

1/22/73

Dear Jerry, *Agel*

Walter has told me how busy you stay, how incredible your production, and how you are devoted to your thing(s) to the exclusion of all else of which he knows.

If nothing else, this tells me you can comprehend the dedication of another to his thing and its potential and importance. With what has happened since we last met, I remind you of an interview you printed in which I asked, "When this can happen...is anyone safe?" I saw and understood, I think, when others did not, and I regard this as a kind of historic justification within my life time. With two bits added, this will get me a McDonald's hamburger.

You remain a friend with established capabilities and many connections. You may find a few free minutes. You may even find a time, as I do, when you want to get what might be dominating you out of your mind and turn it to other things briefly, for a kind of respite. Thus I write.

I am at a stage in my life when I feel the emotional strains more than I once did. By the time one reaches 60, these things wear. Particularly after the many years of little sleep, sharp combat with the toughest adversaries, and the accumulation of problems, many financial, that in themselves now approximate an imminent disaster. So, what I do is more often under the influence of emotion and, like the enclosed, may well be too emotional.

If I remember correctly, Walter has indicated to you that I am anything but a one-subject author. When I saw Tom Gervasi at ABA last June and he indicated he might be interested in coming down and seeing what I have on the assassination and on many other subjects, as I walked around that day at ABA I jotted down some 20 titles and I'm sure there were more. I met Tom when I offered to help him with Epstein's book before reading it, before I knew Epstein's guts and integrity were limper than I believe his wrist is. There was no need for Tom to make this promise, and it disappointed me much when he didn't. If Walter hasn't told you, I have turned one of these things over to Rosa. We all think it could make a movie. I am not interested in writing these things, couldn't begin to think of doing some, and believe if I did it would be a futility because I am unpublishable. Those with whom I have dealt and are ashamed find self-justification in thinking evil of me. However, I know you can't do any of these things yourself even if you found interest in them. Much as I might like this from knowing you and how breezy you can be, I do not expect it.

The most I would hope you might be able to find time to do is act as a sort of literary catalyst, bring me and someone who might find value in what I have or can deliver. When I offer the opinion that some of these properties have movie potential, I speak as a man who has had two successful ones stolen from him. One is mentioned in the enclosed. The other is Gung Ho! (In fact, as I remembered in writing Trumbo, a novel was written around my youthful career and published 30 years ago, by an editor for whom I then worked.) I am not and never have been a one-subject author. It is, rather, that I think this one subject is the cancer in the guts of a sick society and have been willing to make the ruinous sacrifice required to try and excise it, against odds I recognized.

Writing Trumbo made me relive too much and drained me to the point where I can't write you separately. So, instead, and recognizing that busy as you are it may be an imposition on your time, I send you my carbon of it. If you don't want it, I'd appreciate its return.

What I hope you may find time to try to do is even more difficult, for I am so broke I can't even afford a trip to New York. It is that bad.

If you can't do anything, I'll understand. If you can try, I'll appreciate. Thanks.

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg