

12/21/67

Dear Ray,

I have just returned from several exhausting weeks of work in New Orleans, farther than ever behind in my own work, with the awful accumulation of such an absence, with reports I should write immediately if they are to do any good, and with your indecency of November 11 a sickening intrusion.

What motivates you I cannot understand. My initial reaction on reading your letter is how this same intensity of yours could have cost a career on the Warren Commission. Guised in purity of motive and a pretended dedication to nobility of purpose, it is a tissue of lies and distortions that are an evil record for you to leave of yourself.

I shall ignore the invective, which is so unworthy of you and which hurts me only in what it tells me of you.

If there are things you cannot understand, I am sorry. I have tried to make them clear to you. Whether you do or can understand it, I have on a number of ~~times~~ occasions tried to make clear to you and others that I do very far past simple exhaustion that my memory as well as my body is affected. I cannot walk a flight of steps without getting winded. I get no exercise at all, less sleep than as I younger men I thought humans could survive on, have absolutely no social life. I spend virtually every ~~xxx~~ hour working. You know how long I have been doing it. I still, after this taxing history, sometimes go two days without getting in bed. How one of the days I was in New Orleans did I not get up before the sun, and most of what it was after two when I retired. Once I worked until 4, another time until 5:15 a.m. Jim asked me to stay and work after my planned time of departure, and I did. His people tried to persuade me to slow down, to see the doctor, the effect was, I suppose, that visible. I have been doing this from the first. I am 54 years old. There has been no respite, no vacation, no days off, no relaxation. I am not appealing for pity, thanks or anything else. I am, for the last time, trying to make you understand what I have told you many times, that I simply cannot remember everything I'd like to and I certainly cannot keep in mind all the trivia that so dominates you.

You will not be happy unless you impeach my motive, so there is nothing I can do about it. I remind you only that when I visualized WHITEWASH III as the last book I would do on this subject, I wrote you and everyone else I knew asking for the appropriate references to the work of others that would or should be included. You were totally silent--as was everyone else. But it is I, not you, who raised the question of credit. In all I have written, there is only one thing I can recall that I took from another that I did not credit, and this was her written desire. That is Clint Hill's shoulder as an identification. Lillian wanted no mention. As soon as I saw her publicly credited with other things, as you will see when I can risk added indebtedness, I found a way of including this in POST-MORTEM. Recently Jim has used material that originates 100% with me, yet when I found out he was issuing a press release with credits, I asked him to include the fact that the concept was originally hers. He had, I am happy to tell you, already done this. Yet all of this material began with me, a considerable time and cash investment that I made, and may ruin the magazine sale I had already negotiated.

Each of us is an individual, different in his beliefs and ways of working and thinking. I would like to think that each does what he can or at least feels he can, for constructive purposes. You are welcome to think and say what you believe or think you believe of me, what I say, how I work or what I write. I have never in my life met as intellectually blind a man as you (you so admirably equipped intellectually), so determined that he alone understands and sees clearly, and is undeviatingly right and omniscient. But because of the high regard I have for your intellect and those things you have done, I am distressed at your pettiness and dishonesty.

Now I am not going to be frozen in the mold of the past, keep on talking about the same exhausted materials when it is no longer necessary. I have continued my work, learned new things, and I do intend to use them. If you have not, it is not my fault. When I make an appearance, it is not alone to sell my works. I seek to inform, to let people know that there is more than what has not reopened the subject, more that can still be learned and more that must be. It is in no way my responsibility that you did not publish your monograph when it might have been fresh and at a time that it added little to what was by then already published. Nor is it my fault that today it is dated. If I have not mentioned it recently when it may have seemed appropriate to you that I do so, it is simply because other things were in my mind. I know you well enough now to know you will not believe it, but I did, regularly, publicize it, carrying a copy with me (which meant that I had to leave that many pages of my own files home) to try and interest the press and so that I could give your address. By early last fall I couldn't even get anyone to look at it. Yet I carried it, always, until my recent trip, beginning about the end of October. You may believe this or not, but it is true.

I neither pretend nor believe I am infallible. I do not believe it is possible not to offend you without fawning all over you, but I intend and have intended no offense. I recognize also that the financial burden I bear and the possibility it can be used to end my work - and the fact that it has already stopped my publication of new material when it was ready for publication - may affect me and the way I come through to others. Among us, however, I am the only one who has assumed this burden and the one who, despite it, has continued. The cost my wife has paid, is paying and will continue to be one I am glad is not Leetha's. When you go four years without income, and your wife feels she dare not buy a dress or other things she needs, start casting stones. Until then, you have no inkling of the import of your indecencies.

Most of your letter is not worth dignifying with a reply. I will note a few things simply to try and straighten out your twisted thinking, if that is what it is.

It is virtually impossible to make a claim for original discovery. In every case, when I have said anything along this line, it is with regard to first publication, into which I have already gone. I am not a subscriber to Epoca, do not read Italian. However, although the date November 27, 1966, is five days prior to the publication date of WHITEWASH II, I think you can also understand that the book was then at the printers and printed, had been completed months earlier and, in fact, I had also been quoted in Italian papers on the same thing months earlier, as I had been in at least one magazine and, I am confident, on TV there. Your own quotation of my letter to Mooney is ample proof that I made no claim for prior discovery, the worm in your guts. I made independent discovery in April 1966, which, I think you will acknowledge if before I knew anything else in the field. Perhaps it is not, but I recall nothing else and I used only my own work. It must be clear to you that this passage in my letter was a first-person one because it proved to Mooney that to his personal knowledge, the Thompson claim was false and the behavior of the Post was reprehensible (to date, no answer). So, you are quite dishonest in raising a straw man, saying I am he and I am a liar. I am not going to waste the time to check my letters, but if I didn't in my letter to McInney repeat that I had your work in the

original envelope (dated) in which you mailed it, I certainly did tell it to his producer, Linda Gallo. If this includes the double-hit, I had forgotten it. My point was with respect to what you term the shoulder dip. I also told her that you had personally told me that you had told Thompson about it and, before the show was aired, offered to confront Thompson with this by phone, live, on the air. Even such a monumental egocentricity as your should recognize that this is hardly the way to engineer a theft, by offering all of what you sent me in the mailing container in which I got it (still there, I tell you, because I cannot afford a file in which to keep things larger than letter size). Now with the time you waste in the indulgence of your frustration, hate, anger, or whatever it is, I invite you to phone her. She may still recall it. Her phone in Philadelphia (WCAU) is TE9-7090.

It is unfortunate that you persist on lowering the level to what we do for each other. I presume each of us does what he can, if not for each other, for what we seek. There is some of it that cannot be without response.

You did, indeed, send me the things you said. I appreciate them and your willingness to do this. However, I didn't use them. It has, perhaps, never dawned on you that, aside from what my reasons had been at that time, if I had I would have taken the edge off of your use, denied you the right to your own work.

You did, indeed, spend time arranging for appearances for me in California in December 1966. However, as you know, the purpose of my trip was not to promote my book, then not yet in the bookstores, but in pursuance to an earlier request from Maggie and Bill that I come out and silence Liebelar, who was then scoring embarrassing points on Lane. I paid the expenses myself and the total Los Angeles sale of that book did not pay them. In fact, I think it probable that the entire California income from the book does not equal the cash cost alone.

With regard to what little I was able to do for The Bastard Bullet, it was as much as I was able to do for my then current book and more than I have even tried to do with my subsequent writing in Washington. I have not gone back to pick up the leftovers in the hope that another copy or two would sell. In the major store, which I checked about two months ago, I had been able to keep it on prominent display. Because of its size, this was a better position than I could obtain for my own work. I have had others keep after them to at least keep it on display. My last information is that the sale was very poor. As soon as I can spare the time I will collect the unsold copies and send you a check for the difference, before they pay me.

You again chide me for failure to mention Bastard last year, prior to publication. This is dishonest, for I explained the reasons that are consistent with sensible publicity in books. Because the book was not out and I had no idea when it would be, I didn't think of it. I again remind you that you were in Los Angeles, heard these programs and there was every reason for you to make the suggestion if you wanted it done. You will learn that aside from the indulgence of your ego, which is important to you as it is to few men, this would have been a futility. But if I should have carried that in mind and have plugged your work instead of what I was familiar with and of which I could speak with authority, you then should have reminded me. Let me ask you now to send me copies of those letters you have sent to those others who have used my material when they do not even duplicate it not only without reference to me or my book but pretending it is their own. You certainly must have done this had you dared to write me as you have.

If there is an appropriate point in PHOTOGRAPHIC WHITEWASH to preserve for posterity what you would have liked of yourself, I am unaware of it. But I must also admit that I have already forgotten too much of the detail of what I have written. Perhaps, though, you could show me where it would have been appropriate? Or are you asking that in some way I say "Ray Marcus is a wonderful guy. None of us could have gotten along without him. He is next to God!"

I have no present recollection of whether or not I mentioned Bastard on the Steve Fredericks show. If you expect me to credit you with what I have done, it did not occur to me. If it was appropriate, as it may well have been, it did not occur to me. Until you have subjected yourself to such shows I think you will not realize that it is not possible to do all the things that in retrospect you might have wanted to. I broadcast those shows sitting on the steps, with no place save the treads to keep materials. I hardly had room for what I required, since he was doing shows on my work. You well know the circumstances in which we lived at Hyattstown, in a basement, with no table for the phone or even near one. But since we are being so candid, on your instigation, perhaps you will not get too angry for you if I suggest that Bastard was much less than it could have been, brought little new to light, and that I found much of it tendentious and a poor use of space that would diminish its popular appeal. My own, as you interpret it, opposition to you was communicating this to you in advance of publication, offering you free art services that the monograph could have used, and even getting it printed for you. May I also suggest that, except in your own narrow concept of it, by the time of those broadcasts it was also stated? I repeat, you may freeze yourself in the past, but I will not and I think we will not succeed if we do.

Your reference to my failure to credit you with "discovery of the 304-315 transposition" is sheer deliberate dishonesty, for you know the truth. Here is a case when I did point out that the work was not my own (and you did not call this to my attention, either-it is not you who told me but another). Because, as I told you, I cannot carry all these things in my mind, I got the credits confused. Why do you not chide me for giving you credit for what you did not do? You know I got the credits transposed, that it was my intent to credit you, and that I credited you for the wrong thing.

You are likewise again purposefully dishonest in your sentence, "Although this time in writing, you do accept my earlier discovery (pg 3), you nevertheless claim first publication...what would that mean as between us, when you have conceded that I discovered this first?" This is gibberish. I have no way of knowing when who discovered what. I know that I was using this publicly in the summer of 1966. You have a phobia that has unhinged you. I have in no way alluded to "discovery". It is my recollection that when you first raised the question, because it was apparent it meant much to you, I volunteered when I first noted this before you could tell me when you did so you could and would not think I had set a prior date. I repeat, it was when I first saw the Zap film in motion. Your contrary inferences are inexcusable.

Essentially the same is true of your reference to page 221 of WHITEWASH II. It is couched in typical and false Warren-Report language. It is possible you have forgotten what I told you about this. At the time I wrote it I was unaware that anyone else had noted it. I still have the notes of my re-examination. I had a lawyer from one of the country's most prominent law firms with me. Just before publication, when I feared that it would be incredible, that no one would believe such a monstrous and deliberate misrepresentation of something as irrefutable as a movie film, I rewrote this to make it more general. I still have the notes and the original draft. Further, your pretended analysis is entirely fictitious when you pretend a logical argument in saying "it is strikingly uncharacteristic of you to be so brief on any single point". My writings are loaded with such brevities, for various reasons.

Your references to my "evasiveness" in discussions with you is a misreading. You insist on dominating any discussion, persist in being the only voice, and consider an exchange of ideas a monologue. I found your behavior intolerable. Knowing my low boiling point on this subject, how tired I was, I wanted only to avoid further blowups. While I have from the first regarded the Zap film as the most important piece of evidence, I have also believed that it cannot be used alone when there is no need to.

What you elect to describe as my "asinine" expressions are rather a reflection

of your own bias, inflexibility, political ignorance and supreme assurance that understanding of men and affairs is restricted to you. Consistent with this, you entirely misrepresent what I have said and think-and may I add, have written. It is shameful that you are driven to such extremes.

Your vilification reaches perhaps the most indecent low point in your conscious misrepresentation of what I have said of the literary kleptomania. Bracketed with "although you name only one" (which is false, for in private I name and specify more), you then include, with no reason whatsoever, the names of those for whom I have respect and whose friendship I cherish, including even Maggie, who is unpublished! How degenerate can you get. It is so far from the truth that I carried two large portfolios with me on all the length of my recent trip (and with stops in New Orleans, Chicago and San Francisco before I got to LA, this was quite a chore, for I feared leaving them in hotel rooms), so I could show them to Maggie and she could copy what she wanted. I left them with her and my only complaint was that she had not copied them to the degree she should. In San Francisco, I gave them to a colleague who even used Xeroxing facilities for which I was responsible. Before her most recent unhooking, I made a similar offer to Sylvia. And as for Penn, I have given him all of the information I have gotten on "mysterious deaths", including a number of cases of which he had no knowledge, two foreign commissions that were addressed to me, and a magazine appearance for his new book that was mine. For all of these things, for which he has been or will be paid, I can only tell you that were my motives ~~what~~ you say, I could use that money, too. With Penn you have a particularly poor case in addition, because I have asked him to send me flyers for his books that I could include in my own mailings.

I cannot conclude without acknowledging your debt to Goebbels, from the middle of page 3: "Although I do not accuse you, nor do I believe you to be a 'sellout', nevertheless you were saying some mighty, asinine things earlier this year which could have been interpreted as an unprincipled bid for respectability." To be capable of saying such a thing you must be incredibly crooked or quite sick. I believe the latter. I wish I thought there were the remotest possibility you would examine yourself and the things you have said. I have seen and heard enough from you to know better.

What is entirely absent from your tirade is any reflection of anything you have done about the danger of Thompson's book and from him. You must consider me a madman to have sent you copies of my correspondence since you interpret these letters as you do. But why have you sent me none of your own, where I can see for myself that your motive is not a narrow, selfish one, that you are not just a greedy guy, and that you have run a certain risk to point out that Thompson is a "cop out"? Perhaps in these letters, which from your own must be numerous and explicit, you have also included references to his liftings from me, else how could you dream of writing me as you have? Just what have you done to try and frustrate the obvious sinister Thompson intent? Or is that that with your own monopoly on analysis, understanding and fact, ~~you~~ to say nothing of wisdom, this somehow eluded you until I call it to attention? Of course, your pre-occupation with yourself could not have blinded you, blocked the vision you so uniquely have.

While it is not possible to go into all the vile shadings, deceptions and misrepresentations in your letter, I cannot allow such a phoney record to stand without some comment. I have no way of knowing how busy you are, but I do know my own situation, and I do know what I am trying to accomplish that, whether or not you do, others consider meaningful and constructive. So, I ask a final favor of you: if you must vomit your sickness, please do not in letters that cannot be allowed to remain unchallenged. I would hope you could put your own time to better, if not constructive ends.

our egocentricity is such that I ~~xxxx~~ am confident you are incapable of considering what you have done. You should be thoroughly ashamed of it.

Sincerely,