

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

200 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT



January 22, 1963

Mr. Norman Mailer
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York

Dear Norman:

With this letter I'm sending you a copy of the proposed contract for the unwritten novel. A copy of both letter and contract are also going to Cy Rembar. I'm sending them separately like this because I assume you will want to look it over before you talk with Cy.

You will find a couple of things not quite as we discussed for a couple of reasons. I'll tell you why I wrote them the way I did, and I hope it will be all right.

Clause 4 provides for the delivery of a manuscript of between 200,000 and 300,000 words by August 1, 1964 -- this being eighteen months. You had talked about a manuscript of 300,000 words with about 180,000 delivered eighteen months after you begin -- and provisions for holding the contract open on a monthly basis after that time. I am not sure it's possible to write such a clause on an if basis and have it mean anything. No matter how one writes it, it's going to depend upon mutual agreement to continue if you don't complete it in eighteen months. And the way the contract is drawn now, we can always agree to continue by revising this contract. A clause saying we may in the contract really doesn't mean a damn thing. At least as I see it.

In clause 23 you will find that we have made ourselves proprietors of the world-wide rights in the book as a book. We would act as your agents in placing the book but without an agent's commission crediting your account with 100% of the money received. In part this is conditioned by the size of the advance -- we think we should have the protection when we are commissioning with an advance of this size.

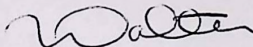
On the other hand it also could help you greatly in arranging foreign contracts because options are somewhat different in foreign countries than they are in the United States. For example in Great Britain an option "on terms to be arranged" means in a court of law first refusal or the right to meet an offer. Recently I lost out on a case just like this. And what is most difficult about it is that it is hard to bid up

interest in a book with a publisher knowing that another publisher -- in this case Andre Deutsch -- has the right to match his bid. We think we're in a better position to handle this, because, while it's not absolutely certain in a court of law, the general position is that when a publisher controls the book and is the proprietor of it he is not normally specifically bound by an author's option.

You'll also find a restrictive clause with regards to first serial. We think that one-shot serialization of any novel can hurt it greatly as a royalty producing property. Hence the prohibition.

I trust everything is all right as we have arranged it and I'll look forward to hearing from you and Cy.

Best regards,



Walter J. Minton

WJM:jr

cc: Cy Rembar

If you do that Esquire piece insist they print it in normal type. I've been blind for three days after the Huston fight piece. It's impossible to read. (u)

X

Enclosure 1

extend to you the most cordial invitation to come to Washington. The round table will take place on October 10th. If should you accept our invitation, we could send you further information and material to facilitate your intervention. Of course this Embassy would cover your travel expenses and hotel accommodations here.

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York

September 18, 1963

I do hope that I have conveyed to you the potential significance of this particular aspect of Latin American literature. Dear Senor Gutierrez-Olivos, I hope to bring Latin American literature to the attention of American people through the gathering of writers in the round table on October 10, but I fear I must say no because I expect to be away in New England at that time, far from working on a novel. We can count on your participation in the name of the News.

Yours sincerely,

Very truly yours,

Norman Mailer

Angel Gutierrez-Olivos
Angel Gutierrez-Olivos
Ambassador of Chile

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
October 15, 1963

Mr. Andre Deutsch
Andre Deutsch Limited
105 Great Russell Street
London WC 1, England

Dear Andre,

First, a long belated thank you for the cook books, which Beverly received with glee and from which I expect to draw dividends over the years. They are, by the way, damn good books. I read parts of a few of them just for pleasure. They stack up very nicely against Robe-Grillet.

Much has happened since I saw you and doubtless you've had wind of it. I came to the grim conclusion over the summer that I was just not going to be able to do the big book well, considering my financial situation, because although the advance royalties were quite decent I still would have been able to work only two weeks a month on the novel and the other two weeks would have to be given over to getting my pen hired for the best going price, or else giving lectures for fees. These secondary activities are always chancey and they open the danger of using up more effort than is commensurate. So I decided the only way out of my impasse was to dare a bold stroke. I contracted to do a novel ~~freight~~ installments for Esquire, talked Walter into releasing me for one book, and managed to sell this absolutely unwritten work for an incredible sum to Dial and Dell. This is in the strictest confidence, but they are paying me \$125,000 against the hard cover and paperback rights and so of course this solves my difficulties for a year or two, or ideally three or four. Now all I have to do is write a first-rate novel in eight months, and I can tell you this gives me pause. At any rate, I won't be working on the big novel for about a year (I think I'll need four months to recuperate from the next eight months) and that was why I told Cy to tell you that I didn't wish to draw royalty payments yet.

Now as far as this new book goes, I'm quite ready to work up a contract with you right now if you so desire, but I think it might make more sense to wait and see how the book turns out. If it's a good book I might ask you for a fairly good royalty for it. If it's a bad one, I obviously could not. But if we wait there at least would be no feeling of A) holding you up or B) giving something away. And you can have my word and my hand across the sea on it that I will certainly give you first and complete crack at the book. In any case I don't feel there's a vast rush on this--at least I'm in no hurry. So if you'd like to wait and see what you're buying, that will be fine with me. Incidentally, to the best of my understanding all this happened very quickly, the paperback rights have already been bought by a subsidiary of Dell who paid a vast price--twenty-five grand, my friend, again in strictest confidence. What bothers me about this last is that I've been very pleased with Corgi for the job they have been doing, but the English paperback rights were tied into this deal and I had reluctantly to go along with it, since Dial and Dell were paying so much for the American rights. I'm going to write a letter to Corgi today so they won't bounce too hard when they get the bad news.

And when I see you this January--I certainly hope you'll be making a trip this year--I'll tell you the story of how the ante got up so high. It's a rare account of the mating habits of that most curious bird--the American publisher.

Say hello to Diana, and my best to you,

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
November 4, 1963

Dear Alan,

Earney

Apparently the situation is not so final as I thought when writing to you last. I was under the impression that Mayflower had bought the rights to An American Dream (which is the title of the novel under discussion) but it seems that they merely have an option to give a first bid and match any counter bid, so I don't know that we're necessarily closed off from one another altogether. Anyway, let's see how the book turns out. In the meantime,

my best to you,

Norman Mailer



Transworld Publishers Limited

Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10

Telephone Elgar 4281

Telegrams Transcable Harles London

Cables Transcable London NW10

Mr. Norman Mailer,
142 Columbia Heights,
Brooklyn, 1,
New York.

18th October, 1963.

Dear Norman,

Thank you for your letter of October 15th. I am very pleased to know you like our presentation of ADVERTISEMENTS, which is moving steadily rather than spectacularly.

The news you give about the Dial/Dell book didn't come as a complete surprise, since I'd read about it in Publishers' Weekly. Under the circumstances, I can hardly blame you for signing such a contract, though naturally I'm unhappy that you were not able to substitute Corgi for Mayflower.

What we are relying on is the expectation referred to in the last sentence of your letter: that we'll be together again for the next book. I should hate it if we were to lose you permanently to Mayflower (or anybody else, for that matter), who can hardly be expected to do a proper sales job on your books. Maybe we can still wrest this book from them...

But I appreciate it very much that you wrote as you did - it is not often that we get the chance to have such close and friendly dealings with our authors.

Best regards,

Sincerely,

AHE/JAI

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
October 16, 1963

Dear Elichí,

This is just a quick note, for as always I have much too much mail to answer. There should be copies of the book in another two weeks, and I've left instructions at Putnam's that they are to send out one of the very first copies they receive from the printer to you. If I'd realized it was going to take this long I would have sent you the galleys, but believe me, Elichí, the book was not attractive in galleys and I preferred for you to wait until you saw the finished version.

As for a note on the second Patterson-Liston fight, I fear that I cannot satisfy you in this because if I started to say one word I would end with close to a hundred thousand words. In fact, I'm thinking of incorporating the second fight into a short novel (80,000 words) that I'm going to write in serial by installments of 10,000 words a month for Esquire. I've been working on this novel for the last month and have just finished the first installment. As soon as there are galleys, I'll send them to you. This is most definitely not the big novel, but I hope it will be a good one. Perhaps it will be interesting for some large Japanese magazine to publish the installments month by month. I took on the book because I was in need of money to finance the larger book, and by one of those curiosities of American publishing, I ended up receiving a fantastic advance royalty. I'm almost ashamed to tell you what a capitalist this makes me, but they will pay \$125,000 for the hard cover and paperback rights in America. I mention the size of this figure because it may help you to get a greater price from any Japanese magazine interested in publishing it, and that of course would be of benefit to us both. I would like just once that you make some money as well, for the arduous work of translating.

This is dictated in a great rush, for the burden of writing ten thousand good finished words a month in a novel to which I cannot return takes up so much time that I cannot afford the leisure for time now of a quiet correspondence. So please, as ever, accept my warmest good wishes for you and for your family.

P.S. That figure I named is of course not being paid by Esquire, but by the publisher, Dial Press, and by the paperback company, Dell. If you wish a note added to Ten Thousand Words A Minute, perhaps it might be a good idea to insert it yourself, just saying that I'm working on a novel which may include the second Patterson-Liston fight.

P.P.S. I never took the opportunity to thank you for the list you provided me, but it was most entertaining and interesting to read, and I sent a copy to my publisher.

ANDRE DEUTSCH LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

Great Russell Street · London WC1 · Telephone: Langham 2746-9

Cables: Adlib London WC1 · Telegrams: Adlib Westcent London



Moroccan Cookbook

AD/TR

Norman Mailer Esq
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, NEW YORK
USA

24th October 1963

Dear Norman

Your letter of the 15th October was good reading and gave me much relief. Indeed, rumours have reached our ears and this, coupled with a mystical silence from you and Cy, made me rather worried, although I must admit I never for a moment thought that our official relationship was endangered.

Glad you liked the cookbooks. If you want any more of our titles, just look at our catalogue and let me know.

The \$125,000 deal has in fact now been announced in the Publishers' Weekly. It is a mighty handsome figure and I do hope that it will give you the two years you need for the novel. As no doubt Cy told you, we have started making the £200 monthly payments although we have not yet signed a contract. We are now stopping these payments and I am sending full details of the accounts to Cy. I am perfectly happy to follow your suggestion that the Dial/Dell novel should be read and then terms discussed. I take it that the British rights are not coming through Scott Meredith but are handled by you and Cy. This is important and I would like you to confirm this immediately. When the first rumours came through, we approached the London end of Dell - Mayflower Books - who are good friends of ours and nice people. They told us that as a result of your contract with Dial/Dell, Mayflower are entitled to see a final copy of the novel, make an offer to us and if we are not satisfied, we will submit it to another paperback firm, get their offer in writing and if it is bigger than Mayflower's, Mayflower will have the final chance of meeting it. Again I would like you to confirm that this is so, because if it is, Corgi still have a chance. We have spoken to Michael Legat of Corgi and read out your relevant paragraph which pleased him no end. He perfectly understands and assured me that he would like to have a go at the Dial/Dell novel quite apart from the fact that he hopes to publish the postponed novel.

We have just had another call from Mayflower and were told that they had had a call from Scott Meredith saying that we had no rights in the hardcover edition. This can be interpreted in many ways, Norman. Of course we have no rights 'de jure' because we have signed no contract but nor did we offer the book to Mayflower. We merely wanted to know where we stood and

Directors: André Deutsch · Nicolas Bentley · Diana Athill · F. P. Kendall

24th October 1963

this was all prior to receiving your letter. I hope Scott Meredith is not going to interfere with our official relationship.

When do you expect to deliver your novel to Dial ? I presume you will see to it that we get two sets of the final proofs from them as soon as possible.

I will be in New York early next year, not in January but rather March or April, and we can then discuss the timetable of the postponed novel. We are of course planning to publish THE PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS late Spring/early Summer but so far we have had no copies from Putnam's.

What news of Mrs Timpson ? I wrote to her as soon as I got back from the States but have had no answer. I also wrote to Sandy Richardson of Lippincotts who was going to meet her. No answer from him either.

Diana's book INSTEAD OF A LETTER has just been published here by Chatto and Windus. Marvellous reviews. I think you will like it and I am sending you a copy under separate cover.

Finally what about Jean's name and address ? I asked for this when I wrote to you in July.

My love to all the ladies: Beverley, Barbara and the daughters,

Yours

Norman
* your ward.

to reply.

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
November 4, 1963

Dear Andre,

Deutsch

This is just a note to say that we must not have any trouble on misunderstanding between us. Scott Meredith is a top money agent, and can get advances like nobody else I've ever known in the literary world, but some of his methods I suppose can seem fairly strong-arm if one is on the receiving end, so I'm writing this to tell you that all final decisions on everything are still being made by Cy and me. As you may remember my telling you once in Cy's office just before we got together again, I had a bad conscience toward you about Barbary Shore and have no desire to get into that again. So look, Andre, and straight: I wish as a working rule of procedure that you will assume things are going along well between us unless you hear directly to the contrary from Cy or me. If our silences are sometimes long, it is because the variety of work one is engaged in creates the delay. The last letter I wrote to you must have been in my mind for a month, but I was desperate at work on the first installment and did not want to take the chance of breaking a writing day by starting with a letter. By the time I was done writing for the day I usually felt too drained to dictate something coherent. The delay which took on, under the circumstances, a large significance to you really had none for me.

As for the advances you've paid already on the long novel, what do you want to do about them? Would you like them returned? or should they be applied to whatever arrangement we've made for The Presidential Papers, or what? Any course is agreeable to me except one. I do not want to be owing you this sum for the next year or two.

A friend of mine named Jean Levy--she is married to Julian Levy, a Surrealist gallery owner--wants to do a Moroccan cookbook. She's got a Moroccan woman working for her who must be one of the finest Moroccan cooks in America--I can certify this, having been their weekend guest. So naturally I told her of your extraordinary list, and promised that I would write to you and ask if you're interested in such a venture. Jean used to work in advertising and I'm certain can write well enough to do a good introduction and present the recipes in an agreeable fashion.

I'm writing to Corgi today to tell them that of course they're welcome to do the Dial-Dell book (now titled An American Dream) if they can outbid Mayflower.

Glad Diana's book is doing so well. I look forward to receiving it.

Two copies of The Presidential Papers should be on their way to you this week.

I don't know what's up with Mrs. Timpson, since I've been out of touch with all those people for quite a while. A telegram might get her to reply.

Jean (my ward) is now Mrs. Paul Krassner, 318 East 18th Street, New York City. I finally got around to buying her a wedding present: two marmosets, with which we're all pleased.

Everything else is fine.

Best to everyone,

✓
Addie Wainman Lubel

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
November 5, 1963.

[Dear Lub,

Your letter came just as I finished dictating a long series of letters this morning. It was a pleasure to read, almost as if I'd been given a reward for working so hard at so dull a task through the morning. I'm in a curious situation now which makes me accumulate my mail for a month or more, then answer it in a day. I've always done this, but now it takes on the sterner forms of discipline, because I'm engaged in a break-neck venture. I got into trouble financially and was in debt, and decided the only way out of it which would give me some kind of modest luxury--like spending \$20 on a dinner for two without thinking about it, or buying theatre tickets when I felt like it--was to write a novel, and so lo and behold, I contracted to write a novel in serial for Esquire, eight installments of ten thousand words each, and then sold the book before a word was written to Dial and Dell for \$125,000 bucks. It seems that I am finally hot again as a property. For this next year I'm in the soup because this novel's got to be fairly good or I'll be ambushed by more cross fire than anybody I can think of in recent years, and indeed will deserve to get the worst, so I am off and writing. I've finished the first installment which is sheer cliff-hanger, and the second installment, which is sheer cliff-hanger. Can I keep it up?]

Also my personal life has taken quite a turn. I've been living with a blonde actress named Beverly Bentley since last March, and she is now pregnant, which we desired, and we'll be married if and when I get a divorce from Jean. For Campbell is being cute and difficult about it all. I won't tell you anything more about Beverly for I'd rather you meet her and decide for yourself. I have a feeling you may like her.

When last I heard from you, the baddies had Lucky over a barrel. What has happened since? You make no mention of that in your letter. Give me the details if you have the chance. I'm curious.

Finally I have a new book. It's called The Presidential Papers, and will be out in about ten days, and I'll send you a copy this week--just so soon as I get some from the publisher. There's only one important piece of writing in it, the last piece, which I think is pretty good. As for the rest, if you're bored and want some top-flight intellectual action, why don't you look up Malaguais, who's now living in Wellesley. His address is 1 Horton House, Wabington Street.

And forgive the flatness of this letter. It doesn't mean I have no feeling for you, it just means I'm bored to death with writing letters. The trouble is I still enjoy receiving them.

Love,

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
November 5, 1963

Mr. David Chaston
Ark Office
21 Cromwell Road
South Kensington
London S. W. 7

Dear Mr. Chaston,

I'd like to thank you for your most cordial letter, but I'm afraid I can't possibly send you anything. I'm hard at work now on a novel, and I'm taking on nothing else. Oddly enough, the title of this new novel is "An American Dream".

Yours,

Norman Mailer

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

488 MADISON AVENUE

NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

PLAZA 9-3232

November 8, 1963

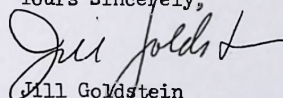
Mr. Norman Mailer
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn Heights, New York

Dear Mr. Mailer:

Harold has asked me to let you know that our rotary deadline for the March issue has been moved up from Dec. 13 to Dec. 9. Therefore, we'd like to have the third installment of the novel by the 9th.

Our February deadline for rotary and the second installment remains Nov. 15.

Yours sincerely,


Jill Goldstein
Editorial Coordinator

jg



E. P. DUTTON & CO. INC. PUBLISHERS

201 PARK AVE. SOUTH, NEW YORK 3, N.Y.

OR 4-5900 Cable Address YARDFAR N. Y.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

November 8, 1963

Mr. Norman Mailer
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn Heights, New York

Dear Mr. Mailer:

We are sending you along with this letter a bound galley of John Clellon Holmes' new novel, GET HOME FREE, which we are publishing next spring (April 8, 1964). We'd be glad to know in advance your reaction to this important new novel by the author of GO and THE HORN, and a postcard addressed to Dutton is enclosed for this purpose. Of course, we hope we may be allowed to use whatever you may wish to say in our promotion of the book, but if you do not care to comment, or if you prefer not to be quoted, we will fully understand.

You will, of course, receive a complimentary copy of the finished book when it is ready.

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) Peggy Brooks
Associate Editor

PB:PG
Enc.

11/2 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
November 26, 1963

Dear Mrs. Brooks,

I hope I have a chance to read Get Home Free, for I did like Go and The Horn. But the galleys could not have come at a worse time, since I'm doing a serial in eight parts for Esquire, and have to meet a deadline each month of ten to fifteen thousand words. The result is that I do very little else.

Yours sincerely,

Norman Mailer

(X)
skeelings

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
November 26, 1963

Dear Ed,

[This is just a note because I have to start tomorrow on the third installment of the novel I'm doing in serial for Esquire so I'm trying to drive the bulldozer through my mail.]

I can't answer your questions the way they should be answered-- I did however send your manuscript to Walter Minton yesterday, who's my publisher at G. P. Putnam's Sons, and told him that you were interested in rewriting it. So let's see what happens there.

Best for now,

Norman Mailer

X

Shoultz

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
December 11, 1963

Dear Mary Jane,

[I'm buried in mail today so this is just a line to ask you to let me know what you think of the first installment of the serial, which should be out about the time you get this letter. That is, if you have the time in your own busy life.]

How is Ray? I take it he's completely recovered. I certainly hope so.

Don't worry about the delay at Random House and Esquire. Those places take forever.

Best for now,

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
January 15, 1964

Dear Don,

Carpenter

My letters are getting as short as short hairs. The serial has me close to pissing blood because the ten thousand more or less finished words each month screws me tight as a twisted wire. So when I finish, as I've just done with the fourth installment-- I have to stay two installments ahead to meet the magazine's schedule of deadlines--I usually fall on the mail like a demented zoo animal and do my best to eat it up. So this is really just to say that I liked your letter of December 22 which you sent December 30 and the praise was fine, and I just hope I don't let everybody down. Because a good beginning is one thing, but "the keeping up" (which is Henry James' little language for it, of course) is something else. Anyway, at this point, the trip is still being taken alone. Let's see if there's snow blindness near or far out on our fields. And let me hear what you think of the second installment if you're in the mood. Despite my remarks about the praise up above, you are, buddy, believe it or not, free to register disappointment. For one thing each installment is sixty days behind me so I'm worried more about where I am now than where I was then, and also if something is not good enough one's friends are only hurting one's sense of reality if they neglect to tell you.

Say hello to Mike McClure if you see him and give him my best. Tell him I'd like to talk to him about his Meat Science Essays if we get a chance.

Best,

Norman

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
January 16, 1964

Bourjaily
Dear Vance,

The serial business is excellent for straightening out one's life, since there's no time to do anything but work. Years ago, Theodore Reik was being analyzed by Freud, and as a talented young man he was naturally interested not only in being a superb analyst but a musician, a writer, a lover, a boulevardier, a vigilante, even a mad genius. Freud listened and got angrier and angrier. Finally he said, (Reikerman, wänbelieve) "Reik, you want to be a big man? piss in one spot." So that is what the serial business puts you up to.

Actually, it's like ten-second chess. You have to make your decisions in a hurry and depend on the probability that the professionalism you've acquired over the years is backing you up, that the bets are good and solid and that you're enough of a gambler to take an occasional long shot which excites you. I think one benefit from writing a serial is that one could give a good practical course in how to write a novel afterward, for you spend most of your time dealing with the simple mechanical aspects of book writing. Never before has it been quite so important to get a character out of a room with a minimum of sweat.

I feel for you as a hunting guide. Not to mention us amateurs who land on your door. There will be all the bad pros who arrive with a drink in their eye and the remark, "Vance, baby, I feel like I got to kill something this year." The worst thing about writing a book is the afters--all the obligation one has to be loyal to its logic. So you have to put up with guys like me who invite themselves to go hunting with you. I feel half bad about this. I sure as hell want to come out next year for a few days; you sure as hell may wish to do some work or to go hunting by yourself. So can we leave it that I accept your invitation with pleasure but that it is understood that you are free to change your mind if later on the thought of my arriving gives you, for a hundred good reasons, no particular sense of the agreeableness of things. And I in my turn expecting that your excellent manners will overcome your excellent instinct ask you this, should I buy a shot gun? What would be a good shot gun to buy? I know nothing about them, and so half like the idea of handling one for some months before I get to fire it.

Give my best to Tina, and hear ye, I'm married again, and to the young lady you met last spring, Carnegie Hall evening.

Best,
Norman

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
January 17, 1964

Dear Eiichi,

Just a quick note. I finished the fourth installment, and so once again I'm rushing to get through my mail. The first installment was sent out to you last week, and the galleys of the next two installments mailed out a day or so ago, so you should have the first 32,000 words by the time you receive this letter. The only thing I would suggest is that you state what you think is necessary in the clearest and simplest terms to Henry Morrison, because while he is a very able agent it's possible that he does not know too much about the situation in Japan, and I think in such cases it is a mistake to make him aware of all the complexities. He is likely to start worrying and playing a larger part himself. You see, I'm afraid that if he plays the main role, he will start consulting Tuttle again, and it is my impression that whenever Tuttle appears on the scene, people start trying to pry certain rights away from you. So if you want to write the negotiations for me in Japan, that's fine, Eiichi; if you would rather have someone else take up such a work and merely consult you for advice, then let me know that, too. Whichever course you desire is completely agreeable to me, my dear friend, but I was not certain from your last letter which course you prefer. Just tell me exactly what you wish and I will arrange it with Morrison.

As for the rest, I hope to take a week's vacation and go skiing, and then in a few days I have a debate on television with William Buckley. It is however not live, but taped.

My very best to you, Eiichi, and to
your fine family,

910 Tatenomachi,
Nerimaku, Tokyo
January 4, 1964

Dear Norman:

Thank you very much for your cable and such a warm letter. I had no intention of requesting you for such a right for myself but only wanted to guarantee the best conditions for your books deserving your reputation here and also not to fall into the position of mere hired servant of an editor. I promise you to do my best to answer to your warm confidence.

Shinchosha told me that they had made an offer for The Presidential Papers and I think it will be better to let them have the book if their offer suits you. I do not know how it was, but your new agent should of course demand them for satisfactory terms. I also think he should ask them to guarantee 10,000 copies ~~xxxxxx~~ (if it is printed in two ~~xx~~ volumes, then each 10,000 copies.) The term of validity should not be too long - may be three years? About these matters I will write my opinion to Mr. Henry Morisson.

Ever since I got your letter of November 25, in which you told me that I should be able to get the galley of the first installment of An American Dream within a week, I have been waiting for ~~the~~ its arrival every morning. But I have not yet got it. I am afraid it might have been misdelivered which sometimes occurs since not every postman can read Roman spellings well. I also thought it might be that you found it necessary to correct the galley again and if so I should ~~not~~ never pester you again. Today I read the Christmas number of The Esquire and I am convinced that you completed the first installment and the mail was misdelivered. So just now I cabled to Scott Meredith asking you to send the galley of the first installment (if you have a spare) at once by registered mail. By way of precaution I enclose here a few cards ~~xxxx~~ bearing my address in Japanese letter. Would you kindly stick it on your envelope to me?

I am terribly sorry to know that you took out a subscription of the New York Review of Books. I really could do so myself through an academic organization in Tokyo. We are still under the control of foreign exchange prohibition to send money ~~us~~ abroad, but I can subscribe for foreign publications through this organization, so please do not worry for me in future on these matters. I thank you very much for your kindness.

Eagerly waiting for the arrival of The Harbors of the Moon, my best regards to you and to your children,

Eiichi

910 Tatenomachi
Narimaku Tokyo
February 10, 1964

Dear Norman:

This is just an interim report on An American Dream. Unlike in America, we have no big publishers who put out magazines alone. There are few big monthly magazines, like the Bungeishunju and Chuokoron, but they do not publish any serial foreign novels. The ones who pay best are some of the weekly magazines, but they are so popular or vulgar that they cannot take such artistic works. The only exception is the Asahi Journal but it does not pay much. So it had become a competition between Shinchosha, your sole publisher so far, and Kawadeshobo, another big publisher. Both have their own monthly magazine—a literary magazine.

Shinchosha had to withdraw because their magazine could not take the whole novel as a serial, and also did not try to overwhelm their rival with a big offer. A Japanese employee of Tuttle seemed too eager to check the amount of a possible offer of advance, so I myself am negotiating with them, letting them first study the galleys and find out what they can bet on this novel. Within a week I shall hear from them. Anyway, they will publish it first in their magazine the Bungei as a complete serial of four or five installments, then as a book. Then they will put it into their ~~World~~ Library of World Literature, a every book of which will have tens of thousands of first print. As soon as I hear from them, I will write to your agent.

Dear Norman, I really think this is a genuine masterpiece of real art. Your ideas on a real novel, which you developed in your articles, are so marvellously realized in every line of the story. I have expected it from reading your essays.

Will you kindly continue to send new galleys? If you have some reviews of the novel, may I have some of the I am quite sure this proves a big sensation all over the world, and I will make it in Japan.

My best wishes for your success and warmest regards to you and to your dear children,

Warmly,

Eiichi
Yamanishi

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
February 11, 1964

Dear Harvey, *Brett*

Just a note. I've been down in the mines working on my novel, five installments now done, three to go--mortal terror all around that I will run out of gas. I must say, each installment gets worse than the one before. Then when I finish, there's a snow bank of letters around, all the mail that's accumulated during the month. So I send this off to you in the ill-humor of being written out, smoked out, hung over, and in a bitch of a mood about the novel. But I write to you anyway because I wanted to say hello and tell you that we miss you and hope you'll be back soon.

Outside of work everything's going along fairly well and New York seems quiet. I hope Mrs. Lowry's agreeable.

Salud,

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
February 17, 1964

Charles H. (New York Chapter of The National
Academy of TV Arts & Sciences)
Dear Mr. Schultz,

Normally I think I would want to say yes to your invitation for the Forum, but since it falls on March 12, which is three days after I'll be handing in my next installment of my novel to Esquire, I can know to a certainty that it will be impossible to prepare anything for the forum or even think constructively in advance about what I would like to say and what my ideas might really be. So for that reason, most regretfully, I'm afraid I must decline.

Yours sincerely,

Norman Mailer

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
February 17, 1964

Hand
Dear Mickey,

This is the worst day in the world to write you a letter because I'm in a foul mood and have forty other letters to get through before the day is done. But if I don't write to you today another month will go by, because what with the serial taking up almost all the time, I try to take care of all the mail once a month. Anyway, there's very little in the form of news. I'm simply working my ass off, and going out very little, seeing very few people, and keeping my nose over the top of a pencil. In return, things have been quiet and nice here. Bev's pregnancy has been going along pleasantly and my life has been for me remarkably stable. Sometimes a week goes by before I get a chance to do some serious drinking. So that's it on the news.

The biggest excitement in New York this year culturally has been Dr. Strangelove and the arrival of the Beatles, who, surprise, ~~was~~ kind of nice when I saw them on television. And Dr. Strangelove you've got to see. It's the only great movie I know which is great not because it's great as a movie but because it's sociologically great that the thing was made.

I hope things are going okay between you and Joan. How's her pregnancy? I'm a little pissed off at her because I asked her to ring and say goodbye before she left and she didn't, which bugs me somehow. I mean like, you know, I knew her when.

I feel apologetic about this letter because your last one was fascinating and full of news, and this one of mine reads like last week's newspapers, but truthfully it's not depression, it's just the weight of work. I was thinking about you yesterday and the couple of good evenings we had just before you left, and I wished you were back in New York again.

Best, Mickey, and love,

P.S. I think Henderson the Rain King could make a great movie, so here's wishing you luck on that. I'm sure you've thought of this, but it occurs to me that Welles might be interested in playin' Henderson; and it might be interesting to try to get Sonny Liston to play Dahfu. If you can get a picture started, I'll go and talk to Liston because I'm on fairly good terms with his manager, Jack Nilon.

Palace Hotel
Belgrade, Jugoslavia
Jan. 12, 1964

Dear Norm,

This is shaping into an interesting experience. I've never been on a job that has so many odd facets. The producer is all chutspur and con - which makes for a very disorganized production. This film is one series of crisis - is the actor coming? did the money go through? is the writer really working on the new scenes? is the set going to be ready?, etc etc. For me it's been most interesting meeting and working with Orson Welles. The bastard is a giant. He has a mind very much like yours - very quick and penetrating. He also has that 'built in shit detector'. Without doubt he's got the most powerful personality I've ever come across. The one bolt that seems to be missing is something in his character. I sense a profound disturbance that manifests itself in a form of weakness. He took to me immediately and said that I could work with him on his next film; but you know me, I can't stand prosperity. While he was here we had some wild nights; much drinking, repartee and staying up all night. The night before he left I got into a bad argument with Elsa Martinelli. We were all drunk, including Welles. He's an extremely mischievous guy and joined the argument - on her side. He had me cornered and I called him a fraud among other things. Since there's a lot of fraud in him I touched a nerve. The next day I thought or imagined a change in attitude. I suppose time will tell. By the way, he read all of your books.

I like Belgrade. I like the people - they're direct and honest with very little bullshit or sham about them. I like the cold, the mist every evening and I like the trees that look like giant sparklers (the evening mist freezes on the branches and twigs). Although I'm sure corruption exists it's nothing compared to Italy, France or the U.S. There's a lack of staleness in the air. The crew is French and so complain constantly. Those fucks expect everything, anywhere to be like Paris. They're really a race full of annoying complexes.

The whores here are storybook. I've never met such a group of friendly, warm and attractive girls. I don't get it. They're really sweet. All you have to be is pleasant and they find taking money distasteful. They congregate at about three places in town, so it's easy to get to know them all. Hardly any are hardened or tough. Go figure it.

Joan arrives in Rome today and will be here the end of the week. Hope we get along. Given the pressures

of work it'll be murder if I have to come back to the hotel to more problems.

I've been doing quite a bit of writing on the script. I never realized how difficult dialogue is to write well. However, I do enjoy doing it. Tomorrow, Tony Quinn arrives for a few weeks. That, I'm not looking forward to. He's become the world's biggest bore. But I'm sure there's going to be fireworks - there always is when he doesn't work with a strong director. And our director is nice but schvarch.

I just finished HENDERSON THE RAIN KING and I agree with you. I'm going to write Bellow about the movie rights. I have a feeling that no one has bought them. It would be a difficult film to make, but if well made, it could be a winner.

Write me soon and let me know how the book is going. Best to Bev.

Love,
Mick,

Mike M address
(London England)

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
February 19, 1964

Dear Michael,

The shortest of notes. I've been writing a novel all winter and so I try to go through mail like a lawnmower. But if you can get an independent conference going, I suppose I'd be willing to support it. I'd hate to be the man who is considered to have started it, however. I've often decided that the dominant passion among the British is that foreigners should never interfere with the domestic affairs of another country. So if the venture is doomed to defeat or to a most pissy and hopeless little success, then I just think that the troops are best sent into battle somewhere else. So think about this, and let me know your considered opinion.

Yours,

Norman
Norman Mailer

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
February 19, 1964

Dear Eiichi,

Again just a note. I've just finished the fifth installment and now must go through all the mail of the last month, so there's no time to write properly to anyone.

I made an arrangement for you to get tear sheets, (that is to say, pages cut from the magazine before it appears each month) when they are ready. Thus in another three weeks you should get the fourth installment and in seven weeks the fifth installment, which I've just finished. In other words you will be receiving each installment of the novel seven to eight weeks after I've finished it. If you think this is too slow and you would rather have galleys, we can shorten the time to about four weeks, or indeed if speed is altogether essential I can make arrangements to have a typewritten copy of each installment sent to you a week or ten days after I finish it. However, this last may be hard on your eyesight, for the first typewritten copies which are easier to read have to go of necessity to the hard-cover publisher and the paperback publisher here, and as you know, a third or fourth carbon is no joy to work with. At any rate, dear Eiichi, let me know what is most comfortable for you.

As for a copy of previous novel contracts of my novels, let Anne Barry know if you've not received them, and she will get in touch with Mr. Rembar and ask him to send it to you.

I was pleased you liked the first three installments so much. The fourth and fifth gave me great difficulty but I think that they have not, so to speak, "lost" the book. I still have the chance to make this a good novel and as I approach the last three installments the problem becomes exciting, almost as if one were in a race.

Outside of that, no news. Isn't it true that when one is working hard there is never any news, just work. Please say hello to your children and to your dear wife, and ask Toshio and Michio to accept my best wishes for their entrance examinations.

Warmly,

P.S. Your letter of February 10 just arrived and I was wondering if it is worth the difficulty to have the book appear in serial especially if they plan to print it in five installments rather than in eight, because the novel is being constructed on the form of eight separate chapters. Again I leave it to you to do whatever you consider most wise, but I thought it would make it easier for you to play your hand if you know that I have no particular insistence it be printed as a serial in Japan.

910 Tatenomachi
Nerima-ku, Tokyo
January 25, 1964

Dear Norman:

** scale and preface*

Excuse me for not writing you earlier. I read the first three installments of ~~xx~~ An American Dream. Dear Norman, this is the great masterpiece of these years. When I read the first installment, I felt all the stories I read recently pale, too simple and thin. And what a sense of speed! I can imagine a sensation it will cause, a sensation just like when The Naked was published. Just imagine, a professor of American literature ~~xxxx~~ reviewing The Presidential Papers in a magazine this month, said that Mailer looks to have lost interest in novels! Such legend has been spread knowingly, in this country, too, by people who declare themselves to be interested in Mailer! What a big bomb this will be to such people, *that is academic people and journalists.*

I wrote an essay about you for Fujinkoron, a monthly magazine with a circulation of more than 400,000 copies, and in it I referred to An American ~~Dream~~ *Dream*. It will come out early next month. Already Kawadeshobo, a big rival of Shinchosha, expressed their earnest desire to get the rights for their magazine and also as a book. But I told Tuttle to wait and see the response of others who do not yet know about this big news.

I read your letter of January 17. I did not realize such moves of Tuttle. In the past I did not know about the conditions of the contracts except the ~~basic~~ fact that the book would be published by such and such a publisher. I asked Tuttle to send me a copy of the contract but could not get it, ~~neither~~ *from* Horch for The Naked. This has made me impossible to know whether I can have another publisher for The Deer Park-for example- because I do not know whether the term is already expired, despite the fact that it has been stopped to appear so many years ~~since~~.

As to the courses you suggest for me, I prefer the course that Tuttle should find, in cooperation with me, the market and what can be gotten for your book, but I ~~sh~~ should write negotiations for you in Japan. If this arrangement can be made, I shall be very happy. I am very much obliged to you for your thoughtful consideration for my sake.

for/

It will be interesting ~~to~~ you to know that the winner of the Akutagawa prize for the new best novel last year, a young woman writer, confessed to the press that the writer she most admires is Norman Mailer. Till quite ~~recent~~ lately the best popular writer (foreign) was Sartre, but now, especially since the appearance of Advertisements, this trend towards you is becoming stronger among young people (and not only young people).

Are your four dear daughters all quite well? My last two sons, Toshio and Michio-18 and 15 years old- are now doing their last spurt for their entrance examinations which are murderously hard. Our best wishes to you and ~~to~~ *our* daughters. Warmly,

910 Tatenomachi
Nerimaku, Tokyo
March 9, 1964

Dear Norman:

✓ Two days ago I mailed ~~an offer~~ to Mr. Morrison an offer by Kawadeshobo for *An American Dream*. I had been refusing to convey such a meager figures, as I think it a sheer insult to the work. Please let me know the frank opinion of both of you, and I will show it to them. I regret I did not take up the negotiation with them from the first myself.

It is true, however, that Kawadeshobo is the most ambitious publishers. In this respect, they ^{may be} ~~are~~ better than Shinchosha. Kawade is going to put out their third collection of the World Literature, amounting, together with the first and the second collections, to 100 works of choice world literature, and they want to include *An American Dream*, after they have first published it as a separate book; this alone would guarantee 30,000 copies. this (third collection) They are secretly proceeding with this plan of ~~they~~ to start from December this year.

✗ I wonder if Miss Barry will be able to send me some excerpts of reviews of the novel. I am very curious to know how it is being received in America.

Our best wishes to you, to your dear children and your work.

Very warmly,
Ezaki

910 Tatenomachi
NeriMaku, Tokyo
April 8, 1964

Dear Miss Barry:

Thank you very much for the fourth and fifth installments of *AN AMERICAN DREAM*. I haven't read such a complex powerful story. This will be a really great work, I am sure. I am waiting for the next installments with great expectation.

TEN THOUSAND WORDS A MINUTE and THE DEBATE will go to print soon, and will come out with many pictures, as a lovely book. They want to use the picture of Norman published in *Esquire*, July in 1963, together with his *SOME CHILDREN OF THE GODDESS*. Will you kindly get the permission to use it, if necessary through Mr. Rembar?

910 Tatenomachi

Nerima-ku, Tokyo

March 13, 1964

Dear Miss Barry:

I am now reading the proofs of Ten Thousand Words A Minute and The Debate which will be published next month. Now I must write an explanation note for the book, and I wish to know about the second debate of Norman with Buckley he had last month. What was the theme and how was it? Please tell me as quickly as possible.

*Check w
Rembar*
I also wish to have ^a copy of the contracts of the earlier novels and Advertisements For Myself. Will you ask Mr. Rembar to send it to me? I need it to protect our interests and to try to find a new market for the books.

I am eagerly waiting for the fourth and fifth installments of An American Dream. If there appears any review of the novel, please send me a copy.

Please give my best regards to Norman, and I send you my best wishes,

Warmly

Eiichi Yamanishi

Eiichi Yamanishi

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
March 16, 1964

Dear Vahan,

Gregory

Just to thank you for your good and very kind letter. I'm up to my nose in the serial--since I have to keep two installments ahead of Esquire, I'm banging away now in the pits of the sixth installment, trying to avoid a let-down, and reminding myself I've only two to go, so forgive the brevity of this.

Best,

Norman

Norman Mailer

- pm

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
March 16, 1964

May
Dear Walt,

I'm so jammed up writing the serial that there's no time to write a decent letter. But I enjoyed your reactions to the first three installments and read your letter carefully. So look, if you don't mind the disparity of short replies from me, will you give me your reactions to the ensuing installments if and when you feel like it? Praise is great, but if you feel like blasting, that's valuable to me too, because I think you can understand very few people level with me any more these days, and one's balance sometimes consists of having people around who can say no.

Best for now,

Norman

Peretz

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
March 17, 1964

Dear Mary,

Thanks for your letter. I'm not sure I'm going to go into a ski cabin next year, for it proved expensive, and full of headaches this season.

I still have my nose deep in the serial and I'm not sure I ever want to write a novel this way again. For cumulative fatigue may get in the way of finishing the book properly. I hope not, I think I still haven't lost the book, but I'm feeling wrung out, dull, and smoking many too many cigarettes these days. Forgive the lugubrious tone--I think I'm still recovering from the Clay Liston fight. One of my secret dreams was to see Patterson and Liston have a great third fight.

Best for now,

Norman

Uncle

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
March 17, 1964

Dear Louis,

Mailer

I've dispiriting news to tell you. I failed to get in touch with Johnny Schlesinger. I fully intended to when I got your letter, but first I was away for a week skiing, and then came back to go to the Clay-Liston fight in Miami, and since that time I've been in trouble with work. The deadline for the sixth installment was two weeks away and so I've had my nose over a pencil ever since. Today I remembered, looked up your letter, and discovered to my dismay that it's after March 4 and Schlesinger is gone. I feel badly about this on several counts. You ask me for a courtesy so very rarely that I dislike not fulfilling your request. And besides, I think it would have been fun with Schlesinger. I remember him slightly from Harvard, when he reminded me of a great big brawling red-cheeked infant with a vast crazy good humor, and absolutely insane about chasing girls. And it might have been amusing to look for the permutations in his nature. At any rate, when you see him, would you tell him I'm sorry about all this, that I had looked forward to seeing him again, and that actually although he's probably forgotten we did meet at Harvard, via Edwin Fox. And tell him further that I'd like you to give him my address, so that when he comes to America again, we can spend an evening trying to out-drink each other.

My best for now,

Norman

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
March 17, 1964

Dear George,

Lea

Thanks for your letter. It was practically inspirational, old buck. Actually I feel very far from being a citizen of the world these days. There's something about trying to do a novel in eight months which overcomes all the outposts of one's ego, so that you recoil back on the thing you can do reasonably well, which is to be some kind of half-ass professional. So I don't feel important these days, I just feel wrung out, worn down, near to written out, scared, like a semi-final fighter at the end of six rounds with two big ones to go. You know what I mean.

If you get a chance, drop me a line about the novel you're working on, and what it's about.

Best, for now,
Norman

check
[Gail E.]

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
April 14, 1964

Dear Norton,

Up to my ears in trying to finish this book, so it isn't a miss. I'm done with the seventh installment. The eighth and last is going to be very long, and full of problems. So this is just to thank you for your last couple of letters and the encouragement in them.

Norman

Norman Mailer

2411 Miller ave.,
Ann Arbor, Michigan
March 25, 1964

Mr. Norman Mailer,
142 Columbia Heights,
Brooklyn 1, New York

Dear Norm,

The enclosure is somewhat inadvertent, but I enclose it anyway since it may be of some current interest to you. I've had my ass in a bind also, but for entirely different reasons, at least on the surface!

I've had to get my goddam soul out of hell this winter once and for all. Every goddam corpse keeps screaming that I am still alive while my fucking brain keeps telling me I am dead . . . which is an old story of 'dread' to you.

To make a long lifetime story short, I did not recognize till about four years ago that 'history' is always behind the times while 'people' are always living 'it up' to date. This puts an entirely different aspect on 'prophecy' since any lousy sonofabitch with the right combination on the slot machine can be a 'prophet' . . . ranging from the scientist who hopes to formulize the unified field that exists in a solid piece of tail and is quite 'universal' in nature . . . to the messiah who quite elaborately feels sorry for himself and therefore takes upon himself the woes of mankind.

Your story has meant one thing to me, and I think to you, that people are now dying psychically while their physiology goes on in 'time and space'. That puts us into the relativity of the 'infinite' and the 'finite' and the longtime dialogue between Good and Evil . . . or God and the Devil, whichever one prefers.

Now that is what you started with, and why I said the bulb had intimate knowledge of the flower it would produce. You see, a lot of people know, but very few can write. Those who know and can't write, would like to see it expressed in terms to which they can refer and with which they can identify. You might be quite surprised at the number of people who have seen the 'light dim' when engaged in a very deep psychic charge. It is quite disconcerting since one never knows whether it is 'yea' or 'nay' and has to, still, rely on his own judgement and rationalize the 'dimming' in terms of patent sanity . . . which is simply to ignore it as coincidence.

Frankly, a whole new era is opening up. Some earnest boob is coming up with a gimmick based on electronic wavelength that can completely dis-orient a shark while not affecting the patron nor other finny brethren of a different wavelength. This very strongly resembles a 'messiah' I am acquainted with (second hand) (I am personal friend of two original disciples) who can also dis-orient those who are 'undesirable' to him by the same procedure. I.E., your 'procedure' in the 4th installment, psychic artillery.

Forgive all this shit, but I think both of us have had one thing in common . . . we have had to get 'grounded' this year or forget the whole goddam mess.

I'm no writer, and I profoundly wish I had the discipline and brain for it but I don't, I am primordiallly a scientist in the 20th Century while being otherwise a solid Cro-Magnon in Nature. If I had lived six thousand years ago, I'd have retreated with the Taoists.

I can build a fire with one match (or flint and steel) (or a stick and a stone) in a sleet storm . . . but what gets me is to drink booze with the hunter whose rocks are spoiled by competing only with males in the material world, relinquishing his soul to the females and becoming 'queer' to his business masters.

Maybe I've said it before but I will say it again, if I could write, I'd write it, "Has Success Spoiled the Rocks of the Hunter?"

I do not propose that violence should accelerate itself into cultural warfare and genocide . . . but there is a place for violence in the human necessity if the male is to remain a male and the female to remain the arbiter of an advancing civilization.

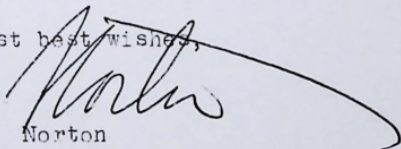
The rituals of nature do not allow for much killing and I think that is where we are losing our rocks. One is impelled to kill by 'civilization' while being deprived of the natural rituals of 'less than kill' violence. That is some different from over-kill and megaton ratings as opposed to the sticks and stones of the aborigines.

I see Rojack (because I see myself in him) as exemplifying the ultimate extinction of the human race . . . through default and ignorance of the primordial laws of nature . . . or, as you have previously put it, he is the victim of the "rage against nature".

I do not think I see one whit more in your work than you do and I think, in fact, that you saw it in the beginning or you would never have tried it. I know goddam well I would never start something I couldn't finish, or see the finish before I started it, at least amorphyically.

At most, I merely think I may be corroborating what you suspect others may be expecting of your work. I simply cannot conceive that the 'casino' had no knowledge of what would finally make it up to the podium!

My sincerest best wishes,


Norton

one
be ve
your

2411 Miller ave.,
Ann Arbor, Michigan
March 23, 1964

The Rev. Richard Byfield,
All Saints Episcopal Church,
Palo Alto, California

Dear Dick,

I've tried writing to you several times in the last month, but it always comes out the same . . . rather unkind. I think it is time now to draw the line and let it go at that.

It will be another 20 years yet before Christianity begins to understand that someone like me is not really Atheistic. Dr. Albert Schweitzer comes close to it in his "reverence for life" and U Thant comes very close to it in his generalized approach to the 'human' international equation. Krushchey, in his own doctrinally limited way, also fits into the picture. But aside from that, there is no major impetus toward the truly Christian viewpoint. Johnson is about half-way and twice as good as Kennedy was, but that is not nearly enough.

One can sum up the 20th Century in the fact that a PhD recently published a book "Three Christs of Ypsilanti" which is based on a daily, tape recorded, confrontation over a period of two years of three persons with identical 'identities'.

You see, Dick, the very factor that all of the Scriptures was founded on is now a completely negative quality in life. Even 'religions' no longer recognize 'prophets' unless they found a new religion and start a war to support it.

In this regard, what differentiates me from the boys in the looney bin? When I read the book I will know what each of them had on the ball, if anything . . . but as to me . . . I have been corroborated by 'history' for one thing, during a period of four years specifically and at least 12 years generally but still rather specifically. Second, I know 'insanity' inside and out and know it to be a mistake of cultural civilization more than anything else. In the same vein, I know also that if I am insane, so also was Jesus and all the rest of the 'prophets' and can prove it according to modern factors! Third, I know what social evolution has accomplished in the way of "individualism" (seasonal natures) by having sexual intercourse every split second of the hour, twenty four hours a day, 'year round.

Add all of this up and one arrives at a 'major prophet' in tune with the 20th Century . . . not because the prophet himself says so, but because he can prove it by all previously available factors of proven science and historical fact.

Easter doesn't mean a damn thing to me because everyone is worshipping a dead corpse.

Well, I was almost into another paranoidal discourse. It has no value. When one becomes paranoidal, the next one thinks he doth protest too much!

Perhaps so, but I think any individual of any species is prone to take a rather large feeling if he knows his own species is in the process of becoming extinct. He ceases to be only an individual because he becomes in 'sense' also the species because it is a total sense involved.

Some of us, probably only a few including Norman Mailer, know what a species feels like when it is approaching extinction. Hundreds of people are dying this very second because of the inequities of 'civilization' but they are dying with a 'personal' sense involved and if it is slow enough it is not a bad death. Most natural death involves a conscious sense of euphoria which leads one gradually into the final demise . . . but the very bad death is that of those who live and who know, through education and personal sentence, that a 'species' is dying. It is an entirely different death and one easily identifies, in feeling, with the Arctic fleamings or the passenger pigeons or any other species that 'knows' instinctively that its reproductive effort cannot possibly counter the destructive odds against it.

The 'civilized' human is living beyond his time and is trying to rationalize it with irrationality and abortion of the species. When one knows what "I am" and the odds are all against it, then the sense of extinction sets in and one merely hastens the onset . . . like the fleamings and passenger pigeons. Like Hemingway and Monroe. Like anyone whose "I am" is defeated by the odds of civilized relationship.

Thus it is that the person who most closely approaches the true 'civilization' is the very one to be presented with the greatest odds against survival . . . because the truly civilized are a minority mutation, a handful of sports, a spotty fungus of freaks amongst an insensate colony of robot bacteria or self-perpetuating virus whose only virtue is to disrupt and thrive upon something weaker than itself.

I have spawned one good fungi at least. George is the only recruit in the history of San Diego Naval Training Center to have made a perfect score in 'languages' tests. Even though the Russian language class was already filled at Pensacola, George was made 'special issue' by the Pentagon and will be transferred there after completion of his Drum and Bugle boot training. He'd rather be elite than carry a rifle, so his piano talents put him on 'bells' in an elite corps to begin with . . . and his language talents made him an apple to be polished.

I would like to know where to hell "God" is in all of this except the chance arrangement of genes, chromosomes and birth-dates, family discrepancies and the 'recognition' of the Navy?

You see how my trend is. I've been that way all my life but it has only been during the past four years that I could really prove anything.

Regardless of the reality of the situation, one always has to brace himself to the previously indoctrinated reactions. I happened to step on my nieces little toe one night and she let go with a vast barrage of very unladylike abuse . . . so I remarked, "Hell hath no fury like a woman's corns!"

I doubt that even a very good pun will ever salve the fury of Christianity when it has its very tender toes are stepped on.

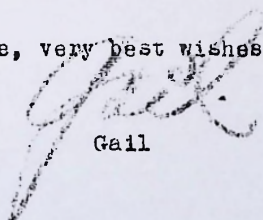
In parting, I will remind you of the green algae who trusts its accumulated instincts and the 'probability' that it will be dry enough to spore in the month of July when its only 'calendar' is the turn of the earth in its solar helix and the proportionate differential in terrestrial magnetism, regardless of heat, humidity, rainfall or anything else that can be duplicated in a laboratory.

The green algae has 'learned' something in the course of evolution . . . but one has to stretch his social imagination a bit to even begin believing that the human has learned anything at all since he first wallowed in the ocean of bliss in the primordial mineral soup and its 20th Century replica, the maternal womb.

Well, I mean that sums it up. The only way I can preserve my sanity is to forget that religion ever existed and begin from my own scratch. I won't even make a scapegoat of Bishop Pike for my own resolution . . . I quite frankly don't think he is sentient enough to be committed to anything but 'logma' . . . which means that one should never blame a robot because a robot is pre-indoctrinated to perform in an irrevocable way.

If, after all of this, you still acknowledge mymail, then don't be dismayed when I don't pull my punches on 'religion' and Christianity.

If permissable, very best wishes,



Gail

Savage

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
April 14, 1944

Dear Ron,

I can't answer your letter at all, I've got to finish the serial in the next five weeks and there's much much difficulty ahead. So this is just to tell you that I got your letter, read it, wish you luck on the play and an interesting trip through the army.

Donna Miller

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
April 16, 1964

Dear André,

Up to my armpits in the serial--installment seven is getting done. Only one more to go. The trouble is it will have to be about twenty thousand words long. So this is just to say that the agreement we made with Leonard Russell is all right with me. Hope to have a full book to show you soon.

Best to Diana,

Norman

*Family
Mikey
Mailer*

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
April 17, 1964

Dear Louis and Moos,

Just a quick note to tell you a little about Michael. The work on the serial is really reaching up to its climax now, and I'm in a dozen kinds of trouble, for I have to finish the book in the next five weeks and the last installment has fearful importance attached to it because the book can turn out anywhere from fairly good to very good by the way I end it. At any rate, in the midst of all this, Mikey B. was born, and an alert little devil he is, very sharp-eyed and lively he is, like a squirrel, with a head that now is very much like mine in shape--nothing to brag about--but since he was born with a cranium as long and thin as a banana, we consider this a blessed improvement. In any event he looks more like his mother than like me. He's got her eyes and nose, her lower lip and chin. Which are, in turn, almond-shaped, uptipped, tremulous, and pointed. But his ears and upper lip belong to me, the ears quite large, but disposed benevolently close to the head. The upper lip is pure Mailer. Thin, as bowed as Cupid's bow, and the channel in his upper lip is deep and long. He eats all the time, is passing fond of his mother, and glares at me. I'm obviously the opposition. And I suspect he's planning (with the aid of his four sisters) to pull off a palace coup in the next ten years. As for the rest, he's got a barrel chest, very active somewhat skinny legs, quick-moving arms, quiet red-gold hair (not much), and a fabulous twig, which persists, despite all odds, at remaining in a state of constant erection. It must be all the women he's surrounded with. Last, he looks to be a good boxer. The other day I tapped him with three left hooks, and before I could land the fourth, he brought up his right to cover his chin. Add to this that he has a low but nonetheless noble brow, a fifty-year-old air of British elegance and looks disconcertingly at times like Dwight D. Eisenhower or Winston Churchill. (At other times he just goes back to looking like a squirrel.) His toes? Oh god, I haven't looked at them yet.

Love to you, my dears, and I'll send pictures so soon as we get a good one, which will probably not be until the summer.

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
April 19, 1964

Kurt
Dear Mickey,

Yes, you did win a bet, and in fact everyone in town has come around to remind me that I owe them money. I must have made twenty bets it would be a girl. Mike is 30 days old now and very alert. He moves like a boxer. I threw three left hooks to his cheek and on the fourth he brought up his right to block it. Karate I leave to you. He kicks like a Georgia mule. He's got my head and will probably have my forehead, Bev's eyes and nose, his upper lip is like mine, and the lower lip and chin belong to the mother. It's weird watching him make a face because some of his expressions are identical to Bev's. She claims many of his expressions are like mine, but of course I'd be the last to see that.

I've got something funny to tell you about the birth. When I spoke to Adele about it I told her that Beverly had four tough hours at the peak of labor, but a good strong delivery, and was feeling fine. When Adele saw Beverly she said, "Norman tells me you had a dreadful time." If there's anything worse than a woman, it's an ex-wife.

Incidentally, Adele says she's planning to visit you and Joan for a month or two this summer. If it isn't that big a drag, try to convince Adele (that's a joke, son) to stay on in Europe an extra month and go around traveling. Get her fired up on seeing something or other. The reason is that I would like to have Dandy and Petsy for two months this summer instead of one, and probably won't be able to if Adele comes flying back like a scared rabbit. I know that's no easy matter to accomplish, but see what you can do. If you can get Joan to think it's her idea, and work on Adele, I think that may be more successful than counting on Adele's vast deep affection for you.

The serial goes on. I'm now in installment seven. The fifth, sixth, and seventh installments are fairly good, but I feel they're not up to the first four, and I've lost the chance I had to write a really major novel. On the other hand, I don't think I could have brought in a really good book in eight installments, and I know I wouldn't have had the strength to go on for twelve. It's been an incredible push because I've had to write figuratively with a locked wrist, since there was no time to explore and follow the kind of incidental bent which two times out of three leads you up a blind alley and then discovers a bigger book ~~within~~ within the book. Anyway, I still think it's going to be one of the best books written in a long time.

I saw the Clay-Liston fight, but won't do a piece on it because there hasn't been time. A pity. I think I could have done something good.

I hope Joan's pregnancy is not making her too impatient. I think you're going to love having a kid, and will be much more of a father than you expect. Be prepared, however, for a very bad month or two. I've never known a woman who doesn't go into a deep depression after the birth of her child, particularly the first child. They feel as if the bottom has dropped out of everything, and unless you're prepared for it as something which is as much physiological as psychological, you're going to be miserable.

P.S. How much do I owe you?

Mrs. Jose Casanova
84 Central Avenue
Hamden, 17, Connecticut

April 30, 1964

Dear Mr. Mailer:

You've been very courteous to acknowledge my letters but don't feel obliged, please.

I've read your 5th installment which continues to have all the ingredients that make for a good sell to the public but I am beginning to wonder if writing in the first person singular is constructive for you, as a novelist.

You write about sex very intensely but understatement would be more effective (how could I read certain passages aloud to my grandfather, for instance? Yet, could still read any parts of Shakespeare..where the literary quality is so fine that the subject matter is contiguous with it.) I could read Henry Miller aloud as he is an Elizabethan, really, and his humor universalizes sex. Your descriptions seem so utterly personal that they are more in the order of "confession" rather than an integrated part of the novel. James Joyce, too, could be read to an old lady with inhibitions..do you see my point?

I hope all these episodes are going to be tied together with some over-all meaning. I will look for it.

Sincerely yours,

Jose Casanova

P.S. Do you have time to read?
If so, read "The Demons" by Heinrich von Doderer

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
June 2, 1964

Dear Mrs. Casanova,

I'm finishing the novel now, so this will excuse, I hope, the briefness of this note, and also will give you in some forty-five or fifty days the opportunity to read the rest of the book, and tell me whether you think it comes together as a novel with overall meaning, or is just an elongated *jeu des mots*. Please give me your reactions to it.

Yours sincerely,

Norman Mailer

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
May 15, 1964

Dear Fig,

I can't make this as long a letter as I'd like to, because I've just been working on Installment Eight--I've managed to clear five weeks for it, and it may turn out to be the longest of them all, because I have to go on until the book is done. It's not that hard to write a hundred thousand words in eight months--I know you've done it often. But the trick here is to make them one hundred thousand finished words, and that makes for strain, because it's hard to relax and get swinging away. So you don't get many bonuses. It's a little like an actor having to memorize Shakespeare. He can't really relax in the part because of the demands of the language. So here you can't relax into the serial because of the pressure of time. Anyway, let's see how it all turns out.

Now for some news which may be interesting to you. I've really missed you and Ecey, Merry Lee and Frank, and I'd like very much to see you this summer. But why don't you consider this: we're going to Provincetown for four months, June 1 to September 30, and with any luck I hope to get a house with four bedrooms. If I do, will you and Ecey consider coming east for two weeks this summer? Dandy, Betsey, and Susie are going to be with me for June and part of July, so things will be a little cramped during that period. But from August 1 I'm sure we'll have plenty of room, and if you wanted to, you and Ecey can bring the kids. Provincetown is a fishing village three miles long and two streets wide, population three thousand in winter, fifteen thousand in summer, but I'd watch it in beauty against any European fishing village I've seen, and it's a marvelous part of the East. Around then it will be getting pretty hot in Louisiana or Arkansas, and the nights are cool in Provincetown. So don't argue with me. Find time and find a way to come up and be our guest for a couple of weeks. You'll have the best time you've had in years, or I'll consider the trip a failure. And Frank and Mary Lee will go out of their minds swimming in salt water. (If my plans work out right, we'll have a house on the beach.)

Mike is now a couple of months old, and his head has slimmed down from a banana to a lemon. Much to his mothers' lack of delight I insist on calling him Lemon-Head Boiks, since that is indeed his middle name: Michael "Turks Mailer, Bev's father's name being Burks Kendrick Rents. Anyway, Mike looks 3/4 like Beverly, 1/4 like me. He's got my head, my upper lip, and a nose which gives promise of being just as fat. He looks like a squirrel and he's got a prick on him which makes little girls eyes open with wonder, carried it in a state of constant erection, as far as I can see. Can you imagine that--a squirrel who's hung?

Give my love to Ecey and let me hear from both of you about this new red-hot idea of mine. A kiss to Mary Lee. You may be the agent who transmits it.

Mike McChase

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
May 26, 1964

Dear Mike,

Just a lightning note to tell you I'm finishing my novel, so haven't had a chance to have more than a glance at The Untitled Novel. Probably I won't be able to read it until the middle of June. Is this too long for you to wait. I hope not, because I would like to read it. But it's been impossible to do anything but work on the novel for the last two months.

Best for now,

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
June 1, 1964

Dear Don, *Carpen*

A thousand congratulations, and I'm glad that you're now in the same boat with me, one of those high-paid, please-the-public, fink low-brow prostitutes. Wait untill you see what awful things happen to your ego when you realize that more people read magazines than novels. Of course, nobody I know reads the Saturday Evening Post. Wha'dya do, sell a piece of your cock, schmuok? But down with Lenny Bruce, have a good summer.

I've just about done with An American Dream. There were times when I began to wonder a little, but the seventh installment's pretty good, and the eighth has a bang ending. You didn't think I was going to be squeezing the last drops off my cock at the end, fellow-racketeer--no, I gave them the spatty bit bit spatty He-deet from my old Tommy gun. Now we go to Provincetown and I to collapse. The only bad thing about writing a novel in eight months is having to show it once a month. It's like giving a hot fuck to your beloved, and having to pull your cock out eight times for her to inspect it.

If you and your wife are going to work your way through the Kama Sutra backwards, you had better read a few companion volumes: 1) Art is a Schmuok, and 2) Hard as a Hammock. So dot's my kohen for today, Clapping, I mean Don,

May.

Dear Walt,

Best, etc.

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
June 2, 1964

Frank
Dear Mick,

It's now more than a month after your last letter, and no further news from you, and not a word from Omar Shariff, whom I did see in Laurence of Arabia, and did think was marvelous. Incidentally, he's a very handsome but exact version of Fred Betah, so I felt as if I knew him very well. What did ~~Joan~~ ~~think~~ of him?

And when is the baby due? It must be any day now. Send me a telegram when it happens. If it's after June 3, Mickey, send it to me c/o Arlie Sinaiko, 603 Commercial Street, Provincetown, Mass.

Well, I'm finally coming to the end of An American Dream. I've finished the last installment rough draft, and I'm giving it the final polish. What a murderous fucking installment this last one has been. I'm in pretty good shape, but of course tense as hell, and all burned out from smoking. I feel just the way a wire must feel after a short circuit. But the book is pretty good, I think, and if it does nothing else, will make me enough money so that I can pay my alimony for a couple of years. I don't think anything changed my life quite so much as losing my loot on the stock market and having to pay Adele that twenty grand a year. It's amazing how I, who was always so impractical, am now making a living.

Incidentally, I'm pretty sure I did receive a letter from you about ten days ago, a typewritten letter, but I've looked all around and can't seem to find it, of all the damn luck. Anyway, in it I seem to remember your asking about the movie of An American Dream. It's simple enough. Warner's took an option for twenty grand, against \$200,000 if they take it within four months after completion. Some of the newspapers reported it was sold outright at \$300,00, but that of course was Hollywood reporting. Anyway, if you get into a situation where you have money to make your movie, run into trouble, and need a few thousand more, I'd probably be able to help you. I'd offer to put up the full twenty-five grand you mentioned in your letter, but I'm likely to clear no more than \$100,000 after debts, taxes, what-have-you, and I've got to put most of the money aside so that I can get to work on the big novel.

No news other than work. I've hardly seen a soul in weeks, and spend most of my time pushing a pencil. But this summer we're going to be in Provincetown for four months. Is there any chance you'll be back in the States between June and September? Because if so, I'd sure like you to come up--I think we'd have room to put you up.

Wish Joan a good delivery for me. Bev has been in pretty good shape, and Michael is nothing but a prick. Every time his mother changes his diaper, he gets a hard-on.

Best, and love,

June 7, 1931

Dear Norman:

Just now I got a letter from Meredith that you finished the eighth and final installment of the novel. I am very glad to hear it, and we send you our hearty congratulation on the completion of An American Dream. I will tell the publishers this happy news. And I am very anxious to read it. I have five installments. If you kindly send me the rest installments as soon as you can, I shall be very ~~very~~ much obliged.

I think this will bring a new vogue of you in Japan. In anticipation of that possibility, I am now ~~again~~ trying the republication of Barbary Shore and The Deer Park.

How is Michael? I am quite sure he is growing well and rapidly. All of my family are sending you & all our best wishes. I just wished to congratulate you for the completion of the most interesting novel.

Very warmly,

Enchi'

910 Tatenomachi
Nerimaku, Tokyo
June 17, 1964

Dear Norman:

This will be just a brief note before my wife and I go to the country for a few days' rest. Ten Thousand Words and The Debate is being well received. I got reviews in three weekly papers of book reviews, that is in all of the sort. Tomorrow The Yomiuri, one of the three giant daily papers will publish a review by some writer or critic, perhaps by Yukio Mishima. I read also a very enthusiastic review in the Student weekly paper of Kyoto University. When I come back I will give you the information about them. One writer and critic, who is radical, said in his review, ~~that~~, "this book is a titlematch in the 'psychic' world. It is quite natural that this boxing staking the future of mankind, should be exciting." I will translate them for you.

When I come back from the country, I will go back into the work on your book with new energy. Before completing the book, I may have to start An American Dream because the publishers is so anxious to get it to be published as soon as possible. I will leave this to the negotiation between Shinchosha and Kawadeshobo.

I read in a paper that the new novel will be published in October in America and November in England. And it was sold to be filmed. Is this true?

Again I wish to read the sixth and seventh installments? Can I ask you to send the copies to me?

Please give my best regards to your wife and children.

Warmly

Eiichi

597 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts
July 4, 1964

Frank
Dear Mick,

Just a month late, July 4, I sit down to congratulate you on Valentina. Is there anything she needs that you can't get there? If not, let me wait til you get back with her, for I'd like to buy a present for a child I've seen. Do you have any photographs?"

Mike is now going on four months (he's three and a half months old). He's a very sweet baby, very loving, very gentle, a touch on the delicate side, at least in his features. He's very handsome, but almost too pretty. Wouldn't it be the perfect note if my one son turns out to be a dove?

Well, the book is done, and that's why I took so long in answering. I finished it about July 1, and then didn't write a word or send a letter to anyone for weeks. I felt as if I'd used up not only my own words but other words, so I spent the first couple of weeks up here building a sailboat. Perhaps you know the kind—it's called a Sailfish, and it's very small, very fast, and has a hull without a cockpit, sort of like a very large surfboard. I've just been sailing four days now, but it's a lot of fun, and a little like skiing, and offers the pleasure of a subject which presents endless dimensions in its learning. Put it this way, there's something exciting at the center of it. If you can get here this summer I'll let you take it out. I know you'll be good at sailing and crazy about it as a sport.

If I forgot to write to you about Alan Jacob, it's because I hardly know the guy. If he's going around saying he's one of my best friends, then he's a masterpiece of chutzpah. I saw him at a few parties between March and May, 1963, he was present I think at one big party we gave, and I ran into him once in a bar last fall. I liked him mildly, disliked him mildly, and since I needed people for a ski lodge I was renting, invited him to take a share. For one reason or another, he didn't take a share, and that was the last I saw of him. So your instinct, old buddy, was right.

Everything is okay here, nothing spectacular, but agreeable. Bev and the kids are fine and Dandy has learned how to swim. They were very excited to hear that they had a cousin, especially since Dandy's always had a particular spot for you. Say hello to Joan and if you have any pictures, send them. Also, if you meet him, let me know what you think pro and con about Adele's guy George. After all, there's a possibility he'll be the kids' stepfather, so I'd just as soon hear good things about him as bad, but finally give me the straight stuff.

For now, love,

597 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts
July 6, 1964

Dear Pete,

Handwritten: Hamill

I did something very funny with your suggestion about sending a copy of the Presidential Papers to Floyd. Usually, certainly in the old days, I would have moved fast on such a thought. But this time it just didn't feel right. I felt spooked by the whole thing, as if I wouldn't forgive myself if Floyd happened to read the piece and then lost to Machen. Floyd's probably forgotten this, but I sent him some tearsheets of the piece when we were out in Las Vegas, and Sammy Taub said that he delivered them to Floyd personally (which may not be true) but I can tell you that I was glad to hear Floyd had never read it, because I felt spooked by the Las Vegas fight, as if Floyd had read it, and it had gotten him thinking of other things and all of a sudden his mind was somewhere else as he walked in on Sonny at the end of the first minute in that first round. Anyway, Machen is his kind of fighter. If he's going to be able to beat him, I'm sure he'll be able to beat him without any assistance from me, and then maybe would be the time to send it to him.

The gossip about the book and the money it's making is way off. At present there's no movie sale, just an option. And there's a good chance the option won't be picked up because Warner's wants me to change the title and I've told them I don't want to. (It seems audiences will not go to see a movie which has the word American in it. At least, that's what all the money in Hollywood has decided.) No, the book has done well, but the figure is one third as large as you've been reading, and so I'm hardly get in the ranks of the wealthy. But still, after alimony and taxes, I ought to have at least two years free to myself in which I don't have to sweat the production of each week's bread. I think you're right about the reviews. I think they're going to be murderous, and indeed I'm already half resigned to that. If they're too bad, maybe I'll leave the country in protest, à la Henry James.

Actually, the idea of moving seems tough right now. I've got all my kids with me and we're having a good time up here, we're on the water, which is the place to be in Provincetown. But the thought of moving this menagerie cum factory is beyond my ambition. I may get over to England for a couple of weeks during the winter, and if I do and you're still in Dublin, could I fly up to visit for a couple of days, maybe? I've never seen Ireland, and I'd like to very much I think.

Mike is now three and a half months old and a very cute kid, very sweet, and kind of gentle for a boy. And as I said earlier today, wouldn't that just be the ticket if I end up with a son who's a dove. Anyway, the Burks comes from Bev's side, her father's first name was just that. You can tell Ramona that Mike weighs sixteen pounds now, he's about sixteen weeks old. Fi

Finally, give my regards to J. F. Powers if you run into him. I read Morte d'Urban a couple of weeks ago, and enjoyed sheer hell out of it. He's not a great writer, and probably never will be, but he sure is good. Also, say hello to Al when you see him. I ran into Aronowitz at a party for Gunter Gras just about a month ago in New York.

Pete, I haven't seen any of the things you've written, outside of the piece on Spain. If I'd known you were writing for the Saturday Evening Post, I'd have kept an eye on the contents week to week.

Best for now,

597 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts
July 7, 1964

Dear Eiichi,

This is just a quick note. By now, ideally, you've received the last three installments (six, seven, and eight) of *An American Dream*, and so you can think about the book as a whole. Much of the news you have heard about the novel is untrue or inaccurate. For instance, it will not be published in October or November, but in January. Same for England. And it has not been sold to the films. Warner Brothers took an option but of course may decide not to buy it. That of course is all bye the bye. The book may make a vast amount of money, it may not—but what it has done is to provide me with sufficient income so that for the next two years I can concentrate on doing the best writing of which I'm capable without fear or wonder how to meet my expenses.

Apart from the fact that this was a commercial book, (that is, one of the basic motives for its conception was the desire to make a great deal of money) it is also my attempt to write as good a novel as possible under the circumstances, and as I think you will see, the book, while conventional in many aspects, is also unusual in its "psychic world", and may in this sense go further than any novel I know. Incidentally, I'm going to spend a few weeks this summer making changes in the text. They will be little changes, but numerous ones. For that reason, I would suggest you do not start your translation until the middle of September when I can give you the final copy, unless it should prove necessary to go to work earlier. If that proves the case, we'll have to figure a way to send you the changes. That of course will mean more work for you and more work for me. At any rate, dear Eiichi, my best to you for now, and hope that all is well with your fine family, so many good sons and daughters.

Warmly,

597 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts
August 21, 1964

Dear Ronald Newlove,

First, just to thank you for sending on the review, which was interesting to read and a virtuoso performance in its own right. Since you did get a considerable quantity of facts, manners, themes, and criticisms into one paragraph. The review incidentally is accurate as it stands, for the revision I'm doing is most minor. Once I finish a book, I like to go through it in galleys and hunt for nits in the style. But the book between covers will be just what you saw in the magazine.

You must forgive the brevity of this, for I enjoy ~~reading your~~ letters (both of them here by now); but answering mail has become a sort of paying of dues by now. Sometimes there are fifty letters to answer in one day, so the best get mangled in with the worst, and the responses tend to keep to the middle of the road. It was, however, agreeable to be treated thus confidentially by a reviewer.

So best to you for now, expect our trajectories will cross, come soon, come late, shall fragments of conversation are usually the unfortunate result--

Norman Mailer
Norman Mailer

597 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts
August 21, 1964

Dear Diana,

Tuller

ok
Just the briefest of notes--I'm racing through mail today, but wanted to tell you that I was delighted you liked the book, and will go through your criticisms along with the ones I received from Dial in the next few weeks, for I plan to have the book in final shape by--at the latest--the middle of September, and hope actually to be ready to go by September 1. In fact the only thing I don't agree with you about is glens and dells. I thought somehow it was right for Kelly--at least I could hear his voice.

I'm working very hard this month on a long piece about the Republican Convention. I was out in San Francisco for the week and since coming back have done just about nothing else. The result is a long piece, 21,000 words, which were very different from the piece on Kennedy and the Democrats, and may have turned out about as well--at least I hope so. My agent wants to try selling it to a British newspaper or magazine as well as Esquire. How about the Observer? They've approached me in the past.

Incidentally, my folks were delighted with the good care you took of them, and I know appreciated it more than a bit. I don't think the hotel bothered them too much. At a certain point I turned to my mother and said, "Well, after all, you certainly were the youngest girl there," and she gave her full laugh, and her eyes turned very merry for a moment.

All else is well, except for the photograph in the Observer. Were you able to obtain prints of it? I really think I'd like to use it for the book, at least for the American edition. If it proves to be one of those little things which are enormously complicated, then I wouldn't want time to be taken on it. After all, one can always get a good photograph if one takes a haircut.

Excelsior,

Dorner

P.S. Dictating this to Anne, A.B. remarked, "But perhaps the letter was lost in the mail strike." Is that possible?

910 Tatenomachi
Nerimaku, Tokyo
September 2, 1964

Dear Norman:

You must be still busy with correcting your text of ~~an~~ An American Dream. I am struggling with The Presidential Papers. This summer in Tokyo has been hottest in the past seventy years, but I am feeling fine, though very often agonizing—I mean, not the heat, but to ~~catching~~ catching the accurate meaning and find a right word.

During the past two weeks, I have been approached by three persons to mediate their requests to you.

in Tokyo

1. Chikumashobo, a big publisher of literary works, is going to republish their monthly magazine Tembo, The Perspective, from this month. They wish to publish a dialogue, questions and answers, between you and perhaps Kenzaburo Oe, a most popular young novelist in Japan. Oe would present some questions to you and get your answers. Your answers about 10 or a little more than 10 typed pages. The magazine will be a good one. I asked them what about the fee ~~you~~ for you. They offered 150 dollars including the tax(!). The question of the fee could be negotiated further. Oe is a brilliantly intelligent and ambitious writer and one of your earnest admirer.

2. The Chubu-Nihon-Shimbun (Mid-Japan Newspapers) published in Nagoya, wants to publish in their New Year's number the interviews of a young movie director with Breneburg, Sartre and you. The director is invited by Moscow. He will visit France and America. He will arrive in New York towards the end of October, and if he can see you for about an hour, they will be very happy, they said. Their plan, which is not yet definite, seems to be to present a number of the same questions to the three writers. I asked the editor what about the fee for you, and he said he will tell me soon.

3. A young promoter approached me with a plan to invite you to Japan for lectures and symposiums, in tie up with ~~some~~ some newspapers. He is very eager, but I told him that before I write a letter to you, he must first sound the editors of the papers and publishers—Shinchosha and Kawadeshobo (who is going to publish An American Dream), and leading writers and intellectuals. And anyway, if ~~you~~ you could get your OK, it should be after the publication of The Presidential Papers and An American Dream. This young man has been working at a promoting company and this is his first independent attempt. So I am very cautious.

The first two are very interesting and if you could manage to make time to write answers, it will be very good. Chubu-shimbun will tie up with other three big local papers—Tokyo simbun, Hokkaido Shimbun and West Japan Shimbun. Instead of an interview you may write answers if you like. Anyway I told all of them that you are now very busy with your new novel, and even after that you may be too busy. If you feel you might be able to accept the first two requests, the fees will be so meager, and in that case ~~we~~ you should leave further negotiation to Meredith.

Eiichi Yamanishi
910. Tatenomachi,
Nerima, Tokyo



AEROGRAMME

Norman Mailer
597 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts
U.S.A.

PAR AVION

航空

この郵便物には何物も封入又は添附できません
Nothing may be contained in or attached to this letter.

折込線

折込線

ここにも通信文を記載することができます

This space is also for correspondence.

If you can manage, just let me know about your opinion
a few lines-yes or no. I do not want to disturb you more
than that. At any rate, these are pleasant news as they are
keen antennas for the mood of the Japanese public.

Dear Norman, again I must apologize myself for not yet
being able to fulfil my promise to send you other reviews.
I do not forget. I will do soon.

My best regards to you and to your family,

Sincerely,

Seichi

Eiichi Yamanishi
910. Tatenomachi,
Merimaku, Tokyo

Norman Mailer
597 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts
U.S.A.

PAR AVION
航空



この郵便物には何物も封入又は添附できません
Nothing may be contained in or attached to this letter.

This space is also for correspondence.

ここにも通信文を記載することができます

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
October 5, 1964

Dear Mickey,

It's two months since I've written, but I've been working my fucking ass off, truth. First I went to the Republican Convention, came back, and worked for about three weeks writing a 21,000 word piece which will appear in Esquire, in the November issue. It is, I think, pretty good. Then I got down to reworking my novel, and spent a month on the galleys. So it's been a productive summer, but not fabulous in the way of a vacation. Anyway, the picture of Valentina (great name) is great, and she is certainly the cutest goddamn kid. Dandy and Betsy were delighted with looking at her. Enclosed is a photo of Mike. He's usually very sweet, and sometimes even angelic. I keep calling him the prick, Michael the prick, and saying that he's stolen my wife (which is absolutely true) but he really isn't a prick. I fear, he's too sweet-natured. Anyway, it's very nice having a boy after all those girls, but a very odd sensation for me. I always felt completely relaxed with infant daughters, as if I knew exactly what to do with them. But with a boy--Jesus, I don't want to make a mistake. Anyway, he and Valentina will make fine counterparts, for he's very fair, with blue blue eyes and silver-gold hair, and skin which is almost too white. Wouldn't you know that I would get a sweet gentle Aryan for a son.

I haven't heard from Robert Frank, and so of course I don't know if you've heard from him. Jesus, Mickey, I don't know what the hell you expect in the way of an advertisement. Frank is pretty intelligent and pretty tough-minded, and if I build you up too tremendously, somebody would come along just as seduction was under way, and cut your position completely. Now if this is absolutely the wrong way to do it, then let me know and I won't make the mistake any more. But it might help matters if you gave me a form letter to copy.

Do you know anything about aikido?

I've seen a lot this summer of Bill Walker, who mentioned last week that you got him a job on The Longest Day, and so we talked about you for a while. He's not a bad guy, Walker. I'm getting to like him more than not.

Incidentally, Adele, while in Europe, asked me to write a note to her about the kids. So I did, and sent it to Rome. When she got back she told me she had never received it because Joan had lost it. Is this true? I had the feeling Adele was lying, and I'd like to catch her out in just one good hard lie.

All is well here, except that I could use a vacation. How long are you going to be in Italy? I was thinking that maybe this winter I'd pop over for a couple of weeks and let you show me the town.

Love for now,

P.S. Beverly sends her thanks for Michael's present. Now he's Michael the Well-Dressed Prick. He was laughing when I saw him in it, so I guess he likes it too--it fits him well in size and style.

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
October 5, 1964

Dear Don, *Carpenter*

This is just a yeah-man-like-I-liked-your-last-letter letter, because I'm feeling a little written out. I did twenty thousand words on the Republican Convention--did I tell you? And they're going to be in the November Esquire, out toward the end of October. It's pretty good I think and I expect you might enjoy it, what with the local scene and all. Then I spent the rest of the summer getting *An American Dream* into shape. It's a little tighter, stronger, meaner, and it's got a little more gold in it, so I don't know, either I've got a very good novel, like maybe the best book in ten years, or else I got an incredibly fancy piece of shit. I've worked it too hard to know, but my secretary, Anne Barry, a stuck-up little New Hampshire cunt whom you may have met, is giggling her stuck-up head off as I make this remark. So I have just fired her, and will have to rehire her in the morning--Don, I'm only kidding. Anyhoo, don't bother, as you suggested you might, to read the installments through, because the book will be out in a couple of months, and it's just sufficiently different in critical little ways so that you'd have to read the book version too.

This is all for now. I'm beat from too much writing, and once again doing all the letters on the same day. But I did want to say one thin, which is for Christ's sake, never apologise for getting interested or even being an actor on a power scene, no matter how picayune, for that after all is the very protein fat of what we have to write about.

Best for now,

Norman

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
October 23, 1964

Dear Richard Findlater,

I just finished An American Dream, so have put off answering your letter of September 24 until I knew what I wanted to do. If I get a chance before November 1, I'll do the piece on violence for you. If nothing comes to mind, which is to say, no one-thousand-word burst of prose inspiration, and you'd still like to have me for the forum, then perhaps we could do an interview, but, truth, I don't like the second form. I start to hear the sound of my own voice and that puts out the small fire of my wit.

Yours,

Norman Mailer

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
October 24, 1964

Davis
Dear Jimmy,

I hate to think of your opening the October issue of Esquire and finding nothing of me there, but this sort of confusion happens all the time. You see, I said the piece would come out in October, and people naturally assume it's the October issue, but leave it to modern science, the November issue comes out in October, and that's the one it will be in. I hope you enjoy reading it. Will you let me hear what you thought of it?

We saw Reggie and Mira before we left Provincetown, and they were talking about buying a ski resort up in Stowe, Vermont, and having you up there playing with them. I sure hope this comes through. If it does, we'll go up to Stowe to ski this year, and see you there.

Well, give my best to Margaret and to Pete Crawford. Michael's fine, and jumping around all the time in a little jumping machine designed for babies, and Beverly gets her kicks watching him. She says to say hello and all her best.

Goodbye for now,

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
November 4, 1964

Dear Andre,

I've been meaning to call you each dgy, but each day I've not remembered until around cocktail time, which of course is bloody mid-night for you. Now I've decided to do it with a letter.

Look, quickly, here's the situation. If you're still interested in joint publication--which I think is a good idea, since if the reviews in one country are better than another, the foreign reviews can be used, and if the reception is good in both countries, something can be made of that--at any rate, if you're still interested, Dial has decided not to publish until February 15 (an approximate date). It took me longer on the editing than I expected, their printing schedule took longer than they expected, and suddenly we realized we were rushing to get a book out early for no reason that we could see. So as it stands, final page proofs will be ready in a week to two weeks. I'll get two copies off to you as soon as they exist, I swear. There's no sense in sending you anything any earlier because keeping up with the changes would have made for endless waste for you and for me. I know it's been anything but easy for you to have to wait this way, but I think when you read the book through you'll see that all these changes on which I've been working since June add up to something, the difference I hope between a book which is good and a book which is better than good.

Now for the jacket, I'll send you a copy. I happen to like it quite a bit. It's an odd compelling jacket and quite different from what you saw in Publishers Weekly. That is, the design is essentially the same, but they changed it in certain crucial and disappointing ways for PW. In any caso, I like the jacket, I hope you'll like it, and I'll also enclose a photograph which I'm going to use for the book jacket.

This is all in a rush, but I know you're waiting for the news, so hasten to dictate this letter.

Best,

P.S. Three cheers that you're setting the book rather than using offset. I'm really pleased with that.

ANDRE DEUTSCH LIMITED PUBLISHERS

105 Great Russell Street London W C 1.

AD/HCS

Norman Mailer Esq
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1
NEW YORK

30th November 1964

Dear Norman

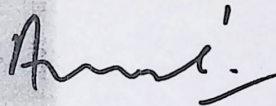
In haste. Proofs with note from your secretary arrived a few minutes ago. Your letter of November 24th reached us three days ago.

Yes please we must have three further sets of Galleys with all final corrections. Two to be airmailed to Sam Ure Smith, Ure Smith Pty Ltd, 166, Phillip Street, Sydney NSW, Australia, and one to us.

Of course we are now reading the corrected galleys most carefully, but as agreed we will not let you see the proofs.

I will write to you about the other matters later this week.

Yours



RECEIVED
145 CORONATION
145 CORONATION
145 CORONATION

910 Tatenomachi
Nerimaku, Tokyo
December 2, 1964

Dear Norman:

Thank you very much for your letter, and a lovely picture of Michael. How quickly he has grown up. He looks full of life, all vitality. Not only us, but our boys and girl-Fumiko-like him very much. The picture is dark and very good. If we could enlarge it!

Shinozaki was busy when he came back, but at last he came to see me a few days ago with the ~~edit~~ member of The Chunichi Papers, and we talked for several hours about his interview and you. I read his interview with you. It was very good, very interesting. The papers may not be able to print it all, so I urged my friend of the Chunichi to have it published in some magazine in full. I wished to hear more about what you had said on Beckett and -who was it, the other writer you mentioned?- that their art will win and you will lose the war..... Shinozaki said they were so warmly welcomed by you and Beverly, that they stayed at your house till twelve. I was shocked to know that you had not then finished correction of An American Dream and I was very sorry. I deeply thank you for your generosity.

I am very glad to know that you have done with An American Dream. I am waiting for its arrival. As I told you before, Kawadeshobo ^{and I} decided to include it in their third series of their Collection of The World Literature, which starts this month. With this third series, the collection will be just 100 volumes-the third series is 20 volumes. This means it must be published in their magazine first, and then as a separate book, before it is included in the collection. As a rule with any series, the earlier number will sell better. So we must hurry. As soon as you get ready the page proofs, please send them to me. And when the book comes out, please send a copy also to me. (With your sign, please!) ~~because~~ I must ask some questions of some American here, I need ^{an} extra one, too.

I am doing now my last effort on The Presidential Papers, about 40 pages still to go. I got an ~~English~~ British edition and there I found your preface to that edition. That is very good. By the way, the letters in the jacket says that you will start another novel. May I have some hint of your plan? I wrote in my translator's note on Ten Thousand Words A Minute that the creative urge long fermented within you seems to have come to a new eruption.

When I read the letter
I didn't know you have written such a long essay on the Republican Convention. I sent Fumiko to a big foreign bookshop at once and got a copy which had just come to them. I ~~read~~ have just read it through. It is very good. It is just like Superman Comes to Supermarket. It so strongly and dramatically shows the clear picture and real nature of the convention and the American life. It so visualizes the whole scene, everything mercifully to be understood. I can imagine its impact on the American people before they went to vote. If I could have translated it

ANDRE DEUTSCH LTD
Publishers
105 Great Russell Street
London WC1

AD/CJ

Norman Mailer Esq
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn I NY
USA

4th December 1964

Dear Norman

Back to your letter of 24th November. Your corrected galleys have now been thoroughly read by a senior editor and it was immediately rushed off to the printers, so neither Diana nor I could read it and we are, of course, anxiously waiting to receive the additional galley we have asked for. Please make sure this is rushed to us by airmail. Esther Whitby who read the galleys found very few literals; there was only one small query about which she is writing to you separately.

No No No.... The US flag is not poison here; we just think this kind of jacket would be the kiss of death for this book with the booksellers, both in this country and in Australia, South Africa, etc. So please trust us that we will serve you well. (By the way, have you now received your copy of THE NAKED AND THE DEAD?). Let's leave the photograph for the moment; we don't yet know whether we are going to use it since the jacket we're going to have may be a wrap-round one. Yes we would very much like you to come over. Within a week or two we will be able to give an approximate publication date. At present I imagine it will be between the middle of February and the 10th March. Please cable me the US date as soon as it is fixed. I trust the two additional galleys are being airmailed to Mr Ure Smith in Australia.

How are Beverley and the boy?

Yours

André

P.S.

*We've
spoken
since this.*

910Tatenomachi
Kerimaku, Tokyo
December 9, 1964

Dear Norman:

Just a brief note to thank you for the cutting you sent me of IN THE RED LIGHT. Esquire comes to Tokyo. November number ~~xx~~ arrived here early this month. While yours appeared in it, the Big Bite and the installments of ^{the} American ~~xxxx~~ Dream, I bought two copies each. But I stopped when yours did not appear in it, and I ~~just~~ ^{was} just about to miss it. I am consulting with the editor of Chuokoron. I think this will be a strong stimulus to the Japanese writers who are so small in their scale.

As to An American Dream, ^(the galley of) when the first chapter is ready, please send it to me at once. The rest you can send me later all together.

Please tell me about the exact size of this novel in comparison with other works—~~this~~ the number of ~~thix~~ words of this novel and that of another. The publishers is very anxious to know it.

I am curious to know about your plan of a possible new work which is mentioned in the jacket of the English edition of The Presidential Papers. By the way, in that edition too, the spell of Haiku is wrong. Will you please tell Deutsch to correct it when they reprint it?

My warmest regards to you and to your family,

Eiichi

SCOTT MEREDITH

Literary Agency, Inc.

530 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10036

Circle 5-5500-1-2-3
Cable Address: Scottmere

December 10, 1964

Mr. Andre Deutsch
Andre Deutsch Ltd.
105 Great Russell Street
London W. C. 1, England

Dear Mr. Deutsch:

There's been a change in plans on proofs of AN AMERICAN DREAM.

It seems that after three sets of proofs were pulled a few days ago, Norman decided to do a little more work, and at that point Dial (contrary to our insistence that Dial furnish us with a number of sets no matter what changes Norman planned) stopped pulling proofs. So we had only two extra sets, the third going to Norman for additional work.

We asked Norman about disposition of these proofs, and he said that he's sent you about five sets personally corrected by him -- a fact of which we had been completely unaware -- and that the two sets should therefore go to another publisher who'd paid a very high price for the rights and who had two subsidiary debts threatened unless the proofs were delivered at once. In view of that we've sent the only available material to that other publisher, and I'm afraid that there'll be nothing more until the middle of next month, when we expect bound copies. I'm sorry, but I hope you can make do with the sets Norman has sent you, and that you can spare them for your Australian associate.

All best wishes.

Sincerely,

SM:el

SIDN MEREDITH

BW/CJ

Norman Mailer Esq
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1 NY

ANDRE DEUTSCH LTD
105 Gt Russell St
London W. C. 1.

10th December 1964

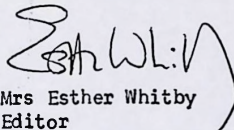
Dear Mr Mailer

Mr Deutsch has asked me to thank you for your cable of yesterday's date. We now look forward to receiving the two further sets of galleys and your corrections.

In his letter to you of December 4 Mr Deutsch said I would be writing to you about a small point in the text. This really is small and something which I could double check at proof stage without worrying you. However, without being able to give you any page references I'm afraid, what it comes to is this. There is a point in the novel where you say 'after nine years of marriage to Deborah ...' or something to this effect. I had gathered from earlier references that the marriage hadn't quite lasted nine years so I changed the 'nine' to 'eight'. If this isn't correct it can be picked up when we have proofs.

I'd only add that it was good to have a chance to read AN AMERICAN DREAM even though it was in rather a hurry.

Yours sincerely


Mrs Esther Whitby
Editor

P.S. I believe that we are distantly distantly related, your father's brother having married my father's sister, Moos. I think I have seen Moos, who is also my godmother, about twice since she gave me a name and a string of seed pearls when I was about one. But nevertheless, you are part of the family myth!

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
December 15, 1964

Dear Mrs. Whitby,

It was agreeable to get your letter, and I rush to answer, because I feel the change you made was not correct. Rojack has been married nine years. It is just that in one place (in the beginning of Chapter 2) he speaks of having spent a year learning something about Deborah, and then in effect having the leisure to consider it for the next eight years. I hope this is the only apparent inconsistency. I have a small uneasy feeling--I'm very bad about these matters--that I may have said in one place or another that they were married "all but nine years", probably for no other reason than that I liked too much the sound of "all but". If that sort of discrepancy does appear here and there, I think that we ought nonetheless to stay with nine, because it's sound is sufficiently different from eight so that the cadence of a few sentences might be hurt a bit if we changed. Under the circumstances, we can defend the nine as poetic license.

Yes, I guess we are related, by marriage at any rate. But you must be a Menell. I remember meeting Bertha back in 1947, and another Menell, the son or nephew of Slip Menell, about two years ago in New York. Well, when I get to London we'll have to talk about all this.

My best for now,

Norman Mailer

Norman Mailer

ANDRE DEUTSCH LIMITED Publishers

105 Great Russell Street LONDON W C 1

AD/HCS

Sidney Meredith Esq
Scott Meredith Inc
580 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK 10036
N Y U S A

15th December 1964

Dear Mr Meredith

Thank you for your letter of December 10th. About a week ago we received from Norman one set of galleys with many corrections. He subsequently phoned and said that further corrections would follow. Today we received Xerox copies of various pages with corrections, these I hope are the final corrections which we are passing on to our printers. With these corrected pages we have received two sets of complete galleys without corrections and we hope that two sets were mailed to Mr. Ure Smith in Australia. On the imprint page there are four acknowledgements and we would be grateful if you would let us have, by return of mail, a copy of acknowledgement for the British edition. We assume of course that copyrights for the British edition have been cleared.

Sincerely yours

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
December 18, 1964

Dear Mickey, *Handwritten: Hedy*

Once again I'm banging my way through seventy or eighty letters, so there's no pleasure in writing to anybody. I think Heidegger, in speaking of matters like being and authenticity, also discusses the nothingness of a great many daily events--the matter of pursuing activities which are tasteless, joyless, probably not even necessary, and pervasive. And letter-writing, of course, all a large part of that nothingness for me. This is by way of apology for the flatness of my letters. By the time I finish a letter to you, I always feel as if I'd let you down in some indefinable way.

Now as for the famous Robert Frank letter, the one you may or may not have received, I'm so confused by now that I'm going to send you my carbon of it, and you'll then be able to decide for yourself whether or not the original ever caught up with you.

I'm glad you liked the Republican Convention piece. It's amusing, but reactions to it here have been more positive than anything I've done since *The Naked and the Dead*. I think ~~this~~ piece is good, but I wonder if it's really so good as everyone says, or is buoyed up somewhat by the intense hatred most people feel for Goldwater. This is all very fine, the approval, I mean, because it puts me a tiny bit back in fashion, which I can use for *An American Dream*. The advance word out on the novel, you see, is that I've written a stinker. Which of course burns my ass. If it's a stinker, I'm off my moorings. I don't want to say too much now, but I've reworked that book as carefully as if I were giving a lovely lady my loveliest, and I think . . . well, read it for yourself. I'll get a copy to you as soon as I can. In fact I think I'll send you two copies so you can hand one around.

Give my regards to Welles, and tell him I said it's a great pity he's not in the theater any more, because I always wanted him to do Charles Francis Eitel. Also, if you've got a copy of *The Presidential Papers*, and it's feasible, tell Welles that I'd like him to read *The Metaphysics of the Belly*, where he will doubtless agree with me that he is no longer along--there are now two great minds in the world. I'm kidding, Mickey, don't put yourself out on this last one.

Listen, I don't get it. Why don't you get a babysitter? As I remember, labor in Spain, housemaids, babysitters, etc., is unbelievably inexpensive. Certainly it will cost you a lot less than taking care of Maria Morales' passage and incidental expenses. Besides, I don't think you know what you're getting in for. It's one thing to dominate her when you're around, and it's another thing to dominate her when you're on the set and she's sitting around chatting at home with Joanie. So think twice, amigo.

Listen, these are my plans. I'm going over to England for the publication of *An American Dream*, and will be there a week or two. Maybe I'll

take on a trip to Italy or Spain for another week or two. That depends on a hundred different things--whether I go alone, with Beverly, with Beverly and Michael, all sorts of things that are too hard to answer at the moment. But anyway, I'm just about positive I won't be over before that. So probably I'll be seeing you in Rome rather than in Spain. Or maybe we can meet at a ski resort. There are enough possibilities, aren't there.

Hey, one bit of news. Irving Shulman has the same agent I do, and wanted to meet me. We couldn't get together, but we did talk on the phone, and of course he asked all about you, and listened with interest, and I got the impression he'd like to hear from you. So if you're in the mood, drop him a letter in care of Scott Meredith, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Give Valentina a kiss for me, and tell her to watch out for Michael, because he's a real prick--every time I throw a punch at him, he just busts out laughing.

Love,

Love,

Mark

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
December 18, 1964

Dear Arnold,

The last time I wrote to you I thought I was done with the book, but in fact the galleys came back and I saw little sentences here and there that I could improve, so I made some changes. The result: the book will not be out now until March. But I've gotten you on the list, and will send you a copy as soon as they're ready, which ought to be sometime in early February.

You know, when Sartre won the Nobel Prize, it's funny, but we have a different attitude. I think he should have taken it, and the reason I think is that it bugs the bourgeoisie more when people who are against them accept their biggest prizes rather than refuse them. For example, all these years Life Magazine has been calling Jean Paul Sartre an "Apostle of despair". Now all of a sudden, apostle of despair and Nobel Prize winner. That makes it harder for them to bullshit people. I believe in taking honors because if you use them properly they arm you. Some day if there were something really big going on and one wanted to write a letter to the New York Times, a mean stinging letter, and get it printed, there'd be just that much more leverage.

You know, another thing I disagree with you on is Goldwater's rights stand. I do think, believe it or not, that that was the main reason people voted against him. It's not that white America loves black America, but what you've got to understand is that even without love there can still be guilt. There is a kind of gnawing guilt that pervades practically every white man's attitude by now, a guilt they want to get rid of even though they fear the Negro, and I think they've come to the point now where they recognize that the only way to get rid of this guilt or at least begin to get rid of this guilt is to begin to give the Negro some of his basic minimal legal rights, and I think they did react against Goldwater for that reason. At any rate, this election cheered me up. For the first time I began to feel there might be something to this country, that maybe we're a little more on the ball than not. Because secretly I felt that the first time some real slick bigot like Goldwater came along, he was going to stampee everybody. So for once it wasn't so bad to know that I was wrong.

I know I can't get to see your plays, because as I understand you're not allowed to send them out, but I wish there was a way. I'd like to see the work you're doing. Merry Christmas for now, ha ha, and happy New Year, yea, yea, yea.

Best,

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
December 18, 1964

Dear Bill McLaughlin,

Going through old mail, I came across your nice long letter of August 19. Well, sir, you are the fortunate recipient of prompt response.

Actually, it's so late in the day that I think I'd better use this occasion to wish you Merry Christmas, and let it go at that. I did enjoy your letter, though; particularly the criticisms of the last installment of *An American Dream*. I worked the book up some since then, you know, and while it's superficially the same book, I think it's a different book. Tightening prose is like tightening a drum: you get better sound. If you happen to read the book when it comes out, let me know your reaction. I'd be interested.

Yours,

Norman Mailer

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
December 21, 1964

Dear Mr. Deutsch,

Norman asked me to give you information on a few details--so here is the list.

1) There is a change, on P. 197 of the page proofs you have, I hope, by now. It is in the third paragraph, the first sentence of which begins, "It was a crazy idea, but. . ." The change is that the second sentence now reads:

I don't know, Steve, it's not too good to think too much--at least the way I do. Cause I always end up thinking with something like the idea that God is weaker because I didn't turn out well."

2) The Epilogue is entitled The Harbors of the Moon Again. This is the actual title of the epilogue, and is in parallel with the chapter titles in the body of the book. The word Epilogue is the generic name for the section. So it should be set with no colon, in some such fashion as this:

Epilogue
The Harbors of the Moon Again

Communism were to emerge victorious from the battle within Communism itself. You, I think there's something wrong in the ideology, wrong right at the core, it's as if some genius must come along and revitalize what is essentially dead in Marx, and this deadness--how shall I put it--comes from a lack of existential vision in the very heart of the powers of intellection of Marx himself, an absence of recognition that tradition was not merely dead institutions but viable Being, that a war existed in the very center of tradition itself between a life of liberation and the urge to extinction, and in bulldozing through this difference, as Marx did, the Communist movements of the future were amputated from primitive source (as those primitive sources embedded themselves in some traditions) and thus were amputated from the place where the most creative insights are to be found. The result was massive power and bleak existence, and there is still nothing in Marxism which is ready to engage that dilemma.

As for the length of *An American Dream*, Anne Barry is going to find out today the precise number of words in it. I would guess it is something like 110,000 words, perhaps so much as 115,000 words. We will know in a few hours just how accurate my guess is, as Anne will be in touch with the printer. But do you know the length of *The Naked and the Dead*? Was it 200,000 words or 250,000 words? No small difference there. At any rate, finally, after all the work, the book is now finally done. I've never worked so carefully on the style of a novel, trying to work the English so it would reveal its meaning as clearly as possible, and with the minimum of unnecessary ornamentation. English is a mysterious language, because its roots go very deep, and the deepest meanings are almost always found in the simplest words. Sometimes one feels as if one is digging carefully, digging most carefully at the roots of a thousand-year-old tree, and magical is the architecture of those roots. I offer this paean of English because I think that you may find in translating this book that when a meaning is most difficult to discover, you may be helped by looking at the original *Esquire* version, for in noticing the change I made, there may often be a hint of what meaning I am trying to disclose, or working toward. At any rate, as always, I'll be happy to help you in any way I can with the more obdurate or mysterious phrases.

Beverly joins with me in wishing you and your fine family a Merry Christmas and the happiest New Year.

To

Eiichi Yamazaki

Date? Dec 21, 1964

Communism were to emerge victorious from the battle within Communism itself. You, I think there's something wrong in the ideology, wrong right at the core, it's as some genius must come along and revitalize what is essentially dead in Marx, and this deadness--how shall I put it--comes from a lack of existential vision in the very heart of the powers of intellection of Marx himself, an absence of recognition that tradition was not merely dead institutions but viable Being, that a war existed in the very center of tradition itself between a life of liberation and the urge to extinction, and in bulldozing through this difference, as Marx did, the Communist movements of the future were amputated from primitive source (as those primitive sources embedded themselves in some traditions) and thus were amputated from the place where the most creative insights are to be found. The result was massive power and bleak existence, and there is still nothing in Marxism which is ready to engage that dilemma.

As for the length of *An American Dream*, Anne Barry is going to find out today the precise number of words in it. I would guess it is something like 110,000 words, perhaps so much as 115,000 words. We will know in a few hours just how accurate my guess is, as Anne will be in touch with the printer. But do you know the length of *The Naked and the Dead*? Was it 200,000 words or 250,000 words? No small difference there. At any rate, finally, after all the work, the book is now finally done. I've never worked so carefully on the style of a novel, trying to work the English so it would reveal its meaning as clearly as possible, and with the minimum of unnecessary ornamentation. English is a mysterious language, because its roots go very deep, and the deepest meanings are almost always found in the simplest words. Sometimes one feels as if one is digging carefully, digging most carefully at the roots of a thousand-year-old tree, and magical is the architecture of those roots. I offer this paean of English because I think that you may find in translating this book that when a meaning is most difficult to discover, you may be helped by looking at the original *Esquire* version, for in noticing the change I made, there may often be a hint of what meaning I am trying to disclose, or working toward. At any rate, as always, I'll be happy to help you in any way I can with the more obdurate or mysterious phrases.

Beverly joins with me in wishing you and your fine family a Merry Christmas and the happiest New Year.

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
January 29, 1965

Dear Andre,

Just a quick note to tell you that I'm entirely in agreement with your letter of January 19, 1965, and I assume we can drive ahead without further depth charges being exploded by either side. Sorry to have caused you "a bit of a shock" but your letter of January 15 denied precisely what we had agreed upon on the telephone back on Saturday, January 9, so I thought the situation was fast becoming hopeless. I'm really glad we're squared away.

Do you still plan to publish March 15? Which would be the week best suited to your publishers for me to be in England, that is, the week which includes publication day or the week which begins on publication day? You see, I'm afraid Baron may be wanting me around at the same time, and it's my hard-working, parapeted interest to make you both happy.

Give my best to Diana.

Yours,

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
January 29, 1965

Deutsch

Dear Andre,

Just a quick note to tell you that I'm entirely in agreement with your letter of January 19, 1965, and I assume we can drive ahead without further depth charges being exploded by either side. Sorry to have caused you "a bit of a shock" but your letter of January 15 denied precisely what we had agreed upon on the telephone back on Saturday, January 9, so I thought the situation was fast becoming hopeless. I'm really glad we're squared away.

[Do you still plan to publish March 15? Which would be the week best suited to your publishers for me to be in England, that is, the week which includes publication day or the week which begins on publication day? You see, I'm afraid Baron may be wanting me around at the same time, and it's my hard-working, parapeted interest to make you both happy.]

Give my best to Diana.

Yours,

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
February 25, 1965

Athill
Dear Diana,

[The jacket aroused my fury on two counts. 1) The girl on the cover doesn't bear the remotest resemblance to Deborah, Cherry, or even Ruta. The result, so far as I am concerned, is that people will be imagining a woman who does not correspond to any of the women in the book. You know, when you spend a lot of time working on a character, trying to etch their outlines clearly, it's not agreeable to see the work overturned by a gimmick. I really wish I'd been consulted on the jacket.

Which brings up the second point. 2) I don't mind not having a photograph of myself on the book, but the gentleman in the car wreck on the back of the jacket is unmistakably a dog-faced version of this particular pen. Now Diana, I need that about as much as you do. 3) (I find there's a third objection after all) That is the value of the jacket altogether. It's a most interesting painting, not terribly good, not altogether bad, but it manages to indicate symbolically just about every element of the book, which means that people are going to be picturing the book through the artist's eyes as much as through mine, and that's going to result in a doubling of the effect which may prove fatal. It's one thing for me to create an atmosphere of horror, it's another to drench the reader in a state of horror before he begins to read the book. If you're going to dare playing an entire composition in the key of C, it's not necessarily wise to strike thirty chords in the key of C before you begin. Now I grant you the jacket is the first of it's kind, etc. etc., and I'm sure that everyone in the book industry will notice it, and people in the book stores will notice it, (of course if they do not look closely they will think it's the jacket of a paperback book) but what the jacket will not accomplish is a deepening of respect for the qualities of the book, and that I insist is the single factor which will prove fatal. To push a novel by Norman Mailer as a best seller can only draw the wrath of the critics. Get a string of bad reviews, and you're dead. This has been my argument from the beginning. It has not been listened to and I just you're all not dead wrong, though certainly I think you are.

Now one thing I must insist on. I want the photograph which Anne Barry took of me to be the sole photograph released for publicity. It's a picture which in my opinion fits the book more closely than any other photograph I've ever had taken, and for that reason I want no other.

Best for now, Diana, and we'll talk about my visit after we've cleared the air a little on these matters.]

Norman
Norman Mailer

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
March 4, 1965

Dear Bobbie Regan,

I'm afraid the next place I'm going to speak is the University of Alaska. But thank you for your interest. An American Dream is indeed the book you were asking about, and perhaps you'll be kind enough to let me know what you think of it after you've read it. If you don't like it, please feel free to let me know everything about it which disappoints you, because that is just as important to me (occasionally) as praise.

Yours sincerely,

Norman Mailer

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
March 23, 1965

Dear Diana, *Handwritten: Hill*

inaccessible
[Just a quick note. Our letters keep seeming to cross in the mail, and doubtless will again. What I'm curious about and what I'd like to know more of is what ideas you and Andre have about my showing up in London. I think it would be a mistake to repeat the thing we did last time with Advertisements. We has something like four or five television or radio shows packed into a few days, a mass press conference which produced no news whatsoever, and in general I ran around like a whore after a hot buck and probably sold fifty copies. In this country I've noticed that the same thing results, with the exception of anomalies like Alexander King. Going on television does not sell books--in fact I have a feeling it tends to hinder the sale of books. So long as an author remains a bit of a mystery and a touch ~~inaccessible~~ the reader must enter the pages of his work in order to satisfy his curiosity. Seeing a man on television is all too likely to produce the thought, "Oh well, he's not so different from you or me."

On this novel I've done no television here at all, no radio, just a few interviews and one press conference, yet the literary publicity has been intense, front page reviews, etc., and the book looks off to a good start. So this is what I would propose: if my presence in London is going to do any good I think we must try to disarm the literary establishment. Perhaps we can have a few slick interviews with first-rank intellectuals who are very hostile to my work but who would on general reputation give me a fair show. Or perhaps an open debate in Festival Hall or some place much smaller and much more suitable with some bright blade from The New Statesman or wherever, who detests An American Dream and would like the chance to cut me up in public. I think a packed house of that sort, even if it were five hundred people would give the novel its real and best kind of publicity, which is intensive talk in the parlors and the salons. (Incidentally, in an open public debate I don't give bloody bugs if the debater is a dirty fellow--it's just that he's got to be formidable or there's no real action.) That, and if it's possible, a smasher of a party where we try to out-Weidenfeld George--admittedly an impossible task--is my idea of what to do. I don't want under any circumstances, I repeat, to go in for a killing round of stupid empty television appearances in which I'm supposed to come in like a prize bull and stamp my foot. Now, Diana, most simply, if that isn't agreeable to you and to Andre, then I'd really rather not come this trip, for there are many things to do here, including a new book to get started, and these excursions, while they could not be more enjoyable, nevertheless eat up the weeks. So let me know. But please let me know quickly.

Incidentally I have a man who could set up a debate of the sort I propose so if the promotional aspects are bothersome, let me know about that too.

As for the jacket, I'll fulminate no more until I see you, except to say that your letter is a touch ingenuous, Diana. The artist says that he ~~was~~ trying to draw Rojack, and who, my pet, do you think most people thing Rojack is supposed to be--Albert Einstein?

Yours ever and forever,

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
March 25, 1965

Dear Diana, *Trilling*

[It's perfect, but after all our talk about how reliable I am, I now pick up the pen (wh t a metaphor has this become) to tell you that we must go ahead and make plans for my appearance at Oxford even though I may never get to England at all. (That will touch you, darling, to be so genteel and fucking liberal) but you wee, I'm having a disagreement at the moment with my British publisher. I don't like the jacket, I don't like the blurb, both of which of course they had to do themselves, and I told them I won't come to England unless we can agree on the kind of publicity. Knowing André Deutsch, he will probably want me to go on a round of television and radio appearances, and since I don't do that in New York for a book, I don't see any reason to do it in London. So I have posed other possibilities to him, and now must wait to see if he will agree. Odds are much better than even, however, that I'll be in England, the main reason being that I want to go. So look, let's set a date, I leave it to you, any time after the 23rd, except perhaps publication day, which is something like the 26th or 27--a phone call to Andre Deutsch in London (Langham 2746-9) will establish the day, and then let me know which day you've chosen. It will be yours.

Now what I'd like ideally is a dinner for eight at your house and then perhaps a few more people in afterward. One can't possibly get to talk to sixteen or twenty people at dinner by any method known to man, and the Senior Common Room, while appealing to the novelist in me, and very suitable and exciting if it should come to pass, promises still less in the way of a delight than dinner for eight in that charming small house you seem to possess. Surely even at Oxford people have been known to drop in after dinner. Isn't that remotely possible? I have only one firm request: you must get Iris Murdoch for dinner. I loved her novel, *The Severed Head*, and have always wanted to meet her since.

The reception of *An American Dream* has been--believe it if you can--more schizophrenic than anything of mine which preceded it. I've gotten the very best and the very worst reviews I've ever received. John Aldridge of all people, writing in *Life*, of all places, said in effect that I was doing the most important writing in the Country since Faulkner. Stanley Edgar Hyman in the *New Leader* said it was a dreadful novel. Philip Rahv detested it, so and so loved it. As you can guess, I've enjoyed all this secretly very much, because no vice of mine could be greater than my desire to create a sensation and be forever talked about. Sometimes I wonder, beloved, if I am the ghost of some long-dead London beauty. Well, well, I expect the British will give me a good whipping with the thinnest strings of leather for the outrages I've committed in the name of literature. But when you feel in the mood, you must write me what you think of the book, even if you don't like it at all, although I suspect you might just like it, it's an extraordinary novel in its funny fashion, extraordinary, that is, in what it does with the art of the novel, whether for good or ill. It's as if Gilles de Rais had captured the style of E. M. Forster and was running amok with it. So far of course none of the critics have had even the remotest notion that the real debating ground of *An American Dream* is precisely on how it does and does not contribute to the grand art of the novel. But I get them so poisonous and upset they can't think straight, and that always tickles my devil, for there is no sight in all the world quite so funny as an intellectual who is too agitated to think. They are then like elephants without a trunk, nothing but hippopotami.

Kaufmann

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
April 20, 1965

Dear Don,

Just a line to tell you that I love you, and what a fine time we had. So good that it sets up looking forward to the next one. Incidentally, I found when I came home a book written by a man named Christopher Lasch which will be coming out in a couple of weeks, published by Knopf. I can't remember the title, but the subject is a history of intellectual radicalism in America over the last hundred years, and a portion of the last chapter is devoted to your favorite subject for thesis. Lasch didn't have anything to say which rang any big bells for me, and like many a good man before him, he does his best to flatten nuances and make me sound twice as assertive as ever. But the chapter is finally harmless enough. I mention it only because you may wish to include it in your bibliography. Also keep an eye out for the April 20 issue of the National Review. To my absolute amazement, there's a rave by Joan Didion on An American Dream. And nicely written too, by God.

Give my best to Cheryl, tell her I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to talk to her any more than I did, and keep slugging, you old fuck of a rabbi.

Your fellow-alumnus from Heidelberg,

Old Walk-on-Eggs Norm

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
April 23, 1965

Dear Moos,

Well, the news about Paddy was awful, but not altogether a surprise, not even on the first time, some months ago, when you wrote about how bad his condition was, because on the night we met him, in the middle of all the gaiety and great fun of the evening, that cough of his would go off like a string of bombs, and there was this grave-diggers sense in the air of all the deep flesh being torn from its circuits. He was a little haunted that night, as if he knew he had forty more good evenings, or just about, and perhaps that added to the intensity of the occasion. I remember about two in the morning we were drinking in a little bar in Brooklyn, and Paddy decided he wanted to order caviar and champagne for Beverly. But the bar, which was a pretentious little affair run by an Italian who's bar tender, head waiter, cook, dishwasher, and lawyer in his spare time, didn't have any caviar, just little Italian hors d'oeuvres, some little pieces of dough and anchovy and tomato paste. So just to josh him, for we'd been teasing each other just a little to keep the salt in our good mood, I leaned over to Paddy and said, "You promised me caviar, and all I got was pizza pie." Well, his eyes flashed. You would have thought I stuck a harpoon in him. For a moment I thought I'd blown the evening. And in fact I shook it, he was so hurt. So then I realized almost too late what a perfectionist he was.

Anyway, my dear, I've written a letter to his wife, as you can see by the enclosure. And if she's agreeable to showing it to you, which I'm certain she will be, I think you'd be interested to read it. It's one of the very few times that I've written a letter of condolence without feeling as if I'd given away a piece of the immortal substance.

Well, An American Dream has been out about a month, and has received the very best and the very worst reviews of anything I've ever written. Some of the critics screamed and gnashed their teeth, some could hardly contain themselves at the over-developments apparently secreted in my nose, some wrote as if they would not get a good night's sleep until they caught me in an alley, and some were generous beyond belief. John Aldridge in Life magazine said the writing was better than anything since the best of Faulkner. That was how it went. At present the book is selling fairly well, though not extraordinarily. It's very hard to tell because something like 30 thousand copies are out in the bookstores, and a book that is #1 on the best seller list sometimes sells no more than two or three thousand a week. At any rate the book is #8 on the Times list and was reported first at Brentano's, the largest bookstore here, so it's much too early to know just how well it will do. In about two months the answer may be in.

Albidge

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
June 8, 1965

Dear Jack,

This is just a line, not a proper letter, to tell you that we'll be up in Provincetown by the time you get this letter. The phone number will be 1424, and our address is 607 Commercial Street. My plans are simple. I'm going to work Monday to Friday and have fun on weekends. So feel ready to come any weekend at all. With a little warning we're bound to have an extra room.

Best and best,

P.S. *William* I was not happy with the cuts William Phillips made, they broke the cadence of your style. So I called him up in a huff and he's going to reprint your piece in toto in the next issue.]

Telling

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
June 8, 1965

Dear Diana,

Just a line. I'm getting ready to start work on a novel, so I'm doing my best to try to clear up correspondence ruthlessly, ruthlessly. There's no pleasure in it now, but the alternative is to let it feed upon half the week. But it does deprive me of writing a long letter in answer to yours, and that's a shame because I think in replying to your honest and most gently stated criticisms of *An American Dream* I would have formulated certain things about the book for myself. I don't know if I'm getting mellow or if it's the nature of the book itself, or even just the way the book was written, but for the first time I've written a novel about which I feel altogether two-headed, which is that there are any number of occasions when my private opinion comes close to the worst of the reviewers', and I really think it is an extraordinary piece of crap. But of course there are just as many other days when I decide quite calmly that it's probably the first novel to come along since *The Sun Also Rises* which has anything really new in it. And that with all my faults, I'm the only one around who's doing anything interesting in writing at all. So you can see that with this unresolved argument going on in my dear head I hardly can get excited when my friends are unhappy about the whole thing. Anyway, angel, you and Lionel will be back in the fall. Maybe by then it will be clearer in all our heads. Incidentally, we're going to be in Provincetown until October 5. So if you come to the city before then and it inspires you with horror, which has happened to me after a year in Europe, and you feel that you have to get out for a few days, take a flying trip up to us. We're going to have lots of room this summer and would of course love to have all two of you, all three of you, however it might go.

Give my best to Gurnow and Margie, and the very best of everything to Lionel,

Dorothy

P.S. I look forward to your description of Upton House up close, and bless you for your jealousy when they said nice things. How human you are. The very last one.

565 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts

September 26, 1966

sh —
Dear Sandy:

[Just a line to tell you that we may be in Provincetown Christmas week, for we own a home here now, but if we're in New York, we'll look forward to seeing you. You write, "We have not as yet seen (An American Dream) and find(it) difficult to imagine (it) confined to the screen." Yes indeed, Sir, when you see it, you may find it difficult to imagine.]

Best,

565 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts

September 25, 1966

Uncle X
+
Aunt
Dear Louis and Moos,

I haven't written in ages. Please forgive me for not answering your fine letters, but this summer's been unbelievable. I haven't worked so hard in years. I got going at a great rate on a new novel and then just about the time I was half way through, everything in the scheme of things diverted me over to an old adaptation of The Deer Park, which I rewrote and changed from a five-hour play to a two-hour play. We did it up here in Provincetown in a theater Beverly helped to start (she is, by the way, a superb actress -- woe is me -- I'm not used to other talent in the family.), and the play turned out well enough to be moved to New York. So we're going to put in on Off-Broadway this winter and if all goes well, it might be exciting, indeed. I have some hopes at any rate. As for the rest, all is well. Mother's recovered completely from the operation, which proved, of course, not to be necessary -- when will people finally realize that medicine exists first for the sake of doctors and their beastly hospitals. Cannibals and Christians came out and, to my surprise, received fairly good reviews. If dad hasn't taken care of it, I'm going to make certain a copy gets to you.

As for the boys, Michael is all box-office, prima donna, narcissistic, brilliant, spoiled, electric, frighteningly sexy, a complete self-starter, and Steve all attention and reaction soft smiles and chuckles and fun. They're going to make a great pair, knock on wood, as my mother would say.

As for the movie, An American Dream, don't ask. An absolute disaster. My only consolation is that I had nothing to do with the makings of it, except for the tarty action of taking a large sum of money in sale from a large movie studio, for which I had no respect.

Give all my best to Basil. Beverly sends love.