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Mr. Norman Cousins Editor
The Saturday Review
380 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10017

Dear Mr. Cousins,

The monolithic refusal of publishers to consider this subject is, as you know, easing off. In addition to the history set forth in the preface, I am impelled to issue this edition of my book by a desire to do what I can to direct attention in what I believe to be the proper direction. You will notice that I focus on the Report and the staff rather than the Commission or its members, especially the chairman.

Such an edition cannot be profitable, even if this book bears the highest price for which a paperback has ever been offered. Its success, however, even in a modest way, may yet attract the expeditious regular publication for which I still hope. If and when that happens, I'll withdraw this presentation.

I am writing letters in advance because I have no staff, no funds (the book is on credit) and very little time. My wife was my only assistant. When we last computed what we have in this book, about a year ago, besides the money it came to 7,000 hours.

I trust you will find the book as worthwhile and important as so many editors did. If you have any questions, I shall endeavor to answer them, although my immediate future will be consigned to an effort to arrange some kind of distribution. Please remember, though, that I was expecting it to get the benefit of the editing that accompanies commercial publication, and excuse the few adjectives remaining, the twisted tenses and a little sacrasa I should have removed.

If there is anything you can do to help me with this, I will certainly appreciate it. You may see a chance for public service in it, for I earnestly desire that the chairman not be made the goat. A careful reading of my book will show he should not.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg