

Dear John,

6/1/71

The least likely thing in the world is that my publishers phoned you. Those bastards have yet to arrange the first promotion, tried to chill those a friend and I did, and when Percy Foreman fled a TV studio rather than confront me, they wouldn't even phone the NYC papers and the wire services. Considering that Foreman is the country's top criminal lawyer - ask him! - and I accused him of sending Ray up the river, this is perhaps my finest testimonial. And almost the only one. The gangup is beyond belief. The Times hired a legal whore ~~what~~ was complicated with the government and simultaneously did a job on Angela Davis for the USIA for their first review of any of my books. It was a personal assault on me. Now they follow with a lying letter from the former book-review editor of the Washington Post with a number of libels. And I had considered him an honorable, decent man, so in the book I hid his identity. He was going to review this one, FRAME-UP, for Newsweek, until that footnote was cited in the Times attack. He thereupon wrote the only letter the Times printed and lies about not having been ordered to review my first. Not only was he my source, but it is confirmed in a letter a copy of which I've sent the Times. So, not only do I keep probing but I hit nerves. This book is the most severe indictment of Hoover and the FBI yet. Daily they become more like the Gestapo. What they are doing to Ray's family wouldn't be believed in a Grade B thriller. But unlike the few others who defend, I attack, and I have the scoundrels in court, my suit vs them, on a number of things. Unfortunately I have to be my own lawyer. I actually beat them in the first case where I had a lawyer and forced them to deliver what you could not get for me, the evidence used to get Ray extradicted. (They can't even place him at the scene of the crime - at any time - even though I know he was there perhaps a half-hour before it was committed. Nor can they connect him with the crime in a single way, no matter how tenuous.) That stuff makes a helluva London story, my reason for wanting to get in touch with you. I thought you roamed this sick land. The last I'd heard from you, you were returning and would look me up. There was a press conference in NYV where a group of black professionals, writers, entertainers, etc., made some kind of award to me for this investigation and book. The NY man for the Daily Telegraph covered, filed and the story was killed on the desk. While desperately broke as I am (I've yet to get the second half of the advance due almost five months ago or the 8 lousy free copies of my own book I'm to get) ~~as~~ I'd like to sell that part for use in England, I'd also give it to you if you want it and can't arrange for your people to go for it. And I have more, the letters referred to and some not referred to. The book tells what happened, at the beginning, where I recount efforts to get the affidavits and in the final chapter, where I go into some of what they prove. Your government helped the Justice Department confiscate the only official copies not in official US possession, from the Bow Street Court. Ever hear of that in Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence? My written confirmation is from that court, the Home Office and our State Department! And these affidavits swear to other than what was alleged in that Memphis mimicry of justice. Entirely off the record, I'm in touch with Ray, had a long in-jail interview (taped) and learned much. I'm apparently the only writer he trusts. He wrote a seemingly meaningless but really important postscript for the book, which he'd read in ms (he is now annotating the proofs I got to him), voluntarily and without any pay, and is turning down offers (I have one of \$5,000 for a single interview not even connected with the crime) from all other writers. So, it is exciting, perhaps a bit dangerous, exhausting and impoverishing, but has to be done. Matt is remarkable. I heard from him several times but do not know where he now is. When you hear from him, please ask him to send me his schedule so I can send him a copy (which I'll have to BUY!) of FRAME-UP, but I'll have to huse surface mail, which is slow. Grodon Harbord is probably the one who phoned you. Beautiful man. Was my agent on my first book. 53 St. Martin's Lane WC2. He may have a copy of the book or proofs. I'd like you to read it. Or, ask my publisher Outerbridge & Dienstfrey, 200 W 72, NYC, 2 799-9449. What little hiar might have grown on their balls will not with this Times attack. But they are making some press copies available. They permitted me one for the three NBC stations in DC, the net news desks for TV and radio and all the talk shows! (Naturally, even though I knew NBC will not

touch me, I bought copies for those who should have had them. If you do get back, we are an hour from Washington, have a nice place and adequate accommodations, including a swimming pool and fairly tame wild rabbits, fish that come to be fed when they hear the human voice, etc...With the abdication of my publisher so total there had not been a single promo west of NY, or east, south or north, and they are responsible for none of them, I have returned to my writing on the JFK case, with hot material that may also be totally ignored. I have what was withheld from the Commission (not everything, of course, but really sensational documents), have turned a few people on and gotten good stuff, will do my thing, and can only wonder if anyone will ever see it...My Memphis investigations, not possible until after the book was printed (\$\$\$) were my most productive yet. I can exculpate Ray a dozen different ways besides what is in the book--and all but one witness on tape (anticipating his reluctance, I had a

witness with me. I also have in my possession totally exculpatory tangible evidence I do not describe. In short, the government does not dare let Ray come to trial and if all else fails, like arranging or daring to permit a murder, they'll make some kind of deal first. But I'm satisfied he'll not accept mere return to England on the ground his extradition, unfortunately and to considerable official regret, had technical flaws. It sure as hell did! But he will not let them pull that one. He is a strange cat. He also knows he'd never get away from your foggy shores. His brother Jerry stays in touch with me. Jerry has just provided me with alleged details of FBI efforts to frame him with a bank-robbery, complete with names and addresses of friends he says were approached and how. Ditto for Brother John, already convicted of such a crime in St. Louis. Odd thing there is that I have a lawyer-friend from there, son of a law-school dean, who says the newspaper account make him suspect the same thing and he is going to endeavor to get trial transcript. With people like these, it is not difficult. Jerry is as virulent an anti-semitic as I know, he I've known him to lie to me but once in a long relationship and everything else was solid. He is the source of all the contracts and letters you'll see in the appendix. They are my copies of James' copies...My financial situation is as bad as when we met, so if

you can arrange any collateral interest in any of the content of the book, I'd much appreciate it. Fact is, it may immediately get worse. About 150 words back I got interrupted by the first of two interviewers. The second was here for supper, and when I got a phone call, he and my wife went outside for him to get a closer look at and picture of one of the tame wild rabbits that tolerate us, this one barely 4" long, she fell, hitting a knee. I took her to the hospital, by which time it was the size of a baseball. Says, the doctors says miraculously, show no breaks, but she'll be off her feet for a while and will be at least 10 weeks getting normal use back, if examination of the film today (it is not the next a.m.) confirms his reading and it is no worse.... This is not the norm when fellow-writers visit, so the invitation to you still stands, should you return to the U.S. Good luck and best regards,

Harold Weisberg

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Dear Harold!

Your publisher has just called me and said that you had wanted to get in touch with me. Well here I am, old buddy, with the Mirror, not the Express. Never mind, they're not unlike.

Anything new? Matt, as you may know, is heading down the west coast of Africa. Remarkable man.

Hope you are well, and probing well.

Best regards,

John Fieger