

7 April 1972

Dear Jerry,

Thanks for the copy of Liften's typical Liftonese letter to you. As you say, this boy does not write for the sake of writing, but to give the recipient an opportunity to labor on his behalf. We critics have always exchanged information and favors, of course, Lifton included, but one likes to see some ultimate results. The fact that he is (again!) on the verge of wrapping up the case (I hope he has appropriate trench-coat and a Lauren Bacall lighting his cigarette) will not strike terror in the heart of the enemy. This is a sick boy who has been threatening to solve the assassination with his top-secret discoveries since at least 1966. I will gladly eat my words if he ultimately does so, and if I am still around to rejoice, but I suspect that Lifton will be collecting social security before he finishes polishing and supplementing his magnum opus.

Please forgive me for being anti-social about having dinner but I have been feeling dull, lethargic, and discouraged. Wait for an up-beat mood, when my company will be less depressing. Meanwhile, if there are any new developments, I'll call you, and vice versa.

Best,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Sylvia", with a long horizontal line extending to the right from the end of the signature.