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tell ME what YOU think I SHOULD CHARGE for nanswering them. Then he lathers me up with the usual specious bullshit telling me that "YOUR NAME is on my PREFERRED List to receive my latest book. "

There is of course no mention of any smoked salmon coming my way.

I wrote him back a blistering letter. I told him he ought to know better than be so coercive in his mail, that his asking for a fee for answering the questions brought him to a level of the TV salesmen who promise you that they can make you a millionaire in ten short months by buying real estate. I told him that to charge money for answering questions that can be answered by making a trip to the library and getting the info FREE, was not only unethical but deceptive. I told him a few other things too. I aint mailed the letter yet but am holding it to see if I have something else I can add to it that will better indicate my contempt for such stuff.

He is so bloody obvious that it is OBVIOUS he regards others as being on the same bloody intellectual level as he is.

By the by, you aint answer one of my questions in my last letter.

I asked you what was in STRENGTH & HEALTH page 30 March 1939. Pray tell. I cant recall anything about me being in any mag that early. I was still infesting Liny Land at that date.

I also wondered why the Reverend didnt include a little bit about me--- did you ask him and did he answer? Answer to me please.

Still no word from the Mighty Murdock. Silly bloke. He has done more arse kissing than a Sam Goldwyn "yes" man.

I shall hie me hence now. It is bloody hot here and I am bloody miserable. I feel I am unwated. No smoked salmon. No thousand dollar bills garnish my mail.

All I got as a letter from Gloris Steinam, wanting me to write an essay on WOMEN, WHY DO THEY WANT TO BE LIBERATED WHEN THEY AINT ~~HOW~~ BEN CAPTURED. "

I turned her down. Said the title of the article was too clumsy. She hang up swearing she'd visit the punishment of Lysistrata on me. Oh luscious day,

yours etc etc, *John*

PS. I shall shortly be sending you some more Brit mags. As I may have said I wont send you them all at once since it might cause you a spasm of PMS and anyway would be cruel and unusual punishment.

PPS. A bloke called me Friday, saying he was from Tampa Florida, *Tampa* asking me ha had 9 inch wrists and a NINETEEN INCH FOREARM. I said how tall are you. said 6 three. I said how much do you weigh. he said 260. I said what do you lift. He said ONE ARMWRISTS CURLS WITH 210 and on a dumbbell with a 2 inch thick handle. I said " really. " Get in toch with Joe Roark. "e will." *Joe*