

Dear Walter,

3/14/75

The weather itself was a problem today. I barely got out this morning, barely got back in this evening, and hope that with the enclosure and what packages I'll be able to make beginning long before daylight I'll be able to get into town to the post office and for grocery shopping and return prior to the arrival of two men who are travelling a long distance to consult with me. In fact, I'd like to have a little time for sawing up more wood because it provides a major part of our heat, all for me when Lil is not home. I'm almost out of it.

Today's have been 19 tiring hours so far. I'll do more before bed. Also gratifying. While Mark Lane is shifting from his mouth about what he is going to do, his way of serving his major interest, promoting himself, I have still again been doing what he has bragged about and to this day not once done. It was not an easy time up there on the FBI's seventh floor, not to be confused with Seventh Heaven. Whether they perform or not they have promised to give me copies of everything covered by my request. "Request" is hardly the word for a 10-year fight.

I know I'll get what nobody outside the FBI has ever seen because I saw some of it today. Whether they will be in full compliance only time will tell. (When we left and returned to Jim's and he got a call from a friend, I told him to announce the need for a fund to raise the cost of the xeroxing bill! But somehow I'll get it.)

In fact, after that business was transacted and there was no need for the continuing presence of those other than the man who is in charge of these matters, I then ~~it~~ took advantage of their fig-leaf, that we gave simple words different meanings and thus there was this misunderstanding, to say let us avoid future misunderstandings. These are requests I have made that have not been honored and these are those with which I always ~~planned~~ planned to follow up. Let us be sure we give all the words the identical meanings. His notes were copious and he had no questions.

That bullshitter Mark if making noises about getting out-of-date greasy sub-kid stuff. Each and every request I made today was for what had been withheld from the Warren Commission. You should remember that this is not the first time as well as the nature of that part you have seen. (Until I can print that book, nobody else will with what these nuts are up to.)

In all ways it was a challenge I rather enjoyed. From specifying with full identification to correcting their factual error with specification of the source. The names mean nothing to you but one of these cats had been a witness and I cited his testimony back to him to correct his misstatement today. Politely, of course. Even diplomatically, as when I attributed an omission to the Commission's not have asked rather than to his not having testified. But everyone understood. He didn't argue. I'm to get that particular item of evidence.

All of what we were there for today the Commission never had. How extensive it is I won't know until some time next week when they tell me how much it will cost to copy how many pages. One sheaf was an inch thick. As recently as two weeks ago we were getting letters denying its existence.

There is nothing like filing a legitimate lawsuit to establish credentials after you have established my record in court. They read me as serious, determined and able, so they've opted the lesser-evil course with me. When they asked how about the suit I said I'd not sue for this if I got it but if I didn't I would. No doubts, no questions. Except how fully I get that particular evidence. (I have one suit filed and others close to ready for filing. Gut stuff, too.)

I also expect to be show pictures nobody else has ever seen. I obtained proof of their existence and out them on notice today. I rather imagine

that my only problem will be paying for copies, not seeing them.

It is not an easy matter as I suppose I make it seem. Today I had to be able to tell them ~~xxx~~ what files they hadn't looked at when they came up with negatives. Which means you have to know more than the people you deal with, who were not involved. They remember the past, when I did this in court and got a rarity, a summary judgement against them. So they'll come up with it, knowing that I have to know to be so specific. Or that they'll be embarrassed in court. Now with the record I have built they also have a worry about a judge clobbering them. It has already been very close to that.

Anyway, it was after this kind of a day that I wrote the enclosed letter to ABC. I'm too tired to read and correct it. I'll do that in the very early morning after some sleep. I'll not have time to retype it before I'll will retype it and still let me get into town and back before my visitors come.

Two different lawyers who are well-based on the subject urged me to write this letter. They also have been deeply concerned about the potential of all the mishandling of what could have been so enormously important a project as Dick started. Unfortunately he can't distinguish between bullshitters and authentic experts so he went off the deep end often. But when he became what ~~by~~ me is a censor/dictator that was too much. He demanded that Lane alone be from our side on the next show. ABC told me. I protested pointedly. I know the names of some others ~~xxx~~ being considered and none of them really knows anything. All are self-publicists. I also know that ABC had promised Dick to use Mark. They told me that, too.

I decided against telling ABC they had abdicated their responsibilities under the law to Dick in permitting him to presume to decide for them who with what viewpoint would be aired. It is the actuality. And very wrong, under the law as it is ethically.

One of the lawyers researched the law and regulations and told me my interpretation is correct.

I guess that, what really decided me was the utter insanity of these guys who don't really know ~~xxx~~ what the material is now undertaking to make an expert on fact of Rivera so he can confound Specter.

If he is willing to cause or tolerate anything as dangerous as this I can't continue silent, whether or not I am accepted on the show. And if in the doing any of my work was used and is aired, on that also I will not be silent. Particularly not when there is this concerted effort against me,

I may never be asked again. But if I am I'll not again duck or find what I can defend to comment on or refuse to appear when there is no alternative (Chicago). I'll be as explicit and direct as I can be. It is not merely personal. God knows what crazy deal they'll pull next and we'll all be ruined by it. More than they because this is all only incidental to them.

It depends on how many clear copies I'll can make what I send you. It may be a carbon of the neatly-typed thing I mail or it may be an unrevised carbon of the draft. I made carbons but won't have time to correct them. They will give the general idea, anyway. If I had Dick's address I'd mail him a copy. If you'd like you can mail him the enclosure. This, too, for that matter.

Perhaps the greatest tragedy is what he could have accomplished and didn't. He is a remarkable man with remarkable talents. But in this he has been irresponsible and tyrannical. And the brown nose and the long tongue insensitize him. I can't do anything about that or the poison he's been accepting unquestioningly (and spreading some of his own his own way). He doesn't want to. So, I see no honorable alternative to making a record and what effort I can.

Apologies for the typos. Almost midnight. My own machine not repaired.