

Dear both,

6/9/76

What wonderful news in your letters of the 7th! While Lil reads them I'll reply because I'll have to leave this p.m. and I've stopped the work on which Lil will soon be busy--correcting the long affidavit draft.

I had been uneasy. But I kept telling myself that that Je was as super-fantastic as she is but that with all the extras that fell to you you were just too busy. And I thought of her more often because each time I felt discomfort I told myself how really minor by comparison all this is.

The rate of recovery and adaptation is incredibly even if one expects the incredible! The state of mind reminds me of Lil's when she had five hours of surgery 25 or so years ago. She was this kind of patient: they shuttled the pills in and out, keeping the women who were bad patients with her long enough to get a Lil treatment. When she had to go back the word got around. She was then in a different ward. But one of her first visitors was a patient who was also a staff nurse. She told Lil she had feared the recommended surgery until Lil - and how glad and lucky she was over the example Lil set. My own belief is that this kind of attitude is a very important part of physical recovery.

But it is wonderful and we are both glad, as I am appreciative of the explanations. Lil probably understood all of it but I didn't until you explained.

Although it was dark I remember enough of your topography and geography to appreciate the carport problem. I do hope to get out there again when I won't be going so I'll fall asleep the minute I can relax. While not of that magnitude I have a number of minor ones that accumulate into the large. I have the dam that feeds the pond repaired and the water flowing into it again but tons of rocks to gather, transport and pile as reinforcement against high water coming down the mountain. The logs that had not worked to saw up so they won't kill grass and I can neither lift them nor bend down to saw them. So much carpentry in the house! And there are places I've not yet mowed on the hillside. All the exertions I used to love.

Lil now has another major job because there was other good news today: we received the deed to sign from Montgomery County. Here her tax know-how will mean much to us, but what a job she has of going over our books and compiling all the necessary figures so she can legitimately keep the tax bite to the minimum. We are getting gypped but we have no choice but to accept the diktats and then see what can be worked out if and when we can establish proofs. This will mean that this year we can pay off the rest of the debt. And for the new roof. Maybe even restore some of the escrow accounts used for the day-to-day. If I could find someone to do it maybe even the overdue repairs I can't get to. Paying off and back has been a struggle. I'm happy now to be able to complete it.

As I'm sure you know I was genuine about the reviews. They are what reviews should be, not what commercial reviews rarely are. And done so very well! I've sent Jim and Howard copies of both. (Thanks for the ad for his book. The publishing flack are incompetents. He should be featured, especially to tempt TV. He wrote the book when he was 15!)

How I wish he could be here to edit while I ream out. I did 7,500-8,000 words of an affidavit draft yesterday and am writing adds now. I mean it to be as definitive a frontal assault on the FBI and Assistant United States Attorneys as I can do off the top of the head. ~~But~~ I'll be lucky to complete the draft tonight and I leave for DC in the early a.m.

Fortunately, with a new acquaintance a good ride. He works within walking distance of Lesar's home or the courthouse as he drives past near it and his car is air conditioned, not ordinarily attractive to me but the temperature has been 90 and above and the air in the hazardous range. I return the same way. I get home an hour later but have two more hours with Lesar.

As you may have gathered, I believe we are in significant battles and doing at least as well as anyone can expect. If Jim will now take the initiative as I want I think we'll move significantly ahead. I want disciplining of these dirty crooked bastards who negate and violate the law and bleed me in the course of it. I believe with these more recent excesses we can get it and if we don't can't lose and can perhaps make all the power wonder about the next time. It will be as Jim wants, however, if I can't persuade him.

What we have already done is give the new law more viability and turn back all the attempts, every one of the many, to rewrite it through the prejudice against me and the subject and by our means and knowledge pushed the meaning in court closer to that intended by the Congress. We have already to this point foiled every new DJ re-interpretation, as in what we're getting on discovery: the right to question those bums whose retirements we forced as part of the DJ defense. From this alone—and there is more—we have earned the kind of help we need and can mean more to those who can give it than it will to us.

If Jim files for injunctive relief against the CIA, as I've asked as the priority item, these prospects should jump. What legal incompetents there are that not one has done this. Kennedy and Abzug blat and that's all. Either could have filed as could those of wealth who have asked for their and other files. Bud and Mark are lawyers, too.

I really feel that if there were two or three Jims and Howard could be available there is so much we could do now—when it is more needed than ever. We'll slip back some but I'll have more time to write when he leaves with his wife to visit her parents in Singapore.

I'm anxious to be able to proceed with the personal suits, to get what I can of what there is and to claim and seek personal damages. The collateral potentials are real and can, perhaps, deter the authoritarianism that no longer creeps. But for help there remain so many prejudices yet to overcome.

We may learn more in court tomorrow. I have part of a load ready to dump, without this new affidavit only in draft.

We'll watch for what we can. It is no sweat. Thanks for taking the time (both of you) for the good news.

Best,