

Dear Kevin,

4/13/82

The letter you wrote me on the 9th got here today, postmarked yesterday, so it is not possible for me to do much before this coming weekend, if that is the one you meant by "next" weekend. Tomorrow I go back to Georgetown for the surgeon to make his six-weekly checkup, and the next day I go to the podiatrist. However, if this coming one is better for you, then by all means make it then.

I do not for a minute believe that you lost the jalousie handle deliberately. And Mark gave me your message about hanging a new door for me.

Off the top of the head there are three things I would like to do that you can do for me, two part of making summer more comfortable and both involving the porch. The third is making arrangements for hanging as many as possible of the outdoor tools. I have a high school boy who helps me weekends, mows the grass, etc. For a boy he is very good. But he can't learn to put things where he got them and the place is even more of a mess. For this part no preparations are necessary because I have just about all I need.

For the porch, in addition to the door, I want to hang some imitation bamboo drop shades. I have the shades but I think I'll need perhaps some 1/8" or 1/4" pipes for them to hang from because there is a slight pitch to the roof. I have enough hooks if they can be hung from hooks only. I thought it might be easier if pipes were levelled. Perhaps I can even get the pipes cut to length (the only way they'll fit in my car) on a Saturday morning.

I've been intending to shop for a jalousie door and to try and learn if jalousie inserts are available for existing doors. I have the door that was replaced by the one on which the jalousie control doesn't work. But I've not had time because six days a week I spend the mornings walking. Today I set my record. I walked 4 1/2 miles at the nearby mall, in what for me, today, is pretty good time, three hours. Of course I sat and rested briefly for a total of 30 times in that period, required by the doctor to let pain pass off and the cause of the pain to recede. It tired me, as each morning does. I've been increasing it gradually. When I get tired I'm to take it easy, so usually I've not been leaving home again before supper times.

Aside from making it more comfortable for Lil I have something else in mind for the porch. I used to work out there for about half the year. It is easy to move my typewriter out there and the environment is great for working there. But right now I've got direct access blocked. That also blocks the major ventilation for my office. I have to use the space next to the French doors for my FOIA request files, most of which are in the four 2-drawer file cabinets there. But as I phase out these

cases I will not need those files in the office. I plant to get them down into the cellar as soon as that is possible.

I do want to get back to writing. I've been turning the next book over in my mind for some time. While I don't have much energy, I do want to do as much as I can of the writing I've planned for a long time.

If Mark didn't tell you, I had a successful arterial implant about Labor Day year before last. The day I left the hospital blood clots broke loose. It was a day before I could get back and then another day before they could operate. They got as many as they could but could not get below the ankle. The combined result is much less circulation in that foot and some deformity from oxygen starvation. Then a year ago I had another emergency. It turned out, when I did get back to the hospital fairly promptly, and my surgeon worked on me, with his team, from about 10 p.m. until about 2:30 a.m., that piece on my own artery had come loose and blocked the left side. It is from the consequences of these two serious emergencies that I am trying to rebuild what I can of the 69-year-old body. (I was surprised Sunday to learn that I could not blow a balloon up for a little boy.)

Tax season will be over in a few days. Lil, as usual, has a few latecomers, people who regularly pay their penalties for no real reason. She should clean it all up before the end of next week. But if the coming weekend is better for you, Lil won't be bothered a bit.

The pool won't be ready for a while. I've not been able to get all the leaves and pine needles that blow in every winter out yet and until until I do it can't use the filtering system.

I'm hurrying because I expect friends who may pass a mailbox on their way home.

Whenever you can do whatever you can do will be fine. Thanks.

Best wishes,

PO Box 8869
Wash DC 20003
April 9 '85

Dear Harold,

Please forgive the long lapse in getting back in touch with you. MARK perhaps told you I lost the gizmo to your door and no amount of searching has unearthed it. I was trying to help and screwed up. Maybe I could make it up by doing a days carpentereing on a visit soon - maybe next weekend, if it's not a bad time - I know UL does taxes and its that time of year. MARK + I could drive out in my car on a convenient weekend and spend Sat or Sunday. Will bring my tools.

'81 was not a good year. In March I nearly bought the farm when some rednecks attacked my girlfriend and ended up smashing my skull with a grapefruit sized rock. Some hearing in the left ear is gone. Will give you the details sometime.

My dad died in November after a long and painfull bout with cancer. It was so fucking un fair and senseless, he was just about every thing I ever loved in people.

Life goes on, glad for the smell of Spring and buds on the trees. Even after a winter in Florida (worked as a cook) it's refreshing to see the season bloom in D.C.

MAEKs certainly doing the critics proud with his lawsuits. The irony of the shit-sucker BLAKEY filing supportive

Affidavits and Retaining Tim fascinates me. Is this the evolving education of a pseudo-fascist whose found it's time to shed some of his ANACHRONISTIC belief system?

I hope your health is good these days. MARK reports both you and lil are looking well. Are you going to do any gardening this year? In lieu or in conjunction with a little carpentry we could give some labors in the garden.

Well, best wishes Harold. Hope to see you soon.

Your friend, Kevin