

Dear Dal,

5/17/93

My friend got around to reading some of the monster manuscript and has decided to publish it. I know no more. Contract not here yet. Means I have much to clear up so I can for the first time read it through, looking for errors. I'm leaving the editing and cutting to his editor so I can do other things.

I respond in haste to your 7/5/93, in part at least.

From time to time for their own purposes the movers and shakers were with Hoover but by and large, as you say, his social life was with a few only. He did periodically associate with the gangland owners of the racetrack and some motels.

Summers' book is, by and large, a good gathering up of much of what was known about Hoover and some new things my friend Jim LeSar got for him via FOIA. But I never trust Tony unconfirmed because he knows the value, especially the cash value, of gilding lilies. And he has called thistles lilies, too. My personal experiences with him reveal him not to be a good person although he can be very friendly and thoughtful when he wants to be. He is also enormously selfish and egotistical and can be quite thoughtless in his imposing on others. The two sources he uses on two different tales of Hoover as gay lack any credibility and the reporter in Tony knows very well that those of us who live with standards shun sole sources. And he did not use in the book the pictures he used in promoting it. Saw them on TV, rather one of them. I can't imagine Hoover ~~letting~~ letting himself be in a position in which if he were gay he could be compromised.

You ask what the FBI agents thought as they prepared what the FBI gave the Commission. "How do I cover my ass and the Bureau's." They knew without being told what the line would be and I've seen not even a suggestion of the word getting out although it could have by phone.

The not only knew there was a cover up. They were lusty participants, knowingly, of course, and as carefully as they could be. *Power & fear protected them.*

As with all theories, Tony's is falwed by reality. When Hoover was forced, he did investigate the mafia and Bobby forced him. The more likely explanation of his pretense that there was no such thing is that he lived by statistics of his own creation and knew very well that he could boast of more convictions with recovered stolen autos, most of which were recovered by local police, than with unending cases against those who ~~could~~ could afford and had good lawyers.

Garrison was going to charge Robert Leo Perrin, *whisp.* which had killed himself in New Orleans in 1962, with being a 1963 Grassy Knoll assassin. He was also going to charge Edgar Eugene Bradley, west coast representative of the east coast radical right preacher Carl McIntire, with being the other assassin there based on his misinistreting the pictures of the utterly unrelated tramps being walked past the TSBD and hour and a half after the crime ~~is~~.

Never Again! make a prima facie case of <sup>a</sup>/military ~~con~~ conspiracy based on what it did and did not ~~do~~, naming names where possible but not in terms of describing the assassina-

tion as they did it. Of that there is no proof of which I know. I refer to generals and admirals but not to the Pentagon. It ~~ma~~ proves with documents that the crime itself was never investigated as the result of a conspiracy not to and that means it cannot be solved as a result of that conspiracy. I'm trying to encapsulate too much.

What Prouty has been saying about Lansdale and he persisted when I told him I have the proof it was impossible is that Lansdale is the tallest of these three tramps in those pictures. Almost two years ago the Dallas police records on their arrests and release were disclosed but I've not heard of any retraction by Fletch.

What I've always believed is that if something were to happen to me that could attract attention ~~to~~ my work that makes it rather risky doing something about me. I can't remember being really afraid and I suppose this is the reason for it. In New Orleans I went all alone without even a pocket knife where Garrison's people would not go except in pairs and then armed and nothing at all ever happened or seemed about to happen.

Moreover, when I was about 25 and again when I was about 35 I was in some really tough fights with the enormous federal power and whupped 'em both times so they know I can't be intimidated or diverted <sup>from</sup> for a real fight as they also know I do not go looking for them. So I doubt very much that any thought was ever given to what would get me to fight and thus be in a position to fight as they knew 'd fight <sup>after</sup> them! Two times + hard. Hurt them.

There is nothing to the contrivances about real witnesses dying mysteriously. Nothing! Overwriting and imagination.

The only time I <sup>spent</sup> ~~spent~~ before the TV in recent months has been looking at what is mis-called "news." Infrequently at a baseball game or part of one. Three days a week I've not yet returned from my walking, physical therapy and blood tests when Good Morning America is on and the other days I'm usually at my desk working. Those days I'm home from my walking a little after six a.m. So I missed those views of your beautiful land.

I had the unusual experience of seeing my own lower intestine in living color. The doctor kept exclaiming "Beautiful" as she moved the gadget and saw only unblemished walls of tissue. She used a sigmoidoscope through the turn above the black mark half-way up a vertical part, marked with what appears to be a black box but was actually a footnote mark. It was also before the word "Normal." That is the spot where locally I was told I have a polyp. She is a fine person to whom I was referred by a real <sup>of a neurologist</sup> genius the younger doctors call "the guru." <sup>behind his back</sup> So, after she pulled the gadget out she asked me to wait for a few moments because she would return with a "souvenir." It was quite clear in the Somy print of the taping of the whole operation. She arranged one of the monitors so I could see it. When it was all over was my first knowledge that the gadget films it, too. <sup>a</sup> Types, that is.

This is a hurdle crossed. Two more next week, both at that fine hospital started by a Britisher and still bearing his name. One is a prostate examination, the other is on leg circulation, six-monthly examinations. Thans and love to you all,

*Harold*

On the tux and the fine local college where all I have will go I guess I did not make myself clear. The honorary degrees will be at the convocation in August. We were invited to several R&VP affairs, the first, a trustees' dinner for those of us who made significant gifts, was black tie. For that I got the tux and was not really uncomfortable wearing it as I thought I'd be. The <sup>second</sup> ~~seenc~~, informal, was a fine brunch in commemoration of the centennial <sup>observation</sup>. For that I did not even wear a tie ~~on~~ that atypical hot day when our weather has been abnormally chilly for this time of the year here. And nobody seemed to notice that I was wearing canvas shoes, slippers, with the tux. I used them all the time because I can get them on without getting the leg supports I must wear out of adjustment.

~~Hood~~ Hood College is rather small, 1100 undergraduates and 900 graduate students. It is always evaluated as one of the very best by its peers. Its rating this year is 17th of all the major and minor colleges in the <sup>entire</sup> northeast, rather impressive for so small a college. Its rating among the country's smaller colleges has been from one to five, also quite impressive.

Excellent faculty, very small classes and the new library is a marvel and a beauty.

Seats were not assigned for the brunch and I sat soon because I can't stand still for long. First the v.p. came and sat with us, then the p.r. woman then the treasurer, so I guess they like us. As <sup>we</sup> surely do them!