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Dear Js,

Alas and lackaday, my 59th dawned with us apparently iced in. I can recall two Easter-day heavy snow storms, one a delight from infancy and another, in the 30s, that coincided with four new tires going bad at the crub while the car was snowed in in Washington, of all places. This morning I have to go into town because it is the thrds Saturday I've had no mailbox, to pick up a fantastic buy in a second-hand lawn mower (to become my honeysuckle specialist) for \$10.00 and guaranteed to work (bought from a guy who still recalls me as the man Joe Pyne treated with respect) and in the event Lil needs groceries. Until the latter determination, which will follow her slow emergence from semi-consciousness to full consciousness while she sips a cup of fresh herba mate in bed, I'll start to respond to your copious and to this point entertaining (I'm sure I'll come to the value, too) mailing including several letter from Jim I merely saw when it arrived because I had to work hard to prepare for the patsy role I address in several enclosures.

That has had one advantage: one of my young friends had to work late last night. His office has a WATS line that thus became available to him, he had heard part of the show, and he now agrees that I should have gotten mad at the beginning, said look, if you are using me to sell a novel guised as a work of serious non-fiction, byebye. If you want to tlak about the "ing assassination, letss do it and lets have responsive answer, not irrelevant fillibustering by Frank, with or without the counsel of his accompnaying flack. If the guy had cut me off, he'd have look worse than I and I had nothing to loose. But the campaign against my being what is natural for me and has worked in the past-it is the way I did open the subject - has reached such proportions that I had decided all my world can't be wrong, I must be, and I don't want to alienate my young friends, and this was an old and good friend. It won't be that way with Eason, believe me, if Frank shows up and if Eason doesn't cancel. I've suggested to Eason, when he phoned, that if Frank refuses to appear he tell Frank he will have me interview the book by phone, and that is precisely what I'll do, with Frank's voice on nice fat points if the kids come through as I've asked them to do with a previously-recorded show.

I can't sell my own book, but I might make this literary whoredom a bit less pleasant for the richer whores attracted by the commercial possibilities of corrupting major issues. Betsba Huie never pulls another-and we met but once.

Right on the Sony tapes. When the treas. says I can, I'll get use a couple of the Sony's at that I think low price.

The letter ^Upposing K&eindienst is a legit story not published hereabouts. The AP story on her "mild conversation" with Senator Gurney about Richard the Lyin' Hearted, which says "I met him at the governor's conference in Tulsa" and then she has a heart attack provokes wonder about what would have happened if she'd met him alone! Face to face and maybe Dita's be in Heaven, the ITTS so much happier. Bet they'd give her a real sendoff.

I didn't catch the ~~Severeid~~ on the hidden or jailed or tortured "sent" former drug addicts and beggars in China, which is just as good. The change in this man since Stevenson's death is one of the more intriguing things about the "big-name" TV broadcasters. He was with S, walking with him, when it happened. The change was instantaneous. He did a panel show on TV in Phila once that I caught in which it would seem he confessed the total alienation of his own son.

Je left me hanging in midair. After telling the touching story, related to Dita's hospitalization and getting a 15-cent get-weller, she narrates the warms of the Glorious Leader who promised a handless VN girl that his daughter would send her a get-well card. Well, did said VN girl GET well? Did we grow her a new hand? With such magic practised today, it is unkind to totrture the imaginative mind? Or is there, in sooth, an end to Nixonian magic?...How Hoppoe can sustain that great stuff makes me marvel. The column on the condition of the country built to a beautiful climax. I didn't expert it to conclude so superbly with reminder of the election of Hitler with so perfect a description of our today.

X Je's 3/30 note on the Princeton conference; The old biddies laid a stale egg. The only parts that would interest me are Burke Marshall's exact words and the full confessions by Hoover's former finks. These I'd appreciate, and if possible, Marshall separately so I can file it separately. He becomes increasingly of strange interest. Now, if this comes to much work, please instead phone the Pacifica foundation, not the station, and ask Bill Stein if he can supply it to me. I think he will. And remember, they are running everythin they have on tape into a computer, for instant retrieval and supplying to college abd possibly other stations. He visited me about a month ago. If this is unclear, time having passed, Je's note enclosed.

Maybe (Je's 3/27) that crazy ABC bit that Dita did all this because she was going to get fired and wanted to prevent it is the most sensible thing yet. Thus she snuck into Dineen's sanctum sanctorum all the way up there in NYC, retrieved the original and flew back into that "known columnist's" waiting arms. Makes sense-if anything does.

Again with Je's note as reminder, returned, on Feltrinelli, the enclosed Post story indicates one of the suspicions I've had, that the extreme of the extreme right did it, may not be farout. The Minutemen pulled some such stuff here. They contrived the Wilkerson bombing, and my former network-director source has supplied with with all their ~~scientific~~ stuff, including booby-trapping, many items from which could have been exactly what was there used. They did a first-rate job of inflistrating the left. They had a young married woman student at a university lay every member...Been a long time since I saw as nice a Shrdlu as the Etaoin you sent from SR.

X As you will see from enclosures to be added, I played Mc^{illan} right despite the protests of the young. He now realizes he has no book. He continues to blab to Jerry, who informs me promptly. I have an unanswered letter from him and he sent me a copy of the PW interview with Frank that McM had sent him, so if you see, don't bother copying, thanks. Same with SR review Frank. Have.

Later. We've also has snow. I had to go to the post office even though on Sat's I don't because Lil doesn't go to the office because thanks to the county I have no mailbox, a long, unpleasant and time-consuming story which is part of a batt~~le~~ I'm having with the county commissioners who can't control their arrogant engineer. I've actually had to engage a contractor to work on the end of my lane, which they dammed, agreed to fix, and for a year simply haven't and won't. It is kind of like poor Warren, with the staff running the old man around like a baby, making him think he was really doing something. The commissioners have inspected, promised, apologized and the job remains undone. The contractor, who knows one well, called him instead of doing the job several months ago, for the county res;onsibility was obvious, as was the beglignce and defective engineering. What is worse is that the initial cause was illegal work done on the property of a neighbor who was the partner of a former commissioner, and that neighbor is getting over a heart attack. That has inhibited what I was willing to do, but having to drive when I would walk because the end of my lane was made into a pond and with the end of Lil's working period, when she may again want to walk, have left me no choice. I don't know where the \$\$\$\$ is coming from until I sue, but weather permitting emergency reapirs, privately-contracted, begin Monday. I fully intend to make as big a stink as I can and try and get a bit of responsiveness and responsibility in the county government, although it may hurt me. I'll resume after catching up with other mail. Best H