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Resumed just before mail time 11/16/74

I will continue with where I left off when I had to leave for Washington yesterday morning because I think some of these early experiences may interest you. Remember, I was just a kid then and it was, as I now look back on it, part of a very special education. It is these and subsequent experiences that influence my conscious and unconscious thought today.

Last night was full of phoned interruptions, none any I wanted or needed. Mostly about what I'm told is a friendly article in The Village Voice. That and something over 50¢ will get me a gallon of gas.

The issue joined with Bud is, as my enclosures do not indicated, deliberately I knew that his sick ego would not permit him to admit to himself that he made the grossest misjudgement in declining to authorize an obviously needed investigation even when he has thrice used the work that I know he will recall and I do. I also know that he is incredibly cheap, more so for a man rich by birth, not accomplishment.

This and what it means and the playboy attitude toward the case has to end. Once we were past the hearing that he fucked up incredibly despite the good record Jim and I really made was the time to have it out.

And it is not by any means only that I refuse to accept any more of this personal abuse. I could and I would. It is years long. It is that I want to win this case and want what it can mean. It may be impossible unless Bud changes. That is improbable because the reasons for his wrong ways are emotional, egotistical. He is sick.

Thus it is probable that he or I will be out of the case. I'm torn on this because I'd rather be doing other work. But Jim can't handle it alone.

The worst part of the Playboy business is not on paper. The writer has already made an approach on helping the defense. Bud knows this because I had to tell him. He thus also knows that if they decide to do it he is not at all necessary to the case. I would suppose that the odds are against it even if McKinley is influential there. And there is what Bud does not know about, a deal for a joint interview with Jim and me to be the second article. It is, I believe, conditional upon the first. And there is no reasonable objection to the first. Rather can it be used to take the initiative and that quite properly and within the legal norms.

But the real issue is success. Bud was supposed to have opened this hearing with two motions, one for dismissal of all charges on the basis of provable and since proven irreparable violation of Ray Constitutional rights. My proof is overwhelming. The second was to have been - and his partner prepared it - a motion on all surveillance of the defense team. You may recall that I laid the basis in the judge's mind with the use of the convenient opportunity Henry Haile gave me. He never discussed that he would not do this. He merely didn't. This was worse than cowardice. It was defeatism. We lost nothing by being turned down. It is within the mandate of the 6th circuit. It could have given all the finks and the judge the out they all need. And worse, it put us on the defensive throughout the entire hearing, with the record suffering and the possibility of the State's pulling and getting away with all sorts of dishonesties and loading the record with them in a way that can have very bad consequences.

In fact, when this became apparent in addition to starting work on the trial before I left Memphis I made arrangements with two top lawyers there, one civil and the other criminal in specialty, for expositions of applicable law and legal thinking that Lesar now has, having gotten it from both, complete with citations, the morning after Bud left.

So, I expect Jim to include these motions in the papers he will draft. And it to give Bud a very hard time if he opposes it or dilutes it.

Can you understand what it could have meant for there to have been a court order for a full disclosure of all surveillance when I have proofs in hand?

Or what it means for this yellow-livered playboy to have thrown it away?

The whole thing is worse than Ellsberg and we had enough major-media there. All three nets, the Times, LA Times and the Post and both wire services, plus as were the latter two specimens.

I hope I am not proud with justification of my performance despite these worries and handicaps and a violent and successful fight to prevent a copout the night of 10/18, but it showed to the perceptive eyes of total strangers. I've mentioned Martin. Yesterday I received an eight-line note from Nick Chriss, shorter because it is four grafts. This is about a third of it, "I'm glad we got together for a drink in Memphis before anyone split off. I thought you needed to relax a little, and I'm glad you enjoyed yourself." (He concludes with a personal compliment.) Martin saw it, Nick did, and I'd never seen either before. So, it showed.

When the State and the Memphis establishment couldn't read me during discovery, and it was a really rough deal, this gives me a reading on myself. And what is required.

What is required means making an effort to ease the load a bit. The trial will be much worse, much harder, much, ever so much, more dangerous.

More so because it isn't and can't be secret that I've made inroads into "the other side." There was retaliation against the lawyer who befriended me, as I've told you.

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He still does.

And this is where I began when I had to leave for a new tooth crown and new lenses and what I could improvise besides this short meeting with Bud. Included is a mention in the publication of the Reporters' Committee on Freedom of the Press and selling 500 copies of the new book to the District's major distributor, if you saw the Potomac article, District News. Even arranging free delivery through a picket line. Of truck drivers.

So, despite these pressures, I can still operate. But the pressures are building too much and I have to address them. I do it my way, what is natural for me. If I try artificialities or compromises I am lost.

I don't think I'm just an angry old bastard.

And there are also rather heavy other pressures with which I have to contend. Much more than just tiredness.

The mail has come and I must attend to it.

11/17 Developments in yesterday's mail drove this recollection from mind and interest. I ought not leave you in suspense about the one man who had faith in me. He was sort of a National Labor Relations Board troubleshooter and an unofficial adviser to this committee, where he was respected because of his earlier work with the Interchurch World Movement. Mornen. Heber Blankenhorn. Blank alone had the vision to see what I'd seen, these fake "citizens' committees" as the replacement of nobles, finks and strikebreakers, Hill & Knowlton for the Pearl (man) Berghoffs, inkertons, etc. And my evaluation of the fink within his home. Proven by others a year later. Perhaps this was my earliest experience with being framed and with physical danger. I was exposing killers and these guys were their white-collared fronts.

In any event, I'm not unmindful, not frightened, if not quite never then rarely concerned and when I give the situation thought it is in terms of personal and files survival. My learning that an honest man without power can survive against the corrupt powerful began when Martin Dies' outfit framed me. They haven't printed my testimony! I investigated them. And you know about the grand jury. These were pretty tough characters, too, and I then lived in what even then was a ghetto, 3 & H NW.

In any event, I have no real alternative, not while I remain able anyway. I look around and see nobody doing what I can and only two with whom I've associated who have learned how, one currently unable to do anything, the other too busy to do other than he does. And I see the need. So I also see nothing else. No choice.

Best regards,

