

Mary and Gary only,

10/1/70

I went to town today for the EKG that is bi-annually part of my checkup and had a date to go over the projected suit for the Ferris docs. He did not get in until late, which is customary, and Bud and I were talking and he opened the subject of my assorted complaints, making little of them, speaking childishly, all very adult unreality. I first told him I wanted a long talk about these things, as he'd known and avoided it for a month or so, that I didn't want it where he could be interrupted at any moment, and particularly not now because I am under the weather. However, for some reason, we persisted, and for a while it got pretty hot. When I got a bellyfull of blended lies and self-righteousness, I unloaded. He started to tell me what he thought the situation should be and I cut him off telling him that any relationship required two satisfied, trusting people, and that if he would not be worth of trust or didn't like the situation he was free to end it. He said he didn't want that, pretended he had something to take care of outside his office, and left it for a half hour. During this time I told Jim to be certain they understand that if there is any of what I've had to put up with from that assorted crew Bud has drawn around himself and with whom he has compromised himself, to be prepared for anything, that this time I don't care what the consequences are, once and for all I'll purge us. And I do mean it. The thing that really annoyed me was Bud's lying, like saying he hadn't told me Flammonde is doing a book when he knew it all along. That is enough for me to haul him before the bar, if the nut would only stop and thing and stick a ~~frustrated~~ frustrated ego in a back file. Then when he called me paranoid- I guess I got a little louder, ticked off what I have done for him on the Ray case, which includes delivering the client and the airtight case, all with no effort or help by him (reminding him he still hasn't paid my phone bills), then he cottons to Flammonde, who he knows has stolen from me, and then he puts a story in the Enquirer saying it is his committee that has done the investigation, then asks me for still more help and gets it -and he calls me paranoid. I suggested others might have a different designation.

This by no means covers it. I really chewed him out for learning how to duplicate Garrison's mistakes only, for setting what he wanted to believe above fact and thus refusing to look at the fact -and then said if he elected to associate with crooks, that was his affair, but he oughtn't expect others to think they suddenly stopped being crooks because he enjoyed their company. When I challenged him to produce one significant accomplishment of the whole motley gang, I guess that was what did it. He got quiet, too, and we got onto other things. However, as Gary knows, I have reason for fearing the possibility of another theft. This time I'll gut everyone connected with it. We simply cannot survive these whore and, if we tolerate them, don't deserve to. And I'm past the point where I'll accept this, living as we do. Just be prepared and hope you do not have to be.

I do fear Bud's gotten a little flakey in all of this, big-shotting around and not working (as I told him to his face) and getting himself in a very bad position, where charges can be brought against him. If he messes this up, believe it, they will be! But what he has to worry about is the clear case he has already given the other side, who may not be stupid enough to miss it.

Hurriedly