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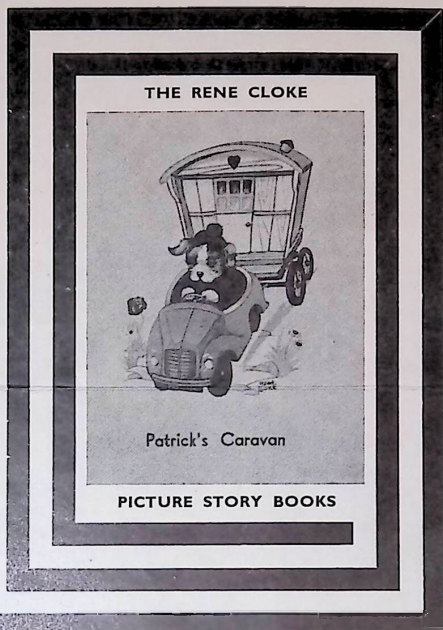
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JANUARY 1964

January 15, 1964 *COPY*

To: Don Carpenter

Subject: Mailer talks about his difficulties keeping up with *Esquire's* deadlines and his apprehensions that he was with his progress thus far. Mailer states, "The serial has me close to pissing blood because the ten thousand more or less finished words each month screws me tight as a twisted wire. So when I finish, as I've just done with the fourth installment—I have to stay two installments ahead to meet the magazine's schedule of deadlines—I usually fall on the mail like a demented animal at the zoo and I do my best to eat it up." Talking about his apprehensions he states, "...I just hope I don't let everybody down. Because a good beginning is one thing, but 'the keeping up' (which is Henry James' little language for it, of course) is something else. Anyway, at this point, the trip is still being taken alone. Let's see if there's snow blindness near or far out on our fields."

January 16, 1964 *COPY*

To: Vance Bourjaily

Subject: The majority of the letter talks about writing a novel in serial form. In the first line of the letter Mailer writes, "The serial business is excellent for straightening out one's life, since there's no time to do anything but work." In the second paragraph of the letter Mailer tries to explain what it feels like to write in serial form. He states, "Actually, it's like ten-second chess. You have to make your decisions in a hurry and depend on the probability that the professionalism you've acquired over the years is backing you up, that the bets are good and solid and that you're enough of a gambler to take an occasional long shot which excites you. I think the one benefit from writing a serial is that one could give a practical course in how to write a novel afterward, for you spend most of your time dealing with the simple mechanical aspects of book writing. Never before has it quite been so important to get a character out of a room with a minimum of sweat." The rest of the letter talks about hunting and Bourjaily being a hunting guide.

January 17, 1964 *COPY*

To: Eiichi Yamanishi (Japanese Translator)

Subject: Mailer states in his opening that he finished the fourth installment for *Esquire*. He has sent Eiichi the first installment a week prior and the second and third installments a few days ago. So, Eiichi should have the first 32,000 words of the work by the time this particular letter reaches him. Mailer also states that he is fine with Eiichi handling all of the negotiations in Japan or having someone else handle it with Eiichi's guidance if Eiichi is uncomfortable handling everything himself. Mailer would just like to know what is going on with that situation as soon as possible.

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

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

Car Dealer
Dear Don,

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

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

Best,

Norman

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

Dear Vance,

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

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

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

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

Best,
Norman

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

Dear Eiichi,

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

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

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

910 Tatenomachi,
Nerimeku, Tokyo
January 4, 1964

Dear Norman:

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

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

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

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

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

Osachi

FEBRUARY 1964

February 10, 1964 *COPY*

To: Norman Mailer

From: Eiichi Yamanishi (Japanese Translator)

Subject: Eiichi writes to tell Mailer that if Shinchosha comes through they will print *An American Dream* in their magazine, *The Bungei*, as a complete serial of four or five installments and then a book. They will then place it in their Library of World Literature. Nothing has been made final yet and Eiichi is handling how the negotiations with them. Eiichi will write Mailer's agent when the final offer is in. He also states that he enjoyed the first installment of the serial and asks Mailer to send more galleys and American reviews.

February 11, 1964 *COPY*

To: Harvey Breit

Subject: Mailer talks about continuing work on the serial and how it is wearing on him. He states, "I've been down in the mines working on my novel, five installments now done, three to go—mortal terror all around that I will run out of gas. I must say, each installment gets worse than the one before. He then goes on to say, "So I send this off to you in the ill-humor of being written out, smoked out, hung over, and in a bitch of a mood about the novel."

February 17, 1964 *COPY*

To: Mickey Knox

Subject: Mailer writes about the serial taking up most of his time. He states, "But if I don't write to you today another month will go by, because what with the serial taking up almost all the time, I try to take care of all the mail once a month." He then goes on to say, "I'm simply working my ass off, and going out very little, seeing very few people, and keeping my nose over the top of a pencil." The rest of the letter talks about Mailer and Knox's family and other little tidbits of news.

Note: Mickey Knox's original letter to Mailer has been included for reference.

February 17, 1964 *COPY*

To: Charles H. Schultz (New York Chapter of the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences)

Subject: Mailer states that he will not be able to attend the forum on March 12 because it is three days after he will be handing in his next installment to *Esquire*. "I can know to a certainty that it will be impossible to prepare anything for the forum or even think constructively in advance about what I would like to say and what my ideas might really be." For this exact reason he will not accept the invitation to the forum.

FEBRUARY 1964

February 19, 1964 *COPY*

To: Michael Madison

Subject: This letter talks about the fact that Mailer has been writing a novel all winter and due to this fact he states that he goes through the mail like a lawnmower. It also talks about supporting an independent conference as long as Mailer is not credited with its creation.

February 19, 1964 *COPY*

To: Eiichi Yamanishi (Japanese Translator)

Subject: Mailer states that he has just finished writing the fifth installment of *An American Dream* and that he has arranged for Eiichi to receive tear sheets from the magazine before it appears on newsstands. Eiichi will basically receive each installment seven to eight weeks after Mailer writes them. If this is too slow Mailer can get him galleys of each installment three to four weeks after he has written them and if time is of the essence to Eiichi Mailer can send him a type written copy of the installments, which would reach Eiichi seven to ten days after Mailer finishes writing. However, Eiichi would most likely have to work with a third or fourth carbon copy and Mailer makes no promises of clarity.

He also states he is pleased that Eiichi liked the first three installments. He also states, "The fourth and fifth gave me great difficulty but I think that they have not, so to speak 'lost' the book. I still have the chance to make this a good novel and as I approach the last three installments the problem becomes exciting, almost as if one were in a race." Mailer also leaves it up to Eiichi to make the ultimate decision of whether or not it is worth it to serialize the novel in Japan since they are only going to four or five installments instead of eight.

Note: Eiichi's original letter to Mailer is included for reference.

910 Tatenomachi
Narimak, Tokyo
February 12, 1961

Dear Norman:

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

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

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

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

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

Warmly,

Eiichi

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

Dear Harvey,

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

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

Salud,

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

Dear Mickey,

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

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

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

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

Best, Mickey, and love,

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

Palace Hotel
Belgrade, Jugoslavia
Jan. 12, 1964

Dear Norm,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Love,
Mick,

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

Charles H.

Dear Mr. ^ASchultz,

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

Yours sincerely,

Norman Mailer

(New York Chapter of The National
Academy of TV Arts & Sciences)

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

Dear Michael,

Madison

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

Yours,

Norman
Norman Mailer

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

Dear Eiichi,

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

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

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

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

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

Warmly,

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

910 Tatenomachi
Nerima-ku, Tokyo
January 25, 1961

Dear Norman:

** scale and profoundness*

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

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

I read your letter of January 17. I did not realize such moves of Tuttle. In the past I did not know about the conditions of the contracts except the ~~book~~ fact that the book would be published by such and such a publisher. I asked Tuttle and rembar a copy of the contract but could not get it, ~~reached~~ *reached* from Horch for The Naked. This have made me impossible to know whether I can have another publisher for The Deer Park-for example- because I do not know whether the ~~t~~ term is already expired, despite the fact that it has been stopped to appear so many years ~~xxxx~~.

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

for/

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

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

MARCH 1964

March 9, 1964 *COPY*

To: Norman Mailer

From: Eiichi Yamanishi (Japanese Translator)

Subject: The first half of the letter talks about what publisher Mailer wants to use over in Japan and Eiichi apologizes for the meager figures and not heading up negotiations from the beginning. He also asks Mailer if Anne Barry could send him excerpts of reviews of the novel because he is curious as to how it is being received in America.

March 9, 1964 *COPY*

To: Anne Barry

From: Eiichi Yamanishi (Japanese Translator)

Subject: Eiichi asks of he can have copies of the contracts for the Norman's earlier novels and *Advertisements for Myself*. He states, "I need it to protect our interests and to try and find a new market for the books." Eiichi also states that he is eagerly waiting for the arrival of the fourth and fifth installments of *An American Dream*. He again asks for copies of reviews of the novel.

March 16, 1964 *COPY*

To: Vahan Gregory

Subject: Mailer states, "I'm up to my nose in the serial—since I have to keep two installments ahead of *Esquire*. I'm banging away now in the pits of the sixth installment, trying to avoid a let-down, and reminding myself I've only two to go."

March 17, 1964 *COPY*

To: George Lea

Subject: Mailer speaks about what it's like to write a serial and how it affects your life. "There's something about trying to do a novel in eight months which overcomes all the outposts of one's ego, so that you recoil back on the thing you can do reasonably well, which is to be some kind of half-ass professional. So I don't feel important these days, I just feel wrung out, worn down, near to written out, scared, like a semi-final fighter at the end of six rounds with two big ones to go."

March 17, 1964 *COPY*

To: Louis

Subject: Mailer states that he wasn't able to get in touch with Johnny Schlesinger because he was away for a week skiing went to the Clay-Liston fight in Miami, and since his return he has been in trouble with work. "The deadline for the sixth installment was two weeks away and so I've had my nose over a pencil ever since." He goes on to apologize for not contacting Schlesinger in time.

MARCH 1964

March 17, 1964 *COPY*

To: Marty Peretz

Subject: Mailer states he is not sure if he wants to go in on a ski cabin next year because it was too expensive this year. Mailer then goes on to explain that the serial novel is starting to have an effect on him. He writes, "I still have my nose deep in the serial and I'm not sure I ever want to write a novel this way again. For cumulative fatigue may get in the way of finishing the book properly. I hope not, I think I still haven't lost the book, but I'm feeling wrung out, dull, and smoking many too many cigarettes these days."

910 Tatenomachi
Nerimaku, Tokyo
March 9, 1964

Dear Norman:

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

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

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

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

Very warmly.

910 Tatenomachi
Nerimaku, Tokyo
April 8, 1964

Dear Miss Barry:

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

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

910 Tatenomachi
Nerimaku, Tokyo
March 13, 1964

Dear Miss Barry:

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

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

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

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

Warmly

Eiichi Yamanishi

Eiichi Yamanishi

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

Dear Vahan, *Gregory*

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

Best,

Norman

Norman Mailer

- pm

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

Dear George,

Lea

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

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

Best for now
Norman

because of my
but because
in a live

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

Dear Louis,

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

My best for now,

Donner

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

Dear Marty, *Peretz*

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

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

Best for now,

Norman

APRIL 1964

April 8, 1964 *COPY*

To: Anne Barry (Mailer's Secretary)

From: Eiichi Yamanishi

Subject: Eiichi thanks Anne for sending him the fourth and fifth installment of An American Dream. About the novel Eiichi states, "I haven't read such a complex powerful story. This will be a really great work, I am sure. I am waiting for the next installments with great expectation."

IMPORTANT: To find a copy of this letter refer to the second half of the letter that Eiichi sent to Mailer on March 9, 1964.

April 14, 1964 *COPY*

To: Norton

Subject: Mailer talks about his progress with the serial. "Up to my ears in trying to finish this book, so it isn't a miss. I'm done with the seventh installment. The eighth and last is going to be very long, and full of problems."

April 14, 1964 *COPY*

To: Ron Savage

Subject: Mailer says that he cannot answer his letter because he's "got to finish the serial in the next five weeks and there's much, much difficulty ahead."

April 16, 1964 *COPY*

To: Andre Deutsch

Subject: States that Mailer is busy trying to finish up the serial. "Up to my armpits in the serial—installment seven is getting done. Only one more to go. The trouble is it will have to be about twenty thousand words long." States the agreement with Leonard Russell is okay and that he hopes to have a full book to show him soon.

April 17, 1964 *COPY*

To: Louis and Moos (Uncle and Aunt)

Subject: Mailer talks about his progress on the serial. "The work on the serial is just really reaching up to its climax now, and I'm in a dozen kinds of trouble, for I have to finish the book in the next five weeks and the last installment has fearful importance attached to it because the book can turn out anywhere from fairly good to very good by the way I end it." The rest of the letter talks about the birth of Mailer's son, Mikey B.

APRIL 1964

April 19, 1964 *COPY*

To: Mickey Knox

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

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

Dear Norton,

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

Norman

Norman Mailer

Savage

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

Dear Ron,

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

Donna Blake

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

Dear André,

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

Best to Diana,

Dorothy

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

Dear Louis and Moos,

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

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

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

Dear Mickey,

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

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

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

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

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

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

P.S. How much do I owe you?

MAY 1964

May 4, 1964 *COPY*

From: Andre Deutsch

Subject: Andre writes to Mailer to tell him that he scored him a book deal. He also wishes Mailer luck on the serial and asks Mailer to inform him when the novel is in final form so it can be published ASAP.

May 15, 1964 *COPY*

To: Francis Irby Gwaltney (AKA Fig)

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

May 26, 1964 *COPY*

To: Mike McClure (founder of the rock group The Fugs)

Subject: Mailer states that he is finishing up the novel and he won't be able to look at anything until the middle of June. "But it's impossible to do anything but work on the novel for the last two months."



André Deutsch Limited Publishers

105 Great Russell Street London WC1 Telephone: Langham 2746

CABLES: ADLIB LONDON WC1 TELEGRAMS: ADLIB WESTCENT LONDON

ad/tr

Norman Mailer Esq
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1 NEW YORK USA

4th May 1964

Dear Norman,

At last. An American dream has come true. Henry Morrison telephoned me and politely told me that we had the book. I have confirmed everything by cable and letter.

I promised Michael Legat to send you a copy of his offer. Here it is. I won't bother you now for some time, as you are busy with the eighth instalment but pray let me know when you have finished everything and passed the final version to Dial. We want to publish as soon as possible and may offset the Dial copy.

Yours

André

PS The real difference between Corgi and Mayflower is this: Supposing the paperback is published at 5s, Mayflower will have to sell 800,000 copies to earn the advance. Corgi would earn the advance by selling 480,000 copies only. Quite a difference!

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

Dear Fig,

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

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

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

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

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

Dear Mike, *McClure (founder of The Fugs)*

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

Best for now,

JUNE 1964

June 1, 1964 *COPY*

To: Don Carpenter

Subject: Mailer states that he's just about done with *An American Dream* and describes writing the novel and novels in serial in interesting terms in the second paragraph.

June 2, 1964 *COPY*

To: Marjorie Casanova

Subject: Mailer states that he is finishing up the novel and that in 45 to 50 days he will have a copy of it for her to review.

Note: Mrs. Casanova's original letter to Mailer has been included for reference.

June 2, 1964 *COPY*

To: Mick Knox

Subject: Mailer states that he has finished a rough draft of the eighth installment and is now polishing it. The third paragraph talks about the novel extensively.

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

Dear Don,

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

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

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

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

Dear Mrs. Casanova,

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

Yours sincerely,

Norman Mailer

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

April 30, 1964

Dear Mr. Mailer:

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

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

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

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

Sincerely yours,

Walter Casanova

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

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

Dear Mick,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Best, and love,

JULY 1964

July 5, 1964 *COPY*

To: Diana Athill

Subject: Mailer gives Diana his comments concerns about the catalogue page for *An American Dream* over in England. He also asks how she likes the ending of the book because he hasn't heard anything from her or Andre. Mailer also mentions doing some revision on that part of the novel in the last paragraph of the letter.

July 6, 1964 *COPY*

To: Pete Hamill

Subject: Mailer speaks about his money situation in the wake of *An American Dream* and how the gossip about how much it is making is way off.

July 6, 1964 *COPY*

To: Mick Knox

Subject: Mailer says that the book is done and that he finished it July 1.

July 7, 1964 *COPY*

To: Eiichi Yamanishi (Japanese Translator)

Subject: Mailer states he hopes Eiichi has by now received the last three installments of the serial and clear up some rumors that Eiichi mentioned in his last letter. He speaks about possibly some revision work also.

597 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts
July 5, 1964

Dear Diana,

On the negative side, I have only a few comments for the catalogue page. I think "evil wife" oversimplifies too much. I think "tragic, tormented, half-evil wife" or something of that ilk might be more satisfactory. Also "sane love" with Cherry sounds hygienic. "To find some part of his dream of love" might be more what we need. Outside of that, I think it's fine. But I also think we're giving away much too much by saying that An American Dream is so unlike "mannerly British fictions", for it seems to me that the virtuosic aspect of An American Dream is that it is so mannered a book. Violent people always are mannered, or chaos would result if there were not a spectrum of manners in their dealings with each other. Now this has always fascinated the British—Hammett, Chandler, so forth. But of course the manners they showed there were essentially false ones. The reality is curious and somehow subtler, and I was trying to get toward that reality in An American Dream. But I think it would be a serious mistake to abdicate from any claims this novel can make in the dominion of manners, because it is precisely by the play of manners that I've tried to tell the story. One could even go so far perhaps as to argue that the novel is a study of the bizarre, incisive, and very elaborate manners of some of the kinds of people who live in the social worlds and under-worlds of New York. So I think we might emphasize the book is in its way as mannered as a novel by Henry James. What creates the—it is to be hoped—fascinating confusion is that the material is closer to a Mickey Spillane.

By the way, Diana, how do you all feel about the end of the book? There's been not a word about that from Andre or from you. If you're unhappy, now's the time to talk, because I hope to put in about five to ten thousand words and take out a little of the old, all of this to be accomplished by September 1. Since I'm also going to do the Republican Convention, there'll be only a few weeks for this, probably from August 10 to September 1. But in the month between, there would certainly be time to get your comments. Please believe me, I'm not so delicate as to be afraid of negative comments. And this can go right down to the individual sentences. It's really a good idea to let me know now whatever bothers you and Andre. Of course, if the end is a vast disappointment to you. . . But then I hope not. I was so tired by the time I finished I was willing to accept any external verdict that it was very good or very bad. The good remarks I heard were that it was very good, but then it was the agent and publisher who said that, and they're not exactly similar to the critics in their interest. At any rate, give us a reaction.

Best for now,

597 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts
July 6, 1964

Dear Pete,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Best for now,

597 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts
July 6, 1964

Dear Mick,

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

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

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

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

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

For now, love,

597 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts
July 7, 1964

Dear Eiichi,

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

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

Warmly,

AUGUST 1964

August 21, 1964 *COPY*

To: Diana Athill

Subject: Mailer states he's glad that she like the novel and that he will be going over her criticisms along with the ones that he has received from Dial in the next few weeks.

August 21, 1964 *COPY*

To: Donald Newlove

Subject: Mailer thanks Newlove for sending along his review and states that it is accurate as it stands. He also states that the revisions he is going to make to the novel are "most minor."

597 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts
August 21, 1964

Dear Ronald Newlove,

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

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

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

Norman Mailer
Norman Mailer

597 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts
August 21, 1964

At 11
Dear Diana,

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

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

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

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

Excelsior,

Dorner

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

SEPTEMBER 1964

September 2, 1964 *COPY*

From: Eiichi Yamanishi (Japanese Translator)

Subject: Eiichi writes Mailer to see what he thinks of three separate requests he has received since the requestors asked him to act as a mediator (two deal with publishing and one is a personal appearance).

910 Tatenomachi
Nerimaku, Tokyo
September 2, 1964

Dear Norman:

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

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

in Tokyo

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

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

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

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

This space is also for correspondence.

ここに郵便物を貼ることもできません

Eiichi Yamanishi
910. Tatenomachi,
Nerima, Tokyo



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

PAR AVION
航空

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

折込線

折込線

ここに通信文を記載することができます
If you can manage, just let me know about your opinion
a few lines-yes or no. I do not want to disturb you more
than that. At any rate, these are pleasant news as they are
keen antennas for the mood of the Japanese public.
Dear Norman, again I must apologize myself for not yet
being able to fulfil my promise to send you other reviews.
I do not forget. I will do so soon.
My best regards to you and to your family,
warmly,
Eiichi

OCTOBER 1964

October 5, 1964 *COPY*

To: Don Carpenter

Subject: The only mention of *An America Dream* is that he spent the summer revising it.

October 5, 1964 *COPY*

To: Mickey Knox

Subject: The letter makes mention that Mailer spending a month working on the galleys of *An American Dream*.

October 23, 1964 *COPY*

To: Richard Findlater

Subject: Mailer states that he just finished *An American Dream*.

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

Dear Don,

Corpenker

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

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

Best for now,

Donnan

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

Dear Mickey,

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

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

Do you know anything about aikido?

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

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

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

Love for now,

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

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

Dear Richard Findlater,

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

Yours,

Norman Mailer

NOVEMBER 1964

November 4, 1964 *COPY*

To: Andre Deutsch

Subject: Mailer states that Dial is not publishing until February 15, because he took too long on his revisions. He tells Deutsch that he will have final page proofs in a week or two. Mailer also states that he will send him a copy of the jacket because he happens to like it.

November 30, 1964 *COPY*

From: Andre Deutsch

Subject: The letter states that Deutsch received the proofs a few minutes ago and that he needs two sets of galleys to be airmailed to Ure Smith and an additional set for himself. Andre is in the process of reading over the corrected galleys and promises not to show Mailer the proofs.

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

Dear Andre,

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

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

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

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

Best,

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

ANDRE DEUTSCH LIMITED PUBLISHERS

105 Great Russell Street London W C 1.

AD/HCS

Norman Mailer Esq
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1
NEW YORK

30th November 1964

Dear Norman

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

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

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

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

Yours

Amie

30th Nov 1964
RECEIVED
105 GREAT RUSSELL STREET
LONDON WC1

DECEMBER 1964

December 2, 1964 *COPY*

From: Eiichi Yamanishi (Japanese Translator)

Subject: The letter speaks about the publication possibilities for *An American Dream* in Japan.

December 4, 1964 *COPY*

From: Andre Deutsch

Subject: Deutsch states the galleys have been read through thoroughly and have been shipped off to the printer. He also makes mention that he believes using the America book jacket over in England would be the "kiss of death."

December 9, 1964 *COPY*

From: Eiichi Yamanishi (Japanese Translator)

Subject: He asks Mailer to send the galleys of the first chapter of *An American Dream* as soon as possible. Eiichi also needs to know the exact size of the novel (number of words) because the publishers are curious.

December 15, 1964 *COPY*

To: Esther Whitby (Editor with Andre Deutsch LTD)

Subject: Mailer explains to Whitby that Rojack and Deborah have been married for nine years and that he used "all but nine years" because he liked the sound of it.

Note: Esther Whitby's original letter to Mailer has been included for reference.

December 18, 1964 *COPY*

To: Arnold Kemp

Subject: Mailer asserts that *An American Dream* will not be out until March because when he got the galleys back he saw some sentence-level changes that could be made.

December 18, 1964 *COPY*

To: Mickey Knox

Subject: Mailer states that the advance notion about *An American Dream* is that it is a "stinker". He also discusses how he carefully revised the novel.

December 18, 1964 *COPY*

To: Bill McLaughlin

Subject: Mailer states that he is tightening the prose of the novel form of *An American Dream* like a drum. He also states that he thinks it is a different book.

DECEMBER 1964

December 21, 1964 *COPY*

To: Andre Deutsch

Subject: Anne Barry writes to Andre to inform him about two additional changes.

December 21, 1964 *COPY*

To: Virginia D. Mangrum

Subject: Mailer states that he has finally finished all of his corrections December 20, and then he goes on to speak about the type of revisions that he has made.

910 Tatenomachi
Kerimaku, Tokyo
December 2, 1964

Dear Norman:

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

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

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

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

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

ANDRE DEUTSCH LTD
Publishers
105 Great Russell Street
London WC1

AD/CJ

Norman Mailer Esq
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn I NY
USA

4th December 1964

Dear Norman

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

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

How are Beverley and the boy?

Yours

P.S.

Amant We've
spoken
since this.

910Tatenomachi
Nerimaku, Tokyo
December 9, 1964

Dear Norman:

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

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

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

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

My warmest regards to you and to your family,

Eichi

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

Dear Mrs. Whitby,

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

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

My best for now,

Norman Mailer

Norman Mailer

BH/CJ

Norman Mailer Esq
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1 NY

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

10th December 1964

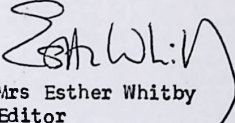
Dear Mr Mailer

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

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

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

Yours sincerely


Mrs Esther Whitby
Editor

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

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

Kemp
Dear Arnold,

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

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

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

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

Best,

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

Dear Mickey,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Love,

Love,

Mark

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

Dear Bill McLaughlin,

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

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

Yours,

Norman Mailer

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

Dear Mrs. Mangrum,

As I wrote to a Negro friend of mine just yesterday, I decided this year to lay down the White Man's Burden and send out no Christmas cards. But of course it's still agreeable to receive them. I'd held off from answering your last long letter because there was so much in it which was interesting and generous and large that I didn't want to reply too stingily. At the same time I kept working on An American Dream, I really finished it off just yesterday. It's a curious book. I worked the hell out of the last chapter and gave a lot to the others. Yet when you read the book you may not be able to detect the difference, for the structure is exactly the same. But nearly every sentence was worked on nearly every which way, sometimes leaving it alone, or going back to leaving them along, sometimes changing a preposition, sometimes cutting a phrase or adding one, but I felt more like a musician than a writer, as if I had a very good kettle drum which was devilish on tune. I think I'm guilty of having used this image in several letters before, and if I were Catholic I would now cross myself against the possibility that I used exactly the same image in my last letter to you. But my memory tells me that I did not, and so it might have been wiser to have presented the metaphor as an original rather than a copy. However, caution comes upon me as I get older. I'd make a good general now, quarter-master, I fear, and not the Marines.

Listen, Mrs. M., I'm glad you mention your husband, because I'm certain he must be a marvelous man if he is both a Marine Corps General and husband to a wife as rich and varied in her parts as yourself, and still so very much in love with her husband. I must say, madam, they did not make generals like that in the Army. But in fact the name Mangrum means something to me, and I have such a pulverised memory, I am not quite sure what. Probably he's one of the famous Marine Corps generals and I'm just an ass not to know the campaign and the battle. At any rate, famous, marvelous, or more modest than that, he must be okay to meet, and I look forward to meeting him at any time when I could meet you. Do you ever come up to New York? If so, perhaps you would come over to Brooklyn for a drink. I've got the best view of New York of anyone who lives in the city, and I know my wife would enjoy meeting you. But listen, this is all in the future, I-fear. At the present I'm looking forward to sending you a copy of An American Dream in about a month. Between us, I'm just a little tickled with the book, because no matter it's larger merits or lack of them, I worked the surface of this book harder than anything I've ever written and so feel at last there's a certain craftsmanship to something I've done. To me it purrs a little now. It's a bitch of a book, at least I think so. If you don't like it, or are a good bit disappointed, my god, I'll respect you for saying so after reading all these fine words about me by me.

Since you were so nice as to send me a picture, let me send one back. The gentleman in the front is my son, Michael. Six months old at the time, now nine months, born on St. Patrick's day, Michael Burks Mailer.

Let me wish a Merry Christmas to your family,