

JANUARY 1963

January 22, 1963 *COPY*

To: Walter J. Minton (President of G.P. Putnam's Sons)

Subject: Talks about whether or not Mailer should serialize *An American Dream*. It also discusses the terms of a possible contract for the novel.

January 24, 1963 *COPY*

To: Mick Knox

Subject: The letter speaks about Mailer's financial situation and how he has to earn close to \$50,000 a year to keep afloat and take care of his wives and children. It is this financial bind that keeps him working harder than he has worked in years.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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



OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

January 22, 1963

Mr. Norman Mailer
1142 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.

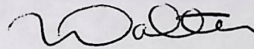
On the other hand it also could help you greatly in arranging foreign contracts because options are somewhat different in foreign countries than they are in the United States. For example in Great Britain an option "on terms to be arranged" means in a court of law first refusal or the right to meet an 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)

maybe not

X

11/2 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
January 24, 1963

Knott

Dear Mick,

Keep in touch with me on the Trocchi business, because I'll be glad to write him a letter if you think it will help. Actually Trocchi doesn't owe me much money--I forget the exact amount, I think it is \$50, it may have been as much as \$150, but certainly not amount large enough to dun a guy for, or the usual moral blackmail. However, I think Trocchi considers me fairly sympathetic, and I'd be inclined to write him on the basis of that more than anything else. You have to give me his address, though.

[At the moment I'm in a financial bind for the first time in years, and having to earn a fantastic amount of money each month in order to pay for the wives and kids. Just to keep afloat I have to earn close to fifty grand a year. Believe it or not it's possible. I'm not complaining, because I find that I'm working much harder than I've worked in years. But it makes it tough to plan to go away anywhere or to take a vacation. I'd like to go to Europe by myself and spend some time wandering around, which is something I've never done, but it looks impossible for this year. For one thing, Susie's with me permanently now, and I don't want to take off until she has a good many friends. Also, there are other matters too complicated to go into now.

There's a slight chill on between Roger and me. It concerns Bud Schulberg, who is probably the grand fink grandson of the old Jewish mobsters. Schulberg did his best to shit on me in Chicago, and I fear some of it landed. Don, knowing his scripter's sin, liege to Schulberg, saying, "Okay, Rog, you can do it," or "No, Rog, I'm going to sue you." Put himself squarely in the middle by saying there was right and wrong on both sides. I haven't quite forgiven him for it. He hasn't quite forgiven me for putting him on the spot. So we're friends, but it's not quite the same.

I love Jimmy Hoffa's remark.

Best, and love,

FEBRUARY 1963

MARCH 1963

APRIL 1963

MAY 1963

JUNE 1963

JULY 1963

AUGUST 1963

SEPTEMBER 1963

September 1963 (no date given on letter; approximation) *COPY*

From: Scott Meredith

Subject: Discusses the conditions of a contract. Mailer will receive a \$65,000 advance. He will receive \$10,000 upon signing the contract, will receive \$5,000 every 15th of the month from October to March, and will receive \$25,000 on May 1st with the delivery of the full manuscript. Dial Press wants the book in eight months-by May 1st so that it can be their big book for 1964. Tries to persuade Mailer to go for this deadline and publication because of the publicity efforts and advertising will focus on his novel and the novel will make more money.

Mailer would have to meet with Dial's chief editor, Bucklin Moon, to discuss progress on the novel. They also want the usual escape clause-"the right to step out and cancel the agreement after the third payment in the event that you and they don't get along." Finally, Dial asks- him not to write a book with a murder in it (otherwise they will not interfere with conception or development) for their own convoluted reasons. Meredith asks Mailer to think the proposal over.

September 7, 1963 *COPY*

To: Norman Mailer

From: Eiichi Yamanishi (Japanese Translator)

Subject: Eiichi sends Mailer a ranking of foreign writers by a Japanese magazine for Mailer to use and enjoy at his leisure. He states how he and the publisher are anxiously awaiting the arrival of his new book. The letter also discusses the inclusion of two articles (*Ten Thousand Words* and *The Debate*) in the Japanese publication of the book and how the inclusion of the articles may be dependent upon the Japanese publisher that will be used.

September 11, 1963 *COPY*

To: Norman Mailer

From: Eiichi Yamanishi (Japanese Translator)

Subject: This letter talks about the list that Eiichi sent Mailer in the last letter and Eiichi states he was surprised at the low number of votes that Mailer received. Eiichi also states, however, that the figure should be seen as significant since he was the only young writer to receive such a number. In other words, Mailer isn't the most popular overall, but the most popular in his age group of writers. Eiichi also states that he is still seeking a publisher "that will publish every month your essay in the *Esquire*."

September 18, 1963 *COPY*

To: Senor Gutierrez-Olivos (Ambassador of Chile)

Subject: Mailer responds that he cannot accept the invitation to be at a roundtable discussion on October 10th because he will be away at that time working on a novel.

SCOTT MEREDITH

Literary Agency, Inc.

580 Fifth Avenue
New York 36, N. Y.

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

OFFER

They offer \$65,000 advance, payable as follows:

\$10,000 on signature
\$ 5,000 on October 15th
\$ 5,000 on November 15th
\$ 5,000 on December 15th
\$ 5,000 on January 15th
\$ 5,000 on February 15th
\$ 5,000 on March 15th
\$25,000 on May 1st on delivery and acceptance of completed manuscript.

CONDITIONS

1. The most important condition, as you've undoubtedly gathered from the foregoing, is that they want the book delivered in eight months -- on May 1st -- rather than in twelve or more months. Here is the reason for this:

For the present fall season, they have an extremely big book...the new Grace Metalious novel. For fall 1965, they have another extremely big book...the new Harold Robbins novel. For fall 1964, however, they don't have a big novel set, and they want one which can be both big commercially and of literary quality to offset the purely commercial Metalious and Robbins books -- and they want that '64 book to be your novel. And that means that they have to have the manuscript in by May 1st in order to do a proper job on production, promotion, and advertising.

This earlier deadline, of course, makes things a bit more difficult for you, but it also militates to your advantage because, with your book their big one for 1964, they will pour many times more money into it for promotion and advertising than you've ever had spent on one of your books before. They intend to start with an initial budget of \$35,000 and go on to the sky from there, so with any kind of luck at all the novel should earn a great, great deal more for you than the \$65,000 advance. (The first Robbins novel they published has earned him over \$300,000 thus far.)

2. They ask that you meet once monthly with their chief editor, Bucklin Moon, to discuss progress on the book. This is essential to them because they'll be counting on your novel and buying no other as a possible '64 leader, and they'll want to know that it's coming along. And this should present no problem to you because Buck Moon is an extremely nice guy, literate, intelligent, and obliging, and I'm certain you'll get along with him very well.

3. They want the usual escape clause on deals of this sort -- the right to step out and cancel the agreement after the third payment in the event that you and they don't get along. This, too, should present no problem. First of all, it won't happen -- it's never happened on any of the many books on which they've made comparable deals. And second, even if it should happen by some rare mischance, you're \$20,000 to the good (the money is non-returnable), and we'll immediately make a comparable deal on the novel with another firm.

4. Finally, they will not interfere in any way with your conception and development of the novel, but ask only that you do not include a murder in it. There's a good reason for this: the tendency of important review sources such as the New York Times to treat all novels containing a murder incident, even books which are clearly general novels and not mysteries, as second-class citizens and have them reviewed by their mystery specialists and given very small review space.

That's the proposal, Norman. Please think it over and feel free to show this letter or read it on the phone to Rembar, and call me later in the day.

Sincerely,



SCOTT MEREDITH

SM:cg

410 Tatenomachi
Nerimaku, Tokyo
September 7, 1963

Dear Norman:

It's a long time since I wrote you last. I have been wondering what would be your works during these months ~~were~~ full of events in your country, too, as I haven't heard about you since your appearance at Carnegie Hall. Not myself alone, but many many people ~~was~~ are very anxious to know about What You Are Doing.

I think it will be of interest to you that The Gunzo, one of the four high class literary magazines, rather conservative, published an enquete ~~on~~ its readers. Of the total of 3,411, age of those readers ~~is~~: teens-233, 20-24-858, 25-29-805, 30-34-593, 35-39-373, 40s-297, 50s-198, 60-28, 70s-7, not clear-19 (in all cases males are overwhelmingly more numerous). The answers were made mainly about Japanese writers, but I will quote here only the list of foreign writers.

~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~

The writer whom you most respect?

Dostevski-144	Henry Miller	7
Tolstoi 60	Goethe	6
Sartre 46	Proust	6
Camus 45	Joyce	6
Hesse 25	Wilde	5
Rolland 24	Lawrence	5
Goethe 22	Saint-Exupery	5
Chekov 16	Maupassant	4
Faulkner 16	Steinbeck	4
Balzac 15	Du Gard	4
Hemingway 14	Pearl Buck	4
Rojin(Chinese) 14	Zweig	3
Stendhal 13	Baudelaire	3
Kafka 13	Purgenev	3
Thomas Mann 13	V. Woolf	3
Gide 12	Hugo	2
Shakespeare 8	Valery	2
Maugham 8	Foe	2
① Mailer 8	T.S. Eliot	2
Beauvoir 7		

The writer whom you want to read most?

Sartre 25	Rolland	3
Dostevski 19	Hemingway	3
Tolstoi 10	Kafka	3
Camus 8	Proust	2
Faulkner 5	J. Green	2
Henry Miller 5	Beauvoir	2
① N. Mailer 4	Delliel(?)	2
Maugham 4	F. Sagan	2
G. Green 4		
Sade 3		
Stendhal 3		
Balzac 3		
Lawrence 3		

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.

My short review of The Impolite Interview with N. Mailer appeared today in the Shincho, a literary (and The Children of magazine. The publisher is now very anxious to have the book which will include these articles. I am afraid looking for the arrival of the book. Will you just tell me when it will come out. You suggested that the two articles, Ten Thousand Words and the Debate, might better to be included in the book in Japanese edition, too. I think now so, but then what will be the relation with Buckley. Besides, the new book will be published by Shinchosha and not Kewadashobo who planned to publish the two articles. When the book come out, we will study these question. Just heard you came to Las Vegas.

折込線



AEROPARAME

Norman Mailer
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn I, N.Y.
U.S.A.

Eiichi Yamanishi
910 Tatenomachi
Nerimaku, Tokyo

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

End

Have you written about the second flight? If you have, I wish to see it very much. Of course not from mere curiosity, you know. I am asked to write an article for a paper about the Negro Movement. My prediction would be based on 'The White Negro'. At the same time I wish to see the movement from the world trends since the end of the war.
You must be terribly busy as always, but Miss Anne can give me any news about you, I and my whole family will be so glad. Our very best wishes to you and to your children.
Very warmly

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

910 Tatenomachi
Nerima-ku, Tokyo
September 11, 1963

Dear Norman:

I must apologize to you for my very careless mistake in my last letter. As you might noticed, in my terrible hurry I wrote Children of Muse instead of Some Children Of The Goddess. Muse and Goddess are both Mēgami in Japanese. Just then I was a little late for a Socialist meeting and also for the last mail-collecting time. When I noticed the mistake, I already was running out of my house.

Have you had a time to see the list in my last letter. If so, you must have surprised to find the small number of votes cast for you. But if you see that you are the only ~~xxxxxx~~ young writer who got that number, you will understand the significance of that figure. I am still trying to find a publisher—I mean some magazine that will publish every month your essay in The Esquire.

Here we are enjoying a very pleasant autumn. We wish best luck on your work. Our best wishes to you and to your sweet children.

Very warmly,

Eiichi'

on
r
t

EMBASSY OF CHILE

extend to you the most cordial invitation to come to Washington. The round table will take place on October 10th, and should you accept our invitation, we would 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 image. Dear Senor Gutierrez-Olivos, I want to thank you for your invitation to take part 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, working on a novel. We can count on your participation in the image of the Novel.

Yours sincerely,

Very truly yours,

Norman Mailer

Diego Gutierrez-Olivos
Diego Gutierrez-Olivos
Ambassador of Chile

OCTOBER 1963

October 1, 1963 *COPY*

To: Mr. Rembar

From: Eiichi Yamanishi (Japanese Translator)

Subject: Eiichi speaks of Mailer's increasing popularity in Japan after the publication of *Advertisements for Myself* and states how several Japanese publishers are interested in his new novel (*An American Dream*). Eiichi also expresses his concern over not having received an advance copy of the novel by the end of August as Mailer had promised.

October 15, 1963 *COPY*

To: Andre Deutsch

Subject: This letter speaks about why he decided to do the serial novel instead of the big novel, the book deal that he has made, and the possibility that Deutsch might buy the hardcover rights if it turns out to be a good book. "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." In confidence he tells Deutsch that Dell and Dial are paying him \$125,000 "against the hardcover and paperback rights." Also tells him in confidence that the subsidiary of Dell is paying him \$25,000.

October 15, 1963 *COPY*

To: Alan Earney (Transworld Publishers Limited)

Subject: I am doing a serial, which will be published in ten-thousand-word installments over the next eight months. "I have also signed a contract with Dial and Dell for the hardcover and paperback rights, and they agreed to pay a vast, indeed an unbelievable sum for the book." They also insisted on buying the English paperback rights for one of their subsidiaries or associates in England. The transaction for the book deal took place in 48 hours. "The wheeling and dealing was much like Hollywood."

October 15, 1963 *COPY*

To: Reed Whittemore (Editor of *Carleton Miscellany*)

Subject: Will be working on the serial version of *An American Dream* for the next eight months. "...since this by definition is a serial, I am suffering from the perils of Pauline."

OCTOBER 1963

October 16, 1963 *COPY*

To: Eiichi Yamanishi (Japanese Translator)

Pres. Papers

Subject: Tells Eiichi he will have copies of ~~An American Dream~~ in another two weeks. If he knew it was going to take this long he would have sent Eiichi the galleys, but they were a mess. Mailer speaks about the novel concerning the second Patterson-Liston fight, which will be serialized in *Esquire* and then printed as an 80,000-word novel. Mailer mentions that he took on writing *An American Dream* in book form for purely monetary reasons. He mentions the large advance he received (\$125,000) so that Eiichi might be able to get a higher price in Japan from any magazine will to publish the work. He then goes on to thank Eiichi for his translating efforts and for sending him the Japanese ranking of foreign writers across several categories.

October 21, 1963 *COPY*

To: William Morris (Editor of Harper's)

Subject: Mailer states that he is now free for at least a year to work on a novel.

October 21, 1963 *COPY*

To: Bill Olive

Subject: Olive writes to Mailer rambling on about how he wants to be a writer, he will be in New York sometime soon, and asks if they could get together. Mailer responds, "I'm pretty much out of circulation this year because I'm working on a novel and it takes up all the time. The best way to meet each other anyway is to run across the other's trail in a bar."

Note: The original letter Olive wrote to Mailer is included for reference.

October 21, 1963 *COPY*

To: David Shepherd (*The Compass*)

Subject: Basically states that Mailer is uninterested in taking place in the Compass play laboratory. He states that he will have no time to participate in any activities in the next eight months because he will be "trying to do" a novel in that period of time.

October 21, 1963 *COPY*

To: Sandy Stewart Richardson (J.B Lippincott Company)

Subject: States her idea for a book is good. States that he will be doing a novel for Dial over the next eight months and "probably won't want to think about anything else for quite a while."

Note: Sandy Stewart Richardson's original letter to Mailer is included for reference.

OCTOBER 1963

October 23, 1963 *COPY*

To: Belinda Jelliffe

Subject: Mailer states, "At the moment I'm caught up in a lot of work, but it is interesting. I'm writing a novel in the form of a serial, and each month there's an installment to send to *Esquire*. Ten thousand good words are required for each part, so I do very little but write these days. Which may not be such a bad idea."

October 24, 1963 *COPY*

To: John DiBiase

Subject: Mailer's secretary, Anne M. Barry, writes this letter. She states that Mailer cannot speak at Rhode Island because he is away in Vermont (she doesn't know exactly where) working on a novel. He has no time to read any mail due to his deadlines.

C O P Y

910 Tatenomachi
Nerimaku, Tokyo
October 1, 1963

Dear Mr. Rembar:

With the publication of ADVERTISEMENTS FOR MYSELF, Mailer's prestige in Japan further rose especially among young people. Some publishers are already expressing their interest in his coming new book (including Shinchosha and Kawade). Mailer told me that the advance copies would be ready in August and I should be able to get it by the end of August. But I haven't got it yet. Do you know when it will come out? There may be competition among them, I expect. It is important to take future possibilities into consideration, too. So I hope you will give me a chance before you decide to tell you my opinion.

TEN THOUSAND WORDS A MINUTE -- its publication will be delayed a few months. It will be very good for the book to get some words from Mailer about the result at Las Vegas.

Yours very sincerely,

EIICHI YAMANISHI

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 in eight 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
October 15, 1963

Mr. Alan Earney, Editor
Transworld Publishers Limited
Park Royal Road, London N. W. 10

Dear Alan,

Earney

I was quite pleased with the cover of Advertisements that you put out. You really do good jackets over at Corgi, and if Advertisements doesn't do well, the physical production of the book can hardly be blamed.

But now I have a bit of news which I expect will prove upsetting to you. Caught in a financial situation which seemed to offer no issue, I talked Walter Minton into releasing me for one novel, and I'm now going to do a serial which will be printed in ten-thousand-word installments over the next eight months. I also signed a contract with Dial and Dell for hard cover and paperback rights and they agreed to pay a vast, indeed an unbelievable sum for the book. As part of the arrangement they insisted upon buying the English paperback rights for a paperback company which is their subsidiary or associate in England. I did my best to try to strike this last clause, because as I say I've been quite pleased with the way you've presented my books. In fact, as I all but told Victor Waybright, you were doing a tastier job. But the amount of money was so vast and indeed the amount offered by the English paperback company was so great, that I was not able to afford to refuse this extra specification of the English rights. Indeed there was not even opportunity to consult you, for the transaction took place in a record forty-eight hours. The wheeling and dealing was much like Hollywood. While I know this news can give you small pleasure, I would like to repeat that I have no ill feeling towards your house--quite the contrary--and expect that we'll be together again after this serial is published.

Cordially,

Norman Mailer

*Editor of
Carleton
Miscellany*

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

Dear Eed Whittenmore:

Ah, thank you for your invitation, but it can't be done. I'm in trouble. I'm writing a novel for Esquire ~~there's~~ next eight months and since this by definition is a serial, I am suffering the perils of Pauline. Could you send me a copy of the symposium when it comes out?

Best, etc.,

Norman Mailer

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

Dear Eiichi,

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, Eiichi, 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.

no

X

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
October 21, 1963

Dear Bill Olive,

I'm pretty much out of circulation this year because I'm working on a novel and it takes up a l the time. The best way to meet each other anyway is to run across the other's trail in a bar. That's the only way meetings ever turn out. So if you get to New York, good luck, and we'll probably have an encounter.

Best, etc.,

Sept. 12

Dear Norman Mailer,

I suppose you remember I have written you three times and you briefly answered me the first time. I told you how I was living at Port Aransas in a shack on the beach. Along with a friend, I have been run out of my little grade school town. The friend, eighteen, and I are hitch hiking to New York sometime very soon, where his homosexual brother studies psychology. The brother, twenty-four, was a close friend of mine in high school, revealed himself to me, etc. This guy, Dick McConchie, lives at 14 Washington Pl. with a gay doctor who psychoanalyses normal people. I then do not know what is normal, or average. I do not think the Mad Pole whom Dick lives with does. The doc is short and round and publishes.

Dick has a writer friend whom he says could help me get an agent for my novel. His brother Danny, kicked out of home too, now along with Dick, is too hot or nervous, in love with Baez, and does have a voice of fabulous potential, and has friends on Long Island who can find me a temporary place, as the sad Mad Pole is jealous of me - bit of insanity there. I am not going to bum on Len Lark again, not sure he would take it anyway; a Catholic queer can not enjoy my saintly violence long. I don't know where I'll be; for one thing, I have a Cuban girlfriend in Platterkill, wherever that is. I write you now, because I would like to talk with you, and if you chance to find time to meet me, you probably could through Fenny, 63 E. 7th, or Dick, though I don't quite trust his benefactor.

I'm writing you because I am getting violent and asthmatic hanging around here while Danny tries to pick up some money, and already my lungs are feeling better. I don't know what, but there is something about you. I am not too impressed by anything I have read of yours outside of the White Negro. I don't dislike you or disagree so much. I admire your efforts. I read that there is a heavy bag beside your writing desk, and whether true or not, the idea that you get up and start beating on it is funny and appealing. I read you are often punching someone or getting punched. From your stuff I've read I don't see that I would have to like you to get along with you. I am sick of the sick tenseness of Christianity and related fears and need to be around actual violent people, like Danny, even if they are cowards at times.

Well, have a letter, and I don't know when I might be around.

Really,

Bill Olive
Bill Olive

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
October 21, 1963

Mr. David Shepherd
The Compass
301 East 10th Street
New York 9, New York

Dear David Shepherd:

Please forgive these three months and more it has taken to answer your letter, but I was traveling through the summer. The Compass Play Laboratory sounds most interesting, and I'm certain quite a few playwrights will benefit from it. But I don't think I'm directly interested this year at any rate, because a) I belong to the Playwrights Unit at Actors Studio where we do much the same thing, and b) I'll have no time for the next eight months since I'm trying to do a novel in this period. This letter, then, comes down to wishing you luck.

Yours sincerely,

Norman Mailor

ⓧ
Editor of Harper's

all over 15

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
October 21, 1963

Dear Willie,

Let me thank you for your letter, but writing articles has a bit of draggery to it for me, and I'm now free, for a year at least, to work on a novel, so I think I'll be keeping myself much to myself through this long winter. I'm glad you're at Harper's, and let me wish you good luck in what you're doing.

Best,

Norman Mailer

*cyfernet
Richardson*

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
October 21, 1963

Dear Sandy,

I'm sure your idea would make a good book, but as you may have heard, I'm doing a novel for Dial during this next eight months, and probably won't want to think about anything else for quite a while. At any rate, my best for now,

Yours,

Norman Mailer



J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
Publishers Since 1792

PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • MONTREAL

NEW YORK OFFICE
521 FIFTH AVENUE
P.O. ZONE 17
MURRAY HILL 7-3980

September 18, 1963

Dear Norman:

I was touting your Esquire piece on the novelists to Tom Maschler of Jonathan Cape, the English publishing house. We both thought that a short book comprised of most of the Esquire piece, plus pieces on Durrell, Golding, and one or two other English novelists might make a damn good book. I hesitate to approach you on this in view of your relationship with Putnam, but I did want to put the idea forward and to say that Maschler is keenly interested in it.

Yours,

Sandy.

Stewart Richardson

Mr. Norman Mailer
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn, New York

SR/pj

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
October 23, 1963

Dear Mrs. Jelliffe,

It was nice to hear from you again, and I must say you have the gift of giving large praise in so pleasant a fashion that I'm able to breathe it in without embarrassment. At the moment I'm caught up in a lot of work, but it is interesting. I'm writing a novel in the form of a serial, and each month there's an installment to send to Esquire. Ten thousand good words are required for each part, so I do very little but write these days. Which may not be such a bad idea.

I enjoyed your story about the African princess.

My best to you,

Norman Mailer

Response to a letter from Belinda Jelliffe

Maybe not

8

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
October 24, 1963

Mr. John DiBiase
650 Chalkstone Avenue
Providence 8, Rhode Island

Dear Mr. DiBiase,

I know you would appreciate a speedy answer to your invitation to Norman Mailer to speak at Rhode Island, but I fear this is impossible. Mr. Mailer is out of town now working on a novel, and has been for some time. He is hidden away somewhere in Vermont, and did not even give me his address, as there are deadlines to meet and he has no time to read any mail. So I am afraid that I must hold your letter until he returns, which should be about two weeks from now. Then he will surely write to you. He certainly has spoken at colleges in the past, and spoken often, and some people have said he has spoken well. I believe that this year he must cut down on many outside activities because of his writing commitments, but perhaps if his pen moves particularly rapidly this month, he may feel that he can come to Rhode Island this year.

Cordially,

Anne M. Barry
Anne M. Barry
Secretary

NOVEMBER 1963

November 4, 1963 *COPY*

To: Andre Deutsch (Andre Deutsch Limited Publishers)

Subject: Assures Deutsch that all final decisions are made by Cy and himself. He apologizes for the letter being tardy. "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 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."

Note: The original letter from Andre Deutsch to Mailer is included for reference.

November 4, 1963 *COPY*

To: Alan Earney (Transworld Publishers Limited)

Subject: Informs Earney that Mayflower (the English subsidiary of Dell) did not buy the rights to *An American Dream* (first time Mailer mentions the possible title), but have an option to give a first bid and match any counter bid. Mailer basically leaves the possibility of Transworld picking up the publication of the novel open. Mailer states, "Anyway, let's see how the book turns out."

Note: The original letter from Alan Earney to Mailer is included for reference.

November 5, 1963 *COPY*

To: David Chaston (Art Editor of the Royal College of Art magazine *Ark*)

Subject: In his letter Chaston explains that the next issue of *Ark* will have a theme of Utopia. He writes to ask Mailer if he will write an article of 1,000-2,000 words dealing with the idea of the American Dream. Mailer responds: "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'."

Note: David Chaston's original letter to Mailer has been included for reference.

November 5, 1963 *COPY*

To: Allen Geller (of *The Montreal Review*)

Subject: In response to Geller's request for an interview Mailer responds: "I'm giving everything to work on a novel this year, and so taking on no new speaking engagements, television, or interviews. I know you'll understand; these peripheral activities have much too much ability to occupy the center of one's preoccupation."

Note: The original letter from Allen Geller to Mailer is also included.

NOVEMBER 1963

November 5, 1963 *COPY*

To: Adeline Naiman Lubel (AKA Lub)

Subject: Mailer says that he is "engaged in a break-neck venture". He states that he decided to write the novel and serialize because he was in debt and having financial difficulties. He says that he sold the book to Dial and Dell before a word was written for \$125,000. He then goes on to state, "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?"

November 8, 1963 *COPY*

To: Norman Mailer

From: Jill Goldstein (Editorial Coordinator of *Esquire*)

Subject: Writes to remind Mailer that his deadline for March (the third installment) has been moved from December 13th to December 9th. The February deadline (second installment) remains February 15.

November 9, 1963 *COPY*

To: Francis Irby Gwaltney (AKA Fig)

Subject: Mailer describes writing for *Esquire* as being "caught up in a job of work which could be killing if it gets going wrong." He once again states how he took the work because of financial difficulties and that he has to produce eight installments (10,000 words each) each with a monthly deadline. Mailer then says, "...it comes down to writing a book in eight months, which has a finished draft good enough to make it a good novel." He also makes it clear that he succeeded in selling the novel to Dial and Dell before he even started for "a price so large it's crazy." The letter also recommends Scott Meredith as an agent and describes him as a "live wire".

November 25, 1963 *COPY*

To: Eiichi Yamanishi (Japanese Translator)

Subject: Mailer states he has completed the first two installments of the serial version and that he should have the galley of the first installment within the next week to send to Eiichi. Speaks about the problems he's having writing in serial form and also states that he doesn't want to summarize what the book is about.

November 26, 1963 *COPY*

To: Peggy Brooks (Associate Editor with E.P. Dutton and Co. Inc.-Publishers)

Subject: Mailer states that the galley for *Get Home Free* could not have come at a worse time for his review. He states that he is doing a serial for *Esquire* in eight parts and has to meet a deadline each month of 10,000-15,000 words. Mailer states, "The result is that I do very little else."

Note: The original letter from Brooks to Mailer is included for reference.

NOVEMBER 1963

November 26, 1963 *COPY*

To: T. George Silcott (Director of the Springfield College Pre-Release Guidance Center)

Subject: The Pre-Release Guidance Center is looking to place a Half-Way House for federal offenders who are about to return to the New York community in the Brooklyn Heights area. Silcott basically inquires if Mailer would like to help out with the program. Mailer responds that he cannot take part in Silcott's program because he is working on a novel in serial form for *Esquire*. "...this demands a great deal of single-mindedness."

Note: A copy of T. George Silcott's original letter to Mailer has been included for reference.

November 26, 1963 *COPY*

To: Edmund Skellings

Subject: Mailer states that he has to start writing his third installment for *Esquire* the next day.

November 26, 1963 *COPY*

To: David Susskind

Subject: Mailer states that he would like to come on Susskind's show once more, but the date would have to be chosen carefully. "If you are interested in this, we'll have to pick the time most carefully, because I am deep in work this winter and doing a novel in serial in *Esquire*, and my installments fall each month between the 9th and the 15th. Which means that the only time that I can afford to take off a few days and get ready would be in the week after I hand in a particular installment."

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,

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
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



ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART, KENSINGTON GORE, LONDON SW7 KNIGHTSBRIDGE 5020

Principal: Robin Darwin CBE Registrar: J.R.P.Moon MA Bursar: W.G.Tatham OBE, MC, MA

Art Office

21 Cromwell Road

South Kensington

London S. W. 7

Dear Mr Mailer,

I am for this term art-editor of (the Royal College of Art magazine 'Ark'. This publication^{is} issued 3 times a year and about 2,000 copies are printed each term.

The theme for this particular issue (Ark 35) is UTOPIA, where, when, why?

It may seem strange to you that it is the art editor, not the editor, who is writing this letter, but it was my idea to write to you, because it was myself who thought that you may have strong feelings about the intended idea.

One of the headings in this issue is the 'American Dream', and I wondered if you would be so kind as to write an article (1,000-2,000 words) around this idea. If you have not the time or the inclination then perhaps you may be able to help us in some other way: references etc.

I am afraid that we would not be able to pay you as we are only a student publication, and all the money that comes from grants and advertising goes into publication costs.

I would like to add as a foot note that 'Deer Park' is one of the most beautiful American novels I have read. Also I found your article in the Esquire July 1963 'Norman Mailer v Nine Writers' very interesting especially your comments on John Updike and Joseph Heller.

Yours faithfully

DT Chaston

David Chaston.

THE MONTREAL REVIEW

1142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
November 5, 1963

(X)

1142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
November 5, 1963

Mr. Allen Geller
The Montreal Review
2101 Avenue du Parc West
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Dear Allen Geller,

I'm giving everything to work on a novel this year, and so taking on no new speaking engagements, television, or interviews. I know you'll understand; these peripheral activities have much too much ability to occupy the center of one's preoccupation.

Yours truly,

Norman Mailer

THE MONTREAL REVIEW

370 Marie Anne Street East and 24 Fairmount Avenue West
Montréal, Québec, Canada

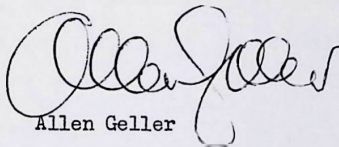
October 5, 1963

Mr. Norman Mailer
c/o G. P. Putnam's Sons
200 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Mailer,

I would very much like to interview you on behalf of the Montreal Review, a Canadian literary magazine. If this is agreeable to you could you please inform me of the most appropriate time for me to come to New York for this purpose.

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Allen Geller", with a stylized, cursive script.

Allen Geller

Adeline Waiman 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, Washington 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,

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

488 MADISON AVENUE

NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

PLAZA 9-3232

November 8, 1963

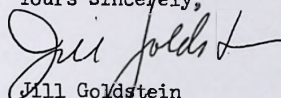
Mr. Norman Mailer
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn Heights, New York

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.

⑧
Inby
Gwaltney
GWACTNEY
Frances

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
November 9, 1963

Dear Fig,

I really enjoyed the hell out of your last letter and have taken a month and a half to answer it only because I've gotten caught up in a job of work which could be killing if it gets going wrong. I decided the only way out of my financial hole was to take a jump, and so I contracted with Ewquire to write a novel in eight parts, each installment (ten thousand words) will appear in a successive month, and since I didn't have anything behind me when I started, it comes down to writing a book in eight months, which has a finished draft good enough to make it a good novel. I did, however, succeed in selling it to Dial and Dell before I started for a price so large it's crazy, and what's good about this is that I'll have economic freedom for a couple of years and may be able to do my big book in relative calm.

Incidentally, the agent I had who brought this deal off was a real live wire who accomplished a hell of a lot for me--his name is Scott Meredith--and so if you're dissatisfied with John when the time comes to get a new book published, maybe it would be worth your while to let Scott take a crack at it.

Things are going along quietly in New York with lots of work, and Bev and I take off for two weeks each month to the country, either to Provincetown or to Jamaica, Vermont, and there I sweat the fat drop and try to do my work. I'd love to get out to Ruston to see you this winter, but I don't think there's too much chance of it, what with the work schedule. Maybe if I get fed up with the East I'll go out to do my two week's stint in Louisiana. But the trouble is that I'm very poor company when I'm writing and so hesitate to visit friends at such a time. If the impulse ever did take me, what airplane route does one take to get into the vicinity of northern Louisiana?

This letter isn't as long as I'd like it to be, but that's because I haven't answered any mail in a month and so as usual I have to knock off sixty letters in a day and a half.

Give my love to your slv-boots lady and to Yee-Yee and to Frank. Bev sends her love,

1 1/2 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

SPRINGFIELD COLLEGE
PRE-RELEASE GUIDANCE CENTER

66 HANSON PLACE
BROOKLYN 17, N. Y.

November 12, 1963

Mr. Norman Mailer
128 Willow Place
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Mr. Mailer:

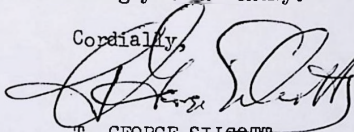
Springfield College of Springfield, Massachusetts, a private educational institution has been operating a Half-Way House in Brooklyn New York for federal offenders, who are about to return to the greater New York community. This program provides an orderly process of reintroduction to the community for the men through carefully structured guidance and counseling.

In preparation for relocating this program, we have undertaken a series of meetings with persons in the community who would be interested in and concerned about this program. Your name was suggested as such a person and we would like very much to discuss with you the work of the Springfield College Pre-Release Guidance Center.

A few people will be meeting at the PLYMOUTH CHURCH OF THE PILGRIM PARRISH HOUSE, ENTRANCE ON HICKS STREET, on Monday, November 18th at 8:00 P.M. to discuss this program and its relocation in the Brooklyn Heights community. You are cordially invited to attend this meeting and to take part in the discussion.

I look forward to meeting you on Monday.

Cordially,



T. GEORGE SILCOTT
DIRECTOR

TGS:ll

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
November 25, 1963

Dear Eiichi,

First I want to thank you for all the trouble you took in analyzing the separate connotations of each word in the haiku. The error on miezu is not Henderson's fault, but mine. I don't know how it happened, but it is inexcusable for I'm usually most careful about such matters. My guess is that the error crept up in the galleys and I did not check them carefully enough. At any rate, I hope you will correct it in the Presidential Papers or add a note about the error. Incidentally, Henderson's literal translation of the poem gives soon for vagate, indication for keshiki, and appear-not for miezu. His translations are often very free, but since he is scrupulous to give a literal translation first of each word in the haiku, one is free to make one's own translation. In this case I use Henderson's version. Truthfully I did not think I could improve upon it, for it is one of his best. I agree with you that cry is much too open as a sound and does not give the sensuous equivalent of a locust's chirp, but the difficulty is that we have no equivalent in English for the double sound of the locust's voice, nothing like koe, and so a sound like chirp is too closed. One could substitute something like tick-tock went the locust which might give more of the feel, but tick-tock has unfortunate connotations for it is used often in children's nursery rhymes, and cry, while unfaithful to Basho, is a most evocative word in English. If ever I have the fortune to come to Japan and the opportunity to study the language for some months, I think that I might try to begin by emerging myself in the haiku for I have a suspicion that the secrets of the Japanese language may be contained in the form. Certainly I have the impression that one of the great differences between Japanese and English is that English is constructed upon the narrative line of the voice, in which the natural break in association is the pause to take breath--whereas Japanese may be built more upon the interval between each blink of the eye. So many of the haiku give me the impression of a short but exquisite movie.

A week or two ago a letter came from Josh Greenfeld, in which he spoke warmly, even dithyrambically about you, and said in passing that my reputation is very high in Japan. I know, dear friend, that this is due more than anything else to the devoted, ~~conscientious~~ sensitive, and intelligent work you have done on my behalf over all these years. I'm only too aware of that, but someday I hope I will have the opportunity to shake your hand and talk to you across a table. It was a fortunate day which brought your first letter to me.

Now for news of the serial. I've completed the first two installments and should have galleys of the first to send to you within a week. It's fairly good so far but of course there are many difficulties and ambushes ahead. If I can keep the level up to the first two installments I think I will have however a novel we need not be ashamed of. The difficulty of course is the lack of time. An average of ten to fifteen thousand words a month is not too bad in itself, but the fact that one must do this every month does increase the strain. I would describe the novel to you but I have a natural reluctance for summary and indeed I would prefer you to pick up the first installment with no sense at all of what is to come. So if you will be patient for a week I think your announcement will gain force from the fresh impact of the first installment on you. For the present, it may be enough to say that it will be a short novel (90 thousand words) in the nineteenth century tradition, to wit, it is concerned with good and evil, and its exploration will take the form of a narrative with a reasonably developed plot.

As for the rest, I would like you to use the picture which is on the back of the jacket of the Presidential Papers for that book. I do not know which picture Josh Greenfeld refers to but the photograph in the rocking chair catches the mood I was in when I was writing the introductions for the collection.

In any case, dear friend, I await your reaction to the first installment of the novel. It is, by the way, to be called *An American Dream*, and the first installment has the chapter title of *The Harbors of the Moon*.

My warmest regards to your wife and to your children,

Norman

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
November 28, 1963

Dear Mr. Silcott,

Your program sounds most interesting, but I'm afraid I can take no part in it, for I'm caught in the work of trying to write a novel in serial for Esquire and this demands a great deal of singlemindedness.

Yours,

Norman Mailer

Norman Mailer

X

skellings

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

Suskind

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

Dear David,

Thanks for your letter. I must confess that I thought the show was pretty bad while we were doing it, and for the first time in my life I really felt for you, since none of us were doing very much on our own. To my surprise the reactions I got were more favorable than almost any show I've been on. How odd is audience reaction. Actually, David, if you'd like to invite me back, there's one show and one show only I'd really like to do right now. And that is a mano a mano with Bill Buckley. Just you, me, and Old Bill. I think I could take him over two hours, and take him good, but win lose or draw it could be an exciting show. There is interest in the two of us as opponents. Our debate in Chicago for instance was a sellout in Madinah Temple, and grossed \$8000.

If you are interested in this, we'll have to pick the time most carefully, because I'm deep in work this winter and doing a novel in serial in Esquire, and my deadlines fall each month between the 9th and the 15th. Which means that the only time I can afford to take off a few days and get ready would be in the week after I hand in a particular installment.

At any rate, best for now,

Palace Hotel
Belgrade, Yugoslavia
Nov. 26, 1963

Dear Norm,

I can't shake the depression since Kennedy's death. It's wierd how it penetrated. I heard about it the night I arrived in Belgrade from the hotel clerk. I thought it was a sort of Serbian joke and really didn't believe it until I realized that the clerk's suppressed enjoyment was real. I've seen no newspaper since arriving so all my information comes from the clerk, who after the shooting of Oswald has it all figured out as an intricate political plot. I feel it as an appalling event - a bad omen for all of us. I suppose it's because of Kennedy's age, style and his hip enjoyment being the president. Of course not being able to read anything about it gives it all a mystic, other-world aura. What was the mood in New York that day - fill me in.

Belgrade is a totally new experience for me. The Serbs are like carved out of thick wood or stone - strong and heavy. As yet I make no connection with them. They are different from anyone I've ever worked with. Even the Thais were more understandable to me. They're the only people I've known who seem to lack lightness. Of course the language is a bitch, which won't help. I feel ambiguous about being here. I miss not being in New York. After this last trip I realize that I really want to live there. However, I look forward to the new experience of this strange place. Practically the whole movie company are French and since I get along with the French it isn't too bad. Like all of these independent productions there's always more work than what I bargained for. So far I've been editing and rewriting the dialogue, which was badly translated from the original French. We start shooting next week and it looks like it's going to be a long stretch. It's a complicated film with many sets and locations.

Willingham sure has a hate on for you. I got the feeling reading his piece that all he heaped on your head were really his personal demons - the faults were his, observed or as seeds in his inards. Does he rap your having style because his is so soft? or your avoiding of cliches by using totally new images because he himself can't find those new images? Also I suspect that he painfully yearns for a far higher recognition than he has now. I still remember his smug smile around a long cigar sitting at a plush Hollywood restaurant with two studio types at each elbow. He had that 'in' position look and I'm sure that he's cranky not having been able to make it out there. All things considered, Jones' piece wasn't bad - although I bit snide.

For some reason I didn't want to get into the money I supposedly owe you - but I thought that I had worked it off. I don't know what all those C.K. files I wrote for you were worth, but at the time you seemed to feel they had pretty good value. Also, as I recall, the bookshop reports were supposed to be against part of the debt. You know I don't give a fuck about a wedding present (I never gave you one) it's just that in the future if I want to borrow money from you I don't want you to feel that I'm a dead end. It's true that very little cash has passed from my hands to yours, but I really thought that at this point the slate was clean. In any case, if I've ever got it and you need it-

it's yours.

Ben really impressed me. There's something about her that is really

Norm, I know how much love and energy must go into your novel - but when you have a spare fifteen minutes write me.

Love - Mike.

Palace Hotel
Belgrade Yugoslavia
Nov. 29, 1963

Dear Norm,

I suppose you'll get this letter before you answer my first one. I just finished PRESIDENTIAL PAPERS and the power in it is enormous. All in all I find it better than 'Advertisements'. If anything it's too rich with new ideas. Since I know you and practically all your work, it wasn't difficult for me to digest - but for many the diet is too varied and exotic. I hope Roger doesn't leave the book on a shelf, but reads it. I know this is a put-down, but for a guy who spends so much time with you he doesn't seem to dig much of your ideas. If he'd read the book through and not reject the thoughts out of hand he might take a giant step. What the fuck was biting his ass about me. I found it strange that he didn't invite us to his wedding ceremony. He should have levelled with me if something was bugging him.

What the fuck is behind Oswald and Jack ~~Ruby~~? I feel you might have some answers. Please write me about it. It's stupid that I should be away from the States now. There is so much I might have learned about the U.S. I'm still deeply depressed about Kennedy. The bitch is - I could have stayed in N.Y. a couple of more weeks. We don't start shooting until next week and the work I've done on the script I could have done in two days. There was so much I wanted to talk to you about and we were just beginning to make connections.

'The Metaphysics of the Belly' was thrillingly illuminating. Both your ideas on eyesight and food, I sense, are wired to The Mysterious Truth. It's part of all countries folklore that people who wear glasses are hyper-sensitive - and almost all primitive people have pertinent rites connected with food. 'Eat the heart of your bravest enemy' etc. Oh shit, I'm sure that you've thought of all that - but for me it was a revelation. Like others, I've thought about the shape and smell of shit and came close to what you said.

(This is Praise Mailer Week) You sure haven't lost your narrative touch. The movie piece in Esquire has all the tugging excitement (and more) of any of H.G. Wells' stories. Very curious to know if you get any movie offers.

Norm, again, please fill me in on the Kennedy murder; I mean your sensations. I know it affected you deeply and since my head is full of the pressure of it, I need some further insight.

In 'Papers' you attribute the description 'intellectual adventurer' to some stranger. About a year and a half ago I wrote you a long letter based on just that description. It came to me after reading one of your pieces in Esquire. I think that if you were going to credit anyone it should have been me. (Oh relax, irritable ego) In any case I was pleased when I saw that bit.

It glooms me that I won't see you for many more months. You awaken my old brain and what it's attached to. Also, this last trip, you were in good shape. I suppose that Bev had something to do with that. I'm pulling all I know how for the new book.

Write soon. Best to Bev.

Love, Mick

DECEMBER 1963

December 2, 1963

To: Diane Athill (Andre Deutsch LTD)

From: Anne M. Barry (Mailer's Secretary)

Subject: Norman asked me to write as he is working hard now on the current installment of his serial.

December 11, 1963 *COPY*

To: Mary Jane Shoultz

Subject: Mailer states that the first installment of *An American Dream* will be out by the time that Shoultz would receive the letter and asks her to let him know what she thinks of the first installment once she has read it.

December 16, 1963 *COPY*

To: Eiichi Yamanishi (Japanese Translator)

Subject: Mailer discusses the depression he is suffering from due to Kennedy's assassination and how he's fallen into a rut and having trouble writing due to this. It also states that Eiichi will have complete control over the Japanese version of *An American Dream* (he is in charge of all decisions).

December 17, 1963 *COPY*

To: Mick Knox

Subject: Speaks about his reaction to *An American Dream* in the wake of Kennedy's assassination.

"The book of course falls by the sides in all of this, one of the million minor casualties. With Kennedy alive it was a good book, with him dead, it's just a curiosity, and somehow irritating in tone. I don't even mind the loss of it in a funny way."

*Note: Included with this letter are two letters sent from Mick to Mailer on November 26 and November 29, 1963. I have looked them over and they don't seem to mention anything important about *An American Dream*, but I have included them as reference material anyway.*

DECEMBER 1963

December 20, 1963 *COPY*

To: Francis Irby Gwaltney (AKA Fig)

Subject: He states that he is sixty days ahead of publication (ahead of his automatic deadline) and that he has finished three of the eight installments of the serial. He states, "Everything is fine so far except that I can't describe a screw as thoroughly as I might like to, and I'm not moving quire as fast as I should be moving. In the first three parts I don't think I've gone a quarter of the way. It's a little like giving a course and taking too long on the earlier writers so you find you have one lecture for Stendhal, and a half lecture for Proust, a half lecture for Joyce."

He still finds writing the serial novel "fun". He compares writing a serial to playing ten-second chess. Mailer states, "You have to take the bold choice each time, because you know you can depend on getting something out of the bold effects—the subtler choices may prove too subtle and fail to come to life in the speed with which you have to write." He then states that he doesn't know whether or not the novel would be good and finally states that he wouldn't be so sure he'd say "never again" to writing another novel in serial form.

December 20, 1963 *COPY*

To: Rita Halle Kleeman

Subject: Mailer states that he cannot take part in her discussion on March 2. For the next six months he will be working on a novel in serial form for *Esquire*. This project takes up just about all of Mailer's time.

Shoultz

X
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
December 18, 1963

Dear Eiichi,

Just a quick note to answer your questions in your letter of December 9. The man who arranged the Presidential Papers and the new novel, *An American Dream*, is an agent named Scott Meredith, and the annoyance with Tuttle occurred only because in the general pressure of other work I forgot to recognize that this would affect your situation in Japan. It is all and entirely my fault. I should have had the wit to remember when I gave them the foreign rights that this could cause you embarrassment. I'm afraid I can offer no excuses. I have a bad head for business and this complication slipped my mind entirely. However, on Monday I'm going to call them up and get this straightened out, and in fact I'll delay mailing this letter until after I've spoken to them. So look for a continuation to this in the P. S. at the end of this letter.

As for Kennedy, I've been very depressed, too depressed to write more than a paragraph which I've already sent to you. It was, incidentally, printed in the *New York Review of Books*, which is the one good review in America and has issues appear every two weeks. And in fact, it will be sent to you, for I took out a subscription for you. At any rate, I have no desire to write more now because the event is not only deeply depressing but enormous in its ramifications. Kennedy had personal charm--one misses him certainly that way--he was also nothing exceptional as a politician, rather a conventional middle-of-the-road leader of the Democratic party. What was lost is an intangible good. There was a particular magic or let us say liberty surrounding Kennedy which enabled one to be critical of him in a way that had been impossible in America since the War, and all sorts of subtle but exciting changes were occurring in America's culture. In Marxist terms, while Kennedy did nothing to shift the nature of productive relations, he opened the way, whether he wished to or not, for dramatic, even radical, changes in the superstructure. To use myself personally as an example, my function shifted in these few years from some sort of mysterious half-notorious leader of the Beat Generation, a sort of psychic guerilla leader, in fact, to something quite other, a respected if somewhat feared leader of the literary Establishment. And that change was terribly important, because in America one can accomplish very little change from outside the Establishment, whereas inside one's words can even have a curious influence upon the leaders. And I fear that that, possibly for a good many of us, is now smashed altogether.

My best for now,

Norman

December 16

P.S. Just now I spoke to Henry Morrison of Scott Meredith Literary Agency, Inc., (580 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.; cable address: Scottmere), and told him that you were to have complete and final say-so on all Japanese matters, and that he would please instruct Tuttle to that effect. Morrison promised to send a telegram today to Tuttle clarifying the matter and passing on my instructions that in all matters Tuttle is to obtain your final approval. This gives you complete power over Tuttle, Eiichi, and I think it would be best to have as little to do with Tuttle as possible, because I have found that when I have the power to make decisions but continue to work with other people that I tend to give away some of my power in embarrassment, forcing myself to accept suggestions I don't really like in order to save the feelings of the other person. At any rate, what happens next is up to you, but I would prefer that you go on making arrangements for me by yourself as you have in the past. I think the most Tuttle would be useful for is to give us some idea of the market, and of what can be gotten for a novel.

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
December 17, 1963

Dear Mick,

The Kennedy thing hit very hard here. Women were crying in the streets (mainly good-looking women), a lot of middle-aged Negroes looked sad and very worried, and then we all sat around in gloom and watched the television set for the next seventy-two hours. Altogether it was one of three events having something profoundly in common: Pearl Harbor Day and the death of Roosevelt being the other two. And the Ruby-Oswald stuff was just too much on top of it. I haven't felt like writing a word about the whole thing. I've been too fucking depressed about the whole thing. The man loss I think was a cultural one. Whether he wanted to or not Kennedy was giving a great boost to the arts, not because Jackie Kennedy was inviting Richard Wilbur to the White House, but somehow because with Kennedy in office the lid was off, and now I fear it's going to be clamped on tight again.

As for Oswald and Ruby, I don't know what was going on, but I don't have the confidence we'll ever know. I'd like to believe that the FBI had a sinister hand in all of this, but somehow I doubt it. I suspect the real story is that two lonely guys, all by themselves, put more grit in the gears than anyone ever succeeded in doing before, and it's just a mess, a dull miserable mess.

The book of course falls by the side in all of this, one of the million minor casualties. With Kennedy alive it was a good book, with him dead, it's just a curiosity, and somehow irritating in tone. I don't even mind the loss of it in a funny way.

As for the movie piece, there's been a startling lack of interest in it, and no nibbles at all. I think if someone had five or ten million bucks, it could make a great movie. But I suspect it's not going to be bought until something else I write is made into a movie and makes a lot of money. The trouble with it is that it's not the sort of thing that can be done by an independent producer on a small budget because to be successful it would need epic treatment.

Which somehow brings up your remark about 'intellectual adventurer'. I'd forgotten that you'd said it, but your mention of the fact brought it back to me, except that you mention it in an altogether different way, using the phrase approvingly. The character around Kennedy who said it was of course using the term spitefully.

As for the debt, I guess you're right. I had of course not forgotten the cruel repayment I exacted by giving you that C. K. research project. Somehow I had the impression there was another debt. I realize now, thinking about it, that I'm dead wrong. So accept my apologies, old buddy. When you're back, we can exchange wedding presents. Incidentally, I saw Joan one night at the fights. She went with Roger and Faye and I held up the other end because Beverly was tired that evening. We were sort of friendly but a bit cool, and she was kind of sweet, got tired early, and went home early. She said something about going back to Europe sooner than she originally thought she would. Who knows, she might even be missing you. As for the wedding itself, Roger was not excluding you. The only people present were Bev and me (because I was the best man) and a girl named Fifi Bergman who was bridesmaid for Faye. At the last moment Faye's best friend

and her boyfriend arrived from Pittsburg, but it isn't as if fifteen or twenty people arrived and you were passed by. That's the truth, Mick. Roger's really fond of you. I've never heard him say a really bad word about you. You're right that Roger doesn't have too much sympathy with my ideas, but then, what the hell, Roger was still taking his pitch from the Journal-American when I met him, and while I've had some influence on him I expect, I'd be surprised if I had had a really large influence because we started from preconceptions which are too far apart.

The scene here is quiet. Much hard work for me and then more hard work. I'm plugging away on the serial and now have gotten through the third installment. It's a pretty good book so far but I just hope and pray I can keep it up, because the strain is tremendous. It's like being an old pro and fighting an eight-round fight when you're not in the best of shape. Anyway, if I can bring it off, next year ought to be more relaxed.

I'm damn sorry you left when you did. It always takes us a couple of weeks to loosen up around each other and this time was a damn shame because I think we're finally getting to the point in our lives where our respective ears are getting better and we can listen more carefully to what each other has to say. The passing glimpses you've given of Yugoslavia are fascinating and if you get a chance, let me hear a little more of your impressions.

Love,

Francis

Isby

Gwaltney

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
December 20, 1963

Dear Fig,

Now you've really got me curious to read the rejected novel. Is your only copy at Secker and Warburg? Or could I get a chance to see it? I don't want to moralize, but the difficulty about writing well when one is angry is that the truth of it tenses up one's whole body physically so you tend to lose the cool sense of each moment passing into each new moment in your book. That sense of knowing when you're right and when you're getting off your balance. I know when I'm mad, I tend to accelerate not only in the physical speed with which my hand writes down the words but I also telescope the progression of the ideas and so something which makes sense internally to me is hysterical in its external manifestations. If it weren't for this difficulty I think anger might be the best single emotion to write out of, for it firms up one's balls and burns out all the half-shitty half-loyalties to people we don't really like or admire.

I'm working sixty days ahead of publication (that's my automatic deadline); I've now finished the first three installments of the serial. Everything is fine so far except that I can't describe a screw as thoroughly as I might like to, and I ain't moving quite as fast as I should be moving. In the first three parts I don't think I've gone a quarter of the way. It's a little like giving a course and taking too long on the earlier writers so you find you have one lecture left for Stendhal, and a half lecture for Proust, a half lecture for Joyce. But writing the serial is in itself fun. It makes me work. Since it's been eight years since I've set out to write a novel and finish it, I think I would have taken forever to get somewhere if it weren't for the fact that I have to make my decisions in great haste and stick by them. It's a little like playing ten-second chess. You have to take the bold choice each time, because you know you can depend on getting something out of the bold effects--the subtler choices may prove too subtle and fail to come to life in the speed with which you have to write. I don't know how good the book will be, but it's interesting writing a serial, I'm not so sure I'll say when I'm done, I swear, never again. Since I, like you, used to be very much of a second, third, or even fourth draft novelist, it occurs to me that much of the possibility in this may have developed over the last twelve months when I was writing against a deadline once or twice a month and so formed the habit, for better or worse, of having my first drafts become the basic body on which the final result was clothed.

Anyway, that much for shop. Bev is coming along nicely and should have the baby by the middle of March. She hasn't put on any weight since this summer except around the middle, and we're both looking pretty good, although I am definitely on the plump side. If I get any fatter I'll need an old skinny gal like Evey to shake some life into me. But now you tell me Evey's getting plump too. God almighty.

As for The Presidential Papers, I'll send you off a copy tomorrow. I was working so hard on the serial that I goofed on preparing a list of friends to

get the book, and so practically no one I know has recieved a copy. Only my enemies. The publicity girl at Putnam blithely went ahead and sent out copies to people I don't even speak to. That's the literary life, dear friend. Incidentally, you'll find the book very odd reading. Like everybody else, I discovered I cared a lot more about Kennedy than I thought I did, and so his death was directly depressing, and turned much of what I wrote. A lot of it seems off balance now. Anyway, let me know what you think.

And love to Ecey, Yee Yee, and Frank, Jr.

Merry Christmas,

THE P. E. N. CLUB ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

INCORPORATED IN NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

OFFICE: 142 COLUMBIA HEIGHTS, BROOKLYN 1, NEW YORK

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142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
December 20, 1963

Dear Rita Halle Kleeman:

Normally I'd say yes and be pleased to be part of your discussion on March 2, but I'm afraid it's not possible to speak anywhere for the next six months, since I'm doing a novel in serial form for Esquire and it takes up just about all my time. I spoke at Wesleyan last wee, was not able to prepare properly, and had cause for embarrassment in the result. Now I'm also stuck for a debate with William Buckley after the first of the year, but outside of that nothing this year, nothing. Maybe 1965.

Yours sincerely,

Norman Mailer