

Dear Dick,

4/30/91

While Lil dresses and decides whether to take my advice and allow me to drive her to an orthopedist so we can be certain she suffered no real injury from a fall last night, I write about a different event and its influence on my thinking and working. And a question I asked you or David some time ago to which there has been no response.

We were dining with ~~xxxx~~ friends Friday evening when I suddenly felt odd and that I'd best walk around a bit. Walking, even with short and hesitant steps, was so difficult that I had to sit. I decided after a few moments that we'd best get home. I went to the cashier to pay the check and began to shake so violently I could not handle my wallet. I'm told my face was extraordinarily white. They sat me on a chair and phoned an ambulance. I was fully conscious. Soon I began to feel better and insisted on going to the car, to which I was helped although by then I needed no help. The ambulance was prompt. I'd awaited it in response to the desire of the manager. My blood pressure was normal but they'd detected what is not new, irregularities in the heart beat. Based on prior experiences there I did not want to go to the local hospital, went home, driving with no problems at all, spoke to the doctor taking calls for the family doctor and then at his suggestion to the cardiologist taking the calls for my cardiologist, and was not told to go to the hospital. The next day I was able to reach the family doctor. I asked him about any blood work he might want done when I would be at the lab yesterday, he told me what to have done, he'll have the results tomorrow and I'll see him then. He indicated that depending on the results of these tests he might consider a cat scan in order. Save for lingering apprehension and possibly more weakness I feel about as I'd felt before this incident.

It again raises the question, suppose I am not able to continue with The King Conspiracies. I'd asked some time ago if David would want to take it over. If he does not, I think I should speak to one or two others. As you may recall, I've been using the work Helen is doing so that another can take over as well as preparing myself for the completion of the writing.

I'd realized that the personal statement I was writing as a first part had gotten too long and that what I was drafting really at some point should be a separate book. I'd intended completing the drafting of a part relating to professional scholars before laying it aside but this event decided me against it. I've already written a memo to go with what I'd drafted, with copies to a few scholar friends, and filed it.

Meanwhile, in part because it had to be done and in part to remind me of what is in it Lil had been retyping the very rough draft I'd sent you. I want to do the minimum annotating, indicate other citations, and then with some recollection so I can lead into what I'd written long ago start on it. In anticipation Helen has begun the retrieval of what it is based on. This morning, instead of reading while resting during my walking, I made additional notes of searches for her to make.

Lil decided she should see her orthopedist, X-rays show no breaks or chips, it is a sprain, and she does not have to be immobile. It is only 10:15, we stopped on the way home for her to breakfast and me to get a wrap that can be frozen for the ankle, and she is back at her typewriter. Only in Frederick (with luck!) such speed!

I located a copy of King's "I Have a Dream" speech and enclose it in the event David may want to have it.

Although it seems not to interest you much, Lardner phoned yesterday. He has not yet written and is planning his story. Oliver Stone refused to be interviewed. We did not discuss the book. He asked some questions relating to his story, I answered them and he'll be in touch again before he writes it. I believe it will appear this week and I hope it gets the attention it should. To a degree that will depend on what he uses and how he uses it. But I think it will get attention. The question is how much and what kind.

I'll let you know what I learn about myself. As of now Lil's ankle should be back to its present norm in about three weeks.

Best to you all,

*Harold*