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5/15/94

Dear Dal,

The beautiful calendar came Friday, not a good day for our looking at it. I postponed that until this morning. And it is magnificent! In every way, including the cost and trouble the museum went to. Both, I think, were not inconsiderable. Even the photography, or should I say it in particular, is superb. From what I remember being taught about your native peoples so many years ago I would have believed some of that work, the carving in particular, would have been impossible. What is also impressive to me is that people went to such trouble to preserve and show and explain so much about those people. I do not recall any calendar so much a work of art and so designed to endure and be so much more than a mere calendar. I was surprised by the weight when I got it from the mailbox and impressed by the determination to make it both durable and magnificent. We appreciate it and the cost and trouble you went to to get it to us. Now I'll continue thinking of its preservation were it can have meaning. And be appreciated.

Ours is one of the earlier almost all-glass homes. Most of the outside walls are of some of the earliest Thermopane windows. They are of an evacuated double glass of plate-glass thickness. With time slight traces of air penetrate and now, after all the years, marks appear on the inner surfaces that cannot be washed off. I gave up on that a few years ago. What it means is that lacking the solid surfaces of most homes there is little wall surface for ~~from~~ hanging things to ^{and} for chests of drawers. But there is also a great advantage going with these disadvantages: we can see so much. From the deer that come so close to our home to the pair of Canadian wild geese known as "honkers" who have moved in for their mating. They have taken a fancy to the swimming pool close to the kitchen door although they also use the pond about 100 feet away on the opposite side of the house. We feed them on the patio at the house end of the pool and they do not rush off when, if there is no feed, we ease out to leave it for them. I am not now able to take the time I did when we farmed and had three or four families of honkers who would come to me to be fed and ^{brought} bring their young for that and when I got them to trust me to where they would eat pieces of bread from my mouth without biting me.

What made Friday when we got home not an appropriate time from appreciating beauty is that I had the first auto accident since the late 1960s and like then, it was the kind one could never anticipate and like then, I was innocent and the car had to be towed for repair. Each time it was caused by an irresponsible woman dashing into the thoroughfare, then from an alley during a snowstorm and Friday actually backing out of her driveway into a road with a 35 mph speed limit. Fortunately Friday's was close to home and also

fortunately there seems to be no real injury to this aging body. There was a visible contusion on my left knee, which hurt immediately, while I was being tossed into the air. And since then there has been some manifestation of something else that I suppose will wear off on both knees. No real pain but the mere suggestion of some invisible injury.

It happened while I was returning from my early mornings of Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, of walking, blood-testing and physical therapy, with Friday the day the orthopaedic surgeon was to examine the cast on Lil's left arm, where she'd broken her wrist in falling while doing some weeding. He pronounced her OK and he examined my left knee and said no internal damage he could detect.

I was again impressed with so much of what happens with and comes from accumulating so many years. I got a Ford Tempo as a rental car I'll probably be using for at least two weeks from the car-rental agency close to the auto dealer for my make to which I had the car towed. It is with some difficulty that we get into it and out of it. Yet it is not at all a compact. And the estimate on the repairs is almost twice what I paid for a new 1941 Plymouth. But then the two new hearing aids, tiny things that they are that I get this coming Friday, cost \$8 more than my annual salary on my first government job.

The entire right front end of my car has to be replaced, from the fender in and including such framing as, I suppose it is part of the framing, the struts.

However, beginning with a fine and conscientious and thoughtful State trooper, everything has gone well. At my age that is meaningful. He gave the woman a ticket and so I would not have to stand when I should not have given me all the information my insurance company would need, even the number on the report he would file. He phoned the dealership and had a tow truck come. It drove me home first. And a neighbor outside of whose house it happened phoned Lil to assure her that I was OK and that the accident was the cause of my delay, which already had her concerned. (He had to come out because with a demolished right-front tire I had stopped as soon as I could—blocking his driveway and he had to drive his wife to Hood College, where she is on the music faculty. For a recital. This is the college year's end. McKnight is so bogged down in it I've not heard from him in several weeks. (He is more than usually anxious for the end because he has grant that enables him to go to Memphis to work in some original materials at a college in Memphis, where Dr. King was killed, to finish a fine book he has done on King's last major project, the Poor Peoples' Campaign. Most of the book is on the FBI's intrusions into it.)

There is otherwise little new here. The reaction I get to Case Open is fine and I get letters and calls almost daily, as many as six letters a day despite the butchery of what I did. At least 3/4 was just cut out and there was no editing. In fact the character of the book was changed with what was eliminated. That was most of the chapters,

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in toto. Addressing what Posner- from whom not a peep with the book on sale at least a month - corrupted provided an unintended structure for the total exculpation of Oswald and that from the official evidence alone. With pictures, all official and all eliminated from the book. Pub date is not until tomorrow. I've heard of no reviews in any newspapers. No word of any advertising or promotion and I expect virtually none. There will be some in minor publications and newsletters that friends/will do. Friends in the major media, most of whom have died or retired, will be inhibited by the shibboleth that all the political assassinations are, JFK's most of all.

The book is being used in a lawsuit that is being kept secret because both sides have an interest in an out-of-court settlement in which Random House, the publisher, has a real interest in word of it not getting around. My friend Roger Feinman, formerly with CBS News, is the lawyer for my former friend Robert Groden. The suit is not for libel but for using Groden's picture in an ad for the book in which he was one of six

listed as "wanted", the suggestion being by the police. Random House dumped on the judge, along with a copy of Posner's book, a wide assortment of the most glowing reviews of it. Feinman draft^{ed} a lengthy affidavit for me to sign based on Case Open. Filing must be by this coming Friday, tomorrow the first of five days. There were mistakes in it and some serious omissions. The affidavit was delivered just as the man from the auto-rental agency got here. I went over it by phone with Feinman yesterday morning, in effect midday for me, and I should have the corrected version Tuesday morning. Because it is under oath and detailed, it should open the judge's eyes. Under oath I am subject to perjury, as the Random House lawyers are not with what they file and the validity of which I challenge under oath.

The advantage to Groden, who has become thoroughly irresponsible, of the case not going to trial is that he gets both cash and exoneration expeditiously and painlessly. The advantage to Random House and Posner is that it avoids unpleasant attention with the paperback reprint due in September.

I am still hopeful that will happen. The editor of The New York Review of Books told me by phone that he'd read the long article I'd written about Posner and his book. He said he was interested enough to have it read the day after he gets it. That should have been Thursday or Friday a week ago and I've not heard from him. I take it that means he has not decided against it anyway. So, I'm hopeful.

With two and a half hours before daylight I'd best get on the yesterday's mail so that it will be done by daylight and I can then walk out and get the Sunday Washington Post and go over it before returning to Inside the JFK Assassination Industry, a lengthy manuscript I began before Posner's and Livingstone's and the rest of the 30th-anniversary trash appeared and on which I've never been able to work continuously. The chapter on my desk was ~~being~~ begun about a month ago and I've not been able even to look at it since then. Many thanks for that work of caring art and out love,

Harold