

Prologue

"The scenario guiding New Orleans ^D District Attorney, Jim Garrison, in his investigation of President Kennedy's assassination can be ~~sim~~ glimpsed in any bookstore"; the Washington ^(ital) Post told its half-million readers the morning of March ~~3~~, 1967.

"The investigation ^{is} ~~is~~ Garrison's but the script apparently started with Harold Weisberg... former Senate investigator and author of ^(ital) "Whitewash"... the story continued.

George Lardner, Jr., who I quote on several occasions in this book, ^l wrote this article. Prior to his first trip to ^l New Orleans, I had "briefed" his national-desk editor. On the way down, Lardner had read ^(ital) ~~WHITE WASH: THE~~ ⁽¹⁾ ~~REPORT ON THE WARREN~~ ^(ital) ~~COMMISSION~~ ^{STRET} ~~REPORT ON THE WARREN~~ ^(ital) ~~COMMISSION~~. He phoned me on his return, prior to writing this account. It continues:

"Weisberg contends that Lee Harvey Oswald was not the real assassin that day in Dallas. So does Garrison.

"Weisberg contends that Oswald didn't kill Dallas police officer J.D. Tippit either. So does Garrison... the District Attorney labelled Oswald a ^{SET} decoy, a ^(ital) fall guy, and a victim. Weisberg says he said as much a year ago ^(ital) (~~WHITETASH 138~~).

"Weisberg also charges that the assassination was also deeply wound up with the plotting of anti-Castro Cuban exiles anxious to kill Fidel Castro, but also angry at Kennedy for the failure of the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion. Garrison is taking the same tack.... Weisberg contends that a 'False Oswald' (Itai) (W) (Itai)

~~L.A. #137-54~~ was involved...Garrison...is looking for a 'False Oswald'..." (WHITE/ASH) 137-5

"Weisberg had a hard time getting 'Whitewash' printed. He sent it to 63 U.S. publishers, finally putting it out...at his own expense, calling it 'The Book That Couldn't Be Printed'...publishers were afraid to risk government wrath..."

Two months later, in a May 9 dispatch ~~from~~ (Itai) "from our own correspondent" in Washington, the august and respect Times of London ran this story under the headline, "Mystery Of Kennedy Inquiry Cleared Up":

MYSTERY OF KENNEDY INQUIRY CLEARED UP

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT—WASHINGTON, MAY 9

One mystery of the rather mystifying investigation of the Kennedy assassination now being conducted by Mr. Jim Garrison, the Attorney General of New Orleans, has been cleared up. The source of much of his information is Mr. Harold Weisberg, the author of *Whitewash: Report on the Warren Commission*.

Mr. Weisberg, who was one of the first to question the conclusions of the Warren Commission, contacted his home in Maryland today after visiting Mr. Garrison and his staff. It was not his first visit to New Orleans, he was at Mr. Garrison's side when the investigation was announced.

His book was not well received by the critics, and indeed was privately printed after it had been rejected by a number of publishers in New York and London. It is rather short in time, but so was his questioned his honesty.

He has subsequently written two more books, *Whitewash 2: F.B.I., Secret Service, CIA, and C.I.A.* *Whitewash 3: Report on New Orleans*. It was these two books, with supporting documents, which were made available to Mr. Garrison.

From Here Go
to Pg. 20

~~The honorable~~ British paper gave me more credit than is due. For

~~example, I was not at Garrison's side when he announced the investigation.~~

This was as we left the grand-jury room two months later, on April 28, when I

was the first writer to testify before it. The intentions of the Post were

not honorable. Its purpose was to deprecate the Garrison investigation.

Lardner's writing is snide, smart-alecky, consistent with the pose of his

paper that it teaches holiness to the Pope. It is self-appointed defender of

the government, leader of the pack of literary lickspittles that will print

any slander, libel, rumor or scurrility against those trying to bring out the

about
truth of the assassination but will not print what we have proven.

Between the writing of these two stories I completed this book.

It is part of what I had originally announced as WHITEWASH III: THE
ARCHIVE. That book grew too ^{large} enormous for the capacity of a single pair of covers

to hold. Already published from it is the 65,000-word text of PHOTOGRAPHIC

WHITEWASH: SUPPRESSED KENNEDY ASSASSINATION PICTURES, which also has 150 pages

of facsimile reproduction of once-secret documents. The draft of this book, &

without its thrice-larger documentation from the Commissions until-then suppressed

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~~files, was about 180,000 words.~~

Toward the end of February, my agent, John Starr, had commenced negotiations with a large publisher. ~~As~~ I had already begun this book by the time we met the afternoon of March 7 with ~~a~~ ~~an~~ motley of vice presidents and counsel. It was agreed ^{they} ~~that this house~~ would publish the book as expeditiously as possible, that I would supply a rough draft as rapidly as I could, and that the vice-presidential editor himself would edit the manuscript as soon as he got it. The book was to include the ~~extensive~~ documentation my rather extensive investigation had ~~reworked~~ dredged from those until-then secret files.

The 180,000 words were written and ~~w~~ retyping was completed April 16.

The next day, safe, I foolishly thought, ^{protected} ~~covered~~ by \$200.00 insurance, what the Post Office euphemistically calls "Special Handling", and the reputation

that "the mails go through", I dispatched it to John, ^{250 miles and five hours away.}

My trip to New Orleans was scheduled for April 27. The morning before

John was on the phone. "Where the hell is the manuscript?" he asked. While

I told him how and when it was sent my wife got out the post-office ^{receipt} ~~receipt~~.

Here it is:

Young Wm de Lane

RECEIPT FOR INSURED PARCEL POSTAGE PAID 30.00 POSTMASTER OF MAILING OFFICE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001 REGISTERED MAIL NO. 805849 REGISTERED MAIL NO. 805849		SAVE THIS RECEIPT UNTIL PACKAGE IS ACCOUNTED FOR COVERAGE - Postal insurance covers (1) the value of the contents at time of mailing, if not so severely damaged, or (2) the cost of repairs. Coverage may not exceed the limit fixed for the insurance fee paid. Consult postmaster for details of insurance limits and coverage. FILING CLAIM - Bring this receipt or the wrapper of the parcel to the post office, station, or branch within one year from the date the parcel was mailed. Submit sales slips, receipts, bills, if available, or competent estimates to substantiate your claim. Enter below name and complete address of addressee. (If no addressee in care of person, hotel, etc.) Sent to _____ RECEIPT FOR INSURED PARCEL
SENDER: Enter name and address of address on other side and send information regarding address. POSTMASTER (By) <i>A. Deane</i> JOB Form 38130, June 1963		

Armed with this ^{evidence} data, John laid seige to the New York Post Office.

That night he called me back to report that the Post Office Department's assurance that its own ransacking of each of its numerous substations in New York proved the manuscript was not there.

Now this was serious business. This was not the first time the Post Office had "lost" ^{my} ~~my manuscripts and letters~~. Aside from the normal desire of an author to see his work in print, my yearning not to have to do another private printing to break through the publishers' bycott of strong writing on this subject, my intense feeling that on this subject the people must know all they can if our society is to function and as rapidly as possible so they have the basis for opinion and action, there was my word to the publisher and what

for me, in the depressed financial condition my work in this field had brought about, was a sizeable "advance" against royalties.

"Can't you send me a carbon?" John asked.

There was one intended for my Italian publisher, Giengiacomo Feltrinelli, the adventuresome "Doctor Zhivago" man. One had already gone to Gordon Harbord, my British agent, whose ^{done} efforts to suppress that still exists here.

"It will go off tomorrow", I assured John.

My overworked wife thereupon hastened the ^{copying} posting of typographic errors in the 600-page ^{copy} manuscript while I prepared for New Orleans and my appearance before the grand jury. On the way I mailed the Feltrinelli copy of the manuscript from a post office I had never used before, sending it registered.

Now lest the reader wonder if this was a strange accident but entirely a coincidence - and I do not know and cannot say - let me trace a little history to him. In late 1965 I sent a copy of the limited edition of WHITEWASH to the German magazine, Der Spiegel. Under date of March 29, 1966, Heinz Lohfeldt, its "Auslandsredaktion" or foreign editor (?) responded to my inquiry by telling me the book never reached him.

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"Unfortunately", he wrote, "the copy of your book 'Whitewash: The Report on the Warren Report' must have been lost". He didn't know where or how.

Unfortunately also, ^{later} ~~Der Spiegel~~, influenced by other publishers, developed other interests. ^{But} This began with a request from Der Spiegel's American representative for a copy of the book and ~~ask~~ German serialization rights.

~~START~~
On March 21, 1966, I wrote my first letter to Gordon Harbord, the willing and hard-working British agent who ^I undertook to represent my book ^{despite} ~~in the face~~ of failure by another and also hard-working and well connected British agent, who had faced the same problems I face here. British publishers [#] would not touch the subject. As in the United States, some claimed there was no interest in the late President or his murder. Gordon saw Leslie Frewin, a publisher who was interested.

Neither Gordon nor Frewin knew of scheduled British publication of Mark Lane's book, but I did. Lane also had been boycotted in the United States. Through an American editor he had been referred to ^{Bodley Head} British publisher who had accepted his manuscript and was in the course of extensive editing. I knew its scheduled publication date and wrote Gordon all the details. Publishing is a competitive business. ^{With} the work I knew Lane's book required, although it

would appear and would be competition, I also knew it would be no trick to beat it on the British market.

Here I went to note the many kindnesses of numerous American editors who very much wanted their publishers to ^{publish} produce my book. It is from them I learned the amount of time required to make Lane's book publishable. So, while Lord Bertrand Russell, Professors Arnold Toynbee and Hugh Trevor-Roper and others were assisting with Lane's manuscript, I was writing Harbord the details so any British publisher would be aware of his competitive position.

Not one of ^{17ac} ~~the~~ ^{eight} letters reached Harbord, although all were sent by

^{17ac} air, from March 21 until May 4. On that day, they all arrived and he cabled ~~me~~ informing me of it.

"Mail Just arrived. Writing".

~~in the mails was enough to cost me British publication.~~ ^{STET}

With the normal leisurely pace of book publishing - if this year we don't ^{university} do it, there is always next year - Frewin had been in no hurry. He had done read my book, editors go over it, all of it unhurriedly. A major British paper was interested in serialization. On April 6 Frewin told me this and that the manuscript "certainly...looks most intriguing".

Codes of Service

This is a time message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

1201 (4-59)

SYMBOLS

DL	Day Letter
NL	Night Letter
LT	International Letter Telegram

WU Form 100-1-1-64 (Rev. 1-1-64)

The filing time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is LOCAL TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is LOCAL TIME at point of destination.

QUA 115 =SPD 174 336526

DDVB 14 LDC405 TD283 7 PD INTL FR CD LONDG =V1 =

11:15P

WEISBERG = =

HYATTSTOWN MD XXX (MD)=

ALL JUST ARRIVED WRITING =

HARBORD

7:02P EDT MAY 4 66

READ FROM THE BOTTOMS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

ak



LESLIE FREWIN PUBLISHERS LIMITED

Copy to E. Weisberg, Esq.

15 HAY'S MEWS BERKELEY SQUARE LONDON W1 GROSVENOR 4541 CABLES - BERKLIWIN LONDON

Gordon Harbord, Esq.,
53 St. Martin's Lane,
W.C.2

20th April 1966

Dear Mr. Harbord,

I am very sorry to have to tell you that we have eventually decided against taking THE REPORT ON THE WARREN REPORT by E. Weisberg. This is obviously a manuscript of very great interest indeed, and we have all along been favourably disposed towards the idea of publishing it. However, careful enquiries among both university and publishing circles have revealed that a book on this very subject, written by an author who commands a large following over here, is to be published very shortly by Bodley Head. Not only that, but Penguin are to do an abridged version of the Bodley book in the Autumn as one of their "Specials".

While there can be no doubting the excellence of Mr. Weisberg's manuscript, from a publishing point of view there would not be room for two full-scale books covering basically the same ground - ~~to examine the case report and its relevance of evidence.~~ Furthermore, the prior appearance of a paperback book competitor, selling at perhaps one-tenth of the price we should have to charge, would point to disastrous economic consequences for us.

Please accept our apologies for the delay in coming to a decision, but you will appreciate that where as much is at stake, we have to survey our ground very closely indeed. But we are really very grateful to you for allowing us to see such a high quality piece of work. ~~I am now returning the manuscript to you, along with the additional material you sent to Mr. Frewin.~~

Yours sincerely,

Arthur Sells

~~was enough to cost me British publications~~
~~was enough to let me British publications~~

The "delay" in the mails did it. On April 20 Frewin's editor wrote.

Gordon:

~~Insert marked part of letter, 9A~~

Just how critical this "delay" really was is indicated in Frewin's

April 27 letter to me:

"I know it must be frustrating to you to have put in so much work and to find so many terrifying obstacles in the way of publication, but, as I say, if it is any comfort to you to know this, we had definitely decided on publication. Four hours later, our 'intelligence' unit uncovered the facts of the publication of the other book".

Like most publishers, although himself an author, the last person Frewin would consult and listen to is the author. From the way most are treated, the least important element in the publication of a book is its author. Frewin's confidence in his "intelligence unit" was misplaced. Lane's book had to be re-edited (and it was superbly, under Benjamin Sonnenberg, Jr., who deserves a competitor's unstinted praise and admiration). It appeared many months late. Frewin would have had no difficulty being first in the British market.

When I was within four hours of a contract, need I ~~not~~ emphasize

right getting through, and of a month and a half of ^{"delay"} ~~mail~~ ^{of not me letter in} ~~mail~~ ^{of not me letter in}
 the significance of a month and a half interruption in the mail, ~~of not me letter in~~
 It didn't stop there. ^{it} has never stopped.

Gordon never did receive the entire manuscript of WHITEWASH II: THE
 FBI-SECRET SERVICE COVERUP. I sent it to him as I wrote it. When chapters were
 short enough to go letter mail, I sent them that way, by air. When they were
 longer or too numerous, I sent them by insured air parcel post (first-class
 class mail cannot be insured).

What I sent him insured reached him; first-class mail did not.

I asked him to return the incomplete manuscript when I learned this, so
 I could fill it in. No effort was made to hide the fact that it was opened in
 the mail. The package was ^{then} ~~afterward~~ stapled closed, after examination of its
 contents.

All of this is "confidence," I was assured ~~that~~ I inquired.

About the Time of
 After the third anniversary of the assassination, when increasingly I
 heard expression of the opinion President Johnson, as the obvious beneficiary,
 must have had something to do ~~there~~ with the assassination. I do not share
 this belief, although I do believe the dishonest behavior of his government

on this subject inspired and fosters the evil suspicion. *Even ultimately,* ~~Coinciding with this~~

we sustained numerous, serious and expensive interferences with the shipment of books.

To save time, so precious and so scarce when two people set out to do

what my wife and I have and add to that the duties of a publisher, when people

~~ordered both books,~~ we put each in an envelope, *Scotch-taped them securely,* ~~fastened the envelopes together,~~

~~securely with Scotch tape,~~ then lashed them with twine. Although more costly

in packaging materials than using wrapping paper, each day this *saved* ~~took much less~~

time.

Soon complaints came pouring in. *Only* ~~the~~ book arrived or neither did.

Instead of *protesting* ~~complaining~~ to the postal inspector, I decided, because of the

political *implications* ~~complications~~ to inform the Postmaster General. I phoned his office,

told his secretary + knew I should speak to the inspector and would, but felt

Mr. O'Brien should know. Thereafter a Postal Inspector Cheesham *(phonetic)* appeared to

make perfunctory inquiries and render mechanical assurances. He promised a

thorough investigation.

It required little time. He returned to guarantee that our trouble was

the normal state of affairs. Benefitting from its own lengthy experience of

and wisdom

almost two centuries and the accumulated knowledge of all the postal services of all the countries of the world, our Post Office Department can now certify that it is the most inefficient yet, he told me. With this background upon which to draw and with which to compare, it has no hesitancy in guaranteeing that never in history has there been such absolutely terrible postal service-anywhere in the world.

The Postal Inspector fairly beamed as he unburdened himself of this assurance.

Something like an undertaker.
"Just terrible service, that's all", he announced, *heppily.*

Nothing else, just the absolute perfection of inefficiency, the zenith of unpardonable error and employee unconcern.

Why, when the second envelope also ~~had~~ had an address, was it ~~never~~ never delivered? Oh, it just went to the dead-letter section, probably to await opening and discovery of a return address.

That, it happens, ^{is} the largest ^{and prominent} lettering on the back covers. We gave him some of the addresses never reached by the books. He combed them, ^{those post offices,} the Washington's Post Office, the major one through which all our mail goes, and others that occurred to him.

While making inquiries about the "missing" or "delayed" mail the Postmaster Inspector told

~~He then returned to tell us that while he had not been able to find a~~

single one of the ^{very many} missing copies of our books, nonetheless we should not worry,

for Uncle Sam was honorable if inefficient, treated the mails as sacred if he

had reached the absolute perfect in awful service, and this was the kind of

service everybody got today. ^{From hundreds of letters with disapproved books and the}

how fast later? He thought.

There was no mail intercept, either. The Post Office was not keeping a *secret*

record of who wrote us and to whom we wrote.

✓
You know this? I asked.

Of course, he replied.

How?

The Chief Postal Inspector told me. *He tells such things? Certainly!*

It may come as a surprise to most Americans, but in guaranteeing them

their freedoms, especially of speech and the press, their Post Office ^{department}

can and does watch their mail and list their correspondents to satisfy the

and other government agencies. ✓
whims of the assorted police. This, although it has no historical designation

the government might find suitable, is called freedom of the mails. Every American

enjoys it.

So, my mail wasn't being tampered with.

the mail that

How about what was opened, visibly inspected?, I inquired

Oh, that just happened.

With this assurance that machines have been invested for the shredding
of ~~packages~~ ^{packages} beyond identification, employees had been schooled in tearing apart
securely wrapped parcels for no good reason, and there was a general reluctance
to return clearly addressed books presumably because nobody in the Post Office
cared about it; with ~~the~~ ^{this} glorification of the high state of chaos and ~~assumption~~
and confusion obtained in the 1st half of the twentieth century, we knew all
we need know about the efficacy of representation to the federal government.

(The telephone company offers similar assurances. Radio stations to
which I broadcast by phone, as recently as June 1967 read on their delicate
meters the fall in current on ~~our~~ ^{rural} party lines $\frac{1}{M}$ a total of $\frac{16}{M}$ phones are
involved on our two circuits; tapping our phones means tapping $\frac{16}{M}$ but the
phone company tells me there is no interception.)

So, when John didn't get the manuscript we had labored so ~~long~~ ^{hard} to
complete, I was not surprised. Disappointed. Not surprised.

On the way to New Orleans the next morning I want to an entirely

On the way to New Orleans the next morning, I went to a Washington sub^{station}, I had never before patronized, and sent ^{Jim} Feltrinelli's copy by registered mail. Regulations require registered mail to be under constant lock and key.

John got that one.

With a vengeance!

And with what magic!

As that carbon copy made its majestic sweep through the mails, of all the many substations in New York City, it just managed to find its way to the right wrong one. John had been assured that the original manuscript was in none of the wrong post offices and not in the right one. Somehow, in some mysterious way, ^{by} in some means known, if at all, only to the Post Office Department, the Feltrinelli carbon ferreted out the right wrong post office, snuggled up against the ribbon copy of which it ^{is} was a duplicate, and then exercised powers equalled only by those of the magical bullet with the built-in intelligence, that incredible projectile that smase smashed its way into history by inflicting seven non-fatal injuries on President Kennedy and ^U Governor Connally, splitting and splintering bone on its way and emerging ^l a virtually intact, unutilated and ^{three} undeformed despite its generous deposit of its metal in ~~several~~ parts of the

ay 16

In this month

Governor's body and withall exercising a control like nothing in science fiction, like nothing ever launched from Cape Kennedy.

As that blind and brainless bullet knew, at a speed of a mile in two and a half seconds, or 2,000 feet each second, just when to gee, just when to haw, when to dip, when to curtsy, when to jump, when to hide, so did this magical

eltrinelli carbon know precisely that moment of all eternity when it must summon what I did not know was built into ^{it} and what had not existed since paper

magnetism! With this new power it latched onto to the ~~even~~ errant ribbon copy and both made their ^{serene} way together to the waiting John Starr.

By that time, however, two ~~were~~ weeks were lost. The vice-presidential editor, the ^(it) only one who could read this manuscript, which was too important for the mere managing editor, the ~~sarnis~~ ^{SCAIR} editor or any ^{of} ~~of these~~ ^(S) their junior, was away for several more weeks.

^{WTH} In this month of needless delay, although the editors, I was told, liked the book, a decision was made against it.

By remarkable coincidence, the hallmark of the entire story of the assassination and its sequels is coincidence, in that interval the campaign against Jim Garrison bellowed from the presses. The ^{itac} Saturday Evening Post had

a selective and biased story by Jim Phelan, its expert on ^{New Orleans} crime,

who managed ^a this length opus without reference to what the reader will find in

^(Haw) The Washington Post - ^(Haw) Newsweek, which managed to report the books critical of the Warren

Commission without reference to the first and without ~~reference~~ space in its

letters column for protest, assigned Hugh Aynesworth, who has made a successful

career of attacks on criticism and critics of the Report, to its equally

selective appraisal of only a small part of what was available in ^{New Orleans}.

In it there was, in thousands of words, no mention of the ~~business associations~~

benefits of his previous associations to Alvin Beauboeuf, which the reader will

also find in this text. ^{It has the other - do you still know; you wife - you are} without benefit of denial.

Between these two skillful assaults on Garrison and the attendant ~~clashes~~

^{of} the press, little more was need ^{ed} to discourage the average American book

^{of} publisher, not among the bravest men ^{in the world} and the least likely to be

concerned about truth or principle ^{when a President is murdered}.

John started the round of ^{the} publishers equipped to bring the book out

in a hurry. A friend, familiar with my earlier writings, introduced it to a

house where ^{other} she had friends. Other ^{ones} rejected it. In this establishment, it

achieved immediate editorial and commercial-department approval.

On the executive, policy level it was turned down.

One of the department heads found this all the straw he needed for his camel's back. He quit. There are two such cases I know of in the history of the ~~non-publication of this~~ ^{tac} ~~WIT/V/II~~ series of books on the assassination of a President.

I detail this so the reader will understand the appearance of a book that still lacks the professional editing each author aspires to, so the possible roughness the critics and professors of composition dislike will be understood and not held against my publisher.

In January 1967, when the assaults on the integrity of everyone involved that made a millionaire of William Manchester began to appear in Look, I decided that to keep the story on the assassination in perspective, which requires public understanding of the roles of ^{the author} the family, the press, the politicians and the book publishers, it would be necessary to delineate the exquisite detail with which this self-commissioned ^{to} Machiavelli had, in writing his unintended, unofficial whitewash, managed to achieve the closest possible approximation to 100% inaccuracy in his ~~assess~~ ^{to} ~~reference~~ ^{to} touted as a non-

fictitious account of the tragedy.

After I had contracted reprint ^Brights to my earlier books but before the first appeared, Richard T. Gallen, chairman of the board of Parallax

Publishing Co., sought me out to acquire these rights. We became friends.

He agreed to publish the then partly-written ^{anti-}manchester book. When this

profitable offer came for the New Orleans book, ^{N.}Gallen agreed to waive his

rights and for me to delay the Manchester book. Had it not been for this I could

not, ^J~~unfortunately~~ at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of ^{Tuesday,} March 7, contracted with ~~the~~

larger publisher for this book. ^{Gallen}He agreed with me that ~~this~~ the story of

Oswald in New Orleans was of a higher priority.

When the larger and better-equipped publishers joined in refusing to publish a book that has the effect of defending and justifying the Garrison

work, that points factually and accusingly at federal power and its abuse,

I asked Gallen to accept it as a substitute for the book he had contracted.

Because he agreed, this is the first of my books that I do not have first to publish myself, in each case going in debt to ^{be}a publisher. The sale of

about a half million copies of my books apparently is immaterial in the

American book publishing industry ~~as it faces its responsibilities when a President is murdered and forgotten with his name buried in whitewash.~~

Because of the loss of time and the rising crescendo of shrill deception, lies, distortions and assorted misrepresentations and other dishonesties of the journalistic closing of ranks behind the indefensible government, I felt I had to ask an additional consideration ^{to which I replied!} of Gallen. He would hasten this book into print as rapidly as he could. The first sacrifice is editing, with the reorganization that so often helps a rough draft and ^{gets} ~~makes~~ a book, a better reception. A good editor is an author's best friend.

Start *

When the Garrison investigation was still secret, I planned this ~~book~~ book to include only what I had dug out of the governments deepest recesses. After the story broke and became ~~a~~ first a national sensation and then a ~~press~~ press whipping boy, I decided to weave into it as I wrote ^{it} part of what ^{became public} ~~appeared in the~~ press. The purpose was to give the reader the most complete account possible. ~~Remember, the publisher who contracted the book was to have his very most important vice-presidential editor attend its needs. I was to~~

see to

complete the manuscript
~~write the book as fast as I could, leaving this essential chore to him.~~

While the rejections accumulated, I wrote and published PHOTOGRAPHIC
WHITWASH: SUPPRESSED KENNEDY ASSASSINATION PICTURES, foolishly hoping for
normal publication and normal editing of the languishing account of Oswald's
~~strange career and companions in New Orleans.~~

It is in deference to my wishes, my strong belief that the ^{essential}
in a democratic society is information not polish, that Parallax has agreed to
bring this book out without the attentions it should have. For this I acknow-
regret,
ledge gratitude and indebtedness.

becomes *complicated*
I also acknowledge regrets, ~~for~~ with a subject as ~~enormous~~ as this one,
with the vast amount as fast to be ~~wisened~~ ^{threated} from the not-accidental secretion
chaff
of ~~trivialities~~ in which it is shocked, the problems of the writer and of
comprehension abound. With this volume, my published work approximates 600,000
words. Three as-yet unpublished books have been commenced. ^{of} ~~are~~ the major
distinction missing but new
concerns is what is on paper, what is on paper in this book, and what is in my
head and not accessible to the reader. Another is what the average reader knows
of the subject in which I have steeped myself and what must be explained to him.

Not inconsequential is the ~~complexity~~ ^{complexity} of writing a book while part of it unfolds and when more of it impends. The news media got interested in the subject, mostly as a partisan, and while I wrote ~~some~~ ^{successful ones} of my discoveries, others were appearing in the papers. How to anticipate ~~the~~ developments during composition of ~~a~~ manuscript and its publication was a constant consideration and a continuing problem.

From those who are familiar with my writing, I expect understanding and tolerance. From ~~these~~ others I hope ~~I get~~ ^{an} it. To all this explanation and apology are due.

The day may come when I have an editor, when my readers as well as I benefit from this essential service to a writer. The day may come when there is enough time on this subject so visceral in a democratic society, when I do not feel compelled to publish a rough draft because of the urgency I feel in bringing fact to light. After 600,000 published words, perhaps I should no longer expect it.

However, if this is a price I must pay, it will be paid as it has been. ~~It~~ ^{It} is the least cost, as only those with intimate knowledge of the subject can begin to understand.

Harold Weisberg

Hyattstown, Md.

July 2, 1967