

Dear Once and future friends, 11/13/69

This is not a letter that will ask you to do anything or that, perhaps, you may feel for a while you should answer. It is merely to say hello. You have been on my mind lately, along with others, as I've had more time for my mind to wander while occupied with mechanical tasks. I've been taping correction on final copy of still another book that may never see the light of day. "Final copy", as you know, means retyped first draft here. When I finish this and reread it, adding a few notes, I'll do the final part of my three-part study of the autopsy. If anything can turn on some of those who abdicated and whose abdications have been facilitated by some of the more mercenary and irresponsible among us, I hope that will do it. I have some of the most shocking material yet for it, including a copy of what was withheld from the Commission itself.

I don't get very far into anything without having cause to lament poverty. In this case I could have gotten color pictures of this evidence but the cost would have been \$200, so I had to content myself with xeroxes. I have them, and I may yet get the pictures. I know how to relocate this if the opportunity presents itself.

Partly it has been the release of my mind, partly an anniversary that has given me time to reminisce and directed the reminiscence. It was just a year ago that we were in Dallas together. You then, as it turned out quite accurately, detected that I was more nervous. I wasn't aware of it. This grew until it became a problem that I think is now under control. I suppose the various frustrations conspired and the multitudinous pressures combined. It has not been and is not an easy period. I've had to slow down considerably, though I do more than a day's work every day.

One of the more depressing things is what has happened to other people, to friends who have been less than that, some great people who have lost contact with reality, some who do nothing, others who do bad and unkind things. Like Penn, for example, who has owed me \$150 for some time and not only will not pay it, justifying himself with the illusion that I am some kind of an agent. A while back, when a student who had become a buff wanted a set of the 26 and a print of the DCA film, both of which Penn has in surplus and sells, I offered to settle this debt for the lesser value of the two, and Penn's response was that to me these would be some fantastic price, like \$500 or \$1500. The cost was not only a blow to me, to think so much had happened to this wonderful man, but we were denied certain technical services that were available to that young man for the summer only. Owing me \$150, Penn cuts me of his mailing list and tells people he did it because I didn't pay the subscription. Knowing I have and have had no income, he can still travel the world. That such things could happen to one like Penn is deeply troubling, for his is a noble soul. I mourn a very sick friend. Each of the frequent times I am pressed with a need for money and wonder where I may get it, this grief returns as I think of him.

*M. Dan
gon
losing
home*

I have, of course, heard nothing from Dione and I have not written her. As I work on other things with which she is connected, I endlessly wonder about her sources of sources, for an astounding amount of what she said is so, yet it is not possible to believe here is first-person information. In the past year there have been frequent cases where I have come across names so much like those she used, so close it is incredible...The last time I heard from you, she had told you the FBI was going around spreading nastiness about me. Immediately, although it was hard to believe, I wrote the Attorney General. His reply was that this is against policy, but he was referring the letter to Hoover. Since then, although I have asked for it, there has not been even a pro forma denial, which does tend to credit D., who nonetheless could have made it up.

