

Dear Dave,

9/14/80

Last night, for the first time in years, I enjoyed a wonderful luxury I've not indulged for years: I just sat back in peace, relaxed, and thought for a couple of hours. It led to some new thoughts about the King assassination book about which I'd like your opinion. It is a by-product of going to the hospital tomorrow.

For the past week or so, not knowing what restrictions I'll be under when I get back, I've been preparing for fall/winter and getting other things caught up outside. The mowing is completed until the grass and weeds need cutting again, probably two weeks this time of the year despite today's predicted 95 high. All the planned spraying is done. The cardboards I'd had scattered to choke weeds near the pool are ready for burning, the ~~bricks~~ ^{bricks} that held them down are piled again, and the logs that keep some leaves and pine needles out of the pool are all in place. Modest exercise but as usual it made me feel good when at dark last night I realized that none of these chores await me today.

So I sat down to sip a Scotch, relax and listen to the regular Saturday night jazz music that the American University station broadcasts, which happened to be of only selections I like very much by artists I've always liked.

From time to time my mind wandered and soon it was on what I plan to do with my time after surgery, while I'm flat on my back. I have two books for reading and a steno's notebook for note-making. If they don't have a butterfly hypo needle in the right hand as before for taking blood samples and injection of heparin, I must, if this is necessary, try to get them to do it with the left hand.

I planned to expand the short outline of the book and as I got to thinking about that I began to wonder about what I'd decided not to include and some of the new and pertinent info I have.

The book concept now is quite simple: the official allegations about how the crime was committed laid out and then the new and suppressed evidence on each point. Begin with a chapter of the old ms, Dead in Battle, a pun, what died when Judge Battle died, the trial for which he was drafting the proper paper. The conclusion is built in--there was a Frame-Up, with more than Ray framed.

As I was thinking about your idea that I satisfy the finks of pseudo-scholarship by copious notes I also got to thinking about some of this very pertinent material, never used, in part from the JFK files² how the FBI controls cases like these. I have some great stuff, too. The problem with it is that adequate treatment requires more length than one normally expects from notes. So I wondered about the Commission solution to this, an appendix that includes text. On this I'd like your opinion.

Examples are the flink writers, especially Huxie, Frank and Bishop, all of whom wrote sycophantic books and two of whom the FBI considered having writing the officially unofficial book. I have the records. On Huxie I have his selling out from the outset, amplification of what was edited out of Frame-Up. He bought the defense and never intended any defense, only conviction after exclusive confession to him. He tried to buy little favors from the FBI by giving it what he got from Ray as he got it. He got nothing from it.

Then this means the DeLoach operation, never gone into in any book of which I know.

Oh, yes, O'Leary must be included because the FBI's operation with him and Readers Digest turned the case and Ray around.

If it would not be awkward having texts of varying lengths, virtual chapters in the appendix, the main text could be largely restricted to the simple concept stated above.

But I also wondered whether this would be anti-climactic to the average reader, assuming I can do anything with the ms after completion.

The effect might be of two inter-related books, one on the crime and the FBI and the other on the FBI nobody knows, the mechanics already on place and how it controlled what could and did happen. As I'm writing this, it suggests an appendix chapter on the FOIA case by which I got the stuff.

If it is to appear this way, should I structure it that way, as with some of the other books, Book I, Book II, etc.?

I like the idea of keeping the account of the non-investigation of the crime compared with the results of the non-investigation, all new, save that I figured it out exactly right in 1971, as simple, as direct and as powerful as possible, a blunderbuss of suppressed

evidence from the FBI's own files, largely in facsimile in the normal appendix and perhaps some excerpts in the text. (If I use what I'd like to the appendix will be enormous, meaning also costly, but so very powerful! All those records on where the shots really came from, all those proving that Ray's car was not there and never had been where the official mythology had it. The lab work and the lab work not done. None are long, most of less than a page, and I think the effect would be overwhelming.)

I fear, and in terms of length to the appendix and textual appendix/Book II I do mean fear, that adequate and I think naturally spectacular treatment will come to a considerable length as I think of more and more while I'm lying there in the hospital with that rare and precious thing, time to think.

Understand by this that what I am saying is that to the FBI's knowledge and to the later knowledge of the official Departmental re-investigators, each and every essential fact was knowingly and deliberately misrepresented - that not one was as alleged and that no single one of the four re-investigations had any criticism of this. Virtually the only correct statement is that King was killed. How he was killed and by whom is untruthful, ~~was~~ knowingly untruthful, the the FBI's and the Department's knowledge.

Ray, by the way, will not emerge as another Dreyfus.

Any thoughts you (and by a carbon JDW) have will be appreciated. No hurry because, alas, there will remain some needs in litigation that will take time by the time I'm home, and absent some compelling reason for change, I want the main text or the first book to be restricted to the crime as alleged compared with as the suppressed records say it was actually pulled off. I want this to be as simple as the treatment of actual evidence can be for the average reader. I think it can be simple and comprehensible enough, as I think the earlier books are.

Reminds me of a pleasant thing that happened last night, just as I was bedding down. A stranger phoned. As a kid he'd gotten and read Whitewash. He had just reread it and was astounded. At its definitiveness, at how it has stood the test of time, how none has been rebutted, at its comprehensiveness, etc. He said it reads like a detective story.

I hope it isn't lost in the great mass of the file on the first book, but it was
runner-up in the mystery ~~writers~~ ^{competition} writers' 1966 ~~competition~~ and I did not enter it or even
know that there is an annual mystery writers' award.

I don't know how relaxed I'll be after the anesthesia wears off because I'm going to
kick cigarettes then. In addition to the normal stress of eliminating an addiction, my
thinking time has always been my most intense smoking time.

Speaking of relaxation, Lil has gotten us both hooked on something that has been a
change and has been relaxing, although my mind still wanders from its influence. It may
amuse you.

Because my legs are almost never not tightly encased the doctor had suggested that
I let them get air for about an hour before bed, when I change from the tighter and
specially-made Jobst supports to the usual, full-length surgical hose. So what I'd
been doing is beginning the hour with washing the Jobst, which should be done daily and
hygienized in a particular way that means for 10-minute intervals between the stages,
and spending the first 10 minutes in the pool. Then each interval I'd read with my legs
up. One night when I didn't feel like reading Lil suggested the Oriole's baseball game
she'd seen in the TV program. She turned it on and then she got to watching it. She is
now the baseball fan of the family. More properly, Oriole fan. She began enjoying it when
she knew nothing at all about it. Now that she has asked the difference between a double
and a double-play, her enjoyment is greatly enhanced. When there is no telecast, we take
it in on radio. It began about a month ago, when the Orioles clobbered the Yankees and came
back from about 12 games behind. (The Yankees have recovered from this better than the
injury-beset Orioles, who also indulged a slump from which they have not yet recovered.)
The Yankees are mercenaries and individual self-seekers to Lil, the Orioles symbolize
team effort, or good, to her, and largely she is correct. When the Orioles are right they
are the personification of ^{self} selfless team effort. What also may amuse and reflects the
totality of the commercialism of the sport, the game in Toronto yesterday should never have
been played because of rain. It was delayed an hour and then in the last of the 5th for
another hour and a half. When it was played it was such fog the fielders couldn't see the ball!