

Rt. 12, Frederick, Md. 21701
12/18/75

Mr. Richard Gallen
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New York, N.Y. 10022

Dear Dick,

For the past two months I have had to live a different kind of life. It reduces each work day to about one and a half and requires more organization. I have to sleep more but with pills, for the first time in my life, if I'm too alert when I go to bed I can get 7 or 8 hours sleep. I still wake up ready and anxious to get back to work but I tell myself no and soon am again asleep.

For a long time the doctors misread as a mechanical consequence of aging what turned out to be a heavy case of phlebitis. The major clot was so deep it didn't respond to the traditional test, which is supposed to be so painful it sends the patient to the ceiling. So, when diagnosed, it was determined to be a minor case and was treated with inadequate medication. With no response it was decided to hospitalize me. I have come to learn that the country abounds with my fans, people I've never met. One is the doctor at the hospital to whom I was sent for a vein scan of the leg that hurt. On his own he decided to do both. It was not easy for him or for me but in the end we learned that the left leg is loaded and the trouble was beginning in the right.

Meanwhile, young college people who have become as fond of me as I of them decided to take over. Beginning with getting me to the hospital. That one was scrubbed when the staff directors of a Congressional committee asked if he could get up very early and take me there instead so I could help him plan a set of hearings. (If he had the balls to do all I told him they'd have been more successful than they were.) There was another exception. A Senator's legal aide took me to the doctor the first time. This Senator wanted to confer with me but I was then getting the negatives of Post Mortem shot, was concerned about security because of the content and potential of the book, and would see nobody until, working through two shifts two days, I inspected and approved each negative. Those were two painful days because that is the time the phlebitis decided to show itself.

But from then on, even insisting on snitching a wheelchair so I wouldn't have to walk the block to the hospital (it would have been impossible as well as painful) these kids were like grandparents, modern style. One saw me into the bed, not even trusting hospital personnel to take me there. And while the doctor was checking me over and in, which took some time, he went off and bought me a bottle of 16-year-old Scotch, best sippin whisky I remember. My room was full daily, from Les Whitten to pretty young girls and long-haired boys all interested in me and my work, all new to me, after hearing me make one summertime speech. In a week in the hospital I didn't have time to finish a book I had to read. I had a private room so the Congressional people could confer with me in confidence. During this time I also showed Whitten how to establish an FBI back-channel of communications within the FBI that enabled it to deceive the Warren Commission and establish a completely separate and often different set of records of its own. The result was a series of favorable Anderson-Whitten columns when they both disagree with me. Unsolicitedly, now that I have a lecture bureau, he sent them a dandy plug.

When it came time for me to leave the hospital there was a dispute there were so many kids who wanted to take me home, including of the right. From then to now they keep track of my need to travel and with one exception they have driven 1200 miles to take me 100, to and from Washington. The doctor had told me when he discharged me from the hospital about six weeks ago that I could rive in for the checkup in two weeks. The kids wouldn't allow it. I did have some uneasiness about it, too. Finally, Monday, when my wifee was scheduled for her annual checkup and she doesn't drive and when I wouldn't let the kids take time from finals I drove to Washington. I've just getting over the resultant physical exhaustion. I had to lie down as soon as I deposited my wife and

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 challenge 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. It 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 ~~many~~ decade-long demand for a Congressional investigation. (I even read from a CIA file 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 get 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, unsolea 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 years, 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 dirtworks 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 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 70+ 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 to 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 ~~his~~ 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

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 whom 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 Anas 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 blurb 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 ~~and~~ 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 ~~proof~~ 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 toker 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,