

1/28/70

Dear Phil,

I, too, have been intending writing you; and I, too, have been thinking of you, perhaps more because I often try and think of how I can cope with this anxiety. It is only controlled, not really relieved. I have learned how to avoid the hyperventilation, for example. But, for the first time in my life, I blacked out Sunday morning, came to only slightly injured (both front and back of head, one palm, bruised sacrum), having gotten dressed, although I'd had only undershorts, sock and robe on. Once again the medical examination was perfunctory, entirely inadequate (which I didn't come to realize until I thought about it-awful to be disciplined and trusting, esp. of authority), and provided no explanation of what did happen or could have, what the possible causes might have been, whether or not to expect recurrence (as on a superhighway?), with some aggravation of anxiety. If I didn't tell you, I sought and got a psychiatric consultation which was a grim farce, telling me nothing, leaving it up to me whether I needed and wanted undescribed "deep therapy", and offering three complete unknowns from whom to make a choice if I believed I did. Some science!

A poetry magazine in the black? Magic! Or quality.

Aside from your adequate description of Mitchell, when you see him on TV again, ask yourself if Central Castings could have done better? I go into him, the Panthers, the murders, the background, the purposes, in the second part of COUP D'ETAT, copyrighted but not printed.... "Shift to the right" is, I fear, a considerable understatement.

Ruseell: more to the story than appears. When we are together again, as someday I hope we will be, remind me to tell you the story. I am part of it. What none of the papers say is that he is really saying there was a conspiracy. He has the wrong proofs, but he does have the right believe (wrong conspirators).

By the way, if you know whether anxiety can cause an abrupt blacking out, as distinguished from fainting, where there is (from my dual experience with it in 57 years), I'd like to know. I was without any feeling of anxiety when it happened, about 15 minutes after getting out of bed. I've sent a rather strong letter to our medical coop on this. If it does not yield the desired results, I think I'll go see the medical director. Of all the things to have to waste time and thought on when there is so much to do.

I hear very little from N.O. I suspect that before long there will have to be the new Shaw trial (I have no doubt of his guilt but I do of conviction), that of Hornley (where I also have quite a story to tell you), and of the former English schoolteach, Bethell, and the flatfoot, Gurvich, that I can recall. Plus the toughest, against NBC's Sheridan and Townley.

Thanks for thinking,  
Best,

25 Jan 70

Dear Hal,

Belated best new year wishes, my friend! Sorry to have been silent for so long... 1969 not at all a good year here, except that STEPPENWOLF finally (after nearly 5 years) in the black. But the year also saw my father slowly lose ground against that most hideous disease cancer...until death took him, mercifully, in December. Not at all pretty, I dare say.

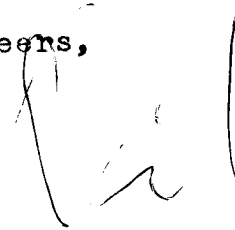
For all that, we now look to 1970...but optimism, frankly, is difficult. Politics in America is especially dismal in outlook. Murder (that's all one can call it) of the Panthers in Chicago...one more clear indication of the obvious shift to the Right. Our Attorney General Mitchell one of the most terrifying men in public life, in my opinion.

And this clip...suggests even ole' Sen. Russell now having some second thoughts about the "findings" of the Warren Commission.

No, sir; little reason for optimism.

Still, warmest regards to you & Lillian—I do think of you often, even if long spells between notes.

Cheers,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to be the name 'Hal', written in dark ink.