4/28/71

Dear Gary,

Last night I had quite a row with Lesar over what he is in no way responsible for and probably can't influence (but I felt I had to put him in a position to), and I told him that without iron-clad guarantees I'd also be writing Boggs. He said he'd come up tomorrow. I said fine, but I could jot then have these guarantees and I would write the letter anyway. He phoned about an hour ago and said he is coming. He may come while I am writing this. I've already written 4,000 words or more for him and it is not yet noon. Part was a memo you'll get, a pessonal one, part of what you do not need but can have, lawyers' work on the spectro suit, at this late date.

Today I get a mailing from you postmarked 4/26. It contained your letter of ~~3/2x~~ 3/30. added to 4/3, a copy of Ned's 3/18 and the Trib's 3/10 to him. There was also an undated clipping, I suppose from your school paper. I do not know when you mailed it. Superficial examination ofathe flap might persaude that it had been opened, but I am not expert in such matters. Only on that part of the back is there any wrinkling.

On all counts you are correct on our cousin. Dhe has let her husband return, but has made clear to others in the family tha t she will be hard and tyrannical. She has neither informed me of this not discussed it. And she phoned last night about another matter without mentioning it. I'm leaving it alone unless she seeks help again.

David told me none of those things. But Jerry, whose willingness, help and maturity in this things I can't exaggerate, did. I've heard nothing from Ned. He was to have returned in January.

Nobody has yet arranged any appearance, and I've not had either an inquiry or a response or a reaction or even a letter from a single black. One is trying to help in other ways, and is doing so magnificantly, after three years of abdication and refusal. I don't know whether a letter to Bertha Macobs or Edwards would be worth the effort, so I do not suggest it.

I've decided I'll do the obviously possible and nothing else, and will return to other work. It will now be AGENT OSWALD, unless Bud has blown the immediate prospect for that, in which case it may well be a variant, more inclusive, of THE MARDI GRAS SOLUTION TO THE POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS. I may dedide that we have to purge these self-seekers and assorted nuts if we are to survive. If I do attempt this, that, not vengeance, will be the reason. There is no achieving any credibility in the face of their assorted and unending insanities. To say nothing of nonstop crookedness and o ther dishonesties. I will not unless there is prospect for publication, even if I decide to. One part, on Marx, has been done for three years. Nobody has even seen it. I could condense that with little trouble. Any candidates? It will be a rogues/fools gallery, both sides.

As of today, I have yet the get the balance of the "advance", the refund of a single cent of my authorized expenses, even the contract which, fortunately, has to be produced, including the codicil of which I kept a copy. As you might anticipate, I have also taken other precautions, contemporaneously. I suspect this is largely incompetence, not worse, and the customary resentment of my calling the shots in advance and being xxix right, which always seems to offend the geniuses who always do otherwise and find out it is wrong. I ma in a bind of this. I have to tell people what to expect, and the said truth is that with my history and experiences, it requires no genius of me to anticipate with precisionx.

I've no stomach for more. This whole matter upsets me very much, and when the business with the publishers got real bad, when they did nothing they should have

and much they should not have, the tensions got such that my heart got irregular, occasionally pounded so hard I could feel it without exertion, etc. The phone diagnosis is tensions, etc., and there is a previous, similar history from the helicopter days, so I accepted it. This time Butisol 15 was prescribed, and either itxx or the blam of time made a difference. I went back on it last night.

Bud has been a disaster, even a financial drain on me. I think this time unless he really eats crow and lauds it as quail, I'll break all relations. I have to cut all of these tensions possible out and I must use my time for my own constructive purposes, even if it turns out I can't get published. I simply have to work my way out of the accumulated writing. And I've not even had a chance to look at the declassified CDs yet. In fact, Bud is still using my second set! Even if I had time (and it would have been only snatches), it would not have been possible without duplication of effort and wasting the time I first spend on them.

Hope you do find time to keep your school work up. And because of the help you can be on my preparations for the helicopter-sonic boom damage suit, aside from personal desires, I hope you can get here for at least a brief spell when school is over. If you can, check on times, for Howard and Bernabei are both coming, and I'd rather it be not then. There will be very personal thingsx about which I will want to consult you professionally and about which you may be able to direct me to the professional and technical experts I require. In turn, I may be able to do them and their disciplines a favor by the opportunities provided by the litigation.

Sincerely,