

11/2/70

Dear Cyril,

The summer has gone and you have not come to see what I have. I regret this very much and I think you may, for I (we) do have opportunities we never had before, and as things are and have been, despite the contrary reports you may have heard, I am so close to alone the distinction is almost meaningless.

In response to my suit for access to the clothing, pictures made but not shown me and for pictures to be made for me, the government has merely answered. I am led to believe this means they have chosen this one to go to trial. On the fact, this is fine. But if it hinges on my ability to cope with fabricated (or worse, pre-fabricated) legal technicalities, it may not be. So, I'll try and do it on the fact.

The government's answer is enough to charge Rhoads with perjury, but the question arises of getting into a position to do that. Most of it is lies and can be proved to be lies, with little difficulty. They even claim the clothes are not evidence!

This provides the possibility of calling witnesses, and some rather interesting ones, like Burke Marshall, maybe Teddy Kennedy (and not as a stunt), but on the basic issue of "sensational and undignified use". Maybe Clark.

And it may be that you could do much good.

If you can qualify as a man who can identify what is and is not a hole made by a bullet, can or cannot be, there is no doubt -if we get to that point. And if it is a hole that could not have been made by a bullet, know what we have?

My problems are many, and I've carried it to this point alone. I have no money, I have no lawyer, I can't pay witnesses -and I should have a decent criminologist, too. But I also have in my possession what the Commission didn't have, and it is so clear that only a court would require an expert. It isn't a common-sense need at all.

Doing this at all at this juncture is in many ways a considerable sacrifice. For one thing, it means I'll be blowing the enormous amount of work in incomplete writing.

But with luck it may be the best thing that has happened to us yet.

Are you disposed to help?

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg