

4/22/71

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

Paul and Gary, Sylvia,

As happens only too often, I have an unpleasant chore with which to begin the day. I learned of what I report by accident yesterday when I was in Washington.

I sent you copies of my letters to Boggs. I believe the first was 4/6. I also sent a copy to Dad, to whom the idea appealed, so he stole it, embellished upon it (and this makes me more anxious than the theft of the idea does disgusted), warned his people (who had no choice but to obey) not to tell me, and made his own CIA approach, a long document consisting of other such (I should say alleged) FBI transgressions. He has had limited success with it because he was able to go there in person. I had, as a matter of fact, also planned this for yesterday, but the delay in fitting new lenses (now trifocals and awkward) ran this too close to the time he was to make his speech.

This insatiable desire to make something of his stillborn drives Dad to such irrationalities more than often than is known, and there is nothing that can be done about it. Sometimes I can detect his insanities in time to frustrate them. For example, we had so vigorous a fight the day of his Christmas office party that he left his office. But I was right, as his own people, including Smith, who had conceived and composed that sonnet, finally admitted, and that disaster was frustrated. God knows what of their paranoia is in this case to Boggs. My approach was quite limited, as you will recall, but detailed. If you knew the kind of thing that obsesses them, the enormous amounts of time and money they fritter away on ardent foolishness, you'd better understand my concern. If Boggs takes some of their stuff and gets kicked in the teeth, you can understand the consequences and what is thereby also done, aside from what again is done to our credibility.

Jim is a very fine young man, but he lacks detailed knowledge of even the basic fact. Smith is a smoother Sprague on some of this stuff. Although he has spent much time working on these things lately, he has also spent much of that time on nothingness. His own basic knowledge is limited and his interpretations are far out. They soon become fixed in his and their minds as realities when they are not. Just one of these is all that "eggs" need, just one for the FBI to shoot down.

And, of course, among themselves, I am the one seeking to "nanopolize", no doubt established by my continuing to give them things when they have yet to give me the first thing Smith got at the Archives. Even when I make a simple request of him, to get me a single page when he is there, it isn't done. This, not theirs alone, is their self-justification. And with the Committee Dad and Dad the Committee, it is his ego that is being indulged. He controls it with the changes in the board, as he did before. He was quite explicit in explaining it to me to begin with, that this was his intent. When he supplies the financing, could there be any doubt anyway? Only because it is a real problem with which we have to live do I inform you. But you must make no mention of it, now or later, for reasons I ask you to accept until we are face-to-face and we can discuss this. Even with my Ray material he did this, after I gave it to him and got his say for a client. He tried to freeze me out of that and broke the explicit agreement we had when I undertook to arrange for him to be Ray's lawyer, which took a year. He then publicly announced that his committee, and especially that where Flammond, were Ray's investigators, when they couldn't investigate the stink from an overflowed toilet. Flammond was supposed to be at Dad's party Saturday night, but he didn't show. Dad undoubtedly told him I'd be there, as he asked me to be on my "good behavior" and not give it to Flammond (who I'd have ignored anyway).

As several of you know, there is an infinite Bud-CIA capacity for blowing everything they touch or can hear about. Some of you know several cases where I entrusted Bud with sensational materials still under investigation, in strictest confidence and under strict injunction to do nothing, where there was prospect he might be of some help, and in each case he broke his word and ruined each, using each in the one place he should not have and then in fatalities.

This is no simple matter to cope with, yet I must, and I must find some diplomatic way to prevent any disaster with Boggs. I have adequate basis for further correspondence, and I thought of this last night. Certain things did come to mind. However, it is still very early. I haven't seen the morning paper. I am driving into town and hope a NYTimes will be available. I'll probably get a few other papers, go over them with care, and then decide on the new approach. I'll have to reread my xix letter for the details of what I've said. It is inevitable that there will be a gangup on Boggs now, and for his part he did was a very courageous thing. I know of it two things: that the TV news gave him the easy treatment, and that their newscasters felt about this speech other than the names aired, for I was in the newsroom of one when his text got there. I know the working-reporter attitude, and it was very good. This is not what I saw aired.

What this means is that I'll have to reduce communication with Bud on anything an infant can't comprehend and control, for he gets irrational on this driven, as he is, by his ambition and the frustration of his committee having turned into nothing, exactly what I told him with his initial concept. The more I am proven right, as with Garrison, the more he dislikes me. He has talked himself into all sorts of rubbish that even those close to him can't reason with him about.

If only we had more enemies and fewer friends!

I'll keep you posted.

EM