2/2/71

Dear Gary and Phil,

Although it is not good to trouble friends, to is good to have friends one may trouble. So, before returning to the work that has kept me busy, I ask you if, from your own technical knowledge, you can supply and answer of suggestion about something that happened to me this morning. I have not been able to get any kind of medical explanation from similar things scattered in the past. So, aside from the fact that I have no reason to anticipate that were I now to make the effort I'd get any kind of answer, I also feel I should not drive that 50 miles ~~each~~ such ways to seek it.

It has to do with unexpected dizziness. Let me background. This has happened not more than six times in my life, that I can recall. The last time I recall, not counting the two attacks of anxiety or the time I blacked out in N.O. Oh, yes, I did here, too, once (and am satisfied with the explanatoon I persevered and got for that), was in the middle or late summer of 1968. It came under conditions much like the second of this morning's. Prior to that only three come to mind, all three much farther back, and one of them on a hot afternoon after intense phsyical exertion to which I could attribute it.

Recent days have not been unduly hard or unpleasant. The disagreeable work upon which I am immediately engaged is no more troubling to me than earlier variants. So Phil will understand, I've been preparing an exhaustive and complete response to every thought, cone cept and misrepresented fact in a long and detailled, quite clever and even more dishonest, government motion against a Freedom of Information suit I'd filed. That it is so corrupt and of such deliberate, knowing dishonesty as to make the Warren Report seem like holy scripture hasn't torn my guts or anything like that. And I've been plugging away steadily at it. If anything, were my emptions to be involved, I'd guess that this has been good rather than bad for them because it not only provides a special context that ultimately will make everything much more comprehensible but, while doing it, I decided it would fit a partly-written book quite naturally. So, this is one such venture that, whether or not legally successful, I know in advance is not a futility.

While for some time I'd been trying to get more rest, I've had to keep worse hours recently. There is a deadline on this, and if any aspect of it troubled me subconsciously, that would be getting this completed and typed (Lil is working) in time. I don't think I'm apprehensive about that. I still have two weeks.

For several months I've had an attack of bursitis, but it is tapering off. I've felt the lack of exercise, from this and from bitter weather, but I've engaged in mild exercise doing small chores (I've having to redo my office around my inability to buy a new typewriter). Yesterday I was working about 5 a.m. I didn't get tired during the day, as I'd supposed in the morning, nor did I feel poorly in any way. But last night, after a light supper, I was suddenly exhausted. Feeling that perhaps an energy food would pick me up, I ate some nuts. Then I declided to lie down. I napped for about an hour and a half, then awakened. But on awakening I was really zonked out, to use a phrase I picked up in N.O. So, I went to bed, and it was an effort. That was about 10-1:30. I fell sound asleep immediately, am aware of neither dream nor even turning over in my sleep. I awakened feeling okay about 4:30, decided to get to work, made my coffee, dressed and did. The writing went well, no problems, no concerns about the phrasings, etc (haven't looked at it, but it felt like what I wanted to say. So, nothing wrong on that score. At some point I became aware of a slight pain in my left testicle, that I think is rulated to nothing. Intermittently for several years I've had something similar and am willing to believe it is not of physical origin. Going along with it is something about which the doctors have not been disturbed, so I think probably I'm not. There is a place slightly to the left of my spine and for the lower half of the torso where, if I scratch myself, I feel a slight discomfort that feels like it is running down a straight line, as fol-

lowing a nerve might explain, into this testicle. I stop scratching, it stops. I'mm never, ever, aware of it. So, I think this pain, not great and lingering only for a short time was nothing, and I think that while I didn't consciously think of it, I probably decided it was cause by the compression of my legs between the legs of a typewriter table.

Perhaps unrelated, for several days I'd has a slight discomfort in the lower left abdomen that I'd attributed to the prescribed exercise for my lower back. And I'd had a dlight discomfort on both sides of the back, below the ribs, about where the back of this typists chair hits the back, that I supposed might be mechanical or a cold, from the weather. Yesterday I stopped several time to use a heat pad on it.

The one mechanical thing that has been troubling didn't this a.m. My lower-back trouble does come on more readily recently, and t ere were several times yesterday when I had to stop to believe it with the exercises. They worked. Or perhaps just shifting position and moving around a bmit did.

Shortly after this testicle-paint, and connected with nothing of which I'm aware, I rade the slightest motion forward over the typewriter, I don't recall why but not for anything unusual, and suddenly I was very dizzy. My head seemed almost to spin, but for a very brief interval, and it was all over. I never stopped working. I don't think the while thing took as much as a minute. I kept working and, when it was time to wake Lil up I did, I shaved, then I started taken the exercises prescribed by the therapist. I generally do the two more difficult ones first. The first involves lying on the floor, knees raised, feet hooked under a sofa, and nading as far foward as I can and then reclining again, slowly, almost rolling back, from the base of the spine, once my back is near the floor. I did that tien times. Then I moved to where I could do the other, also from my back. It involves drawing my knees tightly to my chest, pulling themtrightly with my arms, then raising the legs straight up or, if in doubt, less than straight up, keeping them straight, and waving the stiff legs back and forth. That pulls the gut a bit and I feel is therefore good for it. This also I did. I was when I was getting up from this, intending to do the other exercises, that I was suddenly dizzied again. Now I know that doing something likke this suddenly can cause temporary dizziness. But I do not do that kind of thing suddenly. First of all, I've learned not so so, automatically, I never do. Second of all, I'm a bit too stiff. I had to hold myself to keep from falling, and didn't. I didn't move for a while, then, uncertainly, made my way to a chair and just sat. Gradually it eased, but the feeling that I was dizzy didn't. It seemed to center in the forehead, going to both sides of center. I sat, ate breakfast of the usual eggs and orange, then did the customary things, like starting the car so it could warm up, fed the birds, brushed my teeth and washed, then drove Lil to work. I went to the Post Office, having no trouble walking, came home without incident. I was careful to drive slowly, and there were no mechanical flaws. I wasn't at all unaware of anything (at any time) nor was I ever fuzzy in my thinking. Before leaving for town I felt like I had to belch, but the few I did were forced, not spontaneous (after getting home I took a mild ant-acid and that has stopped). On the way in town, although I didn't feel at all sleepy, I yawned several times and told myself that meant it probably wasn't anxiety or that anxiety didn't follow it, but later, before I got home, these turned to dry y awns, so I was carefully not to inhale deeply and forced myself to exhale very fully. That has passed off, too. Although I take the valium only when I feel the need, and without feeling it mornings I expect a rough day, I hadn't taken any this a.m., but as soon as I did go into the bathroom, I took one. That was a bit more than two hours ago, so I recognize that the fact - now feel pretty good can be attributed to that.

Thenone physical thing I can associate with this still lingers. I just got up for a cup of coffee. The legs, from the knee down, seem very weak and at the same time sort of light. But there was no reaction to getting up, nor was I dizzy in walking.

As soon as I finish this (I scanned the paper on getting home), I'l return to work, and I'm not at all troubled about whether or not I can do it.

I don't think I have any special fear of this. What I do think is that what I do not understand and cannot explain to myself does trouble me. I do not fear those things men usually do (and I recognize this may be an abnormality, although I think not). Gary knows I go where I want, when I want, never look back and assume I'm of interest to other and powerful people. After the last several telephoned threats, intermittently I've thought that perhaps it might be a good idea if I had a citizens' band transciever in this isolated place in which I live. There is a channel under 24-hour watch that a good one should reach, dependably. But when I've had the cash, I never considered buying one (a matter of perhaps $150.00), instead applying it to what does, subconsciously, worry me: my debt. Phil knows how tough the parts of New Orleans I wandered without any protection are and can be, but that never troubled me, and I did it. I have no special fear of dying, or of being killed. I'd hardly be giving the FBI and the DJ the rough time I am now, in court, were I at all afraid.

And, while I want very much to return to the writing for which I've done adequate preparation, I do not think the many things that prevent it really worry me.

So, I am without explanation of these two, different attacks of dizziness the one morning. I've tried to give you all the possible clues. I don't know if there are sufficient for you to hold or offer any opinions. For Phil's information, after the last blackout, Gary gave me an MMPI and it was well within normal, showing, as I recall his reading and another he got, that it was anything but paranoiac.

I know the concern you have both had in the past. I also appreciated your separate invitations to go to each place, where each of you could arrange a good and thorough checkup. It wasn't and isn't possible. While I do not want to trouble you more, and I do hope this doesn't worry you, I also want to try and understand what can cause this kind of thing. So, I do the only thing I can, I ask you.

For Phil: I've asked that your magazine be sent a press copy of FRAME-UP. All I can do is ask. I'm getting only eight free copies, and that will take care of neither of our families. Pub date 3/10. But, the book is not yet manufactured. I don't know when to expect the first copies off the bindery. I doubt if before the middle of the month at the earliest. I can do better than the larger people do, in this area.

For Gary: Still no word from Ned, neither check, and he was due back here before this. Your partial explanation doesn't satisfy me.

And now, with my best to you both, back to Clobbersville!

apologetically,