

Mr. Ted Gandolfo
169 Grange St.,
Franklin Square, N.Y. 11010

9/29/89

Dear Ted,

As you know, I'm not well. This is not one of my better days. But when you phoned to ask for help, I tried to help and was able to present you with the best possible assistance if you had lived up to your end.

I fear that you have jumped to some kind of utterly irrational conclusion and did not have the good sense to at least speak to me first.

In any event, I was unwell enough to lie down, having told my wife to wake me if I got a call.

I'd asked Alcorn to phone me after he spoke to you and I was surprised that he had not. I phoned his office and he'd gone for the day.

I was also surprised at not having heard from you. So I phoned you and you would not speak to me. No explanation why.

You have phoned me at all kinds of inconvenient times but I've never once refused to speak to you, as you well know.

Aside from being impolite, you were irrational.

If Alcorn said ^{thing} some to offend you or if there were something about him you did not like, you could have told me and I could have phoned Woodward. He knows me, as does his former sidekick and both have in the past called on me for help. There were good reasons I didn't go into with you for my asking Alcorn to do it rather than doing it myself and it involves a tip that Woodward got some years ago and mentioned to Alcorn and about which, as I told you, he and Alcorn are to meet next week.

That he did not phone me as he said he would, and I asked him to in order to see if I could be of any further help, leads me to believe that you blew up at him over something. I know you can do such things because you have told me of doing them.

I don't know whether or not you realize how much I can add to what you are trying to do but I sure as hell will not with any kind of situation as this.

Aside from what it would be if Woodward were to do the story and what the Post could do with it, and would do with it if it did anything, have you any idea how many copies Woodward's books sell? I have enough to give him to make a book for him because I started a book on that subject some years ago and since have obtained a considerable amount of ~~xxx~~ relevant information.

I'm surmising, of course but as I think of your refusal to speak to me and what you have told me yourself about yourself I do fear that you blew up, that it was irrational, and that you were your own worst enemy. I'm sorry that you were able to behave this way and sorry that after all these years you were able to.

Sincerely,


Harold Weisberg