

How Not to Succeed by Not Really Trying: Faking Depositions in the DNC Civil Suit

Jim phoned me about 7:45 last night to say that Bud is deposing Bennett this a.m. and did I know any good questions? I said I did but my days of working free were over. Jim was not sure he could reach Bud, who had said he knew nothing about Bennett(!) because he had a dinner party. I told him if he got Bud so late he'd have to awaken me, to have him call but I'd not go into the substance of what I have over the phone. Why hadn't Bud phoned me earlier? He'd been busy. Not, I said, too busy to spend several hours with Skidlick, who is in DC with a weird crew and wrote Hunt's lawyer about having been with his "old friend" Bud. Why, I asked, if he knew nothing, wait too late? Bud inherited the deposition from Rothblatt, which strikes me as more reason for preparing. When I first learned that Bud was of McCord's counsel I phoned the office to leave word that I thought I could help him and when I heard nothing explained it to Bob Smith so he could tell Bud. In all this time I've heard nothing. I told Jim to get Bud to stop and the deposing so we could go over what I have because it can involve entirely new criminal charges, including financial and to consider having McCord present because he might well be able to help with this. Jim said Bud would be afraid to have me and McCord together because of the difference in our beliefs (!), for all the world as though Bud doesn't know how well I got along with the Dallas radical right, which asked me for a good name for Bud before talking to him. There is no coping with this diletantism and sick ego. HW 4/19/73