

7/6/71

Dear Lou,

If you can imagine racking my brain on what may be a forecast of #4 and looking out the window at a (wild!) bunny rabbit sitting on his haunches and washing his face like a cat while he looks at me, that's what I've been doing. This is a wierd one, by a sharp cat. He sent it to the man closest to a well-known public official (not Nixon), the most cyrptic thing I've ever seen, on my birthday, beginning c, "Can Mr. Weisberg translate this?". Making pretty good, meaning pretty uncomfortable, progress. I can't remember when I used the King James bible as one source, the unabridged dictionary and a French dictionary and Shakespeare and the Columbia desk encyclopaedia as other sources, but it is working. And wearing.

I had almsot dozen off after supper while looking at the CBS evening (net) news when my wife called, "Look!". And there was the old Jim and the inadequate announcement of his filing charges. That is the way to fight, to attack, not defend. When you can, how about sending me a copy of them so I'll understand what is going on?

I think fighting this way will be good for Jim. Being charged can't be, but there is something about a real fight, where a man is fighting like a man, even if against heavy odds, that lifts his spirits. Good luck!

I've been waiting for them to do something to me, for I've been attacking them, charging (and proving such minor misconduct as perjury, charging Kleindienst with being a liar (and proving it). And they know I'm preparing more. The law requires telegraphing by asking and getting turned down. (The one time they did n't turn me down I think they'll never stop regretting. It was right after I'd just beaten them and I think they intimidated themselves.)

Hope the time comes when you can fill me in. Meanwhile, best regards, and if you ever have to get away, where nobody will know where you are and it is peaceful and quiet, with a good pool, c'mon up.