

11/25/75

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The New York Times  
News Room  
229 W. 43 St.  
New York, N.Y. 10036

Dear No,

On the chance you find use for it here is the carbon of the speech that did it with Belin. To his record in the speech I ad libbed from Post Mortem in the question part. If and when you have no use, please return.

This is hardly a reflection of what I really did to that psycho. I went there determined to be soft and easy as the facts and his record permitted. But once he called me a liar I pulled the stops. It was the most apathetic audience I've ever had. I can't think of any conservative school where the kids would not have torn the place down. Those just sat, a few asking questions. But Belin had it in the face and when he left he told me he'd be making a statement in a few days. He is the most insensitive man (externally) I've ever met, impervious to reason, incapable of shame. He babbles anything, no matter how irrelevant. There came a point at which he told five lies about my work. I demanded time on personal privilege, the only device by which I could get it - but applicable and I wanted it on that basis. I then gave him documentary proof that he had lied. It is one of the few things that seemed to reach those kids. I then pulled an Adlai on him, turning to him and saying, "I await your apology, Mr. Belin." He was totally silent and unembarrassed by it. The moderator/student then took another question.

Crowdson has been a real disappointment to me. I told him my objective was to do what I have done. He said he might go there for it. (With her and her paper's past I can't imagine Pat Welch rising from those ashes and I know of no other reporter there.) Crowdson comes to see me. I'm sick, can hardly walk and I tell him I'm out to do this impossible and then when I do it, after he has gone through a book with the evidence in Post Mortem, he doesn't even call? (If you want to get a notion of what this meant try to argue with Belin about anything of which he is part.)

Aside from the natural drama, beginning with my prediction that sick or not I'm going to do this impossible, it was in every way a natural story. Here I am the guy who did the first book, had to invent the underground book to open the subject, made a success of it, cleaned myself out again-literally-to print this new book 10 years in the making and with all the lawsuits and multitudinous fights of various kinds to get the evidence, and when the time comes my great young student friends are afraid to let me travel alone. One is with me constantly, fortunately, alas. By the time of the speech during which I had to sit at the left end of the long table/podium with my left leg raised on a chair, my foot is so swollen that I can't take the show off. (I haven't had one on since, either.) The next day it is all I can do to get a soft, unsoled moccasin on. I then had to spend the morning (productively) with Jimmy Ray. When the Braniff people saw me at the airport ticket window they first got a wheelchair then back-loaded me individually, arranged the seats so I could fly feet to sky and I returned that way. (They were great. When the plane reached National they had an attendant with another wheelchair.) I'd have had real difficulty making it at all without this nice kid. There is the worry I'm overdoing it on top of all the difficulty of the undertaking, the possible consequences, Crowdson knows the medical score, knows this was my announced objective, knows (or should have from the wires if not from what the Times and every major paper omitted) that I've challenged all these guys and their witnesses to get head-to-

head, oath-to-oath with all of us subject to the penalties of perjury with charges and prosecution controlled by the government I'm fighting, tackle the top and toughest first and this is no story, not even a matter of minor curiosity for a good reporter?

It didn't come out as a story that should shake the world but it is a natural, dramatic and quite timely story. Therefore there is no mention in the morning's Post, which also refused to report Post Mortem, but true to the purity of its instincts and the high quality of its journalism has the front page of its editorial section devoted to an obvious commercialize ripoff by Anson and inside a story on Belin alone by Lardner, who apparently was not told by his desk of my call.

If the success was temporarily euphoric and there is the inner satisfaction of doing the impossible (not, I boast, for the first time) the treatment is a disappointment. Not that I had no reason to expect something like this. From my first book on, once I decided that my role had to be that of the man who makes the record, the press is part of just about all the books, I think in proper context.

I didn't intend at the beginning to dump this load on you. Guess I've just been working out a little of the continuing disappointment at the totality of the corruption of the editing on the papers and electronic media.

I've set myself a new objective, one I may not be able to keep because of the corruption of those supposedly on my side: to do books the way people ordinarily do. To come to the point where everything ~~xxxxxxxx~~ does not have to be an unedited rough draft. My wife finished typing the Belin speech after I went to bed the night before it happened, I got to read it on the plane on the way down.

Anyway, phlebitis and creeping years or not, I'm going to do this, whether or not others steal the rewards. While I've been sick I've laid the basis for more than a half-dozen new FOIA suits with the largest one against the CIA on what it has ~~and on~~ and has done to me. We'll be adding the FBI, where I have another half-dozen requests filed any or all of which can lead to suits. (One is for the evidence I gave the FBI when I was a young correspondent that there was a military plot to throw FDR out.) I'm loaded with copies of CIA files they have not acknowledged having, proof that they've lied and of the existence of other files, and enough for a good start with the FBI, including when they picked me up on a bug with other purposes back in the early 40s.

So, don't take this disappointment to mean that I'm not going to keep the fight up. I've got to do it slower, eliminate more, but you watch.

Best,