

20734

September 6, 1966

Miss Emeralds Hollaus  
Rizzoli Editory  
712 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, N.Y.

Dear Miss Hollaus,

Your kind words made me feel almost as happy as my wife when she saw Mr. Orlando's wonderful gift. I think I am happier than she, for I got all of my pleasure and a share of hers.

As you know, I found Mr. Orlando a tremendous experience.

Since then I have been wanting to write his editor. A combination of fear that I might be misunderstood and the demands of both books, especially the one almost drafted, have deterred me.

I cannot go to bed tonight without writing the three of you, as I have. If it is not asking too much, would you please translate the enclosed letter and forward it. I do not have the address.

As I drove home the next day, after a taping session that lasted until well after 4 a.m., I thought how much more informative the program ~~will~~ be when it is aired if a mind such as Mr. Orlando's had moderated it.

All of you have made both of us feel very good.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg

Harold Weisberg Hyattstown, Md.  
September 6, 1966

Editor, L'Europeo

Dear Sir,

There is no author who does not enjoy an interview for in our modern society the mention of his work means financial gain. It was not this, however, that made me relish what was more a conference than an interview with your Mr. Orlando in New York last week, for my book is not yet contracted for in Italy.

Being "interviewed" by a participant rather than a questioner is a stimulation, especially when the cooperator is a man of such brilliance who brings to it such an understanding of men and the world, of forces and events.

If you but knew the kinds of questions I have been asked in the past! Those all too few minutes in his too busy day and mine were radiant as a requited love. Not to have to say that assassination is never in a vacuum, as does the very first sentence of my book; not to have to wonder if the interviewer understood; or if he had ulterior motives; or was he suspicious of what I was compelled to do; or secretly contemptuous of a man who feels life requires him to say, "I will be heard" and is heard, as honor demands the repayment of other debts.

This was an intellectual ~~interview~~ experience, not an interview.

Often during the past few years I have wondered if it is somehow anachronistic to feel, as did the late President, that Robert Frost spoke the obligations and I hope spirit of modern man when he said "I have promises to keep, and miles to go before I sleep." Without in any way addressing it, Mr. Orlando reassured me.

More than for whatever he wrote and you might print, I am in your debt for the privilege of sharing a few moments with him, and I thank you for it.

Sincerely yours,

Harold Weisberg

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September 6, 1966

Mr. Orlando  
c/o Rizzoli Corporation  
712 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, N.Y. 10019

Dear Mr. Orlando,

This morning you moistened my eyes, as a week ago today you excited me with what to my experience is the solitary display of understanding and feeling of assassinations generally and this one in particular. I intend this not as flattery, nor as condemnation of your less cogent colleagues, but as a simple expression of appreciation for an interview that was too brief but in which I felt as but one of the participants, not an examined specimen. A very good feeling, I assure you.

Your gift to my wife delighted her as it swelled appreciation within me. It is a particularly fine gesture because I wanted to get it for her and could not now afford to do so and because I take it as a reflection of your comprehension of the subtlety I had in mind by suggesting the picture be taken with that special book in the background. I do hope man is approaching his Passover into the new world he is building.

If you knew the kinds of questions <sup>that</sup> I have been asked me or had been in the studio that night and seen the intellects of a few of the others working in this field on display, you would know how thoroughly I enjoyed the experience of an interview by a colleague, more an associate, that was an exchange of understandings rather than of questions and answers.

So ~~am~~ I am doubly in your debt, and I write in haste to express it with an emotion that is stronger because for so long and so alone I have been working on a subject requiring the strength of emotion. These days are bleak despite the success of my book, for the material with which I work is ghastly, and I cannot escape it. You brightened this day, and for that, too, I thank you.

The rough draft of the sequel is nearing completion. The most important chapters are at least on paper. I am apprehensive of the quality of the writing, for it comes toward the end of ~~forty~~ years and slithered around the requirements of WHITENASH. I am satisfied, however, that WHITENASH II will add substantially to understanding and is perhaps in some ways even more shocking than the first book. It has sensational documentation and in telling how the whitewash came to pass and who did it I hope is the writing of history before it unfolds. With some of the recent history you have lived through, I know you understand the unhappy potential I find in the situation.

Thank you for your wonderful gifts to us both.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg