

3/3/71

Dear Gary,

I'm back from a fantastically successful trip to Memphis, with mind-blowing tapes of interviews with credible people. They range from the incredible appearance of the District attorney throughout the state, saying terrible things, and wrong ones, and that when the case was before the court, to eyewitnesses accusing the FBI and locals of hiding what they said that was uncongenial to the official fiction. The book was hot enough, but now I've got enough for acquittal all over again, which may explain why it is impossible to get the man a trial. More, I've a fair reconstruction of the crime.

It is all beyond believe. If you want to set decent lawyers afire, I've the stuff. If you want to enflame blacks, I've that, too (I don't mean it literally).

Witnesses on where the shots came from.

When Ray had left the scene of the crime.

Where he was. What he was doing.

Of all the official dishonesty, this is the most brazen, with a larger percentage of those involved with guilty knowledge.

I'm busy trying to get my notes in shape. At the first encouragement from you I'll go over the tapes and dub out sections onto separate cassettes, so that I can put one in a machine and play the more exciting parts. I even found one alert old codger who was there, is now in a sanitarium (emphysema) and told me of telling the District attorney himself where the shots came from. A cab driver who refused to take the only "eye-witness" as a fare less than five minutes before the crime because he was too drunk to get out of bed! His and other trip tickets were taken by the FBI the next a.m., but he was not spoken to by them or the police until after the defense subpoenaed him. (I put the word out that I'd like to speak to him and he came right to the motel!)

I've even got a xerox of the scripting of the lines to be read by the various parties when Ray made his plea. Literally. Like a play. Came from the clerk of the court. The official list of the official evidence they wouldn't let me see (had a fight there).

It is so wild I can't begin to tell you.

Hastily,

Harold Weisberg

Took some pictures, but don't know how they are. Not yet developed. The King memorial has been shot up three times. No action, natch. One shot of that.