

JANUARY 1965

January 4, 1965 *COPY*

From: Andre Deutsch (English and Australian Publisher)

Subject: Deutsch first states that he has compared tear-sheets of the Esquire version of *An American Dream* with a copy of the novel. He states, "You have made great improvements and I am glad that you spent the time on them." Deutsch then states that he received a cable from Ure Smith about the Australian publication of *An American Dream*. The telegram basically states that certain, essential changes will have to be made to the novel before it can be published in Australia. Deutsch then explains how he sent the proofs to a lawyer (Michael Rubinstein) in order to get his opinions and suggestions. The two problems Rubinstein sees are in Chapter 2 and Chapter 7.

Note: Include with this letter is a copy of the cover of The Bookseller (1st part of sales campaign in England), a copy of the telegram sent from Ure Smith to Andre Deutsch, and a copy of the letter sent to Andre Deutsch from Michael Rubinstein.

January 8, 1965 *COPY*

From: Andre Deutsch (English and Australian Publisher)

Subject: Deutsch lists a number of changes that have to be made in *An American Dream* for it to be suitable for sale in Australia. He states, "It is quite definite that unless these deletions and alterations are made, we shall not be able to sell a single copy in that avant-garde country." Deutsch then goes on to inquire about the American publication date and asserts the fact that he would like to have his published simultaneously with the American version.

January 15, 1965 *COPY*

From: Andre Deutsch (English and Australian Publisher)

Subject: This letter mainly speaks about the changes that will have to be made to *An American Dream* before it can be published in England and Australia. Deutsch also speaks of a John Donaldson who would be willing to publish *An American Dream* in South Africa if it were more like the *Esquire* version since that was circulated en masse without any major problems. Also the price of both editions (that of England and Australia) will be set at -25/- "provided extra costs involved enable us to do so.

Note: A letter from Len Voss-Smith, Andre Deutsch Limited's Australian manager, follows directly after the P.S. of Deutsch's letter. This letter also addresses issues having to do with obscenity and vulgarity in the novel and what has to be changed in order for the book to sell well.

JANUARY 1965

January 19, 1965 *COPY*

From: Andre Deutsch (English and Australian Publisher)

Subject: Deutsch is very firm and explicit in saying that the English version of An American Dream will be the same as "the Dial Press version without any alterations whatsoever." The Australian version, however, will have to be printed like the Esquire version as Deutsch stated in his January 15th letter. Deutsch states, "You realize that this will mean two separate printings and two lots of setting-but I see no other way to satisfy you and to enable us to sell a minimum of 40,000 copies." He also asks Mailer to confirm his approval on these arrangements.

January 27, 1965 *COPY*

To: Eiichi Yamanishi (Japanese Translator)

Subject: Basically, talks about how the book is written in Rojack's style and talks about Rojack and his character. Mailer also expresses his concern that something will be added to the book to make it a suitable length.

January 29, 1965 *COPY*

To: Andre Deutsch (English and Australian Publisher)

Subject: Mailer states, "...I am entirely in agreement with your letter of January 19, 1965, and I assume we can drive ahead without further depth charges being exploded by either side." He then goes on to apologize for his latest behavior and explains why he objected (in general terms) to the changes that Deutsch wanted. He then inquires if the publication date is still scheduled for March 15 because that would be the best time for him to be in England.

ANDRE DEUTSCH LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

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

Cables: Adlib London WC1 · Telegrams: Adlib Westcent London



ad/js

Mr. Norman Mailer
142 Columbia Heights
BROOKLYN 1
New York

4th January 1965

Dear Norman

When I last spoke to you I told you that neither Diana nor I had a chance of reading your final version because we were so anxious to rush it to the printer. Our proofs arrived on Christmas Eve, and I took a copy home to read. I also took with me a set of the Esquire tear-sheets. You have made great improvements and I am glad that you spent the time on them.

So far so good. But you have considerably elaborated the scene with Ruta. It never occurred to me, from the Esquire version, that we'd be back with the tedious necessity of consulting a lawyer, but some of the alterations you have made have forced me to change my view. As you know, we have been negotiating with Sam Ure-Smith of Australia for a large Australian edition. When I came back to the office after Christmas, I had a cable from him, of which I enclose a copy, and that clinched it.

So off to the lawyer the proofs had to go, and Michael Rubinstein has now read them. I enclose a copy of his letter.

In the light of this I should like to suggest that we make the following alterations:

Chapter 2 Paragraph beginning 'The lamp by her bed was on' until the sentence 'A million light-bulbs lit the scene' which ends another paragraph to be changed back to the original Esquire version, which means just the same but is less explicit and will get by here, I hope.

.... /

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

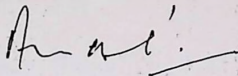
Page 2

Mr. Norman Mailer

Chapter 7 The Esquire wording of 'You Mother' has become 'Mother-f-----'
I don't think we can get away with that and it will certainly stop the
book entering Australia.

Norman, I don't do this light-heartedly but I have no choice but to
follow the lawyer's advice, the warning from Australia and my own
common-sense.

Yours ever

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Norman Mailer', with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

P.S. I am enclosing the cover of THE BOOKSELLER, which is the
opening shot in our sales campaign.

THE **BOOKSELLER**

THE ORGAN OF THE BOOK TRADE

No. 3079

(Regd. at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.)

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1964

Price 1s 3d

NORMAN MAILER

an american dream

ANDRE DEUTSCH

MARCH

21/-

COPY OF CABLE FROM SAM URE-SMITH TO ANDRE DEUTSCH

0A303 Sydney 20 40 1007

ADLIB LONDON WCI

HAVE RECEIVED REVISED MAILER PROOFS STOP SOME CHANGES ESSENTIAL FOR ENTRY TO
AUSTRALIA STOP WRITING TODAY URE SMITH

Eye-catching
Attractive
32 pages, 7" X 5"

December 31st 1964

MBR/VE

Dear Andre,

AN AMERICAN DREAM by Norman Mailer

I have, as you know, with special expedition, considered the passages marked by clips in the uncorrected proof copy of the above book which you had delivered to my house by Mr Hacker two days ago with a copy of the material published in ESQUIRE last February and a photocopy of the typescript of Chapter 7 which, like the ESQUIRE material has a certain passage marked between green crosses.

In my opinion it would be extremely imprudent to publish the book in this country within the next few months in the form in which the chapter entitled "A Runner From The Gaming Room" has been printed in the uncorrected proof copy which I understand you could not have and have not seen when you entered into the contract. Its publication here might very well constitute a criminal offence and English publishers' uncertainty in regard to these matters is emphasised by recent information concerning (for instance) THE NAKED LUNCH. On the other hand, because Norman Mailer writes so well, with the passage between pages 47 and 56 reduced to a form similar to the equivalent passage as published in ESQUIRE and several other appropriate but brief amendments I think that the book could be published in this country as soon as convenient to you with reasonable

Continued...

December 31st, 1964

safety. You will recall the advice we received from the present Lord Chancellor when he was Mr Gerald Gardiner Q.C. as to the deletion of a rather similar scene from ADVERTISEMENTS FOR MYSELF. I am bound to say that I think such advice must apply to the passage referred to above in AN AMERICAN DREAM : and his advice upon the use of certain four-letter words leads me to recommend the amendment of such words on page 187-193 and 195 in the same way.

I return the proof copy and other material which you have sent to me: would you please acknowledge receipt.

Yours,

Dictated by Mr Michael Rubinstein
but signed in his absence.

Andre Deutsch Esq.,
Andre Deutsch Limited,
105 Great Russell Street,
London W.C.1

105 Great Russell Street
LONDON W.C.1.

ad/js

Mr. Norman Mailer
142 Columbia Heights
BROOKLYN 1

8th January 1965

Dear Norman

First of all thank you for your cable. It was nice of you to suggest that I join the list of thugs - Ann Barry excepted-and I presume that I'd better go in alphabetically and be squeezed in between Baron and Minton? Is this O.K.?

I trust that you have now received my letter of 4th January. We have now received further notes from Australia. It is quite definite that unless these deletions and alterations are made, we shall not be able to sell a single copy in that avant-garde country. Here they are:-

P.4 Line 12 After 'possessor of that overcurved mouth which only fat sweet young faggots can have' delete 'when their rectum is tuned and entertained from adolescence'

P.30 Line 16 Delete 'fucking'

Pp 41-46 Delete from 'The lamp by her bed was on' to the end of page 46
and replace with original Esquire version (February 1964) from page 111 line 4 to page 112 line 4

P.128 1.28 Delete 'all come in her cunt'

P.164 1 14 Delete 'fucking'

P.184 line 15 Delete 'mother-fucker'

P.190 line 19 Delete 'mother-fucker'

P.254 line 15 Change 'fuck' to 'gorge' (as used in Esquire)

...../

We are awaiting news from you about the US publication date. We would like to publish simultaneously, as I told you, but if the book Society takes it here we will have to publish during the first days of April.

We are all counting on your presence.

A Happy New Year to you all.

Yours

Henri

← First fold here →

Sender's name and address:

André Deutsch Limited

105 Great Russell Street

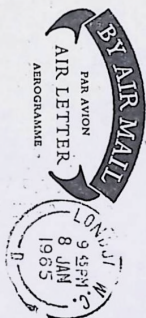
LONDON W.C.1.

England

↑ To open slit along here ↓

AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY
ENCLOSURE IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED
OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

← Second fold here →



Mr, Norman Mailer

142 Columbia Heights

Brooklyn

NEW YORK,

N.Y., U.S.A.

↑ To open slit along here ↓

ANDRE DEUTSCH LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

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

Cables: Adlib London WC1 · Telegrams: Adlib Westcent London



Mr. Norman Mailer
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1
NEW YORK

15th January 1965

Dear Norman

Further to our telephone conversation, which I reckon cleared the air considerably, I should like to put to you the following proposition.

1. Home Edition

I returned to our legal advisers - brutes as you call them - and told them that I should like to publish the book as is. They have advised me to agree but offer the following conditions:-

- i) The price of the home edition should be increased to 25/- ~~for~~ 30/-
- ii) The distribution should be controlled, i.e. we should not supply copies to bookshops whose premises are frequently raided by the police, etc.
- iii) and here comes the rub - they have urged me to persuade you to agree to the following very minor changes, all of which appear in the Ruta scene.

In the paragraph beginning 'But then, as abruptly as an arrest ...' the last sentence should read 'I had a desire suddenly to skip the sea and mine the earth. But she resisted, she spoke for the first time, "Not there! Verboten!"' (to avoid any misunderstanding they ask you to agree to cut 'A pure prong of desire to bugger, there was canny hard-packed evil in that butt, that I knew')

In the very next paragraph beginning 'I had, however, gotten an inch of the verboten...' the fifth sentence should read 'The other presence was lying open for me, and I barrelled ...' omitting what is in brackets '(which, I could remind you, leads to the creation)'.
'

Next sentence should read 'I went back to the fierce pinched struggle to gain an inch and then a crucial quarter of an inch more, my hand was in her red hair, pulling at the swatch with a twisting upward motion, and I could feel the pain in her scalp strain like a crowbar the length of her body and push up the trap.' (The suggested cut is 'and I was in, that quarter inch more was gained, the rest was easy')

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

A bit later, a paragraph beginning 'And I could feel her beginning to come....' has, half-way down, a sentence which begins 'I was ready to chase, I was gorged.....' We would like to cut a few words at the end of this sentence after the comma 'and then I chose - ah, but there was time to change - I chose her cunt'.

And finally, in the same paragraph, a long sentence which begins '"Stay here!" came a command from inside of me' Toward the very end of this sentence we'd like to cut the following words 'and I jammed up her ass and came'.

Norman, I do hope you will agree that these cuts do not affect the scene, let alone the novel and that you will agree that we may make these alterations in what is called the Home Edition.

Three times in the book I should like to use asterisks. They occur in Chapter 7. In two cases I would propose 'Mother-f*****'. The third one is 'Mother F***'.

I hope you will agree with these as well. The rest of the 'Home Edition' as per Dial edition.

2. The Australian Edition

We hope to publish still at 21/- - but we may have to increase the price because the two lots of setting and the separate printing will very considerably increase our costs.

This edition will omit four and five letter words which were not in Esquire and will use the Esquire version for the entire Ruta scene. The fact that Esquire has printed the whole novel, circulated throughout the U.S.A. and sold thousands of copies in various parts of our market, i.e., Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, is going to be most helpful.

Since I spoke to you, I have received a letter from Len Voss-Smith, who is our Australian manager. I quote it verbatim and would like to add that Len is not a kangaroo but a man of considerable intelligence whose collection of modern paintings has an international reputation. You may think this is stupid but I merely want to underline that he is not a bum and respects the artist.

This morning we have received a letter from our Johannesburg manager, John Donaldson who, I believe, is known to your uncle, who tells me that novels which are remotely controversial must be submitted to a Publications Control Board and he says that if he has to submit a proof copy of our edition as it is it will certainly be banned for ever. I am now writing to him to assure him that some changes will be made and that in fact the Esquire version, which has been circulated in South Africa will obviously not raise problems with the censor.

I hope you will cable your O.K. Our cable address is Adlib London.

Yours ever

Amel

F.S. We had second thoughts about the final price and in order to simplify we now propose to have one price for both editions - 25/- provided extra costs involved enable us to do so.

COPY of Len Voss-Smith's letter to me of 12th January 1965

Dear André

I have just finished reading AN AMERICAN DREAM. This has a very good Australian sales potential if and this is an essential if, some editing is done. Unfortunately the proof I read has no sales potential as is, because Australian Customs and Censorship will class it a prohibited import.

To clear it into Australia, and almost certainly for New Zealand too, the words 'cunt' 'fuck' 'fucking' 'fucker' must be omitted, also the excessive appearance of the word 'shit'. Pages 48-56 - the masturbation and particularly the buggery scenes must be altered to eliminate suggestions of these acts. Also later in the proof page 171 - insert 'Brother was sticking it into sister every night' and hint of incest again, Kelly and Deborah in last pages.

I have had a quick look at the 'Esquire' version and I think this would be regarded as unobjectionable by Australian authorities. I noticed the masturbation episode had been altered to become inoffensive to them.

You can be certain that this type of American novel will always be read by Australian authorities, there is no chance of it sneaking into the country unnoticed, they look for the four letter words, away from usual sexual practices and over-emphasised sadism or brutality.

I feel certain that you have in mind anyway the editing of the export edition more or less along the lines I have suggested. I hope so, to enable us to sell many thousand copies in Australia.

Best wishes

Len

ANDRE DEUTSCH LIMITED PUBLISHERS

105 Great Russell Street
LONDON W.C.1.

ad/js

Mr. Norman Mailer
142 Columbia Heights
BROOKLYN 1

19th January 1965

Dear Norman

Your cable caused a bit of a shock but I hope by the time you receive this letter the crisis will be over. I confirm the cable I sent you on 19th January saying:

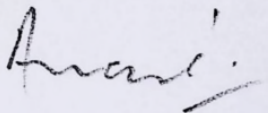
NO NORMAN WE CAN'T BREAK A FIFTEEN YEAR OLD ASSOCIATION JUST LIKE THAT. WE WILL PUBLISH HOME EDITION AS DIAL AND AUSTRALIAN EDITION AS ESQUIRE. THIS IS WHAT WE AGREED ON THE TELEPHONE. PLEASE CONFIRM. ANDRE.

I had a further word with the lawyers and after some consultation we have agreed to publish the Dial version without any alterations whatsoever. The Australian edition will go back to the Esquire version as per my letter of 15th January. When we had our long talk on Saturday, January 9th, this is what we agreed upon as a quid pro quo and I hope you will now stand by it.

You realise that this will mean two separate printings and two lots of setting - but I see no other way to satisfy you and to enable us to sell a minimum 40,000 copies.

I look forward to hearing from you.

Yours



142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
January 27, 1965

Dear Eiichi,

I thought in answer to your letter of January 18, I would send you a note about the literary style of An American Dream. It's a complex style with very many difficulties in it but I thought a key might be of use to you in the translation. So now to begin with - and this is most important - the book is written not so much in my style as in Rojack's and he has an elegant view. He tells the story somewhat elegantly, but there is a subtle tone to this because the elegance is not his naturally by birth or by early family training but is rather an elegance he has acquired in his life and more particularly by being married to Deborah for nine years, and so for that reason there are flaws in the manner, subtle flaws, subtle roughnesses, departures in tone so to speak, which is to say that Rojack tends to talk like the person he is talking to. If you notice carefully he is one way with Deborah, another with the police, still another with Cherry. Oddly enough he is probably most himself when he is with Ruta because while the style of speech then becomes grand and somewhat metaphorical, there is a vast irony in its mood. She after all is a bit of an upstart; Rojack is a complete upstart and so he enjoys himself enormously when he is with her. Now of course I don't want these notes to bother you too much. I'm all too aware that it is never easy to transpose a subtlety from one language to another, but I thought these few comments might serve as a guide to some of the almost invisible shifts in style in the book.

I'm a little concerned that An American Dream is going to have a piece added to it to make up a suitable length for the book. I think this tends to diminish the respect people might feel for a novel as a complete novel. It

is after all a longer book than half the novels which appear here in a year. Is there no possibility that they could use larger type. See if it is possible to discuss this matter with the editors of the World Literature.

Yes, the news about the movie is true. Warner Brothers has bought it and we are making a movie of it sometime in the future. At first they almost didn't buy it because they were unhappy with the title. They wanted the book is written not so much in the future. They wanted to change the title to Strong are the Lonely. Do you know, Elich, they are even more fantastic than what one has written about them. I, of course, refused and subsequently they bought the book. Don't you know that if I had accepted their title, they would doubtless have decided finally not to buy the book. The secret reason for the dislike of An American Dream turns out to be that films with the word American in them do poorly at the box office, not in Asia, not in Europe, but here, right here. It seems America is tired of hearing about America. What a curious nation we are. Sometimes I think we are coming out of a long illness.

All best to you and to your family,

Warmly,

910 Tatenomachi
Nerimaku, Tokyo
January 18, 1965

Dear Norman:

Thank you very much for proofs of An American Dream. I found it on returning from a trip in the country, and since then I have been doing it. When I read your letter telling you had made so many corrections, I wondered how you could do it. But now comparing the two ~~xxxxxxx~~ proofs, I find your corrections really convincing and much better. Though, as you say, this is not a big book, but this is another great step to ~~xxxx~~ the consummation of your art. I am sure this will cause a big response.

This will be first published in the literary magazine then as a book. It is a little too small for a book like the Correction of the World Literature-about 90 pages in this typeset. I think we may be able to add some of the short stories and perhaps Ten Thousand Words A Minute to the new story to make a book. But we can discuss it later.

of/
By the way, what has become of the story ^{about} of filming the one by Warner Brothers? Have they taken it? The publisher is eager to know about it. Of course, a best filming will help the sale of the book, but it must be a good one.

The interview With Norman Mailer was published in the four papers of January 3 with that of Ehrenburg which was very formal. Your picture was from one of your press interviews at Deutsch in London-with a note that it was taken at your home! It was a really brilliant hit for them and they are grateful for their success. They have sent you a mask of the No Play. I ~~think~~ ^{hope} you will like it.

Thank you very much for your advice about your English. It will help me in my difficult work. I have tried about 20 pages. I am still struggling to find a best possible ~~Japanese~~ style in my Japanese version.

My wife Shizue joins me to send ^{her} yoroshiku to you and your family,

Eichi

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

Deutscher
Dear Andre,

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

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

Give my best to Diana.

Yours,

FEBRUARY 1965

February 9, 1965 *COPY*

From: Diana Athill

Subject: She states that the publication date is set for April 26th and hopes that Mailer can arrive two or three days before that date, if possible. South Africa is out as a publishing possibility. She states, "Not a hope in hell of getting past the censorship (Cherry's white, Shago's black, book's out)." She also tells him to contain his fury over the jacket of the book.

February 25, 1965 *COPY*

To: Diana Athill

Subject: Mailer states his three main objections to the jacket of *An American Dream*. First, the girl on the cover doesn't look anything like Deborah, Cherry, or Ruta. Second, "the gentleman in the car wreck on the back of the jacket is unmistakably a dog-faced version of this particular pen." And, thirdly, he has a problem with "the value of the jacket" Mailer goes on to state, "It's a most interesting painting, not terribly good, not altogether bad, but it manages to indicate symbolically just about every element of the book, which means that people are going to be picturing the book through the artist's eyes as much as through mine, and that's going to result in a doubling of the effect, which may prove fatal." Basically, at this point and time Mailer is extremely unhappy with the jacket of the book. He also makes it perfectly clear that he wants the picture that Anne Barry took of him to be the only photograph to be used for publicity purposes.

ANDRE DEUTSCH LTD
Publishers
105 Great Russell St
London WC1

DA/CJ

Norman Mailer Esq
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn I New York
USA

9th February 1965

Dear Norman

As you know from Andre's letter of the 2nd, we are hoping very much that you will be able to come over for publication on April 26th, arriving, if possible, two or three days before that date. Can you let me know if this is on? We'll need to mobilize the press etc.

Bad news from South Africa - we have to write that market off. Not a hope in hell of getting past the censorship (Cherry's white, Shago's black, book's out). Our man there urges Andre to spend a few days to get a first hand view of how things have developed in the last two years - past belief until you tangle with it, he says.

The jacket has the book trade slaverling with zeal, so contain your fury.

Yours,

Andre

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

Athill
Dear Diana,

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

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

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

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

Norman
Norman Mailer

MARCH 1965

March 2, 1965 *COPY*

From: Diana Athill

Subject: Clarifies that the picture Anne Barry took of Mailer will be the only one used for publicity purposes since that is his wish. Diana then addresses Mailer concern about the book jacket. She basically states that she knows the only way Mailer will be happy is to get rid of the cover altogether, but that isn't going to happen because it is too late and sellers are increasing their orders based on the jacket. She then goes on into a lengthy explanation of how Mailer's concerns are unfounded.

March 4, 1965 *COPY*

From: Bobbie Regan

Subject: Mailer asks Regan to let him know his opinions on *An American Dream* whether good or bad.

March 13, 1965 *COPY*

From: Don Carpenter

Subject: Asks Mailer to read a Xerox of his latest novel and write a "puff" for it. Then Don goes on to say he will have a printed copy of the novel sent to Mailer in December or January. He also states, "My intentions [in the last letter he wrote Mailer] were to praise your book and explain why I understood it and misunderstood it." He then goes on to say that he will have to review *An American Dream* for an unnamed newspaper and that he'll send Mailer a copy of the review so that Mailer can get a better understanding of what he feels about the book. Finally, he asks Mailer to pass on his compliments to Anne Barry concerning the photo she took of Mailer.

March 23, 1965 *COPY*

From: Alan Earney (Transworld Publications)

Subject: Mailer wants to send Earney a copy of *An American Dream* directly and talks about the reviews of the novel.

March 23, 1965 *COPY*

To: Diana Trilling

Subject: Mailer wants to discuss what Trilling and Deutsch have planned when he comes to London for the release of *An American Dream*. He states that he really doesn't want the kind of set up that was used with *Advertisements for Myself* because he states, I ran around like a whore after a hot buck and probably sold fifty copies." Mailer then goes on to state that he doesn't want to be on television because he doesn't believe TV appearances sell books and that he wants to disarm the literary criticism in England by doing interviews with high level intellectuals or hold an open debate. Finally, he states that he will not complain any further about the jacket of the book.

MARCH 1965

March 25, 1965 *COPY*

To: Don Carpenter

Subject: Mailer discusses Don's review of *An American Dream* and then the reviews of the novel in general. He then states, "I've been in a post partum for months, not a deep one, no gloom in this, just a sense of personal flatness. For the first time in years I feel no desire to write the great American novel. It doesn't seem important, I don't seem important. And I'm bored with myself—that's an emotion I haven't felt in years." Then says he will get around to reading Don's novel, but not for several weeks because he is leaving for Alaska April 1.

March 25, 1965 *COPY*

To: Diana Trilling

Subject: Talks about coming to dinner at her house when he is in London and his disdain for the type of publicity he hopes Deutsch won't force him to do. Later in the letter he talks about the reception of *An American Dream*. He states, "The reception of *An American Dream* has been—believe it if you can—more schizophrenic than anything of mine which preceded it. I've gotten the very best and the very worst reviews I've ever received." He then gives certain summaries of reviews for the novel by John Aldridge, Stanley Edgar Hyman, and Philip Rahv. Mailer next states that he doesn't feel the reception of the novel will be any better. "Well, well I expect the British will give me a good whipping with the thinnest strings of leather for the outrages I've committed in the name of literature." Finally, he states that the critics don't really debate what is important: whether or not *An American Dream* greatly contributes to the art of the novel.

CJ

Norman Mailer Esq
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn I
New York USA

2nd March 1965

Dear Norman

First the point which can be answered easily: the photograph by Anne Barry. Yes, of course, this will be the only one we use for publicity since that is your wish.

To "clear the air" about the jacket is more difficult. If you hate it, you hate it, and presumably you could only be satisfied if we said we wouldn't use it after all. This we can't do because it's too late, and wouldn't do because the jacket is being too successful. It is making booksellers increase their orders, and I simply do not believe that it is doing this by decreasing their respect for the book. The critics' respect will not depend on the wrapping (if they agree with you that it's unworthy of the book it will be us they'll blame, not the book).

I think you overestimate the extent to which people will be picturing the book through the artist's eye as well as through yours. No one who doesn't know the book already when he looks at the jacket will get the symbolic indications - all he'll get is an intriguing impression of a lot of distinctly out-of-the-way things going on - and you certainly underestimate to an astonishing degree the power of your own writing if you believe that once he's opened it, to see what these things are, he'll be able to picture them in any terms but yours. This jacket's effect on those who don't know the book is to tease with questions, not to give answers, and I've seen this happening.

I am sorry - really very sorry indeed - that you think we've made such a mistake (and hope much more devoutly than you do that you are wrong). It would be so much more agreeable to have you pleased than displeased, and I know that Andre must feel the same. But I'm still sure that AN AMERICAN DREAM is going to end up in the hands of more readers, going out with this jacket, than it would if we put it out with a jacket like the one on the US edition.

To go back to your points 1) and 2) - I shouldn't have thought the girl looked like anyone - she wasn't meant to. She was meant to be obviously just "girl" in a pop-art kind of way, in order to avoid identification with Deborah or Cherry. And I simply didn't know what you meant with point 2) - went and got a copy of the jacket and peered - and now suppose you see the man in the car as like you? All I can say is that to my eyes he isn't (I'll check with the artist whether he's meant to be) and that he hasn't struck anyone else as being like you, either,

....(have called artist - he says he was meant to be like Rojack). I do apologise that you've got this impression, because to have caricatured you deliberately in that way would indeed have been impermissible. I honestly don't think it'll strike other people that way, because apart from his being almost invisible, when examined with a magnifying glass (which I've just done) he resembles you in nothing but a sort of squareness of face.

Well, now we know exactly what you feel, and I've told you as fully as I can what we feel. Is the air clearer? I do hope so, Norman, because quite apart from the general anxiety to have you here, and to know when, if you come, we can expect you, I would like, as always, to see you again.

Yours

Arthur
Norm

First fold here



AN AIR LETTER SHOULD NOT CONTAIN ANY
ENCLOSURE; IF IT DOES IT WILL BE SURCHARGED
OR SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL.

Second fold here



Norman Mailer Esq

Columbia Heights

128 Wilson Brooklyn I

New York

USA

To open slit along here

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

Dear Bobbie Regan,

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

Yours sincerely,

Norman Mailer

471 Jersey St
San Francisco

March 13, 1965

Dear Norman:

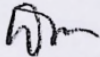
Just a note to ask if you'd like to read a Zerox copy of my novel. I'd like very much to have you read it, and I've held off this long for a number of reasons, your own novel, my fear of magic, etc. But Mills has talked to Wickenden, etc., and they are hot to have you read it, like it, and write what Wickenden calls a "puff" for it. I'd like that, too, both really and politically.

If you decide that you've got time to read the mss., please telephone Bob Mills at PL 2-6132. He'll have the book in about a week, and should have the copy made by then. If you don't have time; never mind, and I'll have them send you a copy of the printed book in December or January (it's suppose to come out around January or February).

I have a carbon of that last letter I sent you, the one all full of babytalk. I shouldn't write letters when I'm hung over. My intentions were to praise your book and explain why I understood it and misunderstood it. I have a friend who gets drunk and tries to explain how women should have equal rights. I feel about the same. I'm going to have to review AMERICAN DREAM for the newspaper we talked about last year that is now a reality but not what I wanted (long attribute), and I'll send you a copy of the review. Maybe that way I can get clearer what I mean.

Please tell Anne for me that I think her photograph of you is really the best I've seen.

Your "pen-pal",

A handwritten signature, possibly "DM", in dark ink.

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

Dear Diana, *1000*

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

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

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

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

Yours ever and forever,

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

Dear Alan, *Farley*

Let me just send you a copy directly of *An American Dream*, you're certainly welcome to it, and I'll call Grace Bechtold and ask her to hold off on buying one for you.

As for the rest, the reviews have gone oddly on the book. About half have been poor, the other half quite good, but the poles are extreme, everything from the most important novel written since the war to "the worst literary hoax of the century." But indeed, as you can guess, I did like the *Times Review*.

Best for now.

Norman Mailer

Carson

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

Dear Don,

I read your review with interest. First of all because it was agreeable to read, second because you said a few things I found fascinating, and third because it was interesting to see how they rearranged it and fucked it up in the newspaper. That opened a door into the world of book review editors and gave a hint of why all book reviews end up reading the same. The reviews in general have been not too bad on *An American Dream*, which is to say they broke about two good, three bad in the important places, and about one good, three bad in the out of town reviews. But the bad reviews were lively and the book seems to be off to a start. I find I hardly care. I've been in a post partum for months, not a deep one, no gloom in this, just a sense of personal flatness. For the first time in years I feel no desire to write the great American novel. It doesn't seem important, I don't seem important. And I'm bored with myself--that's an emotion I haven't felt in years. But it seems to me I spent my last letter complaining in just this fashion, and twice is enough for the best of pen pals. So let me hasten to add that I'll have my secretary call Bob Mills that he can send the novel on to me. You can be certain I'll be looking forward to this. I'll let you know as soon as I read it, but of course that may not be for several weeks, since I'm off to Alaska April 1 for a few days of action back and forth in the speaking halls of Greater Northern America.

Best for now,

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

Dear Diana,

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

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

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

Give my very best regards to Lionel and to Jim,

APRIL 1965

April 6, 1965 *COPY*

To: Diana Trilling

Subject: Mailer will arrive in England the morning of April 20th. The letter also states, "Tell Lionel that whether he ends up liking or not liking *An American Dream*, I respect him for not deciding immediately. Finally, one critic has recognized that the book is not to be taken by storm and hung high or garlanded on the instant."

April 20, 1965 *COPY*

To: Don Kaufmann

Subject: He tells Don to look keep an eye out for the April 20th issue of *National Review* because to Norman's surprise Joan Didion did a "well-written" review on *An American Dream*.

April 23, 1965 *COPY*

To: Moos (Aunt)

Subject: Mailer discusses the reviews of *An American Dream* and how the novel has been selling since its publication.

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
April 6, 1965

Dear Diana,

Just a racing note. I'm arriving in England the morning of the twentieth, and my business, such as it is, will probably be done by the 27th. So the 28th would probably be better for me than the 30th, for the simple reason that I may have just two weeks in Europe and so would like to visit other places. If it's generally the same to you, I'd appreciate it then if you'd make it the 28th or the 29th, but if there's a particular reason for the 30th, then by all means, that's when we'll have it. And I'll plan to spend the night. Incidentally, I still don't know if Beverly will be with me then. She's going to be in Europe for a week of the two and a half weeks I'll be there, but just which part isn't too certain yet. If you're thinking about seating arrangements, I suggest that you assume she'll be with me. If she's not, it would perhaps be possible to get some fine lady on short notice. And if not, we'll all weather the damage.

Forgive the mechanical concentration of this, and the lack of news news, but I wanted to get it off to you in a hurry.

Now

P.S. If you haven't answered Jerry Agel's letter yet, then don't. He puts out a monthly publisher's newsletter which is filled with gossip, very little of it nasty or vicious, but I know for certain you would not want any answer you might give to Granville Hicks to appear there. And if you have written to him already, then drop him a line that you would not wish your letter used for publication. One thing more. Please don't bring my name into this. Agel did a long piece on me and treated me reasonably well, and he would be hurt and probably vindictive if he knew I had warned you. But I know how much pain any remarks of yours printed in a newsletter sort of literary magazine would cause you, so I take the unnatural step of working just this much behind the man's back.

All for now. I can't tell you how much I look forward to seeing you and Lionel again.

P.P.S. Tell Lionel that whether he ends up liking or not liking An American Dream, I respect him for not deciding immediately. Finally, one critic has recognized that the book is not to be taken by storm and hung high or garlanded on the instant.

Kaufmann

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

Dear Don,

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

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

Your fellow-alumnus from Heidelberg,

Old Walk-on-Eggs Norm

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

Dear Moos,

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

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

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

For the meantime we've been having marvelous fun this month. A good friend of mine, Jose Torres the boxer, won the light-heavyweight championship March 30 from Willy Pastrano, and Beverly and I gave a big party for him that same night. It started at midnight, ended at noon. Fun for all. It was one of those rare good parties when the music is fine, and the mood is like velvet. Or so says the host.

Give my warmest to Louis, and tell him that one of my pleasures in writing a book is to get that page or two of sound incisive criticism from his hand.

My best to Basil,

love,

Bowman

MAY 1965

JUNE 1965

June 8, 1965 *COPY*

To: Roger

Subject: The only mention of *An American Dream* is as follows: "I didn't mind the review in the *Village Voice*—I naturally thought it was unduly critical, but since I have two attitudes about the novel, thinking on some days that it's a marvelous piece of crap and on others that it's the only thing new anybody has done since God knows when, since *Catch-22* or *Studs Lonigan*, or Christ, since *The Sun Also Rises*. I read reviews with interest now, looking for a clue. Anyway, yours was interesting.

Note: Roger's original letter has also been included as a point of reference.

June 8, 1965 *COPY*

To: Jack Aldridge

Subject: Mailer states, "I was not happy with the cuts William Phillips made, they broke the cadence of your style. So I called him up in a huff and he's going to reprint your piece in toto in the next issue." I believe this has to do with a review that Aldridge did of *An American Dream*.

June 8, 1965 *COPY*

To: Diana Trilling

Subject: Mailer states that he is getting ready to start work on a new novel and then he goes on to address the criticisms Trilling has with *An American Dream* and the feelings he has towards it.

Albidge

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

Dear Jack,

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

Best and best,

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

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

Shattuck

Dear Roger,

I didn't mind the review in the Village Voice--I naturally thought it was unduly critical, but since I have two attitudes about the novel, thinking on some days that it's a marvelous piece of crap and on others that it's the only thing new anybody has done since God knows when, since Catch-22 or Studs Lonigan, or Christ, since The Sun Also Rises, I read reviews with interest now, looking for a clue. Anyway, yours was interesting.

The idea of the translations intrigues me, but I don't know yet where or if I would fit. My best language by far is French, only I've no desire to translate anything in that language since my French is not nearly good enough. I've a smattering of Spanish, would like to translate Lorca's Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Mejias. I read a translation Spender made of that poem once and knew after going through twenty lines that I could do better with my left hand. Still, that isn't really my heart's desire, in fact I don't know that yet. I suspect I'd rather try translating something in a language I hardly know at all. Some early Goethe, or some Latin or Greek. At any rate, Roger, let me think about this for a period, and remind me about this in six months perhaps. You see, right now I'm getting started on another novel, and so certainly don't want to get into any of this.

Last thought. A guy named Bud Shrake is planning to open a book store in Austen, and got a half promise from me to go down for the opening. Perhaps we could work up something with the kids at the same time. Only living for for or five days on a campus is not my idea of heaven, since all the college kids I know or have ever met seem to do nothing but ask questions, nine-tenths of them the sort which can be answered by IBM cards, and I always feel like a decrepit machine with burned-out fuses by the time I get away. It's one thing to live with these kids all year, every year, that I imagine can be just as good as anything else, but, Roger, I don't know if you have any idea of what it's like to take them on for twenty-four hours, or seventy-two. No matter, it looks as if we'll have something to discuss in the fall. Right now I'm off to Provincetown for four months of good work, I hope.

Give my best to Nora,

Roman

COLLÈGE DE 'PATAPHYSIQUE



acknowledged
said you'd write

Paris, le du mois de, An E. P.
en la fête de

(vulgairement) May 13 65 ap. J. G.)

1607 Sharon Lane
Austin 3, Texas

Dear Norman -

I just reviewed Dream for the JV,
and said what I meant + wanted to. I'd
kind of like to know what you think of it.
Danny held me to a promise I'd make him
years ago. There's something out of line in
that novel, but you're writing and thinking
as well as ever. Possibly better, but in
Dream you make it hard to see.

Let me hit another topic. We
hooked a bunch of Ford money down here
(and may repeat it) for a National Translation
Center, equipped with Advisory Board and all
the rest. Our main interest, outside of
the usual fellowships, is to tease or goad
some really good writers into a few hard
rounds of translation. For everyone's good,
including their own. Has sent a scheme
any I appeal to you - just between us.
But seriously. Something like Saint-Juste
or Sade; perhaps you'll take much more

to something classic + bacchic. What languages
do you know a bit of? We're not favouring
any... any other writers to suggest?

Well, drop a word. We're in Semant for
the summer. How about that return trip to
Texas you promised? Would you like to come
down as the students' guest - live in dorms
+ talk to everyone, but everyone - for 4-5 days
next year? It could probably be arranged,
even good fee, yet.

More sends regards.

Salut!

Rope

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

Dear Diana,

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

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

Donner

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

JULY 1965

July 14, 1965 *COPY*

To: Diana Trilling

Subject: Mailer thanks her for taking the time to clip the nice reviews out of the papers of *An American Dream* and then he addresses her qualm that Marlowe is not present in *An American Dream*. Finally, Mailer talks about Rojack as a character.

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

July 25, 1965 *COPY*

From: Andre Deutsch

Subject: Deutsch sends Mailer a copy of the blurb for *An American Dream* that is going to be published in their catalogue and asks him for suggestions. The length cannot be altered, but the content can. He also states that the blurb on the jacket can be longer.

Note: A copy of the catalogue blurb has been included for reference.

607 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts
July 14, 1965

Dear Diana,

T. H. King
[Thank you for the clipping and the nice reports. I'm not sure I know what you mean by the absence of a Marlowe in An American Dream. Superficially it seems to me that Rojack embodies a sufficient amount of civilization to avoid meaninglessness, but to defend that in detail means a long letter, and then we shall both be breaking our vows to write many pages this summer and few letters. Therefore I save the discussion for the pleasure of seeing you and Lionel in September. By the way, our place is on the sea and most agreeable. I hope you and Lionel (and Jim if he's so inclined) are in the mood to come here when you get back.

Love,

P.S. There's a somewhat unintegrated book by a man named Christopher Lasch, called if I remember The New Radicalism in America, but it has a very good chapter on Mabel Dodge Luhan in which Lawrence figures prominently, and I think you might enjoy it.

The Heart of Darkness, indicating the
the esthetic as well as the moral
deficiency in your not having a Marlow
character. True, there's Pres. Kenned
at the start. But that's not enough.
There must be a Marlow to set against
Kurtz. And if it is your belief that
Curlyhair has gone to the point where
no Marlow is necessary, then you
must also believe it has reached the
point where the novel itself is meaningless.
Only the existence of Marlow, by the way,
explains Conrad's describing Kurtz as an
artist manque, Marlow being the Curlyhair
that took Kurtz's art & life long under
question.
But enough. I thought I wasn't
writing any more letters. Love
Diana

ANDRE DEUTSCH LIMITED

PUBLISHERS

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

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Norman Mailer Esq
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn
New York

July 25th 1965

Dear Norman,

I attach a copy of the blurb on *AN AMERICAN DREAM* to go in our catalogue - my first job on getting home two days ago. It can't be longer because the size of the catalogue page doesn't allow it, but it can, of course, be different, so if you want me to alter it let me know soon (they are nagging at me to get the catalogue to press). When we get to the jacket blurb, that can be longer, so if you would like to make any suggestions on this one with the jacket blurb in mind, please do. Don't bother with any of it if you don't want to, but I thought you might like to see what we are up to, and I know I would appreciate your comments.

Rosemary showed me your letter, for which she was grateful. It was good of you to write so carefully and at such length, and what you say will be a help. May I say thank you on Rosemary's behalf, as she is very overworked at the moment.

Bless you for sending me back to Manhattan over Brooklyn Bridge. God, how my knees were hurting me by the time I found a cab the other end, but even in spite of that it was the best thing I did in New York.

Did your daughter get over that fall all right? I do hope so, and that the summer is being good in Provincetown. I went to the Fair in the end, but it worked on me in the wrong way and instead of marvelling at its undeniable horrors, I enjoyed it! I went in a boat that travelled over the water on stilts, and I got caught in a monsoon while suspended from the sky in a cable car, and so many people seemed to be enjoying themselves in such a gentle way that I liked them very much: became a cheerful victim of your totalitarianism, I suppose. There's a sort of lunacy about all that bubblegum architecture erected at vast expense which tickles me.

I'm so glad I just managed to see you before you left - it was a great pleasure, as it always is.

Yours,

Diana

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

An American Dream

NORMAN MAILER

Norman Mailer has chosen to write his first novel for nine years in a way not attempted by anyone since the great novelists of the nineteenth century such as Dickens: in instalments, to appear in a magazine (Esquire) as he completed them. For his raw material he has taken the crude elements which advertising and the entertainment industry have recognized and fostered as part of the living legend of American life: sex, violence, suspense, Good versus Bad. It is as though he challenged himself 'Write the hard way about much-handled material, and make a great book of it.' He has brought it off.

Rojack, his narrator, murders his evil wife and disguises her death as suicide. The truth is suspected. Will it catch up with him, or will he escape it to find sane love with Cherry, the night-club singer he meets on the night of the murder? That is the scaffolding of the situation, and Mailer, with his narrative power and his intensity, could have left it at that and still built a tremendous story on it.

He does not leave it at that. Rojack is a man who believes in the powers of God and the Devil, and that God is courage, not love. He is groping his way into the implications of this, and Mailer has breathed the tormented passion of his quest into his story, magnifying it into a myth of modern life and an exposition of belief.

This book, a fair-ground monster which takes off to become a phoenix, is so unlike mannerly British fictions that it will probably be attacked as roundly and often as it is praised. Two things are certain, however. It will be enormously discussed, and we ourselves are sure that it is the most important and exciting book Norman Mailer has written since The Naked and the Dead.

AUGUST 1965

SEPTEMBER 1965

OCTOBER 1965

NOVEMBER 1965

November 30, 1965 *COPY*

From: Andre Deutsch (English/Australian publisher).

Subject: The portion of the letter that is most important to the project at hand speaks about the sales figures of *An American Dream* in England and Australia. Deutsch writes, "Sales of *An American Dream* are now very slow. We are still only around the 25,000 mark and to my regret the sales in Australia are very disappointing. We have just had a note from our people there saying that they still have some 3,500 copies of the book."

Continuing on Deutsch remarks, "When I was in Frankfurt in October, Willy Droemer told me that his sales were already over 30,000 copies. What a philistine market we have to live with."

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ad/js

Norman Mailer Esq
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1 NEW YORK

30th November 1965

My dear Norman

For ages I have been meaning to write to you and tell you how we are doing with Arthur's book, but pressure has been immense. I have been working like a pit pony ever since I returned from the States. For the last eight weeks I have been without a Sales Manager. At last Arthur's book is out and it has done splendidly. We published the book on 25th November, four days ahead of the official US date, and we are unjustly proud of this little coup. The first 15,000 printing has gone and we are rushing through a sizeable second impression. The reviews have been excellent. Arthur came over for a few days for the publication, and everybody seems to be happy. I did tell Arthur that the decision to buy your book took place in your house at Provincetown and I told him that you were indeed most helpful in assisting me to make up my mind.

I have had no news from the Scott Meredith office about the final outcome of the Putnam-Dell situation concerning your future. I wonder what has happened? There was some news in the Sunday Times that you are working on a new miscellany and I wonder when we may expect to see the book.

Sales of AN AMERICAN DREAM are now very slow. We are still only around the 25,000 mark and to my regret the sales in Australia are very disappointing. We have just had a note from our people there saying that they still have some 3,500 copies of the book.

When I was in Frankfurt in October, Willy Droemer told me that his sales were already over 30,000 copies. What a philistine market we have to live with. I am very sorry, Norman, it is

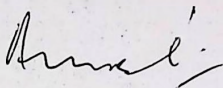
.... /

agonizing, but I don't know how I can redress the situation.

Let me hear from you soon.

My love to Bev.

Yours ever

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Anne", followed by a long horizontal flourish.

P.S. I am sending you a copy of the Schlesinger book by separate mail.

DECEMBER 1965

December 13, 1965 *COPY*

To: Andre Deutsch (English/Australian Publisher)

Subject: Mailer responds to the comments that Deutsch makes in his letter on November 30, 1965 about the disappointing sales figures for *An American Dream*. Mailer responds by saying, "25,000 is disappointing, but what with South Africa and some of the really bad reviews, not completely incomprehensible. Nor is it surprising it did better in Germany. The Germans, for better, and certainly for worse, are always closer to a blood-and-guts mystique than anyone else in Western Europe or America." No other mention is made of the book.

142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
December 13, 1965

Dear Andre,

I'm delighted the news on the Schlesinger is good. I felt of course just a touch responsible, and there was a point here when everyone was ganging up on Arthur, and I had fears of disaster. But then I'm habitually pessimistic.

25,000 is disappointing, but what with South Africa and some of the really bad reviews, not completely incomprehensible. Nor is it surprising it did better in Germany. The Germans, for better, and certainly for worse, are always closer to a blood-and-guts mystique than anyone else in Western Europe or America.

As for your new book, it's got the scrumptious title of Cannibals and Christians, and is a collection unified by an argument, and not unlike The Presidential Papers, although possessing the advantage, which is that the general level of the pieces in Cannibals and Christians is higher, I think. Also there are forty thousand new words in it. But, wince at this, the book is somewhere between a hundred thirty and a hundred forty thousand words long. I'll say no more until there are galleys in sufficiently good shape to mail them on to you, which probably won't be until March. Baron is planning to publish in May if he can make it, which I doubt, or else in September. I'll keep you posted on further news of it. Give my best

Give my best to Diana and the several delightful ladies and fine gentlemen in your employ.