

16 Dec 73

12/26/1973

David,

I have heard news about you. You are going to law school. (And Kathryn is going to Stanford.) You are living at home. When I was last in San Diego time was far from a full afternoon with a visit to every flower in the field (sweaty and every bird pushing pedals), the sands set short) and now I miss your company. Baring writes that she has had some "good old academic mud-slinging ^{discussions} ~~arguments~~" with you. Wasn't matter - would still set in pits?

I have a fair chance to climb McKinley in May. Just in the big note on my horizon of high class and romance. We got a hard-mo-stom pair of cross country skis and I like that sport. Jim slavin' to pay off airline ticket delta (On one weekend excursion I flew to San Diego and drove to Long Beach to visit Julie and Vera. She car broke down. On the corner of the afternoon, and I hardly knew what I was saying, I asked ^{lots} many me and she showed me juice to desert this summer (low class, pay with your car, adventure). Jim planning to diggle down the team through British Columbia, maybe to Oregon, then east to Minnesota and eventually to New Jersey and Boston to meet Terry and Jack.

For our luncheon performance before you and others last year, Dick and I received a small amount of applause and no criticism. On another page is the best nutshell synopsis of what that was (and is) all about, and on the reverse is a copy

of the declaration I am delivering to everyone
in my chain of command plus retreat prior
to going AWOL.

The realization that most of my ideas
are ludicrous is forming up crisp white blue
and beautiful above me. Currently I am working
on summarizing, annotating, adding, reproducing
and linking volumes of those letters (including one
of yours) further letters and essays, for Point Home
and Environment N. J. A. If you have anything
further to say in the train of thought I would
welcome your additions, of course, enjoy them.

Robert writes to me about as often as
the moon smiles and puts on a cap and the
stars turn to ringing jigs, about as often as
you try to start a cigarette with lightning,
about as often as you fall up, and actually
not very often. That I heard ~~how~~ was hitchhiking
to San Francisco. What would he marvelous
would be if he got up enough steam (and
that he would need plenty) to stage a winter
trail all the way to these local environs! I will
write rapidly to his Louisiana street address and
perhaps he has returned there already.

Jim wondering what's happening with you,
old David & pal, what's up? what's down? What are
you about? What's the news in your part of town?
Read any good books lately? Send me some notes
if you're happily bonded.

Love, Mike J.

P. S. What is Kathy's address?

U. S. A.

I. S. Continuity

divine ordinance
Law of the land

constitutional dialogue

rights
↓

existential virtue
↓

protective agencies

coordinative agencies

representative govt.

representative politics

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career opportunities

mediative possibilities

can we bridge this
in a socially viable way?

in a humanly viable way?

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I believe and I find that the true foundation of the American Constitution and the American nation rests in the individual, and the true defense of our polity rests in the activity of the affirmation that all men are created equal with rights to life, liberty and the enjoyment of happiness.

The truth of this affirmation must not only be a revelation of each individual to each and every other individual, the fulfillment of this affirmation must be in the relations of the American individual to individuals everywhere.

Organization for purpose of wholesale and systematic destruction of people I find contrary to this affirmation. The daily operations of the military, and the station of the individual therein, are a denial and enshement of this affirmation.

The basis of the American polity is the faith of individuals, and the continuity and vitality of this rests in the former ability of human faith to create and reconstitute.

I know that what I do may not fit the law. I am declaring that the foundation of the American Dream is the individual. The law may measure me.

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I am ready to serve the motto "that there may live" with my whole life. I find that I can better serve this acting independently.