4/20/77

Lil,

Understand what you are doing.

What you did yesterday is intolerable. Your silence about it today when you have been up as long as you have been cannot be excused. I do not accept of excuse it.

I also cannot help you because you refuse all help and persist in the demand that you turn up down and I regard up as down as proper.

You have a compulsive need to be at corss purposes. There is nothing I can do about it and it would be bad if it were only that you will do nothing about it. You insult me over it. When he realized I was offended as I walked away in the middle of your tirade all you could bring yourself to say, whatever may have been in your mind, is "I should not have said that." Inadequate. Should you have thought it, for example?

I am past the point where I can tolerate any of this and I will not tolerate it. Undersatnd it.

There is no reasoning with you. You will not reason. There is no preventing these things because you cannot control yourself. You must do them. Reason and an effort to understand and control are too much for you and you will not get help.

Now I want you to look at this situation, in part in terms of you and in part in terms of what it means to me in other ways.

It began when I had to go away on an errand when I was having the lane surfaced. You could not keep an eye on what was going on but when I got home you could be indignant about Paul Stup giving Warfield the wrong property lines. It was too late them. This meant not only damage to the pines - it meant an enormous amount of work, for me heavy work, when there was already more than I am able to do now. Sll that earth-moving to prevent washing because the shoulder I had built ip over the years was gone.

It was done. There was nothing I could do about it. I did not criticize you or say anything about it to you and I did not permit myself to speak in anger to Paul. Whether or not you see it that way, and I can understand that you do not having abdicateed all these years, this was an abdication. As usual, at my cost. I have it all to undo.

I see what I have to do, I tell you what I am going to do and I start doing it, knowing that a hard rain can bo disasterous. First the lowest spot. When I have a low water barrier up I tell you I'll have to add much to it. I show you that it is the point at which the draining of the entire hill hits the lane. Then I go to the end where there is not only the need to build up but an enormous amount of dirts and stones to move. They have already killed grass where the soild is thing and the grass was sparse. When I get the very end done and there is this constant danger from rain and erosion I ask you about putting the seedum there.

I digress on the seedum. First thing I did when I was able after I left the hospital was to make flower beds near the wellpit for you. You had plans and I made them possible. It is near the house, constantly in my sight and you have made a weedbed of it, letting the seedum take over. For this I had to do all that work, let outher work go, work that has meant extra work for me because it was not done?

When I have enough work done at the end of the lane I tell you so you can begin to plant the seedum there. Next thing I know you have planted it not where I told you the grade had been set, at the end, the word I used, but in the middle, at the low part where I have to build higher and don't know how high until I see what stones and soil I have for it.

But I did not get mad. I merely showed you.

Why when I asked you to begin at the end you had to do the opposite you should try to understand, as you also should try to understand how the endless repeition of this makes me feel.

Sunday morning I complete the work at the end but only on the lane side. I tell you this. I tell you to plant only on the lane side because I still do not know how much material I have for the grade on the other side. You cannot but see the ridge of stone and soil I've left as I worked to prevent erosion. But you don't have to see and understand, as anyone should. After I realize that you have gone down to plant seedum I fear that you may fall into the gutter at the end so although I am tired from the grading work I go down and help you. I also see to it, alas the need! that you do not get counteer-productive again. I stay with you until we have all you have taken up planted. I do the high parts along the lane and as I do I explain again to stay on the lane side all the way and why. There is no doubt that you know. You know exactly what work I have to do yet. And that it is much for me. And that it means other work will not get donw. And that this will mean problems if not in fact hazards to me.

So Monday comes and what do you do when I am now watching over you as though you were a child? You go down and plant the seedum exactly where I did not, exactly where I told you not to, exactly where I have to grade.

When I see this it does become too much and I speak to you about it. I ask you to face what it means, that you do have this compulsion to be at cross-prurposes. If you replanted it this morning you have faced nothing and it means nothing to me. You will have done it at the expense of something else that does not get done. What you do not do that you can I must if I can.

You can do much that can make mowing less unsafe for me. I should be mowing now and can t except at the cost of letting this go. If I let this go there is more erosion. For me there is no end, of the work or your obstructions and impediments.

Your reaction when I ask you to face this is to insult me over it. I regard that as abusive and without possibility of excuse or acceptance.

Aside from this added and gross insult there is the fact that you did what you could not accept from a child, what you knew would do to me what it did do, what you knew was counter-productive, what put you as squarely at cross-purposes as was possible.

Then you act as though I am the offender rather than the offended.

No regret, no real apology even. No concern over how you can be this way. No willingness to be any other way.

Several weeks ago you said you would make an effort to be as you once were. I said I would welcome that and for the brief span of two weeks or less it was not intolerable. What a hell of a situation when the absence of the intolerable is so welcome!

But this is too much. There are several incidents and after each I withdraw. Each wore off because people came. I feel sorry for you and I do not hold resentment. Perhaps I should. Perhaps I should not worry about you and what all this means about you.

Not too long ago I reminded you of how I handled our nephews when they were children and did wrong. I asked you if I would have to come to where I would demand a full explanation from you of what you do that is wrong - if you want to be treated as a baby because you conduct yourself with that immaturity.

I don't know of anything else I have not tried.

Until you have gone through this, with full detail and full and clearly articulated acceptance of responsibility and an effort to explain to us both how you can do these things I will speak to you only when it is necessary. I will expect you to say what you cannot even bring youself to say, that you were wrong, that you should have known better, along with whatever else you may want to say. You have a hangup on ever admitting that you were ever wrong about anything. Once when you can close and had been particularly offensive and I asked you about an apology you blurted out that I was trying to "humiliate" you. There is nothing humiliating about a sincere apology. But the attitude is sick. We all do wrong and I will no longer be your private devil, the one on whom you can load all of the conseque ces of your years of failure. I am wrong in having accepted it for so long but I am not the cause.

This whole thing is very unhealthy. Heal yourself or not, the decision is yours.

When I told you I've had it I meant it. I mean it now. For more than 20 years I have

tried to be understanding, compassionate, supportive and to accept what it was very wrong to accept. Aside from what this has done to our lives the cost to me was great. You played the same tricks with medical people and they came to believe I was some kind of nut and they ignored all my accurate reporting of very real symptoms. You know what this has done to me. If I am not bitter about this and am not recriminating I am telling you that you had better face this as part of an entire effort or the time may come when it will be much more difficult for you and when you will not be able to evade it any longer.

It is impossible to reason with you, even to discuss these things. This is not because you lack the intellectual capacity. Each effort is a counter-productive effort. Each time you retreat into your device of making me out some kind of devil. I am not going through any more of tyose torments. I was wrong to have accepted as many as I did.

I have taken time to try to get you to think, to examine into yourself. You have not responded. Not in any way. You have given no indication of having taken anyn of this seriously - of even having taken the time to read what I took the time to write.

Here is when you came in after I told you the new copy machine is coming and when.

You did ask me if there is copying I want done. I told you I wanted you to do nothing, that I'm simply afraid of another uncontrolable need to be us at cross purposes, counter-productive. You simply will not stop to think. With all the copying to be done can you imagine how I feel when I do feel I have to decline an offer of help?

We tried to talk and you would talk only about the peripheral until you could work it into the irrelevant and that insultingly. You explain all this bad behavior as my having an attitude that I am perfect. You actually said this. Were it true it would in no sense explain why you are impelled to do what you know is counter-productive and will make problems for me and anger me. It hardly explains the business with the seedum and the grading along the lane.

You stop cold when I ask you to ask yourself why you did what you did along the lane when you knew it was what you should not have done - why do you always get at cross-purposes, do the counter-productive? Saying you are sorry they happened after they happen is better than it was but not facing why you persist in creating them when there is not need for any of these situations is not good. At no point would you confront what the real question is and when this became intolerable you tried to turn it all on me and my alleged belief I can do no wrong - and do none. This is why I walked out because if I had not I really would have blown up.

When I said that if you cannot do this on your own you need help your reply was "I'm not going to see another psychiatrist again." I know of one visit to one, Olson. You told me about it later. He did not say a work to me or ask anything of me. I asked you if you raised any of these questions with him and you were silent. You call that making an effort? I do not. You were seeeking selfOjustification, no more.

That will accomplish nothing. It has not. It has been hurtful. It has turned you even more inward and into this vicious cycle of causing depression and finding depresaion is your pretended escape.

Do or do not do what you will. These things are too upsetting to me. I feel them both physically and emotionally for a long time. I am avoiding them, my intention in writing rather than trying to speak to you. As well as giving you a chnce you simply will not take to try to think these things through for yourself, alone, without influence from me. Just understand that I really have had it and will have no more of it.