

Dear Floyd,

3/15/83

I've only a few minutes, but because you didn't get my response to your last letter, I'll send this immediately. I'm about to leave to take Lil to a medical appointment and my yesterday was taken up with four or my own and two of my mother-in-law's!

I sent the letter, with the return of your enclosure, to the PG address you then had. It was not returned to me.

I do have less time because in addition to all these medical interruptions I must spend three hours each morning in walking therapy and because the FOIA cases still take much time.

I'm getting over bronchitis, pneumonia and pleurisy, the ~~was~~ last two not strange to me, as you may recall. But aside from being weaker, I'm now OK. I'll be weaker for a month or so, the doctor told me yesterday.

Can you latch onto a job where you are now? Can they find a slot in their budget or do they expect to always have a suitable prisoner available?

My recollection of what you sent that I did return is that I think it is not likely that there can be another market for such books because there have been that many of them in the past two decades. It would have to have something quite unusual for any publisher to think of doing it. I think you'd be wasting your time and that now you should be looking for what has a chance of success, which can be important for you.

We'd both like to see you when you get out and can come up. I'm usually home by 11 a.m.

It is good for you to put your thoughts on paper, as you do in your enclosure, some of which is good, but I can't think of any place you could get it published. Also, you continue to strain and would be much more effective if you confined yourself to the simplest appropriate words you can think of. Where you strain it come across as artificial and any editor would reject on this basis.

Hope everything ~~is~~ continues to go well with you, and we do look forward to seeing you soon.

Our best,

Hi Harold,

How are you? I never did get an answer from you on the letter I mailed at Christmas time in Marlboro. Did you get it? I enclosed some of my work. Let me know. I put another piece in this time.

I hope everything is as well as it can be with you. I was somewhat concerned when I got no response from you but I do realize the work you do is somewhat prohibitive of continual correspondence. I get out in 3 weeks - yes finally I have won the parole. I've been up here in Baltimore at the Diagnostic Center since Jan. 6th. I've been working in the ID Unit since early February so I'm not locked down 24 hours a day. It's a good little job and I seem to have carved out a little place for myself. I've been adapting the Md. State Correctional guidelines to in-house directives. Research and reference, etc. They like my style. Is that wild? I figured you'd get a kick out of that. Anyway, I want to know what you think of the work I've sent you.

When I get out, coming up to see you is a priority of mine, that is if I am still welcome. You gotta know I am looking forward to seeing you and Lil.

This is a strange time. Not so much as I am getting out but the conservative mood very ostrich like, in our society. It's as if there were never any years called

the 1960's. Did they really exist and did those things really happen? I don't quite know how to put it. I just know I haven't changed. Perhaps some people think I should have because of what I have been through. Well, most assuredly I have learned. I would never have gotten this far if I hadn't. But I keep recalling Ben Franklin's analogy of the cat that sat on a hot stove and got scorched. The cat will never sit on a hot stove again will she? No, but she won't sit on a cold one either!

I have the old confidence back and this personal success I will experience in a few weeks is something I once thought an impossible dream. It just goes to show you were right when outside of Louyer's office you said "nothing's impossible"! What can I say except, let me roll! I'm willing.

Say hello to Gil and let me hear from you.

My best,
Floyd

I have long since stopped asking myself why I committed the crime(s). I have never understood why I went out late one Saturday afternoon and on the advice of an accomplice, went on a spree that was fulfilled by robbing, at gun point, two convenience stores. In the process, I probably scared the hell out of three or four people. The diametric to this puzzle is that money was available to me by numerous other means, yet, that evening I had no truck with imagination, nor innovation. I did not care to. I am sure that I was insane temporarily, but, the craziness was only part of a much larger perspective only sublimely visible to me at the time, that subordinated all but the base necessities for survival. Only the will to live prevailed and registered any perspective at all.

It is time, now, having suffered and endured the far reaching consequences of the act, to offer for the record not a rationalization, but the reasoning as I perceive it to be. The act itself was, in view of my character and history, anomic and aberrative. To a society that in many areas has become a terrorist community, it was only a routine and violent crime committed by a junkie desperate for a fix. To me, it was a last unqualifiedly negative statement of capitulation to a Byzantine world that signified my membership fee. You see, the deal had gone sour and as the old adage goes, if you can't lick 'em, join'em.

I grew up in an era of extreme contradictions, amid a few doomed leaders who preached idealism and the resolution to make it reality. "Some men see things as they are and ask why? I dream of things that never were and ask why not?" G.B.S./R.F.K. "I have a dream." M.L.K. "We do these things and others, not because they are easy, but because they are hard." "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country." J.F.K. All these, and more, are all readily recognizable by most, but accepted only as sayings from some lost age. The spirit and motivation of them being symbolic of an unselfish, patriotic, progressive and above all humanistic society, are all but lost in the dogmatic, self-indulgent and irresponsible America we know as posterity from a ME decade.

I suppose I felt quite the fool for having fallen for all that garbage about existing in a free society with a representative government of the people, by the people, and for the people. You know, with the constitution and the Bill of Rights and all those public servants sworn to uphold and protect it. Our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor, etc. When I read Jefferson speaking, "I have sworn upon the alter of God, eternal hostility toward all forms of tyranny over the minds of men", I would get a greater rush than any drug substitute. It all meant something to me and sure it wasn't perfect, but the apparatus and the opportunity were still there. Weren't they? I had always recognized the responsibility and acknowledged the obligations required of each member of our country to maintain the safeguards of our liberties and speak out and act when they were threatened. You see, these type of things meant something to me. *I'm sure I must have appeared to be a sort of Don Quixote tilting at windmills with a few but diminishing Sancho Panzas at my side, when stood up for such idealism.

You see, I perceived the murder of a United States President (any Commander-in-Chief, for that matter) on an open street, by unknown forces, and subsequent cover-up of the facts by our very own elected and/or appointed officials, the most subversive and vile crisis our country could sustain. That a fairy tale account of the tragedy could continue as long as it has, with so many bizarre and illegal acts of governmental policy being its direct legacy was, to me, in one word.....incomprehensible.

Surely a concerted effort of a responsible nature, to have the truth told, would appeal to the very reason and conscience of our nation. Such was the effort I committed myself to, and assisted with. The deeper understanding must be clear that I was not engaging in a singular crusade, but piloting a vehicle that was acutely representative of the very precepts I have already proclaimed essential to my *raison d'etre*. I have always acted within the system to exact change. I have tried to be the responsible member defined as necessary to maintain the cohesive social contract for our own very survival. I have worked to exemplify these beliefs and encouraged others to "make the system work for us." My efforts here and in many other areas substantiate this statement. Those who know me, know it to be true. I not only felt this effort essential for a return of integrity to our system, but the best way to do it. Boy, was I wrong!

What I found was a living reality of the old political pun about the survey worker who asks of his subject, "Is it true that most Americans are both apathetic and uninformed, politically?" To which the subject responds, "I don't know and I don't care!" Uninspiring to say the least.

I can see now the lifestyle and forms of economic subsistence tactically intertwined with the inhabitants of the culture I was engaged with, were not exactly conducive to the over-all design I had in mind. The perils and shortcomings that are the continual jeopardy in such an environment were not fully appreciated by myself. But, I was so close to success (too close perhaps) and had it gone the other way, who could argue the means, as harmless as they might have been. Regret is the worst emotion experienceable in life. And my regret is the robbery.

At the time, I felt like the old geezer they found banging his head against the wall. They pulled him away and asked why he did it. His simple reply, "Because it feels so good when I stop!" Before, I must have felt the wall might just give way before my head would. I have since learned better.

So close was I to what I felt was a solid foundation toward success, I had set myself up for what could never happen. I had begun to believe that dreams could come true and, as Omar Khyam proclaimed in his *Rhubyat*:

"Ah love would you and I with him conspire,
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire.
Would not we shatter it to bits
And mold it nearer to our hearts' desire!"

Oh yes, the love of my life, that necessary ingredient for full-filling ~~that~~ true happiness which we all seek, yet so rarely find, was apparent. Or was it? Unwilling to recognize even my own inductions (let alone that of those whom I trusted) I felt that it was all coming together as planned. How wrong I was. Rather than the vestal pulchritude I so cherished, the reality became finally obvious as something more like Dangerous Dan McGrews' "the woman who's known as Lou". At the same time, consequential to this reality, came a financial misfortune of impairing degree.

"Then on a sudden the music changed
So soft that you scarce could hear.
You felt that your life had been looted clean
of all that it once held dear.
That someone had stolen the woman you loved.
That her loved was a devil's lie.
That your guts were gone and the best for you,
was to crawl away and die." Robert W. Service

Yeah, the deal had all gone sour, the color and smell of vomit three days old that can nauseate and empty any one or thing's system quicker than a stomach pump. The kind of foulness that precludes any future appetite; even for survival. An emptiness that reassured one "that nothing really matters much, it's doom alone that counts." B.D. What else can be said, save, "screw Paris" huh_____?

Well, that's the way I felt and the pain was only eased by the morphine I was snorting, which just happened to be available by the very person I was trying to get off the stuff. Funny life, huh? Any other time, even with the severity of it, a good long drunk might have sufficed and I could have regrouped to lick my wounds. But, no rebound this time; the crutch prompted my rationalization that there was no sense in trying. It was to be all downhill from then on in, as I could not (read would not) live with the pain. In nine short months I would become both a criminal and a junkie. For the next four years I would be on the run.

As I look back now, I can see my act was immature, irresponsible, irrational and unnecessary. But, those adjectives can also be applied to the character of our society. I am not copping out. I am admitting my mistake. But I am also comparing. The adjectives reflect a terrible indictment of our society which I was only resigning myself to. It is the dark and venal side of our national character that exists only upon our consent and consignment and, in one brief act, I went on a pendulum full swing into it. Though the stage was set long in advance, my action was the quickest statement of dissolution to anomic breakdown I could have perpetrated. Please do not construe this as a contention that I interpreted then and/or now as purposeful or contrived. I personally consider it nightmarish

in nature. However, I am resolved to it being painfully functional and highly cathartic. Considering the alternative, I am sure one must agree.

Anyone can say that hindsight is 20-20. But, it is common knowledge that one must understand where he or she has been, to have any idea where they are going. My suffering has been enlarged by the anguish and grief I have caused others. I have paid dearly. But, I have endured. I have survived. As G. Gordon Liddy would say, "What does not destroy you, makes you stronger." He is so right. So very right. The will to live allows the blessing of Mother Nature, spontaneous recovery, to flower. The basic effort, however arduous, enhances the blossom and enriches the soul. Things become more precious and their worth and value, through trial and tribulation, increase to the appropriate perspective.

I have learned. Moreover, I have not lost sight of my goals or values. The experience has only served to re-inforce the determined objective. The improvement of the quality of human life on this planet. The wall is still there, but - hey - so is my head! As my mother once wrote:

One ship sails east, the other west
By the selfsame winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sail and not of the gale,
That determines the way they go.

The winds of the sea are like the winds of fate
As we journey along through life.
'Tis the set of the soul that determines the goal,
And not the calm or the strife. G.E.B.L.

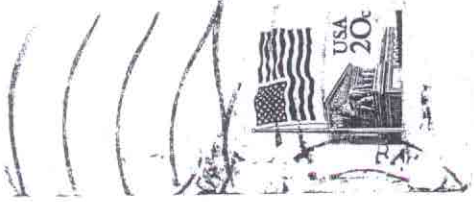
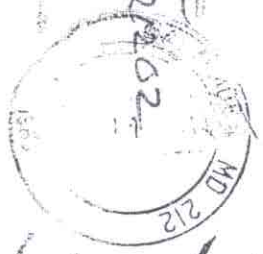
In less than three short months I will be out of prison with no charges hanging over my head. Off the run, drug free, with my family and using my own name. All of this for the first time in almost seven years. As hope shall spring eternal I am back. This time I am playing for keeps. As for the fire next time.....

So let us now be up and doing
With a heart for any fate.
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Longfellow

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