

July 11, 1967

Editor, Evening Standard  
47, Shoe Lane  
London EC 4  
England

Dear Sir,

This euphemism ( for you have done anything <sup>but</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> endear yourself to me) is a flagrant attempt to preserve whatever relations my wonderful and long-suffering agent, Mr. Gordon Harbord, may still enjoy with you. As you know, I have had none, enjoyable or otherwise.

It is a rare event when I take time from my continuing work ( did I hear you ask if I were working of "Son Of Whitewash"?) for correspondence that shows little prospect of serving a constructive purpose, but a cutting of Mr. Jeremy Campbell's article from your June 21 issue is a temptation I just cannot resist, especially because of today's news of the charging of a second NBC newsmen in New Orleans.

As you may recall, if you remember my letter of a year ago in which I extolled his quaint concept of journalistic integrity and the absolutely unique character of his prognostications (it was about Manchester- should I refresh your recollection?), I have a weakness for Mr. Campbell's predictions. They utterly entrance me, so much so that, despite the indubitable justice she did my first acquaintance with miniskirts, I paid but slight attention to his charming wife on the occasion of our first meeting. The fact is, Mr. Campbell's predeliction for predictions and their undeviating quality of separation from reality or probability when he embroils himself, you and your readers with the Kennedy assassination, <sup>etc</sup> ~~etc~~ fascinate me.   
writing

If what has become public since Mr. Campbell's does not discourage you- and if your sole knowledge of it comes from him I presume you are anything but discouraged - I should like to invite you to invite me to write a commentary on Mr.

Campbell's commentary. In advance, among those things I do promise you is a confession of my genuine admiration for the number of shoulders this attractive young man has developed since he blessed our shores (without in any way diminishing his physical attractiveness) and the incredible capacity he has developed for carrying water simultaneously on all of them.

If your response is rapid enough, I might perhaps be able to include a few items not yet public. However, this may be of little import if the British press is fairly represented by Mr. Campbell's said opus, for you then know as little of what is happening and has happened in New Orleans as the reader of almost any American newspaper.

Should my proposal, the modesty of which I proclaim, captivate you as little as I suspect, I have an alternative: on a basis of strict confidence, borrow the copy of my as yet unpublished manuscript THE WHITEWASH: OSWALD IN NEW ORLEANS, from Mr. Harbord, and read it. It was completed in early April, before I went to New Orleans to be the first writer to appear before the grand jury, and is largely the consequence of my personal exploration of the once-secret documents. I have in my possession 100% of the documents I quote. It is my hope to publish them with the text, although that is about 180,000 words. This will, I hope, be the fourth of my books on the subject. The third, just published (PHOTOGRAPHIC WHITEWASH: SUPPRESSED KENNEDY ASSASSINATION PICTURES), appears to be of little interest to Mr. Campbell, for I have not heard from him in response to the release I placed in the National Press Club of ering free copies or to the more than 40 column inches the Sunday New York Times devoted to it in the main news section July 9th. It, however, has 150 pages of photographic reproduction of other of these once-secret documents. They are so overwhelmingly effective the professional sycophants are as silent as the official apologists. Until some scheme is cooked up if the book gets more attention, that is.

Until our government decided to investigate the assassination (the word and the responsibility for it is theirs and not exactly the one I use), I labored under the illusion lemmings were restricted to the Arctic areas. I have since learned they inhabit official bodies, more recently the hallowed offices of the wire services/ and televisions networks.

Not until my reacquaintance with your paper and Mr. Campbell's contributions to it was I aware of their invasion of England.

May I close with an expression of thanks for your and his transferring of the glorious affair of the Bay of Pigs to 1962? It is far cleaner cricket to say ~~believe~~ that the intelligence agencies responsible did not take advantage of the inexperience of the fledgling President, gave him a time to learn the job and get the feel of the world, plant his own feet, so to speak, before unleashing that memorsble tiger.

Respectfully yours,

Harold Weisberg