

Mr. Richard Gallen
7 W 81 St.,
New York, N.Y.

7/24/86

Dear Dick,

Off and on for a number of years I've been intending to write you but for reasons that I'll indicate, it is but one of many things I've not gotten around to. The reason I write now may appear to be strange. It is that the simple upper-body exercise of typing when I am more tired than usual sometimes helps. I was sitting, not trusting myself to work on an appeal that I think would, and I mean intellectually, interest you, and wondering to whom I might write.

Not to leave you hanging on the appeal, in 1978 FOIA litigation my lawyer refused to do as I asked in opposing (first time ever under FOIA) alleged "discovery" which was merely harassment and stonewalling before a fink judge. This made a mess in which the FBI/DJ nazis got a judgement against me. Pro se I've reduced it to this situation: the fink judge ignored everything and issued an order against me still although I presented totally undenied proof that the judgement was obtained by perjury, fraud and misrepresentation.

And as odd things happen, if I'd not have started this letter I'd be writing a different one. I had just started the second graf when by phone I got the address of a new public interest law group in D.C. to which I'll write. My concern is not for myself but because again the bad people in government are trying to rwrite FOIZ through me. The discovery precedent will gut it and there may be wider applicability.

I don't remember when we were last in touch but toward the dn of 1980 I had a left femoral bypass. Reagan is figurative a teflon man and literally I am, aprtially. There were two serious complications followed by emergency surgeries and I was left able to walk for only short distances and brief periods. This past January I had what is known as a transurethra resection of the prostate and the family doctor calls a rotorooter job. The operation appears to have been successful but the plumber masccarading as a doctor ignored my medical history and arranged for me to have still another venous thrombosis. I see the cardiovascular surgeon to whom your Dr. Segal referred me every six weeks now, next a week from yesterday. I can't drive more than about 20 minutes at a time so I'll be driven there by local medical transportation. The trip to Washington with ~~me~~ a professional driver also tires me.

From the t me of the first recovery from complication I've been on a walking therapy program. I drive less than 10 minutes to a local mall, which admits me before it opens for business, I leave about 6:30 and return a little after 10, and I walk until I have to rest, rest and read and then walk again, etc. After this last disaster the cardiovascular surgeon, Hufnagel, told me to lie flat on my back for two hours a day with my legs elevated. Boring, so I do it to what can hold my attetnion. Soon I'll, ~~step~~ for the first bout of this and more or less take in a TV program of my wife's and later I'll listen to the Christian Science Monitor news on radio while I do it. Takes a big hunk out of every day.

Back to the appeal to make, maybe, a bit more sense of it. I filed for relief under Rule 60(b), new evidence. The FBI agent who swore to their need of discovery from me right after I first went up on appeal disclosed the rproof of the felonies I charged to a friend in other litigation and thus I got the new evidence, after the case had left district court. On remand another phony judgement, against my then lawyer, was dropped but that created a conflict of interest and besides, he ~~is~~ is too timid, otherwise I'd not be where I am. I've been working away at the appeal but for some reason, although I'm never very energetic, I've been much more tired all day.

The reason I've done nothing further on the King book, which I feel in today's climate might be even more important, is because I can't use stairs very often and then must be careful and because I can't stand still and can't bend much so I can't use my records which are in the basement. About 40 stuffed file cabinets I got from the kicking and screaming FBI and CIA and the FBI is seeking vengeance. I have no help and if I knew someone I could get I'd not be able to pay for the work.

Until it is January's disaster with that damned plumber/surgeon I was fairly able in other way, although not really strong. I heated us with wood, which is quite economical, and in the course of this I split firewood while sitting down and I moved it, handling it at least three times. In the course of a fall and winter this means that I moved about 100,000 lbs of wood.

There are other interruptions besides the time taken taking care of myself. I'm not supposed to sit still more than 20 minutes at a time. I sit with my legs horizontal. That interrupted concentration. And twice a week I have blood tests because I live on a high level of anticoagulant. So, the prothrombin time has to be monitored carefully.

If I'd planned this I'd have been more organized. The post-surgical leftover are blood clots. After the original thrombophlebitis in 1975 I'd ~~ign~~ built a considerable amount of return circulation by vigorous activity, especially walking. I supposed, and I have to suppose because nobody is saying anything, that the new clots are in those smaller vessels that I enlarged. I can tell by swelling where some are.

The world in which we now live is one in which to the media there is no news value or any other kind of interest in undenied official felonies. If there were any attention to this litigation it might make a real difference, even with the appeals court in DC now thoroughly Reaganized. I sent copies of everything filed by both side to the networks, the wire services and a number of major papers. A respected reporter at the NYTimes is one of only two what said anything. They saw no news in it.

For lack of a better shorthand my wife and I refer to these periods on my back as Hufnagelling. It is now time for that. I hope all of you are well and happy.

Best,

Harold Weisberg.

Please excuse the type. To type with my legs elevated the typewriter is to one side and before then my hunt-and-peck was none to accurate.