

Dear Larry,

The Parallax View 8/13/72

My first impression of the very beginning of the book I wanted to withhold until completing it. Having completed it, I could argue that Binger told Sylvia Meagher the truth in saying it bears no relationship to the JFK assassination, that it is a strung-together series of pseudo realities that did occur to an imaginative writer. But I don't really think so and instead will add to the case for base on reality I've already suggested.

And there is too much doctrine that is of earlier if restricted publication.

Yet it is possible, as I also indicated, that Singer heard enough broadcasts to get the notions from them.

One of the lingering mysteries of the JFK assassination is a figure many of us, quite independently, came to give the same designation, The Babushka Lady. Almost all the important assassination film we have or have seen shows her, at first inconspicuously on the south side of Elm St., and in the last shot I recall boldly standing in the road filming away at the disappearing car carrying the disappearing era.

Her film has never surfaced. I have made a fair tracing of the film and turned that work over to a real nice guy who became a rabid nut, named Richard Sprague. I turned over Dallas contacts I'd never met, he made some of his own, but his entire approach was so paparnoid the net result of much work on his part is harm. He has come up with no single significant footage except that to which I directed him, and we are left in doubt about its significance.

One of the perplexities (to me) of The Babushka Lady bit is that in an intensive searching of FBI files I've found no reference to her, no sign of any search for her or her film. The footage she got, unless it was all blank, has to be among the most valuable. It got to the point where the Spragues, nutty enough to go for the whole Farewell America puton, had her cast as a secret agent of foreign intelligence.

However, the real Bureau, from its available records, has her as a non-person and her film was never the subject of any interest. I can believe neither. But I do know that the FBI was hep to all the film and at the crucial moment appeared before the owner, when there was no remaining choice. And in a quest more extensive that reported, I have come across two reels of film the real Bureau never told the Commission it had. In fact, I have a copy of one and I was promised the other but haven't and hadn't the \$\$\$ to go for it.

In both cases I was told by the owners they gave it to The Bureau, and in both cases that the got back edited copies.

There need be no connection with T.P.View, but the parallel is clear.

Of the threats I've had and the few phoned to mt wife in my absence, there is not one not consistent with the story here: Wasn't I afraid something would happen to me? Wasn't I afraid to do the work I do? Wasn't my wife afraid to be alone, afraid of what could happen to me when I was out working? The strangest part of what I believe is no more than coincidence is that she never got such a call when I was home and I am and was home most of the time. Only when I was away did she ever get such calls.

I told you about the Shane soundtrack played me. That was the last one of this sort. There was another of different nature later. However, the first ~~right~~ thing I did with the Shane threat was dub it, the next give it to two different police departments, one of which has soundprinting facilities, and then I started talking about these things on the phone, just in case. My reaction to the Shane threat, to the man making it, may have been enough to discourage further such things. No, I just remembered something: There is a strange cat who phoned me on a talk show 1/1/68, giving his right name, going into this and then into bait, having lived with a Ruby stripper. He phoned me at home several times thereafter, and the last I heard of him he actually arranged a meeting with me. I kept it. He went into this kind of thing in some detail, gave me a cover that didn't hold and he later, by non-performance blew, but the result is that I have put away a complete description of him, his car, etc. And ways of reaching him I never used. Anyway, there is this kind of basis for the thread running through TPV.

The college professor and that entire part can be said to come right from the Epilogue to my second book, where I am even more explicit along that line. I do not say it does. There is no doubt that it can and that, to the best of my knowledge, remains the only place it was ever addressed except in a slightly different way that I believe was edited out of COUP for FRAME-UP, a chapter including the words No Blondel, ref to the fabled minstrel.

The overall concept I could trace to (but do not) one of my works that remains largely unprinted but was published in full in a limited, xeroxed edition. I've had people read them at the Library of Congress and phone me about them, some who write. Even a guy who used to work at the Archives and doesn't any more, but was then more interested in me than I apparently realized from the minor favors he extended (like making more on-the-spot xeroxes than the regulations permitted, regs limiting to 10). The overall concept is in COUP, and The Bureau is there The CIA-ilitary-Industrial Complex. I don't say Singer got it there. I do say it is there, and I have frequent references to it from a number of friends who have read it, most often from one named Ed.

Stopped to get a cup of coffee and remembered I've left something too vague. And forgot another incident. The two films I've located that the FBI has and hid from the Commission and won't show me unless I go to court are both of Oswald being arrested in New Orleans. Bearing on this is irrefutable proof I have with some pain and labor reconstructed, getting the last piece of official evidence only when I threatened suit, showing that another person with Oswald was edited out of the WDSU-TV footage. My work on this is this definitive: I have statements from two people who previewed that footage after the assassination, long after the original outtakes were thrown away, and know a man who also was edited out, and his account to me is that he chased this man. I won't do it, but I can ~~get~~ you a first-person account of this IN CHICAGO, where you are. The man who did the chasing is and was a friend of Shaw's, this for new coincidences.

There is another mysterious and perhaps non-existent film, taken, allegedly, by a Canadian. The man who laid that to rest, if this is what happened, happens to be the same Reg (REG)Blakemore in the Vancouver Sun Gervais stories. New coincidence? The odd thing in addition is that the otherwise dubious Dallas cop who got the report by phone was firm and believing on this story, the call to him about the film.

Of all the lingering mysteries of the official investigation, which is not the same as the story of the assassination, I'd say that what happened to the film is the crux. Without that, none of the rest of the official obfuscation would be possible. Does this suggest there may be more than coincidence in Singer's peg?

They you have the overwhelming pessimism of the story: You can't beat the Bureau, relieved only slightly at the end with the notion that perhaps this boy may in some way, or may symbolize in some way. It is scant relief for so overwhelming and permeating a pessimism. Which is one of the things that makes me want to know more about Loren Singer, for which I can't take time.

I could make out a case for the existence of such a force. In fact, it is one of two novels I have long planned as part of what I will do with my own New Orleans work. Let me encapsulate one incident. I had a dubious source, a chick whose stories were fantastic, so fantastic that everyone thought them all fantasy. The weird thing is that in selecting for myself what I would check out, all of it being impossible, I found nothing that did not stack. I mean 100%, not just suggestively. How she came by this knowledge remains a mystery to me. I showed her a series of more than 100 pictures, by surprise, and she didn't fail to correctly identify each and every person in those pictures not related to the case, in reality or in Garrison's mythology. NOT ONE MISS! I have all this on tape. Now the night I turned her one, by the most remarkable of coincidences, she was in the home of a mutual friend where, through her boyfriend I had arranged the meeting. That person knew Mayton Martens slightly but hadn't seen him for years. Just as this chick zinked out and I was awaiting the coming of an assistant DA then hours late, ~~and coincidentally before the xeroxing of the film~~ who shows up but this man I haven't met, Martens, and he has the greatest curiosity (I block with my body) about who is inside and why. It later turns out that he has told her that I caused great glee inside the CIA by going to one of their publishers with WHITEWASH. She can't remember the name (and she is, in fact, bad on them but invariably close with hem, as -ibber for Liebler), but it begins with a P. Now, how the hell did Martens know that when the contract for WW was broken by the publisher for whom I wrote it that I did, in fact, get to Praeger through a friend, and the book was liked by the official who read it who told me that if Praeger went for it he'd recommend an initial 25,000 print but he didn't thing P would? P was a CIA publisher, may still be.

I could run on for hours with such things, all real, all having happened to me. Let me give you but one threat illustration. It happened under circumstances that lead a former and again reported to become a close friend. He is Harv Morgan, now with KGO, San Francisco, then running a 3-hour talk show in KCBS, ~~50kw~~ 50kw clear-channel CBS. (And an aside before I forget, one when I was doing his show by phone, not uncommon) we had a call from a guy who described pictures he had taken, the connection was broken in a way the program people couldn't explain, and there was no importuning that could get that long-distance voice to return, then or repeatedly later.) Harve had the widest-heard talk-show signal on the west coast. He tried to use this to get me to make the first of round-the-clock appearances on his show, but I refused, feeling a debt to a man who had befriended me when no others would. I assured him I'd have a fresh show for him, that the earlier show would augment his potential audience at least locally, but that if it meant, as he and his producer hinted, that I'd lose his show, I'd give it up. He liked me for it.

Now there was a real red-baiting call-in. I elected to take it. Nay, insisted. Harv was going to cut the guy off in indignation. Instead I confronted directly. tried to get the guy to identify himself, played over and over the faceless accuser of the man who insisted in facing, and at one point asked the guy how old he was. He said. I pointed out that the clipping from which he read, inaccurate in itself, was from before his time. How did he get it? In the library. That persuaded nobody and it is the way he could not have gotten it in the SF library. So, whatever they are, if only right-wing nuts, there are these repeating things in a sense suggestive of the events of TPV.

Gotta get to other things. TPV is in the indicated ways somewhat provocative. If I took time I'd probably think of others. Sorry about the typos.

And now it will be a ~~book~~ movie. Depending on how that turns out, it could again be a dissuading thing, couldn't it, as the book can be interpreted.

One always wonders about the working of The Department of Disinformation.

Best,