

11/4/70

Gary only,

I took more time than I wanted with Paul today, lousing up the morning for work. I'm not at all certain I addressed him properly, but sharp as he is, I fear any manner of speaking other than he'd expect of me. I have, especially from the recent mailing, regretfully reached the conclusion you have come closer to an explanation than I or anyone else.

This stuff is incredible in what it admits.

It is no less incredible that he seems to be unaware of it.

I leave that science up to you. Lacking anything else that makes any sense, you have persuaded me—with his unintended help.

I suppose that because he is as bullheaded as he seems to be, if not more, the problem of reaching him is that much greater.

However, because he knows my manner so well, I think it best I not reflect this feeling in writing him, being the vigorous rough guy he'd expect and leaving the other approach to you.

It bears heavily upon me and has all day. This brief note before supper in a respite from proofs and foulups therein.

What an anti-intellectual monster he makes of Alvarez! But I guess this is what one should expect of the Hiroshima-bomb mind. It also focuses a bit more interest in him, but I think in what will remain a futility, for if he serves any master other than "science", I doubt we'll get the proof.

From what I have sent you in the recent past, you should be able to understand why the timing is so strange, why there is what seems close to a kind of desperation where you'd never expect to see evidence of it.

I suppose also, from my own experience, it is pointless to try and isolate one special thing as causative if your diagnosis is correct. And how, really, does a friend cope with it through the pathos of distance?

Sincerely,