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June 19, 1966

Dear Mr. Wittenberg,

As I was leaving your office you said to let you know if there was ^{Whe and} anything you could do to help. I asked if you might substitute for an agent, which I do not have, should the occasion arrive, and you said you could and would.

I am writing to ask if the condition of your health would permit this, for the time may be now. Last week I rejected a repeated offer from Fawcett for a paperback edition. The next day I got another. As a matter of fact, it was what I would take to be a rather unusual Saturday morning call by the executive vice-president of that house, a rather large one. He hadn't read the book, and I suggested he do that before we talk further. This he is now doing. He indicates an initial printing might be a quarter of a million.

While I have all these concerns all authors have, I had additional ones also, and for both reasons I should have advice. It may be optimism, something hardly justified by my experience, but I also believe additional offers are not unlikely.

Unless I misjudged you, and I do not believe I did, I fear you are quite capable of doing what is against your own interest. It is for this reason I ask if your health would permit you to help me. Please be frank with me and do not offer to advise me if you should not.

Again, thank you for this and your other kindnesses.

I have been continuing my work, with what I believe is a good degree of success. Sometime in the future you may be interested in it.

Sincerely yours,

Harold Weisberg