot for the major media to touch. I had enough advance copies out. So instead I issued a challenged that at a press conference the wire services, as I'd hoped, accepted as a copout, rather than go for the hot contents. I charged lawyers of the Commission with suborning perjury and witnesses, named, with committing it. I then dared any or all to get head-to-head, oath-to-oath before any Congressional committee. Belin knew this. <sup>^</sup>t went coast to coast, getting no attention only in places like New York and D.C. It got heavy electronic treatment. My speech, rather than being on the work of the Commission, was in Belin's work only. I laid out case after case of his personal suborning of the most essentials of perjury and in each area of his work produced suppressed documents showing the sworn-to truth that he, personally suppressed. I concluded by asking him to join me in my ~~same~~ decade-long demand for a Congressional investigation. (I even read from a CIA files on me that it began reporting this demand very early.) Belin is a hard-headed psycho but by the time he finished Post Mortem after that night he did, as you may remember, less than three days later, come out for a Congressional investigation. This, of course, had been what I went there for. But it was so rough on me that while I could go shoes on in the morning but couldn't tie them, I could barely get them off at night. The next day I could wear only soft, unsoled moccasins. In the rain. After I interviewed Jimmy Ray for several hours I returned to DC. Fortunately, Braniff took a dim view of my feet and gave me VIP treatment from the ticket office on. They backloaded me separately, cleared a back section so they could lower a seatback for me to use as a footrest, and had a wheelchair awaiting when the plane landed at DC. It really was that rough. But through it all I kept working, not doing what I can't.

I've forced the FBI to disgorge enough suppressed evidence in the King assassination to start all over again with Ray on the "new evidence" route if the 6th circuit rules against our appeal. I'm expecting more and it has forced the FBI to seek heavy propaganda with both CBS and NYTimes. So, the kids drove me to DC, I walked into the office of a black Congressman I hadn't seen in five year, and in ten minutes he had arranged for a press conference for me two days later in a committee hearing room. (It made everything except the Times and forced CBS to use what will force at least some change in its coming newest videowhitewash. (I can see a monster suit against CBS over what they have done and are doing.) Some of the new dirtierks are blunted although neither has appeared.

Meanwhile, with all of this, I am also my own shipping dept. I've not been able to launch a by-phone radio campaign as I did with the previous book, which is now in the profit side by \$1,000 without a cent of promotion or advertising and before it could get into Books in Print. For this one I got up a simple flyer, locally, when I couldn't get around, mailed it out (I spent days just licking and affixing stamps while I had to rest with my legs up) and in the first month the return has been so fantastic that although this is an expensive book, 660pp, I have deposited in the bank a quarter of the manufacturing costs. The day I ~~h~~ drove to and from Washington when I returned there were enough orders to keep me at packaging for five hours. I do it when I rest with my legs

raised, as I must periodically. I mean it is like Charlie Chaplin and the broom in Modern Times. Meanwhile I have a few consultancies which are fairly decent. I can do them by phone mostly, but one, which is to pay me \$2,000, means I spent some time with a researcher who comes here. All unsought. I tried to tell you years ago the situation had changed and I could read it in reactions to me.

In all of this perhaps the greatest comfort is the reputation I earned. The Congressman who sponsored my last week's press conference didn't even take time to look at the 70s until then suppressed FBI pages I had or the dozen or more pictures from their files. He listened less than five minutes, pushed a button, asked three staffers to phone three different chairmen as ask them to shake a hearing room loose for 9 a.m. two mornings later and in less than five minutes the first reported back with the arrangements. He saw them and heard what they mean for the first time at the press conference, at which on his own - I didn't ask - he introduced me.

What made it possible for me to print ~~EM~~ Post Mortem is a decision to live on even less and start an escrow account so I could reprint the two of the three first books about to go out of print. It was not enough, so I sold a one-time use of some of Post Mortem, a story that made less than a single page, to the National Enquirer for \$2,100. This put me over the line so I could consummate a cash deal with a new printer, who did well by me except on the envelopes. He's twice supplied the wrong size, which increases the time of packaging. Now that Xmas will mean reduced sales he'll get the right size to me.

There is a point in this long account. One is that I have never had time to keep a journal, so sometimes I put carbons aside as a substitute.

Meanwhile, all the nuts and self-promoters have laid siege to Capitol Hill, where the subject is hot. I've taken but the one initiative, when I wanted sponsorship for a press conference for which I'd already made and then cancelled other arrangements. I've spoken to others when they've sought me out. The people who really do not know the material have led the Members from one fiasco to another. To date they have resulted in nothing new coming out and have caused embarrassment through repetitious error. The more active members are going the Madison Avenue way. I'll be no part of that. I've decided to sit back and wait and take the chance that with some cheap sensation there can be the end of the Warren Report, which is possible, on the chance that it will not happen that way. This would end in another whitewash, which would do the country no good. There is enough in Post Mortem to force a new investigation if it is used honestly and I'm taking the chance this will happen. I've started an initiative that way and have a meeting on it next month. Why should I rush when I can't do what I have to do? Besides, the more the others destroy their credibility the better the prospect.

Publishing is as crazy as it is corrupt. And as unimaginative. There has been an outpouring of trash. Not one publisher has realized what my experience proves, that there is residual sale and interest. Two of the older books are being reprinted. I believe Lane's is out, by Dell. The next in March. In all the time since ~~before~~ you did Oswald in New Orleans no responsible, substantial work other than mine has appeared. (The McDonald book has appeared and I've demanded a fraud investigation by the DJ. If they don't do it on their own I think I can apply enough pressure to get it done.) Bantam has come out with a potboiler despite my advance warning that their ripoff artist would plagiarize. He did. I haven't trouble to read the book yet. But scholars are phoning me in indignation and with proof independent of what I'll produce. There have been pretended interviews that never took place in which my work is quoted as a means of stealing it. Several times this way. In another case what I edited was used word for word as I edited it. So, in time, maybe I'll do something about these things. My lawyer friend/associate is looking for a lawyer experienced in these matters. He sees some solid cases and is outraged. He represented me in the litigation by which I got what in those cases was stolen.

So, the two assassinations that turned the country around are close to coming apart. In King's all the work is mine and that which has been published is also my exclusive property. I have done virtually 100% of the JFK work, all that has any meaning. I have more to do that will sell. To now my only books that did not do well are the only

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ones I didn't bring out myself.

You cannot have read Post Mortem. Perhaps you began the older part which I wanted in the unabridged book for historical record purposes and got turned off. If Bill Martin read it, he didn't understand it or had miserable judgement. If this book had been out, as it could have been, a year ago, it would have made history-- and much money.

I am still of the opinion that a short condensation, which could not survive without the backstopping of the unabridged work, can be a bestseller. When I have time I'm going to discuss it with a young newsman who has acquired a good knowledge of the subject and become a friend. If he is willing to do the condensation for when the time is right, on prospects, I'll make a deal with him.

I am soon going to have to reprint the first and third books. I'll have the cash for the first when it is necessary and a leg on the second, sales are this good. Without advertising and when it is so difficult to even learn how to reach me. Word of mouth informs the new generation. Perhaps the time is close for a condensation-reprint. I'd still reprint the original works if I made such a deal now because the sale will continue, perhaps be increased.

You just have no idea of the interest in me in addition to the subject. Last night, after phoning me, which followed a month of trying to learn how to buy Post Mortem, a young woman brought her boyfriend because she wanted him to have Post Mortem for Xmas and I could not guarantee the mails. Her decision to bring him was so he could get whatever others he might want. They travelled more than 100 miles and bought \$75 worth of books. They could get all the junk in any bookstore.

At one time, I think prematurely for me, you had an interest in a condensation-reprint of the Whitewash series. It is now over. With the right kind of deal and I mean by this enough front money and a dependable coauthor, I'd go for it now. I think it should be a small, original hardback. The available blurbing is almost without precedent. From Jack Anderson to the FBI's certification that I know more about the subject than anyone in the FBI.

There is certainly a movie in what I've done in the King case and continue to do. I've no movie man but I think close to non-fiction would be a good formula. Two companies were considering them but neither could do it without stealing my work. Only junk can come out. I've let both know I'd sue. If I get word they are proceeding I'll write the few movie insurers. So I think it is safe. Imagine a man without funds turning the fable Percy Foreman, the entire US government and all Tennessee authorities around with his help a lawyer who began doing the legal work before he took his District of Columbia bars, who got an evidentiary hearing before a crooked judge and despite his prejudice by my formula exculpated Ray with such evidence that it was neither cross-examined nor rebutted. In the course of it we also established and had affirmed a new principle of law. Meanwhile getting Congress to amend the Freedom of Information law. We even got xeroxes of Ray's correspondence with his lawyers from the cellar of the prosecutor and copies of the orders prepared in advance to violate all his rights before he was returned to the U.S. Right now I'm trying to sell a story on how he was convicted by perjury, with overwhelming proof, even pictures. My work has progressed to the point where, although he'll not dare answer, I've demanded of Levi that he have an investigation made of the conspiracy within his Department to violate Ray's civil rights. (The U.S. Government only is immune. But only criminally. And I've gotten the xerox proof from their files and I'll be getting more. Inevitable. I'll not be surprised if before this is all over I'll have forced DJ to confess error and look for the available goats. I've forced the premature retirement of one and have the proof. When I could barely walk the morning after the Belin debate I got Ray's OK to seek out a lawyer experienced in civil litigation of this nature and have a tentative arrangement. Nobody outside the federal government is criminally immune and we can sue them all, including officials, the State, the county and the city--and the fabled multimillionaire Foreman. I really do have overwhelming proof, including copies of FBI lab reports that destroy the case totally dozens of different ways.

I'm preparing to sue CIA. I've been very patient with them because I believe the country needs a good intelligence agency. Now it is clear that there is no real internal reform in the works and that they think they are playing games with me. I'm not afraid of their power. I've got copies of their files on me they do not admit having and even proof of internal deceptions which led to their lying in response to my requests. Or, what I had prior to making the requests and what I've gotten since. Even proof they deceived their own general counsel. I've taken the last step before filing a complaint. I've stuff no committee has yet come up with, too. I've taken the initial steps with the FBI for the same thing.

Meanwhile, I'm in the court of appeals in the case that will be the new precedent in 5 U.S.C.552 (Freedom of Information) with what should be a solid case and five different proofs of official perjury in the district court. And I've two cases before district courts. How much more can one man without means do? Well, soon enough there will be others. I'm exhausting administrative remedies.

This is about as much typing as I dare do at a time. I've finally found something just the right size to hold my left leg at the right elevation while typing, an 8" wide wooden box that originally held Marquis de Lur Saluces Yquem. But it gets uncomfortable with the typing table spreading my legs. I'm forbidden the use of tools, even a hammer, with which I might bruise myself. So I can't make the right kind of table and can't find a carpenter willing to undertake so small a job.

The phlebitis lingers and improvement is slow but I'm confident.

What I regret is what is impossible and what I must do. I've got to do all the little things for which one ordinarily hires inexpensive labor while I want to write the tober books I've already researched. I can do a real zinger on whether Oswald was an agent for an agency. It could be a significant document, as can my last two works, in the coming election. Not my reason for wanting to write it. I've got it started.

Well, maybe with the changed situation you can see some possibilities. Sorry I won't have time to correct the typos but I think you'll make out enough.

There never has been a time when responsible work handled well by a publisher would not have made money. Now the opportunities are incredible. I'll bet that fraud of McDonald's is selling well, exceptionally well, simply because he is glib and a former cop. We'll see what the end is. I think trouble for them all, more than enough to eat the initial profit. The Bantam ripoff will do well because they are skilled, unscrupulous and anything will sell. They may wind up with regrets because their author, handled by Peter Shepherd, is a crook and built the proof into his work. I'm surprised that knowing the work I'd done in this field and knowing the book was to be done in two weeks and knowing the guy would have to use the materials of others that Shepherd and/or Bantam did not make a perfunctory inquiry of me, as you did for Barney. (If Barney had done McDonald the Department of Justice would have him in jail for fraud, the reason I kept on investigating once I had done all that had been asked of me. By the way, Fred promised me copies of the papers in their suit against the CIA. When you speak to him would you please remind him? They can help me. And I did the investigation without pay, so they're paid the costs in advance.)

Anyway, a good holiday and a good year to you all, sincerely,

Dear Dick,

NOT McDONALD

7/8/75

Some years ago an insurance-agent friend to whom I was boasting about my long accident-free record as he renewed my policy told me "that makes you a bad risk."

He was playing the odds, as they do.

I suppose the general principle has wide application. Even to judgement.

It is, in fact, the one element in what I do that can give me concern. I have made no serious errors save with people. Not in my work. How long?

But I fly into the face of it in addressing my own judgement. Not in the expectation that it will make any difference. Were I not so tired tonight I'd probably be doing something else, something in which the fatigue, not all of which is physical, would not be a factor.

Today I had to go to Washington to do some work in preparation for the calendar call next Tuesday on the suit against the FBI of which I told you. You'll recall your chuckle when I told you they'd told the court I know more about this subject than anyone in the FBI. Today I proved it with their papers and made another case of perjury against them about which again nothing will now happen.

As I started to return I caught the 3 p.m. CBS news. The lead item was Senator Church's statement that the committee may call Nixon in its investigation of assassinations. (This is a diversion that makes headlines and takes them from their appointed task, which would do the country more good if they heeded that.)

I know exactly what he was talking about without seeing the details in the papers, which I won't see until morning. It is my work and I can make a guess on which I'd bet how he got it: from one I trusted, a name not unknown to you. It goes back to Nixon's vice-presidency and I'd let this man have it in confidence because I would be writing about it.

What I don't recall is whether it was in what I sent Peter Shepherd. I do know that I had all of it worked out before the last I heard from him. It was before coal weather in 1972. Before there was a Watergate committee.

When I laid that book aside and started writing The Unimpeachment of Richard Nixon, the draft of which was completed last September, it was one of the early chapters. With a full story, so full that if the committee does what I didn't, I'm confident that this long ago I did the basis of what they'll do and what they will not. Despite their authority and manpower and their beginning with my work.

All I could think of when I heard that newscast is what would happen to a book with the whole story in it when it becomes the subject of a Senate investigation and either causes that investigation or is ahead of it.

That reminded me of Shepherd's disbelief in two unready rough chapter drafts I sent him hot from the machine. They grew into the Hughes scandal with the CIA. After that I carried it much farther, into what has not yet appeared. In fact, almost all of that book remains fresh and with editing would have a good chance of success. But my life is such I have no idea when I can read it for the first time and start cutting and editing.

At the very beginning when I spoke to you about a Watergate book you said "antem had signed Mollenhoff and that would cream the market. Well, they cancelled out and as I told you Clark did not deliver the book. He couldn't do a book he'd want his name on, not even with his Nixon White House experiences.

And despite its significance, to date no substantial, worthwhile Watergate book has appeared.

Here even a good rebask. And on such a subject!

To me this is a commentary on publishing, commercially and as it serves public interests.

People do tend to shun and fear what is strange to them. And publishers more than most stick to pat formulas of the past.

This, applied to all of the media, and fear, more than any other single factor, I believe account for the conditions of the country today. And for what lies ahead.

I can't now return to that Watergate book. The index of Just Justice, on cards, has been on my desk for several days. I'll have it edited by the end of the week, my wife will type it, I'll have an idea of the space for an appendix, and as best and as fast as I can I'll get it ready to print. Adding the appendix to the index will be no great chore.

Somewhat I'll bring it out. I have an appointment with the representative of a printer tomorrow.

I know what it can mean and can do and if I can make arrangements I'll take the chances.

While I'd pretty much made up my mind that if I'm ready and none of the current interests come to anything I'd go ahead, that broadcast, one of my many, really was decisive for me.

I don't really think that even without commercial distribution I'll lose. Without a single ad, a single personal appearance or a single review (I sent no review copies) I've paid off all the debt on the last book and the copies out are selling others. I haven't done any promotions on it in quite some time.

Two paragraphs up I got a call. I've having dinner tomorrow night with the man whose real name is used in the McDonald book - the one real name. He knows McDonald well. McDonald told him the book is favorable to his old friend "Sherman."

If Ramsey still has any interest, he has competition now and will have more. A major publisher is considering real crazy stuff because it has the name of a philosophy professor on it and something called "Third World" is hooked with and by now has printed what the Rockefeller Commission has ruined. The one chance that has to escape total ruin, having been printed, is disbelief in anything official.

Only trash has any chance today, commercially, in the fields of my work and I guess I'd best forget all other possibilities.

If there is anything to report following tomorrow's dinner, I'll let you know.

Best,