

11/6/71

Pearl!

You're blowin' my mind, gal! A Gonzalez Fishbine who is at once a Pearl, mother of two and a Boy Scout? And then copying George DeMohrenschildt? Anyway, don't take any of the kind of pictures he did, because the Feebees have dirty minds. Maybe yours do, too.

That should be a great trip. I didn't know those mountains got icy.

As a matter of fact, I'll be surprised if even the active men in your group don't feel it as the ancients didn't. We have all softened, and I think it is great that women are going to do it. It won't make them muscular in the wrong places and it is fine for the health. Each day now I take a brisk walk. I live in the mountains, too. So, I begin by going up. Until the dogs got bad (it seems to be a radical-right virility symbol to have German shepherds, and a token of dedication to law-and-order to have them running loose and unlicensed despite the local codes), I went so far that the young ones who sometimes accompanied me felt it. Got to where I had to carry mace. Then my trusty (and never-used) Savage .32. picture of the man of letters, stepping right along up a mountain road clad in a worn-out pair of sandals, World War II suntans cut down to short, and nothing else but a belt, with the dog-mace clipped on a leather holster swingin'! Since I got started, I'll finish: the radical-right nuts got turned on and started harrassing the cops by phone, only to be told that unless they could prove I carried the weapon with the intent to do bodily harm, and that to a human; and unless I had the pistol concealed, I was within my rights. And did they know anyone violating the law by leaving their dogs run loose? The cop who was sent to deliver the first complaint to me began by showing me a still-visible set of toothmarks on his own leg! Then one of these nuts, a bricklayer, shied a stone at me from a scaffold, barely missing my head. I asked him what the hell he was up to, not knowing then that he is the owner of a dog who'd have bitten one of my young friends, about 15 minutes after he had chided me for chiding a dirty-blond dirty bitch in a dirty gown because she had let her "darling" run loose and that poodle'd have bitten if I hadn't scared it. The mace stopped that one. So, this bricklayer came up, all man that he is, suntanned, muscular, less than half my age, until he saw the pistol.

"Is that loaded?", he asked. "'Course", I told him. Why else carry it?" He was stopped for a minute. While I waited for him to continue, I volunteered that there was a round in the breech (true), and the piece was set on safe, so all I had to do was take it from the holster (I never did practise fast-draw, and with a single motion push the safe down with the thumb while pulling on the trigger. By the way, I once was a pretty good shot. So, he asked if I'd use it and I said I carry it only on the chance I'd need to, hoping that I wouldn't but prepared to if I did. And I said I thought throwing stones was an attack under the law. He accused me of aggravating the dogs, meaning walking where dogs only have rights, not people. Crazy things like that. Finally I told him I'd had enough, that one more word and he'd see uniforms. He said it, he saw them-but in time to hide. And the strange thing is that he hasn't thrown a stone since, I haven't seen his dog since, and he didn't break my head, as he could have, easily.

Hope the uncivilized mountains are more congenial to boyscout girls. It really should be a wonderful adventure after your blisters heal and the muscles learn what they're supposed to do and stop protesting. as you'll learn if you are not a walker.

I saw about a third of a stick in some paper saying the guy in Venezuela had given himself up but nothing else. I'm curious, but don't go to any great trouble to tell me what he said. You'd have to translate it anyway. Pearl, those adventurer types are all big liars and braggarts, all I've met anyway. I've interviewed enough of them. Next to the last one pulled a Luger, which then looked like a howitzer, out from under the armchair he battened to the floor (a monstrous half-Mexican) to tell me that this was what he had for me if I turned out to be other than represented! Made a good tape. I think a goodly, if that is the right word, number are latent or secret homosexuals who thus assert ~~xx~~ a false masculinity. They gotta have problems to go into that kinda business. So, trust your suspicions. However, there

is a line I'll draw for you: "if only men could check their egos...." You should interview some of the women I have in this work! And liars? Wow, I know one who set a record in my experience. She was quite helpful, but what a job winnowing truth from that outpouring! However, I'll go back with you this far: it is more characteristic of men. OK? It is just that we have no monopoly.

Keep good files on the clips, for they can augment your first-person stuff, may illuminate it, and if you should decide on a fictional treatment, you can't make up the little touches like the braggarts and psycho liars can. I've never enjoyed any stories as much as some of *these*.

If you ever find a mule (thought they were burros down there?) who'll track to Maryland, I'll tell you some.

Have a great time,

Nov. 3, 1971

Dear Hal,

(Which incidentally is my brother's name!) - an interesting Kaplan development taking place. The man who escaped with him is now in Caracas and talking his head off to the wire services. You might have seen a few tales. He claims he was the mastermind behind the escape (the pilot claimed that too! - if men could only check their egos like they used to check their shootin' irons!) - nevertheless the man says Kaplan is innocent, that he is in touch with him but won't tell where, and that he is also in touch with a Mexican movie producer. This will not interfere with my story which has a completely different angle.

In fact, the more Kaplan ~~stories~~ stories or movies that appear only will give my first person one more interest like I knew him when he was using me to get stories in the paper to attract attention to his case. Etc.

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I'm leaving ~~for~~ a few days for Veracruz with three others who are going to walk the route Cortes took when he conquered Mexico. AP is sponsoring the trip, albeit the girl taking pictures, the student researcher and myself are only getting expenses. We expect to make money later. National Geographic and Reader's Digest are interested. The AP correspondent is doing a wire story, although I really don't see it as a wire story but then I really don't see wire services in general. But I shouldn't complain. A good healthy outdoor boyscout adventure, walking 300 miles through jungle, storms, icy mountains, etc. should at least prove 20th century man (and woman) is as hearty as the mighty men in armour.

I expect to be gone about three weeks, so won't be in touch for a while unless I can persuade a mule to walk northward towards Maryland.

Best,

