

No cancellation on her letter. She says she wrote it yesterday, on a bus. It doesn't look like it. No rough of jarrred writing. Pretty fast, from Houston through the channels there and at this end. I got it 8:30 a.m. at the post office.

Dear Diane,

3/27/73

I like the beginning and the end of your yesterday's letter best of all.

At the end you tell me to get real. At the beginning you recognize the sarcasm. That is what I intended - sarcasm and recognition of it.

What you lack is understanding and credibility.

You have and will have troubles. You also have no monopoly. I've got a couple myself. They don't cripple me. I do a few things despite them. You can, too. What is lacking is the desire, not the time.

I purposely reduced what I asked of you to the very simple. It would have taken less time to respond than to argue. When you elected not to respond but to waste time arguing and arguing, with arguments that do not make sense and are not relevant, there is no question of your intent. There may be of motive, but I don't really care about that.

In the past I have told you that communication and friendship are two-way streets. That hasn't changed and won't. You have no qualms about writing me in great urgency and asking that I drop everything and do a few things for you because you say they are important to you. What is important to you counts. What others say is important to them makes no difference to you. ~~XXXXX~~ If what you have said is also true you do not have to be told that something may be important. You characterize yourself as less than human, as lacking in normal human emotions and concerns.

I am aware of some of your emotional problems. They are real, they are serious, but they can also be coped with, given the desire. When you find that desire, you may become a mensch, you may be able to form meaningful relationships and to hold them, to have some real satisfaction with yourself, and to lead a life less overfull of needless turmoil from which there can be no real joy and troubles that need not have happened. This is to say nothing of not having an unfulfilled existence, an inner loneliness, an emptiness that can't be satisfied except with fantasies that soon enough vaporize and leave nothingness. If you think about it, I was also offering you an opportunity to find the desire to be less pointlessly selfish. Your selfishness is a thing unto itself. It is not a normal, healthy pursuit of self-interest. It serves no purpose. It is a habit the ~~main~~ sole utility of which is to mask. Perhaps to cling to something not good that can be shed and should be. With your natural endowment, you could be quite something. And life could be so worthwhile for you.

Why you won't let yourself, I don't know. Often I have thought of it but not being a shrink, it is a mystery to me. I am sure it is a substitute or an avoidance, but I am also sure the McCoy would be much better, much more satisfying.

Because I early recognized this thing I can't define I didn't tell you that you were lying or exaggerating, no matter how excessive you were. Perhaps foolishly, perhaps from inexperience with the workings of the mind, I'd hope that knowing that someone extended a human warmth might evoke a change, at least a step toward change. Infrequently ~~at~~ I have seen a halting suggestion, but no more. You won't take that first step. There is nothing to fear but the fear. You prefer to hang onto that fear. I'm sorry for you.

You pretend to be my friend. You say you have knowledge that I should have. You say you have hurt me and you are sorry. I tell you I am in some special situations that require knowledge and you give me irrelevant excuses. Do I need more measure of you and your prestatations? Of your genuineness, your sincerity, even your alleged remorse?

You profess a devotion to a religion the most elemental tenets of which you deny. If it really means anything to you, start to practise it - NOW. What is meaningless is the empty profession of belief, as is going to schule and praying real loud. Such prayers are NEVER heard. What is heard is the unarticulated, the act. I don't practise the formality but I do adhere to the philosophy and to that my life is faithful. Belief that is professed is not a license to practise the opposite of that belief. True belief is a way of life. One does live by it. Those who do nothing but talk about it don't really hold true belief.

I have given you more than once chance to practise waht you preach. You won't. There is nothing I can do about that. I've tried every way I can think of. I wish I could think of more because I would like to help you find yourself. Until you learn what I may describe poorly as sincere selfishness, getting by giving, you will get nothing of value or meaning. I hope the days comes when you will be the kind of friend to me I've tried to be to you. If and when it does, it will mean more to you than to me. Believe me.

3-26-73

Harold,

Received your letter of 3-21st full of its unhidden sarcasm. Why did you bother to write at all? Am I supposed to sit around and just worry about my problems while running up a bill at the Y I couldn't pay? Hell no! And I absolutely refuse to create new ones. I'm busting my ass trying to solve my immediate problems + going out with people that know about them + are also busting their asses trying to help me with them. That's also how I get free dinners too. I also steal + pocket the packages of crackers from restaurants + combine them with peanut butter (my 26¢ investment) + eat that way. My leg is far from well. It got fractured Dec. 28th 1972 not last week though. Since then I've had a closed bone reduction done on it + stay pumped full of antibiotics which had vastly reduced the infection level. Yes! They still want to operate on it as that piece of bone could slip loose any time + if a multimillion dollar union is willing to pay for it I think that's terrific because I would never be able to afford it. And I could have used a bone transplant in '68 but they still don't do them yet. And I could personally never be able to afford one anyway. My friend Gary the pilot whom I no longer even date is 34, I don't consider that old. I asked him if he knew Dave + he said he vaguely recalled of him. I don't date hardly at all anymore as I'm now holding down two jobs - full time. Yes! I did all right on my exam - as it was all Radium physics (basic) + Anatomy + physiology - subjects I've always liked + am a whiz at. Also had help cramming for it by someone who had just taken it themselves. I had to call a truce with my parents + I didn't enjoy seeing my Dad cry either for guilt or any reason. And since I won't get paid for 2 weeks more on one job + 22 days more on
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the other it is my parents who are paying for me to stay at the Y which costs 60¢ a wk. plus 15¢ for each phone call plus having to eat all my meals out, plus laundry, plus I had to get whites to wear on one ~~job~~ job. My mother called me long distance a little while ago to inform me she mailed me a money order air mail so I can get an apartment where it'll be cheaper for me to live until I can get a pay check cashed. Scott + his law partner broke up + he is in private practise by himself + is taking all the \$250.00 court appointed cases he can grab just to make ends meet. He is working from 7 A.M. till 10 pm + later at night every night - + he isn't even getting the \$250 for my case because I'm out on bond. His wife - not he - has told me all this + lots more. I know he's busy. Man! I don't need to go to the moon - I need to stay right here on earth + work out my problems - some of which are basic - like eating. And I want to get out of this neighborhood as soon as possible too - 2 people got murdered 3 blocks from here last Thursday in broad daylight + I have a 5 block walk from the bus stop to make every morning at 4 A.M. getting home from one job + having to be at the other for 8 A.M. I'm always late but nobody minds except me. My parents are still very mentally sick people, right now + in the past, I never hated them because of that reason. And a lot of people back home are down on them + that hurts them more. Listen! my bus gets off at the next stop so I have to close.

You - Get real! Sincerely;

Dave