

10/7/69

Dear Gary,

Lil goes to tax-refresher school this morning and the time between now and taking her could be used only for filing, so I respond to your comments about anxiety, note a few things that may help you help m reach a better understanding, and offer a few opinions of Henry Lipman.

I think he was bad for me. I know his visit was accompanied by a deeper feeling of apprehension and something I do not normally feel frustration. I thought about this at the time and + have since. I think + understand it.

Henry reminds me of the ancient professional Jewish scholar who studied nothing, pretended to be making a deep study of religion, and was a drain on and burden to his family. He has no interest in spending his time developing information, discovering what has not been discovered. His desire is to make a presentation, part of which he has worked out. Without any inquiry about its desisibility at all, he had decided he would attempt a presentation to Humphrey. Does he know anything about Humphrey? No, he doesn't. Had he read "The Drug Store Liberals"? I think he hadn't heard of it. When I told him of HHH's long record of CIA connections alone, this was enough to tell him his plan is impractical.

Meanwhile, he absolutely must do things his way. There is no other way possible for him, there is no other way, there is not even any willingness to consider whether there is another way. Thus, he succeeded in wasting two days for me and some time for Lil. He was bound and determined that I had the kind of simplicities he could put on slides because they are so simple, so comprehensible. I told him candidly that what + had that was unpublished he could not use, but that what was in my books of this sort he could sue. I showed him some of it. This did not deter him. In various ways he insisted in getting what + had refused. So, because of his persistence, I finally told him to rummage through the files, also telling him he'd be wasting his time and explaining why. As an alternative I told him he could read my unpublished stuff and at least get some knowledge he didn't have. I let him have two of my books he didn't have. What does he do? He reads the printed books he can take with him. Finally, after I pointed this out a few times, and after protesting he was ~~exasperated~~ tired of just reading, he started. Then he couldn't stop. But does he read one book then another? No, he skips through COUP and PM simultaneously, getting least out of each.

Meanwhile, he tells me things he thinks he'll do. That he though of nothing + hadn't exhausted long before he developed any interest never dawned on him as a possibility, and he went over them, tediously, never realizing that he is something less than the unique genius he apparently considers himself, possible without realizing it.

It was needless frustrating, reliving and reconsidering all the things that have been impossible. And it was a futile expenditure of two days that could have been used for worthwhile work.

That he is a nice guy and well-intentioned is immaterial. That he is a futility is material. He is going back to Mpls. I caution you against letting him waste your time for you, regardless of how he comes across as a fellow who wants to help/

For several days I was noticeably more apprehensive, more ill at ease. I attribute it to him, to the reconsideration of all the frustrations, to what amounted to an argument I should not have been doing and should not be doing what I do. Of ~~the~~ course, this was not his purpose. It was the end product. It makes me wonder how much the fact that nothing good has happened in so long, the seeming impossibility of getting any genuine interest in the unprinted books, figures in this.

Coming at the same time, Lil had to let me know our finances are again desperate. Which merely means more desperate than usual, approaching another crisis. I assume this also contributed.

These are not the only problems, not the only factors. Of others I am very much aware, some I've never indicated to you and cannot this way. None is new, only the financial deterioration and the apparent impossibility of getting anything printed. Naturally, having coped with the others successfully for so long does not mean I can for forever. That I understand. But as I try to sift through all of this so strange to me, I cannot but wonder what, if any one thing, is the trigger and what, if any one, can provide the alleviation.

Increasingly it becomes fixed in my thinking that Garrison was a greater blow than even I anticipated. I think it is he who has utterly destroyed the little intellectual willingness to consider the newer evidence. This also includes publishers. What can be done about this? Nothing, for it is beyond my capacity to wage the kind of campaign through the publishing houses that I did with WHITEWASH (with so much side benefit to other and later authors, the only one of whom reached a house I hadn't convinced editors being Lane).

Knowing I can do nothing about the major problems, including the personal ones, is oppressive, and it makes me wonder if there can be success if something good does happen. If that can be the effective medicine.

Ron has an appointment with his London man and a small publisher, one of two I had in mind asking him to approach. We'll lunch in N.Y. of the 22nd. Again, I wonder: will this be the wasting of another \$50 I do not have, as the trip to Boston to the lecture bureau seems to have been of \$100, Lane having apparently seen to that? Time will tell.

If there is one entirely new thing that can be bugging me, it is the increasing evidence of overly-rapid physical aging (I think my mind is still young). The medical answers do not exist, or I have not been able to get them. There are neither answers nor explanations. This alone would be frustrating to an alert mind. But almost daily my knees rebel more at the performance of their natural function. Though I force them to work, exercise them consciously, they rebel, creak and complain, occasionally protest audibly. I have my annual physical the 24th and will raise this question. The man I've been going to has left our coop, and I'll see if there is any prospect, if he has the disposition to, that the new one will take the time to try and give me an understanding of whether this is normal, given my age and the way I've abused myself these many years, or whether it is something else.

I go over these things because I consider it possible that, from the combination of your training and your knowledge of me, they may enable you to help me reach the necessary understanding, if that is what I need.

As I become aware of the symptoms and recognize they are symptoms, I also reach the belief that the anxiety is not new, that is it perhaps 10 or more years old, and only the two things, the hyperventilation and the anxiety over the diagnosis, are new. I think that perhaps the major single factor now

or the one that made for most of my present apprehensive state was the failure of the doctor who first made the diagnosis and three who followed him to undertake any kind of explanation or all. This was to inspire apprehension. At a time when the symptoms were so severe, it was, I think, criminal negligence, really caused me to imagine all sorts of things I need not.

One of the strange things is that I do not have the usual fears. I have no unusual apprehension of death. You know how opposite of paranoid I am and have been, and the threats and cut little warnings have not gotten any extra thought, any attention at all. I am not persuaded I have some undetected cancer, some undiagnosed disease. Along this line, though I haven't thought it out carefully, I believe all that bothers me or might be is an unrecognized fear all of this may diminish what I can do.

Your advice that I just talk it over with someone is undoubtedly very good. I know from the past that often, aside from getting things off the chest, there sometimes is increased insight that comes from articulation. Sometimes, in the course of seeking to communicate with others, we also learn things for ourselves. Unfortunately, there is no one here with whom I can do this. We have a few new friends, but they are not close and are not the kind to whom we can get close.

I also know it would be good if we could do what you have just done, get a change of scene and activity. That is impossible. I cannot tell you how long it has been since I've had any kind of vacation. Many years.

Well, I've got to stop here and get going. I do not know how much of this can contain any knowledge for you, provide the basis for any insight. The MMPI test has arrived, and the first time I feel more relaxed and have an hour and a half free I'll complete it and return it. It will be in your box by the time you get back. I've not looked at it, but will read and do it all at one time, without any thinking over in advance. on the assumption this will give you a better reading.

The turn of the leaves is well along, and it is beautiful here. I spend some time each day in outdoors work, not only because it has to be done and I enjoy doing it, but also on the assumption it is physically desirable.

Sincerely,