

4/13/72

Dear Phil (see vary),

It is so hard to live from one unnecessary problem to another and to be the victims of the kind of medical practice each of you described in similar terms at the time of my blackout. It now turns out that at the very best our medical co-op has inadequate records, inexcusable when they knew our records would be involved in litigation, or now purged from them, in the opinion of the lawyer I have finally gotten who has been given something, I do not know what, is that they can be used against us. I have no way of knowing what they mean, but I have a sufficient clue in what is absent and what is included, absent as the psychiatric urging to move my wife from the Farm because of the helicopter associations and her extraordinary reaction to the mere typing of scientific data on noise (she proposed something as a stroke--she collapsed in the clinic, could not walk, when she should have had her as aided and directed). Yes it is that we both have mild to moderate, direct quotes, anxiety. My wife has never been told this or had it discussed with her and it was discussed with me only when I returned it after the second attack of hyperventilation, here, 50 miles from our co-op, with such shallowness and futility that I had to learn from the two of you, or you may reveal, what it was and how one can attempt to cope with it.

From ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> indices available to you you may be able to locate the clinician who I have been urgent to move my wife and after an hour with her told her the same thing. At that point I have to prepare for court and had best not depend on the order to show or pay more \$750 a year for not keeping records. His name is Casey. He was with the Army. When we consulted him he was with the group health association in DC, and I heard that when he was a student he studied some school of psych. in the south, just by remember.

I have a local clinician who seems to be both decent and dedicated such a former patient came to me for literary assistance. She is in one case, a tragic one. So, I wonder if he could refer me anyone in his field who might have the professional and the forensic qualifications to be of some help to us in this extremity. He yesterday suggested Dr. Groh, a former classmate, in DC (100 Irving, NW), who he also a neurologist, and today he told me of a Dr. Bonds (report, in Baltimore, who he describes as a forensic psych. and according to his source, interested in the kind of case we can present. Can either of you get any kind of rundown on either or both? I see Groh 5/5. It would be good to get an opinion if one is available and without embarrassment. My own experience, limited as it has been, is that all except this local guy seem to have specialized to applying things to the mind. My one psych. consultation at Lab was exactly the futility a decent doctor would be who he counselled against seeking it. At least, and when they had a shrink call he back when they were so without interest when I blacked out, I wondered if this is not they felt I needed one, so I saw a guy who told me not to try to stop smoking and a week he if I wanted deep therapy. I can't yet know what that is. I presume he put black marks down on the records when I said I didn't practice medicine, that I was the patient. So, with the real disaster I have never discussed with either of you that this matter of the helicopter brought into and made of our lives, I find now a new one, no medical records!

From now on it, despite the enormous investment we have in each having been members since about 1958 (we are among its oldest members), I think it would be prudent to expect little of them and to anticipate that if anyone really went over the records they may have thought a sharp lawyer might spot a malpractice case (never in my mind) and purge the records accordingly. I wonder how many of their patients they do not tell they have broken legs, or how they expect anxiety patients to cope with it not knowing they have it, or even at any time explaining it? My experience is that what can be compromised, can be accepted, comes behind a problem unless it must be. For example, once I got a logical and credible explanation of that blackout, it has been no sweat. So, I'm going to ask for a consultation with the doctor I see, but expecting little or nothing, while I'm writing, perhaps you, who have helped in the past when they have not, can again.

\* realize one can't with certainty analyze himself nor can he be certain of recollection. However, I can't really think of any real anxiety problems not seemingly related in some way with the helicopter-sanic boom business leading to this suit. The two attacks of hyper-ventilation I can relate to nothing. Both came upon me when there was no apparent reason. Each time I had company, not unexpected, each time was a nice summer day, etc.

I find that I believe there began an increase in the manifestation of the symptoms when it became certain that the government was playing legal games with me, utilizing the courts in a manner calculated to prejudice the judge. When the doublecross became open, it got rough. Since then, I feel a reaction every time any aspect comes to mind. Perhaps there is also a correlation with the malitiously other problem at which we live, but I can't say. Anyway, I seem to be under stress and should remember I surely should be under stress. I did about 16 hours of radio ad lib in his presence, with TV shows at each usual break, and it was no sweat and I was able to fall asleep fairly promptly after it was all over and it began by my having missed a plane on being late. Surely, if a layman can undertake a chronic condition, one that reacts to everything, that was one to which I should have reacted. He will recall that the noon after the long day I made a speech during which there were some kind of rights in the audience, that it went well, etc. I have seen a under stress in A.C. He knows some of the things I have done there since (ptible or self-inter-pretation as a tendency toward self-destruction but all had a "professional" purpose. Mike spending so weeks in the home of a man confined for the security of the residents and who had escaped an institution, etc., for the purpose of finding carriers. Just negotiations I ever had, with most privacy, most conducive to work, and probably the most productive. I had a phone there. I walked back at night, went to La Casa Septic for nap and Mike known (as a matter of fact, wearing sandals, short and an "I've been shocked by the Jolly Green Giant" sweatshirt because that is what I had been wearing). Some of this work bothered me. I have kept thinking, schedules without reaction. We live from one financial crisis to another, but no special sweat, perhaps because I expect the bill to be paid out, somehow. (I am behind in principal payments.) but to think on it, I am conscious, and not for conscious, of reaction. I became certain of it after the lawyer had been several months ago. I am then I have turned to work on the case I expect. - worked on info he needs for the government (which asked for it as harassment, always having it) until it was time to go for my wife, who was working temporarily (ends next week), and as soon as I started to drive I realized I should not be. Dry yawns, etc. It lingered several days. Wrote him to explain the delay, similar reaction. Answered me later I got from him yesterday, ditto. Although until this got active I was sleeping most of the valium, I had to take a second at midday today. with the wife, a glass of which I have had lunch tea with supper, I've cooled and feel okay. But even the thought of having to address that miserable stuff is repugnant now, not a challenge from which I can take hope, and it is the one thing to which I am certain to react. -emory can be tricky, but I can't remember any other thing where there has been no certainty. Gary knows that I've had my share of problems, but never until now did I ever take the ~~valium~~ valium 5 in a single day. In fact, with all of this, I've never had insomnia. The only time I can recall is about Christmas, when I was in Dallas and the weather reports for home were 12 inches of snow and my wife was alone and isolated.

Anyway, two valium 5s now are not enough some days. I take it this is a fairly mild usage. So, I'd be needing the doctor to recommend more (I've never taken more than 5) or another drug or what. And, of course, there remains the question do I ~~need~~ need psych. help, which I can't learn from them. In the event I get a neutral reaction, I can, as I did with the blackout, go back and ask how about this, which is the point I'm getting ~~at~~ at. Any suggestions?

Time was when I boiled over easily. Only inre recently now, and then only with real provocation. But then, no anxiety reaction or feeling. Sometimes I just get in, as I have with the county for damming the end of our lease and not having the product repaired. But that leads to no anxious feeling. I'm just mad.

This is not to say that other things do not, from time to time, disturb me. Gary knows of some connected with my work. But they do not linger. I have been and remain quite aware of the problems to which they can lead, but they present no anxiety problem. It may be that when they first became apparent they did, and that I don't now remember. But I am certain that unlike this, it did not linger and that it followed all of this. This was a basis for that, in other words, to cause an anxiety problem for this was a dominated out lives some 15 years now.

It is not even less possible for me to accept any kind of invitations you extended ~~me~~ before, not only because I can't pay the fare but because I simply must need to prepare for the litigation. I guess one of the things I really have in mind is diminishing the reaction to it, so I can do it both better and with less discomfort.

Speaking of discomfort, there is a new thing that may be an emotional symptom to you. My heart seems to check out ok. But beginning some time after this business with the strange suit and the government lawyer's crookedness on it, intermittently at night when I go to bed I become aware of the beating of my heart. I don't remember that, except from exertion, when I raise this question of the doctor by phone, he prescribed butisol, of which I'd never heard and of which - know nothing. Last night I had this beating awareness, took nothing, and I suppose I was asleep in 5-10 minutes anyway. I was upset by the business with the lawyer's letter (mine, that is) and the non-existent medical records. I can understand that it is an emotional reaction, for there was no exertion of any kind all day yesterday - for several days, for I've had a cold - nothing physical to account for it. But I'd feel better with some understanding.

Well, I've got to go for all now. Don't feel rushed, don't feel any emergency, and don't be embarrassed to say you don't know what to say. But if you have any suggestions or recommendations that might help, they'd be welcome. Best to you all.

Sincerely,

GRS: No word from Ted, in fact, from anyone, and nothing really new. If Frank appears out there, if you can have it taped, I'd appreciate it. That girl has disappeared. I wrote her at the Madison address she gave, it was forwarded to the Univ Chi. hospital, and was then returned to me in an envelope with the notation that she had left dead. Sounds paranoid, huh?