

FEB 16 1976

Dear Jim,

2/9/76

After I wrote you Saturday, when the college kids were here, I think when I went to bed, I wondered if you would think I was dismissing your opinion out of hand. So, although I was anxious to get back to writing, I wrote and asked Lesar and Howard their opinions. I don't really think it is that I'm close to nervous exhaustion or about to come unglued. And I am aware of the pressures.

True, they are years of heavy weight and then there was two illnesses, both serious, in a year. But I think it is a combination of factors, beginning with my manner and probably primarily medical concern.

As you will have learned in the fat envelope I sealed earlier tonight, there is an arterial problem, too. I'll probably know more about this in the morning. And maybe if there is more to know, about what the phlebitis did and left.

I think one of the causes of anxiety was a wrench between believing what I felt could be psychosomatic and believing that all of it could not be.

What remains is that I was right in my apprehensions, that there is more. This is troubling, one of the reasons I write now instead of returning to what I had to lay aside when there was a long phone call from Tom Tiede. Don't know if he is syndicated there. I'd finished the adds to the third chapter and was working them in when he called. When he finished it was time to go to the doctor.

There is much to read but I don't feel like it and I don't think I should try to do the rough editing, so I'll hit the sack a little earlier. I'll do that in the morning before I have to leave.

This does leave me uneasy. One comment the GP made to the vascular man that I forgot to put in the memo for Lesar is that he saw no indication of gangrenous involvement in the left foot. This is both good and bad. The bad is that he considers the impairment of circulation serious. I don't really think so because my foot doesn't get that cold. And most of the time isn't cold at all.

A psychologist I once knew when he had been practising about 15 years told me I'm the most reasoned man, his word, he ever met. It kind of frustrated him. I do try to think in advance and to understand what I can figure out. You hit two things I guess I'd never really thought of and my guess is that in writing you I was also doing some thinking about them. I suppose also that these are matters we never consider and tend to discard. Thus when I thought further I asked those who know me well. My hunch is that if Lesar thought it he'd have told me. In any event, before this and after the hospitalization I went to the local mental health clinic and asked to see a psychiatrist when it is possible. In this sense I was reasoned. When I had the bad week I phoned again. About two weeks ago, I think. So, I'm not unaware of the pressures and the possible needs, whatever they may be. But I wasn't all that reasoned about what you raised because I don't think I ever considered it.

Another thing I forgot to tell Jim is that the kind of bending I did that week might have had something to do with it, especially the lower file drawers. In that case I do think there was an emotional involvement, coming from the lack of GHA reaction to the letter I knew the NYC doctor sent the day he saw me and to mine not indicating this but reporting separately. That is what convinced me of the possibility that GHA was just hoping I'd go away, no bad pun intended.

I did speak to Lesar briefly. If we can we'll be lawyer hunting Wednesday after court and before bus time. We had discussed it before. We are just into too much. When I came back from NYC I knew they'd hangup on negligence, of which there was a pretty substantial case earlier. So, while these things are not at all easy I hope that what you perceived is this combination of so many things. But I appreciate your saying it more because it also is not easy to say. Thanks and best,

HW