12/24/71

Dear Jim,

It is possible that if this were not a "bad day" I'd not be writing this letter at all. But it is, for me, such a day, and I hope you can understand that it is in your interest that I am writing it.

Your generation has long and correctlt complained against mine (which had nothing to do with you, personally, and me, personally) that you want to be able to do your own thing. I agree. This is as it should be.

I also thing the converse is true, that you should not enforce upon me and others that which you desire. It works, or should work, both ways.

Now I wasted more than an hour today, when there are other things I could and should have done with that time, only because of a self-indulgence by you. It is an anti-social, unjustifiable imposition upon me and my time. And it has left me in an ugly mood, for there is so much I want to do, so much I can't get to, that I have come to resent this kind of thing.

What I am addressing is your insistence upon being a slob and making everyone else either like it or tolerate it. I am without the technical background to give it a proper description or designation, but I think it is something you at some point will have to face and do something about.

There is, really, no excuse for it. It may be a habit, it may be a psychological quirk, but there is no need for it and you really have no right to impose this business on others, others who, except possibly for May, may be more tolerant than I. Under other circumstances, as in the past, I also may have been more tolerant, but as I say, this is a bad day for me.

When I came back from my recent trip, the first thibng I did was give you what I had gotten from May. I had had no chance to examine it, so I don't even know what was in it. Tuesday you gave it back to me. I was dismayed by a simple thing that is probably beyond your reasization, its physical condition. It was mutilated, dog-eared, a real mess. But I had carried those papers for thousands of miles, and I gave them to you in pristine condition. Why in the hell did you have to abuse them? I today haven't the lsightest idea whether you have given me all of them or what.

What is this compulsion to untidiness you suffer? Why mist it be? If it related to you alone, that would be one thing. But by the time you gave those things back to me, some pages had been so battered that I can't even read the dates on some.

Let me put this in a way that may have some possibility of reaching you. Of the many problems with which I live, and I think you comprehend them better than most, poverty loooms rather large. Among the things this means is that I can buy a filing cabinet when I need one. In turn, that means that my files jam up, and that I am constantly and sometimes painfully tearing my fingers up just to out something away. Or, because you never put anything away, do you fail to comprehend this? In order to file this Ray stiff so that, should I ever have to retrieve it, it might be possible, I had to remove some things from that drawer. I did, and I can only hope that if I need them I can again find them. But just this act of having to improvise reminds me unpleasantly of the way I have to live. It thus, in itself, becomes a dsiargeeable thing. I don't have to be in such circumstances. I have elected it. And for that nobody owes me anything special.

In turn, this means that I can't afford any wasted space in my files. A dog-eared sheet of paper becomes two sheets of paper, or more. And I have come to detest anything that reminds of this poverty. Do I have to explain this to you? I think not. Now why

domyou have to impose your life style onm me? Why do I have to go over every lousy page and try and bend each folded-over part back to where it once was? What was the need for defacing these pages? What beed required that you make a mess of what was physically flawless when it was given to you?

And why in the hell should I now have to wonder whether you have given me back everything I gave you? I have reason to have doubts. You gave me duplicates of enough pages. I return them herewith. Is it not reasonable to wonder whteher these duplicates were instead of other things?

What in the hell do we do all this work for, just for unjustifiable and unnecessary sloppiness to risk ruining it?

Why must you make what amounts to a fetish out of not doing the right thing? Why does everything have to be chaos, an entirely unnecessary mess? And why do youimpose this on others? It is not possible to have any association with others without doing this. Why, to put it another way, should I have to give up sleep or work just to indulge what is unnecessary by you, what I think can fairly be described as other than unnecessary?

I can't and don't pretend to understand why you persist in this disorderliness. Were you anm infant I could tell myself that you fee some need to drag a blanket around. But you are not an infant, you are a grown man. And you are not a hermit, you live in a world where others are influenced by what you do and do not do.

Sometime, after you tell yourself, please tell me what this compulsion is not to ever put anything away so you can find it promptly, so you can be certain you have everything you are supposed to and when you need it, not when it is too late. Ask yourself the potential of not being able to find a single sheet of paper when you need it, and what this also can mean to others.

Especially when there is so much I want to do for which I can't find time do I resent the needless waste of my time by others. So, I've put this on a personal basis, why do you waste my time just to be aslob, when that also wastes your time. It doesn't save any time for you.

If I didn't like youm I'd not be taking the time for this complaint.I'd just be angry and do other things. But I also feel the time may come when it may have broader implications, and I would hate for that to happen.

At best this is an indlugence of you by you. You are at an age when you should be able to do something about it. It is anti-social and utterly irresponsible for you to inflict it on others. I'm not going to take the time to learn whether you gave me duplicates instead of other papers. This has annoyed me so much that I've simply filed what papers you gave me and forgotten them. I've not even read them, save for the McM letters, to which I reacted yesterday, carbon enclosed. There is just too much to do to fritter away time needlessly, and I have too many legitimate worries to have me be annoyed, disturbed or worried by a persistence in what is unacceptable in a juvenile.

But in your own personal interest, why not become a man in this way, too? The longer you put it off, the more difficult it becomes and the greater the danger of doing what cannot be undone.

And have a good holiday, too.

Sincerely,

P.S. I forgot several things: The Ray letter of I think 9/15/71 to what, as best I can make it out, seems to be the Texas Bar, is reversed in the copy I have. Maybe that's the way Jerry copied it, but it not, I could use a copy I can read. One he wrote to ths British Law Society is completely illegible, and rather one they wrote him, and one that can be read is also masked, so that the date, among other things, can't be made out. It is signed by Newman.

I have two copies of Ray's letter in the form of an affidavit to Ryan, dated 5/14/71. If you have any way of knowing whether or not your copy is missing, I could have it.

Crouch v. State of Tenn.: I think this is the one of which he asked two copies but I could be wrong. By now I'm confused.

H