

6/2/68

Dear Hal,

There are a few minutes before I leave for Washington for the annual book-sellers convention, so I write in the belief I owe you an unanswered letter that, I fear, may have been stolen when my bagge disappeared on my recent trip to New Orleans. I have gotten so forgetful I cannot be certain. The last letter I find is of May 9. To that I responded.

We spotted two agents in Minneapolis, where several thousandx students heard me. I gave them delicate treatment, promising them good copies of the complete tape (telling them they underestimated how long I would speak and that their small machine could not get it all without the tape being changed and a tape of better quality-and I did arrange for it with the niversity!), spelling names out for them, emphasizing particular words so their report could be dependable. They so lost their cool that Gary Schoener's friends saw them take their tape out and stomp it! But, I guess they got their revenge, for when I left my baggage, which I saw go on the right Breniff chute, wound up on Delta and in Houston, to which my plane did not go. It was missing at the first stop, Kansas City (where I spent the night with John Nichols, who is quite a guy and is doing important and imaginative work). I would not let the plane leave until it was searched. Three days later I got the ruined bag, sans every scrap of paper in it, including expense records and the messages I got in Minneapolis, where I took over a radio station for almost a day and had things jumping. From 6:45 a.m. until after 12:30 a.m. the next morning, with enough time out to eat and take two TV shows.

Gary is a fine, imaginative, solid and hard-working young fellow, I have brought him and Paul together. Aside from his other merits, he brings to us a knowledge of psychology. He is a graduate student in that field.

My recent work in New Orleans is time consuming, expensive, and in some ways the greatest challenge I have yet faced. I wish I could tell you more about it by this undependable medium. The essence checks out and I have already done that. Among the many things it confirms is my long-standing opinion that Liebeler was aware of some of the things he was doing and their consequence. You may recall some of the things I have had to say on this. There is now no doubt. From unofficial beginnings I now have the official proof, and in his writing. Parts of it, however, seem entirely impossible. Yet with each opportunity for checking parts out, I do get confirmation. There is so much I'll never be able to check out I doubt if I or we will ever learn how much is fiction, how much real. I ran out of money and time and had to return Monday night. I should have stayed there longer, particularly because my major source was receptive and friendly and a secondary one had really turned on. I now have a large assortment of the personal papers of a new "player" and expect more. What is not clearly defined is the role of this player. It is definite that the part is real. I know this is elliptical, but it must stay that way for now. I have told Paul a few things he is to discuss with no one except you and then in person. Perhaps you can figure a few things out between yourselves. One thing I can add: from the clothing of this person I have a company name and address, in handwriting. This is, largely, a company story. I get kinds of threats and warnings about my new interest, relayed by a friend, not an enemy. The friend is connected.

All of this reminds me of two things. Again, youngblood. John should be able to get the pictures, etc., and he should be willing to, without delay. Please keep after him. I should have this data as soon as possible. There should be copies for me to send to someone in Mass. who can help and a set should go to Joel Palmer, who I have put in touch with Steve Burton and whose new address is

6261 Tumilla, Woodland Hills, Calif.

The second is painful to both of us but cannot be avoided. Will you please speak to Sylvia and Asher and arrange for the payment of the balance due me. Aside from my continuing precarious financial condition, which worsens daily, one example of the problem this makes is my premature return from N.O. simply because I was out of cash. On this trip I had no hotel bills save for two days outside New Orleans, ate a regular restaurant meal but once, etc., I was that niggardly with money. The damage to my luggage makes for immediate additional expenses, some of which the airlines cannot pay back. I find no excuse for this, only abuse of you and me.

Let me ask you about a couple of new names. Coxe, Enjay. Anything?

I have come across a new person who was about Oswald's age and as a youth closely resembled him. I have pictures of him of recent vintage, when he looked nothing like Oswald, and as a boy, when he did. I also have his code identification. He was company.

I have read Mark's new book. I think it is the most professional dishonesty yet. While the essence of his complaint is, of course, valid, he cannot escape the literary brothel. There is repeated open plagiarism and he persists, with his skilled verbal elbow, knee, nail technique, in taking credit for everything everybody else did. He uses fake footnotes in an effort to hide his corruption, and to almost everyone will get away with it. I continue to be amazed at the depths he can reach without visible struggle. I have been publicly silent, but I am at the point where that may soon end. I have given him participation in a three-hour TV show I had lined up on a small station in Washington, postponing it so he could use this time to coincide with the publication of his book. What will happen will largely be up to him. I am prepared for his learning about Greeks and gifts. But I shall not begin with this. It is scheduled for Tuesday, about the time you will get this.

May I again remind you of the new Libeler material you (plural) were to send me? It now assumes even more importance.

Mark is now billing himself as Garrison's unpaid chief investigator. And all the time I thought that was Gurchik!

Again, I've run out of time. Hastily, with best to you all,