

8/28/67

Dear Hal:

Let me shoot off a quick follow-up response to both your letter and our phone chat Sunday.

First, I haven't been able to gnaw on Cooke's can as yet; he's been away from (a week) his office until this morning and has calls stacked up to the ceiling. His secretary just called to tell me he might be through to me before I complete this letter; so... Dolan mentioned the Oswald frame-up this AM, as a general blast at our Government's cowardly, dishonest beg-off attitude all round. I don't agree that he has been mashed about the head and psyche over the JFK con-job. I believe, like with Harv, he is literally swamped by the wholesale corruption, has difficulty giving priority to both local and national/international issues. Also, he's a snotty sonofabitch, who really believes Irishmen are borne with airwicke filters on their large intestines. Along these same lines, San Francisco is a city so drowning in its own civic snot that outside news is usually found in the Classified Sections of the local party favor stuffings; you'd think LBJ had a branch office here. We have a Mayor who is straight out of The Last Hurrah, with one hand in boodler's heaven and the other effecting the death grip around the neck of John Barleycorn's cannister. The tragedy is the only man who was relatively responsible enough to whip the motly creep and change the course of things crapped out of a heart seizure while proving he was still damp with fetal drippings. The man who is now running against our beloved Lush (a kindly accolade, considering the facts) is a Republican's Republican, whose whole distinction is that he lost the last campaign against said same guzzler. These men are the lesser of ALL evils. I suppose all major U.S. cities are suffering from the national pathos being inflicted upon us by Mr. Humble of the Perdinalis. The good Senator Fulbright is right, for the wrong reasons; this is a sickening and sick society.

The Hearst treatment, as I stressed before, is more out of Executive ignorance at the top than of corporate policy; there is no firm control over a ball game that large, until the wound from whence money begins to leak profusely pops open at a meeting of the Board of Directors; after all, the idiot sons of the founder have been losing some \$15-million annually for ten years on those things - those PLAY-things - they illogically call newspapers. Avon would have to be burning wads of twenties in the hallways before someone

would spot waste.

Whatever, let's hope that imbecile Mayer (1) has no real voice in influencing executive policy, and (2) has no say-so in their distribution mechanism, which I do not believe he does. I am told it is a separate entity.

I have completed a Prospectus which is required in order to expand my nucleus to do what I think is necessary to get on with the calling; Counsel has it in front of them this afternoon for review; I'll send you a Xerox copy within the week; it reads so good I think I'll put ^{some} more money in the deal myself. (The couchers call this Delusions of Grandeur.)

Incidentally, I've completed the move of my family back to Carmel, so my home phone is out; will send tuther when it's installed in my San Francisco apartment; in the interim you can reach me, if necessary, through Counsel (Sutter 1-0869) or (922-6941), a friend.

Yes, I agree you should get your body to New Orleans post haste; as stated before, Garrison needs your literary voice as much as you need his endorsement and public finger pointing. Sometime I wish you would send me what you think his thesis on the subject involves. You would think he would have summoned your expertise beside him during final case development; unless he thinks he (or Lane??!!) might know more. Oh, the folly of it all.

There are some most interesting Los Angeles folks I'm headed to see (for investment reasons) once you and I get the clinicals ironed out on this bit. Some of their public identities could serve the cause well. We'll see just how much more credible I am than Mr. H----- (Can't stand the sight of my own cleverness.)

Incidentally, I'll need 8 more sets of the first three works; I have already bought 20 sets of the Dell 2nd printings, will have to get another 970 soon; all part of the orientation process. They only read the Epilogue of WW 11, which is sufficient to make or break their attitudes. Oh, you literary geniuses are all alike; corrupting the proleteriate and ghettoizing our resistance.

No word from Cooke; will call the aloof mutha at home right now (It is currently late evening.)

Will spew forth the Prospectus text tomorrow.

Best Personal Regards,

Jean

P.S. Pinch Lil awake and say hello.....