

Dear Dinae,

1/5/74

I've read a number of descriptions of what it is like to be in solitary, in books and in letters from those there, but yours is the best. Even Eldredge Cleaver didn't think of screaming.

Come to think of it, if my personal contact with those who are the unwilling guests of the state, there is no exception: they AAALLL find their way into solitary.

I must keep bad company!

Or, maybe they do?

You're gonna have a lot of friends when you get out of solitary. All those who complain about the lack of soundproofing in modern construction.

Considering all the good it has done you to sit and think, maybe doing the Yoga bit will help a bit. I've never seen the headstanding act in panties, but in the 30s I had a secretary who was a yoga. She also had no use for men. Any. And she like to swing between filing cabinets, one hand on each.

You didn't say you blew the minds of the grand jurors who intruded upon your bikini meditations. Blow any gaskets?

Now that you broke down and told me why you are in solitary, why not tell me why you are where you can be out in solitary? Either version, yours or theirs. I'd rather find out from you.

My memory once was elephantine but it is getting like the old graymare. But what I do remember I remember well enough and I guess I remember better than most. Only I can never remember where I filed something. That is, if I need it. If I don't really need it I never fail to remember.

If Lenke sent you only \$10, must have been his.

I was never in his place. I may have been to it once. Was it on St. Charles, about the 300 block, an office with a metal door and a bell, uptown side of the front of one of the upper floors?

Thought I sent you an envelope. If they don't get to you, no point in including them.

Did I ever roll a cigarette? Even hear of the Great Depression? One hand. It was some kind of manhood symbol in my college. But I didn't like Bull Durham or Frings, so when I could get a machine and string out, I rolled better ones by machine than I ever did by hand. You are one up on me. Or exaggerating a little.

College was 14 country-road miles away. I didn't smoke cigarettes winter mornings. Two corncob pipes, one for each ear while I was hitch-hiking. Seems like it was colder then. Got frostbitten twice.

Didn't know Harry was your friend. Knew he was kinda Uncle's watcher, judging by his presence when certain witnesses were in the courtroom. (I was never in it. Hearsay.) I have no idea what Jim's plans are or if he has any. He and I were never the pals we were rumored to be and we once had a big falling out over a doublinging having to do with two young men (more or less men) and one young woman. From then on we were sometimes polite. I am not one of his favorite people so he doesn't confide. From the papers I gather he is hollering "foul" and demanding a recount. There were people anxious enough to get him to fix some of the boxes but I suspect he did a fair part of it to himself.

If I thought you'd pay attention, I'd encourage you to opt the funny-farm. I suppose it is always possible you might find a shrink who might help you find a way to put your head together. From what Doc Head once told me, it would never happen there. Meaning in that state, not just his joint. He claimed it was the best and not good enough.

But would they let you do Yoga meditations in bikini panties only there? And don't even Texas farms get cold?

Sincerely, Harold Weisberg

Jan 1st '73

Harold,

I just got your letter and after screaming to no avail I-WANT TO GO HOMEEEEEE... I decided to give everyone's ears a rest while I answered it. I hear my loud screams ring out even through out the adjoining hall of justice. They closed my window here because I used to scream out of it all of the time "HELP! HELP! I'M BEING KEPT PRISONER AGAINST MY WILL"

Screaming from solitary helps pass the time and annoys the screws. I also stand on my head and meditate a lot. The latter really blows their minds completely. It also freaked out the Grand Jury when they toured the jail. At the time I was only clad in my bikini panties and looking at all of those strange men staring at me from an upside down position was freaky.

I'm in solitary for fighting. A big dyke was bothering me so I lost my cool and beat the shit out of her-him-it. (whatever) I can get along with fags as they make me feel feminine but dykes-no way. Soooo... here I am and they say now I'm a mental case so I don't think they are going to let me out Jan. 11th when my thirty days are up. What the Fuck anyway!

You have a memory like an elephant oh yeah I got a Christmas card with \$10.00 in it from the esteemed Hunter Leake. How's that for jail mail? I invested it into the underground black market that passes this way and bought this envelope out of it. So you can help me enjoy my Christmas funds. I didn't get any toys but Harris County gave me a pair of socks.

LOVER

Magnolia went home on bond and now Alice has her cell. From Alice (who claims I stand on my toes to undo the screws) I have learned all about prostitution and how "to catch tricks." She's a real trip.

One of the screws brought me some books to read. I guess they thought I'd quit screaming or something, I just read the Seven Minutes by Irving Wallace, I did manage to stay so spell bound that I only let out a scream at the end of each chapter. I've got to let them know I'm still back here or they might forget to feed me. (smile)

Did you know that rolling cigarettes is an art altogether different from rolling a joint? Well I've conquered it better than a machine can do it. Even Alice is amazed.

I've gone from Winston to Bugler, I might need an iron lung waiting for me when I get out from smoking these things.

I stayed on my hunger strike for 5 days (15 meals) but all those stacked up plates of food drove me crazy, so I eat again.

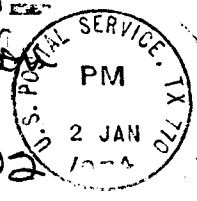
I heard my friend Harry beat the Giant, What's Big Jim's plans for now?

I'm not too keen on going to the Fenny farm. Like I yell all of the time here I WANT TO GO HOME. If I have to make a pit stop at the Fenny farm it is still better than the penitentiary, though, I am cracking up in here more each day anyway.

Well here's my lunch - beans - yech!
Do write again soon my friend - O.K.

Diave

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