

Dear D.,

9/14/73

Got hit by a cloudburst and your undated letter postmarked 9/11 today. There is much to be said for both. The water-level in the fishpond and pool are now back to normal and I had some good laughs while drying out.

If I don't comment on the art work, it is not because I don't appreciate it. Rather I try to respond promptly and I'm keeping a rougher schedule than you claim. And among the differences between us is I'm not a cat who can jump down three stories and pedal 10 blocks with a shiv in a kneecap.

As you realize, Godzilla is no more to me than a character of whom I've heard in horror comics. I'm so far behind I haven't even seen the strip. So his knights also mean nothing to me. I take it that in his world there are black and white knights and all his, extant or defunct, are black?

I don't know what, if anything, I can do to help you. If your remarks are as straight as I'd like them to be I think you could walk or be walked. But do I not know you well enough to know that I don't know? So, I'm interested and I enjoy the letters, but unless I know more I'm just enjoy. The letters, that is, not the plight, despite the side benefits reported, still a plight.

Odd you should mention Bringulier at this juncture. Intermittently he has come to mind lately because of some of the antics of some of his fellow stupidities. Did you ever know that his anti-Castro peers who were anti-Castro not Nazis called him not Stupid but The Stupidity? Two of them told me. (El Estupides.) For him it is a compliment.

You got a thing on things running down legs? Ref: "...the best part of his brains ran down his daddy's leg." The first time I remember your using this was about yourself after a flight with the late Dave.

Before getting back to work, a little second-hand New Orleans news. Garrison and his lawyers, the F. Lee Bailey firm and a local named Mehridge (who I've only met) had a parting of the ways and now Jim is defending himself. And a former policeman named Gaudet got a real hassle when it was alleged that he was going to off Nixon, only it turned out he was in Laos at the time he was supposed to have been in the Waterbury's I guess you know about. But while he was running away he is alleged to have shot at those who were chasing him to make an invalid arrest, so he has much state heat on him. It can be only because he accepted a deal to surrender in return for the promise of no local charges, a deal made after he is alleged to have done this shooting. His lawyer used to be Phillips, until the man who drove Philip to whatever he is turned the lawyer off.

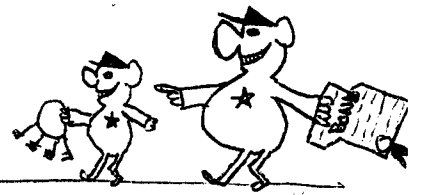
Small world, huh?

Yeah, I know the difference between police and pigs. I know many of the former, none of the latter. (To the best of my knowledge and thus far experience.)

Glad you can be humorous under the circumstances. And as I said, I enjoy it.

Keep it up!

Js, my reading to this point tells me what I don't know and nothing that I do save her address. I respond not only out of compassion but because I believe there is always the chance a crumb will drop. I have marked the ref. to "Mr. Bringulier." She was not over 17 when she first met him. He was a pal of young Geraci, Philip. Meanwhile, I've heard nothing from the young friend I asked to check the records to see what the charge is and the old one was. The coincidence between this bust and the major crimes there makes me wonder, as does her uncommunicativeness. The fantasies are too much, but I see nothing comprehensible between the lines.



Dear Harold,

Hey man! My day starts at 4 AM & ends at 11:15 pm and they work my butt off up here too. I'm not a trustee but rather a trustee - something I EARNED in this funky old dungeon. The screws here and I are pals and I stay square & straight with them too. I mean we have some righteous niggers up here who not only genuinely give a damn but prove it all the time. I got to rap & rap with the captain of the jail yesterday. He's a cool dude and will see what he can do to help me.

My problem goes this way - The grand jury didn't indict me - for lack of evidence. The D.A. set my trial date way off until March 17th 1974 and says he'll keep postponing it until the statutes of limitations runs out on it and that way, he says he knows I'll have done a straight seven years by then.

The Captain doesn't dig that kind of screw happening to anyone - like I say - he's straight & square.

This dungeon is run by the Harris County Sheriff's Office not the Houston City Police. That's the same as the difference between the pigs and the police, and you know that there's a big difference too.

As Mr. Brinquier used to say when he got mad - *Son a la Bible*, I have added my own obscurities to the list & it gets longer all the time.

Wow! what a hassle huh? Even if I did do it, I don't think *Bobville* will let me off ^(over)

with just that, not after my last number anyhow
as I ripped off his favorite knight. He's got me
in check this time & he knows it.

Once again I take cold showers but.....
I got lucky and got a quick solution to my
problem - rarely though and I don't mean
by the girls neither, strict confidence by
me and a badge - low ranking in the law, but
mighty high in my esteem, Jesus! don't ever
tell anyone, about that please, I take a hell of a
lot of tranquilizers too.

I haven't seen my good Jewish lawyer since
the day I asked him "if the best part of his brains
ran down his Daddy's leg." They heard me ask
him that way up on 7th floor as I was too mad
to stifle down my sadness any.

Well I have to go console my friend over
here "fearless" because "Jack the Ripper" (our
Dentist) (at least he claims to be one) pulled out
her tooth. (He never heard of novocaine either) Poor
fearless got wiser through the loss of her wisdom
tooth & ordered a tube of Crest from commissary.

By For Now

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