

Dear John,

8/28/76

Much has happened since the last time you did not answer a letter. But I haven't changed much except that I've decided not to make a career of demolishing harpsichords. I've had infrequent subsequent experiences with the same causative agent only with less initial fatigue but regardless of the origin no equivalent inspiration come from it.

Probably more significant is an (or more than one) acute thrombophlebitis. Plus a few more years. I'm 63 now. Means I've had to slow down some. Didn't get up until 5:30 this morning. When I get so late a start naturally I can do less work than I used to. But I guess I do enough or I wouldn't be writing.

I've switched my emphasis to court. It has great advantages for me and for the government. For me it means I can and do get quite a load of former secrets. For the government it means a ~~huge~~ chance to bog me down and cut back on the writing and investigating I can do. On balance I'm ahead and they hate me more. I've sued them nine times, lost once, and it turned out to be my greatest victory. They were so corrupt in it that the Congress cited it as a reason for amending and strengthening the Freedom of Information Act. They don't dare give me that stuff, the evidence sought in that suit, so they took an new tack when I refiled the suit. I've just won a smashing victory in the appeals court. Among other things to actually told me what I must do and that it is in the Nation's interest that I do it. Without a word making the papers. I did not seek the attention and in fact at this juncture don't want it.

The state of the papers is really why I write. Even the scandal sheets, like the Enquirer, shun the solid, no matter how sensational. In them there is nothing too nutty to be printable. While on some subjects the straight press will do an occasional expose, they tend not to antagonize their official sources. The net result is that what is exposed is only what the spooks want exposed so they can use the post-Watergate climate and the fear of doing anything that will create another scandal of that magnitude as a means of purging themselves and inuring everyone to everything. They'll be winding up with a law that entitles them to do all that has caused the scandals because there was no law permitting and there were laws prohibiting it. I hear from the major press with some frequency when they've off on something wild or irresponsible. Day before yesterday five of them, including WxPost and Anderson column. All quite crazy.

I keep going, without regular income and beginning with no nest egg, on the unpromoted but regular sales of my books. Means I have to mail them out, which takes time, but it also means that if sometimes with a limp I do keep going.

Two are almost out of print, one in. I'm about to reprint the third. I'm adding a bit of new material to it. From what I've heard of your better-paying, more sensation oriented papers maybe they'd go for it and perhaps other pieces. I've obtained some pretty hot CIA files. I suppose the only reason is that those who knew the meaning are no longer spooking, at least for officialdom. It means that the CIA knew there was a conspiracy to kill JFK before there was a Warren Commission and from evidence that from all the records they did not possess. And, obviously, did possess. It is not opinion stuff or unsubstantiated reports the outpouring of which flooded the Warren Commission. This is tangible evidence. (Separate from this and not as simple a piece is what should make a good story and I think a movie, a Strangelovian bit they were up to that I also have. It failed to start a war only by accident and provided the basis for scaring the body wastes back into LBJ. Believe me, I've got copies of what was fed him immediately.)

Now that I've obtained uncountable thousands of once secret records, so many I have more than 4,000 I've not had time to read, the truth turns out to be much more Byzantine than I'd dreamed. Not only on JFK, either. For me it means, in effect, starvation in the midst of plenty.

So, how about finding the time to send me a list of your more likely possibilities with their U.S. representatives, Washington and/or New York or if you believe it better, in London? I've taken a short break from intensive court work to start drafting this add to the book. Perhaps when I've finished it I'll see it differently but as of now I see it as the CIA knew there was a conspiracy to kill the President it didn't like and suppressed the proof. (It is a natural Ford scandal, too, if anyone likes that. He was incolved in covering that up and I have that proof, too.) Going along with this, while the Commission did not have this evidence it did suspect there had been a conspiracy. They had a TOP SECRET executive session to discuss it. They were terribly frightened. In the end they decided to take the advice of Allen Dulles, "I think this record should be destroyed." The stenotypists tape escaped the memory hole and after 10 years it...



latch onto it.

Dulles steered them away from the CIA, to which from another record of theirs he was reporting regularly. Thus they figured that Hoover and the FBI alone were hiding the evidence of conspiracy from them. In describing their fears Dulles alone used the words, "Terrific" and "fantastic" to describe the consequences if they did not hide the possibility of a conspiracy. In another such transcript I've obtained they decide that when they have evidence of spook involvement in the assassination itself they have to "wipe it out." These are actual records I've obtained by use of this law, sometimes in court, sometimes the government's alternative to risking attention by me taking it to court. I've even obtained some of their handwritten notes on me, where one agency counsels another that if I don't get it I will go to court...If I seem to wander the material is that rich. Even hundreds of pages on how the spooks played with the mind. I've drafted a summary of a movie on this from actual records and sent it to a Hollywood friend. I've stuck to the diamond-hard in this but it is not unreasonable to interpret some of these records as reflecting efforts to create Manchurian Candidates and to their using farout means to kill their own disenchanteds...If you ever get over here and are too old and tired to drive from Washington, an hour, while with the impeded circulation in my legs I don't drive that far, I can take the bus - and do go that way. (I can get up and walk around on the bus to keep the blood working.)...Some of the work Matt did in Memphis turns out to have been very significant. I've carried it farthur. carried it farthur. Best regards, Harold Weisberg



John,

1/5/73

This morning's Washington Post has a long piece on you fellows and all the fun(?) you've been having with Howard Hughes during a week normally dead for news. Reminded me of you, and that I've been intending to write you.

So, I went to the files to get your last letter and with it your address, and lo! it is the injunction in it that I'd been intending to write you about.

You last words were the hope that I'd keep "probing well".

Yeah, man; both ways! By me and of me by those I probe.

As you probably know, theoretically and legally the CIA is precluded from engaging in domestic intelligence. Well, they do it. It seems that I have been of interest to them and they've been spying on my public appearances. They have a front set up for this, and not for me only. A young man who'd been a reporter worked for the private agency they used for this. It kind of nauseated him. He is somewhat like Matt. So, he decided to quit. But before he did, although we were total strangers, he decided to get proof and give it to me.

I've got a whole box of it. Carbon copies, not xeroxes, of transcripts of what I said that was sent to the CIA. Bills rendered, checks in payment, envelopes in which checks were mailed. Even a transcript of a conversation with the national office of the agency to get an ok to tape me. ("That old nemesis of the CIA is coming to town next week". "Oh, goodie, goodie!")

You haven't seen it because I am engaged in serious work and because the company I shared with you would make almost anyone else look pretty square, but there is a pixie in this 60 years of blubber. I called the national manager myself and made a deal with him to help him spy on me if he would give me transcripts!

After he caught his breathe, he agreed. Naturally, I was foresighted. So, I taped that conversation. ("You have the all-time track record", etc.) I think you'll enjoy the tape if you ever come here.)

Then there was this thing called by the understatement, The Watergate Caper. I spotted a few of those Cuban cats real quick. Several were in my files and I had FBI reports on two. Those crazy revanchists had tried to give me a rough time and did cost me \$5,000 to get a spurious lawsuit thrown out of court twice. Figured I'd better pay attention and think as the story developed.

Some of the reporting has really been first-rate. But there is no evidence of any original digging. All has the earmarks of leaks. Thus the most obvious clues were ignored, but not by me. The result is that without any major investigation I know much more about Hunt and that mess and its ramifications than has appeared in the papers.

Hunt was misidentified immediately, as was Barker, as two people who did not exist in the Bay of Pigs operation. Official leaks printed without question. Hunt was actually the man in charge of that whole thing and Barker was his second-in-command. Imagine such a man working in the White House after that! (Actually, despite the official lies, he had not been let go and was still working for the White House after the arrests.) I have written confirmation by the President's counsel, Dean.)

After this Hunt went into domestic intelligence for the CIA, for which he worked for 20 consecutive years, until 1970 or 71. By the most remarkable of coincidences, his path then crossed mine, not to my benefit. In May 1965 I made a deal with The Saturday Evening Post for the use of chapters of WHITELMOUTH. My agent got scared when I turned to the JFK assassination, so I had no agent. The Post sent me to an agency. The deal was soon killed and interest in a book I'd been working on that they said would make a movie died fast. Hunt was with this agency 1965-9 while still CIA. That book said Oswald was intelligence, too. (He was, indeed.) 2+2? At the same time, Hunt was also with a p.r. agency in Wash., and they did CIA work. He was still with them when the thing broke, not as a hired pen, as reported, but as v.p. and director. They had other government contracts, the traditional intelligence cover. After they said they'd fired ~~you~~ him, months later, he was still getting mail and phone service with them and outside their offices, as he had been for years. I know where. Two different addresses. And Hunt and the president set up many of the phoney outfits used to circumvent the law in collecting all those millions for the Committee to re-elect the President. The law firm representing him, a very expensive one, has done CIA work. Here he is unemployed more than a half year and then his wife gets killed in a seemingly mysterious plane crash, with \$10,000 in \$100 bills on her, \$585 in addition, a checkbook showing more than \$3,000 in her account, and the authorities have refused to give him the money. Sound interesting, or like your paper could be interested? There is

still a curse on me in literary circles here, where anyone doubting the official assassination mythology is regarded as a nut. The most recent illustration is the killing of a story done about me (and unsolicited) by the managing editor of the Sunday magazine of one of the top ten papers here. This mg. ed. really dug into my past, too. (Did I ever tell you I was what here is called an unregistered British agent in World War II?) The story was written. A reporter friend who saw it ~~read~~ all 25 pages - told me about it. What led to it, a sophisticated threat against a Presidential aspirant the fuzzi could not translate, is another story. If your people don't dig it, do you have any idea who there might and pays enough to make it worthwhile for a very broke man? Meanwhile, if you ever get near here again, give me a call. If I can't supply you with stories, and I think I can, I believe I can entertain you, although not as you were in N.O. (The artist is married and living in New Hampshire and never gave me the sketch she made for me to use on the cover of my next book.) Matt is back if you haven't heard from him. In Palo Alto, Calif....The Jolly Green Giant is nuttier than I said he was. He is helping cut his own throat now.... There is a ski slope 15 minutes from here and we are but an hour from downtown Washington. Thanks for anything you can do and best regards,