

#8 pg 11

2.19.73 p.m. Mon.
(isolation still)
-Harris County Jail-

Dear Pal,

By now I presume the postman knows your house well and I plan on keeping him coming there often or haven't you noticed that by now. The cusine is improving somewhat, at least enough to pass minimum state board of health requirements. They still serve "shit on a shingle" occasionally and you can still get your tongue on down cremated by our "hot" friend in the kitchen though. I hope Scott gets his ass up here tomorrow or sometime soon as I am bitterly dying to know what new developments are keeping me from freedom. I'm also planning on sending plea #9 to my mother to mail me my underwear. The head warden promised me it wouldn't be considered contra band like the toothbrush a friend tried to mail me. There are two of us back here in isolation now. A girl they call "sneaky Pea" is right down the hall in another cell. So I now have someone to yell too, even though we had a slight communication problem at 1st as I had to learn to "Jive talk". (It's worse than swaheli) I heard them call my name 3 times in Tank 2 for mail call Thurs. Fri. & Sat. but didn't get any of it. Just hope all it was was more "hate" mail from home + nothing important like a letter from you. So far I've still only received your 1st letter to me here. I am supposed to be getting ALL my mail, commissary orders & visits from my attorney. If everybody keeps writing to me, I'm bound to get some of it. Keep buying stamps Harold as my morale is starting to drop. My sense of hearing has really become intensified while being isolated. I can now hear other things between all the loud obscenities and even when the bad psychos scream KILL! KILL! KILL! along
(over)

with other things which is constant around here. I've discovered that the "oatmeal" here makes the best glue in the world. I used some of it to hang the calendar I made up on the wall, I bitterly swear that if they ever want it removed, they'll have to remove the entire steel wall to do it. I'm not exaggerating and whenever I hear that old saying "it'll stick to your innards", I'll always remember breakfast here. I wrote a shrink friend of mine back home and asked him if his life insurance policy was paid up to please go & try to quiet down my parents a little. I don't think he did though, even though I promised to personally make him a purple heart. Maybe he did instead what I'm beginning to think Mr. Scott did - Left the country. Even if they're both hiding under the smallest rock they could find in Peking - they could send me a letter - damn it. The fact that I haven't received any recent "hate" mail from home and things seem quiet is what scares me to death. Before this hell, I sent my parents a four page letter naming reasons they were mentally disturbed (not saying they were completely psychotic or crazy as shit either) & requesting once more that they at least consider treatment or at least not to sign their "hate" mail - Love mother.

That was when I included pls # 7 to send me my underwear also. When the "hate" mail was the ultimate, suppose worst, sometimes a small money order would be included with it. So I can order basic necessities like toothpaste & cigarettes occasionally from commissary here. They still think I sell heroin in the jail here. I don't have my hard money out there on the books & don't plan to delve into it for anything either. I don't know what all or kind of holds they got stuck on me to keep me from bonding clear to hell away from out of here. Scott won't tell me anything except that we need lots of money to get me out of here as he looks at me cynically in the lawyer's booth. I know he'd start

(3) crying or maybe have a cardiac arrest right there on the spot if I told him the little story of how my ex-parents spent \$5,000 to screw up my ass even more. Just think, Harold, they are earning more all the time while I sit here and moan inwardly. They are getting all kinds of cute information from my cousin's husband, to do it to me. I hardly know the bastard, a lawyer who has been "on the take" ever since he first learned to spell the word. He must be having a ball out of all this, and his lawyer friends here in Houston will probably be able to retire after all this is over here. I know all about it, names, dates - the whole bit. I mustn't tell Scott about how bad the family situation is because I'm sure he'd withdraw in seconds and probably out-run Kip Kenya just getting away from me. You would at least write to me when I go down - I hope. You'd love the Rabbi friends I used to have in New Orleans. Sometimes though, he'd get carried away talking people that when comparing my Father with the John Birch Society that the Birchers would look like the Messiah. That was long before all out Total war here got declared against me, I've been thinking about just standing in the concrete they have here & flushing it and going GLUB! GLUB! GLUB!. Maybe though I'll get a letter tomorrow from Scott (postcards are considered lethal weapons) or somebody and will thus hold off a while longer. Let me know how many letters you are getting from me. This is no. 8. Let me know if you have missed any, O.K.? And PRAY, baby, PRAY your little heart out. That is just what I'm still doing even though both of my parents consider me an atheist because I still refuse to accept Catholicism.

☆ Your Mensch always
- Diowe -