

EWJL, JM, NR, PH

10/17/71

Dear Dick,

I started to read your October Computers words but that got too painful, so I wound up skimming it. However, I can resolve one of the deep, conspiratorial, intelligence functions Oswald pursued on his first trip to Mexico. It was to spend the night with a whore. This is one the more subtle expressions of sinister intelligence activity.

If you ever come to realize the terrible things you are doing, you will not be able to face yourself. If you are determined to destroy yourself and your self-respect, continue on the same course. We have been through this before, and I know trying to warn you is a futility, and fact is below contempt when there is the substitute of fancy.

A long and distressing history should tell me that trying to persuade one that shit is not manna is a futility, but I repeat it, I hope for the last time, for I would not only save you from the ultimate self-confrontation, but I would defend us all from the end product of such insanity committed to paper. If you think these are exaggerated statements, then I offer you this challenge: Pick a date when I have completed the work upon which I am now engaged, bring all your Computers writings with you, and I'll go over them with you word by word, extemporaneously, on tape, you bring your machine and I'll have mine and we'll both have a record. But I believe you will not because you are possessed of a good mine on every other subject and you will not, subconsciously, face what your commendable ambitions drives you to.

I have other purposes in writing. For the last time, I'm telling you that that Ward & Paul material is mine, not Bud's or the CIA's. I got it independently, told Bud about it in confidence, he offered to check the Ward & Paul files for me and in strictest confidence, and he not only breached that confidence but when he was here to copy some pictures, he also made a slide of what he did not get from Ward & Paul but from my files when I was not watching him. He has since returned the slide and I can and will show it to you. Now, what you say (42) is that "the Commission went to the extreme of forcing the stenographer to destroy his notes." Your reference is not to the source of this inaccurate statement. That is my material, as I have told you and Berkeley. I never gave you permission to use it. I forbade it in showing it to Bud to begin with. You persist in misusing it. I don't want you ever to do it again. And I go further, if you persist in publishing this kind of utter rubbish, which is so hurtful to all of us and credibility and the possibility of doing responsible work, I will at some point have to address myself to it and I think you will at that time find what I will do something you will not forget as long as you live. If you want a slight sample, where the material is not nearly as rich, reread the "Epilogue to WW II."

Your intentions, of which I have no doubt, is one thing. Your ignorance, irrationality and irresponsibility are quite another, and I am more than willing to confront you on my use of ward, as set forth above.

It was quite painful for me to take the time and use the words I did at Bud's party on the G matter. You then thanked me, but from what I soon heard your ego couldn't tolerate this and you were soon giving an entirely contradictory account. I then charged you with the possibilities. Unknown to you, one of the consequences was to close off an entirely different source that had opened to me, as soon as you wrote what you did. And I then told you that you were being used. If I did not then show you the proof, I did show Jim and he will confirm it. But you prefer never to learn from any of the endless mistakes.

I believe you refer to a total of three agents to whom Oswald reported. In two cities. I would appreciate it if you were to give me their names and the proof, not some second or third-hand embellishment. I would also like to see the copy of the TWX you say Walters gave Garrison. I was there at about that time and this is not the story Jim gave me.

Dick, I beg of you, do not force me to what you are making inevitable to our survival. Or continue to do to yourself what you have been doing. Sincerely, Harold Weisberg