Dear Gary, 6/8/78

The advice you have given me in the past was so unwelcome and appears to be so completely accurate I am not contesting it. I have a purpose that will become clear.

I hope I am clear. It has been a long and a bad day and it is what has become my normal bed-time. (I'm going to bed earlier and starting about 4:30 these days, the morning hours being more proddutive for me and I target for about 6 1/2 hours sleep.)

If you did not observe it yourself I have told you that I believe Lil has a compulsive need to be at cross-purposes. Probably more. I have just come accross so costly, so serious and hurtful an illustration, one so obviously far below her high intellectual level, I am again worried that whatever her condition is or could be it is more serious than anyone has detected.

Some time back, after a period of bad behaior, abusively bad conduct toward me, I reacted firmly, precipitating an obvious depression. I then involved another person, making this other person and Lil unhappy over that, but the end result is that Lil did go to the local mental health clinic. (I do not hold it in high regard but there is no choice.) She has discussed none of it with me. She is going to see someone weekly, she says to regain something I've forgotten, something that is to prevent or discourage these depressions. I take her there and wait for her. She has yet to mention a single word of what transpired. I do not even know the name or function or speciality of the person she sees.

Beginning about a year ago, perhaps longer ago that that, she started to organize two sets of FOIA files for me, DJ/FBI and CIA. It has been an interminable process. It had been done poorly by a college student in the summer of 1976. He elft it all in a mess, an almost useless mess. Since then Lil h as been going to do it right and getting around to starting and then getting around to finishing it up. She did not long ago. I've been busy with affidavits and things like that but this morning I decided to go over it and place these essential records in filing space I had made available. (Imagine office-trained Lil with her office experience not able to do that. I add fortunately.)

For months I've been asking her what happened to certain files I have always kept. Some of these are files I've been carrying to Washington for the litiagtion, in case Jim needs them. For months I've not been able to find most of my correspondence with the FBI on the King case, extensive correspondence bearing on compliance. She has professed total ignorance, so total she never saw any of the files. Same with the draft of an affidavit I gave her to read and correct and to make copies of the exhibits I had for it. No recollection, she said.

I have and have always had separate files for cases in court. She has been filing in them on occasion, to be helpful to me. She is aware of them and knows where they are. Some of these files also have been missing.

When I got into the DJ/FBI file, which she had in a large box, I found some answers. (This and the CIA box have been in the kitchen or the living room for at least a year.) All the missing court-case files are or were in the FOIA request files. Ditto for all the correspondence. What a frustration? what a great amount of wasted work and needless frustration this has caused for months! Some of the files are empty but the folders bear my legends. Empty files include those that held the correspondence I've been needing other than with the FBI. ( I don't know where it is yet. I've been at this for only a solid day trying to recapture and refile and I've only just begun.) I show it to her after isolating what clearly is a subject file on a request and I establish such a file of requests. I know it is quite incomplete. I show her that half at least was legal files and she has no idea how they got into that file. Box rather.

So I now have a partial file in a file drawer and a heavy collection of files in a box. If I can read and reorganize them in a week I'll be lucky.

(Understand that my FOIA files always had a complete chrono file and some subject files consisting of duplicates. You may recall what I used to send you. So the job was well begun. What needed doing was what followed my hospitalization and subsequent limitations.)

I didn't get angry and when I saw trying to discuss it got nowhere I dropped it and got into the CIA box.

I don't think I can begin to describe the disaster it is. If in one of my more eneggetic days when all the hiddne pixies were working overtime I had dedicated myself to making a shamble of it I could not have done this well.

While files, file folder and content have disappeared. Copies I made for duplicate, subject filing are nowhere to be found. No single duplicate copy has been made on any of the records of the period subsequent to my illness. I mean those I made are gone and once she started doing this she made not a single one. I had a separte file on each request, each with the CIA's number and most of them can't be found. I marked records by the number for filing in the right folder and I find them in totally unrelated files. Instead of the duplicate copies, which take less time, there was and on some still is a sideways record of letters by date. But no indication where the letters are filed. (Of course there is always the chrono - I hope!) These are not on a sheet of paper, inside the file folder. They are running up and down on the outside of the file folder.

I have done all this work to be able to pick up a file and work from it and all the contents as well as some of the folder have disappeared entirely. No trace and of course no recollection. There are two and three duplicate new file folders in a number of cases, each with the entries on the outside that can't be read without removing the file and can't be read while using the file if it has to be removed. And in not one case that I checked as I started eliminating the extra folder shad transcribing the notations onto a sheet of paper to include in each folder that remains I found not a single instance where dupliate file folders, not uncommonly entirely empty, had identical references.

I found another third of the missing DJ.FBI files and some others, like State. That one, labelled chrono, had a single record in it and there must be several dozen somewhere. Other similar case.

Five hours after I stared this I had to ask Lil something in the ///// hope she'd remember. So I went and got her and asked her to come into my office so I could show and ask. (By then I had also found some long-lost Memphis/Ray pictures in a paper bag in the CIA file, with which it has no connection and a few other things of this sort.) I've forgotten what I wanted to learn but because I never learned anything I know I got no meaningful response. Her explanations would have shamed a child. They did not shame her. But she had begun to get a notion of the disaster she had brought down on me, all the many hours of wasted frustrating searches of the past, all the hours of duplicating work on affidavits, all the time immediately wasted and god knows how much more. I don't think I cna make a dependable file of all of this in a month. So still not having lost my temper although I felt terrible I said to her simply that after five hours she had not even expressed pro forma regret. Her bald lie of a reply was also shameless and offensive in this constant need she has to be able to hold me responsible for whatever there is she will not face. She actually told me that she had come into my office on her own to apologize and that in my bad behavior and keeping after her I had not given her the opportunity to do this. I told her bluntly but not angrily that this was a lie, that she had not come into the office voluntarily but in response to my going to get her to ask for explanations I had not received. Even then she showed and expressed neither regret

When I showed her the repetitious file folders with the entries on the ourside that are not identical although the folers are supposed to be and asked why there were not the copies we have a copy machine for making, no explanation. She xk guessed that she intended after it was all over she had planned to make copies. From these records unlikely and what an enormous amount of wasted work it would have been. Some of those cooies should have been made a year ago. The latest perhaps two or more kouths ago. Why were the folders empty? No explanation? Where was what I had had in the folders that bear my writing? No idea. Where wwas the folder with the list of all my CIA requests? Where were thte individual folders each with the CIA's number and my subject? No idea on any of this and more like it.

The intellectual level of all of this is not really high-school freshman, and Lil has a fine intelligence. The ~~pt~~ totality of the disaster might have been less if she'd thrown it all away or burned it. Then I would not have all this work to redo, all with constrant exasperation and reminder, and I'd do the many other things I can't ge t to.

That she could possibly do such things worries me very much. That she has shown no shame and expressed little more than pro forma regret and then long after I noted that it had not been expressed also worries me. That she could say and expect me to believe- and showed every sign of believing herself - such transparently untruthful things is also a worry. There is nothing about it that does not worry me very much. It is far past just doing things that might be a minor bother to me. Believe me, if you can tell me that this is not some kind of abnormal extreme it will mean much. I know you would not lie and that you have many experiences in your field by now.

I did tell her that for years I have been trying to get her to face what has happened to her and her attitudes and performance and that it has been a great waste because she has found various means of guaranteeing failure. I also told her that I believe she will not change, will not be able to change, unless and until she wants to. That if this is what she wants to do to my life all I can do is give her fewer opportunities and that she'll never have the chance to visit another such disaster on me. There was no response of any kind. Later she cam back and said she'd like to consolidate the references. I told her that I would not as long as I live ever be able to have confidence in any files she had touched, that I would not be able to take the time to go over all of them that I had just filed because superficially they appeared to be okay, that the recent toll on me of this, prior to my discovery of it, was more than I was willing to risk again. And that as I have for other reasons had to give up what I want to do to do what I can8t get anyone else today I did not want her to touch rhese files or every make a list of the external notations to put inside.

I've more or less decided that the thing to do it postpone the reviews I'll have to make until I have the need. So with a CIA case in court I know that before long I'll have to read every records in three or four inches of CIA chrono files to locate what I need. Maybe I'll have enough time then to indicate copies for duplicate subject filing.

There is a much more pressing need, with a greater volume of records to read, all the correspondence in the ing case. (on this I found an inch thick set of crhono files I'd made that had not been integrated so that is where I'll have to begin. Of course this is even more awkaward and wasteful that it ordinarily would be because I must keep my legs up while I do that kind of work.

Tomorrow is her appointment with the counsellor. I've not thiught this through but I think I'm going to insist on her giving him a full and honest account of it and then giving me a full and honest account of what he says, the alternative being she can get there for her future appointmentson her own and I'll use the weekly two hours ot saves for me to undo some of what she has done to me. So far as I am concerned this is so grevous, so abusive of one in my condition and at my age in that condition and with all I'm still trying to do that if it can t inspire an effort then no counselling can be of any value

to her and in fortifying whatever bullshit she believes and passes along may be very hurtful. I dobBt know how these things work bxt I do believe it is unusual that the person she is seeing has not spoken to me about anything.

She has a long career of ~~xxxx xxxx~~ poisoning. I fear that the success of some of this of the past in part accounts for the CHAp people discounting or ignore all I reported, with terrible consequences. I imagine she is creating more such stuff now but I don t know. I also don't know how these things work but I am concerned that the person she is seeing doesn't even want to eyeball me, doesn t want to seek any confirmation of anything more than her reluctance to discuss any of it with me.

Physically I think I'm improving some. Twice this week I pushed a hand mower, one day two different times in weeks and sapling and briars much over my head - and knocked them all down and chopped them all up. Bad weather is not good for me because I tend to ignore the exercises I can do in the house. I have lifted the weights a couple of times today but I'm a firm believer in using my legs and I can'T get the supports I have to wear wet whe, like today, it rains. What I did do was walk for more than a half hour in the shopping mall when I took Lil to the grocery store.

Hope your second trip to Vhian was as meaningful as your first.

best,