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Please deliver immediately

To:	Professor Martin	Fax:	(202) 806-8428
Firm:	Howard University	Telephone:	(202) 806-8163

From: Daina L. Groskaufmanis

Date: January 12, 1998

Time:

Re:

File No: 9999 1

User No: 244

Total Pages Sent (including this cover sheet): 11

MESSAGE: Thank you for speaking with me. I will pass your comments on to Valerie.

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12/27/97

Dear Valerie,

The following represents an adaptation of a "statement" I was advised to prepare in defense of a "stalking" charge allegedly pressed against me by one of the professors at Howard University law school. As a consequence, its contents embody the line of reasoning for this presentation to you. As it occurred, no charge was in fact leveled against me, rendering the counsel void. Conclusively, I am passing the circumstances on to you for evaluation and possible resolve. My belief in this possibility comes to light as I gain impression with your interpretation of the issues

concerning the entire legal community and the proposed "creative problem-solving" assessment and resolution of that particular equation. You remind me of a fictional character named "Geneva Crenshaw."

Initially, my purpose here is to apologize to Professor Dawn ~~Atkins~~ Valore Martin. It was not my intention to "stalk" or otherwise intimidate her in any fashion, shape or form. This experience was based on a misidentification and nothing more.

Over the past several years, I have been attempting to discover the identity of a woman I had seen at the University of Iowa law school.

This person gave me reason to believe that she is my natural wife. At the present, however, I am aware that she was once the wife of a man named Valdemar Edwards. I had met both Valdemar and his wife, Valerie, at a "home" for children called Lakeside School, which is in Spring Valley, N.Y. Valdemar had worked as a "houseparent" in the "unit" or "cottage" where I had lived as a student at the school.

As events will occur, however, I had not recognized the woman in the lobby of the law school as Valerie Edwards definitively; and so since have been, in effect, cast at sea

(as Ishmael) upon an awesome voyage and quest, including what could be perceived as monsters and trials and tests allegedly found only in literature, myths and fairy tales. Perhaps the mythical god Poseidon grew angry with both Valerius and me, -- Valdemar being a mythical son of Neptune; and, as a consequence, it became necessary for me to prove my superior worth over and above Valdemar through unbelievable trials and tests, and even confrontations with monsters, found allegedly only in allegory. This is obviously conjecture, but a certain reality exists here within the facts. Whether that reality is truth or not, I am not qualified to say, but I believe that you, Valerius Edwards, are. Thus I issue this essay to you

with confidence. For with respect to my critical examination within the field of jurisprudence and its related areas, I have found the article "Stress and the Practice of Law" to be the reflection of a profound intellect and of wise counsel comparable with the premeditations of the main character, "Geneva Crenshaw," in the book entitled And We Are Not Saved, by Derrick Bell. With regard to Valdemar, and measuring Valerie Edwards as Geneva Crenshaw, it appears that Valerie believed that with her help, I would have the potential to walk as a savior on earth and in fact "save" the black American masses from destruction and doom. This is very large commentary here as I pause in reflection.

Nevertheless, and in spite of this, there are a couple of simple reasons

responsible for the initiation of the awesome journey toward the discovery of my natural wife. According to my memory, the Valerie Edwards I had known in the past was not as tall nor as heavy as the woman at the law school; and, as far as I was concerned, Valerie Edwards was happily married to Valdemar and living somewhere in N.Y.C. Verily, it appeared that this Valerie Edwards look-alike was actually a taller, more youthful, prettier and ~~§~~ (forgive me for saying) more voluptuous woman than the Valerie Edwards whom I had met and had known at Lakeside.

As it were, it was a cold, winter evening that a black American law professor from Harvard University had come to the University of Iowa to deliver a lecture on his recently published book entitled And We Are Not Saved. I had not

known of the lecture and so did not attend it. I was simply on my way to the law library to gain access into the field of jurisprudence, which was a new line of study for me. On March 5, 1988, therefore, at approximately 9pm, I entered the lobby of the law school at the University of Iowa. There was a group of 25 to 30 individuals in the lobby enjoying refreshments and discussing the contents of the lecture. The lecturer, Derrick Bell, was sitting at a table signing copies of his book, and as I entered the front door, I paused. It was unusual to observe a congregation of black Americans in the lobby of the law school, as black Americans comprised less than 1% of the student body. I paused, therefore, to observe the unusual happening.

I recognized the majority

of the people present, as most of them were either students, professors or administrators at the university. Just before me, however, stood a woman of uncommon physical characteristics. Wearing high heels -- which Valerie Edwards normally did not wear -- she stood about 6'4" tall. She wore her long, straight, jet black hair up in a bun. Her features were severe and of far eastern Indian descent, describing extremely pronounced eye brows and extravagant eyelashes, deep and richly black; her nose described a hook shape at its bridge with a sharp, long shaft that reminded me of the character "Pinocchio" on a humorous level and as an owl on a more serious level. The truth is, I had never looked Valerie Edwards full in the face, on account of painful bashfulness -- while enamored by her person and both distracted and infatuated with her legs -- and so

was not aware of her exact facial features. And at the time of my entrance into the lobby of the law school, the woman described above responded in a manner that caused me to believe her to be my natural wife. This response put me at ease, making me feel at home. She also appeared to feel quite comfortable and at home in the environment. And because she was conversational and social with the law students and law professors in particular, I was convinced that she was active, professionally, in the field of law.

Since I had not attended the lecture, I did not attempt to join in the discussions and only paused briefly to greet her & then moved on. I was sure it would be only a matter of days before I would contact her. Nevertheless, in the weeks & months that followed, I approached one black law student after another, and one

black professor after another, and one black administrator after another without being able to discover the identity of the woman described above. As time went on, I approached Derrick Bell who likewise denied having any knowledge of the woman's identity. I then read the book And We Are Not Saved. The woman's description is recorded in the text as the physical definition of its main character, "Geneva Crenshaw."

My difficulty in getting anyone in the black American academic community to pass me any information pertaining to the identity of the woman stems from two basic points. Foremost, I am a black American writer -- of a revolutionary bend -- who has graduated from the #1 writing program in the country: the Program in Creative Writing at the University of Iowa. My assessment of narrative focuses on the novel, short story and play forms of fiction.

Thereafter my potential as a writer surpasses that of all the major black American writers up to date, while my range of legitimacy as representative black American spokesman is international in scope, considering the prior presentation of Malcolm X. Thus, a professional revolutionary stance by me as a writer, as opposed to the conservative, civil rights stance of contemporary black American intellectualism and leadership, would be of grave premeditation and of primary concern for those with their hands in the cookie jar: the black middle class. All of this I had not known at the time.

It had come upon me by degrees only as time had drawn on; for it was found that the woman described above, Valerie Edwards, and the black ~~revolutionary~~ revolutionary character, "Geneva Crenshaw," are one and the same person.

Thus, in premeditation of the

as trials, tests, and even confrontations with monsters so representative of a fairy tale.

Nevertheless, I remain aware of the possible fear and insecurity that could be sustained by an individual who may feel threatened by a sudden & unexpected communication from an unknown person. And I harbor keen and acute sensitivity for Professor Martin and offer apology over and over against this intrusion into her person. Moreover, I have run out of possible names to pursue and so remain unfound; such that the previous and haphazardous method of my personal inquisition will cease all together, that none others experience the trepidation allotted Professor Martin so briefly. For during the course of my trials, I have learned that the human being, when necessary, is creative enough to provide adequate (if not ideal)

Companionship in solus, toward the coveted disposition of a healthy and wholehearted adjustment to the stages or conditions in life.

And with that, Valerie, I lean the circumstances toward your front for evaluation and resolve. I am here in Washington, D.C., a homeless savior. HURRY to me for, if anybody, I NEED to be saved,

Yours truly,
Leonard Harrison
Leonard Harrison

AMM
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