

NOV 24 1972 #31

Dear Js,

11/22/72

Got so wound up to day, not in any way connected with the date, that I forgot about the mail. Got it a half hour ago, about 10:30 p.m., skimmed so, and will handle in time. I was disappointed in the only "observance" of which I know, NPR's twadry in three revolt-ing arts. I taped it but won't keep it.

The USIA JFK film was aired commercially in DC tonight, spondored, believe it or not, by True Davis! I was worried about getting it on tape, never having heard it, just to have, and a Merv Griffen Show with Foreman, who was a way of keeping both feet reqdy for the mouth, when an hour of each overlapped.

The JFK had just started when the phonexrang, a young friend whose wife is pregnant. Today is his birthday. They want us to be the godparents, which is rather nice. He was going to tape Griffen, so I'll have a tape for the lawyers, and I did. I'll probably send you my tape for the last half, just before and when Kunstler got there. His plane was late. The earlier part is Foreman not disguising his racism well and torn. The picture of Belli at the end and the uniformity of opinion about federal repressive intents, etc., may interest you.

I don't generally spread that kind of bread for cassettes, but I was in N.O. and needed one in a hurry and this was actually the cheapest I could get there- at the same drug store LHO is said to have frequented- the closest to that part of Decatur and on Canal.

Can't remember the last time I forgot to go to the <sup>m</sup>ail box. Lil and I were out and were coming in. Oh, yeah: the <sup>f</sup>ublic Radio, which has a rather good FM signal here but not enough to overcome the deficiencies of the old auto set, was playing some folk music. As the signal cleared I made enough out to want to listen, and I just forgot about the mail. By the time we got into the house, the tune was off. The line I heard said that the CIA is subversive. Such a song, natch, I wanted to hear. Alas, didn't!

And lost in the desire to get out and get some exercise and some forewood, forgot. I'm taking down some trees as you never saw it done, so that I can mow the liberated land with a rotary mower. As I got I trim out, haul the trimming uphill to the house after cutting to size, and we're heating with the fireplace. Even got enough in the house for all day tomorrow.

Guess it is just as good I can't be seen. Did you ever see anyone Paul Bunyon on his knees or butt? And saw with a pruning saw (anything else being too long for cutting close to the ground? Or think he can take a good-sized tree down with a machete? When the back aches, I brace myself with the left hand and whomp with the right!

The only bad part is that I'm getting to the point where I feel it. Later, that is. Great while I'm at it. Oughtn't feel as little as much as I do. Not at 60 minus.

But you know, aside from the trees and the birds, all I could see while I was doing this is part of the house through the trees. It is fine to be separated from things in the cold fresh air and, as it was today, in the snow.

Couple more live and unwilling yellow locusts, couple dead and half-dead bull pines, and I'll have enough mountainside for Lil to decide she needs a dozen more dwarf fruit trees. Got a better definition of optimist than one who plants fruit trees at 60? We ought to have something besides wild persimmons this coming year. And as a by-product I'll have enough fine brush before Xmas for a number of animal dens. I pile it for them, mit settles, and they move in. Eventually, it composts itself. Of course, this means that much more hand mowing next summer, to keep the growth down.

Gotta kick from a couple of ten-year-olds today, first when I was taking a walk this a.m. while they were awaiting the school bus at the first intersection I get to. They wanted to know if they could ice skate again this winter and I assured them they could under the same simple conditions, parental assent and social conduction, meaning not anti-social. School, was hardly out when a ten and an eight came down to inspect the pond and discuss with me how long I thought it would be before the ice would hold them.

It's great. No trouble getting thmm to agree that the ice must hold more than slush before they tackle it. It was enough for them to know there will be ice and they can use it. After we chatted they went back to inspect again and make their own estimates of how long it will be.

If we could only have a little of that kind of freedom!

est,

Heard