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Dear Gary,

I saw Doug Tilley Thursday. The vibes are not good.

He seems like a pleasant young man. I am certain he is still in training and that I am part of his training. He is inflexible so I was. And will be. As I told you and I told him first by phone and then at the outset, I want this to begin my way and if it does not I'm finished at the beginning. He pretended that he would hear what I want him to hear and then made it impossible by continually interrupting me with what I felt he remembered from texts and lectures. And he persisted in what I was explicit in opposing. I am aware of the reading this will give him and others on me. I don't care.

The room in which we met had a microphone hanging down in the center, with wires leading to a wall in which there was a large one-way mirror. I don't care about that but I do about what it reflects and what it meant. Perhaps six times during the hour his phone rang, he listened and said nothing or got up, excusing himself and from the door sounds went into the next room. He then returned without explanation and resumed, either by taking a new tack or by merely letting me proceed.

While I do not regard this as the most promising prospect I'm prepared to make an effort to see if it can work out. But he and his monitor simply were not listening. I said exactly what I mean. When I saw clearly that they were paying no attention I spelled it out. It took more than one spelling. The last one was pretty straightforward. So the phone rang, he left, came back, and bargained with me. Or tried to. As it happens what he wanted, and I'm sure was told to want, was impossible. If it were not I'd still have refused it. It is what I said I do not want, his speaking to Lil now. As you know I'll be away next week. After all I'd said about wanting him to hear and evaluate and feedback to me, fully and completely, he still persisted in this. I do not regard it alone as a good sign. However, I can't do it because Lil has no way of getting there. He ever suggested that Lil could use my ride, which would get him nowhere near him. With the ride or by bus the cab costs alone are prohibitive. Her transportation would run to something like $25 if she goes by bus. To use my ride she'd have to be up by 5 a.m. and languish in Washington all day to get home.

These people can't have too many guinea pigs. They do not even get there until 9:30 a.m. If I had not walked from where my ride left me off I'd have had to take four buses to get there. I walked and had only two to take. I was still there long before they opened, with my bladder ready to bust. I'm not going to abuse Lil this way and we can't afford the cabs, which would have her languishing in an empty corridor still longer and entirely alone. For more than an hour for sure. When they finally opened a women came, let me in, disappeared, was followed by another woman and then by Tilley, to 9:30. One of these women was Tilley's instructor and my observer. She has to be pretty rigid, too.

Merely getting there is difficult. With Lil it will mean that I must do what I should not do and never do for myself, drive there. This in turn means I'll have to stop and walk along the edges of an expressway to keep the blood circulating, not puddling in the feet. Since my first experience after leaving the hospital, a bad experience necessary because Lil required the transportation, I have not driven farther than into Frederick except when she required transportation for a longer distance. The first exception was the day I saw Tilley, when I had a chance to do a favor for the man who has been such a goof friend to me in providing me with transportation. His wife's car was in a Rockville garage for service. I offered to drive it home to save him and her a trip all the way down there and back. Traffic was too heavy for us to stop for me to walk and his wife had to get to her job as soon as he got home. By the time we reached there, perhaps 45 minutes at most, I was pretty uncomfortable.

When I spelled out for them what this kind of driving means to me they were not listening and were entirely indifferent. They merely persisted. Not for this alone do I find myself wondering what kind of people they are. Suppose it is raining, snowing or sleeting. I should get out along a busy expressway and walk around to provide transportation for Lil for his education?

So I also face this situation: In two weeks, especially after a busy week of speeches and seminars, I'll not remember what I said and what I did not. I'll not be able to distinguish between what I wanted to say and what I was able to. I doubt he'll remember much if anything of what I said. It did not interest him/her. They have a text to follow or a course to impliment. I'll have to go over it again or not say what I want evaluated.

The indifference bothered me even more after I left and had time to think about it. If they did not understand the medical situation I explained they could have asked. One simplification that is comprehensible is that if my feet, legs or thighs swell the supports that normally help circulation impede it. I have little enough without any interference. Yet when I gave them a simple choice and ce tainly said it in a way that should have told them I mean it they paid no ~~ex~~ attention and insisted opposite it. What I said should not have given offense to the reasonable. It is that I've been through all of this before, that it has been worse than futile but I am ready to face it again without assurance that it will not be futile if there is reason to have hope it will not be, but that I will not even begin unless it starts the way I want it to start. After this, I said, you do your thing, however you see it.

It wound up with them sort of bargaining with me: they'd let me talk next time if I'd bring Lil the following time. I said I would if next time went the way I want it to. I now believe this is impossible. Not only because they are rigid and don't want it to but because they are incapable of departing from ritual. If I am right next time will be my last. I could not have been more explicit and I could not feel more unheard.

Aside from this, if I am correct in believing that this is part of Milley's training, I believe that it is all much too complicated for him. I'll be only a guinea pig and it will be a troublesome, costly futility. I told them I had been through two years of this when nothing in those two years gave me any hope and that after the illness I was not about to go through any more futilities. Not at my age, either.

He also insists blindly, I'm sure from the text. As an example he said that next time he wants me to tell him three things I can do that could work an improvement. I have already told him I've been trying for more than 20 years or about that and that this has been conscious and intensive for three or four years, that if I could think of anything I have not tried I'd have tried it. Makes not difference. The text says to give him three and I must. He kept after this and it was the last thing he said. Even if he were right it is a way of turning people off whatever his instructor tells him. He can't be a psychologist without people having faith in him or with them feeling he pays no attention to them.

He even wound up patronizing me when he didn't make an abrupt shift or was not told to make one. Thus he told me he knew I wanted someone to talk to. I had to tell him I understand well enough that we all do, with or without problems, but that I am not about to go through what seeing him means just to talk to someone and that I have others if I want that.

Other bad vibes are much on mym mind and perhaps I'm not being clear. I began at 5 a.m. when I started a long letter to Sprague. That committee is bulling its way through the King assassination chane shop without even bothering to open the door. They have begun arrogantly, stupidly, counterproductively and by giving us both, Jim in particular, serious conflicts of interest. There is no need for this. If their purpose is to pick a fight and try to intimidate us for some silly reason the fight is picked. I've written Sprague pointedly but not impolitely. Unless Jim changes his mind, as I do not expect, he will oppose them by letter to Sprague and phone call to Jimmy and the warden this morning. No time for details. I must also write Jimmy.

Hastily.