

4/9/71

Dear Jim,

Re what you told me last night about what Sprague had been told/given on west coast, I had a very unhappy letter from my boy, who now regrets the whole thing very much and too late saw Sick at his paranoid peak. Please make copies for me so I can go over with care, for this involves much, much more than is now apparent to you. One of the best things yet is involved, as I've indicated to you in the past. The immediate problem is to retrieve all of this that may have been distributed and close that flapping jaw, neither of which seems simple or likely.

We have our own dedicated wrong. It will be a wonder if we survive them. Nice people, concerned and sincere, but unable to distinguish between shit and ambrosia and likely to evaluate piss and nectar-but loudly!

If this gets blown on me, I'm going to withdraw into my own hermits cave, do my own thing, and have 1,000% fewer worries and, perhaps, get a little work done.

I've had it from these insane friends who are our worst enemies, who are incapable of reasoning, who cling to child's blanket fiction, and have cost us so enormously. The Kleindiansts do us more good, the Hoovers less harm.

Worriedly,