

Rt. 8, Frederick Md. 21701  
4/30/75

Mark Lane  
120 Maryland Ave., NE  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mark,

My purposes in New York were limited. What I planned to say thus also was limited. I did not plan to get pneumonia nor that pleurisy would also develop and I was prepared for anyone foolish enough to engage in a confrontation. It is the requirement of the changed times and the only reason that with all the abundant cause for the first time in public, even without mentioning your name, I said anything critical of you. In the past, no matter how your dishonesties and self-promotions at any cost sickened me, I always avoided what I could say and found something for which I could praise you.

Now that the situation has changed you have suddenly come back into the field and are again attempting to exercise exclusive property rights. Again you have a phoney self-promoting committee. (I know you said your wealth is going to it, which means your promotions of yourself only, but I also know that your committees of the past were so well financed by you that they could never pay me what they owed me.)

The changed situation also means that you will not again steal this subject. You didn't do your own original work, you have done none since and you are utterly of the past in your best moments.

This is not to say that there are not things you can do. You are able. There is much that needs doing. But your days of lordship and personal exploitation are over. One way or another. The choice will be yours.

What you said in public, some of what you muttered, some of what you said in private and your incompetent (in at least one case) threat have been reported to me with what I believe to be fidelity. If you have a good memory you know what I think of your threats and that I have that one in tape. You placed the mike and the tape captured your doing it. It also preserves your defense of theft and other of the unscrupulous things to which you have been prone when your sole purpose was advancing immediate selfish interest.

Your plagiarism in your first book forced me to develop an immediate interest in you. Your whoring around and milking the campuses during Garrison's day required still another interest: being able to offset the damage you were doing. I was prepared, and I encourage you to believe thoroughly. One person only has read it, one who knew you well. I refused to give it to you even when I had to let him know I had taken time from the work for which you were incapable or unwilling to do it. My purpose then was not to hurt you. It is not now and will not be in the future. This kind of thing in which you specialize to me is corrosive and self-destructive. I try to do only what can serve constructive ends.

Back as far as your <sup>rotten</sup> behavior in Playboy I refused Playboy's request to lay you out. It could be even more commercial now but as of now I have no such plans or intentions. This, too, only you can change. It may be unpleasant to you, but I remind you that when you were foolish enough to announce that you were going to sue Liebler for calling you a liar and Maggie Fields and Bill O'Sonnell were desparate over the points Liebler and his gang were making. It was hurting everyone. You have no defense against being called a liar and that is why you fled Liebler. Well, I abandoned my second book the moment it was printed and took after Liebler. He fled four agreed-to confrontations. By the time of my next trip he could flee no more. Even though it was probably my worst performance and was well into the second day without sleep, it was enough to silence Liebler, to now permanently. I neither asked nor expected your thanks. The miserable things you did thereafter are enough of a measure of the kind of man you really are. Like your forcing the American Program Bureau not to book me, which they gave me in writing.

A common streetwalker has more decency.

However, I did and said nothing.

That day is past. The present situation can't survive any more of your fucking around like this and as you always have in the past. My interest is in the situation, not you. Only one who deals with strange minds could have an interest in you, a man who is never on the wrong side of an issue and is never scrupulous in his personal behavior. I have never known or even heard of as completely unprincipled a man of principle.

The amount of work your whoring around forced on me is considerable. Because you whore around and never give thought to what can follow it was extraordinarily productive. If I ever get on my feet with a copy of A Citizen's Dissent alone in my hands what reputation you have permitted to survive will end, and this is not to what is possible. You really have that miserable a record. As I once was forced by you to tell you on TV to your face, you are not even a good crook. What wretchedness to invent a fake footnote to cover a theft only because you commercialized even footnotes! You couldn't even control your sick ego enough to have the good sense to forget that footnote (not by any means the only one).

Unless the Los Angeles affair has been delayed this can't reach you before it is over. Regardless, I want you to understand and to understand as fully as your crazy self-concept and ambition permit that I will not any longer remain silent through the further repetition of the past. It is not merely because I have done an enormous amount of work that you can easily ruin, which happens to be true. It is really because through a combination of factors that include ignorance as well as the kinds of things to which I have been referring, if moderately, you have already done great damage to what the present makes possible.

People, including total strangers as well as the legion you have insulted and offended, send me clippings and tapes. I am kept fairly well informed without having to make any effort.

I intend this caution also to be a notice that henceforth I expect you to cease and desist all claim to work I have done and you have not. This is not to say you can't refer to it. But it is to say that if one more time I get a report of your pretending it is your work you will hear more.

I don't know how much sticks in the strange mind of a strange man like you, one who could have honest achievement to his credit but goes for the synthetic. Or how much registers. I have often found myself wondering if you can really be rational when I've considered some of what you've said and done. Nonetheless I do make the effort to let you know honestly and openly that I am prepared and in full and intimate detail. Even with personal accounts from Grestes Pena and Sean Andrews of how they threw you out and why, minor as these incidents are.

Naturally I don't know what I can do. All I know is what I can try and with what I can try. You don't know me if you don't understand the kind of energy and effort I invest when I feel it is necessary. I do hope you never have occasion to learn. Or that you ever have to relive a past like yours really is.

The choice will be yours. From this moment you are making it.

Harold Weisberg

P.S. Jim only loaned you a copy of my speech. Return it or the local cost of xeroxing, \$3.00 plus 10 miles of driving. Plus a fair return for the time it will take. Without realizing that he was telling me you may have been preparing to crib some of my stuff, thinking only that he was telling me of the considerable interest my press conference attracted, Ted let me know of your request for a dub. Souvenir collector?