

Dear Jim,

4/8/74

When Cesar is due here I always arrange to be clear on time and always know that despite consistent improvement he will not be. I do hope he gets here soon because we have more to cover than we'll be able to. It accumulates each time we can't clear things up.

Aside from being into too much, which makes punctuality difficult, he is also a night person, so getting an early start always means a very short night for him.

As you will have gathered, a major concern is the newest Fensterwilderness. (pun?)

As my long emotional letter to Jim indicates, I take this latest as the worst and potentially most dangerous.

From the time of Frame-Up and the killing by the publisher plus the unconscionable wasting of my time for months with lies and deceptions by Bud while I had to stay clear to help Jim with the drafting of the habeas corpus petition, I have longer to get out of this one. Refusal of any back participation or even minimal help was also a disgusting factor. But I just can't because this is the live one and the case I have for him is simply overwhelming.

If you have gathered from what I have written that Bud is incompetent, he isn't. In some areas he is very good. It is that on this subject he really is crazy, crazy jealous and eaten with personal ambition. Plus a few other things, like deceitful and dishonest.

If by some benefaction from the divinity he, Turner and Livingston do not blow everything and endanger us all even more and if by some fortunate accident they learn the identity of the creator, they will have added nothing to what has to be known to the government which then could do nothing with it. They got his prints from all over Ray's car and stuff in it and from several places they were together, rooms, etc.

While it is not certain that he is sufficiently separated from his principals it would do nothing for us to identify him, this is probable. We may know who they are and not know what is behind the crime. Or who. There is no possible doubt that Ray was NOT at the scene of the crime when it was committed so placing those others there proves no more than that 40 minutes before it was committed they were there.

Jim just phoned from D.C.!

So, having celebrated by birthday by a start before 4 a.m., maybe I'll try to take a nap. And hope the phone doesn't ring.

My point in all this, however, is that for even Bud's lust, to solve the crime, this is the way least likely to succeed and discards the one most likely, using the leverage we can, despite his best efforts over the years, still muster against the government. He was offered a deal on Ray, but he didn't know enough to engage the Justice lawyers in any kind of dialogue and held beliefs that are paranoid and precluded any possibility. Now under the arrangement by which he became counsel, I should have been in on all of this. Had I been there could have been a difference and there could have been a different kind of a deal, with success, one that Ray could have accepted and survived.

What it really means is that we are where we are in spite of Bud and if we go any farther it will probably be the same way, over him while he kicks and screams.

Turner has a record that has to flash red brightly. What the explanation is I neither know, care nor try to estimate. His undeviating record of doing bad is more than enough. He has yet to succeed in anything and yet to do anything that was not at best a total waste and more often a real damage. So bringing him in is on the one hand unethical and on the other an invitation to a disaster.

I think you realize that for an identifiable person to show himself and make such threats that a non-cowardly man with a past as a fighter and a Marine was terrified and expected three times in the one session to be killed in cold blood has to be taken as the most serious kind of signal if not one of desperation. I have little doubt that with little difficulty I can identify him. I have made only one effort, through the local police chief to whom I could give but two scant clues, size and weight and part of the country, which means nothing. There are other things I could do. Even other officials sources to which I could refer the chief. (I asked him not to check FBI, realizing he might anyway.)

But the real futility, the really repressing occupation, is that of foreman, one I'd hope to quite years ago. This time I dare not and may have to take strong measures. What an immense proportion of my time it has taken! And I am so weary I may do something I'd anger and frustration and then regret it. What a 61st! Best,