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TWIN CITIES

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Dean Ornish, MD ✓ 6/15
2302 Divisadero Street
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Dear Dean:

I am sitting on our screen porch in the lovely slanting light of a summer evening, the sun making spectral rainbows through rain drops on leaves. Old Chablis the tabby and Ouzo are comfortably curled on their perches in the utter piece of a mid-summer night in Minnesota (peaceful as long as the porch is screened). Stacy has just gone off with her sister to see Dick Tracy and left me a tear-out of the June 1990 Esquire article about which she casually remarked, "You ought to read that." Without telling me why I ought to. It's a very nicely done article.

After your several overtures last year, sending me your articles and grant application, plus that marvelous coup you pulled on several of us in Georgetown, I have no excuses for not responding. With you, I feel that I don't need excuses. But I'm happy the leadership you are giving, which will surely guide the community to more effective preventive practice.

Life is good and I am beginning to see a little light at the end of the tunnel (that I sincerely hope is not an onrushing locomotive!) When I leave for the Bohemian Grove in the middle of next month I will leave the Department Chair and I will carry a lighter heart. I am also hoping that I will really become free to be more creative and do what I damn well please, instead of responding to emergencies and blowing the noses of spoiled kids. I am even hoping that I might come to feel that they aren't

such spoiled kids.

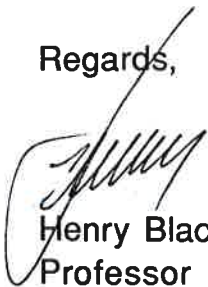
Life has been terribly hectic but basically things are moving very well. My longest term friend (from 1945 in New Orleans), just died here last month and all the struggle and support of that dying is behind us, a rich and beautiful year helping him die. As you have heard, we lost Joe Stokes last year who was my next to oldest friend (from 1949), also at a tender age (mine) from metastatic prostate cancer. I'll tell his story sometime if you don't know it. His fourth wife whom he'd married last year, was also his first wife. She happened to be the college roommate of Nelly my first wife! So, there is quite a story there.

I hope to spend a few days around the Bay before and during the Bohemian encampment and I hope that you might be around. I will be looking up my cousin, Martha Senger, with whom you shared a dinner one night in a vegetarian restaurant that I think you'd recommended. She is being kind to an old Minneapolis friend of mine, a practicing psychologist in the bay area who is on the upswing after chemotherapy for ovarian cancer and other therapy for a herniated disk. So life is complex. We must savor our healthy times.

We have closed our media section and Stacy is unemployed and enjoying it. We're even thinking crazy things like getting married sometime in the next year, and we'll let you know if it actually is going to come to pass.

I am starting to do a little writing but not anything more significant than the enclosed short squibs.

Regards,



Henry Blackburn, MD
Professor and Director

p.s. Have you and Norman Cousins ever gotten together? You are so fantastic individually, you would obviously make a powerful team as well!

Enclosure

bpc: Mack Smith
Darwin Labarthe