

Rt. 8, Frederick, Md. 21701
2/12/75

Dear Jon Stanley,

Geo whiz and golly gee, I'm sure sorry I freaked you out.

But thanks for telling your readers how to get my books.

Scout's honor, oath on the sacred Warren report of whatever reinforcement might add to my simple word that I'm not put out and am amused at the number of factual errors is so short a piece. My concern is not great and I am comforted, as I'll explain.

Perhaps I should put it that I'll try to explain. The simple got so lost and as you correctly say, I'm no prose stylist.

NOT for use because I'm trying to sue over it: the spooks are keeping a sharper eye on me and the kinds of errors I find here are sometimes used against me. I'll come to one but I'm skimming through the clipping one of your readers sent me. I read it some hours ago.

My "attack" on the Warren Report is not "updated" by only the following three of the printed Whitewash series. There was Oswald in New Orleans, parts of Frame-Up, four suits under the Freedom of Information law (one went to the Supreme Court and helped persuade the Congress to amend the law and over-ride Ford's veto) and a few other things, including completed but unprinted books for which I can't pay the printer.

It is not that "Publishers won't touch Weisberg," flattering as you make it seem. And commercially conspiratorial. ("Conspiracy Sleuthing" is a head not suited to my work and I am at crossed swords with those who commercials that ploy.) Dell did reprint two of my books after turning both down a total of four times. A Dutton subsidiary did publish Frame-Up (and kill it, too). Oswald in New Orleans I also did not publish. (S & S was expected to distribute but copped out. A Parallax subsidiary did it.)

You are quite wrong in "he wants no uptown editor tampering with his stuff." My only desire within this ball park is no censoring. There was commercial (and pisspoor) editing of the two books cited above. I've been seeking an editor for myself since 1967 and I'll enlarge on this if you want prior to your quarterly supplement.

"His newest is called Frame-Up." You have it, Check the copyright dates. The newest is WW IV, which you also have. Most of Frame-Up is six years old. It appeared four years ago. And, may I boast, has a history of accomplishment few books can claim. Especially "failures."

I write books faster than reporters write daily news copy. Also with greater daily output. This is not a boast. It is a compromise I've had to make because of the extent of the work I've undertaken. Each thing I do means something else I do not do. And I don't mean giving up living it up. If I had the kind of ego represented in the quoted sentence I'd be whetting and honing all the mahy words. Instead I publish rough drafts for not one of which have I been able even to make outlines. For only one did I even take time to make any special notes. Sure it shows.

From the moment I started the writing of Photographic Whitewash until the evening the printer delivered the first 100 copies (even bindings, too!) was exactly 28 days. And look at the index. I did other things during those 28 days, too. Quite a few. If I do not recommend this to others, I felt it was my need.

When I get to writing 10,000 words a day ("heavily researched" as you say) is not exceptional and I've done much more. Once when I was preparing for a trip to New Orleans I also did more than 30,000 -not published - at the same time, over one weekend, the one on which I left.

With all of this, from secretary to researcher to investigator (sometimes even lawyer) to makeupman to mail room, I'm the entire publishing operation except the pressman and binder.

If this is not one of the better illustrations, I'm also the entire p.r. division.

So, I'm not Shakespeare.

But I also don't forget rules and slugs, as you did.

Which is to say that I've cast myself in the role of the man who will discover and take to the people information they should have and that is accurate and that with all those opposed to it in a decade has brought not a single complaint from those of whom I've written with some forthrightness and vigor. With all my critics there has not been a single substantial complaint of factual inaccuracy and none not attributable to my correct quotation of inaccurate officialdom.

With complex, controversial materials and such adversaries as the late sainted Edgar and Bill Huie and Percy Foreman and that entire Commission and its staff.

Okay, Conrad and Hemingway I ain't.

Nor do I try to be. (Despite which I invite comments on the published rough drafts of parts of the epilogue to WW II and the introduction to Photographic Whitewash.) I can't be everything, an immodest, if you will, to think I am more than most can try to be and do more (other than stylistically, faultlessly) than anyone I know or know of would attempt.

I am nonetheless only one man, beginning to tire a bit as I approach 62 (six weeks off) and work a longer day than any kid I know.

Your entire review was six or seven sentences. I don't really mind the crack and I do agree with the comment. But I can't understand why reviewers have the compulsion to make unessential cracks. Especially in a very decent review, for the rest, or most of which, thanks.

I'd like to understand this. I have no resentment but I've never really understood this compulsion.

The part that can be used against me has to do with the error about editing. For the record, I tried to hire a professional editor for the first book and after reading it she would not touch it because she said the only editing it needed no two publishers would agree on so the time and money would be wasted. With no succeeding book that was not professionally edited did I have fewer than two (educated) friends read with the request that they edit.

The plain and simply truth is that I would dearly love an editor.

So far from egotistical am I about that I did not even read the editing of Oswald In New Orleans. It was a big mistake, but I made that mistake.

My purpose in this is not complaint. I'm looking ahead to your quarterly in which you project something that has been done only once before (New Orleans Review, Tulane's). I'd prefer that it not be subject to later misuse to undermine my credibility, which you neither do nor intend. But it can be used that way by those having the intent. They are numerous enough.

By and large this was kindness, and thanks for it.

Sincerely,

PACIFIC SUN. 2/2-2/9

Notes *

CONSPIRACY SLEUTHING: Harold Weisberg is a 61-year-old man of incredible tenacity. His *Whitewash*, self-published in 1966, was a devastating attack on the Warren Report — an attack that has been updated since in three more *Whitewash* books. Publishers won't touch Weisberg and he won't touch them. Not much of a prose stylist he wants no uptown editor tampering with his stuff. His newest is called *Frame-Up*, in which he builds a case that that's what happened to James Earl Ray in the King assassination. You have to order Weisberg's books from him by mail. They are chilling, provocative, heavily researched. Here they are:

Week of February 6 - 12, 1975

Whitewash: The Report on the Warren Report. \$5.25.

Whitewash II: The FBI-Secret Service Coverup. \$5.25.

Photographic Whitewash: Suppressed Kennedy Assassination Pictures. \$5.25.

Whitewash IV: Top Secret JFK Assassination Transcript. \$6.25.

Frame-Up: The Martin Luther King/James Earl Ray Case. \$10.50.

You want them, you order them from:

Harold Weisberg

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PLAYDAYS: *Build Your Own Playground* is a source book of ideas from the work of Jay Beckwith, Bay Area sculptor who turned to community-involvement playgrounds. (*Pacific Sun*; May 24-30, 1973) The paperback is from San Francisco Book Co. with text by Jeremy Joan Hewes and photos by Suzanne Arms. \$7.95 in paperback, \$15 in cloth.

NOSTALGIA: There's a hairy, eight-foot, 350-pound creature at large around Murphysboro, Illinois, much like the Abominable Snowman. It shows up and leaves unexplained in a collection called *Unknown America* (Quadrangle; \$10) written by *New York Times* correspondent Andrew H. Malcolm. You can read that *Unknown-to-the-Times America*, if you want. Offbeat small towns full of great photos by Gary Settle, mostly in the midwest and south ... *The Vertical World of Yosemite* is a collection of writings and photos on rockclimbing in YNP from Wilderness Press in studio format. It's reminiscent of the old Sierra Club exhibit series in its fine use of pictures and text, but at \$16.95 it comes in a lot cheaper.

MORE CONSPIRACY: Resident expert Richard Raznlkov reports that *The Tears of Autumn* (novel about JFK assassination as plotted by Diem and Nhu mentioned last week) is a turkey. Also a whitewash of CIA. Not so, he says, is *The Sicilian Specialist* (Random House; \$7.95) by Sicilian Mafia expert Norman Lewis (*The Honored Society*). In this one a professional killer is put to work on high government officials by a group that smacks heavily of the Agency.

—Don Stanley