

Certified - return receipt

Dear Ed,

5/21/76

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 Joanne 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 ~~bedroom~~ 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 ~~laxative~~ 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, uncaringly 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 Joanne.

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 indignance of self-importance.

I took all 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

~~What a mess you made of everything, like a badly spoiled treat of few years. Crumbs and dirt all around. You are too important to think of anyone else. Too important to use a dish, even if you never wash them or anything else. If you had been a immature kid of mine I'd have whaled the hell out of your ass when I caught you using a sharp knife to cut cheese on a formica top it would have cost hundreds of dollars and such nuisance to replace. When I hollared and stopped you, you not only pretended it was nothing but you even then left crumbs of cheese all over the surface that I had to clean up to avoid the offense this would have given Bill.~~

Bill has a blood-pressure problem. Your behavior would have raised anyone's.

I have no objection to your drinking all the soda you want. But I did remind you of what you know from past visits, that we have no trash collection. I showed you the separation of burning and non-burning trash. I have to haul the non-burning away. I asked you to flatten your cans so they'd require less space. But you are too important for any concern for anyone else. Is it not sufficient that you impose your noble self on ungrateful ears? So, when you had the non-burnable trash overful simply because you are also too important to take the minute required to flatten a soft, aluminum can, you simply tossed them into the trash - burn. Then you were also too important to empty the cans, so you made a sloppy mess with the unconsumed liquid. When I went to dispose of some trash I discovered this and had to go through all of it and flatten the cans so I can haul them away, having also to empty the remaining liquid first. But even then I could not take them away this morning because that bag has to dry out before I dare lift it. If I do not the bottom will fall out and I'll have more cleaning up after you.

I had to make a trip into town this morning to replace my supply of copy-machine paper. Otherwise, if Jim has a need for any copy of anything for any court use I'd not be able to meet it. Yet you chided me for not telling you I can use supplies. Is there anyone who knows me who does not know there is virtually no supplies I can't use? Why did you chide me? I think for your own psychological and emotional needs but you said that I did not tell you of my need for supplies when you asked me if there were something from "New York" I could use. Why should I have thought of anything other than beagles, books and things like that? But when you planned to use my machine, why did you not think to bring the special paper it requires? Instead you told me you'd want few copies only so with an ample supply for my own needs I did not replenish it, as I could have without a special trip in stormy weather when I went right past that place taking Bill shopping to obtain food you were too self-centered to let any of us eat.

Each time you have been here I've raised hell about your chewing on my pencils. If you have to chew pencils and can't break that kid's habit, why can't you bring your own? But if you can't and must chew mine, why must you pick only those that are for special purposes and not available locally? What was your special need, on every trip, for that special blue pencil I use to defeat the offset camera when I make special records? Each time you apologize and say you'll replace them. Each time you don't. You put one in your pocket yesterday. Well, you may as well have it complete. I enclose my last one, see you showed up last trip.

When you left at the end of that last trip I had none of those special and so expensive Blomberg or Lister pens that retract from the sides, not the top, and I had with me two or three special fillers of all colors as I can't afford my usual ink pen when I travel. These fillers, now worthless to me, represent a cost of about \$25. You are not the only souvenir-hunter who has been here but when you left the remaining at least

pens did, too.

It was not only this failing of yours about "supplies" over which you ridiculed me. There was the infantilism of your abuse 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 ascribing 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 no hind of me as if you stood over your secretary while she worked. You use my chair, 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 no 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 provided around my desk to find while ignoring the more ordinary pencil 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, in protest 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 various 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 to him what 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 know I had notes to make for Jim to use in preparing interrogatories. But how could one of your elegance 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 terrible when I stand there close in 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 unkind in the deed and still innocent?

I tried so that I would no more than start a sentence when you would start talking, just talking. But even when we chose to find something, did it not mean for your habitual obstruction of my working? I have had to scrape/it from your talking.

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

records he had obtained for me and was sewing 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. Also I read them earlier than I'd planned to because you had evicted me from my office, I was afraid to keep them if 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 would you, important as you are, you merely took them. Not once but twice, and because you are this important ~~also~~ he said 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 it on 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 and I could replace the supply for you - Scott asks you to leave enough for him to say what he wants? Did you dare to ask him how many sheets to leave for him? No, and why should you have given any thought to him? He had only spent hours getting those 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 ever dream of wanting any copies of his own work so he could carry it further when there is your need to grab anything and everything anywhere available, whether or not relevant to the work you described?

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 activity, it might have occurred to you that instead of coming down here and wracking a weekend for everyone else and making everyone else miserable by the most intolerable 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 saying for records you appear without effort because of this effort you have declined to help, so how can my work be important compared to your swiftness of whatever you want from my files and by what or costs you accrue from me and in this case also "il and David")

Some of this work was not easy for me to do, nor more dangerous for me because of the way you insisted on doing your thing regardless of the big costs of sugar etc - and you actually argued and refused when I expressed my interest and desire. I did have to do all of my outside work. And you not been backing your way through it. 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 them. He had stayed up he was until 11:00 but he did not increase into my day or work. I could be helped if, as you are, you had really agreed to me, and have been able to do a little more of work that was the most of my wants will now be a real problem, and have been able both mornings to do the dangerous hillside hand-carrying, because your mind likes not carrying, but you can't not be out

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 inextinguishable. 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 act, 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 refiling 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 and 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 moral concept of self-respect.

You were interested in the point of law having to do with picture, 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 begin to take a few moments to talk with Jim, who works about 20 hours a day - without pay - so you and those like you can be beneficiaries. "Call me Monday," you told me to tell him. Then no, "Call me Tuesday." What gives you the notion that when he said I have no income either of us can afford to call you? and are you really so self-important that you can only lecture at him? You can't put on paper what you think he needs for answering this new question of law on what we can get so people like you can go around being an end pick up the crumbs - free? I'm not going to phone him and tell him. He has his work

he ought not to let me to pay out another expense and another waste of time as if to indulge your need to feel important by lecturing to him on points of law when if you were for me I you'd have done this and other work for him - on paper as he does not. It and with the library you have available and he does not.

On this: in less time than you wanted for as 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 gyped. But could you think of no other way to help him and through him me? Like finding a starting lawyer, as I was asked, who would do this?

The totality with which you inflicted yourself and your whims on me is what women really is observing you should think about, if you possibly can. There is more here than I've spelled out. For example, when you knew I should go to bed early because I had the rest now and because I can't awaken early, you paid no attention when I said we should retire. You asked me to awaken you early and I did. But when you yanked me awake and ignored my polite suggestion 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 looked on the day for all of us, even including yourself. You got the entire sleep after putting it to the crummy, freaked-out old man who is also not well.

After you left, as I'm sure Scott observed, I was upset. When I burped into your other abdomen, like those early, web-inade 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 her. I can't point on your word when at best you are so abusive and so hostile to 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 book everything you have obtained from me. Obviously, I can't enforce this. But I can ask it and I do. If you think 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 not simply can't depend on your judgment or emotional needs nor on omissions.

I haven't made up my mind about going ahead with the interview you said you wish. You may remember your repeated firm your own schedule on this, which lowered to the scheduling of my calendar. You said you wanted to do this first thing in the morning and you never got to it when for long then did not all the time that would have served you you instead indulged on copying the records Scott had brought me.

You may also remember that you said you'd do this by plane. You didn't do. You also, like an adolescent, argued on that it could be tough. That is the one thing about it I can find attractive. Just what you think may be too much for me since from Warren the index appears with up a special to it. They'd argue for when long learned they'd have a ~~hand~~ pickup on me. Just what you think may be too much when Allen started after deciding about the dozen or three referred to accept a terminal I then. After when I'd been without sleep for two days after two days of travel in which prior to then I'd not average. There comes a night of sleep either Wesley Wheeler for 1/2 a year, or Pat Howard Wilson back into the shell he'd left for the first time in a decade. Or why I should have some an education about you when I have none at all the FBI, Department, listed states at once on the State of Tennessee and Shelby County and Memphis region. While I have no his mind, it is not clear of her, much you think you are so not be, better in it

that this part was not better as I can wait until the time I can let you write my
more of the little above. What you have displayed - say, fainted - of your own
judgment, sense of what are standards of personal conduct will be with doubt about
what you are really about in what is essentially a content 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 write
something for what you have when what could have saved time and been of help to "in
and me. You are too self-important to have done this. Do I have to ask myself why
should I invest my time in the sort 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 irregularities.
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 gov. doesn't have no right to
claim copyright on what you describe as a son-in-law copyright on Time/ pictures. At
the same time you tell me you want to find some way of copyrighting your own work in
court on the son case. Now!

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 ~~why~~ so I have space for
the unfiled. - I 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. For is, thanks to your wild-
and-still-farther-which. If you are unwilling to assure this don't bother to see me.
But if you do decide to proceed, then I ask that you tape our interview and put words
that type, as I will. I am that other than afraid of your self-described toughness.
And that is richly concerned about how dependable you are emotionally after this we heard
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 or 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 in this 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
protect 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 believe this way. There is
another consideration. If you are little as I'd with someone as you have been with us here
you have a variable vasculitis and a tolerant servant or a wife. Who, too, may have a
breaking point.

The end is here. I do have other things to do. I can't take the time to read and
correct this, and I want it to know what I have written you. She will, when she can,
read and try to correct it. It'll take up more time with it.

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