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At five minutes before six p.m. April 4, 1968, Martin Luther King, Jr., walked out onto the second-floor balcony of the new wing of the old Lorraine Motel in Memphis, Tenn. He was deep in the planning of his Poor People's Campaign. He had been in Memphis a little earlier, to lend his support to garbage workers who were striking to raise their wages to a semi-starvation level. On his earlier visit, frustrated young blacks had turned violent, doing considerable property damage.

King was flanked by the Rev. Samuel B. Kyles, a local minister. After about five minutes, when King agreed to don a topcoat prior to leaving for supper, Kyles turned to walk to his car. He took five steps. There was a single loud report from a single rifle shot. King crumpled awkwardly toward the steel balcony rail. Policemen poured over the eight-foot-high retaining wall about a hundred feet to the west, on the other side of Mulberry Street.

Despite what some of his associates like to think, King was irreversibly dead the moment he was struck. Despite the subsequent official falsification of what happened, that bullet fragmented on exploding into King's right cheek, inflicting a larger hole in his neck, below the collar line, and blasting off his tie as a fragment emerged. Another fragment cut his spinal column and lodged under his left shoulder-blade. The neck wound was not disclosed officially. It became an official secret. This and other secrets were brought to light in my book, **FRAME-UP: The Martin Luther King - James Earl Ray case**. I obtained them in a successful "Freedom of Information" Act suit against the U. S. Department of Justice, which ended in my winning an almost unheard-of summary judgment.

James Earl Ray is the only man ever accused of the crime. He was a minor criminal who had skipped jail. He is said to have fired the shot from the dirty second-floor bathroom of a seedy flophouse facing the next street away from the motel, South Main. He allegedly got away with this astounding assassination, unseen in the midst of scores of alerted police and other law officers, after idling around, making a pointless package of a miscellaneous collection of trivia plus a Remington Model 760 Gamemaster "pump" rifle, calibre .30-06, only to drop the package, rifle and all, where it was certain to be found, in the recessed doorway of a second-hand record shop.

On the basis of no proof at all, this rifle was said to be the murder weapon.

With the magical skills required of every accused assassin in all official accounts of all the recent United States political murders, Ray was not seen by a single person beginning two hours before the crime. The next morning he abandoned his car in Atlanta, Ga., after a mad dash across the heartland of the south, as unseen by police anywhere as he had been unseen by all the police scouring the scene of the crime.

Two months later, he was arrested at London's Heathrow Airport. There are contradictory official accounts of the arrest. The aching J. Edgar Hoover, whose inability to do anything about any of the sensational political crimes was so unlike the public image of himself he had carefully nurtured, rushed into print with an inaccurate account of Ray's arrest. His publicity-seeking came in the midst of the funeral of the also-assassinated Robert Kennedy.

Hoover's account made Hoover and his FBI seem to be the world's greatest police force and the arrest the result of its derring-do,

with slight assists from the Canadian Mounties and Scotland Yard. In reality, Hoover had as much to do with the arrest as the garlic wafted over the stew it never touches. Ray blundered into the wrong part of the airport and was stopped for questioning. It was that simple.

Two literary and legal bloodsuckers soon leeches themselves onto the friendless escapee. From that moment on, he had no chance. He had asked F. Lee Bailey and Arthur Hanes, Sr., (the man who, as mayor of Birmingham, had turned police dogs and firehoses on people protesting inhuman treatment) if either would take the case. Bailey declined because he had been a friend of King's. Hanes rushed to England. En route, he made an ambulance-chaser's dream deal with the well-known author, William Bradford Huie. Under it, Huie would get the literary rights to Ray's story and Hanes would get not less than \$40,000.

(Hanes's successor, fabled Percy Foreman, who sold Raybup the river by blackjacking and bribing him into a guilty plea that obviated a trial and exculpated all officialdom, estimated the lawyer's take at about \$600,000.)

The deal was meaningless without the assumption of Ray's guilt, a far-out way of "defending" him. Without a confession of guilt, there was nothing for Huie to sell. Incredibly, United States criminal justice sanctioned this. The judge, who later dropped dead atop Ray's handwritten notice of appeal and request for the appointment of counsel, knew the details and overlooked the inexcusable because he wanted the case closed fast. He was later to say he had made a good deal because if he had not the jury could have hung or Ray could have been acquitted.

Of the books on this crime, mine alone exposes the framing of a man all officialdom had to know could not have committed the crime. The others are all apologies for official subversion, falsification and violation of Constitutional and legal rights. Of these books, the best known was written by Gerold Frank.

Frank is a man who goes to a whorehouse for love.

Once there, he can't even find sex.

His bag is words. He is skilled with them. About like a very good whore with "love".

He uses words for fantasy pictures, then convinces himself these fantasies are reality.

He gets lots of money for his words from a market that prefers fantasy to reality about political assassinations. Thus, his book on the King assassination has a false title and he began it with an advance in six figures. The most popular and profitable political nonfiction in the United States today is really fiction. There is but a single prerequisite besides readability: support of official mythology.

Well armed with his trusty six figures (better weaponry in the literary jungle than a six-shooter), loaded with all the official fabrications, and holstered in the support of all those who contrived the official fiction and the fabrications, Frank drew straight aim on the lone accused and, in the literary marketplace, which includes all the talk shows he could get on, shot Ray dead, so to speak. High Noon. Against a man hobbled and chained; isolated and defenseless.

There are but two essential differences between Frank's version and officialdom's. Frank is literate and diverting, and he also gags. For example, officialdom ignores the incongruity of Ray having an unloaded semi-automatic rifle that comes equipped with a clip to

assure rapid and repeat fire. Frank hokes up a deal where, for no reason at all, Ray has this clip in his pocket instead of in his rifle. Getting a single bullet into that rifle is no mean accomplishment. There is nothing to keep it from falling out the bottom. And why get an expensive repeater to use it awkwardly as a single-shot, needlessly requiring that he had to kill with a single shot and that he would have no means of protecting himself if seen or followed? Except for such insignificant manufactures of his own, Frank reproduces exactly what he was told.

Orwell's doublegoodspeak a dozen years early.

Frank called his book "An American Death". There is nothing American about the book or the "death" unless one accepts what Frank does not, that it was a political assassination, not the whim of an allegedly emotionally sick man. Frank subtitles it, "The True Story of the Assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and The Greatest Manhunt of Our Time." "True" in Frank's mouth is like "love" in a whore's. And that "greatest manhunt" was not great but a monument to FBI and J. Edgar Hoover ineptness. It was also a quest for the wrong man.

Here we have the success formula in political "nonfiction" today. It takes its inspiration from Hitler's big-lie concept: the lie has to be overwhelming to be believed.

Frank and others who practice the literary equivalent of Mrs. Warren's profession have improved upon Hitler. They try to and do seem logical and impartial. They use subdued language. With their reputations and their publishers' flackery, they usually are accepted by those who control the literary marketplace.

Publisher's Weekly described Frank's book as "the most thoroughly detailed spelling out of the case for Ray's sole guilt that

any writer has yet achieved." Translated from the hyperbole of the trade press which makes its bread from large publishers such as Frank's (Doubleday), all this means is that William Bradford Huie, a wordsmith of no cool fire, flopped. Predictably, Huie's "He Slew the Dreamer" is no more than a shallow effort at self-justification when no justification was possible.

Gerald W. Johnson in Book Week, which also exists on big-press ads, noting "some prolixity and a frequently rococo style", a considerable understatement, found Frank's "the most persuasive analysis yet presented". The same issue carried an ad as large as the review.

(Johnson had earlier described FRAME-UP as "pure TNT" in a Publisher's Weekly review. It says the opposite of what Frank's ^{book} does.)

The New York Times was paid for an ad twice the size of the long review in that same issue. It also was paid for numerous other ads. I have copies of six printed in a two-week period. The largest was an expensive half-page. The Times assigned a reviewer whose record with assassination books has been sycophancy. It is not surprising that he carried the spirit of the ads into his copy, "... remarkably convincing and reassuring". That last word belongs on the shrink's couch.

(To review FRAME-UP, the Times found none of its reporters suitable. It reached across the country for John Kaplan, a man with a record of undeviating dedication to the official accounts of all the assassination. Remarkable coincidence that his earlier career was as a federal prosecutor and in the Criminal Division of the Department of Justice where the frame-up of Ray and history was contrived. Kaplan was engaged in anti-Angela Davis propaganda for the USIA when he axed my book. It was legal.)

Of the uninformed and unqualified reviewing elite, not one was in a position to assess what Frank alleged to be fact. So,

all assumed it to be when it was not.

Nowhere is the press more "Establishmentarian" than in Memphis, where the crime was committed. Frank has a long tongue for each and every public official involved in the prostitution of justice and history. In the Commercial-Appeal, staff writer Thomas BeVier criticized samples of this as "a little much". He quoted as an example a long passage on the sheriff, who faced less danger than the average pedestrian. A few excerpts: "...[Sheriff] Morris would be prepared to do away with himself - commit hari-kiri ... - if anything happened to Ray" (the alleged danger if there was no conspiracy and with the jail remade into a steel-plated fortress Frank leaves us to imagine); "The sheriff was the kind of man who would walk down the center of the street in 'High Noon'." BeVier's conclusion is not eastern-intellectual fawning: "History has yet to be served."

There is much more of this. What no reviewer noted is that Frank was paying off all his sources. If there was nothing ecstatic he could say of them, he made it up, as with the nonexistent sheriff.

Frank admitted to me that his major sources were the prosecution and the FBI, locally and nationally. When I wrote Hoover to ask for access only to what other writers had been given access, there was no response.

Where Frank does not parrot what officials gave him, he repeats what earlier writers wrote. He is careful to hide this sneaky kind of plagiarism, salving his conscience under buried "acknowledgments", carefully phrased to hide what he was acknowledging - "thanks" only. That for which he "thanks" is not even hinted at. With Huie it was access to all his files and all of those of others that Huie had. In Frank's book this is represented as his own work (on ix, "My own research"). On the dust jacket it comes out, "he has interviewed

in depth virtually every person here and abroad who had anything to do with the case." He is touted to have conducted thousands of personal interviews and investigations.

Having interviewed "personally", this Perry Mason of the literary world can't spell or pronounce the names of a number of those he rates as important!

All of his source material is described as "confidential" and hitherto unpublished. Except for his own not infrequent inventions, this is false.

There is more than gross factual error in the work. There is political purpose, deliberateness and cunning in it. Frank was guilty about this, knew he erred where he was not just ignorant. His enormous research did not include standard rifle and ammunition catalogues. Thus, on pages 34-35 we find the contrived question placed in Ray's mind, "What rifle would give the flattest and longest trajectory" (for a distance of only 200 feet!). Bullet weight, design and powder charge control this.

Allegedly, Ray asked for a .243 caliber and was told the shop had only the "30.06". (It is, as anyone knowing anything about rifles and all catalogues show, .30-06.) Frank quotes Ray as saying, "No, it's too expensive," and the shopkeeper as saying nothing. Both calibers cost the same, to the penny. Frank then has Ray asking, "How accurate was a 30.06," which is like asking "would you rather go to Waukesha or by bus?" and "How much would a bullet drop," for all the world as though this were independent of the ammo.

Frank's lies relevant to this are clever. One is that the fatal bullet had to be and was "matched to the bore of the rifle". Rifle barrels mark bullets as distinctively as fingerprints identify humans. The legal requirement is not identifying the caliber of the

bullet and the "bore", what Frank here says while pretending otherwise. I said he is skilled with words. The fatal shot had to be connected to one particular rifle to the exclusion of all others.

Frank knows this was not done - he knows it could not be. One of the products of my successful suit against the government was the FBI affidavit saying it could not be done. This is printed in facsimile in FRAME-UP.

^{also lies}
Frank/~~likes~~ in saying a bullet was recovered. The bullet was designed to fragment and it did.

He lies about the injuries. I published the proof a year before his book was out. It includes the autopsy report and charts. Frank describes "a gunshot wound through the face, passing through the chin into the chest ..." (106). He then says of the bullet, "It did not spread or explode on impact" (107). It was true to design. It did both. To hide the bullet's explosion and the other wound it caused, given in secret as the cause of death, a massive wound in the neck, Frank says of the face wound that it was "caused by the explosion of air outward."

Surely this is history's most powerful hot air!

As always cunning, Frank later quotes reference to the neck wound in a footnote that has other purposes. He retreated to it when I confronted him with his deliberate deception, in mid-May on a St. Louis TV show. When confronted, Frank goes to pieces. That time he just pooped out, even taking off his mike and sitting, quite uncharacteristically, mute.

There are countless such cases of deliberate misrepresentation, deliberate rewriting of history and interference in the judicial process. (Ray is still trying to get a trial, his first. He has never been tried.) Full analysis of Frank's apology for politically

motivated, corrupt officialdom, his own corruption of history, could be of limitless length.

Neither he nor it ~~are~~^{is} worth the effort at this point, His book was a bomb. So he is returning to the bedroom to titillate with a tale of lavender sheets in a definitive study of a personality on whom all of history turned, another Hollywood star who had a tragic personal life. For this noble endeavor of such profound social usefulness, he has gotten an advance of \$500,000.

Frank is a hot-sheet, fast-buck literateur with a jugular instinct for the commercial, a contempt for truth, an unhidden and exalted concept of self and personal infallibility once he decides what fiction he wants to be "truth", and a messianic holiness in his writing and his promotional public appearances that bewitches even the tough-minded.

An unkind nature equipped this man superbly for commercializing a great tragedy and rewriting a turning-point in history. He is a craftsman, well-prepared with a total lack of scruple and a non-existing conscience. The undiluted dishonesty of this book is not accidental. It is a monument to his ability. And the most effective apology for errant officialdom there can be. It has no other merit save for those who would emulate him.

For them it is a perfect model. This kind of career can be profitable if pelf alone is profit.