

HAROLD WEISBERG

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Dr. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
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33 West 42 St.,
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Dear Dr. Schlesinger,

Among the innumerable outrages and indecencies in Max Holland's total abandonment of all principles of responsible writing and of scholarship in the current *The Nation*, one of the most offensive to me is his joining the campaign to hold John and Robert Kennedy responsible for the President's assassination. His reference to you on page 654 leads me to send you relevant CIA records disclosed to me under date of February 14, 1969 only because of their referral from the FBI. By then the CIA had contrived a scheme for disclosing nothing at all to me. The record is clear: no Kennedy was involved in or was aware of the CIA's efforts to kill Castro. A few similar pages released to me earlier have disappeared from the file.

Posner's is perhaps the most intendedly dishonest of all the assassination books. The rough draft of my book on this, Hoax, is currently being retyped. I expect it to appear early next year. Unlike NEVER AGAIN! I am not concerned that what may be edited out might be significant information.

Based on the information I was able to obtain almost two decades ago I included in Post Mortem what amounted to a campaign to get Robert Kennedy to endorse the Warren Report before it was written. It is in Chapter 27, "Hades - Not Camelot." I'll send the book separately. All the evidence is, I believe properly, that he was completely divorced from the investigation. To say that he is responsible for withholdings from the Commission is an infamous lie. The campaign to get him to endorse the unwritten Report seems to have been led by one he had reason to trust, Howard Willens, his own employee. Willens was the Commission's third in rank on its staff and its liaison with Justice. As soon as he was working for the Commission he saw to it that the index being prepared of the Commission's record was killed as not necessary. His last public attention of which I am aware is as one of Caspar Weinberger's lawyers.

That Holland made no effort to seek confirmation of anything or any reason to question anything he wrote confirms to me all over again that there is no people who can't happily staff a KGB or a Gestapo or an operation like Goebbels'. Holland, Kai Bird and I both were here and copied whatever they wanted when their book in McCloy was being researched. Holland knew where he could get a peer review but like Random House and Posner, he wanted none.

This letter requires no response. Again, apologies for my typing.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

prop of President Clinton and his corporate allies.

In October *The Wall Street Journal* reported that 49 percent of Americans believed manufacturing jobs would be lost to Mexico if the treaty passes; a month earlier 74 percent thought so. (About this the paper's Alan Murray said, "Things are moving in the right direction.") So the Clinton-corporate propaganda seems to be working—at least on those not in thrall to muscle-bound labor. In Mexico, meanwhile, an independent pollster reports that 77 percent of Mexicans supported NAFTA in 1990, as against 47 percent earlier this year.

Here is a glimmer of that longed-for solidarity between working classes north and south. When you look at the slim coverage that there has been on opposition, it's clear that once you remove Perot (in the last analysis, probably a boon to the NAFTA lobby) you have people of the same class relative to their societies taking a common stand against what is after all a common enemy.

And Yes, NAFTA and Satanic Abuse

Naturally enough Gore did not scruple to play the immigration card, with its racist intimation that NAFTA will stem the brown tide. The Clinton gang—Reno to the fore—are touting the immigration issue particularly in California, where a curious ally in this unwholesome enterprise may be found in the person of Joan Baez.

In her recent song about satanic abuse, "Play Me Backwards," Baez has the words "There's a sacrifice in an empty church/Of sweet li'l baby Rose/And a man in a mask from Mexico is peeling off my clothes."

The notion that satanic abuse came across the border from Mexico (paired with another version, having it imported by a Jew from Europe) goes back to the so-called WICCA Letters, discussed by David Alexander in *The Humanist* for March/April 1990. (WICCA here stands for Witches International Coven Council, the "a" having no explanation.) These cognates of the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion" surfaced in the early 1980s in a report for a fundamentalist periodical, *Exodus*, by Dave Gaerin, a sheriff's deputy in San Diego who claimed to have decoded them. They supposedly record a meeting of the Covintern in Mexico in 1981, intent on subverting the United States and attaining world domination through satanic abuse in day care centers.

All we need now is an alliance between Baez and Catharine MacKinnon, who lives the other side of the Santa Cruz Mountains from J.B., in Half Moon Bay, home of Horse Boy.

Recently in *Ms.* MacKinnon offered a ghastly account of torture and murder in Serbian-occupied Croatia and concluded, "Change the politics or religion, and victims of ritual abuse in this country [the United States] report the same staged sexual atrocities ending in sacrifice."

Thirty Years On: Lee and Mom

Samori Marksman calls from WBAI in New York. He wishes me to attend "a special showing of Oliver Stone's *JFK* in New York, and then participate in a round-table discussion." I tell him that I wouldn't cross the road outside my house in Humboldt County, California, to participate in a round-table

discussion of *JFK*, since we are not talking about logic here but religious faith.

Marksman tries to lure me with the suggestion that I could discuss the parallels between the young J.F.K. as President and Bill Clinton. In fact there are parallels. Both were seen at equivalent stages of their tenure as performing poorly. But if Clinton were to be shot dead outside a McDonald's Hamburger Depository tomorrow, would he be lamented as the lost paladin of the Western world?

Perhaps one day Lee Harvey Oswald will be properly recognized as a leftist who came to the conclusion that the only way to relieve the pressure on Cuba and obstruct the attempts to murder Castro was by killing President Kennedy. In this calculation he was correct. A year and a half after the killing in Dallas, L.B.J. suspended the C.I.A.'s assassination bids. He privately denounced the "Murder Inc." that the Kennedys had been running in the Caribbean. Oswald's ambush was one of the few effective assassinations in the history of such enterprises. Too bad that this radical exponent of the propaganda of the deed should now be traduced by assassination buffs as a creature of the right, the pawn and tool of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

In 1973, for the tenth anniversary of the Kennedy assassination, the BBC commissioned me to interview all the "women of the assassination," starting with Jackie O. I explained that it was unlikely Mrs. O. would accede to my requests for a tête-à-tête, and most of the others might also resist. In the end I interviewed Judge Sarah Hughes, who swore in L.B.J. on the plane back to Washington, and Oswald's mother, Marguerite. Mrs. Oswald told me on the phone that she would consent only to be photographed—three times, three exposures, that is, without changing posture, for a price of \$1,000.

A photographer called Bob flew out from London at the expense of the BBC. Like many press photographers, he talked tirelessly and grossly about sex. When we checked into the motel in Dallas he addressed the woman behind the desk: "Say, where can we get some pussy in this town?"

When we met Mrs. Oswald at her modest house in Fort Worth, Bob bowed low, kissed her hand and told her that the last person of such note he had captured on film was the Pope. He asked "as a privilege" whether he could make her portrait. He sounded like a bishop saying his prayers.

Marguerite was charmed. Bob took hundreds of shots, in scores of poses. I interviewed her at length. Money was not mentioned. Then Bob suggested some exterior shots. Mrs. Oswald brightened. "The neighbors won't like it, but what the hell. I like you boys. I'll put on my disguise, like when I go out researching. My Jackie Kennedy disguise, with the head scarf." She was hefty. Her second husband had divorced her, saying she used to knock him about. Her third husband, Lee's father, died in 1964. Marguerite herself passed on in 1981.

The next day Bob suggested we stake out Marina Oswald and then confront her with camera and notebook. But I'd had enough. We flew back to New York, passing over Memphis, where, Bob advised me, there was "great pussy" for those who knew the ropes.

