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Dear Clay,

I start with thanks for the return of the Faking manuscript. It came Saturday, ~~making~~ better time than the previous package, but until a few minutes ago I had no time to open it. Partly company (our birthdays) and among other things some bad advice from a doctor on the change in the venous supports that were uncomfortable and wearied me. I may not be able to complete this now because my ride to Baltimore, again to Johns Hopkins hospital, for, this time, my half-yearly examination by, I'm lucky, the chief of cardiovascular surgery, on the legs. It has not been safe for me to drive out of Frederick, which means keeping my legs down, since 1977, and I have not. I'll be on the back seat of the friend's car and ~~til~~ will be in front with him. (Gives me an hour for work on the newest Posner prostitution of our history.

In your note of the fifth you are, of course, correct. It was Lewis Carroll!

On Waketh, which now is quite large, the one who has been so kind and helpful on that, as on most, has been Bill Neichter, a wonderful man and a fine lawyer and a cherished friend. He has become friendly with several other of those who became friends through this work. He is coming to Frederick the end of next week for several days, with the sociologist, Gerry Ginocchio, to help Gerry with some research for a book he and another sociologist and good friend who is close to Gerry, Dennis Macdonald, are going to do, an enlargement of a presentation they made a year or so ago to a sociologist's gathering. Bill has told me he'll help me and am I fortunate that he is coming at this time with the ^{basement} searching to be done over Posner in a messed-up and large Ray file. I'll speak to Bill about it and I'll then be sure he has the disk of the first epilogue, which was the last one retyped and the thrust of which I had to abandon. Not that it was wrong.

It is to be able to get as much on paper as I have and hope to that I both wish and make careless mistakes, like Stevenson for Carroll, and ^{avoid} all that does not contribute to increasing what is on paper. By now it is a large volume.

That, as several profs. have said, would not be done if I did not do it.

I was able to work my way to a safer place to stop in what I am writing re: Posner before I left for the usual blood drawing for testing, to where after a delay I'll be able to pick up with what I had in mind. A real problem for a writer who decided to write with the time he would ordinarily use in thinking through and writing an outline. As soon as I feel up to it (this trip alone tires me for a day or more) and tomorrow I have an appointment with the local doctor who is the

critical-care ~~specialist~~ specialist (first sheet fell to the floor and then the unwinding of which I wrote to pick it up, a ^{helluva} ~~helluva~~ way to live but a helluva lot superior to the alternative!) and that will not let me pick up as laying around would.

To fill you in on what does not have much change of accomplishing anything but was worth the time and effort, the Wash. Post's ^{Posner} review was by Robert Sherrill, who I'd never met but who was, as I was, a close friend of the late Martin Waldron, who'd been a New York Times reporter. Waldron, known as "Mo," paid me some compliments when he covered the Kay evidentiary hearing and Sherrill's is a remarkably uncritical review for a man as sharp as he is. So I wrote a bit about the real Posner to the Post's book-section editor, with a note to go to Sherrill with it. And friends who came from near Baltimore to give us our second birthday of the week (between our birthdays) also took the letter to the post office on their return so it would get into the mails last night.

I also had an oral history to do on the King case and did that over the for me busy weekend. There is much that does not exist other than in my records or Jim Lesar's. He was junior counsel, then had not taken his DC bars, and did most of the in-court legal work. He is also going to write about the King case, he says, and I've invited him to help himself to my records. About 80,000 DJ/FBI pages plus two file cabinets of my work.

While I'm rambling and with my ride not yet here, McKnight has taken over two books I'd started and I am ^{happy} happy about that! Both would require much use of the files in the basement to which I have no safe access now. So, I gave Jerry what I'd written on each, the records I'd laid aside for use in both that were in my office, and made some suggestions. He has been copying other records like mad and has gotten a sabbatical to begin the end of this semester to work on whichever one he wants. One, titled after the Commission lawyers' claim in response to ^{public} response to Oliver Stone's JFK, is Honorable Men, in the Marc Antony sense. The other is ExSess, as the Executive Sessions of the Commission have been referred to. It is a critical examination of them, with the reality that exists in other records to be included in comparison with the dream stuff.

Thanks for your good wishes about our health. Lil is not walking quite as well and I stay worried that she'll fall but we are hoping that the ~~physical~~ physical therapy that is about to begin will help some. The worry with her is that she needs a hip replacement that surgeon does not want to do yet and the hip tends to give way. With the correct evnâus support I'm a bit better but have to get a better belt to hold it in place and to get it in place better. Two of my

medications that keep me alive cause intense itching and right now that is under the worn belt that is three inches wide and atop my undershirt.

Some essential medications are quite dangerous. For example the anticoagulant I've been on for as I now think, 23 years. Keeps one alive but not without problems and possible ~~so~~ consequences. So many blood-takings that the veins are now creating a problem. But when you get to my age, have lived what I've lived through, survive what I've survived, it is all worth it and we just face the problems as they have to be faced, when they have to be.

I did hemorrhage once from that anticoagulant and it does raise hell with the skin, which becomes frail and peels easily, with time on that medication. Bad combination with essential medications that cause itching. To defend as much as possible against this when I'm asleep, I sleep in an old pair of Andean mittens that are fleece-lined.

But thanks, we make out about as well as with 171 years between us come ~~Wednesday~~ Saturday, we can hope to make out.

Trip last longer, more tiring, doctor delayed in surgery, and when we got home late mail was heavier.

In touch again soon. Thanks and best,

Hardy