

5/10/71

Dear Sylvia,

When I was in NYC recently, I went at such a pace I really didn't even have time to phone, save for one night when I was so tired I just fell into bed. We had lunch that day 8:30 p.m. I expect I'll be up again before too long, but I do not now know. My situation with the publisher remains very bad. I've not yet gotten the second part of the "advance", due three months ago, and I'm actually paying interest in it because I owe it! They have yet to arrange the first promotion, Jerry and I having done 100% of that (with Carol doing great in lining people up for the press conference). It was boycotted by the establishment press, even those who had said they'd come, as a number did, with one exception: the London Telegraph, whose reporter filed a long story on the London angle, a sensation, as you may have seen, and had it killed on the desk. I have been making my own quiet, behind-scenes efforts for close to two years now, and there is the first glimmer of hope. In fact, one of these came to a head while Jim Lesar was here for me to try and straighten out the CTIA heads through him. With what they, esp. Bud, were up to, and with the potential for disaster great as it was with the drek they had given Boggs, I finished with him before trying to keep that appointment and it was then too late. The man had left.

The situation with Bud has grown so bad I'm cutting loose. He has messed up everything he has touched, even when it was done for him, as with my spectro suit. He has, quite literally, wasted more time for me that it would take to write two of the books I have researched. He is utterly and completely irrational on the subject (alone, in all probability), is eaten with an ego like only two we have seen, one, Mark's, sometimes hidden, and with the feeling that having the money to organize and finance a rubber-stamp committee, somehow he owns everything. Except for Jim Lesar and Mary, who has just joined the board, they are all more or less this way. Smith, his mendicant, thinks that because he is an engineer he has instant totality of understanding and yet lacks basic knowledge of the simplest fact and is as far-out of Garrison in his beliefs. If they have come up with a single valuable thing from all their work, they have kept it a secret from me. This can be the case, for with all Smith's work at the Archives (he regards them as the most honorable people), they have yet to give me a copy of a single sheet. It is I, as you may recall, who organized the joint arrangement for the declassified CDs, I paid for mine and I'm still waiting. It is, really, entirely beyond belief. Even when you see and are with it, it seems unreal.

Had Boggs used their stuff, he and we would have been ruined forever. Wrose, when I made a valid approach to Boggs and sent Bud a copy, he stole my idea and for what I'd restricted myself to, what related to his constituency and FBI withholding from the Commission, sometimes total suppression, he substituted real chickenshit that in each case was subject to a single demolition: that was your responsibility as a member of the Commission. A more perfect booby-trap could not have been devised. When Jim, who was sick when I took him through it, clause by clause, tried to influence them, they were adamant in refusing to withdraw it for amendment. Thus I was required, as I had said in advance I would, to write Boggs. This, inevitably, had the effect of making him wonder about everything and everyone, but that was better than what Bud's stuff would have done. If Bud had stayed out of it, something would have been accomplished, if not through Boggs, on his behalf, by someone in a position to reach a vast audience, one of the world's largest. Some day I'll tell you the whole story. I've not time now.

Long ago, when Lifton first challenged Gary to confront me with what Lifton had been feeding him and Gary had been brushing off, when Lifton persisted to

the point where Gary had little choice, and I learned what some of our "friends" had been up to, I decided to become, so to speak, a hermit, and do my own thing. But, fearing a conflagration, I decided to try and continue in my self-appointed role of our fireman, despite the inconceivable drain of time, money and emotion this had cost me, going back to where I abandoned WWII to go to California and get Liebelier off Mark's back (which I did do, and Maggie and Bill, at whose opportunity I did it, never repaid a cent of the cost and wound up defaming me with such stupidities as Maggie always through I wanted to steal her book!). What I went through in a monumental futility in N.O. you have no glimmer. Nor have you how much worse it would have been if I hadn't. (Aside from this, I must acknowledge that my work there was quite fruitful, and had I the means, there is more of the most spectacular evidence awaiting me.)

I have aged too much in the past three years, am too constantly too weary, and my nerves simply can't continue to accept this kind of life. So, no more fireman. In fact, I'm giving serious thought to a book I first conceived in N.O., "The Mardi Gras Solution to Political Assassinations", a first-person account of the zanies and sycophants on both sides. I did the part of Mark several years ago "A Citizen's Descent", that only Gary has read, when he was here. It may be that the only way we can survive, the only means by which the few of us who have done serious work, unselfishly, can re-acquire the credibility others have taken away from us, is by means of such a purge. You can tick the chapters off without me. Most, anyway. I have not reached a firm decision. But I really am thinking of it.

In any event, I must close, for I am expecting a workman to make some repairs that are beyond my skills. I merely wanted you to know that there is much more than I've been able to let you know about Bud, the CTIA and Sprague. I would strongly encourage you not to let any of them but Mary have as much or as little as yesterday's spilled toilet tissue, even for they are incapable of other than misuse. I've prevented more of this than you have any way of knowing. I'm going to restrict my correspondence to the few who do work, for I must get to my own again. I have not been able to keep you 100% up to date on my epistolary titling with the literary whores, but the one with the Tomes will, I think, accomplish a bit. If no more, I think that Elmer, unless he is psychologically involved, and Barkham, will not again with another serious book on our side either have it assigned or do what they did with FRAME-UP.

In strictest confidence, I tell you that I am within reach of a solution to the King assassination. I am without doubt that I know what really happened and can establish that in court, were there the possibility. With my having gotten Bud his client, a performance so spectacular I was asked to do a book on what I had done on the case rather than its substance, the greatest single jeopardy to it is Bud, who has never once kept his side of the bargain and did, quite disreputably, the exact opposite. My Memphis investigation, brief as it was, is perhaps my easiest and most successful. I have gotten from Ray what nobody else has, and as I keep my two lives separate, making no mention of my contact with him, subsequent to the book, I also have to keep it from Bud. I have a new duplicate deposit for this (as I have in one way or another for everything I have on everything), one that would never be thought of by those I believe involved, ~~th~~ so that material is secure. Even what Ray has told Bud to give me he hasn't. The present situation may present some jeopardy here, but that is something I must face. If Bud does end it, as he can, as he also delayed its beginning, there is no doubt I'll do MARDI GRAS. I'm sorry there is such separation between us, distance and your time, for there are some of these things on which your mature judgement could be helpful. But this is also by far the most dangerous area into which any of us has gone, and I fear that would preclude it. Best,

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