

President  
New American Library  
1633 Broadway  
New York, N.Y. 10019

7627 Old Receiver Road  
Frederick, Md. 21701  
6/19/89

Dear Sir or Madam,

I understand you are reprinting John H. Davis' "Mafia Kingfish."

I write you because he fabricated a defamation of me in it.

He and his publisher ~~ingored~~ ignored my letters about it until they were dealing with you. He then proposed and I did not accept a rephrasing of his invention. I've had no response to my last letter to them. Health problems kept this from mind until I was just reminded of it. I would like to think you ~~you~~ would prefer not to have even a suggestion of what can be taken as defamatory.

With absolutely no basis at all, Mr. Davis wrote that the man he described as the top mafia lawyer, which he wasn't, spent an appreciable part of a year here just rummaging through my files. In fact Mr. Jack Wasserman, now safely dead and not about to file suit, was never here at all. He also never asked anything of me. And we never even met.

The only person who did anything that can be called rummaging is Mr. Davis. He had an assistant here for all her free time over a period of many months. He and she had free and unsupervised access to all the records I've obtained under the Freedom of Information Act and the use of our copier in making whatever copies they wanted.

What I'd asked and what from silence I presume is ignored is that the offensive few sentences just be removed. Why not, with the entire thing a fabrication?

If you ask for the correspondence you will see that this is not new and that I reflect faithfully the fact that it was ignored until they were dealing with you and the lawyers were involved. If you'd like, I'll send you copies. But I think they should, with any explanations they may care to make.

I hope you can find an innocent explanation of the refusal to eliminate a complete fabrication that assuredly was hurtful. Frankly, I cannot.

It certainly was an unusual way of expressing thanks for free access to about a third of a million pages of once-withheld official records acquired at considerable cost and effort.

I apologise for my typing. I'm 76 and must sit with the typewriter to the side, with my legs elevated.

Sincerely,

  
Harold Weisberg