

Goodbye, Thomas,

4/2/74

If you write me again I will not answer.

~~ZKd~~ In your incredibly stupid letter of the 30th, with a vaunting display or the irrelevant in pseudo-scholarship mixed with an unrecogniz~~ed~~ disclose of factual and logical error that only blindness of refusal to recognize your own limitations makes possible, you seek to provoke me into dialogue I have warned you from the first would force me to do what I am doing.

I really hate to write so well-intentioned and so obviously intelligent a man in the only ways your arrogance and persistence permit. You leave no alternative to bluntness.

I also do not care what in your self-conceived infinite wisdom regard as unquestionable fact and godlike logic. I tell you for the last time you have confused the kitchen and the bathroom. I will not take the time to document and I could not care less what you believe, including of me. When I tell you that at 61 (in less than a week) and without income and heavy debts I persist in starting an excessively long day at 4 a.m. and you persist in intruding your chickenshit thoughts and futilities guised as wisdoms and expect answers, and you have every reason to know that I close to alone am doing original work and you badger me with your nonsense and demands for piecemeal information, I have to tell you that you are an intruder who at best can deter what can be constructive and ought give thought that this is the best he can do.

I do write to your insufferable self-glorification in your obscenity, "What are you concealing from your friends?" First of all, I do not regard a destructive nuisance like an aging intelligence who conceives his indulgences the most important thing and his annoyances "friendship." For you to take the time you have taken from my work is not an act of friendship, nor are your inherent threats. Second of all I hide nothing from "friends" (as I should have, alas) and nothing from those not friend when there is prospect they will do more than contemplate a gray navel. This past Saturday I have the day to five from a college, to cite the most recent example. There will be more this week and in weeks to come, as there have been in the past. You are too aware of your basic dishonesty to have faced the confrontation on this I gave you with Howard Roffman. Stroking the ego of a 70-year old is not my concept of constructive work any more than the demand for it as an evidence of "friendship." I do work regularly with others. You ~~hate to work with others~~ ~~happen to be an absolute nothing in this business but you insist on insisting yourself into real work not so you can do any but so that you can strike other poses of importance to you. If your purposes were those serious ones you represent you would have knocked off with the first letter. At this point you misread a desire not to be impolite to a 70-year-old and not to address him as his behavior really requires as a sign of weakness this finality should end forever.~~

You are utterly worthless in all of this except for those you pretend to oppose and despise, and if you persist in your sophistry two things will happen: you will help them and I will see to it that your infamous ~~conceit~~ conceit is suitably recorded.

There is some awful nonsense you who lust for much from nothing and without warrant have spread and believe. "his rubbish about "secrets" is one. I am not at any time not seeking to arrange the appearance of completed work, of which there is much. I have two appointments on this in the immediate future. I am also actively seeking the opposite of secrecy, a suitable repository/archive. So stuff that nonsense back up the right hole and close your mouth so the stuff doesn't come out that wide-open hole.

It is really disgusting to go over the absolute garbage that comes from so fine a mine, more so with the nauseating and unhidden self-concept. Like the tracheostomy "obliterating the original wound in Kennedy's anterior neck." Or the "false location [sic] of the head wound...destroyed the Commission's account of the trajectory..." In this graf you use the word "ninny." You should have signed that way with this and more like it.

The major problem of credibility for the workers in this field comes not from the government but from the parasites who are overwhelmed by their own glorified concepts of their own ubique genius.

Our major probalnes are the Spragues and the Stamms, the self-important, all-knowing who intrude themselves not through work of their own but through bastardizing what they steal, as they see it putting their great talents to work as the serfs can't.

As I told you. Oh Thomas of Horseshit, I can't stop you from the project you described, a foolish self-indulgence at best. But I sure as hell can dedicate myself to seeing to it that you and the other parasites like you will never forget it!

This, by the way, is the one aspect of my work that I do restrict, even from the trusted. It is also the most commercial. For that there would be a market, any time I see fit to let the chapters abd verses sing.

I have been putting up with this kind of abuse and tirment from the super-egos like you for as long as I intend. I can't stop you, I can't turn you off, I can't get you to face yourselves, so you leave me then one thing in which at some point I fear I shall indulge myself and from this grow work that has ruined my life and my prospects get one good, clean satisfaction!

And if you don't believe it, super-important super-ego, do what you said you would and let me find out about it.

When you sat back on your ass while I worked for all those years to develop what others have stolen and you propose to and use it out of the required context and with the terrible shit you gush out about it! With all that has to be with it! And when as I am now I am always trying to get the whole thing out! Unlike the others, or most of them, you do know what this would do to a book. For that I will give you the attention you more than earned!

Thomas, please don't write me again. I hate to tell you how sick in the head you are not because you lack intelligence but because you lack fact and have an exalted opinion of your great wisdom that can substitute for it. Like the bumblebee that can't fly. You are wrong man, wrong, and you will exculpate those you don't ~~want~~ want to. Weave your sobwebby dreams on your rocker but don't let them get to the door.

And in your own interest don't memorialize yourself as an arrogant fool and a man who does hurtful things. Your project is at best a hillidishness disguised to save your own face in your own mind as a serious intellectual endeavor. You will demean yourself less to ease yourself onto the floor and play with blocks.

Farewell,