

8/3/72

Dear Jerry,

Your remarkably revealing 7/31 came today. With someone else I'd have ignored so ignoble as self-disclosure. I'll not mail this immediately because I do want to break this off. Since I initiated it and have repeated it, why not begin with your end, the handwritten addition in parens, "I'm not in the mood for any more of your reproachments (or a reconciliation, for that matter). Ask yourself have I remotely suggested a reconciliation? What extension of your sick and hurt ego impels you to suggest such a thing? What in the hell are you trying to talk yourself into? This has been the burden of much of what I've written you, the reason for my taking time in the past as now. I think your invention, "reproachment", is clear enough. Add I couldn't care less what the hell kind of a mood you are in or have worked yourself into or in this compulsion for self-justification, have talked yourself into.

Of all the substantive things, you have ignored all but what you pretend to address in this letter, the return of my files. I acknowledged this yesterday, assuming they are complete and infind that your friend are as serious about making constructive contributions as you, proof of which is that, after this rather long time, not a single index card had been made. How much more serious can one be if not more than a year, about that much?

I'll leave the substantive things you ignore where they are because it is obvious you can't and won't face them, as if I know you the devil that controls your mind is impelling you to compound you mixture of arrogance, ignorance, stupidity and yearning for unearned attentions you can tell yourself, at least, that you are IMPORTANT.

Jerry, I knew chickenshit long before you could take care of your own. What you have sent isn't even first-grade. I don't even know Linda's and Don's last names. You phoned me relentlessly, insensitive to my suggestions that your access to the WATS line coincided with what you knew was our supertime. We went into this often by phone. You told me what you do not write, for example, that Don and Linda had broken up; that Don had moved and you didn't have his new address; all about the trouble with his car; all about how atypically your mechanic screwed him - ad nauseam. We talked of this often, and there is no lying that will hide it from you. It makes no difference what I think and now that it is over, I'm going to leave it that way. But what at some point you have to do is go over this kind of childish chickenshit and say am I the kind of guy who really does this kind of thing? The transparently self-serving character of your letter is no credit to you. It is an emotional think in which, for example, you say you don't remember the last name of your own friends but think I have some kind of magic that will disclose it to me. I am certain that somewhere I have a phone number as of the time they were here, for I was invited to saty in the Bronx, but without knowing the name, as I told you often enough, I had no way of looking it up. You were for so long going to do this. It is true you told me Linda was sick. You also told me that is, as you later learned, why you couldn't get hold of Don. But what in the hell was the purpose for getting in touch with him if not the recapture of these files?

And why should I have written you when you were phoning close to daily for so long, sometimes more than once a day, and rather frequently after the clampdown I several times predicted? Why should I have said what you quote, beginning with "reminder", if that was the first mention?

You acknowledge, "you did mention these files on ~~the~~ several occasions on the phone" but pretend simultaneously that I had made no request for their return. Can you believe it yourself? What the hell was I doing, straining for things to talk about? What other purpose could have caused ANY mention of these phones? If you want me to remind you of some of the many excuses you gave me for not doing it when you had promised so often, the last I recall being preoccupation with school, I'll think of them for you.

I don't think I had correspondence from either Linda or Don, but again, how can I find it if I don't know the last name? And with Don's moving you didn't have the phone. But as you well know, I didn't have the capability of calling. I needed an address to which to write. You told me you knew only Brooklyn, as I recall. I have no listing under "Linda" so your recollection, as usual convenient and expedient, can't be correct. Like so much now that your self-concept is hurt by the unacknowledged stupidity of all you have done, you invent. If Linda phoned me, which I doubt, I have no recollection of it and if it was within the past several months, I'd have asked her for the file, as your own deceitful and worse,

self-deceiving misrepresentations make obvious.

We none of us know what the future holds. Some of us have a better way than others of making assessments. If I don't pretend to be a seer, I think I can see possibilities and probabilities better than you. Whether or not this whole thing in which you have made yourself feel so important will ^{backfire} we can't now tell. If it doesn't it is only because the official interests and intentions have changed. What you had better do is ~~not~~ take that in ~~the~~ actual and emotional diaper off and be prepared to face this whole thing squarely. You can't be stupid enough not to know that it was not possible for you to have done any legitimate good, that the best you could do is what others, if it were necessary, should have done and used you, or you nominated yourself to be an apprentice dishwasher in all of this operation. That, to you, is suddenly important?

I'd prefer that you not be hurt more than is now possible. As you realize, except when, like this childish thing you have sent me, reaches me, I have been silent about this. As I began by telling you, what has been done can't be undone. My concern is not the past but being in as good a position as possible to confront what may come up. But you are as ignorant of fact as your are swelled with self-importance, and if you were not, and if you didn't yearn for artificial importance, you'd have sat back and thought this whole thing through instead of compounding stupidity with blind, insensate perseverance in what you will be lucky if it is no better than a futility.

Let me try and penetrate that gross ignorance of yours. From several sources, none of which I pretend to vouch for and can't confirm, Cyril plans to spend two days at the Archibus, the second on other than the contract material, which is where he should and if he had serious and only honorable intentions would spend all this time. Let me spell what this means for the child in you. Assuming the impossible, that it takes no time to get the stuff out, put it away, make records, duplicate all of this for lunch-assume that he get a full and shall I say productive? working day in, so you know what this means in terms of the pictures and X-rays alone? And I'm not talking about decent, sincere, purposeful work, like inventorying, noting markings, damaged, content, etc. Just looking at these will give him considerably less than two minutes each and this is based on the only record I have consulted, one he asked of me and I sent him. One he should have memorized before even applying if he was really up to what you all and he pretend. Do you think even a sensible glance can be had in less than two minutes? Translate this into the realities and it is less than one minute. And this is film only, pictures, X-rays and prints. Nothing about the important (to the lazy and ignorant) clothing, for another example.

Jerry, no matter how much you tell yourself it is Chanel No. 5, you have your head in a toilet and the longer it stays there the stronger you will stink. Personally, all of this is now immaterial to me. I don't care for us one way or the other. What you do or do not do affects you, not us. So, believe me or not, all this time is intended for your welfare. You have taken enough care of ours and I fear others have the same ambition. Believe me or not, I'm telling it to you as it is. Believe me or not, others with whom you are now close have long said it of you. Believe me or not, if she hasn't already indicated it to you, once Sylvia escaped the captivity of her own preconceptions and yearnings and perhaps a little subconscious guilt, she had to understand that you all plunged in where angels with common sense would have feared to tread. You know damned well how much work I did on viable suits and then abandoned it, so this is not a new realization with me.

So, heed me or not, you need some deep thinking and I fear some professional help. The longer you put it off, the worse.

You'll have fewer reminders if you don't insult your own intelligence and any genuine self-respect by such shameful things as I have just received. There is no way of changing reality, and only you are kidded by your deliberate lies and transparent inventions. If your slubs of equal immaturity give you some pleasure, is it not another means of self-measurement? As I said, I've not been making an issue of this, have not been circularizing everybody (or using the phone as you have, even where the WAES can't cover it), so I've not carboned you. But for your information, when I responded to their non-responsive answers to my first letter, timed about the time I first wrote you, Sylvia and Gary fell into silence with me. I have since found it expedient to write SM once more. Put your head together, Jerry,

7/31/72

Dear Harold,

Your files are now on the way back to you under separate cover and by certified mail.

I want to make a few observations. You say that you have been pursuing me for the return of these files for over a year. I went through the files after receiving them from Don. Several of the clippings are as recent as July, 1971. If you started asking for their return a year ago, you certainly weren't allowing Don and Linda much time to index what it seems to me must be well in excess of a thousand clippings. I have examined my correspondence from you, and I find but two letters in which you referred to these files. The first is dated May 29, 1972 -- only two months ago. "...Reminders: I recognize you may not have the time, but if you do: please see if you can retrieve the files Linda has for me; see if Robert has the cassettes..." and on June 19 "If you are keeping copies of what appears that you see on the Republican effort to bug the demos, I'd appreciate copies. If I get anything you are likely to have by the time I send this, I'll list. At this point, although the prospect of relevant content are slight, I regret not having the file Linda had. Hope you can have it in your hot little hands for when you come again. There is wide CIA involvement with ~~XXXXX~~ most of these cats ibmy (sic) files, and the possibility exists (sic) that these missing files may provide clues..." Although you did mention these files on several occasions on the phone, it was not until recently that you requested that I do what I could to hasten their return to you. There is also no mention in your letters of a request for Don and Linda's addresses, and if you had asked for them on the phone I would have given them to you on the spot as I carry them in my address book which is always on my person. I am therefore quite sure that you never asked me for their addresses. As a matter of fact, I am confident that you have both their addresses since you had correspondence from them, and you are a rather meticulous individual, not prone to discarding either correspondence or addresses. If my memory serves me, I even got Linda's address from you when the three of us were supposed to come down for a weekend, and I couldn't locate Don. It turned out that Don was tending Linda who was ill, and I was unable to reach them because I didn't know Linda's last name, her address, or her telephone number at the time. Don couldn't reach me because I had already left my house. When I finally came down alone, Linda had by that time called you and told you what had happened and given you her phone number and address to give to me so that the same situation would not recur.

I go over this only to set the record straight. You are often prone to having a subjective memory. But because you seem to recall certain events one way does not necessarily mean that they occurred in exactly that manner.

Best wishes,



P.S. In case you are wondering what happened with Clara's lecture booking friend, she is away for the Summer. I have gotten a folio together which I will give Clara the next time I see her so that she can speak to her friend when she returns after the Summer. I also have regards from Flo Kennedy who I saw recently. Please take the former gesture at face value. I'm not in the mood for any more of your reproachments (or a reconciliation, for that matter).