

Dear Jim,

4/23/76

The news in your 4/15 is great! Lil had told me how good it is by phone. I enjoyed the story of what Je told the doctor and he told her when I got home yesterday evening. Reminds me of Lil about 1949. She had major abdominal surgery the day we started pouring the footing on the house at the farm. (I, naturally, was at the hospital, not the pouring. (Into which all the reinforcing rods I'd bought for a variety of projects went!) Her doctor, doing an exploratory and not knowing what he would find, had explained to her in advance that recovery is a function of how rapidly a patient can be walking around. Lil was in the OR for five or six hours and I was worrying more all the time until they wheeled her back. The next morning she heard her doctor's voice, pulled the various needles and tubes out, except the one that went down her hose, and got out of bed unassisted to walk out to meet him.

It not only blew his mind- it got her an in-hospital job. They wheeled in the pill patients for a day or two at a time and she was their psychological treatment. She suffered a pinched nerve and had to be rehospitalized for a while. Nurses came in to visit her regularly, including one who needed surgery and feared it until she saw Lil's precept. This attitude must be an important part of recovery and it seems to be Je's.

What you say about the doctor's intention of keeping Je in the hospital a little longer is, from my recent experience, wise. Fine as it is for the patient to be home, with all that means to those to whom home means much, I believe it is more important for there to be complete preparation for any changes in life and for medical certainty.

In my case I have had a nd continue to have worries that need not be. It is good to eliminate them in advance. Je's doctor's approach seems to me to be sound and best.

We share your satisfaction at her good recovery and fine prospects and thank you for taking the time to let us know. It was on my mind until I left for New York, which drove everything else out of mind. (Considering everything the trip was successful. The speech went well and while Dell is stonewalling, they have admitted owing me more than \$10,000 and undetermined amounts in at least two other areas.

While I was away the DJ delivered helpful papers in response to our strong in-court pressures in one suit and an insane letter in another, so except for the considerable amount of work it means for Lesar and me that also is good. As soon as I clean up the accumulation I'll have to get onto those things. Met with JL yesterday after our 9 a.m. TV show until the great kids took me home on their way to Erie for a seminar at Erie colleges. One of the girls lives in Erie. They even had a party in my hotel room in D.C. TV-provided with due bills, until I fell ~~six~~ asleep while talking in the wee hours. When I'd doze off for an instant in mid-sentence they took the hint.

We had a funny one on the TV show. There was a guest host while one of the two regulars was on vacation. It was Sally Quinn.

Jim and I get along well when we have no chance to prepare what we'll do. There were long periods in which I had no trouble just sitting in silence, as those who know me would not expect. There are times when he has no trouble letting me do the talking. And we know instinctively which is appropriate. So, when Sally found it necessary to make a few cracks about us and the press and we both made spontaneous, identical replies, that it was not true that we make regular TV appearances to promote anything, I let Jim explain the reason for our being there, not at all what she stupidly assumed but at the station's request because it had erred seriously and irresponsibly. She did not learn from this gaffe that she didn't know what she was into. When she persisted I took over as she spouted the traditional justifications for the unjustifiable press addictions. Each time she said something nasty I said "Let me address that with specifics." Knowing with whom she sleeps I was gentle and avoided naming a paper. Incredibly, she demanded that I do and I did. There must have been a half-dozen of these in a short period at the end of the hour. In each case there was no problem with an appropriate illustration that, fortunately, I had laid the basis for earlier in airing "new evidence." Not any of it had appeared in any paper. It is not easy not appearing to be a male chauvenist but

Sally helped. It was my first experience with a woman as a heavy and I like it. I think the audience's natural sympathy is with the woman. When she sets herself up this sympathy is transferred to the man if he is polite and makes the case. The college girls and Jim's baby-sitter who is close to my age, and Lil, more than a half-dozen women, all agreed that Sally flipped out and made my case. The kids all said she lost her cool and it showed, despite all her TV experience.

She said she'd like to get me and these unnamed editors together on a show and I accepted immediately. It will, of course, never happen. I'd love it.

This was quite delicate and I relished it as she was too insensitive to feel. Here she is sleeping with the man more responsible than any other in Washington and I'm the one who avoids naming him. The show's staff picked it up because Sally's personal life is no secret. The Post also owns that station.

Because I'd earlier been able to tell the story of the Invaders it was easy to recommend Les Payne as a guest, as I'd done before the show. One of the hosts is a black woman I know from having done her shows three or four times. She is also a law student in night school. With Les black it fit nicely. One of the producers asked me how to get in touch with Les and I told him. When Les phoned later about something else I was able to tell him and he agreed to do the show if asked, so if asked we'll have a little more pressure aired in DC.

I enjoyed it. It is good to know that I can go through one of these things with a woman, keep my ~~skin~~ under gross insults and take the play away with the odds against being able to do it. I don't, however, expect many opportunities.

On the train I was able to begin reading of the CIA declassifications. There are major stories not detected by the press, even the Village Voice, which has a story this week. One of the more obvious is that part of the CIA was engaged in a deliberate effort to con the White House and State into instant retaliation against Castro when JFK was offed. The basis was fakes shown to be fakes within days and obviously fakes from internal content. The man who did it? CIA defender Phillips was Mexico Station Chief at the time. He went directly to the White House, not through CIA hq. But by volume I've gone over less than 10% to date. I'll carbon when I write them.

Mike is the man I think was a victim of the CIA drug and mind-bending work. I thought I's sent you earlier carbons. Rod is Gibson, an Enquirer reporter who is a very good reporter and has become a very good friend. They have turned him loose on this story. There is a prima facie case that Olson was assassinated with a reasonable presumption of the reasons. There are also unreported- unexposed - unmentioned - other such CIA projects, at least one of which was a coverup operation. Four were carried under cryptonyms beginning with MK. I think this means "mind" and "kinetic." The coverup was "Bluebird," as in the old song, "Bye, Bye Bluebird."

Now to the refileing of what I took with me and the accumulated mail.

Our best,

15 April 1976

Dear Harold:

Thanks for your notes of April 8 et seq, all mailed on the 12th.

I'm happy to report that Jenifer continues to make a very rapid recovery, is feeling fine, and in better spirits than ever. Yesterday, only a week after this long and complicated operation, she went on a full normal diet, had her stitches removed, and took her first walk down the hall. When her surgeon visited her this morning, she asked him if he was sure she was making a normal recovery. No, he said. She was making a far better than normal recovery. He's a conservative, however, and says he'll probably keep her in the hospital another week to make sure everything is all right and to help her get back on her feet and train herself in the finer points of managing a colostomy. Hers, by the way, is a sigmoid, on the commonest and most easily cared for type. She lost about a foot of the aft section of her alimentary canal. The surgeon says he's as sure as he can be about anything that the cancer had not spread beyond that small dollar-sized spot in her rectum.

She should be fully on her feet by the time she comes home, so there should be no need for your thoughtful suggestion of the hospital bed table. There is every indication that she will be able to live an entirely normal life. The hospital is already training her how to use the rather large variety of equipment available to take care of a colostomy, and aside from avoiding lifting heavy weights no restrictions whatever are in prospect once everything heals up well and the proper irrigation procedures established. Diet changes are not necessary or likely..

After the surgeon saw her this morning, our GP, Rod Hartman, also showed up as he has been doing almost daily. Jenifer told him he could see she was doing all right and that there was no need for him to drag himself up to San Rafael from Mill Valley for her sake, or to take time to see her even if he had other patients in the hospital.

"Damn it," he said. "Look, I come to see you first every morning just to get myself cheered up so I can go on and see some of these other characters I'm looking after."

In her quiet way, Jenifer is something of a sensation in the hospital because of her positive attitude and cheerful cooperation. Nurses drop in from other wards just to view this uncompaining and willing person who usually manages to hit them with a delayed-action joke of some kind. Her favorite of all is Ella, a very jolly black from Richmond who does the nurse's aide bit, changing dressings, bathing her and generally doing all the little things that make such a difference. Today Ella was squatting by the bed, preparing to empty the plastic bag which collects the product of the bladder catheter that is still operating. Jenifer remarked that Ella was in exactly the right position to go into production on her own. Ella got it right away, went into a gale of laughter, and ended by saying, "You know, Honey, I think you're right. I guess I'd better."

The San Francisco strike has had no effect on us, by the way. About all I do is keep the house running, feed myself when I'm not eating at the hospital with Jenifer, and try to keep up with the clipping and filing chores. Jenifer is even giving the NY Times a severe once over before I do the clipping.

Thanks, but we won't need copies of the Schorr piece in Rolling Stone nor the Gary Arnold or Galbraith reviews of The Final Days. We've been trying all along to reduce our load, particularly the load Jenifer has been carrying, and now are determined to continue reducing it in all ways possible.

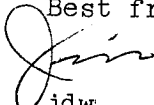
The Post has continued coming through March 30, and they may finally have decided to cut it off as of two weeks after it was supposed to stop on March 14. We hope so. There is very little in it these days that seems worth clipping.

Black Perspective is shown here on KQED (or at least it was) usually on Sunday. I'll try to catch the one this week with Kelley and your friend Payne. Thanks for letting me know.

In this last mailing you sprang two new names on us, Rod and Mike. Don't place them. If we need to know, do fill us in.

Knocking this off, aware that tonight ends Lil's trials for a spell. Hope you both can take it easy for a change.

Best from us both,



jdw