

1/13/71, late p.m.

Dear Dick,

Had I not been anxious for you to get what I had to suggest about Hoch and had I not had that afterthought, I'd not have to write this hasty note now, to mail in the a.m. if we are not iced in, as we now are.

Sylvia phoned tonight, and we had a long talk. I had written her a very difficult letter to write while Howard was here, about many things, including the need for caution with the recently-declassified material. I tried to tell her that she was latched to the past, to the 26, because this was the imposition of her life and its professional demands, that there was much she didn't know and couldn't, that there were a few new, young people working who should not be pre-empted or ignored and who have their own special kinds of rights, and I also went into some of the past.

It is a pleasant surprise that she was willing to phone to express her basic agreement and to confess I had been right about Lifton, that perhaps I was also on Hornley, etc. She has moderated only slightly on Hoch, putting that he has, in effect, accomplished that which is the same as selling out.

We discussed many things. For close to an hour and a half.

My immediate purpose is to tell you not to mail here a copy of what I wrote you. It would now serve no purpose and might be salting partly-healed wounds.

She had one ~~partly~~ interesting thing to report: that in the course of going over a printed exhibit she saw what she (and I) had missed: that Oswald returned a book to the New Orleans public library 8 days after he left.

Sincerely,