

GRS, MF, HR, HD

10/1/71

Dear Penn,

Today will be a very unpleasant one. I have to lay aside the editing of a book to write letters I hate to write. Most of all do I regret this one to you, so I make it the first to get the worst over with off the bat.

Lil has always made out desparate financial condition as secret from me as she could so I could contonue to ~~theck~~ do the work that has ruined our lives, often made more diffucity by the wildest collection, ranging from self-seeks to the sick. But last night she had ti tell me that in a week or so we will be without a single cent and at that will not have met our due, overdue and pressing obligations. Which has nothing to do with that Domoclean \$30,000- of debt that alwys hangs over our heads. When she did that, I knew why she was ill for the past two months, her hiatal hernia makin her life so miserable that she yesterday asked the doctor about the possibility of surgery.

Our situation has been made worse by the crookedness of the publisher of FRAME-UP, who has beat me out of almost half the "advance" and didn't print enough coies to pay it. and arranged no songle promotion We had, of course, depended on that money.

But the most intolerable part is the relatively minor, the miserable, shameful, completely inexcusable straight-out crookedness of a few like you, who owe us money, have forced us to waste time writing in uncessful efforts to collect it, and just refuse to pay it. I know that LA has wanted you to pay us what you owe. But with typical tyranny, you will not even let her do what she wants with what you once told me is her money!

I can no more reconcile this conduct with the man with whom I walked, arm in arm, through New York City back in 1966 that early morning than I can fly to the moon. I don't know what has happened to you, but I propose to excuse or tolerate it no longer. I have been silent through a series of libels that would disgrace the government, like that verbal trash about me being some kind of agent to wreck Garrison. All that got wrecked is my health and finances. The disaster that was avoided, you own part in it nothing to be proud of, is beyond your concept. So, to you, I am some kind of agent. The agent who whipped t e same government in court? Can you be rational?

Well, at this point I couldn't care less whether you are a raving maniac or a tin-horn dead beat. The fact is tha you have long owed us money, that we have during all of this time needed it desparately, and now more than ever need it. During all this time we have been paying interest on it at 7%. And I remind you of your sick letter when I offered to settle it for what would ~~only~~ have cost you nothing, so that another without means would have the tools of basic research. You'd sell the 26 for \$500 to me! But the government you say you fight would do it for \$76. How do you compare with it? And on the chance that you are not sick in the head, I heap a little more on you every one of those letters I had to write you, to most of which you didn't respond, was at the cost of sleep when I wasn't averaging 4 hours a night and still, despite injunctions and after all these years, don't get six. During those years, of course, you had money for such noble contributions to our work as globe-trotting and the publishing or arrant nonsense. (Not, to the best of my knowledge, including our one success in court against the government or any of the other, partly-sunscesful efforts.)

That I can do about it I don't know. But that I will do whatever I can, depend upon. When you are part of doing this to my wife, don't kid yourself into believing that manhood in the ancient concept is a Texan monopoly. When I do, you will never forget it and never life it down. And I will, if I ever get down there again, file a suit against you, for which I have no doubt I will be able to get a lawyer and you will get at least some of the attention this truly despicable behavior more than warrants. If you are incapable of feeling the shame you should, I tell you I am more ashamed of you than I can describe. If by some off chance you think you have been honorable, get thee to the nearest shrink. Harold Weisberg