

NEW ADDRESS: Rt. 7, Frederick, Md. 21701

1/25/68

Mr. Arthur Crook, Editor
London Times Literary Supplement
Printing House Square
London E.C. 4, England

Dear Mr. Crook,

Your refusal of an opportunity not for the presentation of the other side of the dispute over the Kennedy assassination and its most dubious official investigation ~~xxxx~~ but for refutation of the wilful lies, distortions, misrepresentations, manufactures and slanders by John Sparrow is consistent with the pervading dishonesty of the major elements of the press without which all of the subsequent and entirely unnecessary tragedies would never have come to pass.

Wittingly or otherwise, you have become part of another.

I seek not your crumbs. Whether you print a letter from me or not means nothing personal to me. It can do me no personal good. I have no books on sale in England (thanks, perhaps, more to Mr. Sparrow than anyone else, for I understand he arranged for ~~xxxxxxx~~ my first not to be published by a house that had given it editorial approval, back in 1965).

Between you and Mr. Sparrow we have the perfect representation of the abdications which made the horror that followed the assassination. He is typical of the intellectuals, to whom society usually looks for leadership. Not without a high regard for that inordinate talent with which he was so enormously endowed, Mr. Sparrow long ago decided there was no need to concern his great and all-encompassing intellect with fact (which required labor for its acquisition) or to trouble ordinary folk of lesser understanding with such old-fashioned things as fact and reality. Why need one when there was this magnificent mental machine of his to tell him what is true and right, which required neither knowledge nor investigation - only his will to make it work?

So he willed what his tremendous intellect told him was required, and because of his eminence, his "scholarship", and his reputation fabricated by such as you, succeeds in getting it spread pacifyingly, like viscous oil on the sea. How much easier this is than spending thousands of countless hours in trying to learn what did happen, in Dallas and in Washington - and how much time it liberates for the crooking of fingers, the bedding of elbows, the bowing to admiring audiences. How much less it wrenches the guts. And how much more rewarding! Especially when you dispense the rewards.

You give this man who defames scholarship as a whore defames love 20,000 words to vent his spleen propagandize uninhibited falsehood and to me, who has without doubt spent more time, delved more deeply, turned up more information and published perhaps a gillion words on it, you offer your "consideration" of publication of a letter of "not too great length", if I do it "promptly". A short letter to respond ~~xxx~~ to the defamations of no limit that you have bought and paid for! Must I now grovel and thank you for this great dispensation?

Were you less a creature of the dishonor you have so valiantly helped perpetuate in the press, you would realize that what I have really offered you is the opportunity to recapture your own. Or are editors like their learned "scholars"? Do you pimp the Sparrow whore?

Have you no regard for the trust that becoms your when you become editor of an influential publication in a society such as ours? Are you, too, possessed of instant knowledge, spit with a twist of the forked Sparrow tongue? Can it possibly be that you have such incredible confidence in your own ignorance of the subject or so little apprehension of its awful potential that you treat it as a petty romance?

You are pressed for space indeed! Twenty thousands words for dishonor and your are pressed for space!

What you really fear is the revelation of what you have done, what you have been and are party to. You and Sparrow like you fear the truth and you use your influence not to confront it. Sparrow will never face me simply because he and I both know he is ignorant of what he writes and seeks the establishment of his hate and venom as the truth. You want this, for your own sake and his, for his shelter and yours.

In less space I could have written the letter you did not find insulting and that you might have printed. I am not that kind of man. I don't want petty favors from you or anyone. I want the truth, in the press a genuine, honorable dialogue and not less than a dim glimmer of its assumption of responsibility.

As an example of your own journalistic abdication, I cite to you your uncritical printing of the Roche letter. The greenest cub should have been able to recognize in it the swart sign of a White House political execution of Senator Robert Kennedy. If Roche doesn't know that Mr. Kennedy totally disassociated himself from active control he has no right to make any comment whatsoever. If those in the White House for which he works didn't tell him this, he should have read the proof in my book, particularly WHITENASH II, where I print J. Edgar Hoover's exact testimony in which he swore that President Johnson led out him in charge! With this firm foundation, Roche tells us that to consider that there was a conspiracy to kill the late President requires that his brother have been part of it! In short, if there is anything wrong with the Warren Report it is all the fault of the one important official who had nothing to do with it! Anybody's but those who did it, who ordered and fashioned it-anybody's but the man in charge of the entire government.

It is too much to ask that you think about this terrible thing you have become part of, of your nearly sacred responsibilities in a society such as ours. So, why not join Mr. Sparrow in his meditations. Perhaps if you help him a bit in his next opus he can invent more than the single, non-existing witness he quoted in the masterpiece of literary dishonesty you presented.

Sincerely yours,

Harold Weisberg

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THE TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.
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22 January 1968

Dear Mr. Weisberg,

Thank you for your letter 1st January.
I am afraid that we are as pressed for space as you are
for time and it wouldn't be possible for me to commission
you to write an article refuting Mr. Sparrow's views.
I can only repeat my earlier invitation that if, reasonably
promptly, you would like to write, at not too great a length,
a letter for publication which would air your views on Mr.
Sparrow's article and on Mr. Roche's letter then I would
be happy to consider it for publication.

Yours sincerely,



Arthur Crook
Editor

Mr. Harold Weisberg,
Coq d'Or Press,
Myattstown,
Route 7,
Frederick,
Md. 21701.

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