

Paul Hoch
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Dear Paul,

My Posner book, which was more than that as I wrote it, is being rushed to publication for reasons I've not been told. I should say that about a fourth of what I wrote is being published, under the title Case Open. Although I was never told why so much that was so definitive was eliminated, my belief is that what I wrote was so overwhelming they believe this fraction of it was powerful enough and that the smaller size was their preference for commercial reasons. While the rushing contributes to the creation of what are to me serious problems none of which I created and all of which I corrected long ago, there is nothing I can do about that. This I would prefer that you keep to yourself. There are problems enough without this being added. I tell you this only so that you will know. The retyped complete manuscript Wrone and McKnight will have. Besides me, McKnight will put it in Hood's library for the use of others.

I write you for a different purpose, however.

As you may recall, Posner wrote his dreck as an answer to Oliver Stone. He says, too.

I want to let Stone know not only that this is coming, in the event he has any continuing interest, and if he has, what else is available to him other than is in the book to be published and what he can do, if he is so disposed, to make an even more effective response to the small and evil man I regard as an intellectual Judenrat.

When I first wrote him I did that through Alexander Ho. All that extensive file is now in the basement and I'm weak enough and have enough trouble with stairs that I am rarely down there. I do not know whether you or Scott know how to address him a letter to him, but that is what I'd like to know.

I doubt he understands that my only objection to his movie is that he described it as nonfiction and in his glorification of Garrison. To which I'd have had no objection if he's have used a different name in what he did not describe as the fact. The impression I have is that it would also mean nothing to him to know that most of the people I help and give access to my files to are those I know I'll ~~disagree~~ disagree with.

But if he wants to get his licks in on Posner I can help him as he has not been helped. My interest is in more people knowing that Posner's is the most intendedly dishonest of all books and for them to have access to the truth about him and his book.

The manuscript was of more than 200,000 words and that without addressing all of his book. Wrone, who has a copy of the rough draft, was enormously impressed and excited by it. I did address most of the book and I did that thoroughly and in detail. Documented.

Be grateful that you do not have winters like we are suffering. We've been lucky ~~xxx~~ to have considerate neighbors. They bring us our mail and the papers when they think it is dangerous for me to be out and clear the snow from the lane so we can get out. There is another story I'll tell you about thoughtfulness. Meant much to me.

My doctor wants the clotting time of my blood tested every other day. No sweat for me, particularly because that has me near physical therapist friends who have invited me to use a couple of their machines that are helpful to me, giving me a little of the only exercise other than walking I am permitted. So I go from the lab to them.

The managers of the medical building in which the lab is located are greedy and stingy and care little for the safety of those, many elderly and infirm, who have to go to that lab, to doctors, or for outpatient surgery. They have people ~~to~~ plow the snow from the roadways and much of the parking lot but they have all winter had the plowed snow slushed from traffic and against the sidewalks to ice up and be a hazard for people like me.

Once when I'd had to skip one of the blood test and did not want to skip the next schedule one ^{and} ~~and~~ my lane was clear I phoned the lab to ask if it was safe enough for me to go there. One of the women, all on the young side, was horrified. No, indeed, she exclaimed. But she added that, with all the salt in the state exhausted, something else was being put down. She suggested I phoned in an hour and a half or so to see if it was safe by then. I did that, another woman answered the phone, and she also told me that it was unsafe, that what they'd put down had not kept her from slipping on it and that I'd fall. Then she said for me to honk the horn and someone would come down to take the blood with my car at curbside! It was 10 degrees, with a strong windchill. I told her that first I would try other other side of that building, where there is a canopied walkway with a handicap parking place at its end, and if I could not park there I'd go back and honk the horn. I had no sooner parked there than one of the technologists, who had not even taken the time to put a jacket on, was there to draw the blood. When I saw that I could walk safely we went to the lab, she drew the blood, and while I was sitting and waiting for the hole to clot over, she brought me a cup of coffee. They had to have had someone posted looking for me and when one of them recognized my car dispatched the fine woman who braved that cold in the belief it would be helpful to me.

Our best to you all,

Herald