

Years hence, when the Great British Train Robbery and The Brinks job have long been forgotten, children in school will be taught the Manchester Caper. Perhaps it will by then be called "The Great Literary Heist", if the awful tragedy of the assassination has by then been dulled and our descendants can look at this one aspect with humor.

Then they will learn how one man, alone and unassisted, separated some of the canniest businessmen in the country from more than a million very hard to come by dollars. They will study the literary crime of the century as, when younger, they had studied the story of the Emperor's Clothes and the tale of Canute. Perhaps also by then it will be clear that Manchester was less unassisted than now seems the case, for he is helped by the avarice of the ~~powerful~~ ^{press} and the need of the powerful in Washington.

Look had to outbid all its many competitors, even upping the bid to surmount Life. At \$665,000 ~~plus fees~~ for the serialization rights, it paid more than ten dollars for each and every one of the terrible, scandalous words it used. Look alone was not hurt by the deal, unless one considers the ultimate effect on its reputation. That seems to have concerned ^{its} ~~her~~ management not at all, else they'd have consulted those who know the fact of the assassination. Under the mantle of this sensational yarn interest in which had been escalated by the litigation, it raised its price to 50 cents per issue, in both percentages and cash a considerable increase in income. And immediately it had sold secondary rights in Europe for half the cost.

Those great and wrong in high public office, staggering from the unanswered and unanswerable destruction of the Report that is the governments official and shamefully false "solution" to the crime of President murder, seized upon this expected ~~to~~ to-be fortification of its case as the buttressing that would quiet an uneasy public increasingly and insistently making its dissatisfaction known. In the end, Manchester's excesses weakens still further the case, ^{up, without so intending,} ~~print, without intent,~~ to the flimsy

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fiction grown men believed simply because they wanted to.

Children in the lowest grades in school know better, for they remember that the Emperor, too, believed - and was wrong, so wrong!

And so all the tragedies created by this one megalomaniacal writer, this man so great he tells all how great, so all-knowing he is content to invent what he presents as fact, certain in the knowledge he can fabricate no wrong, converge into something the Greeks never equalled, a monster multiple tragedy unlike any other in history, even mythology, a tragedy in which the debased national honor is mired still deep in a morass of greed, avarice and guilty political conscience, dragging down with it the name and honor of the bereaved and innocent family of the murdered president.