

The FBI also exercised control by influencing what officials in and out of the federal government knew and would believe, officials at the highest and at the operating government levels. It misled no attorney general, no lawyer in any way involved while Ray was seeking a trial, when I was his investigator or when I sued for the FBI's withheld records. No fabrication was too extreme for it, no libel too demeaning, and it had secrecy to protect it and prevent exposure of its vicious lies, misrepresentations and distortions. It had a fine collection before I became Ray's investigator, coming from President Lyndon B. Johnson's request of it to inform him of the books critical of the Warren Commission. It like what it then fabricated so much it then distributed its character assassinations to the Department and to the committees of both Houses of the Congress.

But the FBI never did get around to telling LBJ anything at all about the books critical of the Warren Commission and to a degree critical of it. Instead it defamed all the authors - even one who praised it and later accepted its leaks and wrote in overt praises of it. When it could come up with nothing defamatory of Edward J. Epstein it merely used records relating to a different Edward J. Epstein - who had travelled to the Soviet Union. ^{About} ~~With~~ me, it ~~said~~ said nothing at all about my writing. Instead it blackjacked LBJ, who knew very well that he could not pay any attention to anything the Hoover might label "red."

My wife and I, Hoover wrote LBJ (pick up exact quotes and cite file #) annually celebrated the Russian revolution with an outing for 30-35 strangers at our home. LBJ needed to know no more. And died little dreaming how the FBI had lied to him and deceived and misled him.

Our home at that time was a small farm, and indeed most of these who dis gather there once a year were strangers to us. They were brought to our farm by Rabbi Jack Frankel, who then looked out for the interests of Jewish military personnel in the Washington area. Jack, who is a character in Leon Uris' Exodus, was a friend who, with his wife Vicki, a refugee from Iran and a courier for the French under-

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ground in World War II when she was a ~~fixxwallx~~ girl sheltered by nuns in France, enjoyed relaxing in the country. The Frankels believed that after the Jewish high holidays, which are in September and October, not November, the time of the Russian revolution, some of the Jewish military personnel and particularly their little children, might enjoy a day in the country for a picnic, with the kids gathering eggs from under the hens, watching baby chick's hatch in incubators and playing with them, riding on the backs of tame cattle and playing with other tame fowl and animals. (The University of Maryland, having observed the attractiveness of what we did, copied it closer to Washington, under the name, "Old McDonald's Farm.")

~~WIKI WIKI HISTORY~~ After more than 40 years of fabricating, lying and otherwise misleading and misinforming under Hoover, converting this annual religious gathering into a celebration of the Russian revolution did not tax the FBI's imagination at all.

King assassination

Similarly, when I filed suit for its/records the FBI wanted to keep secret, it was no effort at all for the FBI to represent me as an anti-Semite, conspiring against it, no less, to the attorney general and his assistants, including ~~thxxx~~ their lawyers who handled the litigation.

What this proves is that a citizen tries to be of help to the FBI ~~at~~ risks his good name and his future if the FBI sees any possibility for embarrassment to it.

What had actually happened is that on a morning my wife and I were visiting friends in Washington there was a news item on the radio reporting that the Department of Justice had just indicted a number of unnamed soldier-of-fortune types with violation of the neutrality act in their planned invasion of Haiti, then under the dictatorship that passed to the son of "Papa Doc" Duvalier. I told my friend that I had interviewed several of these soldiers of fortune in the recent past, when they were quite open in discussing their coming invasion of Haiti, and I wondered if they could be the ones charged. My friend encouraged me to speak to the Department of Justice, and, because there had been no confidentiality, I did and was referred to its Criminal Division. That division's lawyer asked me ~~1~~

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if I would await a callback from him and be willing to go see another Department lawyer. He then set up an afternoon appointment with the so-called Internal Security Division. I did as he asked and at 2 o'clock that afternoon my wife and I saw _____ Morris, in his office on the _____ floor of the Federal "triangle Building. He was interested and asked if he came up "Monday" if he could have access to my records, including tapes and photographs of these soldier-of-fortune types in "training" in Florida. I agreed.

As an afterthought I also told him of what could be embarrassing to the FBI, what I had just been told by J.B. Stoner, a racist so extreme that he had found the Ku Klux Klan to be too conservative. Stoner, who was then Ray's lawyer, had phoned me because I ~~was~~ had just published Frame-Up. In the course of the conversation he told me that the FBI's reports, including on him and from its informers on him, were being leaked to him by the also racist head of the Alabama State Police, to whom the FBI provided information.

An ISD memo on this, which did not in any way suggest any conspiracy between Stoner and me, a suggestion for which there was never any basis, no matter how thin, but that is what the FBI immediately alleged throughout the Department.

What the ~~was~~ FBI's records actually state is this: (Quote) and cite)

And thus the fact that the FBI, if only indirectly, was tipping off those who were directly involved in the violence against blacks and whites helping black in the civil rights struggle, was lost inside the Department of Justice and its supposed ~~component~~ subsidiary, the FBI.

This FBI fabrication, that I, a Jew, was conspiring against it with the anti-Semite Stoner, was immediately retrievable from the FBI's files when I was Ray's investigator and the FBI decided to help the Tennessee State Attorney

General resist Ray's effort to get a trial. The last thing the FBI wanted was for a jury to assess its alleged evidence that Ray was King's lone assassin.

This will become obvious when that alleged evidence is presented in this book.

The Tennessee State Assistant Attorney General assigned to prevent any Ray trial was Henry Haile. Benr Bernard Fensterwald, Jr., and his associate James H. Lesar, both of whom had represented me in FOIA litigation, were Ray's counsel when I was his investigator. Haile told Fensterwald that he wanted to depose me, that is, question me under oath but not before a judge. While I regarded that as improper and not intended for legitimate reasons, I decided that instead of opposing hi, which could have wasted time and been expensive, I'd agree. When Lesar told me that Haile was going to be at their office, I told him I'd be there at that time for deposition. This surprised Haile, and he begged off, saying he had to go to the FBI. I told him I'd wait or I'd come back another day. He did not accept either ~~proposed~~ offer.

Instead, during the days immediately before the evidentiary hearing we got Ray in Memphis in September 1973, Haile kept saying he wanted to depose me and I kept agreeing, without his ever arranging for it.

Meanwhile, I kept hearing accounts of Haile red phobia, a phobia of Hitlerian inclusiveness. In the end his defamatory excesses, when they included a state judge, led to his firing.

Just before the Labor Day weekend, when I was standing outside the federal building in Memphis, with Fensterwald, watching the case records Lesar was going to pick up in a cab, Haile bustled out of the same door. He turned to be without warning, pointed at me, and shouted, "You're the one I'm going to get!"

While this bf baffled me, and Fensterwald was obviously shocked that an lawyer, particularly a state attorney general, would lose himself so completely and in the presence of a witness, because I knew of Haile's nuttiness and his sincerity in his paranoia, and because there was no apparent reason for his repeated interest or this outburst, I decided that the time had come for me to protect myself from his insinuations that were cloaked with the authority of the state.

In the course of my investigations I had met a young criminal lawyer, Jay Fred Freedman. So, with ample reason to believe that we were under surveillance at the

Albert Pick Motel, when both sides were quartered, I phoned Jay Fred from my room phone and asked him if he would represent me in Memphis if I needed a lawyer.

(The Pick was the motel closest to the courts, local and federal. It enjoyed considerable business as a result. Even sequestered jurors were quartered there. Lesar and I both spotted tails, his mail was opened crudely, and my outgoing mail from the motel was delayed and then bore a different zip code.)

Jay Fred phoned me from the lobby phone, came up, made a cursory examination of my room, as took me back to the lobby, where his attractive wife and son were waiting. He then excused us and led me to the parking lot behind the motel and extending along its side toward the Mississippi. He also was concerned about my room being bugged, so we spoke in the open air, I told him what had happened, and he agreed to represent me if I faced that need. We then walked toward the front of the building, along the sidewalk that then turned and led to the main entrance.

When we got to the corner of the motel and turned toward the main entrance, there was Mrs. Freedman, waiting, She came up to me on my right side, this beautiful woman young enough to be my daughter, with a big smile, put her left arm around my waste and whispered "Put your arm around me and walk with me." Astounded, but without questioning her, I did that, She leaned her head on my shoulder and we walked toward the main entrance, Jay Fred behind us with the boy.

"Look to the front," she told me, and I did.

There, frozen with the frisbee the State Attorney General's staff played with in front of the motel when they were not working, was Haile's ~~assist~~ first assistant, the black ~~law~~ assistant attorney general _____.

He just stood and gawked, and ~~by the time~~ as soon as I saw him I did not need to be encouraged to smile. I laughed out loud.

He was still standing there in astonishment when we entered the motel.

Haile never spoke of depositing me, never again threatened me, and I never had to have Jay Fred represent me.

Haile, in fact, remained a bit uneasy and showed it. At the end of the court session the last day of the evidentiary hearing the late Martin "Ho" Waldron, a great reporter with the New York Times, invited me to be the huest of the press covering the hearing for drinks and dinner. A number of us drank for a spell and then had just placed several tables in the restaurant together for dinner when Haile and his assistants entered. It took much pseruading and some ribbing before they would join us. Later Haile and his assistants and I walked back to our motel together, arguing the case just ended.

But it was not until the FBI began disclosing copies of its FBIHQ MURKIN records to me that I had a glimmer of the reasons for his animonsity. Or that of the judge, who'd never laid eyes on me before. ^{had} FBIHQ/sent some copies of some of its records on me to the Memphis field office, with permission to disseminate them to the other side in that litigation. And when I read that, I recalled Haile's appointment at FBIHQ the afternoon I presented myself for deposition. There is no record in the FBIHQ MURKIN file referring to Haile's visit there, and that is the file in which any such record belongs. There also is no indication of any records slipped to Haile on the g QT. But there is an obvious exppanation for Haile's animosity towar me when He'd never met me, of his paranoic lust to "get" me when he was off on his campaign of "getting" those he considered to be communists.

That is all Haile needed to get pumped up the way that served FBI interests.

Prog iding any information -r misinformation- about me to the State of Tennessee served only one FBI purpose - influencing it, or asserting control again, over what it believed about those representing Ray, that we were all "reds."

This was not as easy with Fensterwald, so the FBI vreated records, disclosed to me in that FOIA lawsuit, portraying his mother and sister as "reds" because they vacationed in the USSR. (The Fensterwalds are wealthy and not in any sense any shade of red.) They did not entirely ignore Fensterwald himself, however, ebcause they had on file records portraying him as anti-FBI because he had been counsel

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to a Senate committee which had dared to expose the FBI's wiretapping and bugging.

That committee's chief chairman, Senator Ed Long of Missouri, did not survive the leaked and inspired stories that defamed him.

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The FBI's records also disclose that Fensterwald was surveilled by what the FBI terms its "symbol informants" and was, along with another Washington lawyer, under electronic surveillance throughout the country.

Those informers - the FBI detests the word and prefers in "informants,"- who are productive during a probationary period of about six months and who are approved as official informers by FBIHQ ~~xxx~~ are known as "symbol" informers because in the reports prepra prepared by the case agents who handle them they are not identified by name but by an arbitrary code identification, consisting of the initials of the field office, an arbitrary number and an initial that represents the kind of information ~~they~~ are engaged to provide. "C" is for criminal information, "P" for political and "R" for "racial," meaning information about blacks and black organizations the FBI did not like or approve.

Several FBI political informers reported on Fensterwald. Merely associating him with what they usually reported on, like the underground press, stigmatized him/ to those in the FBI and elsewhere who read those reports.

Extra space

The Department itself asserted a clearly unconstitutional form of control of which, among others, the FBI was the beneficiary.

Nothing in the disclosed records indicates that as attorney General Ramsey Clack had even the faintest notion of what was pulled.

The BUreau of Prisons was offered to the State of Tennessee and Shelby Lunt County, in which Memphis is, as experts on what was termed "security" arrangements in the Shelby County jail. When we exercisec court-ordered discovery prior to the 1973 evidentiary hearing Lesar and I examined the book on "security" prepared by

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the Bureau of Prison's experts. It is an amazing document, a thick looseleaf binder of directions that covered every detail.

Cellblock A was made into a Ray holding tank. Its barred windows giving onto the thick street were covered with sheet steel. This cut off all outside light and air, and for all the time that Ray was in that tank, from June 1968 until March 1969, he never once saw the stars, the moon or the sun, never once breathed fresh air. He was under constant, 24-hour artificial illumination. (The jail logs show that he covered his eyes with his washcloth to be able to sleep.)

With Ray protected from the outside by battleship steel covering every opening, and with him alone in the entire cellblock deep inside the prison -alone except for two guards inside the cell at all times - to keep him secure, that is, protected from any who might want to harm him, the Washington experts arranged for constant electronic and microphone surveillance - of the inside inside of the Ray cellblock only! Every word uttered, every motion, even those most private, was monitored and taped. To "protect" Ray from harm, allegedly.

Even getting to the outside of that special Ray tank from inside the jail, which meant passing through a number of guarded steel doors, left anyone who might have been able to get that far facing two additional steel doors, one leading from the guarded and barred jail corridor and an additional one leading into that cellblock. There was no possibility of any harm to Ray, assuming that anyone might have intended him harm, of which there was no indication at all, from anything less than a bombing that would have destroyed the entire jail and all those in it.

The electronic surveillances, of the inside of the Ray tank only, served no "security" purpose. They were surveillances of Ray only. Except for his conferences with his lawyers, the only persons allowed into the cellblock with him other than his guards and a doctor from time to time. The closed-circuit TV cameras and the microphone served only to spy on Ray and his defense and were an unconstitutional intrusion into his right to privacy when he conferred with his counsel.

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Unprecedented - and unconstitutional- as this is, it did not satisfy the/lust for control. The Department's book on "security" also provided that each and every communication between Ray and his lawyers, both ways, would be intercepted by the sheriff, who would hand-deliver them to the prosecutor, who would xerox them before they were mailed or delivered to Ray. The language is specific and it was done, for we obtained a number of the interceptions:

Pick u and cite direct quote.

This page was presented to Judge Robert McRae, who re presided over the Ray evidentiary hearing and he held that Ray's rights were not intruded upon. In fact, he held that guilt or innocence were immaterial in the case before him, and in all particulars he was upheld by the sixth circuit court of appeals in Cincinnati and by the Supreme Court, which decided by refusing to consider the appeal to it.

Ray's first lawyer was Arthur Hanes, who had been an FBI agent and resigned because under Hoover it was too "liberal" for his taste. Hanes was worried about the electronic "security" arrangements, so worried that he had Ray lie on the floor with him, faces away from the TV cameras, and they whispered, so the microphoned surveillance would not pick their words up. In time he complained to the judge. The judge overruled him on the electronic surveillances but he did order that ray's communications with his lawyers be examined only to the extent necessary to determine that they did not include any escape plan. The prosecutor assured the judge that this and no more had been his practise.

But as he well knew, he had been xeroxing Ray's communications. He also had been giving copies to the FBI. When the Memphis FBI office reported Judge Battle's Hoover's order, the cover-the-Bureau's ass honchos at FBIHQ, told Memphis to continue to get the prohibited suspecting information but not to get caught at it. In form this was the directive to accept the information but not have copies of it on file:

Quiye verbatim and cite or use facsimile.