

Rt. 12, Frederick, Md. 21701
7/31/76

Mr. John Goshko
Newsroom
The Washington Post
1150 15 St., NW
Washington, D.C. 20005

Dear Mr. Goshko,

Your Held series has more interest for me than for most readers because of some experiences I had in Minneapolis in ^{mid} May 1968, when I spoke at the university on "The Integrity of Our Society." Long before then the outlines of what we now know as Cointelpro were visible and there were some proofs.

While the spooks have an interest in all those generally called "critics" of the Warren Report, I seem to be in a different category because my work has nothing to do with whodunits and for a decade has been devoted to bringing suppressed official evidence to light. For some years I have given it to the press as soon as I obtained it. George Lardner and Bill Claiborne are among those at the Post who can confirm this to you. I have used the Freedom of Information Act more than any other person and in all cases with success. Including three current cases. In no case have I indulged idle curiosity and in no case have I not known that what I sought existed and what it had to show.

Not until I had solid proofs of their improper activities with regard to me and my work did I start asking for the files on me. With the FBI this meant 1969, the CIA 1971, other agencies other dates. There has been a pretty solid stone wall. However, I have been patient, I have kept after them and before long I will have them in court.

This is to explain how it could be helpful to me and to further exposure of and efforts to end these authoritarian practices if by any chance you came across anything that can be relevant or if your sources can provide it.

My appearance in Minneapolis was sponsored by the University of Minnesota. The advance work was extensive enough for it to have included several TV tapings, a 17-hour stint on an all-talk radio station and a press conference, all announced in advance. The announcements included what I'd be talking about, anti-democratic spooking by federal agencies.

At the press conference there was a "reporter" known to no other reporter present. The radio marathon coincided with a tornado alert and car trouble for the graduate student who drove me around. He now runs a clinic there if you'd want to talk to him. He had to make several trips to a nearby garage. Each time he saw a pair of men sitting quietly throughout the storm in a car. The garage professed no knowledge of these men. What little sleeping time I had was interrupted by phone calls when nobody supposedly knew where I was staying. I didn't until I got there. In the university audience there were older people, which is not uncommon within my experience. In that case it included several men sitting together with a tape recorder poorly hidden rather than unhidden. When young men and little old ladies in tennis shoes needed them they were embarrassed. Their presence was reported to the university faculty member present and to me, I asked the university if it would give them a dub of the tape the university was making, and I then had what I thought was some fun with them. I spelled names out and said it was for them, things like that.

Part of the time surveillance was overt.

During the speech I went into the FBI's withholding of evidence from the Warren Commission. This turn on a young man in the audience. By a remarkable coincidence he had been on vacation in New Orleans and on the scene when Oswald was arrested in an incident precipitated by anti-Castro Cubans. This kid had some of it of movie film. He had given his film to the FBI. He said they ~~had~~ edited it and given him a copy rather than his original. We went to his apartment and then to a projection booth. I viewed the film. It was for real and the FBI not only had not given the film to the Commission - it did not report having it, either.

Instead of taking the film with me I asked the graduate student to have a copy made and return the student's film to him. I also made arrangements for some stills to be made from it.

I left Minneapolis that evening. The graduate student and I both saw my luggage go down the right chute. That night I was to have a meeting with some medical and legal faculty members of the University of Kansas, Kansas City, the plane's first stop. I had no luggage. There was no word of it when I left on an early-morning flight, either.

Braniff was so embarrassed it had the manager meet me at New Orleans. After midnight the following night he delivered my luggage at the home of a friend, then a ~~one-~~ week photographer. He was candid in saying that none of the story he had been given was credible. It had been found in a city to which his line does not fly and in very bad condition. The contents of my four-suiter was a shambles and it had been ruined. Not a piece of paper remained in it. I had a brand new Royal portable. The case was perfect but the machine was ruined, each major part of the frame broken. I'm sure my local Royal dealer will remember this. I had a brand new VOM cassette recorder that had been fixed with more imagination. It would playback fine but did not record. I discovered this by accident, when interviewing a woman with a thin voice. I wanted to check the pickup and learned there was none. I had to junk the typewriter but I still have the tape recorder. Perhaps the local merchant will still recall the number of times he asked for factory to correct the fault. It could not. I have had that machine equipped for playing tapes I want to dub. I think that after eight years it does not have a scratch on it.

Perhaps it is only coincidence but most of my preplanned work on that trip centered around an informant I had turn on, an extremely valuable source for me. This informant became and remained my informant, leading me to such things as a perjury before the Warren Commission. This persisting perjury, proof of which I obtained through this informant, is central to the Church-Schwartz JFK assassination report. And the last I heard of that informant was from jail.

There is no doubt that in court I will establish interferences with my first-amendment rights. I have proofs in hand. Another Post reporter has seen them in confidence. If I do not keep this confidential I'll not be able to use it effectively in court. That federal agency still pretends it does not exist.

If you think any of this is paranoid, feel free to speak to my lawyer, Jim Lesar, 485 484-6023.

I hope you can see that if you have any information that can be relevant and you do not have to keep confidential, it can be of value, and not only to me.

I'm sorry about the typing. I had a heavy phlebitis last year. Since then I have to type with my legs horizontal. When I was in Washington yesterday I phoned but you were not in. Nor was George, with whom I'd have left a message. We have only one mail a day. It goes and comes at the same time. I can barely make it now. My reason for wanting this to reach you speedily is that I have to be in Washington again Thursday if you should want to speak to me.

Thanks for anything you may be able to do. And for the worthwhile pieces.

Sincerely,
Harold Weisberg