Ar. Tom McNichol 1765 Swann St., NW Washington, D.C. 20009

Dear Mr. McNichol,

Mine are not "the tools of the conspiracy theorist's trade" and I suffered thrombosis in 1975, not a stroke. For the benefit of those who compile official files for misuse I'd appreciate correction of the first statement and for my old friends still around in Washington, the latter.

I'm sorry you did not, perhaps from space considerations, make it clear that useful public purposes are served by studying how out basic institutions worked - or failed to work - at the time of the great stress of the JFK assassination and thereafter, really ever since.

I enclose a list of our bocks. Two are out of print. We have a few copies, some perhaps not in perfect condition, of these two.

Thanks and best wishes,

DeAZ MR. Weisborg -THANK you for your time in granting he an interview for the UFK ASSASSINATION STORY Continued good luck in your efforts -SINCERRLY, JOH MCNICHOL P.S. - Where CAN I get A copy of Photographic Whitewash? I levi mine out but it WAS NEWER RETURNED - A MEASURE of its populazity



## JFK: The Assassination

### Reflecting on One of America's Darkest Moments

#### By Tom McNichol

"I DON'T THINK I GOT MORE THAN four hours sleep a night from the time Kennedy was killed until 1975, when I had a stroke," says Harold Weisberg. "I had to slow down after

Weisberg, a former poultry farmer and Senate investigator, has spent the better part of the last 20 years wrestling with the "Who killed Kennedy?" question. Even now, in semi-retirement on a farm near Frederick, Md., Weisberg eagerly picks up the tools of the conspiracy theorist's trade. The grassy knoll, the single bullet, and the chipped curbstone still command further attention and re-evaluation.

"I was suspicious right off the bat," Weisberg says of the events following JFK's assassination.
"Everything the Dallas police and others were saying was making a fair trial for Oswald impossi-ble."

What started as a suspicion turned into an obsession. Weisberg's research has taken him to Dallas and New Orleans, and into the mountain of paper in the National Archives. Six books and many sleepless nights later, Weisberg has taken his place as an unofficial dean of the scholarly wing of assassination researchers—one of a handful of experts amidst millions of armchair par-

Perhaps the question should be not "Who killed Kennedy," but "Why do we still wonder?" JFK has died a thousand deaths at the hands of anti-Castro Cubans, the CIA, the FBI, the Dallas police department, the Texas mafia, the Russians, organized labor, and more, and still, the search for the final conspiracy theory continues.

Initially, the interest in JFK's death was passed off as an attempt by some to regain the lost Camelot, keeping JFK alive by becoming absorb-ed in his death. Clearly, interest in Kennedy the man had something to do with it, just as historians still pour over Lincoln's assassination. The greatest compliment we give our presidents is to deny their death by becoming lost in it, which is why there isn't a massive "Who killed McKinley" movement. The conventional wisdom, that McKinley was shot by anarchist Leon Człogosz, goes unchallenged, probably because no one thinks enough of McKinley to

But the interest in the Kennedy case has re-mained, even after the mystical Camelot has either faded or been debunked. It has become the ultimate whodunnit, with enough clues scattered around to allow for a thousand possible answers. For those in the thick of the "Who killed Kennedy?" movement, the reason for all the interest is simple: the evidence. As far as assassinations are concerned, the Kennedy theorists have a tremendous advantage over their Lincoln counterparts by the sheer volume of evidence available to them. The photographic evidence alone puts the Kennedy assassination in a league of its own-it was like having Matthew Brady at Ford's Theater. The most useful photographic evidence were the home movies taken by Dallas businessman Abraham Zapruder. Zapruder's film has allowed researchers to conduct the most intensive micro-study of any 6 seconds in human history. 8≥

#### **JOURNALISTIC** INSULT

I was not pleased to read your recent piece (CP, 10/7) about the Almanae of American Politics.

Though I am clearly listed as a co-author on the

book's jacket, I was not extended the courtesy reflecting that simple reality in your newspaper's review

As for factual errors. If by "brainchild" you mean the very idea for the book—its invention, its purpose and format, its editorial style and thrust—that part of the Almanac, as most knowledgeable people in 4>

## IFK: The Legacy

# The Other Side of Camelot

By Chuck Fager

"In the White House, character and personality are extremely important, because there are no other limitations which govern a man's conduct. Restraint must come from within the presidential soul and prudence from within the presidential mind." —George Reedy, The Twilight of the Presidency.



IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WE WILL BE hearing too much about the character and personality of John Kennedy, on the 20th anniversary of his assassination. Almost a generation after Dallas, the mystique of Camelot and the "Kennedy Style" is still an enduring fixture of our public consciousness. portending a plethora of media attention to this melancholy marker.

Most of the coverage will have the effect of bolstering the myth. There have been debunkers, of course, but their overall impact seems like little more than pigeon droppings on a statue: the features may be discolored a bit, but the image still stands, solid and monumental as ever.

Among the revisionist sorties against Camelot, the most entertaining has been the gradual revelation of the late President's compulsive satyriasis. These disclosures have now advanced to the point where most of the outlines of this ceaseless, sordid pattern of behavior are widely known.

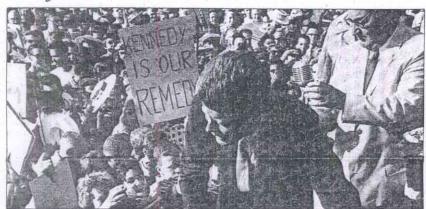
Yet even here, the resiliency of the myth is remarkable. For instance, from one of the most recent of Camelot's hagiographers, the veteran writer Ralph Martin, we learn how on many nights during his tenure the 35th President of the United States prowled through steam tunnels beneath the streets of Manhattan, accompanied by two Secret Service agents bearing flashlights and a map, to various extramarital assignations. 6>

"The motorcade passes the Texas School Book Depository and moves toward the Triple Underpass. At the sixth floor window, Lee Harvey Oswald sights carefully through the Carcano-Mannlicher: his mouth is dry... Now: He recalls the military formula BASS: Breathe, aim, slack, squeeze. He breathes, he aims, he slacks, he starts to squeeze, as a dog barks suddenly—And his mouth falls open in astonishment as three shots ring out, obviously from the Grassy Knoll and Triple Underpass.

" 'Son of a bitch,' he said softly...."

### -ROBERT ANTON WILSON and RICHARD SHEA

in their novel Illuminatus; part I: The Eye and the Pyramid



## JFK: The Assassination

## Reflecting on One of America's Darkest Moments

By Tom McNichol

ITH this wealth of information, it WITH this wealth of information, it was not surprising that there would be so many ways to put the evidence together, to build alternative theories or to challenge existing ones. But the zeal many displayed in the Quest is surprising. For some, it has become something resembling an organized religion, with its own shrines, gods, and false prophets. It is a religion with a bitle that no one believes—the Warren Commission. Reports. And, like most religions, it had a birthplace.

It is said that the thing that separates the buffi from the serious theorists is having been to Dallas. Big D is the undisputed mecca for the movement, the keeper of the holy ground. Its one thing to talk about Dealey Plaza, but quite another to be there, to see it in front of

you.

The critical part of Dealey Plaza is the grassy knoll, for many years the symbolic rallying point for many who refuse to believe in a single gunman. Theorists cite a number of eyewitnesses who heard shots come from the

knoll, in front, and to the right of the presi-dent. They point out the fence and the semicircular monument which borders the knoll, and say a second gunman would have anni, and say a second gumman would nave ample opportunity to squeeze off a few shots undetected. The intrigue associated with this small patch of green on the outskirts of Dallas gives rise to "conspiracy clubs" like the Grassy Knoll Debating Society, which gives slide shows and lectures for students and

slide shows and lectures for students and church groups.

Other icons abound. For swhile, the owners of roles icons abound. For swhile, the owners of roles of the building to writers and researchers. The price quoted was \$500 for a look, \$500 for a tour with commensary. Jack Ruby's memory is similarly honored, although some of his sites are fading—a parking lot now sits where Ruby's strip joint, the Carousel Chub, once stood.

When the club was raised in 1872 all of the

When the club was razed in 1972, all of the furniture and fixtures were put up for auction, as a sort of an assessination relic sale. Ruby's kitchen sink brought in over \$20; similar bargains were to be found on vacuum cleaners, beer coolers, bar fixtures, and empty file

cabinets.

Pilgrims to Dallas are unlikely to escape the trappings of the John F. Kennedy Museum, hard description on Elm rappings of the John F. Kennedy Museum, across from the book depository on Elm Street. There, JFK relics are displayed in a manner consistent with the worst sort of religious profiteering—JFK postcards, pennants, chinaware and ashtrays. Outside, tout buses run along the motorcade route and along the path followed by Oswald after the shooting, ending at the Texas theater.

The Texas school book depository, from where Oswald allegedly fired the shoots, remains the toughest nut to crack. The only safe way to get inside is to be hired as an employee, which at least one resourceful researcher has done successfully. From time to time, there is talk about buying the depository, and making into a museum, but city officials already think there is too much of the wrong kind of interest

it into a museum, but city officials aiready timis, there is too much of the wrong kind of interest in Dallas. "You can see them still, right up to this day, hanging around the book depository," a former Dallas assistant district attorney once growled to a reporter. "Fat assy yankees in shorts and cameras getting the roof of their mouths sunburned."

The city fathers, needless to say, take a dim view of their town being turned into a ghoulish holy spot.

For those who can't make it to Dallas, there's always Washington. The paper evidence, including most of the Warren Commission's exhibits, is housed in the National Archives, enough items to fill a 160 page catalogue. The entire collection is in the hands of Marion Johnson, who has presided over the exhibits since 1965.

"Generally, I see a lot of younger people

exhibits since 1965.

"Generally, I see a lot of younger people now, people who were barely aware of the Kennedy assassination when it happened," said Johnson. "Interest in the archives tends to run in cycles. There was a certain revival of inrun in cycles. There was a certain revival or the House Committees during the years of the House Committee on Assassinations (1976-78), but it has declined since then."

As keeper of the evidence, Johnson has inevitably been the culprit in at least one considered coverage theory.

evitativy betas the culprit in at least one con-spiracy cover-up theory.

"One of the great myths of the Kennedy sassistation is that the National Archives lost Kennedy's brain," Johnson explained. "In fact, a black box containing gross material was turned over to Robert Kennedy through his brother's secretary, Evelyn Lincoln. But I still hear people talk about the missing brain."

Conspiracy theorist David Lifton was

Conspiracy theorems David Litton was beaming when he emerged one day from a House Assassinations Committee hearing, Since the committee was admitting the likelihood of a second gunman, a publisher had agreed to publish his book about the medical evidence in the case. Lifton's book, 2007.

had agreed to putish his book about the medical evidence in the case. Lifton's book, Best Evidence, said that Kennedy's wounds had been altered to cover-up a conspiracy of undetermined origin. It spent three months on the New York Times' best seller list.

"There's a formula on assassination books," comments Harold Weisberg, who has written six, none of them best sellers. "Conspiracy will sell. Straight books won't."

That simple fact has shadowed the popular history of the assassination since the first published doubts. To some degree, the vested interests of authors and publishers to come up with new multi-gummen theories is as much a conspiracy as the ones supposedly being uncovered. Even well-intentioned writers soon discovered that the nation's appetite for the big Conspiracy was nearly insatiable, and that in America, the distinction between prophet and profit was a very thin line indeed.

Others, like Mark Lane, were opportunists.

profit was a very thin line indeed.

Others, like Mark Lane, were opportunists.

Lane fired the first shot across the bow of the lone gunman explanation, in an article printed in the National Guardian less than a monthafter the assassination. After the Warren Commission embraced the single shooter, Lane became the unofficial spokesman for the doubters. He toured the U.S. and Europe as a sort of traveling conspiracy show.

adusties. He foured the U.S. and Europe as a sort of traveling conspiracy show.

Despite the theatrics, Lane's premise was sound. The Warren Commission had started with the assumption that Lee Harvey Oswald was guilty, and worked back from there, con-sciously or unconsciously molding the evidence to fit the pre-determined conclusion. evidence to fit the pre-determined conclusion.

It's unfortunate that Lane and some of his publicity-conscious colleagues have often fallen into the same trap. The conspiracy best seller began with the assumption that Oswald mann't the only gunman—from there, the author worked back to an alternate theory.

The assassination racketeering has clouded some of the best work done in collecting evidence and analyzing it. Among the best is

some of the best work done in collecting evidence and analyzing it. Among the best is Josiah Thompson's Six Seconds in Dallas, which provides a detailed study of photographic evidence, including a chart which lists the location of 268 eyestimesses to an aspect of the shooting. Harold Weisberg's "Whitewash" series follows an equally painstaking approach, which is probably why they are popular mostly with the serious researchers.

The best selling theory is often the simplest. Authors have taken the same photographs that Weisberg analyzed in his books, and found new, outlandish conspiracies. Dark spots became hidden riflemen. A blur or bush became a putf of smoke. And the man holding the open umbrella became a legend.

became a put of smoke. And the man notions the open umbrells became a legend.

The umbrells man's fame was spread by a number of authors who had begun to treat the Kennedy assassination like a spy novel. The umbrells man was said to be the look-out for the gunman—the open umbrells was the signal for the assassination to proceed as planned.

More alshows the wife the whitestless of the same and the work of the work of the work of the same and the work of the More elaborate theories had the umbrella man

More elaborate theories had the umbrella man coordinating three riflemen by a two-way radio in the handle.

The umbrella man turned out to be an easy sell. Here was a figure straight out of the spy paperbacks and the late movies on television—something familiar, yet intriguing enough to satisfy a desire for the big Conspiracy. The umbrella man was an attempt to ascribe meaning to an event that may have none besides the lessons of brute force. The umbrella man surfaced in 1978.

"I'm a conservative, and I understand that a black umbrella was a sore spot for the Ken-

"Tm a conservative, and I understand tank black umbrella was a sore spot for the Ken-nedy family," the umbrella man told the House Assassinations Committee. "I heard you could use it to heckle him." Exit another promising conspiracy theory.

8-November 11-City Paper

administration, displayed an almost eeric contrapuntal set of atylistic parallels with life inside Camelott the sexual predation by leading males, their persistent tendency toward manipulation of "participatory femocracy" for covert elite ends; the cumulative load of hypocrisy that went along with concealing both these traits; and, not least, the derinive laughter and scorn with which they hooted down the many early attempts by activist women to raise feminist concerns within movement groups.

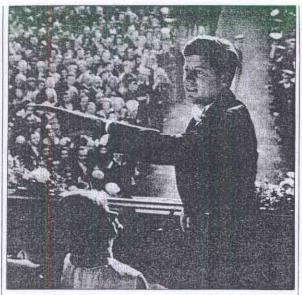
groups.

One thinks, for instance, of Stokely Car-One timits, to instance, of Stokery Car-michael's famous comment on a 1964 state-ment by women staffers of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee pro-testing the fact that even the toughest and most experienced among them (and there were many such women in SNCC then) were many such women in SNCC then) were expected to concentrate on routine office work and to defer to less experienced male staff. Carmichael opined in response that the "only" position for women in SNCQ was "prone." Mark how his wiscerack almost exactly reproduced the attitude ascribed to JFK by the woman reporter; and mark too that it evoked gales of laughter. No wonder that a SNCQ woman volunteer was moved to comment in another report the "the attitude around here toward keening the house next (as well in another report that "The attitude around here toward keeping the house neat (as well as the general attitude toward the inferiority and 'proper place' of women) is disgusting and also terribly depressing. I never saw a cooperative enterprise that was less cooperative." cooperative.

One thinks also of the resentments nurs-ed by SNCC staff in general against Dr. King and his Southern Christian Leadership Ring and an Southern christian Leasterainy Conference. They charged SCLC with be-ing manipulative and elitist in their opera-tions in black communities. By 1966, this resentment issued in an open break over SNCC's adoption of Black Power as its guiding slogan.

Althours, Fand's male had method and lie

Although King's style had worked well in Although King's style had worked well in some campaigns, notably in Birmingham in 1963 and Selma in 1965, there was much truth in the SNCC charges. Indeed, Dr. King and his circle may offer the classic set of parallels with the Camelot style among the movement groups of those years, (At least, thanks to the FBT's subjuctious wiretaps, is a among the best documented.) There were



Kennedy at his inauguration: adventurism in more ways than one.

similar pretensions to a genteel lifestyle; a tight inner circle of advisers and intimates who, with King, made decisions and deals for their constituency behind closed doors; and, not least, a pattern of sexual indulgence at wide variance with their public identity as ministers, thus making necessary the same debilitating tangle of lies and

the same declinating tangle of hes and hypocrisy. I don't want to push these parallels too far. After all, Kennedy did not invent satyriasis, and much of Dr. King's manner derived from his personal makeup interacting with patterns that were widespread in black communities. Still, the connection

was there: it was from one of King's inner circle that I first heard, as a junior civil rights worker, of JFK's adventurism (I didn't believe it right away); and the telling came in the context of rationalizing the similar behavior of some of Dr. King's

The same patterns held for much of the New Left. In her book Personal Politics, Sara Evans tells how her interviews with women who had been early SDSers revealed a widespread trend of dominance male cliques in local chapters. Further, many early SDS community projects, wans found that the male leaders

"brought to the movement the ag-gressiveness and competitiveness they might have been expected to exercize as successful have been expected to exercize as successful professionals. They struggled among themselves for leadership, dominated meetings with their verbal abilities, acrively sought obsitions of authority, and in addition adopted the aggressive characteristics of those that sends to committee and a tion adopted the aggressive characteristics of those they sought to organize...And a major arena for male self-assertion proved again to be sexual conquest...Some of the men were known for bringing one girlfriend after another into the projects. Women were aware that when they became involved with a more in the invariables. with a man in the inner circles, they were privy to many conversations and decisions central to the project's development. Thus at times a woman's status could rise or fall according to the changes in her sex life." To me, both in the reading and remembering, this sounds like little more than another version of the best and brightest. privy to many conversations and decisions mentality, filtered through a viewing of ear-ly James Bond movies, which were John Kennedy's favorite White House film fare.

Řennedy's favorite White House film fare. It didn't take many years for this kind of movement machismo to have its impact: it laid the groundwork for the street gang terrorism that was Weatherman, and the associated sectarianism that tore SDS to pieces by 1969; along the way, it made SDS and many other movement groups such unpleasant and allienating places to be that their cadre began to evaporate, if not by burnout or dropouts, then simply by turning off. And not least, it also guaranteed that the ultimately irrepressible feminist that the ultimately irrepressible feminist resurgence would, when it finally burst forth, begin as a hostile, separatist phenomenon, further hastening the New Left's demise, instead of being one of its most important and creative outcomes.

All of which adds up to a big cavest to the coming apotheosis of Camelot and its martyred leader, namely that for Americans who care about change that will enhance who care about change that will enhance human freedom, social justice and the prospects for peace, the character and personality of the man who occupied the White House from 1961 to 1963 were not only important inside its fences, but outside them as well. Camelot has truly cast a long shadow over our recent history; and much of its umbra is dark indeed.



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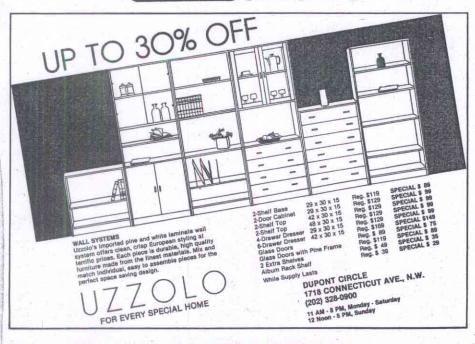
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City Paper-November 11-7

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"I don't think it's wrong to theorize," says Weisberg, "But it's different when you publish it as the truth. That's why I won't go to the colleges to lecture anymore. Some of the lec-turers have ripped off the mind of a genera-tion."

Maybe so, just as it's possible that some hange so, just as it's position that some in the audience wanted to be ripped off, wanted an easy answer badly enough to suspend diabelief. As much as the historians and researcusceen, as mica as the instorans and resear-chers may wish otherwise, there is little hope of ridding the "Who killed Kennedy?" move-ment of its boad of mercenaries and filse pro-phets. As long as the question is still asked, the answers will continue to be offered not only in the footnotes of scholarly works, but on the

the roomnees of sconlarly works, but on the racks at the supermarket check-out.

Arthur Schlesinger, JFK's favorite historian, hurrumphed when someone asked what he thought of the preparations for the 20th anniversary of the assassination.

"They're not commemorating Kennedy," he said. "They're commemorating Lee Harvey said. "They're commemorating Lee Harvey. said. "They're commemorating Lee Harvey Oswald."

And so it must be for any assassination theorist. Regardless of what role one ascribes theorist. Regardless of what rote one ascribes to Orwald, every theorist must at some time come face to face with the tight-lipped Lone Assassin. Oswald is an odd figure—he is simultaneously embraced with perverse facina-tion, and rejected as inadequate. After Oswald was arrested, the FBI made a



paper reconstruction of his liferecords, grade school report cards (mostly C's), comments from his reacher ("doesn't mix well with other pupils"), even credit card appilications. Such are the civil rights of accused assassins. There was the Russian angle—Oswald had spent over a year working at a Minsk radio factory. But trying to reduce that information to a single motive proved far at a hunse ratio factory, but trying to reduce that information to a single motive proved far more clusive.

Oswald wasn't much help. He was thrown

Oswald wasn't much neip. He was inrown to a hungry press for a midnight press conference, and denied it all. Those who were expecting a screaming Red lunatic were disappointed. Oswald's expression was more a pout than a snarl.

Now that Lyndon Johnson had assumed the

than a snarl.

Now that Lyndon Johnson had assumed the presidency, Oswald was the big story. There were rumors even then about "someone else," but the general feeling was to wait for The People va. Lee Harvey Oswald. The networks and wire services dispatched reporters to Dallas to dig in for the upcoming trial.

Enter Jack Ruby, arguably, the father of the "Who killed Kennedy" movement.

Ruby, in his delusion, believed he would become a national hero for shooting Oswald, and perhaps even be set free. In fact, there was an initial wave of satisfaction for some, as evidenced by the pile of congratulatory relegrams sent to Jack Ruby "Congranulations, Jack, and God bless"). What Ruby failed to realize was that he wasn't the only one who had a score to settle with Oswald.

If America had been permitted the sight of Oswald on trial, he could have been picked apart until we were satisfied he was an aberration, a lesion to be excised—like Sithan and James Earl Ray. Ruby rendered the JFK assassination meaningless by metting out his own justice, and denying everyone else a share in it. Without Oswald, there could be no closure. The case, in the minds of many, would remain forever open.

closure. The case, in the minds of many, would remain forever open. In a sense, Ruby and Oswald are companion pieces, an iconic set that can't be broken up. Together, they represent facets of America's darker side: not only her propensity for violence, as embodied by Oswald, but her deaire, like Ruby, to blot it out, to deny its existence, or to rationalize it. Vietnam, by decade's end, would be viewed by many as a full manifestation of these two aspects acting in readem.

in tandem.

Some of the most appealing conspiracy theories have attempted to tie together all of

"I haven't thought for years that there was any chance of solving the crime," he con-tinued. "As soon as the agencies were allowed to conduct the investigation, there was almost no chance of ever finding out what really happened."

ment agency reacts to a crisis.
"There are two rules in the FBI," says

It was inevitable that, after the accusing It was inevitable that, after the accusing finger had been pointed at nearly every top level of government, the emphasis would shift back to Oswald. This "new look" at Oswald came to a grishy culmination in 1981, when British theorist Michael Eddowes financed the exhumation of Lee Harvey Oswald's body. In a dawn drizzle, with a tent placed over Oswald's grave "for dignity," workers lifted the casket out of the ground under Eddowes' watchful eye, It was his theory that the casket contained not Oswald, but a Soviet double, who had carried out the assassination posing

the casket our of the ground under Eddowes' watchful eye, it was his theory that the casket contained not Oswald, but a Soviet double, who had carried out the assassination posing as our boy Lee. The exhumation was a conspiracy theorist's fantasy realized, a tremendous quantum leap for the movement after all the years the Zapruder film was suppressed because it was too "graphic." It was also an indication of how much a dance mancher it had become. It was a ghoulish "last look" at the man credited with it all, as though one could rattle his bones and demand the Answer.

Oswald, of course, had no tales left to tell. His badly decomponed body was taken to a hospital in Baylor, where a team of pathologista performed a day-long autopsy. They worked methodically, only too aware that they might become the focus of the next conspiracy theory ("Pathologist admins: 'It wasn't Leel"). They made independent notes—Oswald's skeleron was covered with a "a cheesy white type of tissue." Whatever dignity still due Oswald was waived in the name of scientific accuracy. Oswald's body had decomposed so badly that doctors had to sever the skull from the neck for dental examination. Every chart was checked, and the doctors' verdict was unanimous—Oswald was buried in Oswald's grave.

Unbelievably, the rumors persisted. The Dallas Morning News reported that some now believed that Oswald's stouble had been exhumed by the feds years ago, and replaced with the real Oswald.

The exhumation, if nothing else, confirmed the Lone Assassin's legend will easily outlast what's left of his body. On that score, the last lungh belongs to Oswald. We dug him up, chopped off his head, and buried him again, and still, the answer eludes us.





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