

4008 Ramsey Avenue, Austin,
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March 10th, 1989,
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Dear Joe,

Thanks for your letter post dated March 7th, arriving yesterday. I hope that you have digested the material I sent you, including the Bill as Oliphant stuff (yours to keep) and the proof article and that extraordinary letter of the Underkind (yours to COPY and return to me.

I am most interested in what you thought of the letter. To me it is the most extraordinary letter from Joe Weider I have ever received. In fact, knowing him I cant get over it, and sit here still singing the song of the goldfish. Your comments please.

Also I think I have mentioned the changes made in my article. Not the very one in which I say that I am 77 and time grows short etc etc. Originally, and as I recall, I didnt give an age at all. So the age given, correct, shows some evidence of the CAREFUL reading of the article by the Underkind.

My philosophy of life is, and always has been, a simple one. NEVER FORGET YOUR FRIENDS. The same people you met on your way to the top, you meet on your way down to the bottom. SHARE ALL THE KNOWLEDGE YOU HAVE. Without this sharing knowledge isnt knowledge, but just some stash tucked selfishly away as a miser hoards his gold. BE HONEST WITH YOURSELF and, as is said in Hamlet; you can then be honest with everyone. If you offer criticism, let it be paitive. Dont tear ANYTHING DOWN unless you have something to replace what you have demolished.

I dont claim to be a CHRISTIAN. I have seen too many of these once a week religionists to have any faith in ANY religion. Religion has caused more trouble and heartaches than women and rum.

In my life I have tried to do what good was within me to do. I dont always succeed. Every action has an equal and opposite reaction, it is said, and I am afraid that there are some who either didnt understand me or else misinterpreted what I did and the purpose behind it. Sorry for them and all that, but I am as I am and people have to accept me as I am or leave me alone.

I also have a rather fortunate trait. I believe in speaking my mind, in saying exactly what I think. This too has landed me in a load of trouble, but, again I am as I am. As some ancient Roman poet said "People are people."

I am approaching the end of my life and I want to leave this poxy world with as little trouble as possible, and leaving as few enemies as I can. I have tried to do my best. If I havent succeeded, then alas and alack. I cant help it.

I have known many and loved few, but those I have loved have had ALL OF IT. Unconditionally.

What was Joe like to work for? A pain in the bloody arse. He was never satisfied with anything one did, especially me it seems. He was never lavish with praise, one of his major faults. Working for him was as lively as a touring circus and about as boring as a bathing beauty in the best of bikinis. Joe was a TAKER, not a GIVER. Therein lies his major fault.

Bill