

8 September 1967

Dear Val,

As always, you are entirely too kind: I would never aspire to be Ilya Ehrenburg's disciple (I am prone to motion-sickness) nor be so bold as to emulate the lady Senator, in any respect (I do not, alas, recall her "declaration of conscience," though I do recall her more recent patriotic fervors in deploying American Boys). To my shame, your allusion to Gravier Street escapes me entirely—but obviously I do not keep pace with you, where New Orleans is concerned...

I am sorry I caused your mind to boggle...I always mix my metaphors, but I take my whisky straight. Mixing metaphors is one of the small luxuries available to those of us who are not eligible for \$5,000 credit at the Sands Hotel.

Thank you very much for the press cuttings and the ingenious days-calendar. I shall read the clippings over the weekend. And if I prove to be wrong about Garrison, I will buy you the National Archives, or a lock of LBJ's hair.

Keep the faith, baby....

Agent 19106

(Alias Judy Hidell)