HR

Dear Mary,

10/9/72

First because of your long silence never explained by Smith when you'd asked him to and then because of your serious family problems I'd gotten out of the habit of sending you carbons of things that might interest you. Thus in writing Jim this morning I made a carbon for Howard only among the critics, only in part because as I'd already told Jim, he is my source on the still-astounding Bud/Sprague performance at Penn, where they spoke to perhaps a hundred students. After writing it, I remembered that you are a member of Bud's board. (This is not sloppy expression. When Bud conceived his abortion and I would not join, he assured me he would always have figureheads on the board but would in actuality control, a line of reasoning I found unpersuasive.) For this reason and because of your general interest, I send you the carbon intended for Howard and ask that you please forward it when you have read it.

With Bud, as with Garrison, this has become something like an irreversible illness. The dishonesties of which he is repeatedly capable are such that those who know him socially would never believe it. All he needs is to get where those who know him are not present and then he goes raving mad and has no control at all on his sick ego. Howard send me a two-page memo on that 10/2 appearance. I do not feel that I should give it any distribution without his assent. I have told Jim he should read it but that if he wants a copy, to ask Howard.

Our problem remains surviving ourselves . The ambitious, the self-seekers, the nuts and the plain stupid remain out worst enemies. And Bud, who has spent a not-inconsiderable sum and come up with nothing to show for it, is driven to what is much worse than deliberate thievery - the misue of the incomplete work of others, which is the same as to say the ending of the possibility of carrying it forward. With me and material on Oswald as an agent he has done this with everything possible and on how many occasions after promising to end if I don't know. But was recently as a week ago today.

Meanwhile, he shuns what he is obligated to do, as the Ray papers, which have falled entirely to Jim, who is doing better than Bud could but can't do it alone and in some areas is in too deeply. Bud's Memo on Points and Authorities was so utterly incompetent that Jim took it up with Bill, using him as intermediary, to let Bud know that a) it had to be junked and b) that Jim needed two more weeks to find time to do it over, beginning from scratch. These are the same people who were saying three montsh ago that the entire petition would be done in two weeks. Which gives you a measure of how much they knew and understood.

I have been silent through much and intend to be as long as it is possible. Bud can hardly do more than he has to make it impossible. He is now even pretending that the CTIA has handled my lawsuits. This is not inconsistent with his record of not being able to distinguish it from his obligations as a lawyer. Everything I have him for my suits, beginning with what he got from me by misrepresentation, wound up in the CTIA's files despite our clear initial understanding that I'd have nothing to do with the CTIA and nothing he got from me was to get into its files. My condern then was not Bud, as I now see it should have been. Need I tell a legal secretary what this says of a lawyer's ethics? And some of it has been used repeatedly by the weirdest of the weirdos. There are some worse than Bud.

It is immaterial to me whether he is this corrupt or this sick(i believe the latter)' The result is the same. I fear that at some point it will have to be confronted. I hate that.

In inviting you here I was forgetful. I didn't take into consideration Larry's health. I just assumed that the others could look after him for a while. Two things remind me of this this morning, the selfish and the unselfish. Lil had a sleepless night for no apparent reason. At 12:30 a.m., after returning to bed following breakfast, she is still aslpee. And the beauty of fall here has begun. The traces of color higher up on the mountain are slight. Close to them they are visible and beautiful. The dogwoods have begun to change, the poplars suffered drought and are losing their leaves as they begin to yellow. The maples are far into transformation. So many pine needles have shed that I walk the gravel lane without audible footsteps. All the berries of the lowest branches of the Russian olives are gone. Yesterday Lil called me as she lay abed with her before-breakfast mate, to see the pheasants 30 feet outside the window, eating these berries. Having gotten all the more accessible, they were jumping like chickens. Back to the grindstone. Our best and our hopes,