

1/9/71

dear ned,

now would be a good time for another of your lectures on the perfection of your judgement, esp. as compared with mine, for still a new argument about how the most important thing is crossin' ts and dottin' is, and above all, perhaps, about the real deal bein' using establishmentarian connections and the social connections of great wealth for socially useful purposes.

before this, whether or not you believed me, i think i made it clear that my concern in writing you was to warn you about what, in time, you would face. i did not want you to have to agonize, to be tortured in mind by what you had done by what those you rung in who also spoke to me described as incredible arrogance. now, however, i have another point and i take this doubly painful means of making it explicit. i will have you face what you have done. you, personally, have made possible this obscene thing your co-establishmentarians have done to the country, to history, to truth, to whatever you consider involved in the terrible things consequent to the political assassinations.

the second pain comes from my having come close to losing my left thumb yesterday. thus no caps. but if there is any one of us to whom all lower-case is appropriate, i think it is he who had the means to bring important truth to light and didn't, who imposed his ego, his exalted conceit of self, his immaturity that to him was great and all-seeing wisdom and intolerable conditions no man of integrity could accept.

i also remind you that months ago, i think in september, i warned you of just what has come to pass. this is one of the two possibilities i accurately forecast, tho i did not visualize l ttime as the whore. the second, were it to come now, might be even worse.

whether or not relevant, i note the coincidence between what has happened and your long-delayed return of my materials-and your persistent refusal, that continues to now, to provide the assurance i asked that you would neither use nor permit to be used any of what i gave, told or showed you. in my position, especially when you thirsted to talk to your establishmentarian gentlemen friends who have done this thing, would you be willing to assume that one with your record had to be innocent of any involvement? add to this that i spoke to a senator who is my friend as he is burke marshall's and marshall promised him months ago that this would not under any circumstances be permitted. does one not then have to ask why this change? only you and gary had the material the government would have to face, and it is impossible with gary. would you care to offer me a reasonable alternative to the belief that something you did caused this? and would you now give me your word that you have in no way, directly or indirectly, violated my trust, your word, the very first conditions i stipulated and you agreed to?

= with such friends as you, would you care to hold forth on my/our need for enemies? or on how fortunate we all are to have as one who agrees with us, if that you do, possessed of such wealth that he could at least make fact accessible? and this without any pain, any suffering to himself or his family? or how you have used the fortunate accident of your birth to the benefit of either your children or the common weal?

you will not be welcome here, so i do not say come here and see my files on one of those so noble to you, of your trust, with your judgement so superior to mine. you wanted my permission to talk to katzenbach and i refused. did you? howard roffman was just here working in my files. he is not yet back in school. his home number is OR3-4423. ask him how great your trusted friend and associate. simplify it. ask not about what i wrote, about which you knew so much better, but about what i left out, his viet-nam war record. if you are troubled, that would be a healthy sign. if you are not, you should seek help. you are not alone among us to have great wealth. i give you this slight comfort: you are not alone in refusing to use it to bring fact to where people at least can have it. i leave the rest to your conscience. with sincerest contempt and disgust, harold weisberg