

Thunder's Mouth Press
54 Greene St.4S
New York, N.Y. 10013

7627 Old Receiver Road
Frederick, Md. 21701

Dear Thunder's Mouth,

for
Along with other misleading and unjustified puffery ~~from~~ Mark Lane's "Plausible Denial" your ad in 'The Nation' for 11/18/91 contains a lie I ask you to correct:

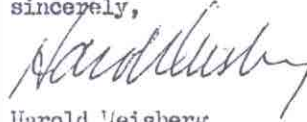
"Mark Lane was the first to expose the cracks in the Warren Commission's official report on the Kennedy assassination in his book, Rush to Judgment."

although Lane has long pretended that he owns the subject, the first of my books was published at least a year earlier and it was followed by others that preceeded Lane's.

In fact I had completed two books by the time his appeared, the first two of the four-part Whitewash series.

As I hope you have no occasion to learn, taking Lane's unsupported word for almost anything can entail some risks.

sincerely,



Harold Weisberg

virgin who would be allowed to copulate just once, but in a high temple: The act had better be transcendent, or one had chosen the wrong life.

If this Prep School Ethos is hard on Kittredge, tough darts:

I gave up the thought of explaining to her that the natural condition of men's lives was fear of tests, physical even more than mental tests. Highly developed skills of evasion went into keeping ourselves removed from the center of our cowardice. . . . So I could not help it—I admired men who were willing to live day by day with bare-wire fear even if it left them naked as drunks, incompetent wild men, accident-prone. I understood the choice.

It's even harder on Castro, but he's so neolithic macho, he will surely understand:

I would mourn Fidel if we succeeded, mourn him in just the way a hunter is saddened by the vanished immanence of the slain beast. Yes, one fired a bullet into beautiful animals in order to feel nearer to God: To the extent that we were criminal, we could approach the cosmos only by stealing a piece of the Creation.

You need no longer wonder: Why Are We in Vietnam? Or Iraq? Or Marilyn Monroe?

I could say, to stretch a point, that we were being schooled in minor arts of sorcery. Are not espionage and magic analogous?

—Harlot

If paranoia is our culture's weather, all that lightning, then Mailer, bless him, puts up a kite instead of an umbrella. But having grown up on him, we already know that we have enemies. It's harder to amaze us. It's a tough break for the old exorcist that Don DeLillo, Joan Didion and Stan Lee in *Dunn's Conundrum* have already covered so much of his territory; that Robin Winks has already written his book about Yale and the C.I.A.; that Tom Mangold has just published a biography of James Jesus Angleton; that Robert Gates twisted in the Senate wind; that Pete Brewton's S&L stories and the magnitude of the B.C.C.I. scandal are so much more fantastic to contemplate than the C.I.A. conspiracy in *Harlot's Ghost*: to finance itself by cashing in on insider tips before the Federal Reserve Board fiddles with the interest rates. What's new, Norman?

Well, he really likes these guys. And why not? If you can identify with Gary Gilmore, not to mention Menenhetet, how hard can it be to identify with Allen Dulles? Besides, the old Social Bandit has been soft on WASPs since the moon-shot, when he mindmelded with the astronauts. And he's summered forever in New England, with its sermons, charades and whaling-ship water games. Of course: Harry will lose his innocence and Harry is America—that's the point of these many pages—but what a boys' club it seems to him at the start, what a Skull and Bones, a *safe* house, a happy hunting ground of Hoplites, Berserkirs and Samurai, storm-cloud Maruts and Taoist warrior-sages, Gilgamesh, Achilles, Arjuna, Crazy Horse—with secret books, sacred seals and nifty computer graphics. It's Rosicrucian, Cabalistic, Druidical! I mean, they have castles on the Rhone, chateaus on the Loire, temples in Kyoto. Why not great Baals with glowing red-hot bellies and Tantric miniatures depicting Kundalini; Nuremberg Maidens with hearts full of nails; ramsing, the horn of Tugs, hanging from a banyan; the altar of sacrifice to Yaldabaoth; menhirs, tes-

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