

4/23/70

Drs John Nichols
Univ Kansas Medical Center
Dept. Pathology
Rainbow Blvd at 39th St.
Kansas City, Kansas 66103

Dear John,

After reading your letter of the 20th, the kindest thing I can say is, "Doctors heal thyself." What sickness eats away at you I can only imagine, but with my own full crop of troubles and more work than I can do I want none of it. Your exalted concept of self will destroy you.

If you cannot take my word for a very simple thing like a telegram getting garbled in transit, why do you write me at all? How can you take my word for anything else, trust my writing, believe my citations (though the evidence of your duplicating them despite your contrary promise persuades you do believe my citations).

Whether or not the wire was garbled - and who but a man sick as you with whatever you are sick could attribute sinister motive to the reporting thereof, and when I went to extra trouble and expense, taking some wasted time, to report it to you promptly - you may what to me and I think to most people is amazing self-disclosure in the mountain you make of it. I find the entire affair grossly offensive, needlessly and deliberately so. So, when you get the carbon from the wrong telegraph office I suggest you wrap it into a ball filled with pepper and stick it in that part of your anatomy so like what it is not, your mouth.

But you do seem so impatient (and I'm not about to waste another minute of another penny on you after this, without meaningful assurances you seem unwilling to make). So, with this great hurry, and if the carbon hasn't reached you from Washington, or if it has and shows no garbling, why not phone Western Union in Frederic, which the office that first phoned it to me then handed it to me when I went in for it (no delivery in country). Their phone number is 301/663-6333.

If I thought you capable, I'd suggest you be ashamed of yourself, for this and the other things for which I will not needlessly take time. And if you really want to make yourself unhappy, which is one of the lay interpretations of your bizarre ways, call Western Union in the afternoon. You just may be lucky enough to get the man who read the wire to me over the phone, apologized for what he described as garbling in transmission, and spelled the bargling to me.

Now if I were as paranoid as you (among other things) are, I'd immediately wonder if the letter is genuine, since you didn't sign it. However, I am without doubts, believe me!

On our first meeting I told you the conditions under which I would and did make my work available to you. You agreed to them verbally and then, less completely, in writing. I have nothing more to say on this than I have already made clear enough even for you. You are not to use any of my material. When I can get it printed, you may then ask me what you might want. Until then you are to use none of it in any way. You should understand that a writer's rights are his in two different ways: under the common law and by copyright. Material includes more than books. I not only do not give my permission for you to make copies,

I specifically say no. How much gall can you have, even you? I write you, in what I now regard as an aberrant moment on just this, and you refuse to respond? The sole rational explanation I can put on this, if any rational explanation applies to you, is that you have the intent of further theft or other dishonesty. Naturally, I will not authorize any such ~~such~~ thing.

I do not have a copy of "The Concept of Institution and the Ontology of History".

For the record, your letters to which you refer in your second paragraph either do not exist or are not responsive.

I note this perhaps typical language in your letter, "...it is difficult to understand how such a simple instrument (as a telegram) could become 'garbled'". If you could ever understand that anything and everything no matter how remotely connected to you does not thereby become perfection, that your desires do not convert into instant fact and that your own inabilities do not make the work of others yours, you might be less the creature of a controlling ego, might commit fewer stupidities, of which I cite only your suit and the enormous problem and burden - and very great hazards it became.

If you ever become an honorable and reasonable man, willing to make and honor the normal commitments men make to each other and then live by, my previous offers of help will be honored. Until then, I enjoin you from any direct or indirect use of any of my material, anything I let you have in confidence on your word you'd make no use, no matter how indirect.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg

cc: Gery, Paul, Bud, Howard, Dick.

His 4/20 to Gery for such further redistribution as the above my request.