

Dear Ed,

9/3/74

Today's mail held two mailings from you. While what you send is always worthwhile, in the case of one enclosure if you had been reading a half-dozen legal minds. And a special problem Lazar and I had already discussed twice by phone today you could not have been more completely tuned in on.

"Great," says I to Lil, for that Writers' Digest piece on Hue could not have been more perfectly timed. The whole thing. From concept to content to lies.

And in my personal affairs, the timing could not be better. I'd just finished one thing and was free to do what had to be done.

Saying "the whole thing" is not exactly it.

You again omitted part. Often as I have tried to beseech you, you trimmed pages, cut off title and what is again worse, omitted some entirely.

And the local wholesaler has no copy!

I had earlier noted the same thing with something about Cyril in the other mailing.

I really can't understand this. You have the perception and the understanding to recognize what can be valuable and the kindness to take the time to make and send copies. Often as I have asked in as many different ways, why do you persist in what generally make worry and trouble for me and in this case results in a frustration I can't take time to explain but you will ultimately understand. Why do you have to trim and eliminate?

My last explanation should have reached the scholar in you. This makes your thoughtfulness valueless for the future.

In this case it could not have more ideally suited an immediate in-court need. Of course you had no way of knowing that. But you know I'm in court all the time, so why cut the heads off, leave pages out, etc?

Frank responded to the subpoena. Lazar and I have been discussing how to respond to it and other aspects that involve Hue and you send what seems to be ideal only no, it isn't all there again!

Ed, I do appreciate these things. They really are helpful because you are so sharp and not a nut and because you just send on the chance of usefulness without any big deal about it. But this constant refusal to stop editing and cutting off identifications despite my frequent explanations and requests when it was so crucial really did send me up all the walls at once. How in the hell I can sit down and quote what I have only on part? How can I do a draft of a legal document on known incompleteness?

You should realize that the two of us who are never mentioned and have no income ^{doing} are/and have always done all the real work in the Ray case. We are within sight of great successes. The closer we get the tougher it gets. We have to keep Ray at peace when he is ~~huzzzzzzzz~~ so long in solitary and has no reason to be at peace, men to stop doing all those crazy things from desperation. We have to try to sit on two self-important lawyers who have an exquisitely fine sense for fucking up and a lust for it. We have to anticipate and fight off all the rotten stuff the other side pulls. Why the hell should those who really do want to help and really are unselfish have to persist in what is emotionally taxing to me and sets us back when there is no apparent reason?

When you copy from a full newspaper page of course the machine will not take it. But a page of Writers' digest fits virtually any copying machine made. Why can't you leave it as it is? When you send three or four different things, is it really a problem for you to staple each separately? If it was an accident that you left this page out and it even included some page numbers with the trimming - if you had put it together for stapling you'd have seen it.

For no reason or need I can perceive or imagine you have in a single envelope at once sent me into a state of excitement over the possibility you opened in the most perfect timing with need and then into a depression and a state of frustration I won't begin to describe because it all suddenly became impossible and can't be possible before perhaps too late without much trouble and expense on Jim's part. (He will be calling me for the fourth time today soon. And he can't afford phone bills on a pro bono job and with no income, either. We are in the midst of a heavy thunderstorm, the same one predicted on all networks this morning if you took in the news, and he'll have to get soaking wet in it getting two copies of the magazine and wet all over again mailing one to me immediately in the hope it can reach me tomorrow so I can't take what I need to do with this to Washington in draft Thursday or Friday.)

And a minor point is that mucked-up copies can't be attached to court papers any more than incomplete or trimmed ones can be.

One of the relevancies is that we today got Frank's opposition to honoring the order of the court. Another is the State's going up on appeal on a writ of mandamus over the discovery order we got. Another is the endless relevance of the Hue intrusions. And, aside from what I need to do, Jim needs to draft legal papers with a 10-day time limit that begins with postmarking and this was a long, holiday weekend.

You may consider this the canktaskerousness of an old and rapidly tiring bastard. If so do, there is nothing I can do. But I think I carry a heavy load, try to do much, sleep little and work long, and those who genuinely want to help might go to less trouble and get trim xeroxed pages and cause me fewer emotional upset when the notes of my life carry too many.

I do hope this isn't asking too much!

The next time you cut up on of those Village Voice pieces, eliminating pages numbers (which don't mean anything if only some are missing when it refers to the "next" page) ask yourself how much time to can take one who is not familiar with the article to puzzle it out. More so when parts are missing to boot.

I'm sorry if I seem unappreciative. I'm not. But the overwhelming feeling of futility when you could not have more perfectly fit an immediate need with something of which we had absolutely no knowledge because I had raised this with you so often and that of frustration because I can't do honestly what you so unexpectedly seemed to have made possible is really a bit much.

Aside from this emotional stress, to overcome this, if he can, Jim will have to waste both time he doesn't have an enough money to meet my living expenses for a day.

I know you don't intend this. But it will be the result. If he calls me. Worse if from the storm he doesn't.

Id there is some real need you have not to leave this valuable stuff alone, not to trim and not to edit out (as you also did with an unread CIA enclosure) would you please try to make it comprehensible to me?

Sincerely,