

5/11/71

Mr. Jenn Christian  
840 N. Larabee  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Jesus Christ Christian,

I'm in a black mood, which is probably the best for writing you. My fall down through the carelessness of another, is in some pain, can barely move with crutches, will at best be 10 weeks to where she can walk at all unassisted, and I've just spent the morning catching up on housekeeping, washing clothes and writing futile letters, thanks to you.

I've just finished the eighth this week saying there are no copies of OSWALD IN NEW ORLEANS. Of all the ways to waste time, this is by far the least congenial, considering there is this great p.r. man out in California who was going to do so much with it, whose total efforts add up to keeping it from being sold, and who, in effect, stole 5,000 copies and then refused to return them when asking, never having paid a cent for them and having always refused to account for them.

When I asked you, first you refused to return them unless they were prepaid. Then, unconscionable as that was, when I arranged to have the trucking costs paid, you refused to have them labelled and inform a trucker.

Aside from stupid and self-serving and self-glorifying pontifications, there has been nothing else from you. You are this great guy who varies from being about to be knocked off because he has a bunch of the kind of stuff that generally pollutes streams to about to flee to Canada where some mysterious force will be immobilized and his precious life, in some mysterious manner, will thus be saved and with it all of mankind.

All of which is one way of representing unending incompetence, non-stop fuckin'up.

Since your last sermon from the mount I've tried every way I can think of to get those boxes of books, if they still exist, labelled and forwarded to me. There is nothing I can do from this distance. Nor have you had any constructive suggestion about how this might be accomplished. Naturally, vital as you are to man's survival, you can't do this simple thing, least of all because your own integrity and honor (be there such things) are involved.

I do not know if I will ever be in California again. I do not know whether, if I am, being there or not, I'll ever be able to do anything about this. But there is one thing you should know if you do not get them back to me, if there is anything I can do, I will. I think you know me well enough to know what my trying can mean. Believe me, Jenn, I will try. Aside from what I will say, I will explore all possible elgal approaches, beginning with larceny after trust.

And every time I have to write the kind of letter I have just finished, my determination increases. I am co-publisher of this book. I've never gotten a penny from it. All rights in those you have have been vested in me. I have little doubt that, if I got the chance, you'll never be able to own a toothpick again. For shame, sick ego!  
Harold Weisberg

6/11/71

Mr. Joan Christian  
840 N. Larabee  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Jesus Vixist Christian,

I'm in a black mood, which is probably the best for writing you. Lill fell down through the carelessness of another, is in some pain, can barely move with crutches, will at best be 10 weeks to where she can walk at all unassisted, and I've just spent the morning catching up on housekeeping, washing clothes and writing futile letters, thanks to you.

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