

Dear Sylvia,

10/17/72

Attached is the first page of Joesten's 9/15/72 for which you asked. If you have any idea who it is who lost that seven-year itch, I'd like to know.

I wrote you last night on returning after a three-day absence, before going to bed, and despite resolution to reform, I've awakened after 5 hours of sleep to catch up on the three-day accumulation.

As you will see, I have told you that you are not in contact with reality, have created and seek to will fictions into reality. You may find this uncongenial. I took the time to write you in the hope you will consider this, for I am without doubt it is true. I have merely made reference to some of the things you say in your letter to Ed. If you want me to address others, I will take the time. They are not few, not of recent creation.

If I did not consider it important for you to see things and people as they are, I'd not have taken the time. Conversely, I think it important for you not to see things and people as they are not, or yourself in any position than that in which you are.

I have no interest in arguing. While I'd prefer to be thought well of, I really do not care what others think of me, as long as I can be reasonably sure that at any time I do the best I can, engage in no self-deception and adhere to a principled course. My painful experience is that the view others hold and express of me is often the child of their own self-concepts, not infrequently complicated by other emotions.

Best regards,

