

Dear Dick,

1/24/93

From time to time for a few months, a bit more often the past month. I thought of writing you I didn't for mostly two reasons - I presume you stay busy and it might have been premature. I almost wrote you Friday afternoon, day before yesterday, but again did not. Then because of a few things that happened to me beginning yesterday afternoon, I did decide to write you this morning.

I don't know how much, ^{you recall} if anything, ^{that} I told you about the book the draft of which Dave Wrone is retyping when you and David were here, if you recall any of it. I spoke about what I hope to accomplish, in content, not in finished writing, and the potential I believed it would have. On this my opinion is confirmed by two professionals, historians and subject experts. Both are excited about it and its importance. I also expressed the hope that it could be published while I am still alive, rushed if possible, without concern for the minor in editing. It was not only because I wanted to be alive when it was published. I also wanted to be able to help it succeed, if only by phone. This is something I have done in the past. Without a cent for advertising or promotions and without leaving home.

Once I remember lamenting that there is nobody around here like your wonderful Dr. Segal. My medical care has been from negligent and uncaring to malpractice. There is nothing I dared do about making a change because the family doctor has been excellent in monitoring what of all my many problems is most important to me, the clotting and anticoagulating of my blood. And I know of nobody here who I could expect to do as well. Without going into any real detail ^{my case} on that of the recent past, which did give me several new and serious problems with my legs and more permanent injury to the more damaged one, beginning a little more than six months ago he prescribed antibiotics for quite some time before referring me, at my request, to an ENT specialist. After ^{ENT} his antibiotics and inability to come to any conclusion, at my request he ~~referred~~ referred me to a pulmonary specialist. A month or less ago he concluded I have chronic bronchitis, not medically treatable and, as the result of tests he did make, not emphysema. His opinion is that it also is not cancer but he declined to make a bronchoscopic examination because of the danger that could mean to me from the anticoagulation of my blood if there were any injury, not impossible. He prescribed chest x-rays every three months. They are now clear except for scar tissue from pneumonia of the past. Then ¹⁰ 12 days ago I had my annual physical. It was a farce! He would not even let Lil be present, as we have always been for ^{each} ~~each~~ others appointments so we would each know and one could remind the other and help the other remember. He even completed the cursory examination, about what is normal on any visit, without ordering the usual lab work on the blood and urine. Among other things, as I realized later, he did not even check me for a hernia or my prostate when I have a chronic prostate problem. All pretty unsettling. Then the lab work showed anemia, an iron deficiency. This has been true for several years but those times he would not provide any supplement. This time it was enough for him to make a referral to a local specialist. We saw him day before yesterday and, as

with the also relatively young pulmonary specialist we were both favorably impressed by this to us stranger. He took my medical history, then made his examination, and while I was dressing, based on what I'd said of my medical history, phoned the family doctor to recommend that I be sent to Hopkins. The family doctor is away until tomorrow. He spoke to his most junior associate, who, temporarily, concurred. When Lil and I returned to his office he told us he presumed from my medical history that I would prefer Hopkins, correct, and that he considered an examination for polyps necessary. That requires that I now be ^{anti-}anticoagulated and ~~then~~ ^{There is} then reanticoagulated, both a bit tricky, and the possibility of bleeding if no polyps are detected and the certainty of some bleeding if they are, which he expects, when they are removed.

There is one hazard in this, as there also is in what seems to be approaching, a new prostate operation. That is normally outpatient but ^{is} not for me and it does entail bleeding and with the local plumber who did the one I had I was awarded a few new thromboses and I suspect other damages,

Yesterday afternoon, for no apparent reason, while I was just sitting and reading, I became aware of a slight ache that came and went often. It seemed to be in the left testicle or the thigh adjacent to it. It was minor, not much of an ache, but especially because the family doctor had made no hernia examination, more disturbing than it would have been. It disappeared during the night but I awakened with a pain in that lower thigh, not bad pain but again disturbing. That has since disappeared with my keeping that foot higher than my heart for some hours and my legs elevated since.

Recently I've been able to sleep a bit more and I've been up and wide awake less frequently when asleep. I attribute both to my body doing what it needed to do. I have been weaker recently and rarely get anything close to a normal night's sleep, even my norm, which is much less than most need.

With this explanation of why I take your time now rather than waiting - Wrono now has only four chapters to retype plus some in which to make the corrections I've made and sent him I do write now. I may hear from him while writing. He usually phones me about this time most Sundays.

When Livingstone told me that you told him I'm writing a book about the media it got me to thinking. I decided that I had not made clear at the beginning where the book will go, what it is really about and what it says. This thinking led me to write a preface, although I had written both a foreword and an introduction. I know the three are a bit much! When we spoke the last time you switched me to Peter. He liked how the preface begins. I then asked Wrono to post the corrections in it as soon as he could, he did, he sent them to me, I returned them for additional corrections, and I've heard nothing about it since. I hope today.

He is quite high on it. He said it should be expanded into a book.

So, I hope that it may be possible for Peter to think, once he gets it, about the

possibility of consolidating and cutting, eliminating what is not necessary and the duplications to reduce these three into perhaps two or maybe eliminating two by adding to the preface.

I have no idea of what Wrone has sent you. I'll ask him today. But I do hope that before long it will be enough for you to make a favorable decision.

I do have four chapters of the next book drafted and I've completed the research for the next one. But for several weeks it has been a bit more chaotic here because of a furnace accident, what is ~~still~~ called a "blowback." The entire place was coated with fine soot. It took two weeks for a professional cleanup crew with as many as five people working a day to get that mess as cleaned ^{well} up as it can be. It required moving every file cabinet, 60 or more and heavy, all the cartons of books and of records, all the books we have upstairs, and the records and tapes, all the furniture—everything that has a surface. Plus the floor, ceiling and walls and windows and drapes and clothing. It came from a faulty new nozzle the furnace blower gets with each servicing. Fortunately, we are fortunate that our insurance company immediately assumed responsibility for most of the \$10,000 cost and recommended a good professional cleaner.

Of course my many hopes 73 days from my 80th birthday is that these new problems will amount to nothing serious and that the polyp business, not yet arranged for, will have me home rapidly and able to return to Agent Oswald? soon and with less worry and fewer disturbances of concentration because I think it can be a very good and worthwhile book with a real sales potential. Not to tease you but to inform you, I do have the proof that as a Marine Oswald had an exceptionally high security clearance, Top Secret and Crypto, and that the Russians suspected he was a US sleeper agent. The latter involves a defected KGB official and I have much that is new, unknown and unused, about him and what he said about Oswald. That saying got him tortured incredibly for three years by the CIA before they were forced to clear him. They paid him and hired him. As of my last knowledge he was still working for them. Gerald Ford was very much involved in this, as I told you, and it will be quite a story on him. I have ^{unpublished} executive session transcripts of the Commission on this.

On the current book I'm still thinking of as Never Again! despite the Holocaust suggestion, I've spoke to nobody else about it and have not sought an agent.

McKnight and Wrone are the two professional historians, really the only ones, who are real subject ^{knowledge} experts and know the literature well. Wrone ^{is} coauthor of the only professional bibliography ^{both} best of all, have encapsulated opinions. In writing the Hood president recommending honorary degrees for L'il and me, he said it should "revolutionize" thinking about the JFK assassination. Wrone says it is the most important of all books on the JFK assassination. I'm immodest enough not to disagree!

They are dear friends and not impartial but as all good friends they would not lie to me.

For your information, the book is on the media, and on all our institutions. JAMA is the skeleton I flesh out in an overview of all that can reasonably be related to it and to the AMA. But it is not a book on the media, it is a book on the assassination and its investigations in which the media, particularly JAMA, figure. I believe that there are enough members of AMA who will not like what it did enough to make a real stink and scandal once they know.

Perhaps I'll add more when I hear from Wrone or when I read and correct this.

I'm happy for David for the two of only 13 reviews in today's Post book-review section in which his Marshall (page 1) and Malcolm X books are favorably reviewed.

Best,

Wrone will send you the preface and then, when he can, the session having begun, the chapters in which he has posted corrections.

He ^{does} still have four chapters to retype from the draft, which is quite rough.

I've done a memo for both on Sy Hersh's The Samson Option I enclose. A very rough draft while reading it. If of no interest, just discard it.

MARY McGRORY

Post 1/21/93

Why Zoe Got Zapped

ZOE BAIRD began her testimony as the inaugural revels were approaching their zenith. She resumed the day after Bill Clinton had taken the oath and danced the night away. For her, the music stopped around midnight Thursday. She withdrew her name from nomination as attorney general.

The evidence was that while the country was joyfully welcoming President Clinton, it registered an emphatic thumbs down on the brilliant, black-haired corporate lawyer he had chosen in something of a hurry.

In the hearing room of the Senate Judiciary Committee, senators politely asked her over and over again how and why she broke the law. She said she was sorry that she and her husband, a Yale Law School professor, hired illegal immigrants to help care for her 8-month-old baby and didn't pay their Social Security until after she was picked to be the nation's chief law enforcement officer. She had paid a fine to an agency she would have directed had she been confirmed.

Democratic senators, who had looked forward to voting for the country's first woman attorney

See McGRORY, C5, Col. 4

Mary McGrory is a Washington Post columnist.



Gamines Gain

Beware the Rise of the Wispy,

By Joe Queenan

THERE ARE certain words in the English language that, merely whispered, are sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of grown men. In the world of medicine, the most dreaded term is *exploratory*. In the world of finance the most frightening term is *illiquid*. In the world of music the most terrifying word is *original*, as in "The orchestra is now going to play an *original* composition by our double-bassist." In the world of fashion, the most electrifyingly unsettling word is *gamine*.

If one looks upon fashion as the extension of warfare by other means, then the news that gamines are making a comeback is the sartorial equivalent of the Visigoths arriv-

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Joe Queenan is a writer based in Tarrytown, N.Y.

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