

Sylvia
Maggie
Hul

July 7, 1967

Mr. J. R. Wiggins
Editor, the Washington Post
1515 L Street, NW
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Wiggins:

If you ever wonder how a raped woman feels when she is charged as an attractive nuisance, ask me.

Your one-sentence letter of July 6 reads, "Your intemperate letter of July 1 has been received and its contents noted." The word I find missing is "inaccurate".

If you show me where I am inaccurate, I will apologize to you in whatever manner and place you prescribe. Until you show me error on my part, I think we will understand each other.

I see my responsibilities, as a man, a writer and a citizen. I will meet them.

I am prepared at any time you ask it to show you that you have printed the most dishonest kind of writing. I am prepared without advance notice to do this with Merriman Smith, Charles Roberts, and Gavzer and Moody. Their scribbling is so blatantly, so designedly, dishonest, I will come into your office without a paper or a note and show it to you from what you have in your files - and with all of them to confront me simultaneously.

We can soon establish who is abusive, who intemperate, and who honorable. Knowing your personal attitude and that of the Post, I nonetheless sent you a copy of my new book. I have no reason to expect favorable notice. I consider this an obligation, at least to offer a paper as important as yours access to what I believe to be truth and fact.

Despite the quite obvious attitude of the Post to me and its equally obvious determination to excuse whatever the government says and does on this subject, you need only inquire among your staff to learn that with each major development in this case I have undertaken to brief your people. I think they will tell you I have done this accurately and helpfully, with neither profit nor its possibility. I think I can go further and say you made money from it.

Yours truly,

Harold Weisberg