

6/27/72

Dear Js,

Day of relatively few interruptions, none after lunch, I've finally finished posting corrections master PM, which may be but another enormous futility. Not enough daylight left to return to corrections earlier part. Lil finished typing epilogue, which is where I posted typos, some time ago but I'd let it slide for other thing. Forgot length foreword, about 20 pp. Last numbered in Ep 408, so total text length abt 430pp at approx 600 words each! About 2/3 through on corrections, as I recall from months ago. So, I've returned to ltrs 24 after (thanks) going over clips.

I find pain hard to describe (fortunately, I never have severe ones). But the area JDW describes is also that of a common ulcer. Mine, healed, has been acting up a bit as a result of the unpleasantness, which makes me aware of it. But in my case there was never, in an attack even, a real pain. More discomfort. That area ulcer is the least problem, should it turn out to be that. The only real trouble I ever had from mine, and that was minor, more discomfort, came from medication one with an ulcer should never have. Which is another commentary on modern medicine, it being known I had a healed ulcer, before prescription, that is.

I know little if anything about hypertension, and may even have it without having been told from a few things the coop lawyer said when he phoned after I raised hell. But if I do and that is what he had in mind, the general practitioner I see told me he wants me to walk at least a half-hour vigorously every day. Your mountain is steeper if you are ever told this. What I do is walk up on the way out so coming back isn't too hard. I go as fast as I can and there is virtually no flat space. I find that coming back at a brisk pace is also work, for by then I'm tired. I understand the key is not to over-exercise to begin with, to ease into any exercise gradually, and then to extend it slightly daily. I have often wondered if, as the years accumulate on you, too, you are getting any exercise. I find it mentally beneficial, feel better after catching my breath, esp. if after a fast dip in pool. Speaking as one with a history of letting things slide and then learning too late, I would encourage you not to be satisfied until you have an explanation you can accept. If you let it slide, do not satisfy yourself, it can prey on the mind. And you should know. Although it may not at first seem like the case, particularly if it is a form of anxiety, for with it the mind plays dirty tricks, sometimes frightening ones.

I realize I'm talking without knowing what I'm talking about, but until we know, it is always possible that knowing in advance the experience of others can be helpful when a situation arises or the time for questions comes. For some time I was supposed to be on meprobamate (milltown). When I had the correctly-diagnosed attack of anxiety the local doc told me he prefers valium for those who use the mind. When I raised this with my own doctor, and not until then, he said it is right and made the switch. Then there was a strange thing that happened to me as I now recall only when I would first get into bed. My heart would feel like it was beating hard when I'd expect the opposite. (I've learned on my own that being aware of the heartbeat is another characteristic of anxiety, the mind tricking again.) When I raised this question, something called butisol was prescribed. I have since learned that when Lil's sister was having so rough a time before her husband died, her doctor prescribed this. When I had a chance to ask mine why he prescribed butisol, he said it is a tranquilizer that seems more effective before bed and seems to have the effect of encouraging sleep. I know this may all be irrelevant, but I feel intelligent people are more inclined to be concerned about what they don't understand, by mysteries, and if it does turn out that you have anxiety, it appears to be nothing to fear but can be tricky and deceptive. Please keep me posted.

Vancouver papers: thanks, forget. I'll keep gathering all I can on Gervais, but this newest development forces me to finish with PM ~~as~~ as first priority. Is it not a quixotic interest, this Gervais thing, but is part of the overall and will, I think, provide a popular and comprehensible illustration of the "workings" of "justice" and Justice, IRS, judges, etc. From one of the clips IRS sent me, it seems that the impartial judge has made an open and broad hint that the cases be dropped. You will recall I had said I thought I'd figured out what PG was up to, how he'd planned his way out of a cul de sac. I don't buy his financial dissatisfaction explanation, knowing him better than that. He is not poor. He had to worry about the mob, not JG, and this was his only way out. It remains to be seen how good a record he made.

Thanks for title critique, suggestion.

Shea: fitting with your conjecture, he once sent me a card with a Japanese return address, perhaps even mailed from there. I never bothered checking it, but it seemed like a familiar address, that of an agent. But I'm sickening with my personal candidate, the man who moved to Florida. Or said he was.

28 a.m. At this point things got a little chaotic, as the FYIs enclosed will show. And later I developed such a guilty feeling about my feelings about Mary. Most not right-wing who have not had close personal experiences with them do not understand that they are principled, the decent ones, strongly so, and on a personal basis solidly dependable. Mary had the intellectual equipment to escape the mental captivity of the south but didn't because she had to try too young, an early mother, and soon had to assume responsibility for keeping the family going and together. We met her first at a party at Bud's (the last to which he invited us) and she and Lil hit it off right away....She is a very attractive matron now and as a chick would have made the world's best real Mata Hari....Perhaps you don't read through the lines, or perhaps this is too much for you and you don't want to. I'm developing a notion that the brilliant Sylvia has really flipped and is insane. She thinks or says I am. If she is, if I am right, the situation on assassinations is worse than ever. There was no dissuading her on the foolishness with Balin. Howard knows I forecast the outcome with as much accuracy as possible, not the Times treatment but the end result, counterproductivity. He was in the same ploy and came to the realization on his own.

I've passed less than the deserved complement on Hoppe part, a delight. You couldn't put this kind of genius better than in the Garry Boldwater description, "It defies description."

You may be well off not having accepted the 3M deal. Lil decided we should. The coupons came yesterday. The promo was a fraud. Instead of getting the stuff fresh and "locally" as announced, it will cost us \$2.00 plus letter-writing or phoning to Washington or Baltimore to get.

In separating letters out to read first, I forgot the second batch of enclosures. Great, Je, and vy glad to get. I'll be taking the Saledad Frame-Up story with me when we leave for a medical apt this a.m. to read. Haven't read the dope story yet, but I fear that because of the involvements in the Ray case I'm going to have to stay close to that scene and do appreciate your ~~xxx~~ recognition of it. In his last he said he'd be sending me some pie soon. Whether promise or threat remains to be seen. I've been leaning on him for more than a year. It is possible that when he smuggled into Mexico in a tire what you know I suspect, when he brought the same tire out it was refilled...Just got a letter to him (all at my insistence not from those on his approved list being sent unopened to lawyers) in which there is the brief note that he is being sent four cigars and a pack of matches. Figure that one. Or asking about it through censorship!...Gehlen: I do have a file. None of the reviews indicate the use made by SDECE of his boyos, including for assassinations as the price of living. In Lamia. And one of the Watergaters had a copy!... When a former FBI exposes Bureau in novel and it is commercial, perhaps there may be a slight change. This was contracted before the saint went to his own special heaven.... Returned clip on Bremer footage and DAS reminds me: can't recognize what I wrote from what Enquirer did. Head and play directly opposite what I said.

Don't worry about the worries here. It is enough that one does. Best,

24 June 1972

Dear Harold:

This will be another grab bag attempt to clean up odds and ends lingering from your mailings going back into last month. Both of us have been working against extreme fatigue which has accumulated and which no longer can be ignored.

Following our six weeks on the graveyard shift which ended in mid-May, we took three weeks vacation and spent the first week mostly in bed, trying to learn how to sleep again and generally recovering. During the last week of the vacation, which was spent entirely at home trying to catch up with various things, and not succeeding, I had an annual physical checkup and the doctor found some hypertension for the first time. Nothing alarming, but it was there. He had me go back several times to check it and never found it again. However in the second week back at work, this time on the night shift as night supervisor, I had a particularly bad night and was unable to sleep much. The following day, while eating lunch before going to work, I developed a pain in the chest, vague and impossible to assign to any particular location or organ beyond saying it could have been either the stomach or the heart. I slept an hour and got to the doctor, who again could find no hypertension or other irregularity but told me to take the rest of the week off. He also said I should get out of this business, which I've known for many years of course. After two days of rest I went back again yesterday. No hypertension, no bad heart, nothing that couldn't be explained by accumulated fatigue, said the doc. Go back to work Monday, he said, and if things don't ease up let me know.

Jenifer is tired, too, so if we don't write as often or as promptly as we once did, you'll understand, I'm sure.

You very kindly have offered in recent letters to send us copies of various things -- the Media papers, a new book (extra copy) like the Billiken Courier, and some other stuff. Because we cannot handle what we are trying to take care of as it is, there is no point in spending time and postage on such things. We are trying to cut down, not expand, and we do thank you for your thought and generous offers.

Some time back you asked if I could get copies of the Vancouver, B.C. paper on Gervais. I've never seen it here at any of the few places that feature out of town newspapers, and assume there must be some difficulty about its getting through customs to the extent that it's not worth the bother in relation to the minuscule demand. The Vancouver papers are not known as crusaders, of course, but they might have had names that would have been useful and other routine material. Your idea of getting Ivon to ask for them sounds much more promising. They hardly can refuse an official request.

Also, as I mentioned in a note yesterday, I do not ordinarily see the LA times. I should ~~make~~ make a point of it, but in nearly all cases it's one of those things that I simply have to eliminate.

Regarding Gervais, somehow I am not much stimulated by "Double Double Cross," although it is accurate and pointed. IN some way it lacks direction in terms of personality. This is pretty feeble as a suggestion, but cagey Cajun might be something to toy with.

To revert briefly to the Zuckermandl card and the earlier note beginning "Can Mr. Weisberg translate," we were struck by the common air of mockery both seem to carry. We quite realize the difficulties about Shea, particularly in regard to your birthday and to having a knowledge of suburban Washington. However, your birthday is hardly a state secret and readily obtainable by anyone who really goes after it, and Shea always could have friends in Rockville to do chores for him. Actually this sort of thing is extremely easy, especially if an apparently innocent practical joke is involved. In giddier days we thoroughly confused and disoriented a certain European couple I have mentioned by having mere acquaintances mail prepared postcards to them from various places around the country. They were convinced from the evidence that came in the mail that we were on an extensive vacation tour. On another occasion we reversed the process and mailed scenes of other places from Mill Valley ourselves and brainwashed them into believing we were on still another tour, and on both occasions stayed at home working except to go to the post office, at which time we took care not to go by their house. What I am driving at is that a motel owner, a casual acquaintance, or almost anyone can be persuaded without any difficulty at all to being a party to such deception if it can be presented as a friendly and harmless prank. Most appear delighted to do it. I'm not saying Shea did anything like this; I'm saying he or anyone could do it.

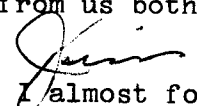
I regret that Hoppe hasn't recently dwelt on Gen. Hoo Dat and his coterie of charming characters in East Vhtnng. The irony of this series was that while Gen. Hoo Dat, commander of the Loyal Royal Army, was fighting the dread Vetnarian guerrillas, his own brother, Gen. How Bot Dat, was commanding the guerrillas in West Vhtnng. Heart interest was supplied by their sister, the famed Vhtnngian cinema star, Miss How Bot Dem. 100 per cent American realism was supplied by Gen. Hoo Dat's American adviser, Maj. Gen. Manfred Zapp. There were others, but this will give you an idea.* The Americans were always being fleeced of millions of dollars, while the Vhtnngian leadership spent most of its time making the proper reservations on the French Riviera. The sad thing is that the reality outran the fantasy, of course. Not even Hoppe could fantacize more amusingly than what was going on.

Four years ago Hoppe had another notable series on Garry Boldwater, Boy American. It defies description.

Many thanks for sending the material about 3M's coupon deal. We are strongly tempted, but actually use so little of this paper that it's hardly worth tying up that much money under the circumstances. These are that our stationer has trouble getting it from 3M (who is very picky and choosy, apparently) and the source is uncertain. The one time I have gone to the local 3M branch in SF, they sold me a ream of rejects and I had unending trouble with it. So what it boils down to is that I prefer not to commit myself for some reason I can't quite fathom. Our copier is actually a very primitive Sears thing that happens to use 3M paper. Works quite well for our limited purposes.

Many thanks for everything, all the highly interesting and informative copies, and the tape of Felix Greene's interview with Chou. We'll keep the tape until we need to dub something for you, as it seems to work perfectly well.

Best from us both,

 jdw
* Horrors, I almost forgot that wily strategist, Gen. Pak Opp Ngo, whose elusiveness in battle has served both sides well.