

Dear Jim,

"unchless in that Gaza of Washington, I returned in time for supper to be greeted by that ultimate in male chauvenism, wonder at what to do with the 14th sandwich, and the ultramodernity of considering enshrining it in plastic! What an abomination! Yeah, desecration, brother! Why there is but a single thing to do with it. Save it for the 14th day, which is also the Seventh day, as it is the First day, and then glorify it with a single candle. To signify, obviously, both the Day of Rest and The First Day.

And then, symbolically, and at the middle meal, whenever on that memorable day it may be, break it between the two of you.

I had always counted among my singular blessings one of the world's great and most imaginative preparers of meals. One Who Makes Much of Nothing (I provide little more). Our 36 years together (think I'll christen her Griselda for Christmas), there have not been occasions that called for such Escoffiette delicacies as prepackaged sandwiches. I intend it as a supreme complement when I say that Even She would have been hard pressed to have provided such variety.

Man, you got blessings of which you've never bragged!

And attributes, too. I never knew you doubled in sports, Having done so myself, perhaps I should have envisioned it, but not in this era. Mine are of the 30s. Early and mid.

Flashback: I also worked for the only Sunday paper in the State, and covered all college sports for it. One year we played both Army and Navy (we really beat Navy but got refereed out of it). What I got was a regular small sum, weekly, and it was to include all expenses. We had a student body of about 600 men then (womens' college separate, in all ways). You may have noted that "ekaware is still tops in small colleges. Well, this meant I had to get to West Point. That meant hitchhiking. Both ways there was a girl on Sullivan Street in Greenwich Village, but returning it was like Count Bruga without the intent. It got rough going up the day of the game. The last ride was unknown to me until I got back: Old Sun reporter who embroidered on the truth. His fabrication, good human interest if Hearstian journalism, was national page 1. Embarrassingly because so many believed it.

And minor blessings, The Happy Day coming in December, or any time before 1/1/73. If you don't know all of what this can mean, I invite unpaid consultation with my Unpaid Expert in Residence. I know it means double exemptions for this year. Or, how you can make it tougher for Nixon not to raise taxes. (I get a little by osmosis, very little.)

Well, it turns out we have another thing in common, no intention of having a heart attack. I guess mine are serious enough. I went to Bud office today, not to talk to him but to speak to his partner, who is a lawyer, about legal matters. Turns out Bud has new and even swankier offices. With a Conference Room/law library. And in it a beautiful semi-antique table. Cost only \$1,200.00. No wonder he hasn't been able to refund some of the expenses I put out for him. If I can find the local joint in the morning, I'll explore food stamps. See what I mean by firm intent not to have a heart attack?

Bud seems not to be very communicative these days. Not even with Jim Lesar, to whom I spoke. That stalwart young man worked until 7 a.m. today picking up some of the things I'd noted in the papers that, when filed by Bud, will bear Bud's name. He said he almost called me at 6 a.m. but decided against it. I'd shaved and was doing other things by then, but it was nice of him not to have because it would have awakened Lil. It seems that Bud told Jim he'd had a call from Jerry Ray Fridat night, 11/17. Hasty check shows I wrote Jerry 11/15. Or, that Jerry phoned Bud about the time he picked up the NSRB mail. They are to meet in "ashville when Bud files these papers. You have my letter to Jerry. If it is far from all, it is enough for me to consider that I have met my obligations. Jim has no objections to any of the content.

I hope that after you make the major adjustment to being a Free Man again you can visualize more than "selling a piece now and then". You have another and a Major Adjustment to make. After the lifetime's encrustation wears off, I think you will come to understand that you are in a unique position. China is no longer radical or verboten. You are, friend, an Authentic Expert on what is not IN. You know it, you have the credentials, and

you put it together well. There can be a market for this kind of writing when you have rested from those wearying years. If you don't get an agent, now that Izzy tone is at the or with the New York Review, I can volunteer to speak to him. I'd planned to anyway. When I phoned a week ago he was about to emplane for three weeks abroad. I know him from before the name simplification, from before his NRA suit against Davey Stern. I used to send him galleys or our Senate hearings then.

Be alert to other possibilities. Don't underestimate two things: the change that has been brought about by the needs of the man who prevented them earlier; and what you can contribute that is merchantable. There, inevitably, will even be movies and more TV specials. China is IN now.

You may not realize it, and you surely did not intend it, but you almost disillusioned me about San Francisco (the area, that is). That ptomaine jazz. I've always like the place and felt, if I had no choice in the future but to live in a city, a horrible prospect at best, and if I had a choice, it would be Frisco. My pace when I've been there, as at most places, has been such that I've never really had time to eat. Never at a decent restaurant. You saw me fall asleep with a moment to relax. With one exception. The time I spent several days with JFK's former mistress. She took me to lunch one day at a small but really fine Mexican place. And that night, a very long one, ending with a binge at her place that began about 3 a.m., we began by drinking a bit much at home and then going out to what would have been a fine meal if I'd been in chape to appreciate it. I think maybe I'm getting two trips mixed, that the drinking night was the time she gave me Jess Unruh's message and I read her my letter to hip predicting Bobby's assassination and the political assassination of them all. Which wasn't too bad for Jnauary 68, as I recall.

I never even got to Fisherman's wharf, or rode the cable car.

No, there was another good meal. John Christian, whose source of money I always wondered about, took me to a rather decent lunhh at the top of the building in which Hili's is. Chinese. And the day I met you, the day I autographed books in Paul Elder's (and stillx await payment for about 50 of them!), by the most remarkable of coincidences, a suburban Philadelphia cousin, who was spending some time at Palo Alto, had heard about it and he and his wife came in and we went to a very good Chinese meal that night.

So, I know there is a rather decent Mexican restaurant about two or three blocks downhill (and even for there, a steep hill), from "roadway, and to the right after going downhill, and also to the right and away from Elder's main store and on the second floor, a good Chinese restaurant. No ptomaine.

"Unholy delight". Han, you're spoiled!

The fixing up Mr. Hunt relates to a side chat with Bud's partner, Bill, today. He still thinks I have enough to get to take depositions in a suit vs. CIA and that they can't claim immunity, as in the Heine case, because this is in the proscribed domestic area. But he didn't offer to file. He has had too many pro bonos laterly. Did his latest, I think the accused was a Sibert, make the wires? He won it. And he has about \$20,000 of time in a security case he has, to date, won. Feds appealing.

I'd like to take a liberty and rephrase what you said about doing something you want to and believe it. You ^{can't} ~~not~~ can do only what you want to and believe it. With great timing for it. Wierd, considering the state of the country and its prospects.

And a liberth with a caution. You talk about the best years and how young you feel. Great! But remember FDR's first Attorney General, a feel-young cat who had just gotten married. It killed him.

From the navy I've felt watching Lil knit I can understand what the weaving can mean for relaxation as well as what you produce. Must be a weaving thing in California. Matt Herron's folks gave his boy a small lohm. I guess about a foot wide at most. He had just gotten it before the last time I saw Matt and stayed with him. The kid flipped over it, mastered it fast, and did what to me was a very imaginative thing: wove a denim scarf. It was beautiful. Matt is in Palo Alto now, I think. He is still hung up on Garrison and Salandria, Or was when last I heard.

Dropping the States is an inevitability. Don't worry about what it can mean to me. My major interest there is not ever in the papers. It was and is LHO, and I have developed

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much on this. One of the things to which I yearn to return is Agent Oswald. He was. There, too.

6 a.m. In your moderate climate, do you have the beautiful cold bright moons of your farm youth? Those of the local winters must be the same as those of your youth in the midwest. No matter how warm the house and body, just looking at them, for all the joy, suggests cold. The house was warm when I got up at 4 a.m., wide awake, and enjoyed the first of this winter's really bright moons, on a still night. Tells me that it must be colder out, lacking the blanketing of the cloud cover. I just lay back for a while, drinking in each tree so clearly limned. They are close to the house, one long-needled pine so close it seemed to be like a caricature, a child's drawing of own, on the window. All the windows in the entire house except for the bathroom are virtually floor-to ceiling and the walls have just enough brick to support the roof, with steel posts inside the space between the windows. The living room is all glass, as are most of the outer walls. What a delight on such a night!

At the point where I'd stopped the phone had rung. It was my older sister reporting (gloom) on my mother's condition. She is still in the hospital. The doctor is going to let her out today, subject to her agreement to return if he feels she should, because he knows here well enough to understand being there any length of time is depressing. She will be returning daily by ambulance for therapy, with my sister picking her up afterward and taking her back to the apartment in which mom by preference lives alone. I didn't mention acupuncture to this sister, who gets emotional and then involved in her emotions. Before beginning to write you I'd enveloped the clip you included to the other sister and will mail it this a.m. when I take Lil to tax school.

That call was hardly over when Nephew Trouble was on the phone. The jobs had just busted him for the third time on the count on which he has been charged and is scheduled for trial. Wouldn't believe him when he said he'd been booked and bailed and alleged the computer was wrong. They gave him a needlessly wild ride, lights and siren. Scared him, in fact, with their speed, and a hotrodder (literally-he's proud of his prized in commercial competition) doesn't scare easily. This is how society manufactures criminals. And the cops buck promotions.

The combination of these calls chilled interest in your letter, which we both enjoyed. In fact, when Lil handed it to me, she asked if I think you'll do any travelling and if you do, if I thought it would take you near here, as she (we'd) like. From what you say of AP's retirement provisions, it seems not too likely. By the way, you refer to your condition with a poor selection, "poor". I don't think I use it about ours, which is much worse. Bad for the state of mind and inaccurate.

You refer to my 26 and 26? I don't think you mentioned 22. I recall the 22A, where I probably used a larger envelope. Nothing we can do if the 22 didn't get there, but at that part of the sequence there would have been many clips. Your comment is probably accurate, in disagreement with my having said that the USSR and China have been leaning on VN. At least I'll agree that Nixon et al have made it appear more like there has been this pressure, in part to make it seem that thus has Nixon brought about what hasn't happened, major changes in the VN position which makes the "new" position acceptable. The situation alone, however, is a kind of pressure. When the US starts cozying to the giants. Plus the incredible barbarity of the bombing and the death and destruction it means. Plus what I'm sure the giants are saying, this is a crazy man and you'd do better to chance the "peace", whatever its terms. Because they do want the commercial benefit of dealing with the US and the military/political benefit of cooling us. You use the description "disadvantage", and on what would be to the disadvantage of VN they might not see exactly as the giants do. And all want the US presence farther from China. I think even USSR does.

I noted and credited the quote of Chou, to the effect that Nixon could be figured. I don't think it is because he draws a big distinction between LBJ and RMN (or for that matter, any other, even liberal, US president). Rather would I think he'd figure less chance of military comp with One of Theirs in the WH. It is, after all, the Nixons who made what Nixon has done impossible before.

I also recall the Mao/Chou desire for rapprochement with US after WWII. Ho, too. The Nixon's of that day prevented it. And selfishly, it was then crazy. That was the day of The Iron Curtain, which could have justified at least as much as was spent militarily. What it didn't justify is Korea, VN, and they were utilities, from the selfish, military point of view. Their realpolitik is childish. I'll be into this briefly in TIGER, that part already researched.

Ohmy election analysis, one other thing seems to be emerging as a factor, and that is the influence of the strange Mankiewicz thinking. Not only in Eagleton, but in everything, including defeatism. Some of the reactionaries of the past have call this "fuzzy", and I think it fits the bright ones whose liberalism hangs on their concept of political reality and its restrictions. They all try to be Jim Farleys. But only in the wrong ways. never in the essence, which is winning.

I think there is another factor. You correctly refer to the popular preference for dreaming. I think there is more, the depressing effect of the assassinations. They all tell themselves it makes no difference, and I think the crisis in all political credibility stems for the certainty in both parts of the spectrum that when there can be such corruption when a President is killed, what use is there in anything, who can be trusted? Remember, all that happened under the Dems, the "liberals".

I also believe that the inherent racism of the country is more pervasive than most of us realize. Compare Kent State and Baton Rouge, the reactions. Even discounting the effect of the numbing of the years and the feeling of futility, there has been little protest, even from the blacks.

Before bedding last night, caught the local CBS TV news, DC. They had a sequence from a quiet auditorium protest at Howard, about 1,500, not much for black Washington and a large black univ. There was a Rap Jones from Southern BR talking, with another whose name I didn't catch. Jones gave an account of events that makes sense. There was a line I recall. To a degree it echoes my feeling of the depression. It was more than the bitter joke he intended. He had told of the coming of the police, the throwing and returning of the teargas cannisters. He put it like a great act of black heroism when they were thrown back. (Labor was doing that in the 30s. It was not invented at Black Southern, but the audience loved it). Then he said, with a wisp of smile, "You know, niggers like to run. So, we run." Laughter.

I am no longer depressed when these things happen and there is no effective counter. I don't suppose I was ever depressed. More frustrated. We're becoming good Germans, as you said. Like the really good German, wer will also learn to late. Few are more blind than the radicals. As you can tell from my correspondence, the liberals are latched, too.

Lil, who I've just awakened with her mate, is delighted with the graph of shui men. She is working her way to the end of a project that she hopes will yield a slight return, knitting a skirt (done) and matching cape. Very pretty and she chose an attractive and very feminine pink for it. It will fit her if it doesn't sell and she plans it as a sample for a store.

If she makes a scarf and agrees, I've a plan for it: to take it to Ben Bradlee, who appears to have killed the completed Potomac story on me after triggering it, with a note asking him to get a Chinese friend to translate the characters. It may not be too subtle.

If Lesar brings his wife up again, perhaps these being native to her, she'll be less of a "sloppy caligrapher".

Nixon is polluting the area again. The radio ticking off of those who visited him yesterday (including Helms, by the way) makes too long a list for these to be serious conferences, and the specialties of the man were too different for the conferences to have been joint. I regard it as some kind of cover. The Nixon kind of administration doesn't require these kinds of meetings anyway.

In time, we'll understand.

Enjoyed your letter much. Glad you found the time for it. I bit relaxing, and answering gets the mind off the unpleasant. Most of my time now is on the medical aspects of the damage suit. I have to consider that my lawyer wants out or will sell us out, the real purpose of my meeting with Bud's partner being to get a lawyer's evaluation. Same as mine. Can't be explained any other way. So, I'm forcing the issue as politely as I can, on issues. Not easy, but it never is. And will it look bad if I go to another lawyer. Look at the list of those who've loused us up and ask who would believe it:

Joe Rauh and the man who did the "work" on the case, Johnny Silard (scientist's nephew); Edward Bennet Williams and Peter Taft (President's grandson.

And now the most prestigious firm in the state.

It has to be the client. Any lawyer will say this, and thing it if he doesn't.

Our best,