

Adams Co. Jail
June 3, 1965

Dearest Dede,

For a girl who loves me so much, why the hell haven't you written. Here I am sweating it out, in dire danger, and you for 2 terms sit comfortably and don't give me a thought. I guess your father told you to forget about me. I am sort of a bad lot, dropping school just to associate with a bunch of niggers. I don't blame you for not writing.

Seriously tho, I have thought of you and wondered how you were getting along. Now that I have some spare time (clever, isn't that?) thought I'd write you a letter. I've been here 5 days, sitting on my ass wishing to hell I was somewhere else. Jail is such a bore. 100 of us were marching on a segregated public park here in Natchez when the omnipresent cops stopped us and told us to disperse. I said that for my part, I wasn't going to move and so they dragged me off to jail, the fifth time in the seven weeks I've been here in Natchez. They used a miniature, hand sized cattle-prod (it gives electric shocks) all over my arm and back to get me into the police care after I went limp, and here I am. At least you get to hear from me. I can imagine your reaction when you opened up this letter. Shrieks of laughter at my using toilet paper as stationery. You always thought that very cool, didn't you? I think its sort of corny, but there's nothing else to write on in this damned place-they're very sparing with their paper-and when the jailor gives you some he searches you later to read whatever you've written. Using this stuff is a way to get around it. You've heard and read of notes being smuggled out of jails on toilet paper (Martin Luther King used it)--well, you've got an authentic souvenir of just that. You can show it to your grandchildren.

Are you still a virgin, honey? I would suppose so, unless you've changed drastically. I would hope you've liberalized a little tho, since the time you wept when we were on your apartment's couch. Actually tho, I don't

mean to pry -I'm sure its none of my affair any longer but rather that to whom you're engaged by now. That's just a guess, but I'll bet you are engaged. Right?

I'll most probably be returning to Dartmouth in the fall- Dave and I have a room together, supposedly. God, it'll be good to get back to college life--Beer, soft life, books, food, no worries about how long you'll live, if the house will be bombed this evening, no tension save that of getting ~~maxx~~ a last minute paper in. No more incessant jail. But college will probably prove to be very boring and unsatisfying as well. I'll probably get restless and head back down here. God knows the movement will still be going on. But most probably I will be leaving after finishing my two terms (and complete my sophomore year) to work at a job during the spring term. That summer I'll head over to Africa, visiting the P.I., to take my junior year abroad in Kenya or Ghana. After that year I'll use the summer to bum around Africa and Europe. Back to college, then hopefully off again. I want to work in the South African Liberation Front in Kenya.

Well, I'll see you. Write back, o.k.? take it easy,

Love,
FREEDOM NOW!

Peper