

Certified - return receipt

Dear Ed,

6/21/76

It is difficult, in a long history of unpleasant experiences of trying to be helpful to others, to find anyone more self-centered, inconsiderate, abusive in even minor, childish ways or arrogant than you were on this last trip, which will be that.

In part I write you as an older man, in part from concern for what your attitude and behavior represent and in part from indignation and outrage.

If Jeanne had not been with you I would have thrown you out, physically, when you called me a cranky, freaked-out old man simply because for (can one count the number of times?) I asked you to keep my files in order. There were other unconscionable things but the little ones were particularly offensive and represent an unspeakable contempt for others.

When I went into the ~~guests~~ bedroom, the one you used, to get the clothing I'd need this morning I found one of each of two pairs of worn socks merely thrown away, in different parts of that room. When I went into the powder room to wash and brush my teeth I found that you had not only used one of my toothbrushes but instead of washing it out had merely tossed it behind the ~~litter~~ bottle of mouthwash I have there for others. (I do have fresh toothbrushes in case our guests do forget theirs but you didn't even ask.)

This after a weekend of boorishness in which you actually evicted me from my own office for two days and for two days prevented me from doing any kind of work while blindly, unreasonably, unearingly insisting ~~me~~ on doing things your way regardless of my desires or needs or the most basic concepts of acceptable behavior. It didn't make any difference even if you were working efficiently. You had to have your way, regardless.

And after all the damage you have done to my files in the past when you have had no concern for anything except this irrational acquisitiveness, a compulsive need to collect the work of others for no purposes necessary to the work you outlined to me and I was willing, despite your rotten past of abuse of me and my files.

While there is nothing in my experience to persuade that you will be any more willing than the others to look into yourself, I'll make the effort. I think you should make an honest examination of this with Jeanne.

You should examine this in the context of your past behavior. When it relates to my files in connection with your taking and keeping so many for so very long and then my not being able to get them back until I went to New York and, in the heat of summer when I had much else to carry, having to lug them, too, in an inadequate package. After this I had the considerable task of refiling them. Before I could do that I had to go over each separate file and put the papers back inside the limits of the folders. Those files you had not taken with you on that occasion you left a total shambles, with damage even to pictures; you were too self-important and totally inconsiderate to place back within the limits of those folders. I have no doubt that what rectification was possible took at least a week of my time. Why? Who the hell are you to treat me or anyone else this way or to have this kind of concept of self and your prerogatives?

You should really think also of what you did to ~~me~~ over this weekend. You know of my health problems and could not have been more contemptuous. Like not being able to be ready for an 8 o'clock dinner reservation ten minutes away, which required me to stand when I'm not supposed to for 20-30 minutes, letting the blood puddle in my feet all the unnecessary while merely for your indulgence of self-importance.

I took ~~the~~ grocery shopping that day so when you were here we could feed you decently and properly. But you could not even permit us to have a normal eating schedule. Beginning with breakfast both Saturday and yesterday. Yesterday it was more than an hour

It was not only this failing of yours about "supplies" over which you chided me. There was the infantilism of your misuse of the copying machine. You asked me to come in and show you how to use it. I did. But to do this where did I have to stand? Near it. And what choice had you left me? Had you in taking my office over not also taken almost every inch of space? There is a table five steps from the machine in the living room. Everyone else, including wire-service reporters, is not too important to take five steps. Only you are. So I had to put the card table up. And you had to overload it for no need except from the compulsions of indiscriminate acquisitiveness and asserting a personal importance that transcends.

That you put the paper in wrong is not that uncommon. However, if you also did not have a compulsion not to pay any attention to anything anyone says - a compulsion that also manifests itself by endless talking when others try to talk - you'd not have made this mistake. I told you two different ways to avoid it before you made it. Once you were embarrassed because you could not bring yourself to do either of the things I said would avoid this mistake, you actually had to holler at me and complain that it is as bad of me as if you stood over your secretary while she worked. You use my machine, my paper, I am there at your request to help you, standing in the one square foot of space you left for anyone to stand in, you can't pay attention to simple instructions and you then have the audacity to berate me for standing over you? Have you any shame? No self-respect?

You are, of course, also too busy to bother not to mutilate files in removing staples. You asked for the staple remover. I gave it to you. Not that it wasn't next to the special blue pencil you prowled around my desk to find while ignoring the three ordinary pencils that always lay in the open on it. But your time is also too valuable to loosen the open sides of staples in thicker files. So you had to mutilate files and take more time removing them. When I caught you just dropping them although there is an ashtray within reach of where you were standing, I got you a separate ashtray so, important as you are, you would not have to reach. I also explained that in hot weather I wear no shoes, am not supposed to hurt my feet in any way, and that the special venous supports I must wear are costly, take two weeks to replace, and have to make a special trip to Washington just to be measured for them. So, the first time I entered my office after you left and I put the card-table away for you - how can one of your importance do this when there is a freaked-out cranky old man around to be your servant? - the reflection of staples from the floor required that I drop everything and pick them up.

Saturday morning I tried to work. You knew I had notes to make for Jim to use in preparing interrogatories. But how could one of your eminence and personal importance, one who must indulge every whim whether or not in his own interest, regardless of what it means to anyone else, permit me to use my own office?

I asked you to use one file at a time, to take what you wanted, copy what you wanted, return that file and go onto another. If you had done this I'd have been able to move around. When I asked you you refused. Aside from the fact that this is my place and most people would consider that it was not necessary to evict me, what would it have cost you to do as I asked? The copying of a few extra pages? Was there anything unreasonable in my request? How many times did I have to ask you to move merely so I could pass? Did you once move without my having to ask it of you? Am I that invisible when I stand where there is a passage of less than 30 inches and you have it entirely blocked by an open file drawer and your high person? Can you possibly be both unsick in the head and this insensitive?

Prior to that I would no more than start a sentence when you would start talking, just talking. Not even asking me where to find something. Had it not been for your physical obstruction of my working I'd have had to suspend from your yacking.

You even had to intrude upon and make impossible Scott's and my reading of the

records he had obtained for me and was reading himself. He had a sheet of blue paper marking his place. I carefully put them aside so you would not be messing with them when you had glanced at them and said you'd want only a few pages. When I read them earlier than I'd planned to because you had evicted me from my office, I was careful to keep them in the sequence in which he had them so he would not have to go over the same pages over and over again. I was reading them when you didn't bother to ask, as why should you, important as you are, you merely took them. Not once but twice. And because you are this important ~~that~~ ^{about} he and I did not want to have to go over the same pages in that stack of more than an inch more than once, you found it necessary to mix them up - twice.

I told you that you were being inefficient. You probably don't remember this because nothing I said ever registered. But not only would it have saved you the time you spent copying and given you that time for something else, it would have cost you less. Scott can get that copying done for half of the 10¢ a sheet the special paper I have to use costs. And the paper is not the only cost. Not counting the cost of the machine it costs me about 10¢ a page to own and maintain it plus the cost of special parts plus the cost of electricity. That machine draws so much current I had to put a special line in for it. But why should anyone as important as you worry about my machine or its costs to me? Why should you have to take the great amount of time it takes to turn it on or off? You just kept in an all day.

And when you expressed worry about running out of this paper - for all the world as though I should go find the local dealer on a Sunday and drag him to his store so I could replace the supply for you - Scott asked you to leave enough for him to copy what he wanted? Did you deign to ask him how many sheets to leave for him? No. And why should you have ~~given~~ given any thought to him? He had only spent hours getting them so you could abuse him, too. Suppose he could not make the copies he wanted of his own papers he had given to me. Ought he not have been overjoyed that he had had the rare privilege of ~~letting~~ letting your royal feet walk all over him? Why should he even dream of wanting any copies of his own work so he could carry it farther when there is your need to grab anything and everything anywhere available, whether or not relevant to the work you describe?

You know if you were not as selfish a person as I have ever met, when you have a regular vacation and I haven't been able to take or afford one since before the time of your maturity, it might have occurred to you that instead of coming down here and wrecking a weekend for everyone else and making everyone else miserable by the most incredible misbehaviors you could have taken a week from your vacation, mixed the work up with swimming and other relaxations, saved yourself some vacation money, worked more efficiently and effectively, and not made everyone who had to be near you miserable and resentful over needless and in no case necessary personal abuses. I might not have lost two days from my own work. (But I'm only asking for records you obtain without effort because of this effort you have declined to help, so how can my work be important compared to your snaffling of whatever you want from my files and by whatever costs you extort from me and in this case also Al and Scott?)

Some of this work now not easy for me is also now more dangerous for me because of the way you insisted on doing your thing regardless of the interests of anyone else - and you actually argued and refused when I expressed my interest and desires. I also have to do all of my outside work. Had you not been bulling your way through my China shop I'd have been able to take the morning walk you know I'm supposed to take Saturday. (When you went back to sleep Sunday Scott and I did then. He had stayed up to work until 3:30 but he did not intrude into my day or work. Instead he helped it, as you are constitutionally unable to do.) I'd have been able to do a little mowing of grass that with the continuing rains will now be a real problem. I'd have been able both mornings to do the dangerous hillside hand-mowing. Because your mind blots out everything but you you may not recall

having asked me Friday night how at my age and in my condition I can keep up with it and my having told you I can't and that there are places where the weeds are three feet high and I have to mow over ground in which stones, that can become projectiles, exist and have become impassible. Well, some will be four and five feet high and much more difficult to mow with a mower supposedly useful in cutting short grass only.

Why you could not have thought of anything like this on your own I can't imagine. But that you refused to after knowing it really represents an extreme of selfishness you really ought examine into.

Yet when you had announced when you were coming and what your interests are I rearranged my own schedule and needs in xeroxing to be able to lend you copies to take with you. Understand clearly there will now not be any more of this. What xeroxing I can get dependable friends to do for me will now orient around my needs and saving Jim time, not an effort to be helpful to you. I left you have the working copy I'd had made for myself for when I travel. The next time will be 7/1, when I'll spend three hours on the bus. I want it back before then so I can break it into separate files prior to trying to work on it on the bus. When you saw that an earlier 'you' had taken the Gonzalez affidavit you want - and I can't see its relevance to the book you describe but I can to this Midas-mindedness about just grasping and holding what you really have no need for - and I had a chance to get it replaced from California, I undertook this for you. It now will, in time reach me. I now will neither make a copy for you nor take the time to mail it to you and refile it when you send it back.

You know you really kept arguing with me about my refusal to do any refileing for anyone else, not only you. I actually had to get someone, I don't now recall whether or not I paid, to refile what you kept for a year or two? You saw only part of the accumulated unfiled. You know I have not been able to get into my lower file drawers since before last October. Yet you had the gall to keep after me to refile what despite your unconscionable record of the past you wanted to take with you after I told you we had, because of you and others, had to insist that we can't ever again do this. If I am, as you insultingly declared, a freaked-out cranky old man, is this a way for one of your age to think of or treat a man of my age and condition, whether or not freaked-out and/or cranky?

(I have other readings on my crankiness and freakiness. Not fewer than four people all young enough to be my grandchildren are travelling close to 2,000 miles for the bicentennial week-end to spend it with us. If there are others the travel will be greater.)

But if I am old and if as you know I have physical limitations and if as you surely know you have without cost or offer of sharing any of the considerable costs had access to all this work, are you also so self-important that you could not have asked if you might spend say an hour placing records in files I can't now reach? I am cranky and I am freaked of one of your age and experience is incapable of so obvious and simple a gesture toward my age, the work I do so much of which is for others and all unpaid or as the slightest of possible tokens of appreciation of what has been available to you? To say nothing of making a gesture toward earning it or any normal concept of self-respect.

You were interested in the point of law having to do with pictures, and you have readily available not only your relevant experience but cases in point. So, great and important a man as you are (and with a decent income) you tell me that you'll deign to take a few moments to talk with Jim, who works about 20 hours a day - without pay - so you and those like ~~WT~~ can be beneficiaries. "call me Monday," you tell me to tell him. Then no, "Call me Tuesday." What gives you the notion that when he and I have no income either of us can afford to call you? And as you really so self-important that you can only lecture at him? You can't put on paper what you think he needs for something like this new question of law on what we can get so people like you can go around behind us and pick up the crumbs - free? I'm got going to phone him and tell him. He has too much

he can't get to for me to suggest another expense and another waste of time merely to indulge your need to feel important by lecturing to him on points of law when if you were for real you'd have done this and other work for him - on paper so he can use it and with the library you have available and he does not.

On this: in less time than you wanted for me this weekend only you can have done for him and for me what he could have found useful to both of our needs. Of course you can't jeopardize your cushy position with a firm that will help only publishers against working authors to let him use your name in filing cases for me where you know I've been gapped. But could you think of no other way to help him and through him me? Like finding a starting lawyer, as I once asked, who would do this?

The totality with which you inflicted yourself and your whims on us this past weekend really is something you should think about, if you possibly can. There is much more than I've spelled out. For example, when you know I should go to bed early because I need the rest now and because I can't not awaken early, you paid no attention when I said we should retire. You asked me to awaken you early and I did. But nights you yacked and yacked and ignored my polite suggestions it was late. I did get up early and I did awaken you. So Sunday you had to go back to bed after getting me out of it, and with this loused up the day for all of us, even including yourself. You got the extra sleep after coating it to the cranky, freaked-out old man who is also not well.

After you left, as I'm sure Scott observed, I was upset. When I bumped into your other abuses, like those empty, wet-inside cans I had to go over, I grew more upset. I was not able to work the rest of the night. This led me to thinking. And about you and how I can depend on your word when at best you are so abusive and so unable to control yourself.

One of the concerns this gives me is how I can depend on your word. You have described a book to me I cannot reconcile with your greediness about my files and records. This gives me new and different worries. I'm not going to worry. Instead I'm going to ask you to leave out of your back everything you have obtained from me. Obviously, I can't enforce this. But I can ask it and I do. If you find it indispensable, then I insist that when you have it on paper you submit it to me so I can see the use you make. I now simply can't depend on your judgement or emotional needs now so obvious.

I haven't made up my mind about going ahead with the interview you said you want. You may remember your departure from your own schedule on this, which loused up the beginning of my Saturday. You said you wanted to do this first thing in the morning and you never got to it when for less than \$10 and all the time that would have saved you you instead insisted on copying the records Scott had brought me.

You may also remember that you said you'd do this by phone. You didn't ask. You also, like an adolescent, warned me that it would be tough. That is the one thing about it I now find attractive. Just what you think may be too much for me when four Warren Commission lawyers gave up a syndicated TV show they'd asked for when they learned they'd have a ~~gangup~~ gangup on me. Just what you think may be too much when Arlen Specter after declining about the dozen of these refused to accept a certified letter. After when I'd been without sleep for two days after tough days of travel in which prior to then I'd not averaged three hours a night of sleep since Wesley Liebler for then years. Or put Howard Willens back into the shell he'd left for the first time in a decade. Or why I should have some apprehension about you when I have none about the FBI, Department, United States Attorney or the State of Tennessee and Shelby County and Memphis together. Or the lanes and his kind. It is not fear of how tough you think you are or can be. Rather is it

that this past weekend tells me I am well past the time when I can let you waste any more of the little I have. What you have displayed - nay, flaunted - of your own judgement, state of mind and standards of personal conduct fills me with doubt about what you are really about in what is essentially a copout book which presents you with no professional jeopardy and is of a doctrine that can let you inflict your emotional needs on others in a forum in which none will be able to respond.

You can't replace my time. You have had countless opportunities to ~~make~~ substitute for what you have taken what could have saved time and been of help to Jim and me. You are too self-important to have done this. Do I have to ask myself why should I invest more when I do it at the cost of something I'll then not be able to do.

You may wonder why I have questions about your self-importance and self-concepts and ability to be dispassionate in addition to your social and personal immaturities. How do I know what is in your mind? These give me some indications. Let me give you an example of another. On the one hand you tell me that the government has no right to claim copyright on what you describe as a common-law copyright on Times pictures. At the same time you tell me you want to find some way of copyrighting your own work in court on the sex case. Wow!

If you decide you want to go ahead with this I'll think about it. But I'll not do that without some meaningful assurance that you'll replace the time it will take from my work with the work of another to do what I can't get to and that others can do for me. In no case would this be something entailing any personal gain for me. It might be that I can get help in shifting the files that need shifting/so I have space for the unfilled. It might be that I might be able to find someone who can file what I have not been able to file. (I can't do these things. She is behind in her own work. She is not physically able to get into the lower file drawers. She is, thanks to your weekend still farther behind. If you are unwilling to assure this don't bother to ask me. But if you do decide to proceed, then I ask that you tape our interview and preserve that tape, as I will. I am that other than afraid of your self-described toughness. And that seriously concerned about how dependable you are emotionally after this weekend that follows upon so many other evidences of a sick self-concept and self-importance and emotional need to be what it is an understatement to call merely immature.

I believe I said it above, but if I did not I emphasize that you are not to use any of what you obtained from me without my approval. Not in a sense of censorship but in a sense of fairness of use and honesty of context and relevance to the work you have described to me. And that, too, I will want assurances of some kind of replacement of the time it will require of me.

Obviously I could have written you a simple complaint about your behavior, told you not to use anything you obtained from me and never to darken my door again. One reason I have taken longer is that I had to change my own plans for today to replace the paper you used, only to get none and find no mail. It was almost three hours late. I'd be the last to deny that after all this abuse for which there never was any need I wanted to protest it to you. But that also did not require this time and space and specificity. I would encourage you to consider that I do mean for you to try to examine into yourself and why with your intelligence and experience you have to behave this way. There is another consideration. If you are little as IQ with Joanne as you have been with us here you have a veritable Griselda and a tolerant servant as a wife. She, too, may have a breaking point.

The mail is here. I do have other things to do. I can't take the time to read and correct this. And I want Ed to know what I have written you. She will, when she can, read and try to correct it. I'll take no more time with it.

You may resent the avuncular as much as you may resent having to face and examine into yourself, your needs, your compulsions and your personal behavior. I have done all I'm going to in an effort to try to lead you to heal yourself. Sincerely,

Ed.

6/21/76

In what I wrote you earlier today I was excessively considerate and generous.

It now turns out that you are a rotten, avaricious, totally untrustworthy miserable bastard.

I discovered this only by accident, because you can't even be a good crook when one trusts you implicitly.

I had need for some of the accumulation of papers of recent date I was not able to file because your stubborn refusal to be a human being forced me from my ogh office. In looking for them I found some of what for all practical purposes you stole and left other than where I had it.

I refer to those records I told you about in confidence, showed you and explained to you and said I would have copied and sent to you as I copied this large file in sequence, from low to high numbers. This was not enough for your sickleickickgreed.

Not was merely stealing it enough.

You had to, as usual deface these pages some of which, as I let you know, I might in a rush need for facsimile reproduction. You also, wretched man, know how urgent my income is for me and the cost of acquiring these and other records, a cost you are too damned cheap to incur when you can layere on me to chisel and steal.

Were this not enough you are so contemptuous of anyone else and of any standard or concept of common decency you didn't even take time to put the papers back together in proper order. Now in addition to all the other time you have wasted for me I have to take this time.

I also told you I was not unstapling any of my originals until they were copied and why.

But you were afraid there might be a tiny letter or symbol or mark of some kind in the stapled corner of one of these pages you might not be able to steal by merely handing them back. So, when I have no staples capable of that thickness, you tore these apart anyway, defacing them that way, too, and when you were not able to staple them after several efforts the effects of which are visible you merely didn't give a damn, knowing you'd be away before I'd discover it and masked it all by using the spring clip with which I had attached my note to the editor. In fact, some, you even deface that.

Whether you have only an insatiable greed and a compulsion to steal and whether you intend some use is now immaterial. I take and from you have taken too much. This scars past that.

You leave me no choice. I herewith demand the return of every scrap of paper you have obtained from me whether with my permission or without. I expect you to spend some time daily to accomplish this. I also demand your written assurance that you have done this and that regardless of whether or not you could have obtained it from some other source you will not even, in your book or any other way, make any use of any nature of anything and everything you have obtained from me. I want this assurance, in writing, before you will be able to go through your files and make the return I ask.

I am informing 'im of this by a carbon. I will also speak to him when I can. I am not going to drop this or forget the unconscionable humiliations you have in your lack of concern for anything except this insane greed needlessly inflicted on me. I am not a lawyer. You are. It strikes me that without making any kind of search this constitutes larceny after trust. I am quite prepared to learn whether or not it is. If you want that just try me!

I am not taking these papers apart to put them together in proper order now. I am going to call 'il in and let her examine them. I will then put them aside as they are, quite prepared to fingerprint them if necessary. I'm as disgusted as I have ever been. Hirold.

Secunder 24,

Still later 6/21/76

Is there to be no end to my accidental discoveries of your imposition on my trust and your dishonesties?

Bill just sent me down the cellar to obtain something for her. I remembered where it was - a started box of Whitman's II's not with the others. I immediately noticed it had been moved from where it was.

Why? Because where it was blasted one of my dead-storage files in the cellar.

There has been no person there except you.

I was stunned, even after all else. You have to proceed around, without my permission and without asking it, in my basement, too?

So I picked up the box and started to take it to Bill and passed the next row of dead files toward the stairs. The first thing that attracted my eye is a box in which the bottom is bad and I hadn't moved it without lifting it for fear it would spill all over the floor. You left it cocked at an angle. Why did you move it? To pry through my old files that have no relationship to your expressed interests and I haven't been into in years.

This was not enough. You also had to paw through the box itself. In doing this you left a volume exposed to the dust.

When so much has disappeared in which you alone of those of whom I know have an interest you have, perhaps unjustly, now inspired still other suspicions.

I am going to lean over backward on this and again not touch anything.

Several weeks ago Scott was here to do some work for us putting shelves up in the cellar so that, when and as I can, I can try to restore it to order. I'll see whether or not he recalls anything about where what was. He is supposed to be here this weekend, as you know.

Truly I sorrow for you.

If you can behave like this you are in desperate need of professional help.

