

Dear Clay,

5/19/98

From time to time lately you have been on my mind. Yesterday it was while lying on the physical therapist's table getting heat and some form of electrical stimulation on a hip. I intended writing you when I got home but returned to the by now lengthy manuscript on the new Posner book and I kept at that while I could. But just a few minutes ago I came on the envelope I'd addressed before you so thoughtfully sent me those stick-on labels ^{so} and a few words before I return to Posner.

While my mind wandered as I lay on the P.T. table yesterday I wondered if, with all the time you have put in on this great favor to me you have been getting enough exercise, physical activity, I think it is important, particularly for me. I doubt I'd be ^{that} a line now if for most of my life, going back to boyhood, I was not engaged in often taxing physical activity.

If by ~~No~~ other means with some equipment in the home, like a treadmill or exercycle or both and more. Mc^knight, for example, spends a half-hour a day with such equipment in his home. Perhaps he got the idea from my survival, perhaps otherwise, but he does do it and all people, men in particular, should.

So, I hope you are doing something like that!

Not much new here. "il's legs have swollen from fluid that is not disappearing. The prescribed appliances are a month late getting here! A month! Several years ago I was broadsided when I could not prevent it by someone backing out of a driveway. The jar hurt a hip and I was in physical therapy on it for a long time. It cleared up and several weeks ago it returned. Only now, after the congestive heart failure (twice) I'm not up to the physical program I went onto then. My cardiologist refused to clear me for the local hospital's cardiovascular exercise program. So for two years with nothing but early-morning ~~supermarket~~ walking I'm even more feeble. The therapist tried five minutes of the mildest of possible settings on an exercycle yesterday and that was too much!

Another specialist has me sitting with my left leg, rather heel, as high as my heart whenever possible. When I type it rests on an old kitchen stool. In the livingroom I have a padded bar stool. With the right leg horizontal I have the typewriter on a home-made pedestal stand between my legs.

Awkward, takes time to wind up and unwind but it is no worse than a nuisance.

Dishonest as Posner was in his mistitled Case Closed, and that was conscious, deliberate dishonesty for pay, this current book is more dishonest. I can't go into all of it but I am making a record for the future.

He made no best-seller list with the other one and he will not with this. But for the major-media attention he gets, with his angle and with what Random House can do and does, with the break for him of Ray's death and of the King family asking for a commission, he still will not make any best-seller list.

It is, I think, a fine tribute to the common sense of most people that they do ^{not} let themselves be taken in by Big Brother's pig.

Back to work. Take care, and

best wishes,

Harold