

Mr. George McMillan  
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2/2/72

Dear George,

I have just received a letter from Jerry Ray that touches my compassionate heart. he says you are going to use my letter of more than a month ago for toilet paper. This not only make me sympathetic, but it presents me with a difficult decision I hope I can resolve to your satisfaction, comfort or both.

You seem to have been associating with shrinks so much I wonder if this has loosened you up to the point where you indulge yourself. Thus you may actually prefer crinkly, hard paper for toilet use. If this is the case, I enclose a sample of an even stiffer paper I have. It is called Ozalid paper. It is for use with a special kind of copying machine. Interesting things hap en to it with the application of amonia and heat. I have never used it for such purposes, so I can't tell you whether, if this kind of thing is your bag, the yellow side is more pleasing than the white. However, I have been given a generous supply of it, and if it pleases you, I'll be more than happy to send you an entire package. Sorry I do not know the amonia concentration optimum with it. But then I don't know your amonia output either, do I? Now if you were a chicken, I'd be able to make a rough estimate, after all these years. (They put out lots of amonia.) So much that often in hearing or reading of the appearance of some books I am reminded of it. Its special, fresh odor, that is.

On the other hand, not being an expert on aberrations, I find myself wondering if it is what I say that reminds you of your ass, and that you have no special liking for the stiff stuff. Therefore, I write you on the softest paper I have, with the typing on the softer side. (Jerry didn't say whether you were going to use it on yourself or another, just that you proposed using it for toilet paper, but I am awar from the description of your book in the Times' announcement that you do in wipe the asses of others.)

Until I got this letter from Jerry I had never stoped to think how difficult it must be for a proud man to be married to a woman of means. I never dreamed that Priscilla rationed you on toilet paper, which seems to be another possibility. Sears catalogues are no longer easy to come by, and I recall the hazards of newsprint from my youth.

Poor George! I am sorry. Genuinely sorry for you.

With that "happy contract" and still having to suffer such an indignity! No Justice. Ask Jim ie. Bet he'd agree.

Of course, I am aware that you may have used this as a figure of speech, just as I am aware from what Jerry told me you wrote Jimmie, "I'm not going to shoot you a bunch of crap." The latter awareness tells me that so little of your excretion requires paper I need not send this special delivery. The former tells me that you are in the best company, in recent years alone such pure souls as John Mitchell, J. (St. Edgar) Hoover, Richard Klein-dienst and the Bills, Bywer and Huie, to name just a few. (Huie, I think you should know, considers me a racist, and he said so, with his bare face hanging out, because I said James didn't do the shooting. That he fed all t at loot to Hanes, of course, is a different matter.)

But if it is not that you used a figure of speech, I am troubled for you, old friend. "ould it help if I were to lend my puny efforts to th organization of a Men's Liberation Movement, so that those who just happen to fall in love with and marry up with wealthy women will not be reduced to wiping their asses with stiff bond paper? Must a man surrender everything he holds dear, like solace to his ass, if he marries into money? I have never heard of a single case where a woman was forced by a wealthy husband to perform her dainty need with something as unbecoming as bond paper (if mine is rag bond, it is still bond). Is there to be no equality between the sexes? Must women abuse men as men do not abuse women.

Do you suppose it is that Priscilla fears you may do as well as she did with her formula books on Marina? Can she not be satisfied with having baby-sat for Marina while Marina tended other urgent needs that do not require toilet paper? After all, you are not getting to baby sit with Jimmie, are you? So look at all she has on you even if you do as well. And you are not even going to have special FBI reports written about you when you are present and your special care is interviewed about a government reports and how wonderful and beautiful it is without it being seen, 'cause I don't thing NBC, CBS and ABC have such interest in Jimmie. (If you (pl.) have not seen these reports, yo have no idea the high esteem in which Hoover's stalwarts held your wife, for all her stinginess with toiled paper.

Pardon my countryman's manners if I do not whisper. I have a sort of negative reaction to TV commercials.


Besides, where can you get corncobs any more? Even if you do like stiffness. I suspect that even in Mass. the shucking is done by machine these days, when corn and cob are not both ensiled together. Anyway, they won't flush. Not even the hybrids.

If not for old times' sake, then in the spirit that all us men have to stick together please, without thanks or any unnecessary feeling of indebtedness, please accept as a measure of my sympathy and respect for your writer's integrity this slight token so appropriate to your need as to your work, the roll of the whisper kind. From the blurb, it is made with hot air. Is that not also befitting? And the pale yellow color is my recognition of that high station of journalistic excellence to which you ~~always~~ aspire. May you yet achieve it and all that goes with it. Like the approval of Hoover. You won't have to worry about what troubles others when they are in HIS presence, for you will not stand too tall.

~~Not~~ wishing to tax your imagination, I have folded the Ozalid paper into creases that may suggest each sheet can provide four separate pieces. And I have herewith two sheets, which will permit you to learn if you prefer one ~~kind~~ side to the other. That I can supply should you prefer it to bond. Alas I have to buy the bond, and we now live in an era in which it is not rewarding to say we do not enjoy the best of possible governments, so I really can't indulge a taste for bond, if you have it. Writers who say what I say do not come by "happy contracts".

Meanwhile, I do look forward to your masterpiece, the one I understand your modest estimate to be that which will still be sought 50 years hence. I haven't taken time for a good work of fiction in a long time. May it be soon!

With sincerest hope that you get all you deserve,

  
Harold Weisberg