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2-2-73 A.M.

Shabbat Shalom!

Greetings from the Harris County Jail, where I have been for a long time & remain presently incarcerated, much against my will of course. This great gestappo state of Texas has some really stupid laws which they make up as they go along. It is hard to believe this is part of Continental United States. Some idiot acquaintance (not friend) visited me & had a needle & syringe in his pocket at the time which I didn't know existed, but since he was on my property, I got charged with possession of narcotic paraphernalia & above mentioned idiot remains loose on the streets probably laughing incessantly at this very moment. Have you ever heard of a Grand Jury indictment for such a thing, well I got mine like a belated Christmas card, & they can't even spell it right. Dope here is a mortal sin and great big NO NO anyway - like 30 years for possession of one marijuana joint & they refer to me as "The disconnected Texas connection". Since I'd heard stories of these things happening here, I was even paranoid about keeping vitamins around. I swore off dope long ago & was making the best grade ever in school, saving every minute of it even though I was carrying 21 hours, & right at the finish line this time. Oh God! Harold! I really got shafted this time. I am everybody. Like my family believes that if Texas hates me this much then I must have gotten caught selling heroin on the street corner & little kids or something & so they are willing to help hand the D.A. the very nails to crucify me with. I write my parents whenever I can afford a stamped envelope (20¢ ea.) & all I get are "hate letters" in return telling me I'm crazy & that my Aunt Betty who has fantastic psychiatric power (this is true in L.A. OVER)

is going to have me confined in a asylum for the criminally insane for life as I am a danger to society. What it boils down too is everybody wants to "cut off my left wing." I worked very hard on the No Govern campaign here & gave speeches saying that if Nixon got reelected, the country would be run by Henry Kissinger who won't even be an elected official representing the people & voters. And I didn't know John Connelly was governor & in the oil business here & I said that the only kind of oil I was interested in was the kind you put on your salad (an old joke) Now I'm saying that they taught us a bunch of baloney all these years in school when they claim a person is innocent until proven guilty because, realistically a person is guilty until they or their family can scrape ^{up} enough money to try to prove their innocence. I'm branded as one of those out of state commie subversive radicals, here to stir up trouble. My staunch liberal parents agree against me because of different views. They are super liberal now to the point where they make Agnew look like a hippy. People, friends of theirs, have tried to talk some sense into them but it seems to make things worse on me. You wouldn't believe the police brutality here either & the homosexual inmates here come up with things that Nargui De Sade could never even have thought up. I am only allowed two pages out, but can sometimes sneak 3 if folded special when I can afford the envelopes. There is a lot of super wrongs going on here that people out there need to know about & I have all day & night to write them. Don't those idiots know that by beating up people & busting in heads by police (pig style) breeds resentment & that the longer these poor people rot in here, the more it ferments on their

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minds + that's how partiers get born - right here in jail. I know, I've talked to enough of them. They told me some of what was going to take place in New Orleans a week before it happened + the extraordinary escape plan that only one accomplish- ed. Remember, Harold, all that money spent on my leg like, like as late as last summer, well it all got wasted, because on Dec. 28th, right here, it all got ruined within seconds because I absolutely refused to play "Queer" sexual games, I got informed that there is no such thing as self defense in Texas that it is considered murder until a jury justifies it as self defense at your trial + if you're in here like me, you wouldn't have a chance one getting off. Now I have to hop around on one leg as I can't walk on the other broken up one, which needs surgery to fix. They give me 2 aspirin a day for it + I eat all the moldy cheese I can get a hold of for the penicillin content to try to keep out in- fection. My parents know about it + say I'm crazy. Their "hate" letters have gotten to be my only laughs around here. I have a decent lawyer - Robt. Scott who is trully interested but also has his bills to pay. Maybe I'll be able to work out an I.O.U. deal with him as I sure won't be able to earn any money to pay him in here or in prison. My trial won't even come up until 1 yr. - 15 mos. From now knowing these gems down here, they will most probably drop the charge the day before. I do have bond money to get out but everytime a bondsman comes over to do it he gets informed that my bond already got made. That is true, it did, but I never got to sign it as I had been badly beaten by the cops the night before, + was in no shape to fight 6 dikes built like

Dumb jerks over a piece of paper that I didn't know what it contained, So the story got out that I refused bond, a ticket out of hell, So the police think I'm crazy too, Listen Harold, I can send a S.M.A. (save my ass) notice to someone through a post office box in Wash. D.C. & get out right away because all they'll have to do is make one phone call & I know it'll really cost me my very soul, mind, body & eventually spirit, but I do know I'll get the best medical treatment Walter Reed has to offer first, I'm saying that as a very, very, very, last resort, Tell me what to do, or who to write to, Don't ever come down here yourself, Look what they did to me! They aren't kidding when they say this is "Connelly country" Agnew's pal who is out to get us all.

GOD HELP THIS COUNTRY
What happened to our system
of justice?
What can we do about it?

Diane & others

P.S. They don't censor
the mail at all. Please
write soon, a decent letter
would mean a lot & be a
first.

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P.P.S. Please don't
let this get back
to New Orleans or
Big Jim, I've got
enough problems now.

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