

Dear Js,

11/2/75

From what the doctor told me Friday afternoon I've started to heal. Some of the new discomforts, one of which made me apprehensive, not having been told of it, he says are typical symptoms of the body functions taking over. Hope so!

However, there was other bad news Friday. Lil had her annual checkup. Her doctor did not complete it because he took her blood pressure four times. I am not sure of the first number, 160, but am of the second, 100, which she says he says he doesn't like. He'll finish the physical 12/15 and check that again then. Neither of us had a history of high blood pressure. I'm inclined to attribute hers to a combination of the current stresses and a forced confrontation with the old ones the night I came back from the hospital. While I don't know what if anything I can do about this I have already taken initial steps to see if there is anything I can do. I regard it ~~ix~~ as the inevitable consequences of the unrelieved stresses of all the years brought on and perpetuated by the medical neglect.

I do seem to be making progress. Yesterday and the day before I went out for the morning paper and to leave the mail. This means about 1,000 feet both ways. It was not easy but I was able to make it. In fact, the past three days, the first with a visitor to accompany me just in case I needed help. Didn't. I do take periods of rest, reading or talking and I am now answering all the letters again, responding to inquiries about the books, etc.

This morning I made my own coffee, which the way I make it requires some standing. No great discomfort, only some. I couldn't sleep beginning about 4:30 so at 5, to work. They gave me sleeping pills that are great. Not habit forming and no after-effects. I took them at the hospital and only one since coming home. I think I'd better take them as a matter of routine for a while to assure enough sleep. I dozed a bit last evening so in the whole day I got enough rest.

In fact, I spent close to four continuous hours sitting when the staff director and the research director of the Abzug committee were here. (I asked JL to come because if they go for my proposal I want him in on it and not only as a matter of right.) We went into other things and they made extensive notes on what interested them. It is encouraging, although Barry Susman, who was delayed getting here Friday morning by not following the firections, says the word is that Abzug is backing off.

Crowdson phoned twice yesterday. First time to ask if there is a decent motel near here when he can get a room for about a week! Next to ask if he could come today and get a book, read it and then return. Either way looks serious enough.

The anticoagulant level is not yet stabilized. The new dosage is three times the original one. I'm to have the book tested every other day this coming week. I do not know if I have special kind of resistant blood or that many clots. My spirits were never really low but they are better and I expect to be able to get back into it gradually. I've been able to function on getting the books that were lost and working on the ancillary rights and with the Congress, which makes me feel good. Nothing like being able to work from the flat of the back! In fact, after daylight I expect to move back into the office, where there is more at hand when I type.

Example of the old STM(E): One of the college students (four of whom met me outside the medical offices), one of several who have provided transportation, indicated he'd sure like to be there when I debate Belin. Lil said, "Why don't you go?" "Can I?" he asked. Sure, I said. He's excited and I have the help I may or may not need. And I'll not have to drive or worry about parking at the airport, which could be a problem just standing and waiting for the bus to the lot and then walking to the car. It all went so smoothly I didn't realize at first that Lil had rigged it...Now to other work for which I do feel fit enough. Oh, I must add a note on the acupuncture and Mike

Miao. He phoned Friday evening, rather about 9th Friday night. Lil, clearly uneasy about what the doctor told her, had gone to bed. I have trouble understanding Mike. I get many but not all words. I told him Lil wasn't feeling up to par and had gone to bed, could she phone him in the morning. He said he'd come out in the afternoon. I suggested that he phone first because people would be here. He thanked me. He did phone and Lil spoke to him. His purpose was not his own work and problems. He had invited us in for dinner and we had not come so he wanted to bring a meal to us. Lil demurred, telling him she hoped he'd be busy for Saturday night and that besides, we had company. He persisted in knowing how many and he came with a wide variety of dishes for all six of us. I suppose you would call it typically Chinese. I think it was a fine gesture and meaningful because it would have meant that Lil would have had to prepare for six people when she wasn't feeling that good. Between that and May and the wonder, precocious Jennifer coming with Jim and the McDonalds coming for supper we had a very nice day and it lifted Lil's spirits, much. But Mike had to rush back, I was not in a position to talk to him, so I didn't ask. When I see him I'll ask. He may not know but he may and probably does have New York kin who could. Our explanation is quite sensible. If it doesn't mean I'll have to move to NYC for a while. There is none locally. There is one surrounded in controversy in Washington. An authentic black intellectual/radical who was given up for dead years ago is improved and functioning after become one of the first DC acupuncture patients. My own medical people would, of course, frown on this.

Best,