

4/2/77

Mr. Walter Zacharias
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Dear Walter,

I'm sorry you did not get back to me when you said you would a week or so ago.

As I told you I've taken on much. All of it has meaning to me. Until there is reason to I can't drop any of it to write.

There have been developments that have taken much time and some that are at the very least extraordinarily exciting. No, I'm not talking about the lost souls and nuts of the House committee. Rather something in which you have expressed a keen interest. And on which I've done much work.

If this eventuates now - and all I say is that it is possible - it will be bigger than anything you've ever dreamed of. Meanwhile, without pushing you and taking your word, I've been limping along and waiting.

Waiting and limping now is not good, for either of us. Events rush.

And without writing I'm seven volumes behind in the records I'm getting.

Meanwhile I take time for picayune matters to be able to pay court and related costs.

To the degree I can I'm trying to prepare for speedier and more efficient writing. I'm still searching for an assistant although I cannot make a firm offer. I'm having demonstrations of faster copying machines. I'll probably contract one next week, a heavy decision and investment for me. But I want to attach enough records to the manuscript so lawyers and editors will not doubt or worry.

I think I told you Les will help and that I've a friend who is a former desk editor at the Washington Post who can next month. In these respects I've done what I told you I would. More there is no point in reporting here.

Remember I told you there are many books of considerable promise that others can write with ease from the work I've already done? One has been ripening for six months. It began to drop about two weeks ago. I've had to spend much of the week past with media people on it. Absolutely safe, sensational even with what the press will use of my week's work and with what I believe would be a fine commercial prospect.

Because there is nothing firm from you I've been forced by the rapidity of developments to take another and non-publishing course relating to that I've described as a matter in which you expressed such interest.

Yesterday afternoon, unannounced, Martin Waldron of The New York Times came. He stayed until late. We have four phone conversations today. He came here on his way to Washington, where he now is. On tough stories that do not come from sources Mo is the Times' top man. They sent him to Washington on a Washington story. This is why his first stop was here. From what I've given him he has had someone working in a foreign country for hours. If his deputy does not succeed he told me several hours ago he my fly there after he files a story tomorrow for Monday.

I'll give you one hint: I have the original of the Oswald to Hunt letter of which you'll read in the papers before you get this. As a consequence of one fact Mo fed back to me I may have solved that one. The odds are good - and not H.L.Hunt.

Mo knows someone who has means and a very personal interest in the past weeks obscenities in my field. I dare not speak to him openly about this over my phone so

I've had to do it elliptically. He does not know what I'm talking about but he knows me and is taking this on faith. He will try to reach that millionaire by phone tonight and if he is not in some Casbah he will reach this man. If there is the personal interest I think may exist and this man is willing to do something for it, like easing my work, I'll be giving Mo what can be quite something. There are no certainties but if it works out you'll know and if it does not in time I'll tell you the story.

I've told Mo that if it works out there will be one hell of a book, that I have it partly written and researched, and if he wants to he is in.

This is similar to what I suggested to you about Geller and the archives, what you said you thought might interest him.

But this was not my preference.

I am but one man of the most limited means and time. Despite my health problem three of my working days this past week were of 19-20 hours. Twice I was awakened near and after midnight to make radio broadcasts, from bed, believe it or not. Soon I'll be doing this from my desk, not on my initiative. I spent more than an hour filing today. I spent more than four hours yesterday getting my deMohrenschildt files xeroxed for of all papers The National Enquirer. Today I figured out what they were up to in a separate call yesterday and phoned my friend who confirmed it was consideration of De Mohrenshildt's book. If it is offered to you I told him it is a fake, a deliberate fake. This so I can pay the court reporter for the FBI depositions we took this week.

Sure it is a crazy way to live and work. Maybe it is also crazy to have spent about a day on the phone advising the Washington Post, whose editors do not like me. But I felt I had to and I'll be surprised if there is not what they have not told me, a large story tomorrow in general of the kind I want.

This relates to the desperate incompetents and nuts of the House committee. I am fairly certain I know most of their b.s. allegations and claims and have the realities or the disproofs. None of it is not something I've not already looked into.

If you were ready for a mea culpa over McDonald I have more than you can use for what might be called Blood Money: The Assassinations Commercialized. (I suggest that if you are not ready for it without prompting from me someone else will think of it.) I can even tell you what the next one is, by the felon who did Betrayal. That he had Clay Shaw and the CIA offing JFK in that does not impede his having LBJ with Bobby Baker and Fred Black and Walter Jenkins and others doing it in the one he now has two-thirds written, as he told me day before yesterday when he phoned for help. There is the father of them all, by the French CIA, and on that I have not only the spooks' French calling cards but pix of the place to which I took the project chief in New Orleans. His work is the doctrine of other fabrication the most recent of which is the desperate de Mohrenschildt's.

I'm sorry if this is as disjointed as it may be. I decided to write you after asking Mo to take a stab for me because I would like your offer or your refusal soon. Too much is happening. It can mean very much. I have to find a way of getting help, reducing inefficiency and arranging use for the properties I have. The former Poster whose work on his own book will be done in about a month if one candidate.

Maybe you will not see it as I do but in the time I've spent this past week on what a bright kid fresh from college could have done I could have put on tape what with my files would be all that is needed by an able writer for Assassinations Commercialized.

Whatever you decide, one further suggestion: I know some of what has been offered to you. Beware.

Best wishes,