

That Capitalist, stand fellow of the rotating
Whitewash, named like Olivier like a German
pret - agent of the jewel whose lust is gone -
is the inner ^{future} ~~Philosophic~~ part of me, your
recent, successful adversary.

However, the yellowed landman is like
"I have gun, just travel", if with me. Although
no T. and, he is now suspected from Mexico.
Although no cause, he has been ~~for some time~~ ^{summing the scales}
with me for five hours, and there will be more.
If it is not gone discord, then my area was denied
total but song continues. Only the impression
can decide if it is reality.

His question is to join me with the man
who has been...
spoke at me... prepared for some depart-
ment

Because of his paranoia about using the phone, when I was in Calif. in 2/68 and had persuaded Lorin Hall and Howard to go to N.O. voluntarily, I was afraid to tell his office over the phone in the open. I did that after my return home, when he was at what he regarded as a clear phone and + in a phone booth. This is a photocopy of my initial message, to "oo, by phone, from Fred Newcomb's. It was written on the back of Lillian Castellano's 11/19/65 memo to Salendria on his writing. When I did get Garrison it was the following Wednesday. Lil was laid up with a sprained ankle, in a cast, and I had gone to the 7th St. Shop Ctr. here I stood in the zero cold for more than an hour telling him of these interviews.