

Dear Dave,

5/17/91

After we spoke yesterday I wondered whether you believe that I am not and was not angry at Feinman because of all the terrible things he wrote you about me or the vile insults in his letter to me of which I sent you a copy, all false. I suppose that when I was your age I'd have been very angry. But in truth I wasn't and I'm not. This was on my mind when I was up and about and having the first cup of my daily ration of coffee.

Which reminds me. We got an offer from a Swedish coffee company that, according to the McKnights, provides the best coffee they can get, Gevalia. For a small sum they offered as an introduction what turned out to be an excellent 40cup Melita automatic coffee maker plus two packages of their coffee. I'll enclose in the event you want it the offer that came with the coffee we just got what the deal for you can be. I think it is \$10 for the whole thing. For two people, we've found, the smaller device is better. We gave the most costly larger one we had away. With the first, or the package that included this coffee maker, we got the best decaf I've had. But Jerry says that new studies indicate that some of the means of removing the caffeine leave residues that are more harmful than the caffeine. anyway, they offer a wide variety of coffees and we are with this new delivery trying them all. We also learned on opening the package that with it they included samples of two other kinds. With this small machine at least I've discovered that the finer grind makes better coffee. I'm of the generation that grew up with the wonderful odors of coffee beans being processed delicious for blocks, of the generation that knew each city had its own such companies. When we were first married we went to a place in downtown Washington, Swing's, and got the mix of beans we preferred and each morning first thing I did was hand-grind the beans with an adjustable grinder that may have been made about the time of the Civil War that I found in an old country general store. Haven't seen the grinder since we moved here. I can remember the first coffee in vacuum cans. And that most grocery stores when I was a boy had grinders on which the women had the beans, scooped out of bins, ground for them fresh when they got their groceries. This around here now seems to be a new and more expensive fad. anyway, if this offer does not interest you, please return the papers and I'll send them to someone else. For us it is good even if the coffee does cost a little more.

We did go to Hana's last night and as usual enjoyed the meal very much. Also the little courtesies. Last night Nicole brought something we did not order and for which we were not charged, as almost always she does for us. It has been wonderful Korean dumplings and other cooked dishes. Last night it was bean sprouts, different than we've tasted and of a different bean. Delicious. as we left she gave us a large fresh red grapefruit, one of some given to them by someone who'd brought them back from Florida. I read for a while, this time did not forget to take the medicine prescribed not to get me to sleep, because that is never a problem, but to help me stay asleep. I got eight hours last night, for the first time in a very long time. Wp only once. But as usually happens, and I don't know why, I look at the clock, or think I do, and come up with the wrong time. I thought it was three and it was five. So, I just sat and read but my mind went back to whether you could believe that I'm not angry with Roger because that would seem to be a natural and automatic reaction to such vilifications, such slanders, such lies. I thought about this and I think it is because of a number of factors. One is that I've lived for many years with irrational mind-sets about which after innumerable efforts I've learned it is not possible to do anything. This is what years ago Gary Schoener told me. Another is the changes that take place in us, as least did in me, once we know that our lives can end at any unexpected moment. I've known this for more than 15 years. I have no idea what the possible reactions to this can be. I assume that one is fear or panic but it has never troubled me. From time to time I've wondered why. although nothing like this was what we were talking about when Gallen and I were having a leisurely breakfast when he was here and his son was not yet dressed, the way I put it to him then is I think probably the best explanation I can give about how I can be so tranquil and at peace when there is so much I want to do and won't be able to do, so much that I can't do around the place that should be done and I used to

enjoy doing and is probably one of the reasons I'm still alive, from the benefit of that exercise.

In terms in which I believe most people do not think, I'm the first member of my family ever born into freedom. Going ~~back~~ back, so to speak, to Adam and Eve. I've lived, ~~again~~ I think in terms that do not occur to most people, more than a third as long as our country has existed. I look back and remember much. I won't go into all of that because Lil is up, we've had breakfast, and when I finish this I'll go out and get the Sunday paper.

Appreciate
 as - put it to Gallen, I've been blessed. It has been possible for me to do what I think of in Frost's words, about promises to keep in the miles we go before we sleep. It really is this simple. I can look back on my accumulated years and see that often, in many different ways, I've been able to do things or be part of things that were worthwhile, that were good or helpful to the country (to say nothing of to innumerable individual people) and that of these perhaps the most useful and worthwhile is my work on the political assassinations. My chest does not swell with pride now does my head inflate with the realization that I have done most of the basic, factual work and that it has survived the most critical examination and opposition. Not feeling of exaltation or unique accomplishment. I feel no more than a sense of gratitude that it was possible for me and that I was able to do as much as I did. This is no more than the feeling of satisfaction, perhaps contentment, that to the degree I did I was able to keep the promises to keep with which we are born. So, I feel that something good has come of my life and years and this is why I sleep untroubled and am not dominated by the knowledge that at some not distant point it will stop. I've gotten the distinct impression from the heart surgeon, the hospital and the local cardiologist and the family doctor that the remaining time is not long. I know my heart has slowed down and never really speeds up, that I am weak and weakening, that I wake tired and that lasts for a while and that I tire easily, but aside from trying to remember not to do what I should not do this is never really on my mind. I am not troubled by the inevitable. What I'll not be able to do does not dominate my thinking and is not oppressive. As much, I think, as one can be, I am content and I think this is because, when I look and think back, I have reason to be content.

Perhaps this can help you understand that when I told you I am not angry at Roger, I ~~is~~ told you the truth. I sorrow for him, as I have for others. I know that the evil he is into is foreign to the man I've known, liked and respected for so many years. Because this is so utterly unlike the man I've known I believe that at least on this one subject he is not rational. I hope this does not extend to ~~more~~ more but I fear it does.

When I told Lil that I am sending you the Gevalia information, she said that it is necessary for her to send it in if you and Elaine are interested. Or Liz, for that matter. So, either way, please return it. Not the literature, which I've not read, unless after reading it you think someone else would need it to decide.

The filters also cost a little more. But we think the added cost is justified, as Jerry and Barb also do.

On those Minuteman records: I am learning more about what Oliver Stone is up to. I have an excellent source that for the moment I have to keep confidential on the content of his script. It has David Ferrie teaching the Minutemen, training them to invade Cuba, I think, but training them near New Orleans. The literature I gave you, that I got from what they called, I've forgotten the exact title, a ^{hit} director, makes it apparent that whatever he did or did not know, and he really knew nothing about such things, there was nothing a Ferrie could teach that gang.

On another matter, I get so much use out of the small stereos I'm finding that recharging the batteries when I have so little space for the kind of charger I gave you is a bit of a nuisance. GE makes a tiny recharger that I've not been able to find locally. If you ever get to a place that can give you a GE address to which I can write for one I'd appreciate it. Then I can just plug it in at my desk, where it would not be in the way, instead of leaving this relatively large device there and in the way. Best to you all,
 Waco