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Kaba k agin, Jim,

7/12/76

He phoned as soon as I returned to the house with the mail and insisted on talking for close to an hour.

He is a sick man. I'm satisfied this is the answer. And timid, afraid he'll suffer not only from the work but from associations. He says he has even been afraid driving here!

Between that call and the one just ended, a full hour or more the second time, I had time to open and not read about six envelopes and read the short speed-letter from Livingston I'll be sending you. That little time.

He is sick, he at some level of consciousness has an awareness of it and has a compulsion for self-justification. From me he wanted acceptance of unconscionable behavior. What he can twist he does. What he can't twist he has a special formula for. Like the toothbrush dirtiness: I went around spying on him after he left. It couldn't be that I went to brush my own teeth with my own toothbrush in my own bathroom. I had to be spying on him. Thus his using it and merely ~~leaving~~ ^{throwing} it aside, not even washing it and putting it back, becomes proper. His copying what he was not supposed to is a communications problem: I had said no such thing. His evicting me from my office for several days: he have expected it if the situations had been reversed.

He has even created a structure for not returning what I asked him to return that he took this last trip: he was so infuriated when he received my letter that he tore some of it up. Yes, the letter did ask for its return, but he was that angry.

He has it all figured out: I invited him down just to wreck his book. Why? Because I'm jealous of his book. Why would I left him have access to my files then? Just to wreck his book. By then telling him he could use none of it. How does this wreck it? Because of what it does to his state of mind. It has poisoned him to his work and that was my secret objective.

On and on. I don't think we either want to take the time for details. But I am concerned about what this can drive him to, if there is the chance. So I'm suggesting there should be no chance. The only safe thing is to have nothing to do with him.

He appears to have spent his spare time these past three weeks building up his internal, emotional defenses. So on both call it came out that you and I both misbehaved when we were there the summer of 1974. The second call I asked how. It turns out that I was not supposed to have drunk the whiskey he offered me. He actually complained about it in these terms, too. (So you are in the clear.)

From this, feeling he had the initiative, he launched into a lecture on my sipping wine (even though I prefer whiskey). Had he ~~ever~~ ^{ever} seen me drunk? No. In any way under the influence? No. So? You should not do it. Then I told him it was the doctors' substitute for tranquillizers, as it is. (Actually I got it first from Mary, then confirmation with a separate suggestion from a friend in psychiatry, one you don't know, and then I took it up at GHA. If you are interested, that doctor not only confirmed it but went farther, saying that for this purpose port and sherry are best. I'd then did some checking in her medical literature and told me the thing that does it is called *allegac* (phon) *adid*.)

The extremes to which he was driven by whatever bugs him are sad and juvenile. It thus was no imposition on Lil, who I had told them was trying to straighten out her office after the accumulation of the tax season so they could understand the mess it was in, for Joanne to sleep until 11 a.m. and keep Lil out of her office. Or wait for them to come to the table for breakfast for an hour after Ed told them they were ready for it.

I'm glad Dave called at this point and there was another long talk to push the oppressiveness of Ed to the back of the mind. It is oppressive to find a bright young man of considerable potential so sick in so many ways, as it is to be treated as he treated us when he was here.

He tried in various ways to get around what I had told him I want in writing and when he called: the return of everything he took this last trip and all personal records

records, whether correspondence or memos or analyses or notes - everything other than the public records he can get by other means. I told him of these all I ask for is what he took last time.

While he kept saying he was going to get out because he is scared and Joanne has been and thus it is all moot he also kept negotiating so I might retreat from what is and I told him would be an inflexible position: nothing at all. He carried this farther, saying he would want to interview me. I refused and said I would not change, that my concern is with his twisting and interpreting and having no faith in him any more.

When he didn't like it I became more explicit. I told him I don't care what he says (he kept saying how favorable to me it would be), that I just want to be left alone to do what I can, without these kinds of unnecessary hassles. He carried this farther, too, first saying he would submit the questions in writing in advance and I could answer sometimes when I am in New York and then saying it would not be fair to give me the questions because I'd have time to figure out answers, paying no attention to a) my refusal and b) his probable abandonment of his entire project, which made it all without point.

The amount of bitterness on the second call was sickening. So also was it that it came so soon and for such meaningless reasons: the let me know how much he had done for me, how much time he had spent trying to get a lawyer for me, how much cash he had spent for me.

These calls, remember, are when he is supposed to be working. All I've done is ask him to perform, to send me the check for what he owes me (I think he asked if he could chisel a couple of bucks and I know I accepted \$20) and the copies he made. I kept saying just pay me back and return my records and we'll both forget everything except that you are not to use any of my personal files. In order to end if I did agree to let him chisel on the actual cost of the papers he used only and to forget the other costs. He still could not stop there. But imagine this alone, he has the need to chisel a couple of dollars on his own computation of my actual costs in paper only. I believe it represents or reflects an emotional or psychological need.

What I am really getting at is that I think you and Howard would do well to have nothing more to do with him. Not that you hang up if he calls, merely that you do not get into any kind of position he can misrepresent. He may be a dangerous person at some point and I see no possibility of worthwhileness in running any risk.

Self-importance is only one of his urgencies. What it may drive him to is more than enough to prompt caution. He even walks that way now. Being so small a part of so ~~large~~ large a law firm may explain this but the compulsion to live it, to demand it, to insist on the conformity to it by others is an ample caution.

Be careful,