

Dear Sidney,

When your special delivery letter came yesterday I thought at first that it was a sensitive message to allay any "soaked lunatic" notions that might have followed my unauthorized departure from Payne-Whitney. (It is true that I had been afraid of just such a reaction - since I had only my great friend, William Maycis' opinion and my own judgement to set against the conclusion of the P. W. Doctors.) I realized a second after that you could not have had time to respond to my letter. The invitation delighted me and

I accept with the warmest pleasure.

And to think that only two weeks ago I was
was in flaming revolt against psychiatry as I
saw it at that clinic. I find a childish and
inexplicable sense of justification in the
fact that you and your doctor friend
have invited me to meet you at the Psychiatric
Convention.

The lines of inquiry from "Loco" letter are
most interesting to me. They give me an
intimation of an understanding quite different to
the caliber of mind I was so opposed to at the clinic.
It does seem to me that maturity results in the
a acknowledgement of the tragedy of human conditions.

rather than the denial of suffering.

"How can I tell me you are not sick
when there are tears in your eyes right now,"
one of the doctors said.

I will tell you only one more thing and
then stop harping on the subject.

I said one of my poems to the doctor.

Here is the poem: (next page)

When we are lost what image tells?

Nothing resembles nothing. Yet nothing

Is not blank. It is configured Hell:

Of rotting clocks on water afternoons, malignant stars, demanding furniture,

All unrelated and with air between.

The terror - is it of Space, of Time.

On the joined trickery of both conceptions?

To the lost-transfixed among the self-inflicted ruins

All that is non-air - if this indeed is not deception -

Is agony immobilized. While Time, the endless idiot,

Keeps screaming round the World.

The comment at the hospital was: "But you have
moods like that often?"

I am greatly looking forward to meeting you
and your friend, Doc, in Washington. Is it
all right if my mother comes with me? I am
not quite healthy yet, and Mother would be nervous
if I went alone. Now that I have a goal, a set
date to keep me for, I will try harder to be well.
I will eat regularly and exercise every day.

I try to stumble through little Schubert pieces and
Bach with very simple left hand part. The
saddest part of this illness is that I can no
longer play the piano, and so am deprived of
one of my chief pleasures. I hope it will come
back. do you think so?

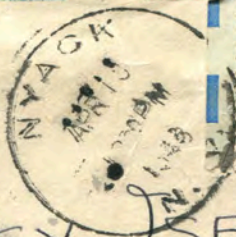
Dear Sidney, I want you to know that
our correspondence has done so much to
restore my faltering self-confidence, and has
been a source of strength and happiness for me.

Thank you. This carries you affectionate greetings.

Yours,

Erson

131-S Bldg,
Rock, N. C.



DR. SIDNEY ISENBERG
Medical College of Virginia
Hospital Division
RICHMOND (19)
VIRGINIA

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