

Maybe I will confuse the issue by putting in a brief for Idealism and for Neutral Monism. In reading some of the recent books on psychical research, have you not run into the Neutral Monist position? It seems, however, to be an una unstable one--Bertrand Russell held it for a while, and then gave long detailed reasons in a later book why he had retreated from it.

A couple of weeks ago I annoyed Jim Rose (at 11 p.m. on the corner of 8th and Western, where he sells papers Wednesday evenings) by telling him that he would have to agree that all gold is min(e)d, and it took him about half a minute to guess about the two spellings, whereupon he got extremely annoyed! I had just been to Paul Bindrim's lecture at 8th and Crenshaw, which lecture was on the subconscious and how to tap it for ideas. I succeeded in handing out several copies of the Creativity Progress Bulletin (the new 3-pager), and the secretary phoned me the next day and asked me a number of well-phrased questions--it is evident that Paul Bindrim sincerely desired feedback from his audience. Art Pope has been urging me to hear him for four years, but only two weeks ago did I actually get to do so.

Tal Winchell drove me up to Camarillo last Thursday to see my mother, but he was afraid of her and didn't go in--though I am pretty sure nothing amiss would have happened if he had.

My mother's physical condition is slightly better, but she has a fixed idea that she would get out of there immediately if some expensive lawyer, such as Jerry Giesler, were to take her case. She wanted me to get him for her--but we owe over \$500 for taxes--how would we dare hypothecate the house for lawyer's fees? As it was, I had a tough time taking the doctor's letter from Camarillo down to the County Tax Collector's office and getting an extension of time. I got a year, and the property will be safe from seizure until July 1960. The recent investigations of Camarillo are making them somewhat cautious and conditions may be improved there a little. Business is expanding--two new buildings going up. There are 7000 patients and of course very few doctors and psychiatrists. My mother is supposedly there for medical treatment--particularly high blood pressure, and I wrote a letter listing her ailments, which was duly acknowledged. But I did not see the doctors last Thursday, and that is why I went and got someone to drive me up there in the middle of the week, and so I felt terribly let down.

I have made several superimposed tape recordings, and in particular one where I took some of the piano music you recorded at Boothe's house two years ago, and added a cello solo to it. Then I have one of the Bach Arioso where I played a clavichord accompaniment and put, in succession, Theremin, cello, and keyboard oboe to it.

And here is the situation: A useful idea, technique or system, like Neville's visualization method, or creative processing, or brainstorming, or new-thought affirmations, or synergetic tracking, is introduced, gets some results, and then as soon as it becomes popular, someone organizes it, it becomes dogmatized and ritualized and thereby fossilized so that it is no longer creative, no longer permissive in attitude. Like the fruit of Tantalus, once you have it firmly in your grasp it doesn't exist any more.

Or again, as in this recent book collated from the letters of the late Rodney Collin on Ouspensky's system, there are several statements that Ouspensky, just before his death, said that he was abandoning the System--that his students would have to build a system anew--and this meant that if they had become an Organized Vested Interest they would defeat their own purpose. This is why there was no official school of that system. In the light of what has happened to most self-help movements, this was exceptionally wise.

We are trying to get over the effects of great excitement around here. This last Friday at 6 p.m. the children were playing in the house next door east of us, which has been vacant just a few days. They started a fire and threw burning matches and other things out the window, setting the palm tree in our back yard on fire. We called the fire department and it took them nearly half an hour to put the blaze out, because it kept smouldering. Now the firemen came back and want me to clean off all the vines from our roof, and if I did so I would have more asthma. I haven't the strength to do it anyway, so I guess this is the end of me.

My mother got terribly excited from the fire, and she used the hose and kept it under control. She didn't eat anything all day Saturday or Sunday, but took a regular breakfast Monday. I hope she is back to normal now, but I never know.

Sunday afternoon we succeeded in getting police detectives from the arson squad to come here, and were able to give them names of some of the children responsible for the fire. A rather encouraging side effect of all this is that one of these police officers was the first person in years and years to look at my electronic equipment and think it had any value.

Isn't it sad about the Hawks case? I don't know whether this student's death should be blamed on Aldous Huxley's Doors of Perception or upon the carryover into schools and colleges of 19th-century materialism--but I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction that drugs, or even alcohol, are not necessary to produce weird experiences. Suggestion will do anything in this line that drugs can do.