

Dear Jim,

3/7/74

Feeling edgy and not like reading, some response to your 3/2 response to my comments on Solzhenitsyn. (Current Time has pix of him at ship's rail even more Shah suggestive.)

In the varying comments, we are, the three of us, in complete accord. I also have no question about the legitimacy of his anti-government allegations. I regard them and their bureaucrats as in no way superior to any others morally, ethically, etc. Perhaps some day I'll recount my own experiences, going back to pre-Army World War II.

I have no clear recollection of what led to your remark about the "feeling of hopelessness, the overwhelming burden..." but I appear to have made an unjustified emotional appeal of some kind and to have deceived you, for both of which I apologize. The burdens I carry are largely unknown to you, in areas I have not intended to disclose. They are not new and I am surprised that I have been able to, as is a psychologist I know not far from here. He finds me the most determined and the least deterred man he has ever met.

If I felt hopelessness I would be doing other things.

However, in some areas I confess sometimes feeling futility, which is not identical. It also is not overwhelming.

With S., if I can dispassionately evaluate, I would say the predominating feeling is of acute disappointment, beginning with his pontifications about WG victimizing Nixon. In estimating his position/role, I would go farther than you and suggest he has connections, as CIA. He comes across to me as Puritanical (other than sexually), anti-socialist and a man dominated by a concept of self, of omniscience. I was not unwilling to take his best-known as "A Day In the Life of Ivan," all Ivans, rather than of ,emisovitch alone.

No, not last straw. I went through more than 100 publishers before printing WW myself. All that has happened since is that my body only has stiffened, I've moderated a bit in my condemnations, I'm less impatient. I guess I was on a short downer 2/23, but this could not have caused it...I still take time even for needling. My ulcer hasn't bothered me since Darvon was prescribed 12/71 and I then cured it with Scotch, knisches, kischka gemutluchleit at a family 50th wedding anniversary. And if you'd like I'll tick off my personal experiences with the leftward literati going back to 1965. So I'm prepared. I hope it is a healthy sign that I can still feel disappointment. My own impression is that for a complex of reasons, going back to the ehlicopter sieges, all my emotions have been numbed. Thanks for the feeling concern. I believe it is not necessary. It is appreciated, as is the time for sympathy. Best,

