

1 April 1970

Dear Tink,

Thanks for your recent handwritten letter (the date was inadvertently destroyed in process of opening the sealed edge). I think it must have crossed with my "memo" on the miscaptioning by Stupid Curry of the "bullet fragment from Connally's arm" (sic, to the ninth power). I know that I scrawled some comments in ink but without a copy I don't now remember what the comments were. I think I reported that Olds had published an article I did in 1968 on the WC executive session transcripts published by Lifton, of which I learned only through an abusive and irrational phonecall from the Mother in History, who objected to a perfectly harmless remark in the article. If Olds has sent me a copy, it has not arrived, and I would love to see it after a whole year in which I've had nothing published, not even a letter-to-the editor. If and when I receive copies, I will send one to you, of course, old friend.

I saw the Royal Danish Ballet only once, some ten or more years ago, and found them, just as you described their ballerina, stiff and cold--purist and classical but remote and unimpassioned. Yet this company produced the incomparable Erik Bruhn, who may well be one of the three greatest dancers noble of the century. Yes, I must admit that I have sometimes yearned to do some ballet reviewing, but I am simply too unschooled in the theory, technique, and history of ballet to qualify. For many years I had the privilege of reading John Martin's dance criticism in the NY Times (he is now retired, and the current reviewer, Clive Barnes, is more Rex Reed than he is a John Martin), which was a humbling experience. Anyhow, I think it is almost indispensable to have been a dancer oneself--to know personally the discipline and the physical sensation and the whole mystique--to review ballet with any adequacy and insight.

By the time you receive this you will probably have returned from your skiing week. I hope that it was refreshing and fun. It's too bad that the Simon Dee invitation did not come off. Can interest in this case really be so finally exhausted? I cannot really believe that, somehow, or perhaps I don't want to believe it.

Perhaps I am just refusing to give up the ghost, but tonight I have received (but not yet unpacked) a 20-lb. carton of CDs, from the Archives via Lifton (it was a pooled order involving several critics or mini-critics, which brought the cost down to 5¢ a page), some 2000 pages of hitherto-unseen documents which must include at least a few grains of new and important evidence. I am going to steel myself not to start reading until the weekend, because I am carrying a staggering work-load at the office these days, and have a one-week backlog which built up while I was down with a mild flu or the equivalent, last week.

Tonight I had an unexpected visitor--by appointment, but he was "unexpected" in personality--a man who is editor of a magazine in the computer/automation field, referred to me by Dick Sprague, who only quite recently plunged into this case, with enormous drive and energy. He wants to apply computer technology to the photographic evidence and other evidence such as the so-called mysterious deaths. He turned out to be more serious, mature, and razor-brained than I would have suspected from a telephone call; he is working with Fensterwald, and also with Sprague--does not want to do new research but utilize work already done, using actuarial and data-processing techniques. I have agreed to help him, so far as I can.

I am so glad to learn about Cyril Wecht's election as president of the Academy of Forensic Sciences. The man is just phenomenal. I had not heard this news until I got your letter, thanks for mentioning it. Dear Tink, when are you coming home? Is it really to be another half-year? I do miss you, more rather than less, as time goes by. Best affection to you and Nancy,