

11/1/69

Dear Rus and Rita,

Its always darkest before the dawn.
Into every life some rain must fall.
Every silver lining has a cloud (orig.)
Dolor determineth imminent joyance (Boaccaccio)

And from here we could go back to Plato in his debates with Cebes, where he argued that things exist in and because of opposites: without night, no day; no pain, no joy. But no matter how you quote it, living through what you to have is plain lousy. Hope the bad luck is at an end.

Next day. We got a lot of company for supper, early, and stayed late.

When you come: do it when you can. However, a long-postponed visit from a Washington Post reporter, who plans to remain for an entire day going over my King/Tay stuff (he covered the minitrial) is scheduled for the 8th or 9th, depending on assignments. If you can come that week not the following one, do it; but if you can make it either, make it the second one. I'll have to spend a fair amount of time with him, and should.

Wish I knew media people in Pgh. I don't.

I recall the name David Craig and some little about him. I'd be very happy if you could interest him in COUP....Lil has finished retyping the addition, which is about 200,000 words, edging me a little closer to the Dr. Elliott-Five Foot section. She is correcting it and I'll be pasting the corrections in soon. Then all I'll have to worry about immediately is where to get the funds for xeroxing. Only the master will xerox clearly (the copies with NCR paper come out bluish), and that has to be handled with greatest care, on the chance of offset reproduction. There is no appendix to the addition, although I'd like about 25 pp or so. There is a lengthy one for the first part, never xeroxed. The second part is really dynamite. It is longer than enough to warrant legal action, which we cannot expect in Mr. Cunneonde's world (do I recall the name correctly after 35 or 40 years?)...With Craig's hobby as you represent it, let me tell you when I was young it used to be mine, and I still have enormous files on it/them, from the 30s. Only in those days it wasn't called the "radical right". I wish there were some way he would help. The ways he can, to me, may not be what he would like. This can range from making the xeroxing (hence copyrighting) possible, through arranging for publication of a limited edition, which now would cost more than two years ago, even to legal work; for there are legal possibilities in several areas....I've just heard that xeroxing is now possible in DC for about 10¢ per legal-sized sheet, for the add along (and I'm almost out of copies of COUP), this would mean about \$300 for 10 sets, two of which would go to the library of Congress. Including the appendix to the first part and some notes it really should have updating some of the radical-right data, perhaps another \$200. But, \$500 might be as much as 7-8% of the cost of a printed edition of ~~5,000~~ 5,000. I wish I knew someone with one of the big xeroxes who would do this in his office...I've been disappointed in the Quakers' coolness. Didn't get a request from Wright for the printed books until three weeks ago, though I wrote him immediately you suggested it. Invited him here, and he said he hoped the future would make it possible...Nor have blacks really interested themselves...You didn't respond on Movement Speakers' Bureau. You gave me name, address by phone, but I lost note. You said you'd speak to them before you left NY, but you both got sick. I may be in NY again in the near future and my arrangement with APB is non-exclusive. Dick Gregory introduced me there, was coming to see what I have, but hasn't. White publishing executive married to black women says he's going to speak to wealthy, progressive-minded people, but no word two weeks. Richard Baron, who left Dial and is publishing

Oct. 28, 1969

Dear Harold,

Well, just when we thought things couldn't get any worse, there they went and got worse. For the past few months we've been consoling ourselves by saying, "Well, at least neither of us has been in the hospital," so sure enough, Lita wound up in the hospital last week. Turned out that she got pregnant in July, at which time she had an examination by a doctor in New York City. Said doctor, not realizing she was pregnant, prescribed birth control pills for her. Whether it was the birth control pills or other things, she had a miscarriage this month -- miscarriage, hell, nobody even knew she was pregnant.

New York Review of books gave me a very strange turn-down. They said they "finally" decided they couldn't publish the book I outlined to them on Repression from the ~~waxid~~ work of the Research B Group. However, they said that if I were publishing it somewhere they would like to print chapters of it in the Review. Also, they said, if The Research Group began functioning they would also like to publish any other material that it might gather that wasn't listed in the outline. What hit me worst was that they didn't recommend anyone who might be interested, so now I'm on a blind alley again with the damn thing. I keep telling myself that one day you and I and the others will be able to sit down together and say that if everyone would have listened to us they wouldn't be in the pickle they're in -- but it's stopped being a consolation.

I don't know now ~~when~~ when we'll be able to get down to see you. Some friends of ours are driving to New York this week and we were thinking of perhaps riding along with them to your place -- but it turns out they want us to babysit for them, otherwise they won't be able to go, and while they're there they'll be picking up some of our belongings at my mother's. K The situation regarding the car is that we can borrow my father's car on a day-to-day basis, but he needs it back every evening. Add to this the problem of buying gas to go there and back. So, in other words, when we can afford the gas we can perhaps work out some kind of arrangement with him that would enable us to leave here early in the morning and not have to be back until late in the evening, but that would probably be the maximum. As far as the money goes, I'm still looking for a job here, so that's a problem. I'm working temporarily here and there -- and right now where I'm typing this it looks like I may have a fairly good paying temporary job, so I'm thinking maybe we might ~~may~~ make it a week from this Saturday, barring no further complications. I'd like to come out before it snows, of course.

I've been having the most unbelievably bad luck in my looking for a job. I worked for a couple weeks at a place that was highly impressed with what I did for them, but they had no fulltime opening to put me in. They have offered me a job with them in the future, but it depends on them getting an appropriation for a new program, which might be a month from now, might be three months from now. Meantime I've applied for a number of open positions: city editor in a local newspaper, reporter for UPI, announcer for a local radio station, office manager for a large manufacturer -- and it seems that as soon as I come on the scene disaster strikes or some other odd occurrence comes up. The editor of the newspaper got sick and nobody knows when he'll be back, when I went to talk to UPI several big stories broke, the office went up for grabs and they said they'd call me back; the local radio station needed a Black announcer; and the guy in charge of hiring at the manufacturer went out of town for a week! Meantime, I didn't file for unemployment because I was certain I'd have a job before the check came through. Oh well.

But I'm totally confident that things will ~~h~~ get better -- I doubt that they could get worse.

So I'm waiting in this place right now for a call from IBM. It seems that I'm one of a very few people in Pittsburgh who know how to operate the IBM MT/ST automatic typewriter, so I'll probably be ~~am~~ able to work for a couple weeks doing that while my prospective employers recover from their respective illnesses and disasters.

The newspapers here ~~xxxxxx~~ are very strange. There's really only one -- the afternoon ~~the~~ paper. The morning paper hardly has anything at all in it. They're Scripps-Howard. The evening paper often has a lot of material that I'm interested in -- about the Left and race relations and such -- but absolutely nothing along the lines of what you're interested in. I find this rather strange, because at least there would be one or two stories a week, but no such thing. If I can get the job with the newspaper or UPI I may find out why these things aren't printed here.

There's a man here I'll be talking to in the coming weeks and I wanted to ask you about approaching him. His name is David Craig, he's an attorney here and used to be Public Safety Director. Public Safety Director in Pittsburgh is a job above the superintendent of police and the director of public safety is really the head of the police department. Anyhow, I met the wife of an attorney who is Craig's law partner. She's an old Leftist -- and I was talking to her about ~~the research~~ Research Group idea. She said that I should talk to ~~X~~Craig about it, because his hobby is keeping abreast of the Radical Right. She says he subscribes to all the Radical Right newsletters, sneds in for all their publications, and has a complete library of Radical Right material. I thought that if I could enlist his cooperation for myself, I might also enlist his help for you. Would you want me to -- if he seems receptive -- show him the copy of QUP which I have? Do you see any other ways ~~x~~ that he might be able to help you?

I guess that's about all for now. I would think that if no disasters occur and everything goes all right, we might be able to come out a week from Saturday, but I wouldn't change any plans if I were you, because the way we've been going any kind of disaster might occur.

Lita's feeling better now, she's getting around, although ~~wh~~ she gets tired pretty easily. She sends her love to both of you. She liked the idea of coming out there for a week but then decided that she wouldn't be able to get along without me for that long -- nothing personal, you know, just habit.

Russ