

Mr. Jerry Policoff
501 E 87 St., 2A
New York, N.Y. 10028

4/10/77

Dear Jerry,

Self-important, unimportant, dilettante.

Last night I received a phone call from a reporter friend. It reminded me of you, your broken word and how silly I have been to believe that you can be other than you have been, unimportantly self-important, self-indulgent and utterly worthless except in ways that can make you believe you have a synthetic importance.

Did you have three successive good weekends of skiing in Vermont? Good. That is what is really important. Madison Avenue-wise, that is, for the "Madison Avenue types." Even those who try to tell themselves they are not such. You, for example.

Last night's call was from a reporter who had bought Lane's book in a book store. He also told me it was vicious on Jim. You know Jim, your good friend Jim?

Lane you told me is not your good friend. There is no reason for him to include you in his credits with expressions of gratitude for your help to him. In defaming your friend, it seems.

Prentice-Hall, obviously, has page proofs out seeking attention and ancillary sales. Equally obviously, when I told you this my source had to be one with access to such proofs.

So you tell me it is not so and I believe you. But after two weeks whether or not it is so as Lane says is immaterial. It is so as you do and do not do. If in two weeks you could not send a dub of a tape you promise to have in the mail on Tuesday, of which two have passed, what are you goof for when you have a friend who in your own description was libelled?

Well, I guess you are good for having nice weekends off while others work doing work that is beyond you. (You are good for self-promotion in the meaningless and the evil, like supporting a bad Sprague and a bad committee and getting yourself in print and on the tube this way. In this the Times is not honest but you are.)

Good for being too selfish, too self-important to do what you promise to do. You know all there is to know. One need only ask you. Nothing outside your head is of any consequence. Like bar threats against your supposed friend. Or the promotions twist your non-friend Lane can give them to sell himself and his once-again bad book. And hurt your supposed friend.

A week wait by and a week ago there was still another broadcast. You had been asked to be on it. I asked you how many tape recorders you have. As I recall you said four. You agreed to tape and to send Jim and me tapes. In a week I have heard nothing.

If the snow was good or there was another diversion for the Great Man I would rather hear nothing. Even. With people like you - and your prior history - who needs enemies if you are a friend? Without your word twice-given I'd have found another to do the taping and if there were the need I'd be prepared. I do not care if it turns out that there is no need. There has been a reasonable anticipation of one all along. But living it up, Madison-Avenue style, was more important to you. And your definition of being a friend. Credited or uncredited you make enemies superfluous. Especially for your "friends."

Don't waste your WATs on me. I don't want to hear from you again, ever or about anything, as I've told you before. You make a nice living by selling people what is not good for them when it is not in fact harmful. This has been your contribution to the subject of political assassinations, whatever you tell yourself about yourself and your intentions. There is no meaningful distinction between your intentions and those of a Lane, or of a Sprague who knowing better makes an unholy mess of an investigation some of us have worked for years to bring about. You belong with them, you and your friendship.

WMCX-
Twice