

2/3/98

Dear Ed,

When you next write will you please write out your mailing code? I cannot make it out from the fancy printing on your nice-looking letterhead and fear that if I put the wrong one down that will delay the letter.

Also, please add the source and date to the clippings so many of which are worth keeping. But without the source and date I cannot use them and others in the future also will not.

I've finished the Hersh manuscript but will welcome, for the record for the future, anything else you may see.

Wish I had someone to retype it! With editing I think it could go.

I think it is the most intendedly dishonest book on the subject.

And I think that as he continued he got to believe most of what he lied about so religiously.

I referred to his method as "Hersh-it writing."

Many thanks and best wishes,

Hal

EWB

Edward Williams & Barbara Patterson

1/23/98

Dear Hal,

I can't get over how rotten "The Dark Side of Camelot" is! As per the enclosed, Herb got the Johnson "Blackmail" angle from Berubless. The only thing new" was the General Dynamics "Blackmail" and even Herb considers this is pure speculation.

The publisher was reamed. Herb did his legwork in the library stacks.

Reever Book Deal Better

stubb.

The worst thing on  
N. F. K. was The De Feelgood,  
Max Jacobson bit. But  
this was previously  
reported by Capote and  
Eddie Fisher!

I would agree  
this showed bad  
judgement big time!

Sincerely,

Ed

four in the morning: anyone who wanted to be at a Jackson party was welcome at a Jackson party, which was unusual among the campaigns, and tended to reinforce the populist spirit that had given this one its extraordinary animation.

Of that evening at the Los Angeles Hilton I recall a pretty woman in a gold lamé dress, dancing with a baby in her arms. I recall empty beer bottles, Corona and Excalibur and Budweiser, sitting among the loops of television cable. I recall the candidate himself, dancing on the stage, and, on this June evening when the long shot had not come in, this evening when the campaign was effectively over, giving the women in the traveling press the little parody wave they liked to give him, "the press chicks' wave", the stiff-armed palm movement they called "the Nancy Reagan wave"; then taking off his tie and throwing it into the crowd, like a rock star. This was of course a narrative of its own, but a relatively current one, and one that had, because it seemed at some point grounded in the recognizable, a powerful glamour for those estranged from the purposeful nostalgia of the traditional narrative.

✓ In the end the predictable decision was made to go with the process, with predictable, if equivocal, results. On the last afternoon of the 1988 Republican convention in New Orleans I walked from the hotel in the Quarter where I was staying over to Camp Street. I wanted to see 544 Camp, a local point of interest not noted on the points-of-interest maps dis-

tributed at the convention but one that figured in the literature of American conspiracy. "Camp Street" was the address stamped on the "Play for Cuba Committee" leaflets that Harvey Oswald was distributing around New Orleans between May and September of 1963, after Lee Harvey Oswald assassinated John F. Kennedy, suggested to some that he had been acting for Fidel Castro and to others that he had been acting for the CIA. It appeared to have been acting for Fidel Castro. The CIA had his detective agency at 544 Camp Street. Ferrie and Jack Martin frequented the coffee shop on the ground floor at 544 Camp. The Cuban Revolutionary Council rented an office at 544 Camp. They had taken the American political narrative to 544 Camp. They had argued about it, fought about it, had hit each other over the head with it over it.

In fact I never found 544 Camp, because there was no more such address: the small building had been bought and torn down in order to construct a new federal courthouse. Across the street from the courthouse Square that afternoon there had been a demonstration and a young man on a makeshift platform was shouting about abortion, and unwanted babies being thrown out of New Orleans, but no one except me had stopped to listen. "Satan—you're the liar," the young man with him on the platform had sung, lips moving, originally made, she told me, by a woman with an Alabama traveling ministry, the Happy Hunters. "There's one this

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tributed at the convention but one that figures large in the literature of American conspiracy. "544 Camp Street" was the address stamped on the leaflets Lee Harvey Oswald was distributing around New Orleans between May and September of 1963, the "Fair Play for Cuba Committee" leaflets that, in the years after Lee Harvey Oswald assassinated John F. Kennedy, suggested to some that he had been acting for Fidel Castro and to others that he had been set up to appear to have been acting for Fidel Castro. Guy Banister had his detective agency at 544 Camp. David Ferrie and Jack Martin frequented the coffee shop on the ground floor at 544 Camp. The Cuban Revolutionary Council rented an office at 544 Camp. People had taken the American political narrative seriously at 544 Camp. They had argued about it, fallen out over it, had hit each other over the head with pistol butts over it.

In fact I never found 544 Camp, because there was no more such address: the small building had been bought and torn down in order to construct a new federal courthouse. Across the street in Lafayette Square that afternoon there had been a loudspeaker, and a young man on a makeshift platform talking about abortion, and unwanted babies being put down the Disposall and "clogging the main sewer drains of New Orleans", but no one except me had been there to listen. "Satan—you're the liar," the young woman with him on the platform had sung, lip-syncing a tape originally made, she told me, by a woman who sang with an Alabama traveling ministry, the Ministry of the Happy Hunters. "There's one thing you can't