

3/30/71

Dear Maury,

A young friend has sent me March Philadelphia and healed one of the breaks in my heart. I'd heard Jack was in Spain!

That he would gag after what OAU did to him (but he didn't change) I caught his early show on radio once when I was in Wilmington), predictable, but after all those night I spent listening to the Clancys, to think that he'd go anywhere but Ireland or above all, to Spain - well! Even after what I've lived with, that was hard!

Your stories and pix are great. Jack has hair now, which means he is younger - but the hair didn't do it.

When his book is done, I want to help promote it. Unseen, I know I want to, however I can. He's lucky, for whatever he writes, and no matter how radical it may appear, he'll have a waiting market. That is not a hangup subject. So, he can anticipate the more important success (which is not commercial, not financial), reaching more people with what he wants to say.

You make clear he doesn't have the typical reporter's mythology about "impartiality". Truth requires partisanship. "Impartiality" in the news columns always means partiality, real bias, dishonesty.

When you write, wish him well and the greatest success for me, please. He is, among many fine ones I've met, sui generis.

Which reminds me of a disagreement with his statement on giving it all up (130):

"It's like anything you do is like writing your name in sand at the edge of the ocean and the tide comes up and goes back and there's no record of anything that you did..."

He was too close to his unhappiness, his problems, the pinch on his conscience, to know how false, with him, this was. I still hear from people who were his regulars, and they are living proof he did not waste his time, did not wash out.

There are many trenches. Jack didn't realize it, but he was in one all the time. Now he has one he likes better, but we are all in the same trenches, for the same reasons.

I'm still at it. Now I'm suing the government (DJ, FBI, Archives, etc., even winning, and, I think, driving them bugs), which has moved the fight to another front. I'm having to be my own lawyer, which is a handicap but in some ways fun. Finally I got a small publisher (who has never heard of promo or ads) to bring out my book on the King assassination. I don't even have a copy yet, imagine that, and it has been on sale three weeks, so I can't send any. From Jack's having King's picture in his flat, I know he is one who also understood the man, as so many of the young blacks didn't...WNEW-TV asked me to do a show there, and I agreed. Then they asked me to confront Percy Foreman, and I agreed. They claimed, when I didn't believe he'd face me, that he had-three times. They they told me, the night before the show, that Arthur Hanes, Ray's first lawyer and the man who turned the police dogs and fire hoses on the blacks in Birmingham, would also confront me, and I still agreed. Next night I was waiting, made up, and suddenly "technical troubles" developed. "Lights", they said. Finally they gaged it up: Foreman, in the studio, walked out...I went back last week to face both William Bradford Huie and a judge who was then chief prosecutor. (I think

this one taste of confrontation will suffice for both). While I was being made up the makeup man, apparently not told to keep the corporate secrets and a friendly fellow who I met first five years ago, told me what happened. Apparently the station tried to trap Foreman and didn't tell him I'd be against him (when you read the book you'll understand this, for I lay him out and enjoy the wake). When friendly makeup man tells Foreman, meaning only small talk about me, Percy the Great -literally-bolts! He should imprecations and threats at the station as he leaves, inventing a new kind of libel, the unspoken. Then he wires and then he writes, all threats. They got scared and were set for whitewashing with Hyle and the judge, but I battled them to get on. They took it out on me in the editing, but there was no whitewash. But I think Jack will laugh at the Big Legal Wind from Texas becoming a broken wind at the mere thought of a chicken-farmer writer, whose book he had read, using the index to get every reference to him.

I have a hunch that one of the things Jack will learn where the bullets fly is that he was always in the trenches here, as I said, and that when he has done what he wants to, he will get back into the same fight -here - in the hope his kids won't have to fight the same kind of fight when they are his age and that it may be a better place before then. Ideas and knowledge are stronger than bullets at any time, especially when they are the only possible weapons.

Up the Rebel Jack! And best to you, too.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg