

5/29/72

Dear Phil,

Time, in its flight, takes such from the mind that retains too little of the too much it is fed. I've forgotten what I wrote in one or two letters the contents of which may also amuse you. Since returning from the trip that began 5/8 and was intensive and successful, I've seen this envelope with guilty feelings a number of times. When I went for a walk this a.m. I decided to drop a note on return and after catching up by noon and skimming the paper think will look an after-breakfast nap.

One of the main (and in this case lesser) tragedies of the financial limitation on my investigations is the absence from my side of those skills in the handling of the mind, particularly the criminal mind. On this trip, and in maximum-security jails alone, I typed interviews totalling perhaps 12 hours with five accused felons, and two days. One in particular fascinated me, the while he seems outgoing and honest, I suspect he really can't distinguish between actuality and his mind's distortion of it. In any event, all the notes I've been able to type in the 10 days since return are typed on slips of paper. I can't write out any more, then on to a rather casual note than ordered. Each work, all neat, all into, and into the previous accumulation. Roughly, without appendix, best sorted for from to more than 425 pp of 600 words plus each. It would be a real pity to lose them now, to see the possibility of paying the printer, and from the inquiries I've had with no result, seeing the situation in "break-up, I think in this I'd sell a \$5,000 print at \$10,000.

In the middle of your knowledge, there I have sought the help it is not so readily available. I asked the g.p. I see at our medical coop, and, to try to arrange two things: some kind of consultation from which I could get a bit of understanding of anxiety and how to cope with it, how to anticipate reactions, and how better to function when, as is inevitable when a attack preparations for out suit on the telephone message, I feel it; and someone to go over our 30+ years of medical records to give sense of them to the g.p., to answer understandings nor will this. In time or earlier to be able to get an appointment with a psychiatrist who knew nothing of the purpose of the consultation, could not go into this, was willing to certify the need for family therapy (on what basis other than that in his specialty I do not know), which will give us 15 visits any on requiring 100 miles of driving, and referred me to another specialist, also a family specialist, for the help with anxiety. She called to learn more, got having been given the details message I left with the secretaries, told me her waiting list is 6 months long, but will put me on it, and suggested that I write the g.p. again. The "diagnosis" is a liability, from my experience, that except under crisis situations can only compound the patients' problems. But, I've accepted the appointment two months since as written the letter. And if the money and time, I'd go off on our own. But this costs us \$700 a year and a makes our ineffectiveness by far much smaller. We feel we are in a position here to have no choice but continue with what is clearly inadequate medical service because we could not face any genuine and serious emergency without it.

Because of the former case I've written a nasty piece for that magazine journal of letters, the National Enquirer, on the Duncan bookie threat, telling a bit of a story in the context of what will happen when a brilliant man, not a mediocrity, starts stalling in response to the dinner official fiction, when he starts toying with the undisciplined police mind and can't be fed into the computers, and when it has to be decided whether he is toying for kicks or for real. Don't know if they'll go for it, but it also reminded me of you. I've omitted the names of all helpers, for their protection.

Just read a novel about an assassination by a man under hypnosis, the Smith conspiracy, by Richard Peely (unknown to me). Ever hear of literature bearing on the possibility? It has been in my mind since the night Sirhan was arrested, and I feel Kaiser and Wilson were over-tying with Sirhan in not trying objects to see if they triggered hypnosis pre-programmed.

nothing really new. Hope you are both well. You'll get a submission from the secretary of a young friend who saw your mag. here. Best,