

Harold Weisberg
Hyattstown, Md. 20734
7/28/66

Dear Mr. Newman,

Fatigue denies me the reply your letter of 7/26 warrants. If you'd heard or heard of the Alan Burke show on NEWS TV Saturday night-Sunday morning you'd understand. We've mailed out almost 200 books from here, many requiring letters, all written. This week we went back to press (index and four additional appendix pages included) and have sold all that are bound, 1600 of the second 5,000! Several letters from your area (and most came not from NYC but Conn. and N.J.) say I have Conn. swinging and jumping. Save the bookstores. They will not even ask the wholesalers (all of whom have WHITEWASH) for it, and, naturally, the wholesalers are keeping it a secret. I've made up an insertion for them, with their names and phones, to accompany their monthly bills. I hope that overcomes it. And this will be the only advertising I have done!

Can you imagine the satisfaction of all this? To have done what hasn't been done before, and in the face of such opposition?

I Didn't try NEM or MR. I am going to reopen this, and when it happens it will be my book that has done it. It launched Inquest, much to Viking's surprise and satisfaction, as no book has even been launched, sharing an eight column spread across the top of the front page of the Wash. Post, copy running eight columns and total text about 8 columns!

I've sent the copies. I hope MP Edward takes the floor on it. I have a hard-working agent in England who has found what I've found. I'm prepared to do the same thing there is I can get a distributor. BBC used something a week ago, and liked it. Got good reviews (Observer: no "crankiness"!)

Thanks for your interesting poem. On it you ask the temperature. I do not recall. It was warm for November, but with a cold wind. Almost blew Mrs. K's hat off as they turned the previous corner and almost unhorsed a motorcycle cop. Some of the spectators wore top clothes and gloves.

That English agent has retired. My new one is Gordon Harbord, 53 St Martin's Lane, London WC 2. Fine guy, but very busy.

Sending copy to Can Forum. I hope they give address, for without it the review does me no good. The only reason we didn't have an index in the earlier printing was time. Even you cannot guess how much work is in this. Thanks,

Sincerely

Sol Newman ^{ML}
116 Putnam Avenue
Hamden, Connecticut 06517, U.S.A.

Tuesday 26 July 1966

Dear Mr. Weisberg,

I finished Whitewash and hasten to order two additional copies, one for daughter and son-in-law Mr. & Mrs. K.L. Bowling, Apt. 16, 1493 Carver ^{ML} Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53713. They are graduate students in American history, so might persuade the department to purchase a copy for the library.

✓ The second copy goes to Bob Edwards, ^{ML} MP, at his union office: The Chemical Workers Union, 155 Kennington Park Road, London SE 11, England. My check should cover postage.

Did you try Marzani & Munsell or Monthly Review? Perhaps too left wing? Perhaps, in view of the publicity and review in the Times an orthodox publisher might yet be persuaded. Any offers yet?

From my time at war and from research I've done in the field for my own purposes I would have supposed the trained observer could distinguish between entry and exit. I would presume the flesh would bend in the direction the bullet takes; aside from measurements. Or in addition to.

As you say, qui bono which is the theme of a poem of mine written in the summer of 1964, a copy of which I sent Warren. I enclose a copy.

Being a proofreader at the local paper I can appreciate how much you and your wife and helpers sweated. As I indicated above I write, too, poetry of mine appearing in The Canadian Forum (did you send them a copy? They would review it and are influential; address it to Milton Wilson, co-mng. ed. 30 Front Street West, Toronto 1); The Beloit Poetry Journal, stories Esquire (1 years and years ago), First Person etc. I note this because I have done a play Hitler Had a Consensus, the protagonist of which is an amalgam of Wm. T. Evjue, editor and publisher, Capital Times, Madison, Wisc.; Joseph N. Welch and Adlai Stevenson.

In your preface you mention "an aging but wonderful agent in England." Would you feel free to let me have her name and address? I have not only this play but others I would naturally want produced any place. I do not have an American agent, but would also like someone in England which I visit occasionally. I hope to be there with Mrs. Newman next spring once more.

My congratulations and in a second edition, as Belfrage requested (lamented?) an index, what? and may I hope to hear from you?

enclosures

Mr. Harold Weisberg
Hyattstown, Md. 20734

Sincerely,

Sol Newman

*Will
Newman
7/28/66*

END OF THE BALL IN A BLOODY BLOODY BRAWL

- From north, from south hotshots approach,
Veep rides in a rear coach,
Sunlight on the corner roach.

O juice of the yellow cactus,
O sluice from the black swings
From the limb where the yellow jacket stings
Outside the convent where the nun sings
Of old malpractice:

End of the ball
In a bloody bloody brawl,
Stallions out the stall crawl--
Scallions to changelings!

Generals approach, riggers encroach
Where the black swings, nun sings,
Yellowjacket stings, bullet zings
From the overpass.

Cops platoon, fill spittoon
Selling tampex on ampex.

Herbert Sherbet killed a cop!
Hazel Nasal screams.
Herbert Sherbet killed a cop--
Or was it Vapid Rapid?--
With no more malice than in chalice.

But who saw Herbert kill the cop?
Who swore Herbert killed the cop?
Hazel Nasal, you? asks Alice.
No, I heard, I know it's true,
Swears the bird
Fouls the courthouse with its turd.

Who profits? Who hates
So fierce his venom he packs in crates?
Who keeps a sullen date
In oilslick sun of yellow cactus?
Whose eyes so sharp with practice,
General or veep?

End of the ball
In a bloody bloody brawl,
Stallions out the stall crawl--
Scallions to changelings!

*By the way
what was
the tempera-
ture 12:30 pm
23 Nov. '63?*