

12/9/96

Dear Ed,

Beginning with the 1973 energy crisis I've been writing on the clean side of used paper. I may have saved a tree or two and who knows how much fuel or energy. This is part of the printout of the incomplete rough draft of Case Open. Incomplete that small book is 798 pages. And Ambrose was silent when I wrote him.

I've gotten none of the books written by the Russians of or claiming to be of the KGB since the collapse because the first I heard of could not be true. Malugin may be truthful. I've not seen his book. I did not know Arnoni but the night of the day his wife left him or he drove her out after beating her I met her at Meagher's. Sylvia described Arnoni as a bastard. I knew and was not friendly with Marzani. He was in the first of the OSS shops in which I worked when I got there. Never had any personal dealings with him and very few work. None that I recall.

I think the red-baiting was because it was policy and practise and with just about all in the past it was proven to be successful.

When voter turnout was encouraged as it should have been it was not low. Wellstone's campaign led to a 78% turnout in Minnesota.

I've carried what you liked in those chapters farther in what I have in rough draft with no prospect of publication. It, too, will be but a record for history. ~~Later~~ Matter of fact, I'm writing an epilogue to it now. Meanwhile, not a word of complaint, protest, denial or rebuttal.

I like and was not familiar with that Malraux quote. But I never felt I was in hell although what I lived was by normal standards hellish.

It is a compliment and I thank you for it. And for the enclosures.

Have a good holiday and a good year!

Harold

12/4/96

Dear Hal,

Recall a book¹¹
called "The First Directorate"
(St. Martin's Press, 1994)
by the K.E.B. agent Oleg
Kalugin in which he
claims he gave K.E.B.
funerals to "The Minority
of One" and that M.S.
Armonii lauded the
funerals. He also claims
a close relationship
with Cole Manzani
"who published Sperton's
"Assassins at
Fall Guy".

Perhaps, this is a
reason you and other
critics were "red
baited" although of
course this is a
completely ad hominem
attack.

The enclosure from

Joan "Madison is novel" "The Last Thing He Wanted" shows how conspiracy theory has entered the mainstream and the internet.

I noted how low voter turnout was and your prediction of loss of faith in government has come true.

"The Whitewater" and Court-cup of J.F.K.'s murder has indeed produced what John Dean called "a canker on the presidency."

Chapters 26, 27, and 28 of "Never Again!" do not make shocking things anything in fiction or "conspiracy theory" because they are true.

Theories are theories. Truth can be terrifying.

You've told it like it is or as Malcolm said of another "You did not return from hell with empty hands."

Sincerely,
EO

JOAN DIDION

posed to say Herbert Hoover, then he puts me away in the home." His eyes narrowed. "All right. *Wheel of Fortune*. Herbert Hoover." He paused, watching the psychiatric resident. "Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Harry S Truman. Dwight David Eisenhower. John Fitzgerald Kennedy. Lyndon Baines Johnson. Richard Milhous Nixon. Gerald whatever his name was, kept tripping over his feet. Jimmy something. The Christer. Then the one now. The one the old dummy's not meant to remember. The other old dummy. Reagan."

"Really excellent, Mr. McMahon," the psychiatric resident said. "You deserve first prize."

"First prize is, you leave." Dick McMahon turned with difficulty away from the resident and closed his eyes. When he opened them again he focused on Elena. "Funny coincidence, that asshole bringing up presidents, which brings us back to Epperson." His voice was exhausted, matter-of-fact. "Because Epperson was involved in Dallas, that deal. I ever tell you that?"

Elena looked at him. His gaze was trusting, his pale-blue eyes rimmed with red. It had not before occurred to her that he might have known who was involved in Dallas. Neither did it surprise her. She supposed if she thought about it that he might have known who was involved in a lot of things, but it was too late now, the processor was unreliable. An exploration of what Dick McMahon knew could now yield only corrupted files, crossed data, lost clusters in which the spectral Max Epperson would materialize not only at the Texas Book Depository but in a room at the Lorraine Hotel in Memphis with Sirhan Sirhan and Santos Trafficante and Fidel and one of the Murchisons.

The Last Thing He Wanted

"What deal in Dallas is that, Mr. M psychiatric resident said.

"Just a cattle deal he did in Texas." the resident to the door. "He should sleep too tired for this."

"Don't tell me he's still here," Dick M without opening his eyes.

"He just left." Elena sat in the chair bed and took her father's hand. "It's body's here."

Several times during the next few he woke and asked what time it was, wh each time with an edge of panic in his v He had to be somewhere.

He had some things to do, some peop

Some people would be waiting for him

These things he had to do could not w

These people he had to see had to be

Late in the day the sky went dark a the window to feel the air beginning to only then, while the lightning forking c and the sound of thunder created a scre in which things could be said that woul sequences, that Dick McMahon began who it was he had to see, what it was *Tropical storm due from the southeast already falling*. That he could not do i That she should undertake to do it t have been less obvious.