

Richard Gallen
269 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY 10001

7/19/94

Dear Richard,

How much I regret that you have made this into an inappropriate formality!

It is a month since, among other things, I called to your attention that after breaking your word, that you would publish NEVER AGAIN! after delaying it so long this September, you did not give me unequivocal assurances that you would publish it as agreed to, in your name, between Peter Skutches and me this coming March. I have been waiting for this assurance from you but something has just happened that impels me to ask you for it rather than wait longer to see if on your own you would behave like a man on honor on it.

I was involved in an auto accident. As a result both legs received invisible internal injuries. My family doctor ordered Dopplers on the veins and arteries of both legs. As you should remember, the circulation in both was already severely limited. Ordinarily he gives me the results of tests by phone. This time he made an appointment for me to go in tomorrow. I take that as not a good sign and I know that what had been the less weak of the two ^{legs} is now the weaker.

So I ^{again} ask for written assurances that as I have not been in the past I can depend on your word now.

With regard to your keeping your word, or not keeping it, I note that under our agreement you were to provide me with three copies of the retyped ms. I sent you under the title Hoax, ^{I note also} that coinciding with your first intemperate and untruthful outburst I got very little of it and coinciding with the last one I have gotten no more. That is so mean-spirited I would never have expected you could be capable of it!

But then I had also believed that you did care for the country in which you, like I, have freedom through the accident of birth. Your record on these two books is that you do not. Or that you care for something else more.

But then I would never have believed that you could deceive, mislead and abuse anyone as you have me. And I your friend for so many years and you do what you have done ^{that} knowing that my end could come at any time and how despite my age and the state of my health I did them so rapidly, so well, and evolved two books that are so good and so entirely unprecedented!

You butchered one, suppress the other and shame yourself by writing me that it is untimely while you proceed with trivialities of no value to the country!

Regretfully,

Harold
Harold Weisberg