

Dear Joan,

12/1/62

In recent months several unrelated matters have made me think of you and your Bruce book. As I recall it was about three years ago when you asked about using FOIA to get withheld materials. Not long thereafter medical developments drove most other things out of my mind. Then the young woman who was your assistant when you were here came to do an interview (of which she was to send me a copy and didn't so I can't report how well I think she did), but she had no recent news. So, how did you make out? Finish your book? Satisfied with it? Is the publisher?

You were also struggling with a novel. Hope it worked out well.

I had successful arterial surgery, but it was followed by several serious medical accidents. While I survived them in good spirits and with good luck, I'm even more limited in what I can do. I spend most of the mornings walking at a local mall, on the doctor's orders, because I can sit about every 100 feet and elevate the left leg. In bits of about 1/6 mile I walk about 3 miles a day, and it has been the best therapy. The medical reports, all things considered, are excellent.

And I continue struggling with the government in FOIA cases, which they refuse to let end. I've gotten FBI records in which they spell out the intent to "stop" me by means of tying me up in litigation. They are doing it, but it is costly to them, too, because I continue to set precedents adverse to their suppressive intentions.

I want to end the litigation so I can return to relatively uninterrupted writing and without the threat of in-court developments requiring rewriting. There is much I do want to write, based on a combination of the records I've forced them to fling and my personal investigations.

In the course of my work I've found or gotten what could make novels. But I'm not a novelist and in any event won't be able to write all I've already planned. One of these is rather odd, real, and I think can be made into an interesting thriller. I enclose a carbon copy of a real letter sent to the then administrative assistant to Senator Mike Gravel, then of Pentagon Papers fame. This may seem like trash on first glance but parts struck me as meaningful. So, I enlisted the aid of a number of friends from different walks of life, a scholarly editor/lexicographer, a clinical psychologist (now two of them), a retired reporter, an advertising analyst, etc. We made a considerable amount of sense of this. It is threats, including against Teddy Kennedy. Rothstein sent it to me after the Secret Service dismissed it and because of my name, which he was able to identify. In the end, I was able to figure out who sent and composed this. He was a well-educated linguist who had emotional problems.

I knew Iszy Stone and knew that he did not live in Rockville. But how interesting when one consults the Book of Mules! (The part where the very stone would cry out.)

Ockie could be William of Occam (how I'd like to find a copy of Occam's Razor!), who was all for the simplest solutions - bracketted with McGovern then running.

How and why the guy knew of and selected me for the challenge I don't know and haven't figured out.

Hope things are going well for you in all ways.

Best wishes,