

Mr. Harry Livingstone
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9/26/88

Dear Harry,

I've been through some of what you report in your 9/20 and can understand how you felt. I used to get threats, some sophisticated, like playing the sound track of Shane to me at 2 a.m., my wife used to get them at such hours when I was away, and the publisher who was drooling into the till over Whitewash from an advance sale of 37,000 copies broke the contract the day after making a trip to Washington.

I have only a vague recollection of your coming with an AP reporter but recall the feeling that you were troubled. When you phoned from Maine, which I do recall, I remember your expressed ~~my~~ fear and that you sounded afraid.

I don't recall ^{see} the ~~book~~ ^{Steve} Marks story of 11/79 but I several times went through similar experiences with planes. The last time was when I was about to leave New Orleans. Two of Garrison's detectives drove me to the airport and when the plane was delayed by carburetor trouble they spent much of the two hours of the delay trying to scare me about sabotage to get me. Once when I was there, early on, they said they knew of a hit contract on me and insisted on delaying my registration until they could get a connecting room and wire it for sound, with a spike mike. They even registered me under a phony name. It became quite ludicrous, to me at least. I do not recall ever being really afraid of those things for, as Sean Andrews once said to a frightened client when I was with him, "They don't hit by Western Union."

I wasn't accusing you of cribbing. My recollection is that at several points where the writing indicated or suggested it was personal work it was what I recalled and I didn't see any footnotes. This could well have been covered in other notes but I didn't then have the notes. I suppose I saw the possibility of cribbing being alleged and called that to your attention.

I also know what it is to be away from home without funds. I once spent two full weeks in New Orleans and had only four real meals in all that time. I had a glass of powdered milk and vitamins for breakfast, sometimes a 10¢ pie for lunch and for the evening meal I had a 19¢ Burger Chef hamburger, which I ate while driving a sports car that had been loaned to me. Had a leaf of lettuce and a slice of tomato. Those four meals were fine ones, when I was someone's guest. But I never froze in this work.

That your book is in galleys also is similar to my earlier experiences. I had decided to publish myself, the printer I'd engaged earlier was then too busy so he got another for me, he'd shot the negatives, made the plates, the plates were on the presses, which were about to roll and then his lawyer reminded him that 90% of his business was with the government. He was so scared he wouldn't even give me the negatives or the plates and somehow he messed ^{page} one up, the one with frame 210. I caught that just as the published book was about to be manufactured. It would have saved me much of what I went into debt for if I'd had the plates or the negatives.

The publisher who had an advance sale of so many copies? He never ever returned the ms and I had to reconstruct that.

So, you are a junior member of an old club.

Thanks for your offers. I don't want anything piecemeal on Oswald and we'll see what the future holds on the rest. Meanwhile, hope things work out for you. Bob had been supposed to stop off but didn't so what you report is new to me.

Best,

Harold

September 20, 1988

Dear Harold:

Thank you very much for your letter of August 12, which only reached me yesterday, as I'm still in Canada. I expect to stay here a while longer. Use the address below if you wish.

I'm sorry that it is so difficult for you to write, and I know how it must torture you to be so incapacitated. My problem since birth is that I don't breath very well, and I have constant difficulty either breathing or from the damn drugs I use to control very severe asthma. I had some relatively normal years thanks to the new inhalators, but now I have developed a hypersensitivity to them and high blood pressure as a result. That means one more damn drug to take, and it doesn't always work. Plus, I have to have my beer, and that complicates things even more.

I just want to assure you of something. I don't think that I could ever be accused of taking someone else's research and calling it my own. I went to extraordinary lengths to give credit to others from the time when I began writing this book in 1979. In fact, it was just rejected once again by Random House on the basis that I relied on secondary sources. At times I did that only to give credit to the people who dug so much out. Unfortunately I may be faulted at times where I relied on a secondary source who used someone else's work, or I did not go to their sources often enough.

That was because I was up in the Maine woods with no heat, no sanitation, no water etc, writing in winter on a table so cold that my hand would freeze from the coldness of the tabletop in the shelter where I was hiding out. I had only a few materials with me.

My original research primarily dealt with my interviews of the doctors regarding the autopsy photos and whether or not they showed the wounds. I organized the Sun and the Globe on that, after I first talked to the doctors, and received their research as a result (which was a miracle.) the Sun sent me to Dallas and then stranded me there at Penn Jones' house. Penn and I drove to the airport to pick up Steve Parks and a Maryland State's Attorney, and they weren't on the plane. Becoming suspicious of the whole deal, Penn threw me out. Both of us talked to them in Baltimore earlier in the day and they said they were leaving for the airport.

I spent a frantic weekend calling everyone in Baltimore trying to find them. Later Parks explained that a fuel truck hit

his plane on the runway and they were trapped in it for three hours. He said that it then suddenly took off and they got as far as Houston, but had missed their connecting flight to Dallas. He said he forgot to bring Penn's number with him to call us and tell us what happened. They stayed in Houston for the weekend, scared. He said that he felt that what happened to the plane was not an accident. But he did not tell me any of this for several months.

Meanwhile I went quite nuts. I had no money. We were all to have flown together to Dallas the week before and he had me come down to the City Room with my bag, and when I got there he said he wasn't going until the following week, but that I was to go on ahead, and handed me the cash to pay for the reservation he made. I got scared and hesitated. I waited two days or so then took a bus without telling anyone. I got there, and with some money Phil Berrigan had given me, was able to hang on a week and ultimately interview the doctors, after staying in a rat hole hotel.

This has been exactly how my life has gone since I was in the Peace Corps when JFK was still alive and I discovered my PC group was a military intelligence operation, and I quit, personally telling Ted K. about it, asking him to tell his brother.

Secretly, the Sun sent another reporter the week I talked to the doctors, and he corroborated what I found out, but I did not learn this for weeks. During that time I became terrified after I found my car tampered with when I returned and I had lost the shelter where I was staying. Previously there was an attempt to blow up my car. Finally Parks published what he knew in Nov 1979 in the article "The Bullets Also Affected Our Confidence" which was his way of saying that both he and the States Attorney (a young woman) were frightened. He had gone to college with a boy who became a middle level CIA functionaire, and the night I proposed the Dallas trip, he revealed the whole plan to this guy over the phone while I was taking a piss in his apartment. I overheard the talk. Parks was an "est" person, which I feel was a form of mind control, and I think his friend had control over him. I think Parks figured out what happened when he wrote his article.

But the Sun guy (Jeff Price) then went with Groden to interview Perry and Perry strongly denounced the autopsy photos.

I simply would have died right then if people at Harvard did not then start helping me financially and talk me into writing this book, which is way out of my line. I am a serious novelist. They have helped me right up to this day. Unfortunately my life has continued to be a nightmare.

When I returned to Baltimore I was in great fear of my life, after so much violence and trouble in my life for years. I had no chance of getting out the information I had just uncovered. Prouty told me I had to engage in an operation of "forced disclosure" linking me to the autopsy photos, so I had no trouble getting that into the news, though I regret it. But, in the end, in part because of the adverse newstories, I was able to bring the Globe in, who did major research for me, and only because they thought I was some kind of a fraud and were trying to expose me. They soon found out otherwise, after torturing me for some time. It was after the newstory that I came to visit you with the AP reporter who used what you had to say to discredit what I had to say about the photos not showing the wounds, and from then on I was completely unable to get out the information I had found, which you now have in the head wounds chapter. I was the only pool of what myself, the Sun, and the Globe had found.

If you found some instance of my having taken someone else's research for my own, tell me. I assure you it was inadvertent.

Our book is in galleys and the whole deal fell through. The backers tried to extort a new contract from us, and now have breached the contract and refuse to print the book. They had orders for 40,000 books. I have been terribly distraught. All is not yet lost, however, and we may be able to get it out somehow. There are some Canadian publishers who want to get it out quick, but they are running into problems too.

Prouty says that General Edward Lansdale is in the background of the tramp photos.

If you would want to put in our book the information you mention about agent Oswald, I would be most appreciative. Tell us under what conditions you would do the same.

You have my promise on the following. I know that the local college there can send you research help. There is a possibility of a big deal for the book, if the Canadian publishers succeed in what they are trying to do now in NYC, and that means that we ought to get some good earnings. I will bankroll some help for you, if we have enough. Promises, promises, he says.

This is to hope that you feel better. I hope that the next time you hear from me, there is better news to report.

Best wishes,

Harrison
Harrison Edward Livingstone