

Dear David,

AUG 9 1971

If arranging no single promotion, frustrating some I arranged and resisting or preventing those that did succeed and would have constitutes "effort" and "promotion" as you say in your August 6, how can anyone argue?

If placing one small ad twice and refusing others when they were clearly called for, like failing to fill orders for as much as six weeks to my reported knowledge, and not even having the book in the stores in Memphis when it sold out immediately, is indeed "selling", I can understand your position.

As for your saying "reimburse you for copies of the book you bought at retail price", you say entirely too little. The rest of that sentence should read "to do what we were contracted to do and didn't, to be our unpaid public-relations agent, and then necessary only because we had not sent you the free copies required of us by the contract."

Incomplete sentences are acceptable and effective as a means of emphasis, but the emphasis ought not be false.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg

In financial matters, I have become convinced that "liberals" are the most dishonest. The others do not pretend they are not crooked. Instead they say crookedness is right and proper. No sanctimony. No pretense of patient tolerance, no patronizing.

You'd never think that as of today I do not have my "advance"!

My fear is that these wretched ones will go broke before I can get paid. They didn't have to be reached, they are naturally that way.

There was one nice thing in today's mail, a note from Bill Loeb, who is on vacation in his Reno home, enclosing a kind notice in his, probably the most ultra-conservative paper in the country, written by a man who has been his friend for 25 years.

If I never told you, after reading the limited edition of WHITEWASH, he first paid two different lawyers to give it a libel reading for me without my asking, then told his secretary to send it to Regnery with his endorsement and the request that Regnery publish it (she forget to for six months and by the time she found that in her stack and Regnery went for it and wanted to publish, I had brought out my underground edition).

When, much later, I consulted him when the printer with whom I had a contract to print cancelled with the plates on the press and then destroyed the plates and messed up the negatives, which were mine, and I consulted Bill by phone, it is he who made the introduction at Merkle that resulted in the printing of the book when they knew I was broke and in debt. In case I hadn't told you, this bit of history. And a vignette while I'm working off my nerves before returning to writing, which had been going well until the mail came. I had a 24-year-old visitor this past weekend, a city boy brilliant in advertising, an early peacenik and one of those at Chicago. He went walking with me yesterday morning, chided me when I called to the owner of a dog ("adorable" that came running at us in a menacing manner, and had been holding forth at great length on the error of my asking these people to restrain their "adorables". At about the point I suggested that we drop this and was telling him of my experience with animals, the territorial imperative, etc., we were sud-

attacked by a little brown bastard. Only my haste in loudness and with mace prevented said thereafter-silent 24-year old from being bitten. It was very disagreeable this a.m. walking with a ~~box~~ holstered .32. When I got to that place, a tough-looking young blond, sleep still in her hard face, drove out with two kids I presume hers. I stopped her to ask if I could speak to her for a moment. Without lowering the window she asked what about. I told her of this incident. She said, "I don't have any dog. You've gotta be crazy", and with this drove off. Between yesterday a.m. and this a.m. two "BEWARE OF DOG" signs had suddenly sprouted, on on the side of her house and one on a tree along the road.

1771 9 AUG

What are we coming to?

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