

8/14/73

Dear Diane,

When your letter ("the 8th, I think", postmarked the 11th) came this morning and I read it, I couldn't help but wonder what could have caused so marked a change in spirit. Then I merely glanced at the art work on the envelope, said "cute" to myself, and returned to what I had to do so Lil could do her things. After supper, now, I see the explanation: that fat lil jailbird inside those bars! How FAT! That must be it, the great Texas cuisine! Then I thought of your closing, "(not Holden). Of course not. I spelled it wrong. It is Holdane.

Between the two, all that pep, made me wonder if they have a commissary in that jail. I knew a guy who once has such a business inside a pokey. Far from yours, though.

In connection with my work I have had heavy correspondence with a few prisoners in perhaps a half-dozen jails. Real heavy. But never have I seen such joy in life shine out from inside durance vile. Never, absolutely never!

'Course, the switch from Godzilla to Godfather is a bit abrupt.

Guess I have a better notion of the charge. If they laid \$160,000 on you, they must think you ripped off the Mount Wilson observatory. But how in the world could you drag that all the way from California even if you got it down the nountain. Guess also I must have seriously underestimated shepower.

I had heard that El Padrone extended his kindnesses farther west than you are, but I entertained the notion the only kind of one-ways streets he liked ran his way. Some of his closest have told me this. And one of his former black musicians once told me of his unusual payday skim: white women. Quite a guy.

Seems to me I saw that little derringer once. Before the middle of April, 1968. The "holeies" I might be able to guess. But what are the "splitway"? My knowledge in such technical details is limited to a little varminting. Or is that what you were talking about? I can figure you for blowing minds, but not that way.

It is news to me that you don't play games. I hope it is not bad news. I know lots of games I don't really like.

You and shrinks? That's where the real mindblowing is!

You and cool-blowing? That also could be mindblowing!

My, my, my, MY! All this ellipsis.

I dig the need for good words and then only. Words are the one thing I've got, just about. Everyone who knows me says I have plenty of them. Hope these are good ones.

Those I had for the guy who is Walther's friend didn't do him or me much good, as you may remember. He did get a chocolate malt that he seemed to want very much. I remember winning a game of pool, much to my surprise. And he hasn't moved.

Anyway, I'm glad you now have two good feet. I had to keep both on mine firmly on the floor while reading yours and writing this. Even when I pressed, I wasn't sure it was real! Hard floor and bare feet, too.

SoOo, I'm glad it is only the top of Mt. Wilson. Or is it Palomar? Or whatever kind of camera for which they lay it on so hard. With what I've been seeing on TV from down there, phew! anything was possible. As anything seems to be there.

Glad you seem to have no troubles. I've got terrible ones. The tomatoes just won't ripen, even with record-breaking heat and strong sun. The rabbits ate all the peas except four ~~ix~~ or six, which we ate raw, on the spot. They did leave us almost a respectable mess of beans. They left no lettuce for us (and look what Nixon did to even lettuce!). Must have planted the beets and carrots at the wrong phase of the moon, for they've do so poorly even the ~~maxi~~ animals turn their noses up. Worst of all the corn. Some bum, I think probably a groundhog, has been trying it out every night. He goes down the rows until he finds an ear, he thinks is about, cuts the stalk off at the ground and has a snack. So far he hasn't missed one and all the corn we've had comes from others. You'd never know from these raids that there is a record-breaking corn crop hereabouts. Everybody has fields of it. So this bum robs our little patch. That's what I get for making piles of brush and vegetation for our furry friends to use in the cold winters!

Well, we'll see what kind of thanks are due the master of town and country, I expect.

Good luck,

Dear Js, maybe this will lighten heavy thoughts. I'm by no means sure that any of it is real or that I can translate all of it. The corner art work, by the way, adorned the back flap of the envelope.

El Padrino= Carlos Marcello. Walther= fancy German pistol like her friend had when he slipped the looney farm. Before I found out, she even told me the model. I'd never heard of either a Walther or a PPK. His mother had it when I stayed with her. 357 derringer: she had one or maybe two one night right after I turned her on. Expensive models, too. I had an expert with me, a detective. I don't know the caliber. Maybe they are all that way, because I don't know derringers, either. Hers was as I remember one barrel on top of the other. She had it hidden with some care, as she also did a long, vicious knife which she pulled from inside the back of her blouse.

This may be sick ego-tripping, my suspicion. I take it that splitway holeies are hollow-point bullets cut into dum-dums "splitway".

That stuff about the pocket I don't get, unless once out she went to peddling or higher. I would be more inclined to expect that she pulled a deal for the cops that handled dope. How much of great value can one get in one pocket? If there is a significance in the "making about 4 more reruns before the game ~~is~~ ends, at least 4. See!" I don't see. I'd prefer that it be some kind of big talk.

Having a "shrink...all in advance of the latest deeds" soundlike she did do something, an assumption I do not rule out because she is in jail! If she has and anything like that kind of bond is fixed, she's not going to hang around to get convicted and somebody is going to be looking for \$16,000 worth of her.

What follows about her blowing her cool and can't regain it sound bad, like she has turned criminal or done something very bad.

Because I realize she can be in serious trouble and may have latched onto an "upper" I've tried to be compassionate and taken a little time.

Holden, as in Calufield.

I believe Godzilla is some kind of horror comics character, as she used it her CIA guy. master of town and country again Marcello. The Town and Country Motel, near her home. It is, the motel is on Airline Highway north of New Orleans, in Jeff. Parish. It is his motel. Unless he sold it. Actually, I took her there once and she wanted to go in alone. It could have been for a game, for her to use the phone or toilet, or for real, which I then doubted. And still am inclined to. However, his turf includes Dallas.

The one thing I can say is that she is rarely dull. Whether she ever spells any of this out is doubtful from the past.

If she were not so much a showoff, trying to tell herself thereby how great she is, she could make a very dangerous criminal. She is very bright and just as daring.

As you realize, all I know is that mail reaches her at the addresses she has given.

My friend Jim, the letterbox to whom I sent you a carbon, has a father who is some kind of big oil corporation attorney in Houston. I asked him if he thought he should ask his father to get the scoop for me. We'll see. Best, HW 8/14/73

the 8th I think

Shadow!

No! Nixon still lives + breathes somewhere out there - God help us all. It wasn't him, someone else yet worse but that isn't even what I'm charged with, they'd like it to be though. If they could dig up someone to ask them the big question, maybe yes - so would you believe \$160,000 for possession of a stolen camera in the meantime. I'm going to blow minds + post it yet and get out of this dungeon before too very long with a little untraceable aid from a EL PADRINO of Jefferson Parish. Incidentally, no walther's involved but Diane's very own little double-barreled 357 mag. derringer equipped with "split way holes." Yeah, my pocket was "loaded" with the unexpected + "is planning on making about 4 more reruns before the game ends, at least 4. Sec! I don't play games,

I've got a good "paid for attorney" no sweat there + his name is not Scott either. Also, have a good shrink too - all in advance of latest deeds done + standing by for future ones, un-approvingly, but still there should need be, which from the way things look will become a definite fact.

Let us just say I blew my coal + can't regain it - and don't care to.

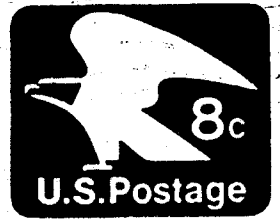
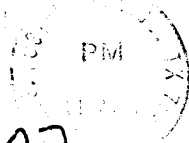
At least two good feet this venture + even the cuisine has improved since last visit.

Need nothing but good words as all other needs are being taken care of by "fans in the free."

Write on! Write on!

Strictly  
No (not Holden)

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