

CHAPTER 22

"A Citizen's Descent"

It was about 3 o'clock the following morning when I was wakened by a call from a friend who told me that Bobby had been shot. That disgusted me even more over Lane's inflammatory irresponsibility in broadcasting for all the world as though it had been confirmed that Bobby had said what he had not said, that there were "too many guns between" him and the White House for him to say what he believed about the official solution to his brother's assassination. It was also a very big disinformation and misinformation that victimized history and the people. This disgust probably lingered in my mind as I prepared to leave for New Orleans. I had done that when Martin Luther King Jr. was killed, not to respond to questions from reporters when we knew nothing about it and when those questions could have led to inflammatory stories and more misleading of the people. That morning Hightower had phoned to ask me to be on another show that night, alone with Lane. Columnist Jack Anderson and another man with a record of pontificating from profound ignorance, I declined. We did not know what had happened or why, other than that Kennedy had been shot by Sirhan Sirhan, and I did not want to inflame the situation or be part of any misleading of the people.

While preparing for my trip to New Orleans and finishing reading Lane's book I decided that if only for the record for history I would write a book about Lane's book and about him as he reflected himself in it.

I wrote that book over a weekend. When Wrone asked me for a copy for his archive, having only the original I gave it to him. I titled, mimicking Lane's book and intending it to be descriptive of him, A Citizen's Descent. Wrone doesn't have it as a record for our history. There is no need to repeat

much of it here. A few of Lane's more conspicuous dishonesties and quests for vengeance against those he regarded as his enemies will suffice.

His literary thievery and his trickery as he attempted to hide it are clear in his very first chapter. Here is what he says in his first-person account of his own investigatory derring-do:

"The interservice rivalry between the FBI and Secret Service was very much in evidence in the hours following the President's death. FBI agents, in an effort to trace the alleged assassination weapon arrived at Klein's Sporting Goods in Chicago, conducted their interviews and left before the Secret Service agents located the store. When the special agents of the Secret Service called upon Klein's, they were at first unable to secure any information, for the relevant witness informed them that he had been instructed by the FBI agents not to talk to anyone."

Source notes are a big deal to Lane. He even advertised them to advertise his book. If this quotation from Page 14 of his book is checked in his source notes, on page 268 this is what that source represented by that 19 is:

"See index to Basic Source Materials in possession of Commission, National Archives."

An "index" is a source for what a document says- when that "index" is not even an index, regardless of what Lane says, but is a list?

At that referring readers wherever they might be to the National Archives, where so very few could go if they wanted to?

As of then there were only two copies of that list of the Commission's "basic source materials" that consisted only of government records, mostly those of the FBI, that had been given to the Commission, that were not in the government's possession. Not seeing any reason for secrecy when there was no reason for any secrecy, the Archives had sold me a copy of it for about \$37 and then had

sold one to my friend Paul Hoch, who lived and lives in Berkeley, California. When the FBI learned that it raised hell even though there was no legitimate reason for not allowing those doing research to have copies when anyone could see and use it all at the Archives.

This is another illustration of Lane's endless plagiarism. The definition of plagiarism is using the work of another as your own work. Lane's actual source for what he wrote about the Secret Service investigation at Klein's Sporting Goods in Chicago was its only public source, my Whitewash II. It was published December 2, 1966. That was only a few months after Lane's first book appeared.

Because Lane had already used Epstein's work and mine and his own and because I was certain he would want to use this Secret Service Report, for the only time in Whitewash II I used other than a pinpointing source note. I did, however, publish parts of that report in facsimile, on page 39. That is the part that Lane used, the only part of a much longer report that he could use. All I did, which did make it possible to locate that record at the Archives but not to give a precise identification of it if it was cribbed, was to give the Secret Service mail file number, the number of a very large file, and the date of the report. I used two excerpts from it. Lane used both as his own work in what I quote above. He could not and thus did not give the correct citation of the Commission's file number.

To illustrate the phoniness of Lane's claim to exhaustive personal scholarship as he boasted of it and advertised it I cite his first source notes in his first writing in his first book, its Prologue. He has this one note for his first 11 notes all but one of which are on its first page. The eleventh is in the third line of the second page. It is a citation to a single page, 483, of the Commission's appendix in Volume 19. He then repeats it three times in the next four notes for he book's text does not extend past the middle of the second page.

This is not scholarship. It is puffery, using unnecessary citations to sources to give the

appearance of studious and detailed scholarship to mislead the reader. These phony source notes were counted and then were used for advertising. The book's alleged scholarship- which consisted largely of repeating what had already been published.

Then there is the self-exalting scholar's index. Klein's Sporting Goods does not appear in it. (page 286) Nor is there a listing of Oswald's rifle or of his purchase of it under his name. (page 287) And, important as the rifle is in the assassination and its investigation, there is no listing of the rifle at all in the index. (page 288) Nor is there any listing of shots or the shooting. (page 288)

But if one compares Lane's indexing of himself with his indexing of Oswald, the supposed assassin, the Lane listings are about 30 percent longer than those of the accused assassin.

In his second book, Lane's complaint against the media for not giving him a voice when in fact he had had much, much more time than another critic boils down to his complaint that he was not aired all the time exclusively. Having just reported that clear-channel radio station WOR in New York had on two previous occasions give him nine and a half hours of time and saying nothing about what he did or said that could account for it he quotes the host of the show that gave him that on considerable attention as telling him "WOR has banned you for life." (page 27) He then complains that "the ban was still in effect" when it "presented what was widely advertised as 'The Warren Report.'" It "was to be a 'two-hour uninterrupted discussion' with the four leading critics and defenders of the Warren Report. I was not invited to participate."

That they did not want Lane is his real and only complaint. That station did not discriminate against critics of the Report. It was more than merely fair. And it not only did advertise the show extensively in advance, it doubled the time the show ran, repeated it at different times of the day for several days so that its regular listeners listened to it at any time over a 24-hour period could hear it. It

also advertised the times of these repetitions.

WOR is as powerful as any AM station is permitted to be and it is one of the original "clear channel" stations, or a station that has the exclusive use of its frequency. Between this and its maximum power it covered a very large part of the United States, particularly the east, extending well into Canada.

I was one of the two critics WOR invited. The other was the French correspondent, the late Leo Sauvage. He had also written a book critical of the official story of the assassination. (Sauvage was a conspiracy theorist. He attributed that assassination to racism.)

As Commission defenders WOR invited the late Charles Roberts, senior White House correspondent who with obvious official assistance had turned out a quickie paperback defending the Commission and criticizing its critics, and the famous lawyer Louis Nizer, whose law practice suffered not a bit from his steadfast defense of the government in even the Rosenberg atom bomb spy case.

This show was The Martha Dean Show. It was aired live beginning 10 a.m. It was to run for its usual time of two hours. She sat in the middle of a square of tables put together and covered with a cloth looking at me on her left, with Robert next to me, with Sauvage next to Roberts and with Nizer facing me. It was a freewheeling, uninhibited, uncontrolled show in which Dean sought only to see to it that we all had a fair amount of time and on which she from time to time pointed it with questions. It got to be pretty intense as the sycophants grew more and more outrageous in what they said while reflecting that they really knew very little of the actual fact of the crime or of its official investigations.

When at one point Roberts, frustrated by his inability to score any points at all said that those of us who criticized the government should be suppressed, the scholarly Sauvage read him a lecture on freedom and on the responsibilities of the press. That effectively did Roberts in. When Nizer was no

outrageous I went after him hard and pointedly. He never had any effective response, famous a courtroom lawyer as he was. Between the two of us Sauvage and I really did in those kissers of official ass who profited from their kissing of official ass, Roberts in his sources and Nizer in his law practice.

While this was going on, among those in the control room was a fine gentleman who was a station vice president. When he perceived that he had a really hot show, as it neared the end of the allotted two hours he sent a note to Dean. She then asked what the note suggested she ask, would we continue the show for another two hours. As soon as she said it I said loudly something like, "Sure, let's go." Neither Roberts nor Nizer said a word and the show ran on for another two hours. I do not recall ever seeing any unhappier participants in any talk show than Roberts and Nizer looked. But they did not dare refuse to continue.

It was an exciting and a very informative show in which the critics had at least a fair shake from the station. That Sauvage and I got more time was not because the station gave us more time. It was because we exposed Roberts and Nizer for what they really were, phony experts on the subject and professional kissers of official ass and because the longer the show ran the less those phonies and ass kissers could say.

That show, I recall with satisfaction, was responsible for a great favor a New York City policeman did me.

Before then I had appeared on a TV show on Metromedia's WNEW-TV in New York City. It was to have run for a 20-minute segment and it actually ran an additional two hours. As I learned much later when the FBI began disgorging its records on me, it had primed four New York lawyers to do me in with what its reports refer to as "public domain information." A producer, Paul Noble, who pretended to be my friend, had asked the FBI to send an agent or agents to make mincemeat out of me.

It declined to do that but it did provide that "information" it never described any further.

After I let those four lawyers climb all over me for what I regarded as long enough to deliver the audience to me I started responding to them with force and with the fact that was foreign to them. The show was filmed for later use. After it was aired that weekend night my phone started ringing as soon as it was over, about 2 a.m., and it rang so constantly I never did get back to bed. That show did more to open the subject up in New York than anything else of which I know.

(Dottie Mattimore did tell that the idea was that of the Holt, Reinhart publicity man who believed that my reputation and my book would be ruined by it, giving Lane's book that was yet to appear a clear field. She also told me that he was fired after that show, hosted by Alan Burke, was aired. She said he was later rehired. When I asked Noble how it was that four erudite and well-dressed lawyers were in that working-class audience he told me that at his request the Trial Lawyers Association had provided them. Not long here thereafter I did another talk show with Jack Fuchsberg, who then was the president of the Trial Lawyers Association. He told me that Noble has asked him to provide the lawyers and that he had refused.)

Not long after that Martha Dean show when I was in New York I parked legally next to an entrance on Park Avenue. When I returned my car was gone. The local precinct told me that rather than it being stolen, my fear, it had probably been towed by the police. I took a cab to the Hudson River pier it used for impounded cars, learned that it had been towed, apparently after someone who wanted that legal space had pushed it into the entrance, and was directed to the long line of those who came to bail their cars out.

It was a dismal prospect. I'd been up for most of the day, having driven to New York to get there by nine in the morning and it was then after supper time, with a drive of at least five hours before

me after I paid the fine and got the car back and from that line that seemed to be several hours away at the least.

While I was standing there dejectedly in the long and slow-moving line that seemed even longer than it was a police sergeant came up to me. It surprised me that he knew me. I did not know him.

"Aren't you Weisberg?" he asked me.

"I am," I replied, "but how do you know me?"

He laughed. "First I saw you on that Alan Burke show making a fool of those fancy lawyers. Lawyers! Ugh! And then did I enjoy what you did to that Nizer on radio! Lawyers like him make life tough for us cops. What are you here for?"

"My car was towed here," I told him, explaining how it happened.

He asked me the identification of my car and then he told me to go with him.

At that point that long line disappeared for me and I was on my way. I thanked that sergeant.

"I thank you," he said with a genuine smile. "Lawyers make life tough for cops and I for one appreciate their getting their due the few times they ever do."

Lane, who had been made famous and had been enriched by the media, the way his book sold being from the attention it gave him and it, soured on the media when he was no longer its darling. From what I know of Lane and his record WOR could well have believed it had cause ever to want him to cross its threshold again.

Even the prestigious British BBC did not escape his wrath and his vengeance.

In his account of his personal descent, which he spelled differently, he criticized BBC severely and claimed it had abused him. His section "A World Premier" begins on page 58 and then runs for 13 more pages. The premier was of Lane's movie based on his first book that Emile de Antonio had

produced. Coinciding with its telecasting BBC asked Lane if he would debate with two Commission lawyers after it was shown. They were Specter and Belin.

What Lane does not say, that not making him heroic, was that the Commission lawyers had asked Metromedia to give them a TV show to be titled "The Majority Report." They were put out because they had not been on its "The Minority Report" despite the fact that they were not on what became that minority-report show because they refused the invitation to be on it. That show was an outgrowth of reaction to the Alan Burke show I'd been on. The audience loved it. The ratings were the highest. When the Commission's former lawyers declined to appear with me and others, WNEW-TV asked other critics to be on it. I remember Lane, Professor Jacob Cohen, a Commission apologist from Brandeis University, and Penn Jones, editor of a very small Texas weekly, were also there. They's gotten the treacle merchant, Jim Bishop of the "A Day in the Life of" books and as records I got years later in FOIA ligation report, an FBI favorite, to be moderator. The filming ran for about six hours. Three hours were telecast and later syndicated to other TV stations. Public reaction was strongly against the official mythology. That is why the former Commission lawyers asked for their own show.

When I heard that their request had been granted and the date of the filming I asked for reciprocal rights, to be on the show because those lawyers had been invited to be on the other show. I was invited and I was there at the appointed time. Only to learn that when those lawyers learned that they were going to have me on the show with them they all declined, chickened out. All of them. They gave their own show up rather than to confront me in a gangup. The station had not told me that the show had been canceled. When I was there and asked what reasons had been given for quitting the show they had asked for the only one that I remember is Arlen Specter's story that he was going to London to be on a BBC show.

Publicity in the United States was a benefit to Specter. Publicity in England was not, but he preferred that to the show he had asked for here.

As Lane works himself into his complaint, some undoubtedly more than justified, as my own experience with what turned out to be gangups indicated, he says that for his BBC appearance, "I was paid not a farthing for the program, and in fact was compelled to cancel speaking engagements for which I was to have been paid."

Thus he says of the BBC program on which he did not do all that well, that it "was, in that sense (that he had lost speaking engagements for which he would have been paid), worse than a total loss."

(page 61)

He then rambles along in his complaints against BBC, all connected with that program and how he was treated on it.

Aside from his complaints, some of which are undoubtedly justified, this is vintage Lane. He is the victim, all the world is against him and him alone, and long-suffering and much abused man that he is, for that BBC show he got not even a farthing- he lost money on it. That is his story and the reader has no way to question it.

The farthing was so infinitesimally small a sum- a tenth of a penny- the British since then discontinued it. And it is literally true that Lane did not get a farthing.

What the reader has no way of knowing, Lane reporting nothing about what he did rather well with BBC get and indicating strongly that he got no pay at all, is that in fact he did not get a farthing.

What he got was what until then was the highest fee BBC had ever paid for anything!

For it, as Lane not only understood but stated, he was to appear on the same show with his movie, after it had been shown.

No, Lane did not get a farthing. He got as I recall, my clippings for that period being at Wisconsin, was \$45,000.00 That then was considerable more then than it is now.

And \$45,000.00 is certainly not a single tenth of a single penny!

It is true that Lane did not get a farthing. It is not true that he got nothing at all and lost what he would have gotten from those speaking engagements he said he had to cancel. (He does not say that they were not rescheduled for a later date, either.)

Vintage Lane. How to lie by telling the too-literal truth that is irrelevant.

If scholars of the future would like to know more about the thoroughgoing dishonesty of this of Lane's books they can consult the manuscript of A Citizen's Descent, which Wrone has. For our purposes this is enough to give a fair reflection of the corruption and dishonesty that characterize this of his books, too.

What his complaint really is is that he was not getting the attention from the media he was used to and that others got some of the attention he had been getting. He wanted it believe that he had done all the work he had not done, that the subject belonged to him and to him alone and his sick ego was offended. He was also embarrassed by his poor performance on BBC where he faced informed opposition as well as prejudice.

The time he spent with Garrison put him in a position to latch onto something else he could convert into fame and money.

The fake book by the French CIA, SDECE, that interests us more later, pretendedly nonfiction, was the material for an assassination penny-dreadful of a novel. In the form of a novel, for Lane it became Executive Action. Even Hollywood, where most fantasies can find a home, went for it. I was not there and have no personal knowledge of it but I did get reports that Lane's behavior and that of his

then associate, Donald Freed, was so intolerable they were banned from the set on which the movie was being produced.

Then there was the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. to be exploited. Lane eased into that by helping his friend Abby Mann with a special on it for NBC-TV. Meanwhile his friend Don Freed wanted a free ride on that subject. He wanted the use of my work on it for a movie. For that he offered me a percentage of the profits. If any, I thought.

Art Buchwald in a later long drawn-out and expensive lawsuit established that an exceptionally profitable movie can by Hollywood bookkeeping to be shown to have resulted in a loss. When I wanted instead a guaranteed sum Freed lost interest in that approach.

Lane saw other possibilities. There was always the work of others he could use as his work and there were irrelevancies that could be exploited. So, with Dick Gregory he did Code Name Zorro. It has the inappropriate subtitle The Murder of Martin Luther King, Jr. There is little in the book that justifies that subtitle and there is nothing new about that assassination that is true in it. It is largely a series of essays by Dick Gregory, with some by Lane, with fantasies added, like that the assassination was somehow contrived by the former FBI agent Frank Holloman who was then Memphis' director of public safety, in charge of the police and fire departments.

What Lane makes appear to be new and coming from his own work he actually got from Les Payne, then minority affairs correspondent for the large and influential Long Island daily *Newsday*. (Later Payne became its national editor and the paper also established a New York City edition.)

Cunning in his writing Lane gives the appearance of giving Payne generous credit for his work (beginning on page 99) but in fact what he credits to Lane is but a fraction of it. That part related to what Payne wrote about the informal group of young Memphis blacks who took the unfortunate name

of a then popular TV show, The Invaders.

Les was a friend of mine. When he expressed interest in a King assassination story I suggested six matters or interviews to him and offered to go there with him to be of help if I could be. Les is a black man who as we taxied to the airport together when we left Memphis was more eloquent than anyone I have ever heard on racism. He had had his own experiences with it. His mother had moved the family north from Alabama to keep him from being killed because of his beliefs. In the army, in Viet Nam, he had been a commissioned officer.

He reserved connecting rooms for us at Memphis' Downtown Holiday Inn. We were both amused when our reservations turned out to have a room between them with the sign on it "Out of Order." While we never saw any sign of any repairs being made there was never a time we did not hear muffled male voices through its walls on both sides.

On that trip I was able to show Les that the official account of that assassination was not factual.

He made another trip for additional interviews. One interview I had suggested was with a black Memphis policeman Ed Redditt. Les' second trip coincided with my having a speaking engagement in North Carolina. From there I planned to go to Nashville to see James Earl Ray, whose investigator I had been. From there I planned to go to New York. We arranged to get together in Nashville after Les had his interviews and to go to New York together to discuss them.

Redditt had avoided me when I tried to interview him as Ray's investigator. From what I had heard of him that made me a little uneasy. Why I was uneasy is reflected in what I wrote in my 1971 Frame-Up: The Martin Luther King-James Earl Ray Cases (New York, Outerbridge & Dienstfrey, pages 355-6). Speaking of the Memphis police I said (*italics in original*):

"The *real* reason they went to the motel has been obscured.

"It is because *the police were spying on King* and those he was there to support.

"Remember, there was the unheard-of occurring in Memphis, a strike by sanitation workers against the city. In the deep South, who ever heard of blacks daring to oppose public authority, in any way or form? In itself, this was regarded as "subversive." To the Memphis police, as to Hoover, King himself represented 'subversion.'

"Yes, they were actually spying, with two black officers of the 'subversive' squad among those hidden in the fire station. And along with this, there was the mysterious transfer from their assigned duty in that fire station of black firemen not conspicuously obsequious. The transfer came out first in Matt Herron's investigation. Later, it was indirectly confirmed by Hanes and Renfro Hays (Hane's investigator on the Ray case).

"On April 3, two black officers began observing the Lorraine Motel through the rear windows of Engine House No. 2. This was Wednesday, the day before the murder. Their names are Reddick and Richardson (also identified by Herron as 'Richman'). They arrived around 1 p.m. One watched through the glass panel of the southernmost rear door, the other lay atop a row of lockers along the back wall while looking out a window. Sometime that night they were relieved. One of them was overheard to say, 'Hell, I sure hate to go down to that temple tonight,' referring to a protest meeting at the Masonic Temple. One of the two white officers who visited the black watchers briefly is a Lieutenant Papier.

"On that same day, the 3rd, there were two unmarked police cruisers parked on Butler Street, east of Mulberry and in front of the motel. Police were also in the motel parking lot. About ten policemen were observed by blacks around the world.

"Among the things the black officers spying on the motel are known to have done, this being

observed and overheard, is to watch who was going into what rooms.

"Reddick, who was standing near the door, was heard to say to a black fireman soon transferred to another station, 'Hell, they can see me as easily as I can see them.' He was also heard to ask this black fireman for some newspaper with which to cover the window. The fireman gave Reddick the newspaper and masking tape with which to attach it. The policeman made two peepholes in the paper. They had a pair of binoculars, which they permitted the black fireman to use.

"As the black spies wrote down the numbers of the rooms entered and, presumably, the names when known, of those entering, one was heard to say of the second room from Mulberry Street on the top deck, 'That room must be headquarters. There's more of them going in and out of that room.'

"Reddick is said to have been checking up on a black fireman named Hall. He was heard to ask another black fireman about him.

"Some of the blacks believe the black firemen were transferred from their normal assignments at Engine House No. 2 because the police were going to use that as their collection point and for spying. At first, the operation was supposed to be kept secret. Then the complaint by a policeman- 'Someone told the motel people there are police in the fire station'- was overheard. The transfers followed.

"The transfers were ordered in haste. One black fireman received his instructions by phone late Wednesday night (the 3rd). Based on inquiries made within the fire department, the transfers are believed to have been ordered by the highest authority.

"Both the police and fire services were headed by the same person, Frank Holloman, a former FBI agent.

"Bearing on the transfer of black firemen the night before the murder, UPI, from Atlanta, quoted Dr. Ralph Abernathy, King's successor in the SCLC, as saying, 'that several black leaders in Memphis

... reported suspicious events on the day of the murder ... the Rev. James Lawson and Negro policemen on the beat of the Lorraine Motel ... were removed that day after having received threatening phone calls. ...' Further confirmation that this was common knowledge in Memphis is in the quotation from Reverend James Bevel, which follows. In the climate in the city of Memphis, such threats need not have come from conspirators!"

It is pretty clear from what I wrote that the police were spying on King, not protecting him. The spying was from a rear door at the fire station across Mulberry Street from the Lorraine Motel in which King and his party were staying, as they always had in the past.

Earlier in that book I explained the unusual conditions under which I obtained this and other information a week to the day after that assassination.

Because I did not want to be questioned by reporters about that assassination and be in any way inflammatory through inferences of a connection with the assassination of the President I went to New Orleans to resume by work on Oswald when he had lived there. My New Orleans friend Matt Herron, a gifted photographer who worked for the Black Star agency, had been sent to Memphis to cover the assassination story photographically for Newsweek. Matt, who was opposed to racism and had been covering racial matters and violence for years, had good connections with the blacks and their leaders. He wanted some of the information he had obtained out of his possession because of the atmosphere in Memphis then. So, he called my wife. She, knowing I would want to talk to Matt, told him alone where I was staying, at the New Orleans Fontainebleau. When I was not in at midnight or later the Wednesday after King was killed Matt made a good guess where to find me. Unknown to him I had just interviewed a police narcotics informer, a young woman who then became an informer for me. When Matt reached me he asked me to go to a phone I believed would be clear, the phone at which I

was being one that could have a tap on it. He gave me the number at which he was. Believing that he might want me to tape record what he said, I put a new cassette in my recorder and asked the young woman's boyfriend to come with me. We went to the noisy bar at the corner of St. Phillip and Decatur Streets where I knew there was a phone booth. They had doors that closed in those days. I asked that young man to stand in front of the booth so those in the bar could not see that I was taping what Matt told me. The bar was noisy enough to interfere with my hearing and the tape was far from clear. But I did record all that Matt said. He is the source of what I wrote quoted above. And his information was accurate. It was this noise that made "Redditt" sound like "Reddick."

Those firemen who had been transferred from that firehouse were active in black affairs. They were considered militants by the city administration. Matt told me about them and I have that in Frame-Up, too. Lane used that as though it was all new, and his, too.

When I met Les' plane from Memphis after I'd seen Ray, then at the state pen in Nashville, Les was pleased with the results of his Memphis interviews. We went to the bar to discuss them while we awaited the plane to New York.

What Redditt had told Les did make a story. He said he was there to protect King and that he had given his superiors his plan for a "peripheral defense." He meant to have police cars stationed at every intersection around the Lorraine Motel so that there could be no escape for any who tried to hurt him. That, he knew, could not prevent an attack on King. But he also believed that if any attacker saw that escape would be impossible that would discourage any attack. It seemed to make sense. But it was not so.

Whether or not Redditt did offer any such plan, and there is no indication that he did, the plain and simple truth is that he was in that firehouse for the single purpose of spying on King and listing all

those who went to see him. He knew most of the Memphis blacks who were active in civil rights matters because he had long been a member of the local "red squad" as those police squads were then known.

He was a black spying on blacks. That is not how Lane converted all of this in his book.

In his making of a hero of this black Judas Lane quotes him as exposing "an agent provocateur within the Invaders." (page 100) Lane did not even know that man's name. I had learned it earlier in Memphis and before Lane wrote his book had obtained from the FBI files its records confirming it. He was Marrell McCullough, a young member of the police department who was an Invader to spy on it and who from his own reports, copies of which I have, was pretty clearly a provocateur within it.

But Redditt did not expose him, a fellow policeman.

Lane also quotes Redditt as saying of the man whose name Lane never learned although it was well known to those blacks who were active in the Invaders and in other black organizations as saying "He acted very mysterious, saying he was now with the Central Intelligence Agency, and begged me not to blow his cover." (page 100)

(At about the time Lane's book appeared and he was reporting what he said he had brought to light, McCullough, who had been exposed by the blacks on whom he had spied, was in Washington. When there was an internal investigation of how the FBI had treated King, and it was as considerate of the FBI as was possible, that internal investigation interviewed McCullough at the "Safeway Building" in Washington. I have a copy of that very short interview. By then the building that had been used as its garage, bakery and offices by the Safeway stores was no longer adequate for the needs of those stores. It was above Florida Avenue, Northeast, and east of First Street. It was out of the way and seemed to be the kind of building for which the CIA might have some use. Those stores did not seem to have any

use for a young black policeman who had spied on fellow blacks and whose cover had been blown.)

Lane is so intent on making a hero of this black Judas Redditt he refers to him on 28 different pages of his book. Making a phony hero of this black who spies on fellow blacks is the basis for the phony conspiracy Lane contrived.

Lane went for Redditt's covering of his own spying activities by referring to them as for King's "security." On page 129 he says of Redditt, "he was in charge of stationary security for King," and that the other black spying on blacks, Willie B. Richmond, was "assigned to assist him." He continues with Redditt's fairy tale on the next page, giving Redditt's impossible account of how he would capture any King assassin, by running after him! Chasing and capturing an unseen assassin would have been no mean police accomplishment!

Despite what Lane writes and perhaps even believes, Memphis blacks knew very well what Redditt was doing. They protested his presence when King entered the airport so vigorously Redditt had to vamoose. And so far as "security" is concerned, the police did have two cars of not working police or detectives but of high-ranking older officers assigned as "security," according to the FBI's reports I have that include their names. They did follow King to the Lorraine Motel and they lingered there until evening when, in response to continuing protests from local blacks in King's party, they left. While they could hardly have afforded any real protection, they were there and they did remain there until in response to black demands they did leave.

With Redditt as his source Lane gives a distorted account of Redditt's removal from his spy post that to Lane was his "security" for King. It did happen but it was not as Redditt is quoted by Lane as saying, that it was the "Secret Service" that had sent a man from Washington to report that "a group in Mississippi has a contract out on you." (page 131) The FBI reports identify that man as from the

Senate Internal Security Committee with the name, as I recall, Manuel. And that, despite Lane's novelist's twist and turns, is what really did happen. In this novelist's account rendered as nonfiction, because Holloman ordered Redditt's removal from his nonexistent "security" assignment that was spying and nothing else, Holloman is Lane's chief conspirator in the King assassination.

There is more of Lane's glorification of the black Judas spying on the "black messiah" in those 28 Lane references to him but this is enough to make it clear that aside from the fact that King was assassinated, there is nothing factual about the assassination in Lane's commercialization and exploitation of it.

That Lane knew the truth, however, he does not disclose. As is inevitable for him, he compulsively needs to seek to diminish others. This is his criticism of me (on page 257):

"Harold Weisberg, the defense's investigator, had in 1971 written a book, Frame-Up, in which he referred only briefly to Detective Ed Redditt (whom Weisberg calls 'Reddick'), dismissing him as a police spy and never inquiring into the matter of his removal from the scene shortly before Dr. King was shot. Similarly, he did not explore the importance of the observations of the other police officer on the scene, W. B. Richmond."

Matt Herron had and gave me several first-person accounts, from those involved.

Redditt was in fact spying on King through an aperture in paper taped over the rear door of the firehouse by one of Matt's sources. He did that at Redditt's direction. There is no way in which Redditt could have contributed to any "security" for King that way or at that distance. If Lane did not learn that from Memphis blacks he went out of his way to avoid it. They were incensed that under a "community relations" cover Redditt and Richmond were really spying on them and on their activities.

If by the late time Lane got around to writing his book he had had any interest in fact he could

have seen all the FBI reports and the police reports that FBI have that leave this without question. He could also have seen the copies of the reports on his spying that McCullough filed with the police and it gave the FBI, along with other such reports by other spies. Not only did I have them before Lane wrote his book as a result of the FOIA lawsuit I filed for them, they were also accessible to him in the FBI's public reading room. It placed copies of what I got by those lawsuits there for others to use. But for the Lanes, when they can make money from their concoctions and with that make heroes of themselves, none of them has any interest in fact or the time it takes to learn the fact.

Lane then criticized me for not referring "by name" to the black firemen who were transferred from that firehouse. Those names were not relevant. Matt Herron had their names and gave them to me after he interviewed them and others. I did refer to them and I did say of them what is true, that they were transferred away to protect Redditt's spying on which it was assumed they would report. As they did.

Lane adds the criticism that I did not "claim to have interviewed" either of them.

Only for a work of fiction is that necessary. They had nothing to do with the assassination and had no information bearing on it because they were not there at the time of the crime. Based on his fictional contrivances that he made into a book Lane then says,

"on the strength of this, one may speculate that Ray's defense team was either unaware of the significance of these leads or simply did not choose to develop them. What is apparent is that they did not use them."

Long before Lane saw the possibilities of enriching himself and adding to his synthetic fame by exploiting the tragedy of the King assassination there was available to him in the open records of the federal district court in Memphis what the "defense team" did do for Ray. The transcripts of those two

weeks of hearing for which I conducted the investigation that was ordered based on what the lawyers did with my habeas corpus investigation were accessible to him there if he did not want to ask Jim Lesar or me to let him see and copy our copies of them. The Judge Robert R. MacRae's decision is also public. It was reported in the papers and it is on file with the clerk of the federal court. Lesar and I also have copies of it, too, and as with all these records, we make them available to all writing in the field. While that evidentiary hearing was not to determine Ray's guilt or innocence but was instead to get him the trial he never had- and never got in the later years Lane was his lawyer- we did exculpate Ray. And the judge recognized that in his decision. Which Lane also does not mention.

With chief counsel Bernard Fensterwald abroad, it fell to Lesar and me to prepare for that hearing. We divided the work so that Lesar would do all the legal work and research and I would handle the fact. With Ray's prior lawyer who saw to it that he got the maximum sentence then possible, Percy Foreman, the country's most famous criminal lawyer, I decided that the only way to establish as a matter of fact that Ray had not had the effective assistance of counsel, one of the bases for his request for a trial, was by putting on the case that Foreman made no effort to establish or put on. All the real witnesses, not those Lane imagines are, were subject to vigorous cross examination and not a single one was rebutted or impeached. They all stacked.

It is for that reason that in denying Ray a trial MacRea actually held that "guilt or innocence" were not "material" to what was before him. To reach this decision MacRae merely ignored all the unrefuted evidence in the record that proved him wrong.

However, Lane having made this criticism of the defense we gave Ray, he invited examination of what he did as Ray's counsel.

He eased into that by going to see Ray as Don Freed's lawyer for the supposed movie his friend

Freed supposedly planned. He ended up with Freed having no movie and with himself as Ray's lawyer. Whether or not that was barratry, a crime, and I do not allege it although it seems to be that, it was an unimaginable disaster for Ray. He had Ray do what could not have been more against Ray's interest, appear voluntarily before the House assassins committee.

Lane bragged often about being the one who got that committee to select the former Philadelphia district attorney, Richard Sprague, to be its general counsel and staff director. That may well be true, that Lane did get him the job. But what Lane does not say is that under him as well as under his successor, Robert Blakely, that committee began with the presumption of Ray's guilt and the intent to prove it.

After Ray fired his pro bono- unpaid- defense team he remained in touch with me, directly and through his brother Jerry.

Fensterwald paid most of the defense costs. I was broke, in debt, without any income, and my unpaid and unthanked-for work for Ray merely increased by indebtedness.

Ray had the silly notion that he could help himself by appearing before that committee and having his version of his story on national television. I tried without success to get him to see that he could not help himself that way because of the way those committees work and that they would make him look guilty. Lane, who knew that as Ray's lawyer he would be on the tube sitting next to Ray for all the world to see, was all for it.

Having worked for and observes those committees, I told Ray the truth: they are not bound by the rules of evidence and their functions often require that they not abide by those rules that protect people in court; that he had the right to have a lawyer with him but his lawyer could speak only with the committee's sufferance, his role being only that of counselling his client; and that unless the committee

was going to try to prove Ray was not guilty, as I by then knew it did not, it could only make as much of a case against him as it could and that to the largest possible audience.

It could and would, I warned him, further reduce the scant prospect he had of ever getting a trial.

This was obvious and Lane himself proved it correct. Lane had to have known that what I told Ray was the actuality. But then Lane also knew that he would have all that TV exposure for himself. More fame, the fame that he loved however he gets it.

Lane had to have known from his many committee contacts and because he is a lawyer he should have known how completely that deck was stacked against Ray. But he also knew that, irrational as it was, Ray believed he could somehow clear himself before that committee. He knew also that Ray's strong desire to do that meant that Ray would not blame him when that failed. So why not get all that fine TV exposure for himself?

Aside from all the realities that are well known there were additional indications that the committee, for all the blacks on it, was going to affirm the official King assassination mythology. One of its lawyers on that aspect of its work actually blurted it out to Jim Lesar. Earlier he and other had made it clear to me.

That young man's name is Ozer. I met him once and he left no doubt in my mind that he intended to see to it that the committee did not investigate the crime itself by both his attitude and what he did not say or ask me the several hours I spent with him.

Despite knowing that Foreman had put Ray away for as long as then was possible, in his supposed defense of him and knowing also that Ray had alleged he had not given him "effective assistance of counsel" by Foreman, the committee was anxious to take testimony from him. But it could

not without the permission of Ray's lawyers. That was before Ray fired us and may have been what decided him to.

So, Ozer tried to pressure Jim Lesar into agreeing for the committee to take Foreman's testimony. Jim, of course, would not agree. So, when Ozer kept trying to pressure him he asked that young former assistant prosecutor who wore his red hair in a kind of Afro style, "Why are you so determined" to get Foreman to speak?

"We'll use him to convict Ray," was the heated answer the angry and frustrated Ozer blurted out.

That unusual honesty convinced Lesar even more not to agree for Foreman to speak to those House assassins.

If Lane did not regard himself a omniscient and just plain brighter than anyone else he could have spoken to Lesar and to learn about the case and the court record on it.

The committee had made no effort to get and go over the transcripts of those two weeks of evidentiary hearing in Memphis. When I learned that I tried to interest Ozer and the others when with him in it. He and they persisted in having no interest in them. I finally shamed another of that committee's legal eagles to borrow my transcripts of those two weeks of hearing. It made no use of them other than to lose one it then had to replace.

Those hearings with Ray the witness did get Lane more and more concentrated TV exposure than he had ever had or has had since then. The camera was almost automatically on him when it was on Ray. It was on him and not on Ray when he was contentious, when he was protesting, when he was seeming to protect Ray when he could not do that.

It is not possible that he did not realize that inevitable Ray's appearance would further diminish

Ray's slim chances for the only thing that could do him any good, a trial.

The hearings in fact made Ray look guilty and because he is the kind of person he is Ray helped the committee do that. Lane not only made that possible, he contributed to it by not knowing enough to counter what the committee did so dishonestly or to negate what it said and showed. Of all the many stupid things Lane did perhaps the most stupid of all was his pretense that Gracie Stephens was a witness and that what she could testify to would exculpate Ray. She was not a witness and she hadn't the remotest notion of what happened.

Lane had made a big show of getting her out of the hospital and taking her into his own home. He tried to get her treated and regarded as a heroine.

Gracie was the common-law wife of Charles Quitman Stephens, a violence-prone alcoholic who lived on the income he had from the government as a disabled veteran.

He was a chronic drunk. So was Gracie. She had come from a good family. They lived in a couple of rooms at the back of the flophouse next to the room Ray had rented the morning of the assassination and next to the one bathroom that building had. Its tub was never used, as the contemporaneous pictures made so clear.

What gave Stephens any importance at all was his misuse by the government because it had no alternative if it were to get Ray extradited from England. Stephens is the only means the government had of claiming that Ray had been identified at the scene of the crime. And he did not do that anyway!

This gets to the totality of Lane's ignorance of the established facts of the case, an ignorance he made to effort at all to overcome, as he could have easily.

One of the many ways he could have done that was by use of the transcripts of those hearings before Judge MacRae. He also could have done it by duplicating the work I did to prepare for those

hearings. He could have from the records I had gotten and were thus available to him from me, which he'd not think of, or from the Department of Justice from which I'd gotten them, which he also did not think of. That I had gotten them he knew at the very least from Frame-Up if he had read it with anything in mind other than trying to misuse it to try to belittle me.

We proved at the evidentiary hearing that Stephens was too drunk to have the remotest idea of what had happened.

Three affidavits had been drafted for Stephens to sign before the one the government believed it could use for the extradition was executed. The FBI drafted one, the Department of Justice drafted two. It was the second of these two that was filed with the court in England. In it Stephens is represented as saying he got a fleeting glance at a man he thought was Ray for the fraction of a second he saw him when he made a sharp turn to the left at the end of the long, dark corridor.

That is the only "evidence" the government presented to the British court to place Ray at the scene of the crime so that he could be extradited.

In fact, only ten days after the crime, when Stephens was shown a picture of Ray taken in California where he had lived for some months under the alias of "Galt," Stephens had said that was not the man he saw!

The government knew this and so did CBS News. It interviewed him that day and later, after the evidentiary hearing, in a special it telecasted, CBS-TV used the film it had in which Stephens is seen and heard saying "not the guy." CBS suppressed that for years.

The FBI records I got in C.A. 75-1996 reflect that Stephens did not identify Ray from that picture. In that lawsuit the FBI also claimed that it did not have the report it filed when it showed Stephens that picture! A paraphrase of it was disclosed to me.

This is only part of what Lane could have used had he wanted to make any real effort to "defend" Ray. It was all publicly available. Lane did not know about it or did not care about it.

Perry Mason Lane was not.

In this, of course, I am also saying that those phonies of the House assassins committee also had it available and also knew and suppressed the truth. It knew that truth if from no other source from those evidentiary hearing transcripts I had forced on it.

But instead of what is real, what is factual and true, Lane opted for the silliness of making out that Gracie Stephens had the knowledge that would acquit Ray and thus had been hidden in a hospital when in fact she was hospitalized for her own good, because she needed hospitalization and because she had no place to live.

There is no need to take more time and space for reporting any of Lane's other inadequacies and failures before that committee when he had Ray there so he could defend Ray and had made no real effort to prepare to do that.

And at those hearings Ray was constantly clobbered with what could be answered easily or what could have been easily shown to have no relevance. This extends even to the committee's surprise witness, the criminal Russell Byers whose fabrications it used to contrive a St. Louis-based conspiracy to kill King in which it involved Ray's older brother John.

What had effectively made Ray look like a liar was the committee's production of what I had earlier gotten from the FBI, the records of Atlanta's Piedmont Laundry. They showed that Ray obtained his laundry from it the Monday after the assassination of the previous Wednesday. It used those laundry records and the testimony of the laundry employee it brought to Washington to show that when Ray claimed he was in Birmingham a few days before the crime he was in Atlanta because he had

left his laundry with the laundry that day. The most obvious explanation is that someone else took his laundry there for him, no big deal.

It was easy for the stacked committee to make Ray look like a liar time after time through misuse of a careful selection from the FBI records I got, some of which it got. Lane, ignorant of all of this, having made no effort to learn, was not able to negate any of it. His not being able to do that made a persuasive case that Ray was a liar and guilty.

However, all of that resulted in the TV camera showing Lane arguing vigorously in seeming defense of Ray even though what he did and said amounted to nothing.

He had his time on camera, he got the public attention he craves, and Ray paid for it.

Of all that he could have prepared for and did not, in this instance by being familiar with records I had rescued from their official oblivion in C.A. 75-1996, Lane was completely ignorant.

I repeat, he did not have to come to me for them, if he preferred not to do that. They were publicly available in the FBI's public reading room. The FBI put copies of them there when it had to disclose them to me.

Of all that seriously hurt Ray and made him look even more guilty, probably the most serious was the complete fabrication of a Britisher with the unusual name of 'Eist,' which is pronounced "east." And he came across not as the conniving liar he was but as a solid man telling only the truth.

And, Lane being Lane and having Ray at the inquisition in which he could only lose, was not even there to defend Ray!

He was outside the committee room on the phone, looking out for his own interest rather than that of his client.

Like Lane loving attention, Eist, who had been a prison guard, had gone public with the story he

made up that had gotten attention in the papers in England. That is how the committee learned about him.

It began when Eist was talking big in a local pub, telling his pals how important he was and how he had gained Ray's trust when nobody else could or did. The better the reaction he got the more his story grew.

It was awful and it was ugly, the whole thing.

It was both awful and ugly that a committee of the Congress would go public with a palpable fraud without any checking at all.

Aside from the capability of the Congressional committee in not investigating before *** Eist like Lane, it also could have had access to the FBI's records I got. Those FBI records I have reflect that while Eist was a guard he was never alone with Ray. His story was not physically possible.

The FBI's records also state that Ray was obdurate in refusing to talk to anyone.

There are records of all who guarded Ray, when and where, and they make it without question that what Eist testified to is absolutely false, without any basis at all.

When as all knew, the committee was anxious to prove Ray guilty, false testimony to what it wanted was safe. And welcome. The committee got lots of it. Loved it and used it.

The gruesome farce of Eist's testimony is published in that committee's transcripts of its hearings. It is now officially part of our history.

Lane was no more a Perry Mason as Ray's defender with regard to the sick conspiracy committee attributes to a strange crew in and around St. Louis. That was the contrivance of a crook under indictment when he made it up, Russell Byers. The FBI's King assassination records abound with stories made up by those in jail and those under indictment, stories they hoped would get them reduced

sentences or dismissal of cases against them.

The FBI, whose interests the committee served with its preconception of Ray's guilt, gave it the Byers story well after its hearings started. The FBI's explanation of the delay was that the records was by mistake not included in its St. Louis's office's King assassination MURKIN file and that when it was discovered by accident only it was given to the committee.

But even if Byers' story had been true, his yarn about \$50,000 being offered to kill King was never connected to Ray. The committee just imagined that Ray's brother John, who then had a bar, overheard talk about it and cut himself and his brother in on it.

If Ray had had anything like that kind of money he never would have been captured.

The only reason he was caught is that when he got to Portugal, hoping to get to what then was known as Rhodesia, he was a mere hundred dollars short of passage.

Rhodesia, then the world's most racist country, had no extradition treaty with the United States. Ray could not have been extradited if he had gotten there.

Byers' is not the only made-up story that clicked.

A con named Raymond Curtis, whose cock-and-roll story was rapidly debunked by the FBI, got a successful writer, George McMillan, to believe him. McMillan parlayed that into a book. He began his book with the public announcement that he presumed Ray's guilt.

With McMillan as with all endorsers and supporters of official assassination mythology, it was a ticket to major media attention. As usual, he did not check Curtis out.

All he had to do to that was go to the FBI's public reading room if he did not want to ask me. He knew I had those records. He had someone look at the first 400 of the more than 40,000 pages I got. He also knew me when I worked for the Senate in the 1930s.

Although the committee supposedly was investigating the King assassination, without any Rays it would have had not much to publish.. James' August 14, 1978 testimony published, in the committee's Volume I runs from page 87 through page 368. His testimony was resumed on August 17. That takes up all 495 pages of Volume II. Then there are the typescripts of the staff interviews with him. They take up the 1582 pages of Volumes IX, X and XI. Volume XII is slimmer. It has 207 pages of what Ray gave Williams Bradford Huie for his book He Slew the Dreamer (New York, ***)

Jerry Ray's day of testimony in Volume VII begins on page 318. John's testimony of December 1, 1978, much of a day of testimony, begins on page ***.

Byers' testimony is also in that volume. It begins on pages 177 and 245.

The committee was so obviously biased the black chairman of its King panel, Democratic Congressman Louis Stokes of Ohio, behaved so badly he insulted Jim Lesar to the point where Lesar responded, on coast-to-coast TV, "Would you care to go outside and repeat that?"

This was not Jim challenging the Congressman to a fight. It was daring him to shed his Congressional immunity and repeat what he had said of Jim. If he had, without the protection of Congressional immunity, Stokes could have been sued. Would have been, more likely. Instead Stokes gave up his chairmanship. He turned that over to another black, Washington D.C. preacher Walter Fauntroy. While they were still embarrassed I passed a not to Jim suggesting that he ask the committee to permit a commentary on the documents it used in questioning John Ray. When they agreed I suggested that he ask them for copies of those records. They again agreed. But they were so partisan in everything they did, having begun with the preconception that Ray was the killer before doing any investigating at all, or even pretending to, such was the quality of what they called their investigation. They were just plain dirty. They mailed none of it to me although I was to do the writing. They delayed

mailing anything and then mailed it to John Ray, then in jail in San Francisco. After it reached him he had to mail it to me. I had about two days to write my commentary before the committee's final day. (Volume VII, pages 647-55) My wife was typing it while I was dictating it to tape recorder. It made clear, among other things, that the committee was so crooked it did not even describe its own records honestly.

We were able to make only two copies before I had to leave for Washington. We gave the original to the committee and Lesar and I each had a copy for our files.

In the many years since it was published by the committee it indicts, I have had not a word of complaint from it or any of its staff or from anyone else.

John and sister Carol Pepper trusted me more than any lawyer from what they knew of my work and from my investigations for the habeas corpus proceeding and the two weeks of evidentiary hearings in Memphis. When Carol was subpoenaed to testify she wanted me with her. She listened to me and also asked Jim Lesar. I was with them at what she was not told would be an executive session-closed to the public. When Fauntroy, chairman of that subcommittee got there, first thing he did was tell me to leave. Stokes did not dare do that at a public hearing, with the press filling the hearing room and the cameras on.

That was the day Russell Byers testified, also in executive session. He and I both waited outside that small hearing room.

John also wanted me and I persuaded him, too, to have Lesar there. The three of us sat at the witness table, Jim in the middle. I could and did pass him notes because the committee was after him as well as John. It did not even pretend to be impartial. But it did not help Stokes to be on the evening news turning tail, when dared to leave the hearing room and repeat what he said under immunity when

he had no immunity.

This gives an understated view at what that committee really was and did.

Returning to Eist, hero of his local pubs and of the committee's TV extravaganza, the table of contents of the committee's published record does not include his testimony.

Or, after with such utter irresponsibility and dishonesty poisoning the public mind with his made-up story that James had confessed to him, the committee did not want the country to be able to read it, did not want it in its public record, the record for history.