

4/2/70

Dear Warren,

Your letter of the 27th and Margaret's note were at the post office, which has been holding my mail, when I returned from the scheduled hearing in Wilmington last evening. My Thursday's mail included a copy of the Wolff letter from one of my radical-right adversaries the Liberal Life, my whose name to be running into a friend. I was going into that, my immediate and very heavy schedule.

The hearing in Wilmington was set back a week and for this coming Friday. I will have to continue leave Thursday. I expect to return immediately after the hearing. Meanwhile, a series of pleadings and papers must be prepared, and there are now negotiations that may lead to a settlement, the wholehearted not denying he never paid, merely claiming that the statute of limitations has run. It hasn't, but I'm no lawyer and can't hire one.

Wednesday, early, the federal attorney in Baltimore is due here, on the judge's orders, to work on out old damage suit also with an eye toward negotiating a settlement. Thus only the rest of the holiday weekend and Sunday remain for all the busy things plus these new preparations.

On top of all of this, there is now a hearing on one of my suits for denied JMW assassination evidence, in Federal District Court in Washington, for 6/15. With the record in this case complicated, greater by far than a long book in length, there is such preparation I must make for that, for I face the best the government can offer in court, and that all alone. Again, I am pro se.

However, should I overcome the multitudinous headwinds and prevail, this should offer you real opportunities if you ever decide to use any. And there is an old case I must make long before I know of you in which I've started working and promised to deliver by now. No, even for me, I'm pretty busy, and will be.

My son it should be pretty clear to you that all the predictions I made to David when he was here were not dreams or paranoia but based on a long and distasteful history of media dishonesty and corruption on this subject, or my side of it in particular. The indictment and its Wolff's. You will find that I when you raised Wolff's question about this footnote, I offered no objection to your rewriting it, leaving it entirely up to you (10/31/70). I am not criticizing you. I feel we felt it belongs in, as part of the overall picture.

I have, unfortunately in the required haste, drafted a lengthy letter to Leonard. Bill will type it today and I'll drive into the post office with this, and it is my hope there is an outgoing mail and the letters can reach you and Leonard today. I had planned to send the letter to Leonard certified, but decided speed is more important, for that cannot now be done before Tuesday a.m. I may send a cartoon that way, that I have cited from my files is but a small part of what they hold, especially on the Post and Times, and for the reason given. I have avoided names, but not because I do not have them. One star reporter was fired by the Post in this period, the one to whom the book had been assigned originally. He is Tom Korman, who may have no other recollection at this point, may not want to get involved, and is busy with a book-date-some deal. He has been in indirect communication through a mutual friend before this came up. I have asked Jerry, who called in English and major late last night and met me up to 2 a.m., to try and reach him. I also asked him to please you and read you a few of the excerpts from those files. I have yet to comb them myself. When Jerry phoned I had my wife glance through them. The NY lawyer not named is Howard Wilson, who was, while on the NY payroll, where he returned, the Warren Commission's liaison with it. Conflicts no end. The main national officer was Larry Stern, Wilson's friend, and it is Bill's failure to meet anything in Wolff-Wolf to Stern and Dick served that for a hearing, floating around there the Post on. By their pro-

arrangement with me, I assisted Stern and agreed on their return from seeing Williams, I could go on and on. My letter to Leonard is, really, understated. Higgins was a bastard. Louis Barron, then "madam" since Wash. comes and now in England as American editor, inter-acted with Higgins after they double-crossed me, by coincidence in the edition that appeared exactly to the day five years ago, and Higgins invited me to see him, then made promises or recitation he did not keep, and all of this I have, too. The original interest was handled first with Friendly, then with Bradlee, and after explaining some-thing the Post had written to get this started, the thing that persuaded them was the first FBI report to the Commission, of which I gave them copies. Believe me, it is as I say, and there is more on Wolff that I omitted because of the great length this letter has. This includes such things as my reaction to his decency and forthrightness, things like that, quite the contrary of his today's "thing" description, Wolff proved the look and the writing, and Newman actually raved when he had finished the book, then he and Stern and I went from the editorial rooms to the cafeteria for a coffee discussion.

The dirty-work by and at the Times takes up considerable file space. It includes things you will not readily believe but are true. I was responsible for a second since announcing that investigation when Salisbury read the name of my second book. The FBI killed the first and incidentally the second, chiefly known "liberals" and some (I think) Roberts, who when working for a Detroit paper had bought a stolen copy of a doctored picture of Oswald and had this in his part to justify. He is the one they sent to the Archives, and he reported to the Times the things I cited he couldn't find there! Obviously, my words had to be inside the Times, and I suspect this man and his situation, as I do not disclose his name. Salisbury was sent to Viet Nam and that, too, was killed. The Times a very acknowledged receipt in their listing of copy of my books, but we did correspond about them, and book-review people and I, with one letter referred to. I haven't taken time to work through that quantity to find it.

The New York Review told Juggy they will do something. This can be harmful if their own (Rogin) part with me (1965) does not. Not doing whatever we can, especially with this second, is to quit, to abandon the book. The Review I but one care, without something to show in reputation, there is no point in making any efforts anywhere now.

In your 5/27 you ask about the rumor I had received about Newweek "dirty-work". Perhaps with Wolff's connection there, which is true. The rest of this paragraph is not consistent with what you told me of your earlier conversations with Wolff on this book. He has then read it without the current objection. Perhaps it is, as you may be indicating, that it is the Apala rather than my use that embarrasses him, but the record is beyond question. So this, please have Sangret read Jerry my version of the letter I wrote Wolff which does establish the fact to be our duplicate copies for me. Wolff and Leonard you have described as your friends. They eliminate any use I for anything. For me, anyway.

I am aware that, as with the electronic media, anything you do to make something of this new opportunity to exploit what I told David is the only way such a book can today be a success, the effort to kill and suppress it, can have an adverse influence on your future relations with them. However, even were it not for our understanding on precisely this point, I feel you have a contractual obligation to me to make a serious effort, and I do expect you to. This is an incredible story, it is documented beyond any reasonable doubt, and it is the most serious defecation of me and my work and can have a killing effect on all my writing, now and in the future. I can be more exact it than I can accept your refusal to do anything about it which, in effect would make you part of it. If you do not have the public-relations know-how to make a reasonable and serious effort, I have already sent a recommendation along this line.

I've not yet had a chance to go over what Jerry brought. You have not responded to my letter about the books I had to buy in DC, four of them, at retail.

Please send me the name and address of the editor of the subject Boston Standard.