

Dear Harry,

10/15/88

I'm sorry that getting beaten up was added to your other troubles. Hope by this time you've recovered fully. and that the good news with which you close your letter was really good news.

I did not know that you deal with what the stupid editor did not believe, that JFK had ordered the liquidation of our adventure in Vietnam. There was a time when I planned a book on the Kennedy presidency and I'd completed my research. I'd planned to go into that, among other things. Gave some of the research to Howard Roffman and he returned some of that. I'd have trouble finding it after all these years. But on this point I do remember two things: A few days before the assassination the Pentagon issued a press release that took up about a stick of type in the Wx Post. It said they'd examined their program or training or operation and found that they could begin to withdraw our "advisers." One plane load was back when JFK was killed. A couple of days later the Pentagon issued another. It said that it had re-evaluated their re-evaluation and decided it was too optimistic. The rest is history.

I also interviewed General James Gavin on this. He confirmed it to me. I do recall some of what he said and I've the whole thing on tape. Which I'd have trouble not finding but locating on a series of seven-inch reels.

I completed my research on this 21 years ago! The book was tentatively titled "Tiger to Ride," with the subtitle "The Untold Story of the Cuba Missile Crisis." Omitting the "n" is not a typo and, alas, the story is still untold.

I had two bad experiences with S & S but in my case I can't blame them and there was a time the editor I dealt with did try to help me. Then S & S had published a fraudulent book, "Calories Don't Count" and the then top guy, Shinkin, regarded my Whitewash as the red flag before the charging bull of the DJ. He was correct and he did avoid getting indicted. They did like the book and predicted it would be "another 'Green Belt Jungle,'" their best-seller of the year before. Through their Pocket Books they distributed for Parallax, which published Oswald in New Orleans. When they refused to distribute it there was no distribution. Same reason, although they then gave none.

Robert, I regret to say, does many things without realizing what he is doing. One of the past just came back to haunt me two weeks ago and I'm sure he's oblivious. And was then.

You refer to what happened at the Frankfurt book fair. Reminds me of a sad German experience I had. A dear friend took the ms to Fischer AG, then the biggest publisher there. The person he gave it to liked the book and wrote me several times saying they wanted to publish. Never got any answer because I never got their letters. She then mailed the ms back and I never got that, either. (The FBI was then intercepting mail for the CIA.) I learned this much later, at another book show.

Being strung out for months is not unusual. Norton was sitting on it after longer than that when I published myself.

Your guy must have been ignorant of JFK's foreign policy because he had two distinctly different foreign policies. The change came or got sharp 10/62.

Your experience with the guy in Dallas who kept a pistol on the table is also a reminder. I had a young woman informer who was a narc link. One night she had a dagger hidden in a boot and a derringer in her bra. Didn't use either, tho. At that time Garrison and all his detectives were worried about me because I was the house guest of a woman whose son had escaped from the asylum to kill Garrison and tried to do her in. Best accommodations I ever had in N.O., too. Her old place had a slave quarters she remodeled and air conditioned. That's what she let me have.

I didn't get any special threat in San Francisco, where you did. But there

wa a threat against the TV station, Kaiser's, on which I was to do half of a show, the other half by the then first black Mayor, Hatcher. He did not show and I did the whole thing. No bombs. On an earlier trip there a young man I later learned from it was an FBI symbol informer tried to ruin me. They'd apparently prepared him. The moderator wanted to cut him off, he on phone, and I refused, letting him go ahead. By the time I finished with him there was great excitement and my second book sold out there the very next day. Not the first time this backfired on the FBI. They ~~xxx~~ tried the same thing with the first one in New York and did me the same favor. Only then it was harder: I was less experienced and they had four erudite lawyers in that audience to tear me up. The book then went crazy! I shipped to some distributors as ~~xxx~~ many as three times in a single week.

It is not easy to deal with publishers, about whom from my own experiences I can say little that is good. After a year you should be well aware of this. There usually isn't much you can do about it besides hope and not give up and not be intimidated at the same time. My experience was that if you ignore them they finally give up. Of course, I wasn't beaten up, which made ignoring easier.

Anxiety is not easy to control, particularly when there is justification. I think that persevering is the best means of coping with it. Not giving up.

Maybe it will all work out yet.

Best wishes,



October 11, 1988

Dear Harold:

Thank you for your letter about your experiences with publishers and so on. I recall that you wrote about that at the beginning of one of your books.

As for cribbing, part of the problem may be that the chapter order has been shifted often, and I'm sure that some things were first cited and then repeated later on without reciting, are now after the statements that are not cited. If you read the whole book I think you'll find I went out of my way to use work that others did, and to give them credit. This was used against me by Random and others who complained that I was using secondary sources. As stated before, I may have quoted authors who were relying on you or others without citing them. I was often writing in the woods living in a tent or bare sheltered without even heat in winter, and certainly no library. I lived in a car for years.

I'm sure that no matter how correct the book is, no publisher in the U.S. would print it. The latest was Simon & Schuster, who told my lawyer a week ago Friday that they were going to publish the book, and three days later rejected it. They had put up a smokescreen because their Canadian subsidiary said that the book should be published, but when one of the Canadians went to the Frankfurt Book Fair last week and was going to offer the rights abroad, they had to stop that (in my view) so as he landed there, they told him they had changed their mind. They had already strung us along two months and it was clear to me that it would be many months before they might offer a contract. They said the book had factual errors in it, and specifically mentioned some historical facts that they either deliberately misread, or which were subject to interpretation. The bottom line with the S & S editor I spoke to was the impression that he hated Kennedy and thought his foreign policy was lousy. The guy was ignorant and had no concept of the facts. He categorically denied all of the evidence that I presented that JFK was withdrawing from Vietnam.

Once I went to Dallas and Earl Golz arranged for me to spend the night with a hoody guy who said he was a medical photographer at one of the hospitals there. I went home with him and he took out a revolver and put it on the table and sat there all night talking at me. I was dogged tired and very afraid but tried to pretend nothing was wrong. I finally laid down about 4 AM and pretended to sleep. I had no sleep that night. Later I talked to James Niell, the lawyer for Roy Vaughn, and learned a lot. He told me that Batchelor took Ruby down to shoot Oswald.

I experienced many threats along the way but it never deterred me either. Two weeks ago I was assaulted outside my house and I believe I would have been killed had not my screams for the police brought them. I am badly battered now, and worried that I may have permanent damage to my kidney or back. I was repeatedly kicked as I lay on the ground. He was much bigger than me, and had been sitting outside my house for months. He looked like a cop to me and I felt like I was being surveilled.

This had a bad effect on me and came just as one more deal with the book fell through, creating great despair in me. I left the next day for my cousin's place in Greenwich, where she took care of me. I have no medical care.

I've had a lot of violence and threats. Once I was going to speak on the radio in San Francisco and men called the station right up to air time and tried to stop it. We could see them outside with walky talkies all up and down the street. Cubans. They had approached me at a book fair there in the previous days and threatened me. Not long after that a federal employee whom I knew very well tried to blow up my car with me in it. I had worked with him in the Forest Service in Big Sur, and he had been a Navy Seal. That forest was surrounded by a big military reservation and I imagine he was under cover in the FS watching things, as they were conducting laser experiments there, shooting cows from airplanes, etc. The squirrels got them back and undermined their battlefield so badly that it screwed up operations. One could see the writing on the wall in terms of competence, when they couldn't handle that.

I have had a terrible year trying to get this book out. I had two acute anxiety blocks today when I couldn't handle things. Groden caused one of them. He really can do nothing to get the book out, so I have to do it all. He has panicked me in the past. Got me into trouble, in fact. But we all have faults.

In 1971 my publisher told me "You will never be published again. We can play pretty rough." I never got over it, and they not only prevented me from going on with my career and developing as an author, but they ruined my life. Many things were done to me. I went quite crazy. There were many beatings. Much violence. I thought that had ended when I came here, but now it has started again. I became my own worst enemy too, and it has been a nightmare. I have a three volume work called The Nightmare, which is about all of this, though its very rough.

Since writing the above, I learned that the Canadian publisher I first spoke to about the book in 1982, will publish it as best as they can, by January. When it happens, I'll believe it.

Best wishes,
Harry