

Dear Bill,

6/20/93

At 5 a.m. I've caught up on all of yesterday's mail except your letter. I have to await Lil's rising to get that. We picked the mail up as we left for the post office to mail an article I do not expect to interest the publisher on the Connally flap. From the p.o. we went to Hana's, less than three blocks away, for lunch. Took some of the mail, including your letter, with us to read while awaiting the food. Lil placed these letters in her purse after we read them because I'd have my free hand occupied carrying the usual "care package," as Lil dubbed that months ago. And when she left the letters out for me she did not include yours.

I think you asked the status of the book. I know nothing. My very good and helpful friend of many years, Richard Gallen, went for the book. He copublishes with Carroll & Graf, which has made a pot on the most irresponsible of the trashy disinformation. It has Harry Livingstone's High Trash 3, retitled Killing the Truth, as its indecent commemoration of the 30th anniversary. It is his totally baseless and incredible paranoid conception that all the critics conspired to keep him from solving the case. It is to be able to cope with that that I seek the picture of the back of JFK's head after 313 in Z. And/or elsewhere. I have no doubt that Gallen does not and cannot control when the book appears. And with an announced first print of Livingstone's sickness of not less than 50,000, the investment C & G have made in it is clear. As is their devotion to principle. They know he is ^{crazy} ~~tricky~~ and I'm confident they had to junk half of the manuscript in which he pretended to solve the crime with plagiarizing of the French spook book, Farewell America. Meanwhile, still silence from the local states attorney on any decision to charge him with obviously existing felonies under the Maryland code. We have the old truisms, the more things change the more they remain the same, for one, and the full-scale turning of the wheel another. And Santayana on not learning from the past. But having lived through it doing that again is no major disturbance, unwelcome as it is.

Also in the mail is something that does bother me a bit because I am not aware of practise and do not want to embarrass any friend. While Hood has not yet made any announcement of the degrees to be awarded 8/22, it sent us a questionnaire. Sizes for cap and gown, etc. And how many guests we'd like to invite. We are in the position of embarrassing friends we invite if they do not want to be here and of not inviting some who might want to be. McKnight says that the number of entering students and their families requires use of the one large building without air conditioning. Midday in August! He also says that it has a balcony almost never used so extra guests can be accommodated there. So, we are horned on the dilemma, not knowing who to ask and who'd rather not be. I suppose we have a week or so to let them know, except perhaps on sizes. They have to rent those. The ^{size} ~~size~~ they give, I think. Or whatever it is called.

On another matter, a dear friend of our youth soon to be 90 had an excellent book pub-

lished by the University of Alabama. One the cheap, as my Frame-Up was rep^urinted. (That was by photographing the original hardback to save typesetting costs and then not even including the list of my other books and my address as publisher of them. Also, not a single promotion. They made the mistaken judgement that books on King sell on his name only. Only those of the JFK assassination do.) Virginia Durr, as a girl a straditional southern belle, albeit one with a fine mind and spirit and decent beliefs, traditional Americanism which fell into disrepute circa World War II, was also Hugh Black's sister-in law. Her husband, Cliff, was a Federal Communications Commissioner after being a Reconstruction Finance Corporation lawyer. Where Lil knew him. I knew Virginia when I was the civil-liberties committee editor. She was very interested in those hearings. Columbia negaged in oral histories with them. Alama^{bama} printed them without any of the necessary editing. It is an excellent book that way but it would be ever so much better with traditional editing. Like, a minor one, getting ^{names} ~~names~~ straight. Virginia remembered me as "Weinstein." Others lacked first names. Events are without explanations. People correctly named have their importances missing. But it is nonetheless an excellent memoire of that era from those who were unjustly and baselessly persecuted. And survived in dignity and with honor. When a friend found and sent me a copy I asked him for others if he could get them. And I've forgotten for whom I intended two. So if you'd like one, please let me know. For your own information or perhaps if you think it would be welcome there, the UK library. *Cliff in those years took civil rights + similar cases. He was Rosa Parks' first lawyer.*

I'll resume after getting an^d/reading the Sunday paper, after I get the letter.

On that Z frame, I'd n^ot heard from the pers^on I thought could get me that print until he phoned yesterday. He does not have the CBS show on tape and he does not have the equipment for making a print. He also says that equipment does not produce a clear print. If you can have it done commercially, please send me the bill. And thanks.

All the Commissioners got specially-bound copies of the Report. I've lost track of how many and what bindings. I suppose they did sign copies round-robin.

No^t, I asked Leavelle almost nothing and nothing at all that could embarrass him or bring that particular horror back to mind. *Or the more recent one.*

I joined Chip Selby in suing the Z estate for several reasons. One was to support his effort to be able to use the film. His letters seeking permission were first ignored and then an outrageous sum was demanded. I was able to help him and apply pressures that ought not have been needed. And Groden had also promised to make slides of ^{the} individual frames for me but when the time came he refused, making glib excuses. I've learned since that what he does serves his own selfish interests, not communal interests. I remain with the right to have prints or slides of the individual frames made for noncommercial uses and without the capability of having it done. Increasingly I wonder if it is now worth the cost and trouble.

Which ^{of} JFK's aides is the source of those stories until you have time to recount them?

While I do not know which you mean by "all the JFK people" not all that many make

what I do not regard as pilgrimages here. None of his personal staff, ever. Most of those I do not discourage are those interested in the assassination. A minuscule minority those who have written or plan to and not a single one of them has ever made real use of the records or of my knowledge. In recent years in terms of times of visits and time taken from me perhaps most of all the sick and egomaniacal Livingstone and his helper the Baltimore cop Waybright. Livingstone was interested most of all in puffing himself up and in interesting me in his changing and never relevant theories. Aside from what ^{Waybright} he copied for Livingstone, and I never asked to see what it was, I learned too late that he was also stealing for Lifton. I have no idea if he did any copying for himself.

In the 70s it was mostly students of whom I hear from only a few now and then infrequently.

I can't remember the last time I heard from those from whom I heard in the late 1960s.

Of them all Livingstone is now by far the wildest, ^{he} ~~and~~ seeking to hurt all the others in his coming assault in his coming book of ^{shamefulness} ~~unintended~~, that being the state of his irrationality, and Lifton ^{as} most of the time the most evil, that being his nature, the state of his mind and the requirement, as he sees it, of the preservation of his reputation, also requiring uninhibited ^{assaults} ~~assaults~~ on all the others for him to remain, as he conceives it, the pre-eminent, as he never was except in terms of his own concept and based only on his fabrications not one of which was ever real.

Our best to you both,

Hardy