

Rt. 12, Frederick, Md. 21701
1/1/76

Mark Lane
103 Second St., NE
Washington, D.C. 20002

Dear Mark,

As I wrote Kevin Walsh some time ago, having heard again that in your typical behind-the-back way you are threatening to sue me, I'm writing you a letter to give you all the cause in the world - if it isn't true and if you are a tenth the man you pretend to be.

This is not as personal as you will seek to make it. It is mostly because your sick efforts to make something of yourself that you are not and never have been, your insatiable need for self-promotion, have to this point been disastrous at a time when with honesty and some knowledge of the subject there could have been accomplishment.

After abandoning the subject of the JFK assassination when it seemed like another good test to milk, there you were, back in the old milking business. Pretending, as usual always, to be the most unselfish of men.

The latest version to reach me, from one of them, is that you would have your board sue me. For calling you a ripoff artist. That'll be the day. Neither they, if they have any sense, nor you because you know the ~~insane~~ truth you never admit to others, will dare. Calling you no more than a crook is to praise you.

I am reminded of 1966, when you reacted to Wesley Liebeler's calling you a liar by saying you'd sue him. He had the whole critical community in California desperate with the points he was making against you, their symbol, by simply asking when you would file the suit. You'd always say soon, when you responded at all, and I've never heard of it happening. It simply isn't possible to lose a suit by you for calling you a liar or a crook and you know it. But what happened in 1966 is that these people, strangers to me, impertuned me to take Liebeler on and quiet him. He'd read my book (but not paid for it) and he filed four confrontations. I had to abandon my second book to do this. Your thanks, because it galled you, was to intensify your throat-cutting campaign against me.

Your steal^{ing} started with your first book. We had correspondence on that. I have it if you don't. As it typified your life thereafter. It and the grossest, most deliberate dishonesties I've ever seen, "A Citizen's Dissent." So in one form or another does it continue. You have this sick ego which impels you to believe you own the subject you have taken the lead in abusing. Witness, for example, the title, which says you are the only one who did the work and thus the only one to "dissent." You even had to steal in that, and when you couldn't do it without a little work, duplicating my work you stole, and when you were impelled to make crappy work appear scholarly, you have to invent a footnote for it. To a non-existent source. Not just an ordinary non-existent source. One that illustrates perfectly that you lacked and still lack the most basic knowledge of the subject. You referred to the greatest single lack as in the Warren Commission records, to the non-existent Index of Basic Source Materials.

Then there came the time you needed a TV show in Washington to promote this book I'd not yet read. I gave you one of mine. And to my face you actually presented my work as yours. You never did have a sense of shame any more than of common decency. Because in those days I tried to work with everyone who professed an interest in the subject I had also arranged for you to have a promotion on 300 radio stations, on a show run by a friend. You placed the mike for her and the tape shows it. When you made it impossible for me to continue public silence - the only time I broke it until this past April - I had to prove then that you were both a thief and a liar. Your explanation of the stealing - nobody but you did any of the work you didn't do in your self-concept - you lamely said it was a "printer's error." It would be corrected in the paperback. It wasn't.

That was the time you were going to punch me in the nose after the show. You said it on a break for a commercial. I had just exposed your lying in the anti-Kennedy line you used to commercialize then. It had to do with the fakery that Bobby had sent two emissaries to Garrison and a "two many guns" ^{that} but Jones Harris invented. But you were not involved in it, I was. And your version, presented as your ^{own} diligent work, was a public indecency. I therefore had to expose it. After its exposure, when you knew it was false if you didn't begin with, you used this indecency and total falsehood as the main promotion for that disgusting second book. I've been sent and have clippings from all over. Because you can't remember your own lies and fabrications, you gave a different version of this only recently in San Francisco, on KGO. A friend sent me the tape. Now when it has all changed, the last thing you want known is that you were out to get Earl Warren and the Kennedys when that was commercially promising. So your new version is that you (alone, Dick Daring) had to keep it all confidential until Bobby was killed. Only that was before Bobby was killed and the first thing you then did was claim that you (the same lone Dick Daring) had predicted it.

That punch in the nose? Now you say it is because I'm too old. Sick as I am now I don't think you are man enough to try. In those days it was different. I was not sick and I was strong. And as always, you were yellow. We spent more than a half-hour after the show in that station.

As recently as April's NYU conference you tried to talk those young people out of inviting me on the ground that I would not appear with you, that I was afraid to. They told me this when I accepted. The truth is that you are afraid. Thus when Zodiac asked me to cover your press conference announcing your new self-promotion into which you had suckered so many, you said you'd throw me out bodily if I appeared. Well, as you knew, I then was sick, just getting over pneumonia and pleurisy. But I was there the next day. Being there made no difference to me. But your ego-serving expression of your deep fear did, so sick or not I was there. You also told them I would be there as a disrupter. To you anyone who exposes your ignorance and personal ambition served by heroic displays of ignorance is a disrupter. Well, we never had a joint appearance and I never disrupted anything. What you really feared was further exposure of your lying, your saying anything at any time if then it seems expedient and to serve your selfish purposes. You had your own new people so terrified about this that they grilled every young person seen near me. All but one, by the way, were total strangers. That one is the young man who drove me because I was not physically up to it.

Oh you are indeed the man of selfless principle, as your assistant Kathy should remember. Dick Gregory had arranged for Walker, Kathy's employer, to book me on the JFK and King assassinations and Walker had invited me to Boston, where he agreed. The first thing that happened after that is Kathy's call and then letter saying you had invoked an alleged exclusive provision in your contract and had objected to their booking me. You had an "exclusive" when they also booked Clay Shaw? And on the King assassination, too? You people use words like "principle" as whores use the word "love."

In all you do you commercialize yourself and promote yourself and nothing else counts. And poor-mouth at the same time, as to Shales recently. That reminds me of the true mark of your integrity in "Dissent," which really was descent. There you claimed that you didn't get a "farthing" from ESC. True. It was \$40,000. Or was it \$45,000? My memory isn't what it was. But without files it is too much for you to dare in a courtroom. And I have files and you know it. You know this is hardly the skimming of your scum.

Now if calling you a crook and a liar isn't enough for you to file the suit you've been threatening, let me know. There is more and it will stack. But you don't need more. And for vindication all you need is a cent in damages. You need no more and you'll not sue because you also know what would follow. And you wouldn't risk the new fame you have with all the associations with Congresspeople you deceive and mislead for anything. Even if it costs the success, ^{that} your ego needs is making impossible. Contemptuously.

Harold Weisberg