

Mr. Alvah Bessie
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6/29/76

Dear Mr. Bessie,

I welcome your letter of the 25. I'd like to engage in a dialogue about much but can't. For whatever it may mean I'll address a few specifics.

Your advice that I write Dmytryk is excellent. Sorry you didn't give me his address. And if you are correct in the possibilities of suing him, I'm without means. Do you know anyone out there, if Dmytryk is out there, who could be motivated enough, perhaps beginning with what suits a fink, a charge of larceny after trust or something of that nature. The value of the material was and is great. The amount of work it represented is enormous.

I have no doubt that you all (others) remained people of principle. I also think you do not recognize the essential unresponsiveness of what I was trying to say when you put it "continued fighting the Un-Americans in whatever way has been open to use". This does not say that you sought new ways and means, news allies! It does say that you did not give up. You were all unusually gifted people. You did fight, you did fight a principled fight. You also fought an unsuccessful one and I do not intend to bludgeon you in telling you there is no question in my mind you could won more than the consolation of having been and remained principled.

Fighting on the First Amendment was principled. Not that this precluded the use of other relevant Constitutional provisions. I invoked no amendment. I began by telling them to indulge in sexual self-gratification when they served a "forthwith" subpoena on me. I did not testify in public, with large public support and that of an audience and for whatever it might be worth, the press. The first time was in Sam Rayburn's hide-away, where there was no trick too dirty to use on me. It began but sitting me in an over-stuffed chair against a hot radiator. When I finally asked for water they let the hot spifot run until it was as hot as it could get. They had the Members and most of the staff. They all took turns. And they have never dared print that hearing or the subsequent one, by which time I had a lawyer and they dare not subject me to excessive heat.

A friend from whom I've not heard for years also told them to go to hell. He simply wasn't going to be a stool-pidgeon. He'd talk about himself and he'd not invoke any protection for refusing to talk about others. And what did they do? Nothing!

There are many of us who lacked what all of you had. We suffered in our own ways. We were before you and we were inhibited by your loss. My purpose was not to demean you, not to say that you lacked courage. But you were a landmark case only because you were established, of means, with support and attention.

I don't know who did your investigating for you but unless you were all of implicit trust in each other and thoroughly organized how others than Dmytryk could have missed me and it can still be called an investigation I do not know. The use of the NYTimes ^{index} ~~was~~ alone had to lead to me. My fight was pageone, too. Even today, when I have the FBI and the CIA in court regularly, with me on the offensive, they do not dare leaks that stuff or even suggest it before their judges.

I'm glad you go into Executive Action. What you say and believe represents part of what I believe happened to all of you. You came to live in the unreality of your medium although your work was not in any sense unreal.

I deal with factas close to realities as I can. Yours is still a Hollywood comment.

Lane and Freed are not as human being what you represent. Lane is not an investigator except in the Hollywood sense, his self-promotion. Unless they had pins and needles he could not find women in a bordello. Both are utterly uncrupulous.

Lane rushed back from Europe when Garrison raised his head in public. He then milked Garrison and the situation Garrison created as no farmer has even been able to do with a cow. He planted two sycophants on Garrison's staff. One was Steve Jaffe, who was later the flack on Executive Action. Steve was an incompetent kid who longer for importance. I saved his ass at least three times, which is a confession of imperfect judgement, from what these needs drove him to. At least once was the flashing of his credentials in a Playboy club.

Lane was one of the major and worst influences on Garrison, who had no need of help to be wrong-headed. Lane also raked the money in and did nothing else.

There is a version of the story Warren Hinckle wrote when he had a book to promote. It is dishonest in intent and expression. Ramparts and Hinckle were conned. It began when a right-wing TV commentator in Santa Barbara fed a supposed former CIA type to Stanley Sheinbrun who turned him over to Ramparts, which found Bill Turner, former specialist in FBI black-bag jobs, when it went to Garrison.

If you want more detail, and I can see how in the interests of your son and grandson you might, I'll provide them. I spotted this obviously dubious operation about 2/68 in the KHJ, LA, newsroom. Art Kevin, now with KMPC will remember much, I'm sure. These people actually kidded themselves into believing the original version, that the KGB was about to leak its assassination files to Garrison. As a result there was an early code word because they all feared they were all being tapped and bugged. It is "the San Diego radio station." Or, KGB. They were so anxious to be screwed they had no questions when KGB turned into French Intelligence, SDECE. In the end they had the manus script of a book titled "L'Amérique Brule." Garrison went for it big. Naturally. It was aimed at him. He suggested the ultimate title, Farewell American

He sent Jaffe to Europe to pick up the evidence that was never forthcoming. (Because of those wasted thousands Garrison never repaid me \$1,300 he owed me, not even with the \$250,000 in advance on his novel. But then I worked independently and did not ~~appre~~ criticism.) However, in order to hook Garrison it was necessary to give Jaffe something. This was proof of SDECE sponsorship of Farewell America, from which Executive Action was cribbed. Lane got it and not able to script it used Freed. I wrote that well-known, as you put it, continuing anti-fascists Trumbo twice without response. You are entitled to your belief of what the movie did. ^{the} is that its excesses made it consistent with the purposes of the original work, which was a spook "black book."

= Most intellectuals are inclined to under-estimate the common sense of the mass of people. This movie carried no information to them and it is not likely the movies formed any opinions. My own mail is extensive. It held virtually no mention of the very unreal movie. Of that little not much was favorable. People know better than to be shilled by the promos handed out. Where it might count, with the major media and the Congress, the movie was poisonous to truth.

By another odd coincidence a friend who is a more than competent flack handled the movie in Washington. When he spoke to me I spoke to him of my original work on the King assassination. As he had wanted to bring me together with Lewis on Executive Action he also did with the King material. It never happened. Something entirely different did. I'm not consulting my files for names. I guess this is really vintage Hollywood.

I'm phoned by a woman who is an assistant to Howowitz (phon) at Wakeford-Orloff. They are interest in my first book on the King assassination. I tell them I'd like to sell my rights, that I see a good and profitable movie in it. She seems to think maybe. So they buy two copies of my book from me. Then they actually contract with a very bright and very sick-in-the-head type they used on Executive Action, Dave Lifton, for him to crib what he can. They use nicer words. I find out when he gets careless. I write them and caution them. Silence. In the end W-O and Lifton were suing each other as of my last knowledge, which may be out of date.

Those people get east. I offered to go there for the plane ticket. I suppose that someone like the types I've mentioned told them what kind of terrible person I am and they accepted it. There are, meanwhile, bad movies in the works. It could be helpful if your son or grandson could produce evidence that the wretched William Bradford Huie book, He Slew the Dreamer, has been contracted by those who did Walking Tall. Abby Mann is doing a tressle for ABC for next April 4. In it, too, fact and truth will be irrelevant. The same Freed, with a motley crew of at least three others is busily ripping of what is within their reach.

You deceived yourself in ~~some~~ some way, perhaps conned by Lane's own p.r.

What he did on this made him ^owalthy, ^e despite his lies. I t had no effect on his career as an attorney except that if he had wanted to continue to be ~~one~~ the effect would have been good. His real interest is in public attention. ~~He~~ He will do anything for it. He is one who is incapable of truth even when it might help him. Sick. Persuasive, too. Yellow, despite his pretenses, as I've established face-to-face despite the difference in our years. He has been one of the worse of many bad influences on the Congress from which we have just had what you may not be able to recognize as a very bad Schwedker report. To call him a whore would be to defame working women.

Now you know the origins of the book which was turned into a bad Freed screenplay. You ask about those who were suckered. I take it your son alone was. When I wrote Trumbo twice he is without innocence. Lane and Freed knew the truth. They are both con artists. You mention Lewis. I assume he was also. I'm sure neither lane nor Freed reported any of this fragment of my entire file. The suckering was not, at least not directly, by the FBI or the CIA. It was by miserable people who have been able to persuade others that they are decan^y, self-sacrificing men who do original work. I have no reason to suggest either works for any agency. I do believe the agencies are better served by them with no connection. Do the exchange of money make that much difference? Or is the end result and its effect what counts.

I am sure Lewis and your son, and I've never spoken to either, are innocent and I have no ~~trouble~~ trouble believing of good intent.

I could argue more with you but there is no purpose and we neither have the time

I wish youm your son and your grandson well,
Sincerely,

P.S. A friend spoke to W-0 within the past two months. He awaits hearing from them further on King. No word.