

Mr. Edward Dmytryk
25820 Pioma Rd.
Calabassa, Ca. 91302

Rt. 12, Frederick, Md. 21701
7/23/76

Dear Mr. Dmytryk,

Your letter of the 20th is qualified throughout with evasions. Plainly put I don't believe you.

So you wont believe I am calling you a liar without reason to believe you are I'll explain. I have been through experiences like yours and do not have to assume the reaction to it and how it impresses details on the mind. In some ways, because of the course you elected, if there was not a greater trauma there were other incidents it simply can't be believed ^{not} were/imperishably impressed on your mind. And in addition to investigative experience I have been an intelligence analyst. In my opinion and by official decoration a good one. I have devoted, in addition, 13 of the most intensive years to analyzing the spook mind and testing this in writing and in court. There is what is probably a unique endorsement in the courts in the number of negatives I have proven against the FBI and CIA and Department of Justice lawyers.

From your letter I take it you have some conscience and it troubles you at least a little. Thus you contrive what I did not suggest and is not the fact: that you came to me for material to be used in the writings of others. For this purpose I would never have given that great amount of work away, obviously. I did it for my writing. That you ended.

I retain a pretty fair memory, so I'll refresh your mind. You came with Charles Kramer. He was a Senate investigator on the Civil Liberties Committee with me. (We had no social contact and thus I had no way of reaching him when you did not return the files.) Obviously you and Kramer had some way of knowing or meeting each other. I then lived at 2322 N. Nottingham St., Arlington, Va. That was just off Lee Highway, downhill, on the right or west side coming from Washington. You parked on the road steeply at an angle or drove into a driveway below the house and climbed brick steps I laid to get to the house, a small Cape Cod bungalow painted white with green trim. The front door gave directly into the living room, where Kramer introduced us. After he explained your need to defend yourself and your fellows of the IO I led you to a single large room on the second floor. It ran the width of the house, parallel with the street. It was paneled entirely with pine and had sloping ceilings coinciding with the slant of the roof. There were two dormers along the front. The vertical to the floor all along the front made for closet space. It was to the closet to the right that I led you and Kramer and from which I removed all those files. That part of the room was furnished as a bedroom, with a maple bed. The floor also was pine.

As I identified the files you and Kramer decided which you wanted from my description or in some cases cursory examination. There was much more than you could use. What you took included a complete set of bound clippings dealing with the UnAmericans and their hearings. These were in black three-ring notebooks, semi-soft imitation leather. Those clippings were from all the Washington papers and out-of-town papers ranging from the Wall Street Journal and the New York Times to the Daily Worker and other left sources. These volumes were so numerous that when I lived in downtown Washington and compiled them they took up at least a full shelf as wide as the small desk over which those shelves were. (You did not take the card index which I still have in as I recall five full shoeboxes.) There was also a complete copy of every voucher accounting for every penny all the Un-Americans had spent in any way, from salaries and travel of office expenses and witness fees. There was also a word-by word comparison of an alleged UnAmerican "report" with the newsletter from which it was plagiarized, faithful to all type graphical and grammatical errors. The files with which you left are neither common nor easily forgotten.

There is no way in which they can be replaced except by their return or by copies.

They also cannot be obtained by any other means because after what I did it was made impossible for any to have access to such record.

The volume alone precluded their use in writing. Nobody could possibly have spent the time reading them for a story. If you had~~x~~ borrowed them for mere literary purposes it might be true that you might not remember, as you claim - only in the sense of literary use - "not a writer, I was not involved in preparing any articles, etc."

So jog your memory a bit. It was not a writer or a ~~writer~~ lawyer it was you. My wife recalls it, too. I never met any of the 10 or any of your lawyers or any of your supporters of any kind. Not ever.

The most likely explanation, particularly because they were never used in the defense is because you gave them to officials. Consistent with ~~it~~ this is the fact that right after the case of the ten was settled the UnAmericans came to where I was employed, in news, and I lost my job. From then until now it has not been my good fortune to have a regular job, in those days because if I could have gotten one I could not have held it for long.

~~MEM~~ With these reminders perhaps you can recall and tell me to whom you gave my files. I will then undertake to recover them from the government. If there is reluctance I can use the FOIA law, as I have more than any one person ever has. I have the FBI and the CIA in court now. But if I do that it could get unnecessarily sticky. I could sue on a number of grounds but I'd prefer not to have to. I have no interest in scandals of having any develop.

Now on the writers: Bessie is the third I've written. I have no reason to believe that any knew anything about my files. Before learning from Bessie how to reach you I wrote them. It seems a fairly ~~safe~~ safe assumption they did not know of files that could be used in their defense.

Recently I was reminded of Kramer. One of rightist political persuasion sent me some UnAmerican pages on him. I had not known he, too, had been called before them. However, if he is alive these pages can lead me to him, if that becomes necessary.

I hope your recollection is now refreshed and I will face no other necessities.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg

Mr. Harold Weisberg
Route 12, Old Receiver Rd.
Frederick, Md., 21701

DMYTRYK

July 20, 1976

Dear Mr. Weisberg,

You ask me to take a leap back in time which I find impossible to make. I do remember that we, as members of the Hollywood 10, visited several homes near Washington, usually to present our case to interested groups of people. I do not specifically remember a visit to your home.

Since I was the one member of the group who was not a writer, I was not involved in preparing any articles, etc., in relation to our case, making it most unlikely that I would have asked for any research material on UnAmerican activities. It is not surprising, therefore, that I have absolutely no recollection of asking for, or taking away, "cartons" of your work. Certainly, I have had no such material in my possession at any time since 1947.

It is possible that one of the writers, or lawyers, of the group may have asked you for the material, but I have no such recollection, and certainly can't speak for any of them. I am sorry I can be of no further help.

Yours truly,



Mr. Alvah Bessie
P.O. Box 6105
Terra Linda, Ca. 94903

Rt. 12, Frederick, Md. 21701
7/23/76

Dear Bessie,

Your Dmytryk suggestion was very good. Enclosed are his letter and my response.

The pig isn't even a clever liar.

My lawyer, who is just starting practise and is his own typist, too, is too overly busy with serious cases against the government for me to consult him about what I can do as a matter of law about Dmytryk. In time if I must I will. My own belief is that if the statute has not run I'd have to file civil suits in the jurisdiction in which he lives or in mine. A criminal charge would have to be in ~~the~~ Arlington, Va., which I'm sure would not be interested if it were still actionable.

However, if the fink will say what I'm sure you^{are} correct in suspecting, that he turned this over to the feds, I'd leave him alone and go after them. I can anyway, having exhausted my "administrative remedies" under the law. I've been after all their files on me since before the Privacy Act was passed and before the Freedom of Information law was amended.

What a thing it would be to prove that the federal receivers of stolen property kept it!

For some reason they are more uptight about me than say the SWP. The FBI is hard stonewall. I do not think it is entirely because of the rough time I give them in writing and in court. While the CIA has given me a few scraps, only a fraction of what I already had, and is careless and ludicrous, it also is so uptight it regularly gives me evidence against itself.

Maybe this figures in it.

Perhaps none of the 10 has any interest in the past or the pig. But if you know one who knows a lawyer in that jurisdiction, which I take to be Los Angeles from the zip or if you know a lawyer who could be interested, I sure would like to know. It is possible that with a little leaning he would tell if he does not voluntarily. I am confident your belief is a valid one.

The brief description I gave him of what he took is not at all exaggerated. It is understated. It was enough to put Martin Dies in jail then, when he was alive. Can you imagine any writer among the 10 who would have ignored that? Or proof that they had faked a hearing on Consumers' Union for J.B. Mathews & Co. And much more.

Again thanks,