

Dear Andy,

11/10/81

Thanks for the enclosures with your letter of the 6th, here today. However, the check and the Lifton story were NOT enclosed. I've a fairly large stack to catch up on, after which I'll read those things I'm glad to get, thanks.

On the affidavit for Hoch, of course, and anyone else who wants it or the exhibits. Were it not beyond my capacity I'd be distributing copies.

If you go ahead with any play, I suggest a fifth act¹ in Galloway's office, when they start the editing. I don't know if you are serious, but a spoof made up of the odd literals excerpting of the 1/21 transcript made quite a hit with a college class or two. There is an account of what happened, beginning when Humes learned that Oswald was dead, in Post Mortem.

I've heard from Harry once more, by phone. He was also apologetic about a few things on which I called him to his face. The tapes are being dubbed, but there was a flood in that building so it has been delayed again. They'll be done this week, I'm sure. I'll probably hear tonight.

He made pretty much of a mess when he came here on his own, after the AP man ditched him. He interrupted, theorized, improvised and without intended to, fabricated. He does not know the actual fact that well. I avoided contradicting him as much as I could and, for the most part, was just silent when he intruded with his most extreme stuff. But once or twice I had to dispute him and did, such as the irrelevant, that what Rather did the day of the assassination made him what he is today.

He is euphoric over his reception at Hopkins and the press attention, so because that can't break the case open, his hope, he can bounce down pretty fast. I've tried to prepare him for it.

I also tried to interest him in approaching the whole thing as a novel. He actually wanted me to outline it for him. I told him his work should represent his thoughts.

As I think I told you, the woman who was at the press conference for the Dallas Times-Herald is doing a story.

Hoch, by the way, is wrong for Lifton. We've disagreed strongly often enough, so we still get along.

Thanks and best wishes,

① 6 November, 1981

Beware:
long-winded
letter. I always
jabber away
when I'm
tired.

Dear Harold,

Sorry I didn't get this out Saturday as I promised, but I had to wait till Saturday to ~~re~~ xerox my Friday article.

As you see, Lifton's name doesn't crop up until the fourth graf, 20th line, and it is followed by three more exposition grafs on the overall wound migration issue and evidence destruction.

From that point I mentioned what the medical personnel say in the 22-minute movie of interviews he conducted and leave it at that. I tried to project in a subtle way--!! they there's a cover-up here, and by the way, here's what this critic sez!!....not putting him down but coming far short of forthright endorsement.

When I finally get down to ^{writing an} ~~the~~ overview article on the assassination and the controversy surrounding it, you and I can put our heads together and maybe come up with some trappy questions concerning ^{Liftons} ~~his~~ cloak&dagger reconstruction of events at Bethesda. The critics I plan to feature besides yourself are Hoch, Roffman, Sylvia (her new ind&x) and Fensterwald.

I can't tell you how much I appreciate your candor and diplomacy in dealing with the Livingstone brouhaha. He called me back later Friday night forbidding me to make use of his or the GLOBE tapes, ordering me not to call you about this (Why the hell ^{is he mad at me?} would I call Harold, I asked him). He plowed

into me for putting his work down, and I rejoined saying his real gripe is
that I haven't ~~xxxx~~ published an article on him yet and how I haven't had time
because I've had to earn money with a baby on the way and because the local
elections have kept me spinning. He then accused me of stealing some of his
computer printouts, and I said I didn't steal 'em, but if they're missing
I'll search the house for them. Harry said he was on the verge of committing
you-know-what, "so Andy, do what you can, it might save my life, etc, etc."
Then he closed the conversation saying I had, after all, been a good friend to
him and how thankful he was for my assistance. This closing was decent on his
part, but also pathetic, and a sign that I may not have seen the last of our persecution
-ridden
vagabond crusader. Sigh.

Again, thanks for going to bat for me, and I will be certain
to remember, of course, "that we ~~didn't speak~~ ^{never spoke} to each other ^{on} Friday ^{at a later time} ^{or about} Friday's ^{events.} 1)

Enclosed is 16 pages I put together on the medical evidence
that took many months of shuffling and reshuffling to get the order right,
~~and~~ winnowing out and putting back in----strictly trial and error, and seeing
if what looks cogent late Friday night will still ~~remain~~ ^{appear} so when seen in
the cold grey light of dawn.

As far as phone calls go, buzz me ^{collect} anytime. ~~Late~~ ^{From noon to 3pm} Afternoon is
best because sometimes I'm in Hartford on the metro desk ~~and~~ ~~work~~ working
from 4 p.m. to 2 a.m. ^{or else at a meeting in either Columbia or Chaplin.}

3

Now that I think of it, it doesn't matter if you call me or I call you because

the outside Watts line is jammed so much of the time that the desk is being

(by letting us) ← work-related more liberal in deducting phone calls from ^{our} home phone bills.

A request. I believe Hoch, who has helped me from time to time

in getting hold of documents (and he's always so damn prompt in doing these ^{unlike me,}

favors), might enjoy a copy of your September affidavit plus the small

stack of documents. If you give the goahead, I'll have THE COURANT copy

the stuff and send it on out ^{to} ~~the~~ berserkly, California so Paul can talk

about it in his newsletter. However, if you feel it would be improper for

Paul to have the stuff, well, that's OK too. I'm not trying to put you

on the spot or anything, *should you have misgivings.*

Here is my idea for a dramatic production. A play in 4 acts. Act

One: Trauma Room One---incorporating numerous anecdotal gems from the Dallas

physicians on events at Parkland, ^{followed by juicy excerpts from the Doctors' testimony.} Act II: the Bethesda autopsy theater---

the gasp of the surgeons when they see the body, the ominous presence of

Secret service and navy brass hovering like vultures, telling Finck not

to track the alleged back-to-front neck wound. This would fade out to

Humes at his home study burying papers in the fireplace as the curtain falls.

Act three Would ~~xxxx~~ be impressionistic, with disembodied heads (an

effect achieved by special lighting) spouting ^{eyewitness's} ~~their~~ observations of shots.

coming from the right-front of the motorcade. This would be followed by

Tomlinson's (sp?) testimony to Specter how he couldn't sleep at night if

he played Specter's game of yanked-from-the-mouth testimony about the stretchers and

the bastard bullet, which in turn, would be followed by a scene from the

Warren Commission secret session ^{transcript} you and Jim Lesar got hold of and published

in WWIV. The fourth and final act would be Ruby's testimony before Warren,

Ford, Specter, Jawarski, etall. ^{like} His questions "Am I boring you, gentlemen?"

and the preserved stage directions like his throwing his note pad on the

table are two among many items that make this testimony high drama indeed.

Fading in an out throughout the four acts would be clopping hoof beats of

horses walking slowly on asphalt accompanied by the haunting ^{funeral} drumbeat,

1-2-3-4-1-2-3,4....1-2-3-4-1-2-3,4. The ^{cover} ~~text~~ of the playbill would be

sparse, with one tall boot backwards in a stirrup. On the jump page

would be Humes's certification ~~of~~ that he burned those preliminary draft

notes. I'd have Robert DeNiro play Ruby and John Houseman (who played

Warren opposite Henry Fonda during a recent TV docudrama) as "Chief Warren."

At points in the play when the lights go down except for the disembodied

faces, I would show slides projected on an overhead projection screen displaying

pertinent affidavits and documents. The name of the Play? ^{"Assassins} ~~Assassins~~ in

Judges' Robes."

(5)

The title is from THE REBEL by Albert Camus: "One might think that an era which, in the space of fifty years, uproots, enslaves or kills seventy million human beings should be condemned out of hand. But its culpability must still be understood. In more ingenious times, , when the tyrant razed cities for his own greater glory, when the slave chained to the conqueror's chariot was dragged through the rejoicing streets, when enemies were thrown to wild beasts in front of the assembled masses, the mind did not reel from such unabashed crimes because judgement remained unclouded....Once crime was as solitary as a cry of protest; now it is as universal as science. Yesterday it was put on trial; today it determines the law.....Each day at dawn, assassins in judges' robes slip into some cell: murder is the problem today." Jean Paul Sartre's politics were better, but Camus was the better writer.

Enclosed is \$30 in case you and I decide I need copies of something else in your files. Paying in advance does away with the hassle of my sending money for each batch of documents. This way I keep a running tab, with both of us getting ^{compensated} ~~paid~~ (you by me and me by THE COURANT) in the beginning instead of at the last minute.

Very best wishes to you and Lillian. If I get down to Washington for the release of the National Academy of Sciences study of the Dallas police tape, depending on whether there's a press conference, I'd enjoy

visiting with you the day before for a tete-a-tete and the three of us

going out to eat again at the Chinese Restaurant on Baughmans Lane. +BT-40

Love, Peace and Happiness,

Andy

P.S. I'll call you up just before I go after Humes and Boswell in case you

complete
might have suggestions concerning the ~~final~~ list of questions I'll be asking them.