

Mr. Oliver Stone
Camelot (into Hades) Productions
11255 Olympic Blvd.,
Los Angeles CA 90064

10/30/91

Dear Mr. Stone,

In today's mail I received a copy of the Dallas Morning News interview with you published April 14, 1991. In it you say, "Harold Weisberg ... in Washington has helped us." What I omitted in quotation is the title of one of my books inserted by the paper.

This was two months after you got my February 8 letter and is a disgusting lie, another of your endless dishonesties and unscrupulousness in what will inevitably be the most indecent exploitation and commercialization you have promoted as your expression of love for the man you disgrace by calling him your godfather.

As I told you before, I consider your connecting me with this sleaze defamatory.

What a scum you are!

I sat and thought about this and the rest of your lies and self-promotions, thought back over what I can recall of 78 years in which I guarded Nazi and Fascist prisoners; exposed Nazi cartels and necessarily had dealings with some of the people involved in them; exposed native nazis and knew some of them, necessarily; had memorable dealings with the Dies committee - in short, I was comparing you with some of the most wretched apologies for human beings I've known, and I've known some very bad ones - and I can't think of many as rotten, as indecent, as unprincipled, or as worthy of contempt.

I can't remember one who was as unabashed, as uninhibited a liar as you.

You don't tell the truth even by accident.

The vilest Shakespearian epithets would praise you.

I am not Merlin (your "Camelot" exploitation, along with the inappropriate title, "JFK") so I cannot remember the future. and with all of the corruption of which you are part, in which bad becomes good, your evil may succeed in the ways you measure success, self-promotion and dirty money.

But if there is justice, if you get what you really deserve, then you will have the disaster you have earned and you will have tarnished those Oscars as nobody could do for you.

I would tell you to go to hell only your presence there would make it a more abominable, intolerable place.

With unlimited contempt,



Harold Weisberg