

No greenbacks make-um big fuck-um block.

Norman Mailer

72-36

To *Time Magazine*

627 Commercial Street

Provincetown, Massachusetts

November 22, 1972

Gentlemen:

In *Time*, Nov. 6 "People" the following item appeared. "While Mailer waxed outrageous and his audience enthusiastically heckled ... he dropped such nuggets as ... "Most women have just started to think in the last two or three years." "McGovern is the only man who is morally superior to me."

Finally Mailer invited "all the feminists in the audience to please hiss."

When a satisfying number obliged, he commented: "Obedient little bitches."

The one place where not fatally misquoted still suggests I said "Obedient little bitches" at the end of the evening when in fact I said it at the beginning.

However, let me not pick *Time's* nits. One correction may serve as a key to the general accuracy of your reporting: I did not say "McGovern is the only

2/21/89

Caving In

"Don't put that in."

Nearly every reporter has heard that line, usually uttered as an aside by a local official during an interview or public meeting. It's a request not to include some bit of information in a news account, though it's seldom intended as a threat or to thwart the news process. More typically, the official believes the information is trivial but would be taken the wrong way by readers and interfere with more serious matters at hand.

So what do you do as a reporter? You print it, obviously (the information, not the comment). You have to. Not to print it makes you a co-conspirator, even when conspiracy isn't an issue; it makes the source — the planning commissioner, police chief or whomever — arbiter of the news. (Perversely, turning verbal somersaults to include the information does the same thing; the trick is in giving the information only the weight it deserves.)

All of which brings us to the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini of Iran, and to the publishers, book sellers and nations who have caved in to his effort to blackmail the world.

Khomeini has put a \$6 million price on the head of Indian-British novelist Salman Rushdie, author of "Satanic Verses," which Khomeini has determined is blasphemous of Islam. The 41-year-old author, who will pay with his life whether by assassination or in years of fearful anticipation, apologized, but Khomeini is not the most forgiving of authoritarians. He reiterated the death decree and upped the bounty.

Western response to the ayatollah's decree has been schizophrenic. The governments of the European Common Market nations have denounced Khomeini, recalled their ambassadors from Iran and threatened to isolate it from the world community. Canada agonized over whether to ban the book, finally deciding not to.

But the private sector has not been so brave. Publishers in France, West Germany, Greece, Japan and the United States quickly collapsed before the stern ayatollah. Starting with Waldenbooks — the largest bookstore chain in the U.S. — and followed by competitors B. Dalton and Barnes & Noble, fully a third of the bookstores in this country of First Amendment free speech have removed "Satanic Verses" from their inventory for fear of terrorism. President Bush's silence has not helped.

By caving in to Khomeini's blackmail, the chain stores have committed two extraordinary, egregious offenses: they have ceded our rights to free intellectual thought to a radical, 88-year-old dictator whose idea of justice is stoning women to death for going in public unsuitably garbed, by Moslem tradition; and they have isolated Salman Rushdie.

If the publishing industry had defiantly and affirmatively proclaimed its rights it would have served notice that the West has its own traditions, subject to no one's censorship. Instead, it has delivered the opposite message: threaten us and we will collapse.

Is this precedent the way to protect employees of the publishing industry? Is this not arms-for-hostages (the Iran-Waldenbooks affair) transferred to the world of

man who is morally superior to me." Rather I said something more like this:
 "We live among our family and acquaintances in a kind of moral economy.
 Perhaps, we look upon half our friends as morally superior to us, and the
 other half as moral inferiors. With politicians, however, it is different.
 Politicians may be more splendid than us in many ways: often as studs,
 generally as charlatans, frequently as possessors of charisma. They may
 even show superior intelligence upon occasion. But we never have to worry
 about a politician's morals, we are fond of them because we know they are
 our moral inferiors. May I say that George McGovern left me in a state of
 confusion because he was the only major politician I ever met who felt like
 my moral superior."

Let those who do not find *Time's* use of quotation offensive recognize
 that they are fit subscribers to the old Luce rag.

In no great cheer ↗

Norman Mailer

72-13

Yale Hill

R.R. #1; Box 3110
Barre, Vt. 05641
Feb. 27, 1989

Norman Mailer
c/o Random House, Inc.
201 E. 50th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022

Dear Norman:

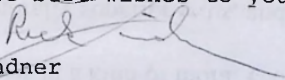
Enter a voice from 35 years in the past - deeper due to manhood, and, actually, written, as you can see. (I'm not sure I could read or write when I last saw you, presumably in Baltimore around 1955.) I am Bob Lindner's younger son.

I believe my mother and my sister, Marged, have been in touch with you periodically over the years. I have read much of your work, but never felt I figured enough in your past - being a small child and the least of the Lindners when you and Pop were friends - to impose on you in later years.

This letter will be brief. I am writing to congratulate you and thank you for speaking out on Slaman Rushdie's right to think and write, and ours to read what we wish. The initial, frightened reaction to Iran's murder contract by some governments and much of the publishing industry was distressing, and your defiance was a great contribution to turning that around.

Enclosed is a copy of my small contribution. I am the editorial page editor and editorial writer for a small daily newspaper in Vermont, where my brother, Dan, and I now live. I congratulated myself silently for being extraordinarily insightful in writing this before the civilized world began speaking out in similar terms; and then, the day it was printed, I heard of your scheduled public reading. Well, if I am more in the mainstream than I had thought, I'm in good company there with you.

Around the time of your last visit to my father (I notice now that today is the 34th anniversary of his death) I became infatuated with Willy Mays, which explains the name on the masthead of this editorial. However, to many people, my mother included, I remain Rick, as signed below with my fond memories and sincere best wishes to you.


Rick Lindner

MA
Stockbridge, Massachusetts ✓

November 23, 1972

Dear Bette Roth,

Naturally I had to keep thinking of the *Education* all the while I was doing *The Armies of the Night*, but the oddest aspect of it all is that I didn't read anything of Adamses since I was in Harvard thirty years ago, and he was certainly never one of my favorites then, which may enlarge the notion of literary influence because if ever one book was created by another, one would have to say *The Armies of the Night* came out of *The Education of Henry Adams* and yet how? All the while I was writing *Armies*, I kept saying to myself "I never even know ~~I~~ I liked Adams, I don't remember a word of his and yet it is now obvious I love him." ✓

In the face of such influence I wonder if we shouldn't subscribe to the idea of the wave length. It at least offers us a picture of Adams writhing in celestial bonds. "I have got to ~~base~~ ^[I help] that damn upstart for he is the only one around." ✓
~~I've got to base~~

Well, good luck ✓

Norman Mailer

5717 OAKSHIRE ROAD
BALTIMORE 9, MARYLAND

August 31, 1962

Dear Norman,

I conveyed your message to Marged and her Bob. Marged was delighted with it and Bob interested. Bob's parents live in Westfield, New Jersey, so they will undoubtedly be in the vicinity of New York at intervals.

I'm going to come up, too. I'm glad to hear you have a new wife and I want to meet her. My friend Joe has married children in N.Y. and I've been hoping for a long time to find myself free enough to go with him sometimes when he visits them.

Marged and her husband will be taking PhDs in psychology at the University of Pennsylvania. They have grants and fellowships and expect to be there for about four years. I'm glad mostly because it's what they want and partly because they are closer to Baltimore than they might have been.

Dan and Rick are growing up, too. Dan will enter his second year at Oberlin next month - destination unknown. Rick is driving and working and soon to enter 11th grade.

I go to the University of Maryland in the summer and usually take one course there during the school year. This keeps me too busy to do many of the other things I'd enjoy, but it is fun. You may recall that Bob wrote, in PRESCRIPTION FOR REBELLION, that kids should learn, while young and probably at school, some of the causes of their own behavior and that of other people. I'm trying to teach from that point of view and trying to measure the effectiveness of different methods of teaching such things. It's a way of being closer to Bob.

I enjoyed much of your book of poems. Some of it I don't understand as well as Marged will. I sent her a copy yesterday. I've waited a long time for the books. We had to order them, which surprised me.

Love to you, Norman. Love to you.

Johnnie

73-3

To Ronald L. Johnson

[Yale Hill] A
MA
[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

May 7, 1973

Dear Mr. Johnson,

Just a quick line to tell you that I read all of Steinbeck, Farrell, Wolfe,
Hemingway, Faulkner and Fitzgerald that I could get my hands on at
Harvard in the early forties and so certainly I *Grapes of Wrath* was one of
the books which had a major influence on *The Naked and the Dead*.

ital

Sincerely yours

Norman Mailer

73-5

To John Leonard, *The New York Times Book Review*

[Yale Hill]
[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

June 15, 1973

Dear John,

112 Columbia Heights

Brooklyn 1, New York

September 13, 1962

Dear Johnnie,

Good. I enjoyed your letter and look forward to seeing you, Marged, and her Bob when you're in town.

This is a note and not a proper reply to your letter at all but I've gotten quite far behind with a lot of work this month, and I'm trying to answer all my mail at once. Please don't take the brevity of this letter as a reflection of my interest.

Yours, and love,

I'm afraid that the most your letter has accomplished is to give me the pleasure of reading your old review on *Marilyn*. Indeed I wish I had seen it while I was writing the book for there are a couple of remarks by Kael and yourself with which I don't agree but they bring into focus something I approached indeed too vaguely perhaps, if from the other direction. It was true there's an element of condescension in the way we looked at her and she did represent "the heroine as the star herself," but if she was trapped in these qualities, she also had them. It was always trying to break out, although somewhat timidly.

Now, as for *The Making of the President, 1972*, Teddy White is the one author I can't review. It would be impossible to criticize him without wondering, like everybody else, at my self-interest. So it's thank you very much, Old Mex but nix. (If you think I'm a good critic, take a look at what I did on *Last Tango*.) ^{in Paris}

John, I'm also looking forward to my benediction. Could your secretary call Molly Cook, [...] and confirm that the date is August 19th. That's my recollection from a conversation with Russell Lynes.

Cheers ↗

Norman

9/1/72

5717 Oakshire Road
Baltimore 9, Md.
April 21, 1960

Dear Norman,

I'm still waiting for your visit and hope it will materialize next month. I know how busy you've been, and you must feel a certain satisfaction over the reception of your last book and be busily engaged in writing the next one, which you described so tantalizingly. Can't wait until you finish it.

The reason I'm optimistic about seeing you in May is that we all ardently hope you and Adel can come down for the Prisons Awards meeting in May. On Thursday, the 19th. I know you'll be contacted regarding it but want to add my hope that you'll manage to make it.

There will be a party somewhere after the meeting. Fred can't give it this year because Jean is about the most pregnant woman I've ever seen. My own home isn't large enough, of course, but someone will certainly have the get-together afterwards. We all hope you'll be there, and that you'll stay at our home over night or over the week-end.

Marged enjoyed her visit with you enormously and gave glowing reports about the children. I was very impressed because children certainly aren't the chief source of interest in her life. She often loathes (how do you spell it?) them.

We're looking for first-hand information, though. Do try to make it!

Love,

Johanne Lindner
Mrs. Robert Lindner

73-6

To Susan Mailer

~~[Yale Hill]~~~~Stockbridge, Massachusetts]~~

July 4, 1973

Dear Sue,

I'm laden down with letters right now and so can't take time off to write you a real one, but did want to tell you that I'm close to broke right now and so can't send you 1000 bucks for a car. Drop a line to Ethel Light at Si Rembar's office, 19 West 44th Street and tell her I said that you want her to remind me to send you what you need for a car as soon as a big chunk of money comes in, which could be in three weeks or ten. (The financial situation is very uncertain right now because I don't know if *Marilyn* is going to make me much or little money, so everything is tricky as hell.

Anyway, honey, forgive the financial brevity of this—I thought you'd like to know what your situation is with the car.

C. Baker ^{8?} Any my news is not vastly different. *Marilyn* ended up being a pretty interesting book, I think, and I'd mail a copy to you if I had any certainty it would reach. Are the mails safe? I still have this perhaps tourist notion that

73 Perry Street
New York 14, N.Y.
April 29, 1960

Mrs. Robert Lindner
5717 Oakshire Road
Baltimore 9, Maryland

Dear Johnnie,

I won't know for another week or two whether we can make it to Baltimore for the 19th. I've been working on a play all winter at The Actors' Studio, and it's possible we'll be having a production on the 23rd and I'll be caught up in rehearsals. I'd love to get to Baltimore again and so I'll try. Anyway, I'll write you again in a week or two.

HRC

Love,

the central post office in Mexico City looks like the stockyards of Chicago—
 every promising package disemboweled, with thieves running around like
 rats in the lost blood. Clue me if I'm wrong. Incidentally, if you need a
 mordida to get ^[bribe] you into medical school, let me know about that. For that I'd
 be willing to borrow money. ✓

Incidentally has any one looked into the possibility that Elizabeth Irwin
 might give you a honorary diploma in lieu of these difficulties or did you
 simply not spend enough time in their high school? What a frustrating fuck-
 up! It's like the story of your life. You don't know whether to be mad at
 your mother, your father or yourself.

Salud, Chula ✓

Dad

P.S. ⊖ Grandma's version of the trip was close to yours but don't you feel
 too depressed about it. While she certainly did not have a very good time,
 she was lonely without Grandpa and felt it. She looked better when she came
 back than I've seen her look in a few years, and I think she's turned a corner. ✓

73-7

To Truman Capote

73 Perry Street
New York 14, N.Y.
May 12, 1960

Mrs. Robert Lindner
5717 Oakshire Road
Baltimore 9, Maryland

Dear Johnnie,

At the moment, next week is running away with itself and I don't think I'll be able to pry the time loose to come down. I will make the effort though and if I can I'll call you Wednesday night. At the moment, it looks like Allele will not be able to join me. On top of all other complications, the kids got the measles. I'm having my secretary sign this for me so it will go out right away.

Love,

[Yale Hill]

Stockbridge, Mass.

July 9, 1973

Dear Truman,

That was a good card from you. If I had known how quietly you would react I might have sent the letter to you instead of to *Rolling Stone*. In any case, it'll be a very small tempest. I must confess my idea that you're vindictive came from your imbroglio with Tynan year ago. I thought the case against you wasn't that good but the spleen you exhibited fortified his side of the debate, a pity, for he's a man who is no one I can trust with anything like a whole heart.

As for the rest, I'm glad we're still friends. As is obvious from my letter, I was beginning to wonder.

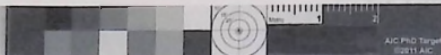
Have a good summer.

Norman

73-10

To Abbie Hoffman

[Yale Hill]



3.

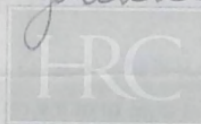
Mrs. Robert Lindner

5717 Oakshire Road, Baltimore 9, Maryland

Also try to come down — both
of you.

Love,

Johnnie



~~MA~~
Stockbridge, Mass.

July 15, 1973

Dear Abbie,

There's much to think about in your letter. The Fifth Estate has been lingering ever since that indifferent beginning I gave it. We have some interesting contacts and the possibility of a merger no less, even though our assets, spiritually or economic are zilch. I guess it's our glamour! ✓

Given your plans, I think we ought to sit down and talk. You have, of course, something different in mind and the likelihood I expect, is that we can work in parallel and help each other from time to time for our immediate aims are different. As I understand it, you and Jerry and Stu want to start exploring some of the black magic and shit-kicking that's been laid on the Left in recent years—a mind boggler, once we find out how much of our history has been written by the CIA and that's a job that's got to be done and you three are the ones to do it if anyone can. I see something separate for the Fifth Estate, to wit, a foundation as respectable as we can make it, given the essential wickedness of the enterprise and run by somebody of national reputation. Our function would be exactly to be respectable, that way if we ever got the real scenario on something, others would listen to us. This problem of respectability is immense. The Committee to Investigate

~~DP~~
ch w
nm

[Robin]

ch2
Stewart
albert

Our Board has been enlarged to include some fine men, and the lectures offered this year were excellent. (This has been uniformly true). So - can you? - will you?

I told Freddie how busy you are with your new book, thus warning both him and myself that you, ^{man} ~~very~~ well be unable to come, but frankly, the thought of your book just makes us all the more anxious to see you so we can hear about it.

I'm so glad the fright about Adel's pregnancy was unfounded. I hope the rest of this period is uneventful for her and procedure is normal.

Assassinations, for example, has done a lot of work and possesses real information but they have no clout with the media because of earlier mistakes and can't get anywhere. Well, much to talk about. Give my regards to Dwight and Gloria and know that I look forward to our next meeting.

Give my best to Jerry and Stu, say hello to Anita and have a good summer, Abbie. *Abbie NO*

Salud *✓*

Norman

73-11

To Laura Adams

[Yale Hill]

MA
Stockbridge, Mass.

August 3, 1973

Dear Laura,

Once again I'm writing on the run. For I'm trying to get though weeks and weeks of accumulated mail before going on a huckster's trip for *Marilyn*. And so all the pertinent questions you ask will once again be answered over the shoulder. You inquire "where then does ambition come

2.

Mrs. Robert Lindner

5717 Oakshire Road, Baltimore 9, Maryland

other than literature. In that,
however, I know of at least four
entries which are considered very
good. In science there are three
quite exciting things up for con-
sideration, and I'll discover later
today the state of the art department.

I'm very proud of the job the
Foundation is doing in this area.
We were able to sell a cartoon for
last year's over-all prize winners,
and three paintings for the art
award winner. But even more ex-
citing is the change in attitude
of these men (as reported by the
warden).

from if not from a strong sense of one's own identity?" and that goes to the heart of several questions including many little theories on personality. In brief, I suppose one cannot speak of ambition without identity unless there's some belief in karma, in ambition as a general force without the particularity of a firm identity. Of course, identity then becomes some species of rooting of the soul in a particular existence. Perhaps an equation is pressing itself or a functional relationship—to wit, wherever we find large ambition without much sense of identity the tendency to suicide must be present since the psyche is rooted as much in future or previous existence as in the present. You see what large questions you initiate.

(S)
 1005
 not charged
 check

Well, we'll have a chance to talk about the other matters you raise in October. As for the *Phil Donahue Show*, I'll be happy to do it if it makes sense for you or for the Wright State program, or whatever. If there's no such reason to do it than I'd just as soon pass it by, so for that reason let me leave the decision with you.

Laura, it will be fun to see you and your husband again. Let me wish you a good summer for the interim and give my regards to Bob Lucid when you see him. He's one of my dearest friends.

Cordilly,

Norman

Freddy Weizgal has been trying to reach you, too. I saw him at a party the other night and promised to convey his message - which is mine, too.

We both hope you and Adel will come down for the Foundation dinner (Wednesday, May 27.

Lheraton Belvedere) at which the prisoners awards will be given.

It would be wonderful to have you and I think you'd be pleased with our work. The judges of entries in the various areas will meet this evening, so I know little, as yet, of entries in fields

Mrs. Robert Lindner

5717 Oakshire Road, Baltimore 9, Maryland

May 2, 1959

Norman Dear -

It was strange that almost immediately after I received your letter Marged called to ask for your phone number. Of course I don't have it, and you may not be in the phone book yet, but I gave her both the Perry Street address and this one hoping she'd be able to reach you when she went to N.Y. on Wed. of this past week. I haven't heard from her yet.

72-35

To Larned G. Bradford

627 Commercial Street
 Provincetown, Massachusetts

April 11, 1972

Dear Ned:

Here are the items. Since 1967 I have had 5 books published. Four:

The Armies of the Night, Miami and the Siege of Chicago, Of a Fire on the

Moon, and The Prisoner of Sex have all won National Book Award

nominations, and the Pulitzer Prize. *Why Are We In Vietnam?* is thought by a

number of critics to be my best novel. I also cooked up and directed three

films: *Wild 90, Beyond the Law, and Maidstone*. I also ran for mayor in the

Democratic primary in 1969. Since almost without exception the pieces in

Existential Errands were written during this period, I thought it might be of

interest to Fred and Eleanor when they are sending out publicity.

As ever,

Norman

20
 Mike
 dr
 this

OK

The Robert Lindner Foundation
Monday, 17 September 1956

Present were: Mrs. Lindner, Mr. Weisgal, Mr. Abrahams, Mr. Fish, Mr. Lazerow
and Mr. Zielonka

The meeting was turned over to Mr. Weisgal for discussion of the proposed constitution. The suggestions for change made at the last meeting at which this constitution was discussed were reviewed and particular attention was paid at this meeting to the statements of the purposes of the Foundation and to describing the relationship between the Advisory Committee, formerly the Professional Committee, and the Board of Trustees. The six members present unanimously approved the constitution in the form arrived at in this meeting. Copies of the constitution will be available at the October meeting.

A report on the Professional Committee given by Mr. Zielonka showed varied opinions among the members of that committee as to the particular program to be recommended to the Board for this year. It was agreed that (1) Mr. Zielonka contact the members of the committee to clarify their position and come back with a specific recommendation and that this be done as soon as possible; (2) estimation of the time necessary to make all the arrangements for two meetings sponsored by the Foundation is that if the recommendations of the committee are obtained by October 1, 1956, that the actual lectures be scheduled for February, 1957. Mr. Abrahams said that he had carefully thought of all the details involved in such a program and concluded that by February we can have completed all arrangements that would point to a successful series.

The next meeting of the Foundation will be held the second Monday in October at a place as yet undesignated to which all members of the Foundation, which includes all who pledged or made a financial contribution, are invited. At that time the constitution will be presented to the membership with a report on the activities of the Advisory Committee and the Newsletter of the Robert Lindner Foundation will be described and possibly available.

Respectfully submitted:

William Zielonka, Sec'y.

WZ:APP

72-5

To Dotson Rader

627 Commercial Street
MA
Provincetown, Massachusetts

April 28, 1972

Dear Dotson,

You've got to be crazy. You warn me to get rid of "the hangers-on, the parasites, the leeches, the celebrity freaks, the ball-cutters, the ass-lickers, the old-before-their-time, the second-raters, the frauds, the too easy. That's my advice," when as you know perfectly well the worst guy I've run into in the last six months has been your own decrepit Tennessee Williams who shit all over Why Are We in Vietnam?, which, of course, was a huge boon to Bishop Moore and doubtless did you lots of good too. You can tell Tennessee that with all the cocks he has sucked all his life you'd think he could put a professional cork in his mouth from time to time. Yeah, pass it on word for word, you're an accurate fellow, and I hope you make some money on your book because you owe me \$300.

Cheers,

Norman

A motion was made to the effect of inviting people other than Board members to the next meeting to be held next week at this time. This was voted down, one for-five against.

Mr. Fish moved that the first meeting in October be open to all members of the Foundation. This was agreed upon unanimously.

A motion was made for Mr. Little, Mrs. Sterling and Dr. Lindner to be invited to the next meeting. This was not even seconded.

A motion was made, seconded and unanimously carried to close the meeting.

Respectfully, submitted:

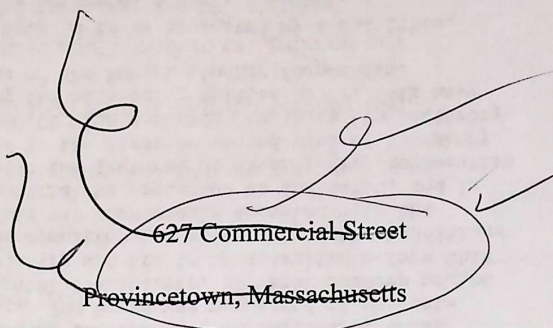
William Zielonka, Sec'y.

WZ:APP



72-27

To Eiichi Yamanishi

A handwritten signature in dark ink is written over the address. The signature is cursive and loops around the text. The address itself is printed in a serif font and is enclosed within a hand-drawn oval. The address is:

627 Commercial Street
Provincetown, Massachusetts

May 31, 1972

Dear Eiichi,

Once again I'm rushing through mail in an attempt to answer all the letters I have kept to think about, but I'm off to Maine in a few days for the summer and so letters which should be long are not. (My address, incidentally, after June 5 will be simply Sorrento, Maine 04677.) There I hope to do a little more work on my novel although soon enough I'll be on my way to Miami and the Democratic Convention. Eiichi, if McGovern wins the nomination I think we're going to see the most exciting American election in my memory, and while Nixon will be the favorite, McGovern will prove no Goldwater and easily could win for there is a new mood in America these days. Naturally, I do not think that if he wins, heaven is here. McGovern represents not only many of the idealistic and radical elements of American politics, but also the more sophisticated aspects of technology and

Robert Lindner Foundation

Minutes

Monday, 10 September 1956

Members present: Mr. Abrahams, Mr. Rosen, Mr. Fish, Mrs. Lindner, Mr. Lazerow
Mr. Wolsgal, Dr. Pollack, Dr. Zielonka.

The minutes of the last meeting were read. There was a discussion as to whether or not a decision had been made at the last meeting to invite persons interested in the Foundation to this Board meeting. Mrs. Lindner felt that it had been decided to invite Mr. Little and Mrs. Sterling. Mr. Fish felt that the decision had been made to invite these persons to some future meeting but not this one in particular. Mr. Fish reported that his reply to a letter sent by Dr. Harold Lindner was that this evening's meeting was only for Board members and that Dr. Lindner would be invited to a later meeting.

A suggestion was made by Dr. Pollack and agreed upon by others that the minutes of these Board meetings contain all decisions made by the Board and that all of the details were not necessary. He made a plea for the use of Roberts Rules.

Dr. Pollack suggested that we have a general membership meeting in the immediate future. At that time the constitution will be presented to the members as well as the professional program. This was agreed upon by the Board.

Mrs. Lindner discussed progress in creating the publication, The Non-conformist. The title was discussed and changed to Newsletter of the Robert Lindner Foundation. A lower printing price was obtained by Mrs. Lindner thru the cooperation of Mrs. Johnson. The Board gave Mrs. Lindner complete authority to go ahead with the Newsletter, planning its content, obtaining a feature and having it printed. She assigned articles to various members of the Board with the request that they all be completed by next Monday evening.

A prospective list of sponsors is urgently requested by Dr. Pollack. He was requested by the Chairman to solicit every member for their suggestion and to obtain them within two days.

The Professional Committee report was made by Dr. Zielonka. He presented the committee with the prospect of Dr. Reik presenting two lectures in Baltimore, taken from the book which Dr. Reik is now completing. The Board was requested to evaluate this in terms of its administrative and financial feasibility. Several members of the Professional Committee are still out of the country and are to be consulted before this is to be considered a definite proposal of the committee. A statement of the conditions written by Dr. Reik was read to the Board. This was unanimously accepted with the following conditions: (1) that the subject material be presented as indicated, and in non-technical language; (2) it is preferred that the lectures be given in two consecutive evenings, preferably Tuesday and Wednesday and in the first or second week of November; (3) the Board is pleased to offer Dr. Reik \$700.00 plus expenses for these two lectures; (4) the Board is especially desirous of having the book being written by Dr. Reik have the statement of it's being under the auspices of the Robert Lindner Foundation.

A Chairman of the two meetings with Dr. Reik is to be suggested by a committee. This committee is composed of Mrs. Lindner, Mr. Abrahams, and Dr. Zielonka.

The Chairman is to appoint a committee to investigate the time in the first two weeks of November that will be most liable to find people free to come to the lecture series.

as we know, they are determined to make a rational state even if they kill us. But it's important, I think, for McGovern to win, if only to carry the disease to a higher level, if only to bring people face to face with the paradox that solutions to the problems of society must be not only rational but magical.

Well, I'll say no more for now except to tell you that I wrote 30,000 new words on the novel in May and now must have a total of 60,000 altogether. ✓

Yet it is nothing, perhaps a tenth of what the final book will be, and I do not know if I am satisfied with what I have done—the writing may have gone too quickly. Well, we have years of work on this book.

✓
check
[Ancient Evenings] ✓
[YASUNARI] ✓
Dear friend, your remarks on Kawabata were read with great interest.

What a tragic life. A writer of the left is always mired in ideological pollution, but those novelists of the right have lives so filled with dread.

Well, this has to be one of the most poisonous epochs of history. Let us hope we both have a good summer.

My yoroshiku to your family.

Warmly,

Norman

P.S. I will ask Little, Brown to send you a copy of *Existential Errands*.

Incidentally, the piece which runs from pages 265-268 is a hoax, as you will be the first to recognize. All the quotes are, of course, from myself.

OK
I forgot
him
OK

907 Latrobe Building
Baltimore-2, Maryland

HRC



72-29

To John Leonard

627 Commercial Street
 MA
 Provincetown, Mass. 01657

June 1, 1972

Dear John,

(ital) We all know the Times is still living in 1951 and wouldn't print Fuck
 You to save the State of Israel. Nonetheless, expurgation must never suck. If
 you will look at the fourth column of Mel Watkins' review "No Name in the
 Street", *New York Times Book Review*, May 28, you will come across the
 following:

"And perhaps because Baldwin and the civil-rights movement had
 demanded from Americans 'a generosity, a clarity, and a nobility which they
 did not dream of demanding from themselves' or perhaps because of his
 promise of an apocalypse in *The Fire Next Time* or because of Mailer's
 admonition that Baldwin "seems incapable of saying—~~you~~," it is the
 explication of that presumably harsher 'judgment' for which one looks
 throughout the remainder of the book."

musical
mystery
mystical
(mistical)
(mustical)

HRC

Mr. Norman Mailer
252 Fulton Street
Brooklyn -1, New York

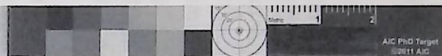


DON
JOIN CIVIL



SA 7-10690

8



The American Condition is that rarest of modern intellectual works, a book of high ambition taking on all the major American political and social problems with fascinating insights, examples, paradoxes, aperçus, and anecdotes on every page. After one reading I am not so certain I've come across an intellectual work in some years whose real evaluation eludes me more. I do not know if it is first cousin to a great book or a magnificent example of the super-stimulation of passing perception, but by whatever measure, I expect it is a work whose value, profundity, generosity and insight intellectuals will be arguing over on many an evening this year.

Norman Mailer

74-6

To Mickey Knox

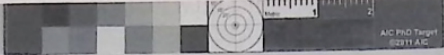
[Yale Hill]

[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

March 25, 1974

Dear Mickey,

A lot of news here, and curiously good and bad at the same time. For months I've been working out an arrangement with Little Brown for ^a huge



JA

An ambitious, calculating man.
Suave, smooth, adaptable - extremely
polite.

Takes advantage in shrewd ways.

Tries to impress people that he's helpful
and kind - but he is a cold businessman.

Would be a good lawyer.

Has low vitality.

Average intelligence, but very clever at
turning and changing with each situation.
Opportunistic.

Definitely not a man of principles.

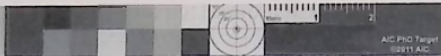
Loves luxury.

contract which would enable me to write my big novel which is going to run—and this is even stated in the contract—for 500,000 to 700,000 words, to be written over the next five, or six years: for which in turn Little Brown will pay me a sum, over the whole, of one million smackers. Not a bad contract, but ironically it actually comes in at less than my going word rate, which is probably up to about two dollars a word now, from publishers for a single book. At any rate, it was certainly nothing to complain about and I was happy with it because it would give me a little stability in my professional life, with a chance to really dig in and see if I can write this book that I've been talking about for all this period.

But lo and behold the word gets out. Not from Little Brown, not from me (I suspect the Meredith office wasn't necessarily trying to keep it the biggest secret in the

world, since they come off looking good in the deal) and it hit the *Times*.

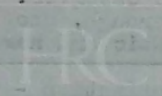
Now everybody thinks of me as a no-good rat-fuck millionaire who's going, since the story was of course not quite precise in all its details, to pick up his cool million by sitting on his ass for half a year. And people I've owed money to for eighteen months were on the phone before dark. The thing I regret in it all is that we could each think of 10 or 15 good American writers (obligatorily I must include Mr. Vidal in this list) who earn considerably



others, but generous, even indulgent toward himself.

Highly egocentric.

Accomplishes an enormous output. This person is "made of iron."



more than I do per word, per year, per decade, and their fucking finances are never anyone's interest. God, it burns my ass. Now everybody is walking around saying there's Mailer the radical who sold out. It isn't that I mind what people say, it's just that a general increase at this point in the average animosity toward me is something that the ether might not quite be able to bear up under, and I don't want it to cave in on me, you know what I mean pal.

As for the rest, everything goes more or less well.

Unstable situations tend sometimes to stabilize in an

unstable fashion. It's true as you say that you caught the brunt of it during your trip, and for that what can I say? There have been many years when you and me just haven't had too much good luck together, and perhaps it's a testament to our friendship that, whenever we do see each other on those rare occasions, either you're in a slump or I'm in one, and yet somehow we just boob along and remain friends. Two, cheers for us.

As for the trip to Tunis, you're the rat—fuck. When I think of all the things you promised me over the years that never materialized! I know you will here raise an eyebrow and say, ^{what} that things, when did I promise? I'm only kidding. Still, if I ever get to Rome, by myself, and we're talking about this and thinking about it, let's do remember Tunis. Something like that

RL

Intellectual type - sharp, logical mind - critical, witty. Can be very disagreeable and wounding. Has a lot of intrigue and deceit. Destructive mind - always tends toward seeing the negative side of things and people.

Has big sex problem. Terribly strong inclinations toward homosexuality. Very inhibited. Has a poor emotional life, hence is depressed, touchy, restrained. Full of complexes.

Highly energetic - tremendous perseverance - tough. A good observer. In his work he is very thorough, good at details, highly systematic and hard-working.

Has little imagination - yet is full of illusions (self-illusion). The conflict of this last with the rest of him results in fierce drive.

At the time of this writing, he is terribly depressed.

In spite of his calm exterior, he is very exciteable inside. These two things create a constant struggle - in this state he is apt to become very sharp. Definitely not a balanced person - the word 'psychotic' often is suggested.

Is tight in money matters in regard to

happiest thing is to get a man who has more virile worth than himself and slowly torture that virility out of him. So I'm dubious that any property that he considers of any value whatsoever is going in any way to pass over to you unless he figures he can double the torture by putting a screw up your ass, and I mean a metal screw, over the next six months to a year. Watch yourself around him. Don't ever trust in his good will. It may be there and if it is, I'll be pleased for you. I really believe that, and I will admit that for once I was wrong about Vidal. But I think if you go in forewarned, the double-cross, if and when it comes, will be less painful.

Anyway, keep working, and I'll give half a cheer to myself. I've finally written you a letter which is two[↓]—thirds decent.

Love,

Norm

74-9

To Edward Meadows, Incessant Correspondence Corp.

[Yale Hill]

[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

hyphen

1023 Windy Way
Baltimore 19 Md.

Dear Norman —

Your Room we'll all
love to see you when you're
ready to come down.

I'm taking the kids to
the Wylie's house in Florida
from Mar. 28 to April 11. Since
the boys told me with great
enthusiasm that you will
speak at a meeting here in
Baltimore on April 27 perhaps
you'll bring Adele and stay
over here. Try.

Love,

Johnnie

May 12, 1974

Dear Ed,

You sure write a good letter. I'm glad you liked the ~~"Graffiti"~~ ^{"The Faith of"} piece. It was necessarily cut for *Esquire*, since the publisher of the book, Praeger, didn't want any magazine to print the entire piece, so as a result about 3,000 words are missing, most of that an interview with Lindsay which was kind of interesting and fills what I felt was a vacuum in the *Esquire* version. Incidentally, I went back there because the former editor, Harold Hayes, whom I disliked so much I once invited to put on the gloves (to which he responded that he wouldn't do that but he'd play a set of tennis with me)—you can see why I dislike him—had finally left the mag and there was a new guy there who people told me was more or less sympathetic, so, since they were paying what was a good fee for them, I decided to start relations with them again. Now I understand in the new issue Arnold Gingrich, who is a ~~pretty~~ ^{petty} old man, is glowering in a corner about my presence. *Esquire* will remain *Esquire*. As for the rest, Ed, don't think you got to defend a millionaire. The money for that big novel is on a pay-as-you-go scheme. In other words, as I write the book, I'll get paid. And since the thing is going to take about seven years and come to 700,000 words, that is why the figure is up that high. And if there's a runaway inflation in this country, I'm fucked.

hyphen

THE HACKER CLINIC
PSYCHIATRY

160 LASKY DRIVE
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

CRESTVIEW 5-1105

CRESTVIEW 5-1106

May 10 1956

FREDERICK J. HACKER, M.D.
CHIEF OF STAFF
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WERNER T. KOENIG, M.D.
JEAN B. LIVERMORE, M.S.W.
HELEN P. TOMPKINS, M.S.W.

Mr. Norman Mailer
320 E. 55 Street
New York, New York

Dear Norman:

Except for a very nice and warm letter thanking me for appearing as a speaker, I have not heard anything from Baltimore or from Philip Wylie since my return here. I am still a little confused about the situation, intellectually and also emotionally. The memory of Bob is very dear to me, and I really want to do everything I can to perpetuate it in the best possible manner. Please do keep me advised about your stand and your opinion in this matter.

I very much enjoyed meeting you and your wife. It is one of the penalties of having a well-established outfit here that most of my time has to be spent in the wilderness of the West Coast; and the fact that this fate is self-imposed and self-inflicted does not detract from the cruelty of it.

In order to demonstrate this point even more drastically, you promised to send me a copy of The Deer Park, with an enthusiastic inscription. I hate to remind you of it, but I have to because I want to have the book--and the inscription.

After this poetic reiteration (European literature is notable for its use of emphatic stress), I will just reiterate also that it was wonderful meeting you and talking to you. Let's do it again soon.

Please do let me hear from you.

Cordially,



Frederick J. Hacker, M. D.

FJH:dm

P.S. Will send you in exchange some TAROCK cards, the real ones i.e. the Vianore

always the right one. It's a mess. In fact, it's the secret reason there are so few novelists who can really do it and stay alive doing it.

I had to laugh at that story you wrote of the fellow to whom I recommended that he give up writing and take up boxing. It amuses me because there's no truth to it. Guys are always telling stories about meetings with me which never took place. For instance, a friend of mine told me how once at a party a fellow came up to her and told her that he'd had the following dialogue with me. He'd said I ^{was a} second-rate writer and a fifth-rate philosopher, at which point I'd hauled off and thrown a punch at him which he'd easily ducked, and he then said, and a sixth-rate boxer. Naturally I'd never met that guy either. What I'd like to do is meet up with these guys on a night when they're feeling wrong and I'm feeling right.

Ed, keep working on this. It's really exciting to take the gamble you're taking, and I think it's going to go. As I've said from time to time, make sure you send it to me when you're done. I do want to look at it.

Cheers,

Norman

Dr. Robert Lindner
907 Latrobe Building
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

August 10, 1955

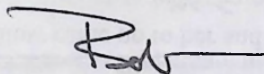
Dear Norman,

I have been hoping to hear from you about whether the book is at last out of the way, and what your plans are. Will you please let me know where you will be for the next few weeks.

I write this hastily because we are in the midst of all sorts of things connected with the moving on Monday. The play, by the way, is off -- the "author" turned in a ghastly job and so another one of my projects has fallen on its rump.

I am most anxious to learn how things are with you and hope you will find the time soon to drop me a note.

Love to both of you from all of us,



Mr. Norman Mailer
320 East 55 Street
New York, New York

Dear Dick,

I go through the bends writing blurbs, but this I guess is the nearest I can come to an evaluation which will serve for you without gushing all over the place. If your publishers wish to cut it, that's all right with me, but I'd like them to show the rare courtesy of indicating how and where they're going to make the cuts. Incidentally, I'd recommend to you that you do that for everyone whose blurb you get because it creates good will and the opposite causes a quiet rancor to build in people who begin as your champion. For purposes of passing it around, I'll put the blurb on another page.

Hope all is well.

Cheers, love,

Norman

P.S. When I speak of their cutting what I say, I naturally

don't mean to take the blurb and pull out of it "a great book." It seemed to me that the shading and the plus and minus evaluation would create more interest in a reader since in effect I'm inviting him to make up his own mind than if I just came out with straight pluses. But if there's any trouble with the blurb, as I say, we can try to reshape it to a more all-around satisfaction.

[Blurb]

Dr. Robert Lindner
907 Latrobe Building
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

May 6, 1955

Dear Norman,

I'm leaving for Los Angeles on Tuesday. I'll be there until the 15th at the Beverly-Wilshire, then I'm going on to Palm Springs for a couple of days rest, returning to Baltimore on the 19th.

Meanwhile, I've been frantically active. But nothing has panned out. The column fell through -- I was told that if I didn't want to write the kind of thing they originally requested (a "Tommy jerks off - what should I do" business) they're bowing out. So that's it -- and while I'm somewhat disappointed, I'm trying to feel it's for the best.

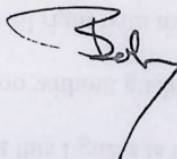
At the same time I've been active re-writing the lectures. When I return from L.A., I'll be putting all my time in on the lectures, revising them for January publication.

If you want me to see anyone in L.A., call me Monday night. I'm leaving early Tuesday.

I miss you like hell and hope you will arrange to get here before you leave for the Coast in June. The chances of our getting a vacation this year are slim -- in order to pay for the new house and to get settled in it, I'll have to forego a summer rest. Hence the couple days in Palm Springs.

Write to me!

Yours,



getting together.

Cheers,

Norman

75-32

To Helen Gurley Brown, Editor, *Cosmopolitan*

[Yale Hill]

[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

May 13, 1975

Dear Helen,

You write a good strong letter so I'm going to answer you in kind, and as frankly.

Interviews have never been agreeable to me because they always take much longer than you think they will and so no matter what one's paid for them, and one's never paid enough, they always take more time than a normal magazine piece would. I do them once in a while because the interviewer is a friend or I like the questions. On this one, I must tell you that the questions weren't agreeable, in fact they irritated me. I've always hated the question which takes 1% out of the interviewer and 99% out of the

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

P 557

December 27, 1954

Dear Norman:

I had hoped by now to have some word from New York so that I could make definite plans about coming up. I want to let you know, since I feel that you are very likely holding off your skiing vacation until you hear from me, and I am sorry I can't tell you exactly when I'll be there. I'll call or wire as soon as they tell me.

I continue to be fascinated with your Journal and hope that you will send me pieces of it from time to time. As I wrote the other day, parts of it are utterly brilliant, but I certainly wish you knew more about things like "death instinct", psychoanalysis, etc. Despite your amazing penetration, there are large gaps in some of the academic groundwork which render some of the things you have to say invalid, or at least just pretty-sounding rather than profound. They could be the latter with only a small amount of effort on your part. You realise, of course, that I am not speaking of pedantry, but merely of groundwork or background, so that your poetic insights will have strong roots. I am still fascinated by your saint-psychopath equation and its significance. Also, the material on music -- coming from you with your former pretensions about tone deafness -- ~~is~~ great.

I am returning also here the first three pages of the original manuscript of DEERPARK. I can only say that I am glad that you abandoned this in favor of the book you did write. By the way, if there is an extra manuscript of DEERPARK lying around, I would love to have it -- if not to keep, at least for a few weeks.

You'll hear from me very soon, and meanwhile, much love,

Bob

Mr. Norman Mailer
320 East 55 Street
New York, New York

73-12

To Elia Kazan

~~[Yale Hill]~~

Stockbridge, Mass.

August 3, 1973

Dear Gadge,

I know what you mean about the bond. I remember the first time we met I wanted to hate you because of political predispositions and had the sinking, feeling "Oh shit, I like this guy." Anyway, I'm up in Stockbridge. I live here most of the year now and if you're ever in the area, for godsakes let me know. My phone is Li3 - 298—38. [. . .]

If you get a chance to read *Marilyn* I hope you'll enjoy it. Arthur is livid over my portrayal of him. I must be innocent for I was surprised at his reaction.

See you soon, I hope.

Cheers

Norman

3
this distortion.

Are you still working on the Journal?
If you are, and you are not sending
it to me, I'd like to know why. You
wrote & spoke vaguely of "two reasons."
I think you're lying, because I can't
think of any "reasons" why you should
demand the return of the manuscript &
fail to send me more. There is some-
where in this inter-personal fracas of
the past few months a corruption,
Norman. I wonder which of us has
a stain on his soul - or do we
both have one?

Yours,
Boly

P.S. - I'll be at the Ben Franklin
Hotel in Phila.

mystical remark, unless we simplify it down to the notion that good work can become an end in and of itself. If you have a taste for karma you can then be certain the reward will be found by way of one existence or another and if there is no karma at least we end up with the dignity of good shoemakers, not everybody rates that.

Regards to your wife and family.

Norman

73-28

To Norman Rosten

~~Yale Hill~~

~~Stockbridge, Mass.~~

August 17, 1973

Dear Norman,

Your humor is so beautiful that I've finally lost the point where I know when you're putting me on. Can't be that you were serious about putting on the gloves for a TV show between us? Step out of your self, my boy and see it from my point of view. If I dominate you while boxing or even worse hurt you, my publicity will reek—"Bully Boy Mailer Bludgeons Underpaid

binding on all the action - I will take from now on. Until recently, there was the feeling of latitude - the choices I made were never really total, I was committed only like a tramp to his most recent flop. But now, somehow, where I put my head matters, for there it will lie forever. At least this is the climate of my thought when I think of myself.

And I have to make choices these days. I have to decide what I am going to do, where I'm going, literally - what I want to be.

Right now, as I write this, I have the clear, almost painful perception of a contemptuous smile on your face, Norman. Your anxious condescension - which in anyone else I would find intolerable - communicates itself to me + stirs a weird brew of anger + - yes - pity. Anger because from where you sit your regard of me is so distorted; and pity for the delusion you hold as a result of

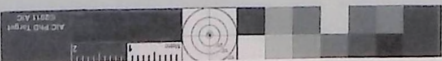
Writer Eight Years His Senior.,” On the other hand, if you ever make me look bad what have I left but Hara-K^{Kiri}~~Kiri~~ India? What I suspect is that you’re so furious at me that you want to hit ^em and you want to do it fairly. Fair enough. You’re hereby invited to come up to Maine for a visit where I’ll be for the next four weeks or to Stockbridge and we can put on the gloves and box as long as you want. I love boxing. I’m an old club fighter. I get mad when they miss.

As for the rest, I’m glad you set me straight on the ^{Pear}~~Parr~~ show and I think that the friends who advise you to attack me stink. What the fuck is going on anyway? Look, old boy, I don’t know your gripe. I tried months ago to get you on *Cavett*. They didn’t want to do it. In turn, I got into that shit storm ^[Maurice] with Zolotow. I needed all the TV time I had to defend myself. Believe me, I’ve not been trying to shut out your book. Can’t you recognize that the mere fact ~~that~~ of my book, with the attention it’s drawn to *Marilyn*, is going to multiply interest in your paperback. People who aren’t going to put up the twenty dollars for my tome will now take a look at ^{(I.H.I.) Marilyn: of Marilyn Monroe} ~~the Untold Story~~ on the racks and when they do they’re likely to buy it. Surely you can recognize that is the fundamental publicity of them all. As for more money, I think two-fifty was fair, as indeed I’ve already told you but if you’re still unhappy about it, why don’t you call Harold Roth at Grosett & Dunlap, 689-9200.

↑
check

Dear Norman:

I have been very lonely for
you & hope you can meet me in
Philadelphia next week. I am going
there around 5:30 on Friday night,
and expect for taking part in some
half-and-half on Saturday noon
have nothing special to do.
It is not good for America to
be regarded as being 'very poor' day
can get along without and still -
just life is never so good.
I have just written some lines
my reason in London. Perhaps you
have known this - but if you have,
then I am disappointed that you've
not said so and tried to help.
I have more reason, perhaps
because there are for me the chances
year, all the events and aspects of
my life have gathered like water to
make a large creek of a river that
turns over me. I have a increased
feeling - as if all my decision
were one direction, immediate, and



For all I know, he may increase it a bit. But that, at any rate, is up to you. I invite you to a duel with Head skiis at six paces.

Norman

73-18

To Philip Nobile, *Esquire*

~~[Yale Hill]~~

~~Stockbridge, Mass.~~

September 20, 1973

Dear Mr. Nobile,

I'm trying to catch up with back mail so this will not be discursive but

bing, bing, bing, to the point.

[Robert]

Silvers works, I believe, on the premise that feuds, or at any rate literary

feuds, dissolve in time and so without making a great deal of it, he had

invited me every now and then to do something for the *New York Review*,

once specifically I remember he wanted me to do a review of *El Topo*.

Finally, with *Last Tango in Paris* I agreed after seeing the film. Silvers and I

have been perfectly ready to talk with one another over the past several years

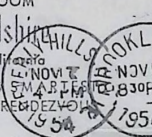
at cocktail parties and besides I've come to the grudging conclusion that

JS-1

BRAZILIAN ROOM

Beverly Wilshire
Beverly Hills, California

THE SOUTHLAND'S SMARTEST
DANCING, COCKTAIL RENDEZVOUS



Leaving for Vegas
tomorrow. Love
both of you
Bob & Joanne

Norman & Adele Mader
128 WILLOW ST.
Brooklyn Hotel

Brooklyn, New York

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL JUNGHANS

willy-nilly the *New York Review* was the best literary magazine around, or at least the most interesting for someone like myself so I don't think Bob had to twist my arm very hard. Since they also do a fine job editorially, full of cooperation without ever leaning—the exact opposite of my experience at *Esquire*, as you can perhaps testify by now—I did not hesitate to offer them a part of *Marilyn*. As for being “together again”, my name is not likely to appear in the *Review* that often. Not from animus however, so much as that I simply can't afford to get sidetracked much longer ^{from} the novel I hope to pick up again and criticism can often catch me up for a surprising amount of times.

Sincerely,

Norma Mailer

Please!

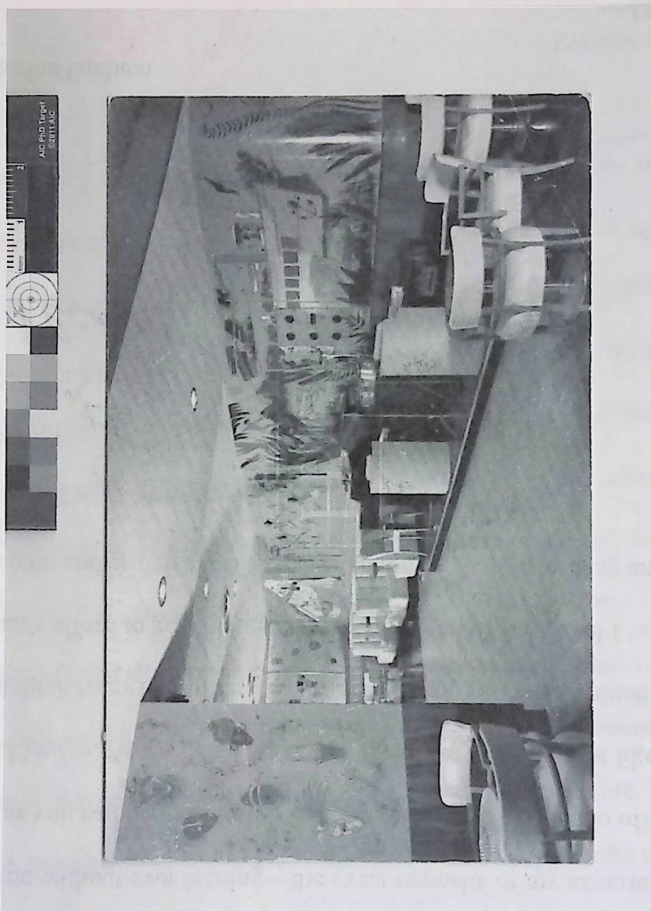
73-22

To Katharine Graham

~~[Yale Hill]~~

~~[Stockbridge, Mass.]~~

October 27, 1973



To Frank Crowther

[Yale Hill]

[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

January 17, 1974

Dear Frank,

74-14 cut

Once again just a note answer your letter which was enjoyable as hell to read, but I'm in of those omnibus bags I get into every time I pick up correspondence, since I'm always 50 to 100 brief replies back from where I ought to be so can hardly return in kind some of the little pleasures you pass on by way of the envelope. I will say in passing I was stuck with Elaine [Kaufman] using you as a go-between to get me back in her graces. Shit, I made it perfectly clear to her that all she has to do is apologize to me and the kid and everything will be cool again. She knows she acted badly and when I wrote once and told her that in response to a feeler from her she wrote back and scribbled across the face of the letter "Mr. Boring." Which of course is exactly my own private view of myself, you know how things are. No, fact is she's a cross between a sow and a mule and won't face into the unpleasant reality that she acted very badly indeed, including giving the story to Earl Wilson on the following day. So don't work too hard at patching it with her because I think the way I feel now I'd rather help some friends to start a

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

October 8, 1954

Dear Norman,

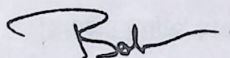
I am hurrying to answer your letter so that you will receive it when you arrive in Arkansas.

Look, pal, as much as I want to see you, and as eagerly as I have been awaiting your homecoming, I am going to have to tell you to stay away from Baltimore until I get back from California. This has nothing to do with your having violated parole: it is simply because I am in a dreadful and continuous stew with work, and if you come down even for one night, it is going to throw me off the rails when my only hope lies in staying on them continuously. Also, when you're here I like to be alert and not distracted -- which I will certainly be the rest of this month. The situation is pretty serious. I am committed for five lectures in Los Angeles, each of which should run to about an hour and a half, and they have to be written before the 27th of October, since I go to Philadelphia that night to speak at some meetings, and then return just in time to pick up my bags and catch the plane on Saturday, October 30th for Los Angeles.

I have completed one of the lectures and am only half-way through the second, and time is running out on me. My working day for two weeks now has averaged about nineteen hours. You would think that during a few of them I could make some progress with my writing, but I haven't been able to get moving at all, and the thing goes slowly and painfully. I have always been an exceptionally slow writer, but this beats the limit. If I get 1,000 words a day on paper, I rejoice, but most of the time I suffer mental constipation and can hardly squeeze out a paragraph after pounding my duff for hours and hours.

I know you will understand this, Norman. However, I hope that you can make arrangements to come down just as soon as we return from Los Angeles. We'll be back in Baltimore on the 12th of November. Let's plan now for you to come down for a long weekend during the week after we arrive home. Let's make this definite. Inform me by a card or somehow as soon as you receive this letter that you do understand why I am asking you to postpone your visit, and confirm my suggestion of the week after November 12th.

Love,



Mr. Norman Mailor
% Gwaltney
1929 Caldwell Street
Conway, Arkansas

restaurant and ruin her.

Now and again I get to New York for more than a day or two at a time and when that happens I'll look forward to our meeting for a drink, some food, or whatever. Hope your skin is getting back into the notion that the proper attitude for skin is to be domicile, ^{man} ~~man~~. And keep working on that book. You are pissing away a fine style with your good letters.

Cheers,

Norman

74-15

To Richard Poirier

~~[Yale Hill]~~

~~[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]~~ ✓

February 2, 1974

Dear Dick,

I happened to come across a piece by you in the *Listener*, Nov. 8th, titled "Norman Mailer's Necessary Mess," and was impressed with the fact that we are beginning to share the same vice. You to, dear Richard, are beginning to repeat yourself. You too are getting sloppy. I refer—how my vanity is

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Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

September 22, 1954

Oh Man ---

What a mistake!

A million pardons -- two million... From now on I'll stick to Yiddish.

Of course the picture is you -- it even shows your chronic need of a haircut. But, Norman, Bombito Macho, let not your new-found heroic instinct betray you into a horn up your ass.

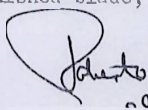
California is definitely set up. We leave on October 30th, will be in L.A. one week (three public lectures, two seminars and lots of martinis -- also one press interview, one cockball party, and whatever I can forage from the bleak and hungry countryside bordering on the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel.). On the way back, we plan to spend three or four days in Las Vegas. (P.S. send me, pronto, the famous Mailer formula for confounding the gaming table). Here I shall rest from my Hollywood labors.

Any chance, comrade, of you and the Queen of First Avenue coming along? joining us somewhere?

If I didn't feel already shattered by your reaction to that word (which, by the way, and quite seriously, has another and quite endearing connotation) I'd like to go to the mat with you -- here and now -- on two small matters: first, the self-winding man; second, what you call my mystique of totalitarianism. The Deutscher symposium was, as you say, stimulating but, in my thought, superficial. Trouble with it (and everything like it) is that it neglects the third dimension of history. You, yourself, oh fighter of the bulls, gave me confirmation of this in your enthusiasm for the Herling book, which documents so much of what I've written.

The piece on Reisman -- I hope you've done the job that's been begging so long. His fancy and, for the most part, half-assed sociology should be ripped wide open. It has sour roots in Prussian idealism, rationalistic psychology, and a latter-day humanism with vague eastern-ethical prophetic-evangelistic sources. (Whew! what a semantic mish-mash!) Mark me, pal, it's a lot of lie-down-and-take-it faggotry. In short, chicken-shit -- and it takes no one no place.

Listern, waver of the cape, how about either stopping by on your way north, or dumping your baggage in N.Y. and chasing down here at once? It will be too long to wait to see you till after our return from the Coast. And, anyhow, I hope to have my lectures written (please God) by then and would like to have your criticisms. Meanwhile, oh welder of the bright and blood-burnished blade, a word of gracious forgiveness from you to


R. Lindner

75-1

To Cybill Shepherd

[Yale Hill]

[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

February 18, 1975

Dear Cybill,

You said in your letter to me that I gave you a kind look as I was leaving, and I'm glad if I did because I like you and have always understood why Peter is in love with you. In truth, you're a marvelous creation and for the best of reasons. Which is that you are always yourself. A small and disappointing compliment to someone your age, but 20 years from now if you happen to think of what I've said you'll understand it better because the story of everyone who begins as themselves (and there are not so many when all is said) is that they spend most of the years of their life falling in danger of losing that fine quality of being just themselves, and can look back afterward with the recognition that they succeeded or failed in keeping themselves intact, and can even measure what happened to them by that guide.

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March 20, 1954

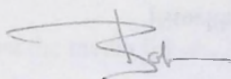
Dear Norman,

We are all very anxious to see you on Thursday. And hope nothing interferes with your plans to visit.

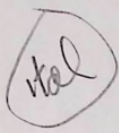
I have even provided myself with a deck of Tarot and am looking forward to being instructed in the ancient art as well as matching you drink for drink after you get here.

The best way to come is to follow route 40 through Baltimore and do not leave it until, at the other side of town (after it has again become a dual highway) you come to a light and a sign at Ingleside Avenue. Here you make a left-hand turn and stay on Ingleside (which changes to Bloomsbury) until you can go no further. You will then make a sharp right-hand turn onto S. Rolling Road. Our house will be about 1/4 of a mile from the place at which you turned, on the right, # 409.

Yours,



Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York -3, New York


 Having thus constructed this high and pontifical bridge merely to assure you that the compliment was of inestimable value, let me also tell you that I liked your performance in Daisy Miller and liked a great deal of the movie, particularly the sense of history. Peter has a superb sense ^{of} nuance when dealing with period. He recovers whole pieces of the past. Still I thought there was something wrong with the movie and I couldn't say what. Maybe the fault goes back to James. The picture didn't have as much power over me as it should have, and I don't know quite why. If I had been a critic, I would have given it a mixed review. It's odd, I usually know what I like or don't like in a film. Anyway, we will probably all have a chance to talk about it when you're in New York again, so let's look forward to a drink on that.

Cheers,

Norman

P.S. The picture of me in the ice-cream suit was nice, but wait till you see the photos in the second issue. What the media lift up, they cast down. On that we can count.

Dr. Robert Lindner
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March 3, 1954

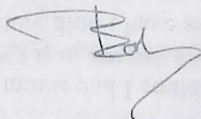
Dear Norman,

I am hastening to answer your letter since I want you to get it before you leave on your trip. Unfortunately, I am going to be in New York next week to deliver the book -- which is at last finished, preface and all. The likelihood of returning after the 16th and before the Passover weekend in April -- when all of us are coming to New York but will be tied up with family -- is very small. May I, therefore, suggest this. After you return, why don't you and Adele come down over any weekend you choose. There is an awful lot to talk about and now that my book is out of the way I think I can feel freer in mind to discuss a number of things with you we never got a chance at last time.

As for staying with you when I come to New York, you can be sure that the only consideration would be our wish not to interfere with your schedule. We will certainly do this as soon as feasible since I am anxious to meet your friends.

Meanwhile, try to come down as soon as you get back from your trip, which I hope is a pleasant vacation.

Yours,



Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York -3, New York

RL:jb

me that Dandy, the second of my daughters—Susie we all know is 24—is now actually 17, and Maggie, the youngest, is 3. God: Moos and Louie were here just a little while ago, and yet it was before Maggie was even conceived.

You're right, we must get together before too long. Let another ten or twenty years go by and we won't have nearly as much to say to one another, and that'll be a loss. For I think we could have some fun. I'll make you my bottom offer. If you'll move to the Mediterranean, I'll make a point of taking a trip to Europe with ⁱⁿ the six months, and will put aside a few days to go off motoring, drinking, whatever, with or without wives and athletic teams. ✓

That last, incidentally, is getting to be the bane of my arithmetical existence. I don't speak of my sons and what they may yet cost me in allowances, but of the Mailer obsession with the power of getting rich quick, particularly its application to what we in America call "stats," i.e., statistics. One of my earliest childhood memories is of Barney ^{pouring} pouring over long columns of figures with his pencil. At the time we thought he was doing an honest day's accounting for an honest day's wage. Now I know he was figuring up the records of various athletes in order to see who was bound to turn in the best performance of the week, and therefore which team he should plunge all our hard-earned on. Now you're doing it with chartism. I ✓

Dr. Robert Lindner
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Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

January 25, 1954

Dear Norman,

You left an awful lot of affection for you around here when you went, which you'll have to come back to collect soon.

Your letter was swell and will be helpful. I've already re-edited the murder piece according to your suggestions and in spare time will go on. Meanwhile, there's one more story to be added to the book, which I hope to get started on tomorrow.

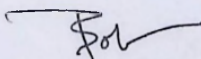
As for your book, you already know what I think -- When you finish this draft I feel you'll have a major work ready for completion. Perhaps it was not quite proper for me to do so, but in talking by telephone with Ted Amussen last Friday, I told him how enthused I was about "Deer Park". Since reading it, moreover, I have been thinking further and will probably have a lot more to talk with you about it when we meet again. By the way, I do want you to know that both Johnnie and I were impressed by the way you take both positive and negative criticism. It's most refreshing and rare to find someone whose back doesn't rise at the suggestion that his product may not be perfect. Hold on to that, Norman.

I hope you've enjoyed your trip to Canada. We were thinking of you during the big snow here last week.

Perhaps I'll be seeing you soon. I intended to come to N.Y. for a weekend this month, but now I'd like to put it off until the next story is finished. But I have to go to Albany for a hearing on the new medical practices bill, and also have a panel discussion scheduled in N.Y. soon. What I'd like, however, is just to come up without having to run to meetings and appointments and have some fun.

Write soon, Norman, and meanwhile take the affectionate regards of all of us here.

Yours,



operate a species of chartism myself by trying to study professional football teams. I've felt that eleven football players ought to be more mechanical and more predictable than ^{one} on horse. Seriously, ^I had a notion that they were a species of cybernetic mechanism, half human, half machine, and might obey certain laws as an organism. In other words, certain teams might exhibit all sorts of behavior for alternation, others for consistency after winning streaks followed by losing streaks, and so on, you know what I mean of course. ✓

Stocks act the same damn way. And I've kept records on this, and have an assistant who spends much of her time doing nothing else but, and all I ever do is lose money on the damn thing. So there's you being wiped out by Watergate, me being wiped out by Watergate, Dad being wiped out by all the Watergates before there was a Watergate. Only Louie knows how to do it, bless him.

Say, when you get a chance, tell Louie how much I loved his and Moos' visit four years ago. It was the worst of times for me, since Beverly and I had just gone kaput. And yet their visit was filled with so many pleasant details and first-rate moments. They're each so articulate in their own way. I really have sentiment for both. So say hello for me, would you Basil? And pass on if you can my feeling for them, which I've never been able to do directly. And let's hoist a cup in anticipation of one day or another our

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
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Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

January 2, 1954

Dear Norman,

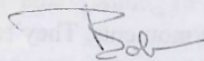
Either weekend you suggest will be fine with us. My schedule is a rather regular one. I see patients every day but usually finish early on Saturday afternoons. On Friday mornings I visit the prisons, and if you want to do that on this trip, I would suggest that you come down on Thursday afternoon or evening. The only thing that I have on the schedule for the next couple of weeks is a dinner at a friend's house here in Baltimore on the night of the ninth -- and if you are here then there would certainly be no problem for you to come along with us.

Please let me know either by letter or wire which weekend you choose to come. I am looking forward to your visit with a great amount of eagerness and hope to spend many hours with you talking about things that concern both of us.

Since you are driving, I would recommend that you come directly to my office which can be reached most easily. The road from New York is a very simple one -- you merely follow the Turnpike to the Delaware bridge, cross it and go south along Route 40 until you hit Baltimore city. You then follow the same route to Cathedral Street, turn right onto Cathedral till Read, turn right on Read for one block and on the corner of Charles and Read you will see the Latrobe Building which is where I have my office. It should take you approximately $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours or 4 at the outside from the beginning of the turnpike.

Anxious to see you and delighted that you are coming. Merely say when.

Warmly,



Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York -3, New York

corrected
1/30/07
162

Norman

P.S. Is there a reason (like weak rock) why no rock climbers ever seem to tackle Monument Mountain's face?

P.P.S. If you can^e to, send *The Time of His Time* to ^{Dr.} ~~D.~~ Robert Lucid, Dept. of English, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa. ✓

76-1

To Ken Kesey

[142 Columbia Heights] ✓

[Brooklyn, New York]

May 12, 1976

Dear Ken,

It's my luck that the first favor you ask of me is the one I say no to. But let me confess—I always had animadversion to [Timothy] Leary. There's a strain of Jewish or Hebrew puritanism in the very back of my head, and he brought it out. It was the mixture of his exceptionally elegant looks—the best-looking man since John Barrymore—and the lower entropies of his language. I used to watch kids leaching out the little salt they had, listening to him. I suppose I was in tune with everything in him that was worst, just as

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The CA Psychological Inventory

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To Lillian Hellman [hand written draft]

[Yale Hill]

[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

Monday, July 14, [1975]

Dear Lillian

I don't have any hope for this letter, but ~~I have enough respect for our~~
~~friendship to make one more attempt.~~ What I'm writing it is for you
 alone. ~~Not only and~~ It's not to be circulated. In fact, I'd be happier if you
 destroyed this page or two after a couple of days.

Lillian, you are misreading what I wrote said to Poirier and that makes
 me unhappy. It was willful misreading. I said wrote to him that my letter lost
 any chance of encouraging you to drop the suit because he was egging you
 on. I didn't say he encouraged you to bring the suit in the first place. Come
 on! You're always slamming the ball into the corner where your opponent
 ain't, point and set, which Dash used to do, but I think he was a little better
 at reading the facts straight. Who cares that you went to California fifteen
 minutes after telling your lawyers to go ~~[???~~] ahead, and so never spoke to
 him then. My letter referred to a period two months after that. You're not
 going to tell me that you and Richard had no conversation at all about my

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Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

December 14, 1953

Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York -3, New York

Dear Norman:

I am as eager as you to get together but find it practically impossible to plan a trip to New York within the foreseeable future.

Can you arrange to get down here for as long as you can stay anytime at your convenience? We would be delighted to have you for the Christmas holidays, or over the New Year's weekend or, indeed, any time at all. There is so much to talk about. Please think about this and let me know. There is no reason why you can't bring your work with you. I have a very quiet and comfortable study at home which would be placed entirely at your disposal. I can't offer you much of a social life, but there are some things to do.

I am terribly eager to see your book and delighted that you are so close to the finish. I, too, am in that paradoxically unenviable position with only one more chapter to go on my new one. This chapter is called "Parnassus Prone" and is a study of a writer.

Your fascination with prison is not unexpected. There has never been a really good novel written on that theme. The book by Webb -- which I saw in manuscript some years ago when the author was an inmate -- lacks the tragic substance and particularly the expansive power the theme demands. I should think that you alone, of all the modern writers I know, have the necessary empathic temperament and skill to do a book of this kind. If you decide to come down here, I think I could arrange to take you into some of the prisons I go to as consultant and also to let you participate with me in interviewing both male and female prisoners. This is rather obvious bait, which I am increasing by sending you, under separate cover, a copy of STORE WALLS.

As ever,



~~check~~ letter in the Times, and his letter ~~where to the Times~~ reflects no ~~exchange~~
~~agreed upon~~ shade of opinion ~~[agreed ??]~~ between shared by the two of you. ✓

Look, Lil, I was damn annoyed at Poirier because his attack on my letter was personal—just what Mary McCarthy had done to you. ~~This~~ The attack was minor compared to her's, but ~~it was~~ equally unnecessary—there was plenty of room to ~~attaek~~ go at my letter objectively—he didn't have to drag in woman's lib ~~after all~~, and call me a sexist. ~~Shades of Gore Vidal. Ugh.~~ Besides, Ugh. Richard, for all his formidable virtues, ~~intense ?? and not to~~ mention his and powerful critical mind ~~is an~~ ^{gratified} ~~??tuned~~ asshole. Tell me, he isn't. ~~What arrogance, what righteousness, what ?? pity.~~ ✓ ~~check~~

The key to what I had to say was practical. Mary was way out of line, and her attack was outrageous. Gore Vidal once, ~~in writing~~, compared me to Charles Manson, said I hate women, was fixed on murder and violence, and through as a writer. He repeated it ~~on every opportunity~~ verbally and in print for years. ~~So~~ I attacked him physically when we met. I could do it again if he repeats it. I'm sure if you and Mary had been men, you would have pounded ~~him~~ ^{him} ~~??~~. Since that is out of the question, you are suing her. ✓ ~~check~~

It's that I object to. ~~Vidal~~ Mary hurt herself by trying to savage ~~my~~ your work. ~~, hurt himself with discriminating readers. So did Mary.~~ Suing her may have been an effective expression of your outrage, but I honestly

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July 1, 1953

Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York, New York

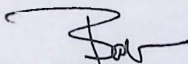
Dear Norman:

I have been putting off writing to you for many weeks due to a combination of overwork, fatigue, and the general senselessness of the entire world situation. In the past few days I have begun to come out of this somewhat, and I feel slightly more humanoid. I do want to thank you for your advice about the New Leader -- which I took -- and also to inquire about the progress of THE DEER PARK.

I am having a lot of trouble with my new book but none of it serious. I merely have to discard a section which I was extremely interested in writing, which I had half written, and which contains the best work I have ever done. I will tell you more about this when we meet. By the way, Ted Amussen, the new Editor-in-chief at Rinehart, is due here this afternoon for a conference about this book and other writing plans.

I have to be brief today, but I want to suggest very strongly that you try to get down here for a visit with us before the end of July, or -- better still -- that you absolutely count on spending some time at our summer place during the month of August on Long Island. I think I told you something about it. It is accessible by train or car from New York, is completely perfect in every respect for a vacation, and we would, of course, greatly enjoy having you come there for as long as you would like to stay. Write to me soon and let me know if you can definitely plan on this. We arrive there on the first of August and remain until the first of September. Any or all of this time in between will find you welcome.

Yours,



Robert Lindner

believe ~~as your friend~~ that you gain everything if you drop the suit now. Mary has been scared, you've been vindicated—by the feeling even among people who are not your champions ~~of your stature~~ that Mary McCarthy was ~~totally~~ way out of line, and you will save yourself the ugly portrait you will otherwise leave behind ~~of yourself~~ if you succeed in bankrupting Mary McCarthy her with legal costs. ~~It's not going to~~ It will not enrich the admiration of future generations that an author named Mary McCarthy lost her house paying for a ~~she Mary McCarthy ???~~ against a rich author her legal fees defending a lawsuit brought by a famous playwright, Lillian Hellman, who could afford to sue her. I know you're terrible at arithmetic but consider: you've gained 9/10 of your public read ?? already, and but you'll pay twice the value of the stink ?? if you go on. Public opinion is going to will turn against you. You may say: I don't care about public opinion. I say" Bullshit. You would have ignored McCarthy's attack if you didn't care and very much.

Lillian, I'm sure you don't care about want my opinion any more, or have fortified yourself to the point where you're fairly certain you don't care, but I'm going to tell you something I tell you this anyway. I've never been ~~close to~~ Mary McCarthy, and so far as I know she doesn't like me personally. and ??? it's years since I've read one of her books, not since *The*

DR. ROBERT LINDNER
LATROBE APARTMENTS
BALTIMORE 2, MARYLAND
SARATOGA 0690

February 5, 1953

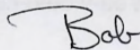
Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York City, New York

Dear Norman:

I find I made a mistake in my last letter to you. The program I wrote about is to be held on the 12th of March.

I will try to see you before then.

Cordially,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Bob".

Robert Lindner

RL:jb

~~Group:~~ Whereas you and I have had our special friendship for years and I think there has been love in it for both of us. But I tell you that I will lose respect for you if you keep on with this suit, because it's going to be punitive from here on. ^{sheer} ~~and~~ done for the sheer sake of administering economic punishment to others and I find that ugly. It speaks of the cruelties people assume to keep themselves alive as they get old. Need I say more? I find that ugly. Keep on with the law suit and you will end as a Hubbard in one of you own plays.

Fearfully,

Norman

75-13

To Peter Bogdanovich

mt. vernon
[Maine]

August 8, 1975

Dear Peter,

Well, here I am up in Maine and learning to kayak. The watershed between people who learn and those who don't is whether you can do something called an Eskimo roll. If you kayak tips over (not too hard to do),

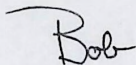
Mr. Norman Mailer

- 2 -

energy. Unlike you, I can only write about nine hours a week -- at the outside -- and for many reasons even this short time has not been available to me for the past many weeks. Also, I find that the prefatory essays I have submitted to my agent so far are completely off the beam. They have turned out to be nothing like I designed them, and so I think that much of the work I've done in the past couple of months needs to be re-done.

If I don't manage to call you Friday, the thirteenth, it will be because I had to go to New Haven rather than spend that day in New York. And if I don't call you, I will hope to hear from you soon.

Warmly,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Bob", with a stylized, looping flourish above the letters.

Robert Lindner

RL:jb

Enclosures (2)

you are then able, by some deft and mysterious stroke of the paddle underwater or toward the surface of the water, I can't quite get it straight, to come up again in a full roll. The Eskimos used to spend their lives learning how to do it, and then went out into the Bering Straits and God know where else. And even many of them couldn't do it, so a secondary form called the Eskimo rescue was invented, where the nearest Eskimo would direct his boat to the overturned kayak and the fellow who was below waters would grab onto the prow of the other and right himself. Then, fiberglass came along. Hulls are now designed so everybody is able to do the Eskimo roll. Or, let us say, something like a third or a half of all people who take up the kayak are able to end up able to do it. The signature of my summer—will I learn to do an Eskimo roll before I go back to Stockbridge? The odds, I may say, are about four to one against me. Most good kayakers look like elongated versions of jockeys.

Besides athletic life, literary life consists of writing a long preface, 20,000 words, to an anthology I will make of Henry Miller's work. When the project was first suggested, ah, fine, he's a great writer. Now discover to my surprise that he may be even better than I thought he was. The work is enjoyable except that Miller may not be my kind of writer, at least not for

DR. ROBERT LINDNER
LATROBE APARTMENTS
BALTIMORE 2, MARYLAND
SARATOGA 0690

February 3, 1953

Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York City, New York

Dear Norman:

I purposely put off answering your letter until I could be sure you returned from your skiing holiday. I must admit that I was also very envious -- until some years ago skiing was my favorite occupation.

I expect to be in New York shortly and will very definitely want to see you. On the night of February 12th my book will be discussed on the "Author Meets the Critic" program, and if I can remain over the following day, I will call you. The reason I can't be more definite is that I have to lecture at Yale around that time, and it may be that I will go directly to New Haven after the television program.

In the event that I don't see you soon I want to send you the enclosed which my secretary, Jeanne, copied for you from some material I have been reading recently. de Sade is a favorite among psychoanalysts, but I think he has been very poorly used by them. He has been grossly underestimated as a philosopher -- a fault which has been corrected to some extent only recently and in very obscure philosophical journals. On the other hand, the English have always had a great respect for de Sade: they have not allowed themselves to be distracted from their appreciation of his thinking by the lurid sex aura that has traditionally surrounded his name.

I can well appreciate the difficulty you must be having with your book, but it certainly sounds immensely exciting, and I hope one day you'll let me read it. My own work has been suffering lately from a combination of personal and accidental circumstances that deprive me both of time and

me as a critic. It's hard to find that middle ground between adulation and irritation which makes for the ironies of criticism.

On the topics in your letter, I think we're not far apart. I'm prepared to wait on the fight movie. As you say, I'm not even sure I'm interested. It's possible I could do an outline as my contribution, although as Muhammad Ali once said, there's no such thing as an easy fight. The easy fights always become the hard fights.

An American Dream: no reason why I shouldn't wait a few months. Since the book has not been put on the market again I don't think anything will be hurt if you want to wait to think about it. There's always the remote possibility that someone will approach Scott [Meredith] with a serious offer, but I doubt it. Naturally, I'll get in touch with you instantly. If you end up doing *An American Dream* I'll be excited. Indeed I'll even try to prevail on you to have Cybill [Shepherd] do Cherry—as though you had never considered it. For the first time I met Cybill, I was startled how she fulfilled my mind's idea of what Cherry might look like. Of course she hardly had green circles of exhaustion in the shadows of her eyes, but so much the other thing—that confidence of the American girl so much a major form of innocence itself. Someone like Cherry can do anything, live with anyone, and still look like she may not necessarily have left that small town. I was

✓ Which is OK

~~check
not in
letter
didn't
change~~

OK

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

March 2, 1953

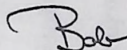
Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York City, New York

Dear Norman:

I have to be in New York on the night of March 12th to defend Rx on the "Author Meets the Critic" television program. I hope to remain in the city for the rest of that weekend, and will of course want to see you. Do you want to meet me, say, for lunch on Friday, the 13th? We can meet anywhere -- and at any time you suggest. So far as I know, my wife and I will be staying at the Hotel Vanderbilt on Park and 34th.

Please let me know if this suits you. I look forward eagerly to seeing you at last.

Warmly,



Robert Lindner

RL:jb

looking forward incidentally to calling Cybill in New York and maybe having dinner with her, but never got out of Stockbridge. Then we went to Maine. I hope her movie went well. I remember she seemed not altogether happy with the director that afternoon, and I can't imagine anything worse for someone of Cybill's quality than to work for six or eight weeks with a man she can't stand.

If you wish, show *La-Bas* to Orson [Wells] when you see him again. I agree it's hardly the sort of thing he'd want to do—why ever get into something like that at this point in his career?—but he might have quick insight into how to make it better, or approach the problem of the horror. I could use that. Truth, I'd be delighted to have him read it in any case just for fun.

Finally, I look forward to seeing *At Long Last Love* in the new version. Maybe you have found your equivalent of *The Deer Park*. I never gave that novel up. Twelve years after ~~it~~^{it} came out I was still working on the adaptation for off-Broadway. I think it finally left my system fifteen years after I began it. Be assured that if I like your baby more I'll say so and give a few words. But the likelihood is that while I will like it more, I may not be so delighted that I overflow into eighteen or thirty-eight golden lines of praise. And to do a review makes me hesitate, not because I'm afraid it

DR. ROBERT LINDNER
LATROBE APARTMENTS
BALTIMORE 2, MARYLAND
SARATOGA 0690

December 29, 1952

Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York City, New York

Dear Norman:

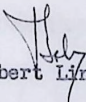
I was in New York the weekend before Xmas and called you twice in the hope we could get together for a meal or an evening -- but there was no answer, and then I got tied up in other obligations. So we'll have to put off our personal meeting.

What I wanted to talk to you about was Barbary Shore, and the new book I'm doing, Come Over, Red Rover. About the former, I can only write that after the first 110 pages it became one of the most exciting and valuable reading experiences I have had in recent years. Once the pieces fell into place (and I think, paranthetically, they could have done so sooner than they did) I found myself caught up and entranced. I don't know what the reviewers said about this book -- but it is my feeling it makes your Naked and the Dead look like the inept fumbling of an amateur. This is not to say that I agree with your thinking, Norman, because I don't -- I find your formulations and propositions too easy -- I think you show a serious lack of understanding (curiously not so much in N & D as here) of human motivation -- and I think your entire purview is distorted to one side. Nevertheless, the whole composition is a masterly performance and marks you, in my opinion, as one of the few novelists to be taken seriously. It increases my desire to get to know you. There is an exchange possible here that could, if we are wise, enrich both of us.

Right now I am writing a book of psychoanalytic "tales", each preceded by an essay giving some of my thoughts and opinions on half-a-dozen matters. The first story is that of my psychoanalysis, some years ago, of a Party member, the second of a leader of one of the native fascist parties on the West Coast when we went into the war, the third of a murderer, etc. When we get together, we'll talk about them.

Write when you get a chance. There is some likelihood that I'll be coming to New York again before the end of January. This time I'll arrange to let you know beforehand and we'll make a definite date.

My best to you,


Robert Lindner

RL:jb

mystery, but I'd really rather wait until you're here, and the function of this letter is only to

—tell you that if I haven't written it's not because I don't love you and think of you often, and kick myself in the ass (albeit gently) when I forget your birthday. The truth of the matter is I didn't forget it. I knew perfectly well it was your birthday. I just couldn't go through the heavy maneuvers of sending you a telegram or flowers or a notification of the fact that your birthday had been duely celebrated in your absence by us up in Maine. It all seemed so mechanical that I just let it go by and thought, well, if Sue's mad at me I'll make it up to her later. Anyway, darling, I'm looking forward very much to our going skiing together once you get over the shock that I've been using your skis and will have to readjust the bindings for you and they'll never fit as well again. However, cheer up, I have ^a tiny pair of skis which will be just right for you, and they have adjustable bindings which are famous for their malleability.

Listen, kid, I really miss you, and if I weren't so punch-drunk I'd throw out a metaphor or two to let you know in what high esteem you are held by your white-haired dad. God save the mark. If I should sound stupider than I used to, it may be that attrition is getting to me. God, I find it harder to write my twenty-five letters every few weeks every time. The sweetness of high

P.S. Send me a copy of *Barbary Shore*. You refer to it in your letter, but I never read it. By the way, I'm doing a book now of which the first section is devoted to a discussion of Marxism and the psychoanalysis I made of a party member not long ago.

R.L.

intelligence seems to be departing. Oh well, I can console myself with the fact that I was kind of stupid when I wrote *The Naked and the Dead*.

Hey

Hay love, how long are you going to be up north? I really would like to ✓

content myself with the thought that it'll be more than just a few days, and there'll be time for you to meet a few people up here and settle in a little and have some fun in New York and maybe in Stockbridge. The kids are all fine, and Dandy, who's now up at Bowdoin and studying Latin—do you believe

that!—and of course having a terrible time with it, talks of you often and can hardly wait for your visit. I suppose you are the nearest kindred soul with whom she can contemplate the horrors of a Freshman year.

Hope your love life stays interesting, stimulating, and not too cataclysmic for the next few months, at least until you get here!

Love, baby,

Dad

75-19

To Gordon N. Ray

Suggsheim

Franklin

[Yale Hill]

[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

November 24, 1952

Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York, City, New York

Dear Norman (the way you close your letter permits this):

I was very glad to hear from you about your impressions of Rx, but I wish you had written when—as you say—you were more passionate about this book. As it stands now, I can hardly make out your meaning. You raise hell with me in one place for being too ambitious in this book, and in another for not committing myself to absolute statements on the nature of our society and my position on every social matter conceivable. As to the latter, either you're a poor reader or I'm a lousy writer—for I believe my attitudes on all of these matters are absolutely clear and unequivocal. Certainly, they are very much like yours—but in my case not (I think) founded on faith.

To answer your statement that I am wiring of things of which I have no knowledge—this I must deny. My reading and study have been, I suspect, about the same or more extensive than yours, and if you will inquire among mutual friends (I'm sure we have many) you will learn of my participation since 1932 in every progressive movement on the record short of the Party. But, of course, this is an absurdity—your throwing one book at me, and I shouting “I read it and this one, too.” [“ in letter] The point is that I've honestly made a deep study of the matters I've written about and my decision to reject Marxism (among other things) was determined by knowledge and whatever uses of reason I've been capable of.

You have made a major point when you object to the way in which I handle the two chapters on theory of history. I am not speaking of your dismissal of the worth of this theory because of the brevity of treatment—we both know that length and validity are not independent. That brevity, however, was determined by the fact that I had to present the theory—to me it seems intrinsic to my purpose in the book—but avoid turning my book into a study of history. In the condensation, however, I made enough mistakes of presentation to justify your criticism.

My pique with you, Norman, comes from your easy dismissal of the prescriptive part of the book. You burn me up when you compare these pages with Liebman's Peace of tripe. I think what you want from me here is the substitution of propositions and proposals lifted from the body of what I am convinced is half-assed social theory and grafted onto or in to the personalities of men and their social structures. I can't do this that you seem to want of me because I'm convinced against these items as solutions—and to me they are the unpsychologic formulas my prescriptive ingredients appear to you.

There's lots and lots more to say. I'll wait for a further note from you or, lacking that, my next visit to New York. I get there every month or [of] so and will be coming up soon. You can be sure I am eager to talk about all of this and moiré with you. As you write, there are not many of us and the few we are should be particularly hard and demanding on each other. If we are going to make of ourselves any kind of instrument for tomorrow, the refining process has to be done by us or else it will be done to us.

Best wishes,

Robert Lindner

RL:jb

December 4, 1975

Dear Mr. Ray,

Since I find it impossible to make comparative judgments between Ingrid Bengis ^{and} Seymour Krim, I think it is best to write about them in their contrasts, for they are altogether different as writers, and the best service I can perform for each is to give the Guggenheim Committee some ideas of why I consider them far apart as artists, and so clarify the choice.

Seymour Krim is, of course, a well-known figure in American letters, and indeed I wrote a foreword to his collection *Views of a Nearsighted Cannoneer*. He is an immensely fertile and enthusiastic writer whose prose vibrates with energy, ululates, pullulates, overflows, overwhelms, irritates, and always stimulates. He can string sentences good as pearls next to vulgarisms old as chains of garlic. He is in good taste one moment and wretched the next—he is, in some fundamental sense, removed from taste, even as Jack Kerouac was removed from style and so had a powerhouse of a style. So Krim has a sense of the American pulse which is not necessarily matched by anyone, and has as a result influenced hordes of young writers, including—I would bet one hat—Tom Wolfe the New Journalist, plus Richard Goldstein, plus any number of new talents writing in the magazines today. Krim is obsessed with the undefinability of American life: he was in

out what Lindner is saying, his idea of rebellion is the same as our idea of adjustment. We, too, want people to be spontaneous, healthy, constructive, tense, critical, etc. etc."

There's no getting around it. If you are really a rebel, and you really preach rebellion you've got to end up with something a little more startling and unpalatable than "let's try to improve the level of school teachers."

Moreover, I resented the ambitiousness of your book. A theory of history if it is to be something other than cocktail party talk must be more than grandiloquent and confined to twenty pages; an attack on Marxism if it is to be other than fashionable has to be a little bit more precise than (I quote approximately) "his economic theories have long been disproved." How have they been disproved? By whom? By what economic data? If you're going to be truly serious and truly ambitious, you owe it to yourself to study economics, and to be able to disprove a book like *Das Kapital* concretely and not condescendingly.

I consider myself to be a rebel and a radical, an anti-communist radical who believes that both the Soviet Union and the United States are both driven by insoluble economic problems toward war, a war which may destroy civilization—I tried to express those ideas in my last book, *Barbary Shore*. Since I consider myself neither a True Believer, "proletarianized" nor "adjusted", I must say that you alienate a very large part of your small audience when you make attacks so clumsily on Marx and company, that I really wonder whether you have read *Das Kapital*, whether you're familiar with the tragic history of the Russian Revolution, have grappled with the kind of things [Wilhelm] Reich engaged in [his 1936 study] *The Sexual Revolution*, or if your ideas on revolution as opposed to rebellion come from no higher source than Philip Wylie or someone like him. I will add in case you may think that this is only in response to my Marxist fanaticism that I was terribly disappointed in your book long before you got around to disposing of Father Karl.

I don't pretend to know all the answers, or to be less pompous, I'm not asking you to write the kind of book which will accord exactly with every one of my ideas as they exist at this moment. What I do ask is that you be truly serious, and that you keep to what you know, and that when you attack, you know what you are talking about because it comes from your experience and your study. Many years ago I worked in a mental hospital for about a week—I could stand it no longer—and I was very excited about what you had to say about methods of treating the insane, for at the time I was horrified by the callousness of the doctors, and the roaring brutality of such therapy as the hydro baths. I assumed that my reactions of disgust and horror were perhaps misplaced for I knew so little about the subject and was so inadequate for the job of an attendant. In your chapter on how psychotics are treated, I was able to learn something, and something well worth-while—you gave an important confirmation and extension to my experience, you taught me something. And the reason was there you knew what you were talking about both by experience and study. [. . .]

Most of all, what I would like to do, is argue and discuss with you sometime. Do you ever get to New York? My phone number is SP 7-3572, and my address is 41 First Avenue. Perhaps we can get together, and perhaps we can learn something from each other. There are very few of us, and therefore we must be very critical of one another, and more than good in our actions and words.

Yours warmly,

Norman Mailer

fact one of the first of us, maybe the first, to dramatize our reality—which is that we would live without a definition of reality.

Now his new book sounds ambitious to me and just the sort of book he should have been writing all his life for there is not a page of his prose which does not breathe the size and enthusiasm of his ambition. If he was ever ready for a magnum opus he must be now, and if he succeeds in accomplishing what he has in mind, our literature will be wealthier for the result.

Ingrid Bengis is another kind of writer and personality. She is young, quiet, deep, skillful, and scrupulously careful about the development of her themes. That care is paradoxically present in her resolute refusal to sketch a plot in the outline she presents because the plot has not yet come to exist in her mind. As Krim works from the outside in, drawing the American experience in upon him in order to explode it forth, so Ingrid Bengis develops her aesthetic sense of experience within herself and then only when it has been brought to some development nearly equal to consummation does she bring it forth. Her theme in the novel she suggests is one which has intrigued me all my writing life. It is a theme worthy of Henry James, but there! that is the quality I sense in her work. She is still young but a sensibility comparable to James may be developing.

To Robert Lindner

41 First Avenue, New York, NY
November 18, 1952

Dear Dr. Lindner,

I wish I had been able to write you a long letter on your book at the time I finished it a month ago (unfortunately I was pretty much caught up in the business of finishing a first draft of my own) for the ideas and criticisms I had about *Prescription for Rebellion* were far more sharp and for that matter passionate than they are now. But the thing which is most important is to write to you, because I think you've written a bad book, and I think it's a thundering pity when so much of what you have to say has not been said, and should be said in the very best way.

First of all, I think I'm very angry at you. I read the first fifty pages or so with quite a bit of excitement, and I had the feeling that here at last was an analyst who had the courage to attack everything that I have found most dispiriting in psychoanalysis: to wit, almost exactly as you say, that this most radical body of new information has been perverted into a kind of sophisticated pater familias, and that the body of therapy moved in exactly the wrong direction. I suppose what I hoped for among other things, was a detailed analysis of all the problems of therapy, and how they would be treated concretely in an analysis which was concerned with rebellion rather than adjustment. Instead I think you deserted what was the bedrock of your book and went off on a series of rather fantastic excursions, so at the end one has found in three hundred pages, a summation of psychoanalytical schools, a theory of history (in twenty pages) a prescription for the world's ills, a singularly bombastic attack on Marxism, a call to action which must apologize for its penury, and pages and pages of—to be brutally frank—the sort of exhortative prose that one associates with such books as *Peace of Mind*. The worst of all is that when you are done, I for one had no idea at all of what one is supposed to rebel against. It's all very well to talk about the limiting triangle, but rebellion as a way of life consists of choosing a thousand courses, each for something specific. How one can speak of rebellion without speaking of society is utterly beyond my comprehension. For example, one must finally believe that American society is either capable or not capable of continuing to function, or think that the optimum society for man must be equalitarian and libertarian (my conception of socialism) or that such distinctions and such goals are ill-founded. One must feel that a society which warps, corrupts and 'adjusts' its members must either be destroyed, or to the contrary modified.

To be a rebel without ever posing these problems, is like being an analyst without studying Freud. I was a little aghast that a book which calls itself *Prescription for Rebellion* and fulminates against adjustment, never attempts to give more than a few passing epiphrasms to the society which demands adjustment. It seems to me that you come out by the same door as all the adjustment analysts. "Arise ye wretched of the earth—you have nothing to lose but your toilet training. Let me make this clearer. What is your rebel's view toward marriage? Toward sex? Toward family? Toward capitalism? Toward society? Toward war? Toward all the terrible and very definite problems of such things as Korea, the defense of the West, etc. etc. I don't ask that you write a political or a sexual treatise, but I wonder why there is no window in your view which includes such matters. I don't even know how you can differentiate yourself from so many of the analysts I know, intelligent liberal men, whom you would claim promulgate the adjustment fallacy. It seems to me they would be quite justified in saying, "So far as I can make

Donna Lennon

From: Mike [jmlennon1@charter.net]
Sent: Thursday, November 03, 2016 2:22 PM
To: Donna Lennon
Subject: Fwd: NM-RL letters

Sent from my iPad

Begin forwarded message:

From: Susan Mailer <mailersusan@gmail.com>
Date: November 1, 2016 at 6:07:13 PM EDT
To: Mike <jmlennon1@charter.net>
Subject: NM-RL letters

Hey Mike,

Here is a first selection of the letters between the two.

✓ = already typed
OK - NM-RL Nov. 18th, 1952

OK RL-NM Nov. 24th, 1952 Their first epistolary encounter

OK - NM-RL April 15th, 1953 They met and enjoyed it very much. Norman talks of Bernard ie Barney.

OK - NM-RL Feb. 16, 1954

OK RL-NM Feb 23, 1954

OK - NM-RL Feb. 26, 1954 There is an interesting flow of information in these three letters.

OK RL-NM June 7, 1954 Shows RL as a therapist, sure of himself.

OK NM-RL June 12, 1954

Three letters which might be included. To think about

OK - RL-NM 32 Macajiu 4159 (Jewish year. talks about his ailments of the LIP)

OK - NM-RL July 16th answer to that letter

OK RL-NM July 20th, 1954

OK - NM-RL August 19th, 1954 answer to that letter. Not in the SL book

OK RL-NM Sept 15th, 1954

Then come the letters when the Journal is underway.

OK NM-RL Nov 29, 1954 p. 182 in SL

OK RI-NM Dec 7, 1954

OK - NM-RL Dec 20th, 1954 (some notes from the Journal)

OK - NM-RL Dec 31, 1954 In SL, p. 186

OK - NM-RL Jan 20, 1955 more on the Journal

OK RL-NM Jan 27, 1955. Answer about the Journal

OK RL-NM Feb. 3, 1955 short not

OK RL-NM March 14th, 1955 Talks about NM's anger-paranoia.

I think there's a small confusion between us. Your letter of February 13 seems to suggest that I'm going to review Mr. Miller's book. Not so. I did however read it, and enjoyed it, and you're welcome to the following quote from me if you care to use it.

"No one loves the play of words and the clash of resources in our language so much as Henry Miller. What a pleasure to go on a ride through his prose. He can be so funny it's heaven, and always telling the truth."

Please give my regards to Mr. Miller and tell him that the only criticism I have with *Insomnia* is that it wasn't long enough. I felt like reading on for hours more.

Yours sincerely,

Norman Mailer

74-4

To Richard Goodwin

[Yale Hill]

[Stoekbridge, Massachusetts]

March 4, 1974

00

OK RL-NM March 15th. RL is angry and NM is paranoid
OK RL-NM March 29th, 1955. The manuscript is sent.

And by this time the Journal is done. NM is working on DP

NM sends two short letters April 22, 25th 1955 talking about the pleasure of meeting with RL

Then June 3, 1955 NM-RL

One handwritten letter RL-NM, no date, but most probably sometime after the summer of 1955. He knows he is dying. Poignant letter.

And the final letter dated RL-NM Jan 13, 1956. Very sad.

I'm not sure how many pages we are talking about and also not sure whether all should be included. But my thinking was to have more, so we could take out. If you need some of NM's letters let me know. Perhaps I can scan them to you, which would make it very difficult for you to read since they are already not clear.

Hope Donna had a great birthday.

Sue

RL letters 14

WM Hard Copy 7

WM from Letter Bk. 7

was advancing. In any case they allowed the paper to drift in the direction it would take and that became the strength of the *Voice*.

2. Wolf and I are still friends, not as close as once we were but I still respect him and hope he'll be about to say the same for me.
3. I think is answered by 1., as is 4.

Your P.S.—I can say that I've had several things in the *Voice* since I left, but could hardly locate them at this moment. If you show a copy of the *Presidential Papers* and *Cannibals and Christians* to Dan Wolf, I think he could point out to you three or four pieces in those collections which were printed originally in the *Voice*.

Sincerely,

Norman Mailer

74-18

[Yale Hill]

[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

February 26, 1974

Dear Iris Moses,

1996

- 1-15 Dinner Tina Brown, S. Rushdie
- 1-17 Picasso lecture Harvard Club
- (1-21) arrive P-Town
- 1-25 WCM work on Eliz screenplay
- 2-5 Chubb's lecture - Yale

Fred + Nancy, Mady + Jack
several dinners

By (3-10) back in NYC

3-16 Kate's play

3-17 Mike Mailer B-Day Elaine's

3-24 J. Malaguan B-Day surprise
party 501 E. 87th

3-30 Matt's film at Lincoln Center

4-1 P. Alison reading

4-4 Schill for dinner

4-5 Malaguan's clan for dinner

4-14 Jean Stein lunch

4-15 Hans + Friedl dinner

4-16 Jody Miller party

4-19 Andover lecture

Back to P-Town (4-21)

4-24 NM to D.C. 2 days

4-30 Dinner Ann Moses, O'Malley's

OVER

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MR. JOHN M LENNON
MRS. DONNA P LENNON
7 FORSYTHIA LN
WESTPORT MA 02790-2628

1996

(2)
5-11 TO NYE
5-12 Fishers dinner
5-13 Abercrombie
5-15 Pat Kennedy + Dotson
Tavern on the Green

5-16 Sue + Marco
5-18 Steve Miller play
5-19 family dinner

5-21 Stratton dinner
5-23 Mr Davis surgery
5-24 Fishers Indochine

Nem to Arkansko by 5/28
6-3 Exec. Bd. Actors Studio
6-4 Paris Review benefit
6-6 Fishers Russian consulate

(6-7) TO P-Town
6-8 Terrence Malick
6-15 Marty + Jack Hall
6-17 Wapnermans
6-22 Shainberg + Vivian
7-4 Dick + Doris, Fishers
7-13 Hurricane Bertha
7-15 Sue + Marco
7-20 Al W's Show
M. family arrives

Under some circumstances, "he was the bravest of men. A million Englishmen like him had died crossing the trenches in the First War. He was without fear in disaster. Only institutions made him craven." "Archie was properly pukka" p. 51

After Archie leaves, "it was the first time she realized that she was married to a stranger, an Englishman from South Africa, "the strangest Jew I ever met," her father had said once gently, and this curious imperious man whose thoughts were forever mysterious/to her, had sat dutifully by the side of her bed, offering as much intimacy as a visiting specialist." Pp. 58-59

Young Merrill is called Stephen, a facsimile of Archie's father, Ivan, p. 59

Year is set as 1922 p. 60

"Not for nothing was Archie the son of a man who traveled in steerage and wore spats" p. 65

"If Archie had a snob's abasement before the inflexible routine of the world, he had also a king's disdain for its rules; Jennie saw every Protestant and Catholic (she discriminated little between them) as a hooded assassin carrying a cross—this, 1922, a year of the Ku Klux Klan—she was convinced they would kill her and all that was hers if the lid was lifted." "She was doomed, she knew, to be a monarch in her family and a small little woman in the world. P.65

They live in Red Creek, New Jersey, baby born in Marstairs County Hospital "She wanted a warrior to come out of her. Who knows what spirits she appealed to in the sweet dreams and nightmares of pregnancy. The ghost of Alexander the Great would have been her first choice, no doubt., but that prince if he had the power to influence embryos must be vastly over solicited, and doubtless would pass Jenny altogether by. Machiavelli might have been/ called to in Archie's sleep" "Victoria's England lasted late in South Africa. One could make a list of their heroes. Jenny prayed to Moses, to Solomon (her child must be the brightest who ever lived) to King David and Judah Maccabees, to the Baal Shem Tov and the Vilna Gaon, the Abraham Lincoln, Maimonides and Thomas Jefferson (because he had freed his own slaves), to the first Baron Rothschild and Disraeli, to Galileo because he defied the Church, and to Sampson who was finally incorruptible.

Archie prayed not that much, but in quiet vanity his dreams searched through high places. General Kitchener was one of his favorites, Marshal Haig was another—Archie could be a fool. General Hamilton of Gallipoli was much to his taste, but out of favor. Archie did think of Napoleon, and Admiral Nelson and/Sir Walter Scott. He had a secret respect for Jack the Ripper, he was fond of Sir Walter Raleigh, and Charlemagne mixed with Alfred the Great at the edge of his historical vision, but for truth Beau Brummel was the name to whom he called most in his dreams.

If anyone responded, it was Baudelaire no doubt, ill-used by eternity, his death exhausted before his going. Marx might have stirred and given a heavy sigh—so many Jews were calling to him." goes on to Will Shakespeare and Marquis de Sade. All of these and /Christopher Marlowe (who



January 31, 2011

J. Michael Lennon
7 Forsythia Lane
Westport, MA 02657

This letter is to confirm your assignment for the College of Graduate and Professional Studies and School of Education for the **Spring Semester 2011**.

<u>Course Section</u>	<u>Course Name</u>	<u>Compensation</u>
CW 514	Drafting	\$1,600.00

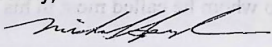
Please know that you are responsible to the department chairperson/director. Your responsibilities include the instruction of the above referenced class and completion of all required paperwork and grade submission. It is understood that you agree to fulfill all duties and responsibilities in accordance with the policies and procedures of Wilkes University. The University reserves the right to cancel any class prior to its start date. Should this be a necessary action, we will make every attempt to notify you of the cancellation in a most timely fashion.

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Paychecks are issued on a semi-monthly basis throughout the respective semester (the 15th and last working day of the month). If you are not currently enrolled in direct deposit and wish to do so, please forward a voided check from your financial institution along with the completed Authorization for Direct Deposit form to the Human Resources Department.

If this is your first experience at Wilkes University, we welcome you to the Wilkes family. If you are a returning Adjunct Faculty, we extend a warm welcome back.

Sincerely,


Michael Speziale, Dean
College of Graduate and Professional Studies
and Dean of the School of Education

had wild hair, like NM) too had caused Stephen Merrill to turn in the womb. / "An embryo which senses itself racked by monstrous disproportions hesitates to emerge." Pp. 67-69

"And his feeding was so intent. It was more than that. It was the first meeting of the distinct separate branches of his nature, it was their war one upon the other, and he was tense as a horse in a gallop." P. 70

"his desires would have gained some high ground [while nursing] , would be superior thereafter to the restraints of order" p. 71

Jenny recalls a couple, wife 15 years older than husband, making love loudly as she lay in bed on the second floor of her father's summer hotel, six months pregnant. P. 76

p. 77 the baby must have felt, heard, those cries

p. 78 Quotes himself from NAD: "If there is a god, he sure is a son-of-a-bitch"

p. 79 refers to baby Stephen as "Marlowe"

p. 79a Jenny: "She worshipped her father, she adored her son, she grew in time to tolerate her husband. Poor man. One could feel sorry for him if his mother had not spoiled him already, and left his heart suitable to burn its small flame for his daughter (who arrives later in this narrative).

"Later, years later, Jenny would remark bitterly that her husband had more loyalty to any stranger he met in a bar than to his own family, and of course that was true. Archie was a gentleman; he would never have considered being unkind to anyone he did not know." p. 79b

"Archie's lack of jealousy" for his father in law: "Joseph Fisher was the rarest of patriarchs. He was a gentle man, unsuccessful at business, utterly without instincts for business, since unsuccessful is not the proper word—he did not die penniless after all" p. 79b

Joseph Fisher "had no sense of the yeast-like properties of money." His store: "a combination of grocery, fruit store and kosher meat, and out of those small stores, small fortunes were built" p. 79c

"Thrift was practiced, avidity was groomed, no possible penny ever rolled out the door."

"Joseph Fisher, the father of one son and four daughters, never had a grasp of this at all" (compressing pennies into dollars)

"the father had a disgraceful habit of slipping some of the profits back to the poor." p. 79d

Joseph's wife: "Yes, snorted the mother, "some day they will pay. When the Messiah comes, that's when they'll pay."

Magical droppings

by ANTHONY BURGESS

ANCIENT EVENINGS

by Norman Mailer
Macmillan £9.95

THESE is one ancient evening in particular, spent 3,000 years ago at the court of Ramses IX. It is the Night of the Pig, a rare occasion for the violating of taboos and speaking out freely: even Isis, Osiris and Horus may be mocked. Presiding over a select dinner party is the Pharaoh himself; his guests are Menenhetet II, an old man of great experience in war, policy and magic; Menenhetet's grand-daughter, the beautiful and seductive Hathertis, and her husband and son.

The husband, a somewhat dim and timorous personage, is the Overseer of the Royal Cosmetic Box, not so much of a pleasure as it sounds, since the Pharaoh's amplexus is a reflection of, and an influence on, the condition of the Egypt he rules. The son, who is only six, is familiarly named Men-Ka, but his full name is Menenhetet II, and he dies and is mummified before the novel properly starts. We meet him in the prologue in the person of his Ka, one of his seven doubles or shadows, and it is his Ka that remembers the evening in full detail and recounts its events with great and sometimes wearisome exactitude.

Ramses IX is a charming monarch, but he is not a good one. He is aware of a fatal inability to control the state: there is corruption in the Ministries, and there is even a workers' strike caused by failure to deliver corn supplies. His worthlessness as a monarch will be definitively shown by the failure of the Nile to flood. Already there are hints of a coming palace revolution. On this night of plain speaking he demands to know from old Menenhetet something of the secret of the strength of his ancestor Ramses II, whom, in a former life 180 years before, Menenhetet served as a charioteer, an army general and governor of the harem. We learn, at epic length, of the battle of Kadesh which broke

ties; we learn too that the murderous intrigues of the seraglio make war seem like a game for children.

We learn, in these 709 large pages, a great number of things. Most of all we learn how much Egyptology Mailer has learned in the past 10 years. Gold mining, magical ceremonies, priests and eunuchs and concubines, the moods of the Nile, crocodiles, the character of Queen Nefertiti and her son Amen-khep-shu-ef — the whole of ancient Egypt is set before us, complete with its odours and its sexual ecstasies, these two last being given about equal billing. And the secret of power, which the book is chiefly about? This lies in magic, and magic is essentially control of the lower human functions. In a word, magic is anal.

The anus is here sometimes called the ass or the asshole. This is a pity. The word should be arse, which has an ancient ancestry, whereas ass is an Americanism of puritanic provenance. A pity because a novel about ancient Egypt must not sound as though it is written by an American, and this is the only verbal area where Mailer's careful stylistic neutrality breaks down. It is the most difficult thing in the world for the speaker of a new language to mimic an old one, and Mailer has, for the most part, done admirably. Never (except for ass and, I would say, cock) is there a breath of anachronism, but the timelessness of the narrative idiom, avoiding slang, Freudianisms, and various forms of hindsight knowingness, inevitably bores a little until it flares into lurid life with cannibalism and buggery.

in the Sixties when, in its heterosexual form, it appeared in the early pages of 'An American Dream.' Writing about life in prison, Mailer presented homosexual buggery as a technique of conquest and humiliation. In Ancient Evenings, you sodomise the enemy to probe the caves of his strength. Ramses IX sees Egypt as looking like the crack between the globes of the buttocks. Egypt is fertile because of Nile mud, and mud is a form of faeces. Old Menenhetet has, to the shock of the court, eaten bat-droppings in order to learn about magic. Khepera, that greatest of the gods, is a dung-beetle; the Land of the Dead is his, and in it you must face the worst of fecal odours in order to achieve a passage to the next life. The arse of the Pharaoh excretes magical droppings into a Golden Bowl (now Mailer, who knows his Henry James, must have worried about that appellation). The sorcery of the anal passage is the source of power.

Clearly, Mailer has not spent 10 difficult years on a difficult book in order to demonstrate his skill, not previously disclosed, as a writer of historical fiction. (If I can achieve a second, or third, reading of 'Ancient Evenings,' I may be prepared to name it as the best reconstruction of an ancient world since Flaubert's *Salammbo*.) But Mailer does not want that kind of praise. His concern is with the modern world, with the psychic problems of modern America above all, and he considers that these problems may find a solution through an understanding of the repressed areas of sexuality, with the reality of magic. Our own rationality has failed. Here, he seems to say, is a complex civilisation of high achievement based on the irrational, on the radial power of a magic whose centre is both decay and resurrection.

He justifies himself with --

the power of the
Arvan Hit

"It was the daughters. They were all good, all four. They were bright, they were clean, they worked/ hard, they rarely fought with one another, they were unselfish. They were even cultured to a small degree." All took piano lessons.

538.7 NM's mail received and censored in Bellevue, November- December 1960

11/25, postmark, from Gary Adamson, Columbia, Mo fan

12/ 5, from N. Ray (Robinson connection)

12/4, Burwell, Waterbury, CT, marked in NM's handwriting, ans

12/5, Jack Gelber, NYC "what can I say? No matter what happens let me know what I can do." ans

11/28, Michelle Abramowitz, NYC fan ans

11/21, Diana Trilling, NYC, written to say she was sorry to miss party ans

11/20, Angus Wilson, NYC ans written before arrest

11/24, William D. Loehr, a schizophrenic commiserating, not answered

11/25, Richard Stern, Chicago, ans says he thinks NM's way of going about things is "more dangerous" than his way

11/29, Ellen Merritt, telegram: "I still am"

11/30, Jack Steinbach, NYC ans a fan

12/5, Joan, NYC, ans, seems unaware of his problem

11/28, Steve Szabo, NYC, ans army buddy

11/27, Mickey Knox, NYC ans "Got word that you were ok and not wanting. Adele is up and around part of the time. She expects to leave for home in a few days—Joan has been spending much time with her—she's alright (both shes). I'll try and see you the first chance it could be made—you haven't missed anything—the biggest news is Kennedy's wife having a baby. So, you could imagine how slow things are. Will write soon again. Love, Mick

11/24, Howard Fertig, NYC ans "This is a poor substitute for seeing you—and that's rather difficult to do, it seems."

11/26, Joan Betay [Mickey's wife, Adele's sister] ans addressed to "Ward 02" "Please forgive me. I still love you. Please let me always be your friend. Love, Joanie"

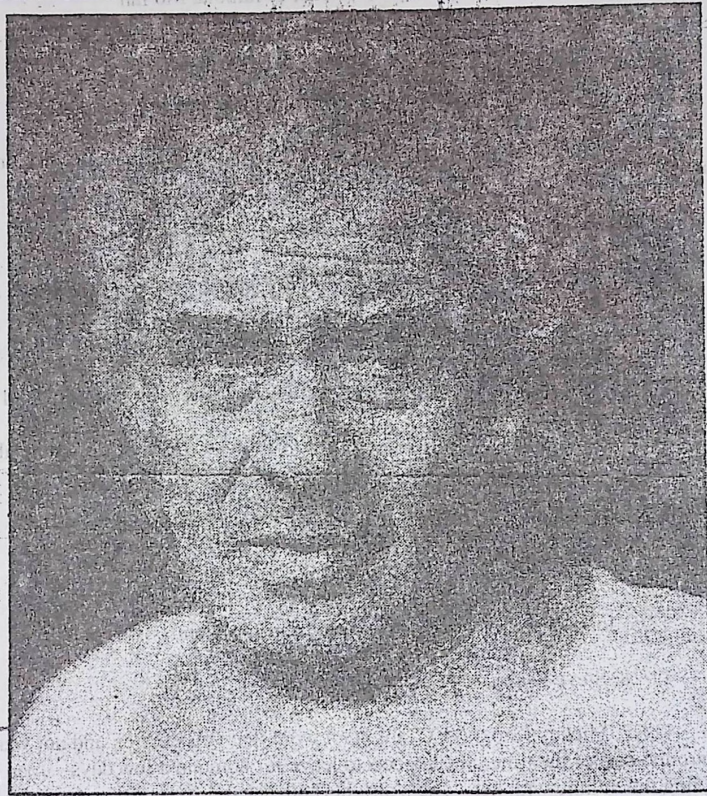
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OBSERVER REVIEW/ BOOKS

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MICHAEL BRENNAN

Mailor : ' The best reconstruction of an ancient world since " Salammbô " ' ?

Good and Evil,' in which the poet, always a dangerous thinker, expresses his belief in the evocation of spirits and ends by asserting 'that the borders of our mind are ever shifting, and that many minds can flow into one another, as it were, and create or reveal a single mind . . . and that our memories are part of one great memory, the memory of Nature herself.' Mailor finds his spirits in the gods of Egypt and the power of intercourse between minds in the Egyptian doctrines of death. He also finds, in his imagined world of a post-Mosaic Pha-

obsessions. Six times married, the father of four sons and six daughters, he is fascinated by the sin of Sodom, which is no idle perversion but a source of salt and fire. Strange that, nearly 10 years ago, some of us could believe that Mailor was working on a great chronicle of exodus and diaspora. Egypt has proved to be no house of bondage for him but the terrain of the release of his fantasies.

In America this novel — which, whatever its intermittent unreadability, makes the fictional products of our own

don't think it has been well understood. Give it a few years and, like Thomas Fynchon's equally misunderstood 'Gray-ity's Rainbow,' it may well appear as one of the great works of contemporary mythopoeists. It certainly gives us a new look up the anus.

On the only occasion on which I met Mailor—at one of Panna Grady's literally fabulous New York parties (literally because the big modern sources of fable were there—Lowell, Warhol, Ginsberg et al)—he said: 'Burgess, your last book was

Kodak Color Control Patches

Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3 Color Black

Was a market
 I'm interested in the price
 of kosher meat wholesale
 & retail (roughly) - 10 cents
 lb wholesale - best retail
 was 25¢.

\$150 a week gross receipt
 in winter.

\$40 net a week in winter

In summer gross - 30,000 to
 40,000 a year

net - \$3000 ?

sold to hotels at very small margin
 shocket - kosher ~~to~~ slaughter

Grandpa killed the chickens
 but refused to kill cattle.

In winter market was a loss,

so net income was \$2000

to \$3000 a year "the profit
 was often in notes"

Grandpa's emigration: how with sisters? Clarify.
Household duties ^{besides} for all the girls, Rose & Fanny
Potter girls. ^{especially,}

◆ If Feigle is doing for Fanny, what is for ^{working} Janey?
Rivulet by Beely
Rivulet for Rose + Beely?

Washing the bottles for the wine. What says?
Why did they have to be washed for 3 days running?
\$2.00 a hundred bottles
1. Wash them with soap
2. Fill with water
3. Three days washing in four outlets
Some portraits of the Gentiles in town.

Did the furniture come with the Morris Ave house.
Were there any pictures you remember. What
pictures did we have in the house?

More detail on 3 houses on Morris Ave. I'm not clear.
Also where did Grandpa get the energy to
convert into a forty room hotel. Where was the
extra cash coming from?

Where was Aunt Dan's apt. in Brooklyn, the
first time you visited.

First meeting with Dad. Did you write
to each other before meeting. What were his letters
about?

Kodak Color Print

What is a Prince Albert suit? What did
it cost for the tailor to come? \$40 for each suit.

What is mandlen? How do you make mandlen?
How can you make it a week ahead of time?

Recipe for 100 lbs of gefillte fish.

What do several rabbis do at a wedding.

Grandpa with ^{HRC} guests - some descendants
of his topics of conversation. ^{Business} ~~say~~ P:10

What is mission furniture?
^{Dark oak (Spanish?)}

How was Lena's husband mean to her

Chronology - marriages, deaths, moves.
businesses, etc.

Passover in detail - 2nd night a little boring.

Sarah Kovars' life

Simon Glaser's attitude to grandpa

Yiddish vocabulary (100 words for household
objects.)

Several typed and hand-written drafts of 50+ pages each.

Sheaf of nine pages, typed.

Novel, typed at top of first page, followed by "Marion Faye is the secret heart of a Sinatra"

Handwritten pp. 53-61 with notation at top: "Barb—type this the last of all if you have time" The pages are the same as the typed ones described above in 31.5 Unrealized Epic novel. It is a continuation of the Denise-Sergius story with Faye arriving at Sergius's pad after two years in jail. Faye is now half gay. The hand-written sheaf is followed by the typed version.

All the pieces ordered for duplication in 31.5 are also in 31.7.

begin with NM Sept. 1912

52.9 (1963) notes on Fisher novel:

"Have Annie get a translation of all the ritual prayers including elimination"

"any colony living in an enliferment which is merely a functioning part of a larger enliferment is obliged to have a catastrophic view of history"

"Part of the power of the schnorer is that he exists to the nogid as the nogid is to God. Thus the arrogance of the schnorer is to be accepted, prove even satisfactory, for it offers the clue that the nogid may be secretly arrogant in his private dialogues with God."

"The teaching in kheyder, the demand for learning by rote comes from catastrophic view of existence. Branded by an experience, life forms around the scar."

"Joseph Fisher on parnosseh—He was thirty-one years old before he ever heard of Parnassus and he was somewhat startled to discover the word represented a mountain abode of the literary gods for Parnassus sounded like parnosseh, the Yiddish word for making a living that had always stood vaguely in his mind as the sound of something smelly like the space between toes or worse."

~~"Joseph Fisher gets sick, almost dies~~

Marriage is to the sister he found less simpatico

Jenny in turn thinks of Archie and Jake as brothers & she with less simpatico"

Annie must get a map of Poland and Lithuania in 1870

"In Kabbalah there's no sense developed of evil—it's because the mystics were afraid of devil—it wasn't God they loved but the devil they feared—in there, for earth, his fever [favor]"

"Celestial and Infernal Hierarchies

Archangels dukes

Messiahs, graces arch-demons

Heralds of deity concealments

World-princes disturbers

Angels of the Presence wranglers

Might One, Wheels ravens

Flaming Serpents, Powers, Kings or Cherubim—that seat of the sons embroilments

Gamiel the obscene

Arch-fiends, demons of infinity, or merely the uncircumcised"

41.2 Fisher novel, opening 13 pages and two of notes

[The novel opens with the arrival in Capetown, South Africa of Ivan Mirilovicz in August 1890, same date when Benjamin Maller arrived with 8-year old Barney in tow. (Aside: Barney had lived on three continents by the time he was 28.) He is handsome, blonde and a romantic. Immigration officer changes his name to John Mirehill because he is offended by the dandyish appearance of Ivan, who is wearing spats and looking immaculate despite 21 days in steerage from Rotterdam or some other N European port. His wife looks like Gertrude Stein. Flash forward to the birth of his grandson, name now changed to Merrill or Martin, in February 1922. Son's mother (Ivan's daughter) is either Jenny or Rebecca, after 12 hours of labor and a "high forceps" delivery which temporarily misshapes his head. He is a hero and will lead an exceptional life and knows this in first second after birth. Wonderful digression on how a steel plate whose life span under pressure is sixty years loses four hours "because of the rays emitted by the intense anxieties of boatload after boatload of immigrants. Even steel is not impervious to the fluctuations of the psyche." The decimal for this is .00000768, as calculated on a separate sheet. Narrator hints that Ivan is blonde because of the rape of one of his ancestors by a Russian prince during a pogrom. Narrated in 1st person plural by a committee. Long description of his head, which was overlarge, 7 3/8 size, height 5 foot, eight inches. Ends with discussion of mother's non-feeling about sex—"sex was somewhere between a good meal and the toilet." Final sentence: "So the contractions of birth came with the panic of convicts who discovered that their dynamite is not sufficient to blow the doors." The 13 pages were torn up and then taped together and seem not to be part of the larger fragment described above, although the opening to

Ivan Merrill
Arche "
Stephen"

(Stephen)

the above is lost. Big difference is the way the mother's husband (Barney in the above) feels about her husband. Loves him dearly in the torn-up version; does not in the longer one. But in both the child (no name in short one; Stephen Merrill or Martin in long one) is a hero.]

p. 1 of notes

"Menahoth 29a (p. 188-198) 30b

Check on: B.B. 25 a&b—The world is like an exedra, closed on three sides and open on the fourth.

Menahoth —66b-391-92 (Notarilon)

Fisher late in life, passing through a garden in Long Branch sees an olive tree in an Italian laborer's garden and thinks of Menahoth quote underlined 53b p. 321

Have Annie get a copy in Hebrew Sefer Yetserah—Book of creation

[followed by Hebrew letters, noted on Isenberg's card]

Book must have an older mystic in it

Skaets Etymology ?

Jewish Encyclopedia

Revised Bible

Mystic thinks of the Arm of God which moves the meaning of an event from one place to another. See p 208 Major Trends in Jewish Myst.

Also Responses & Reactions III or IV—story of Prince Adam [R&R appeared Nov. 62 to spring 63]

Look at Levit XVI 3

Man is root of God—Fisher's movement closer to heresy

p. 2 of notes

Check on Zohar I-16b. see p.216 Maj Trends JM

I 1/c—nothing—(ain't)

1j/c—I



January 31, 2011

J. Michael Lennon
7 Forsythia Lane
Westport, MA 02657

This letter is to confirm your assignment for the College of Graduate and Professional Studies and School of Education for the **Spring Semester 2011**.

<u>Course Section</u>	<u>Course Name</u>	<u>Compensation</u>
CW 530	Cont. Registration	\$900.00

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If this is your first experience at Wilkes University, we welcome you to the Wilkes family. If you are a returning Adjunct Faculty, we extend a warm welcome back.

Sincerely,

Michael Speziale, Dean
College of Graduate and Professional Studies
and Dean of the School of Education

Book of the First Born, pp, 21-23, 37-82. Rejected from AE, part of the so-called Fisher novel. Hand-written [typed version ordered]

Begins, apparently, with Merrill in womb of Jenny, clearly NM and Fan, although he pages extant contain description of newborn. Detailed, imaginative, sensuous description of sucking, shitting, rolling and beginning to experience life. Masterfully done.

Jenny: "Delivered from the butcher shop, she could aspire to the diaper. Not the happiest perspective." P. 46

"She has loved her son from the first moment she saw him, ruefully at first, he had cost her body no small or passing destruction—she would never have a superb figure after that birth—but love him she did as the instrument of her will. And yet with awe. Whatever imagination she possessed as in her will, and she knew she could never be satisfied with him or herself unless he surpassed her knowledge of what was possible in life. He would go places she had never gone, he would change life rather than be ground into shape by it, she had given birth to a hero.—she was determined of that. Whatever was heroic in her would find its legs in him. So she adored him." P. 47

When she is nursing him, "she knew happiness as she had never known it with her husband" "Now and again she knew bliss, and therefore was as miserable as he when the feeding was poor, and his small face with large ears was red with anger, or wan with privation" p. 48

"the statistics of the concentration camp were to make themselves known to her twenty years later with no surprise and surprisingly not too much horror—it was what she had expected of the world from her birth—that the Jews would be destroyed. Indeed the rise of the Nazis gave her strength—she learned then—she knew her instinct was sound and not hysterical." P. 49

Husband is Benjamin Archibald "Archie" Merrill "He was a small very sturdy man/with an exquisite set of features, marred only by the accent of a pair of silver rimmed eyeglasses, surgical in the precision and keen edge they gave his face. He was dapper; like his father before him, he wore spats. He did not know it, but his resemblance was close to a gentleman named F. Scott Fitzgerald, except that Archie's mouth was narrower, he looked like a Goy (which is one of the reasons—let us not make her altogether simple)—that Jenny had been drawn to him and indeed Archie's speech was English, a touch fraudulent in its stuffiness—at his worst (was it his best?). He could sound for five syllables like the son of a duke, and of course he carried a cane. He had a panic so profound at the thought of disturbing any institution in its work (he was criminal in his heart as we shall later see) that he could not even recognize the presence of his fear." Pp. 49-50

March 13, 2011

Dear Michael,

Here are the letters of NM, 1967-71, that bear on his filmmaking. I guess there are about two dozen in this sheaf. I can't find the one to Amos Vogel, but all the rest are here.

I'd be eager for your thoughts. As you know, I will have to characterize NM's film techniques, philosophy, myopias—everything—as well as comment on the individual films. I don't know anyone I'd rather quote than you, if you feel disposed. I have already quoted you on the 1947 film. See below from chapter 3 (DRAFT):

Buttressed by his letters to Bea, his 4 x 6 cards, charts, and vivid memories of Luzon, Mailer surged along, completing the first draft in spring of 1947 and starting on the second. This draft, which he said was "a bonus," was almost 100 pages longer and included the nuanced ideological debates between the general and his aide. His style shifted in these scenes, became "less forceful and more articulated." The last thing he wrote was the "crawfish" scene in which Lt. Hearn is ordered to pick up a crushed cigarette the General has thrown down. He does but is still reassigned to take over Recon platoon from Croft. Without these additions, Mailer said, *Naked* "would have been considered an interesting war novel, with some good scenes." He wrote four days a week, five hours a day, producing about 30 typed pages a week. In the mornings, he would usually read a few pages of *Anna Karenina* before starting; in the afternoons, he would prime himself with a can of beer.

Mailer's family was around the corner and he was able to take days off to go to the beach or to a baseball game. Jackie Robinson, the player who broke the color barrier in big league baseball, was playing his first season as a Dodger, and Mailer said it was the most exciting year Brooklyn fans could remember. Occasionally, he would meet with a group of writers at the Manhattan apartment of Millie Brower, his old friend from Long Branch, where works-in-progress were read aloud. Mailer hired Millie's husband, Harvey Anhalt, to produce a clean copy of the *Naked* manuscript, after the changes suggested by Devlin had been made, paying him \$150 to type the 900-plus page monster. On New Year's Eve, 1947, Barbara gave a party at her parent's apartment. Among those attending were Allison Lurie, her college classmate, and Laurie's friend, William Gaddis. Laurie was amazed to see how jolly Mailer was; most of the writers she knew were anxious and unhappy. Barbara said that her brother's success seemed at the time "both miraculous and expected."

Sometime in the weeks before the party, Mailer took a break from writing to make a film. He had seen two of Fritz Lang's classic horror films, *M* (1931) and *The Testament of Dr. Mabuse* (1933), before he was drafted, and after the war, he saw a number of surrealist films such as Jean Cocteau's *Blood of the Poet* (1930) at the Museum of Modern Art. It is quite possible that he was also influenced by Maya Deren's "trance" film, *Meshes of the Afternoon* (1943). Over the course of a week, Mailer and Harvey Anhalt made a nine-minute, silent, experimental film, shot with a camera bought by Dave Kessler. According to film critic Michael Chaiken, who helped restore

the above is lost. Big difference is the way the mother's husband (Barney in the above) feels about her husband. Loves him dearly in the torn-up version; does not in the longer one. But in both the child (no name in short one; Stephen Merrill or Martin in long one) is a hero.]

p. 1 of notes

"Menahoth 29a (p. 188-198) 30b

Check on: B.B. 25 a&b—The world is like an exedra, closed on three sides and open on the fourth.

Menahoth -66b-391-92 (Notarilon)

Fisher late in life, passing through a garden in Long Branch sees an olive tree in an Italian laborer's garden and thinks of Menahoth quote underlined 53b p. 321

Have Annie get a copy in Hebrew Sefer Yetserah—Book of creation

[followed by Hebrew letters, noted on Isenberg's card]

Book must have an older mystic in it

Skaets Etymology ?

Jewish Encyclopedia

Revised Bible

Mystic thinks of the Arm of God which moves the meaning of an event from one place to another. See p 208 Major Trends in Jewish Myst.

Also Responses & Reactions III or IV—story of Prince Adam [R&R appeared Nov. 62 to spring 63]

Look at Levit XVI 3

Man is root of God—Fisher's movement closer to heresy

p. 2 of notes

Check on Zohar I-16b. see p.216 Maj Trends JM

I 1/c—nothing—(ain't)

1j/c—I

"In Kabbalah there's no sense developed of evil—it's because the mystics were afraid of devil—it wasn't God they loved but the devil they feared—in there, for earth, his fever [favor]"

"Celestial and Infernal Hierarchies

Archangels dukes

Messiahs, graces arch-demons

Heralds of deity concealments

World-princes disturbers

Angels of the Presence wranglers

Might One, Wheels ravens

Flaming Serpents, Powers, Kings or Cherubim—that seat of the sons embroilments

Gamiel the obscene

Arch-fiends, demons of infinity, or merely the uncircumcised"

41.2 Fisher novel, opening 13 pages and two of notes

[The novel opens with the arrival in Capetown, South Africa of Ivan Mirilovicz in August 1890, same date when Benjamin Maller arrived with 8-year old Barney in tow. (Aside: Barney had lived on three continents by the time he was 28.) He is handsome, blonde and a romantic. Immigration officer changes his name to John Mirehill because he is offended by the dandyish appearance of Ivan, who is wearing spats and looking immaculate despite 21 days in steerage from Rotterdam or some other N European port. His wife looks like Gertrude Stein. Flash forward to the birth of his grandson, name now changed to Merrill or Martin, in February 1922. Son's mother (Ivan's daughter) is either Jenny or Rebecca, after 12 hours of labor and a "high forceps" delivery which temporarily misshapes his head. He is a hero and will lead an exceptional life and knows this in first second after birth. Wonderful digression on how a steel plate whose life span under pressure is sixty years loses four hours "because of the rays emitted by the intense anxieties of boatload after boatload of immigrants. Even steel is not impervious to the fluctuations of the psyche." The decimal for this is .00000768, as calculated on a separate sheet. Narrator hints that Ivan is blonde because of the rape of one of his ancestors by a Russian prince during a pogrom. Narrated in 1st person plural by a committee. Long description of his head, which was overlarge, 7 3/8 size, height 5 foot, eight inches. Ends with discussion of mother's non-feeling about sex—"sex was somewhere between a good meal and the toilet." Final sentence: "So the contractions of birth came with the panic of convicts who discovered that their dynamite is not sufficient to blow the doors." The 13 pages were torn up and then taped together and seem not to be part of the larger fragment described above, although the opening to

Ivan (Merrill)
Archie "
Stephen"

(stephens)

THE SEVEN BASIC PLOTS

(from Christopher Booker's *The Seven Basic Plots: Why We Tell Stories*, 2004)

1. Overcoming the Monster

Signature stories: Gilgamesh, Beowulf, Dr. No, Dracula, Theseus and Minotaur
Stages: The Call (anticipation stage); Initial Success (dream stage); Confrontation (frustration stage); Final Ordeal (nightmare stage); The Miraculous Stage (death of monster)

2. Rags to Riches

Signature stories: Jane Eyre, David Copperfield, Cinderella, Aladdin, The Sword in the Stone, Pygmalion
Stages: Initial Wretchedness at Home and The Call; Out into the World and Initial Success; Central crisis; Independence and Final Ordeal; Final Union, Completion and Fulfillment

3. The Quest

Signature stories: The Odyssey, Pilgrim's Progress, Lord of the Rings, Treasure Island
Stages: The Call; The Journey; Arrival and Frustration, Final Ordeal, The Goal

4. Voyage and Return

Signature stories: Wizard of Oz, Robinson Crusoe, Huck Finn, Alice in Wonderland, Peter Pan, Gulliver's Travels, Arthur Gordon Pym
Stages: Anticipation and "Fall" into Another World; Initial Fascination or Dream; Frustration; Nightmare; Thrilling Escape and Return

5. Comedy

Signature stories: Twelfth Night, Importance of Being Earnest, Volpone, Moonstruck
Stages: Character(s) trapped and true natures of some are hidden or unclear; lovers are in state of uncertainty; families are divided; characters go through transformation; true identities revealed; each lover united with his/her "other half," families united, marriage, joy

6. Tragedy

Signature stories: Hamlet, Bonnie and Clyde, Anna Karenina, Madame Bovary, Moby-Dick, Julius Caesar
Stages: Anticipation, Dream, Frustration, Nightmare, Death and Destruction

7. Rebirth

Signature stories: Snow White, Sleeping Beauty, Frog Prince, Beauty and Beast, A Christmas Carol, Silas Marner
Stages: Hero/heroine falls under dark power; threat recedes temporarily; threat returns and hero/heroine in state of living death; apparent victory of dark power, miraculous redemption, release and reunion

Several typed and hand-written drafts of 50+ pages each.

Sheaf of nine pages, typed.

Novel, typed at top of first page, followed by "Marion Faye is the secret heart of a Sinatra"

Handwritten pp. 53-61 with notation at top: "Barb—type this the last of all if you have time" The pages are the same as the typed ones described above in 31.5 Unrealized Epic novel. It is a continuation of the Denise-Sergius story with Faye arriving at Sergius's pad after two years in jail. Faye is now half gay. The hand-written sheaf is followed by the typed version.

All the pieces ordered for duplication in 31.5 are also in 31.7.

Began with NM Sept. 1912

52.9 (1963) notes on Fisher novel:

"Have Annie get a translation of all the ritual prayers including elimination"

"any colony living in an enliferment which is merely a functioning part of a larger enliferment is obliged to have a catastrophic view of history"

"Part of the power of the schnorer is that he exists to the nogid as the nogid is to God. Thus the arrogance of the schnorer is to be accepted, prove even satisfactory, for it offers the clue that the nogid may be secretly arrogant in his private dialogues with God."

"The teaching in kheyder, the demand for learning by rote comes from catastrophic view of existence. Branded by an experience, life forms around the scar."

"Joseph Fisher on parnosseh—He was thirty-one years old before he ever heard of Parnassus and he was somewhat startled to discover the word represented a mountain abode of the literary gods for Parnassus sounded like parnosseh, the Yiddish word for making a living that had always stood vaguely in his mind as the sound of something smelly like the space between toes or worse."

"Joseph Fisher gets sick, almost dies

Marriage is to the sister he found less simpatico

Jenny in turn thinks of Archie and Jake as brothers & she with less simpatico"

Annie must get a map of Poland and Lithuania in 1870

Kodak Color Control Patches

Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

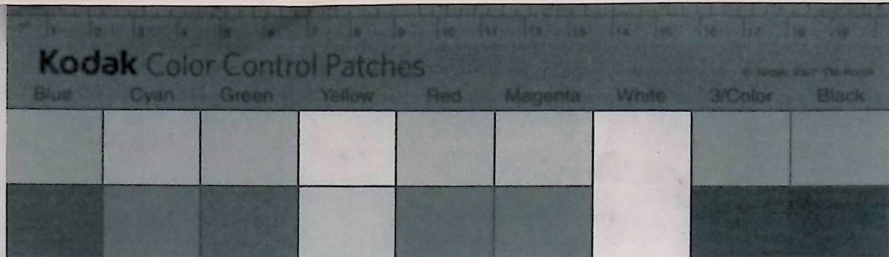
Was a market
I'm interested in the price
of kosher meat wholesale
& retail (roughly) - 10 cents
lb wholesale - but retail
was 25¢.

\$150 a week gross receipt
in winter.

\$40 net a week in winter

In summer gross - 30,000 to
40,000 a week
net - \$3000
sold to hotels at very small margin
shochet - kosher ~~slaughter~~ ^{off profit}

Grandpa killed the chickens
but refused to kill cattle.
In winter market was a loss,
so net income was \$2000
to \$3000 a year "the profit
was often in notes."



Grandpa's emigration less with sisters? Clarify.

Household duties, ^{beginning} for all the girls, Rose & Fanny, especially Polish girls. ✓

✦ If Fegle is down, for Fanny, what is for ^{working} Jimmy?
Rochalek for Becky
Rochalek for Rose + Becky?

Washing the bottles for the wine, what says?

Why did they have to be washed for 3 days running?
\$2.00 a hundred for bottles.

1. Wash clean with soap.
2. Fill with water from outside.
3. Three days in water, + fill with fresh water.

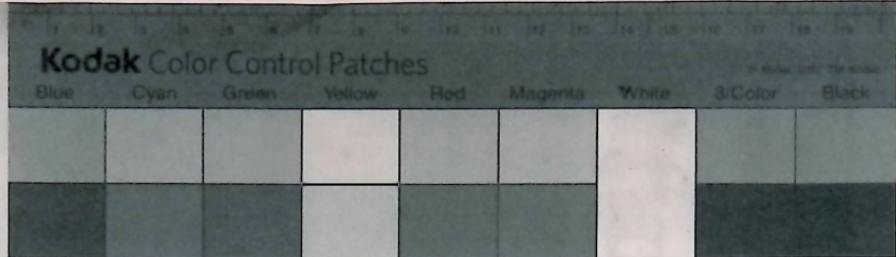
Some portraits of the Gentiles in town.

Did the furniture come with the Morris Ave house.
Were there any pictures you remember. What pictures did we have in the house?

More detail on 3 houses on Morris Ave. I'm not clear.
Where did Grandpa get the energy to convert into a forty room hotel. Where was the extra cash coming from?

Where was Aunt Maria's apt. in Brooklyn, & first time you visited.

First meeting with Dad. Did you write to Sarah & Lilla before meeting. What were his letters about?
^{on Presb'd St. between Nat'l & Rogers}



What is a Prince Albert suit? What did it cost for the tailor to come? \$40 for each suit.

What is mandlen? How do you make mandlen?
How can you make it a week ahead of time.

Recipe for 100 lbs of gefillte fish.

What do several rabbis do at a wedding.

Grandpa with grand - some descendant
of his topics of conversation, ^{Business} ~~say~~ p. 110

What is mission furniture?
^{Dark oak (Spanish?)}

How was Lena's husband meant to her

Chronology - marriages, deaths, moves.
businesses, etc.

Passover in detail - 2nd night a little boring.

Sarah Kamrass' life

Simon Glazer's attitude to grandpa

Yiddish vocabulary (100 words for household objects.)

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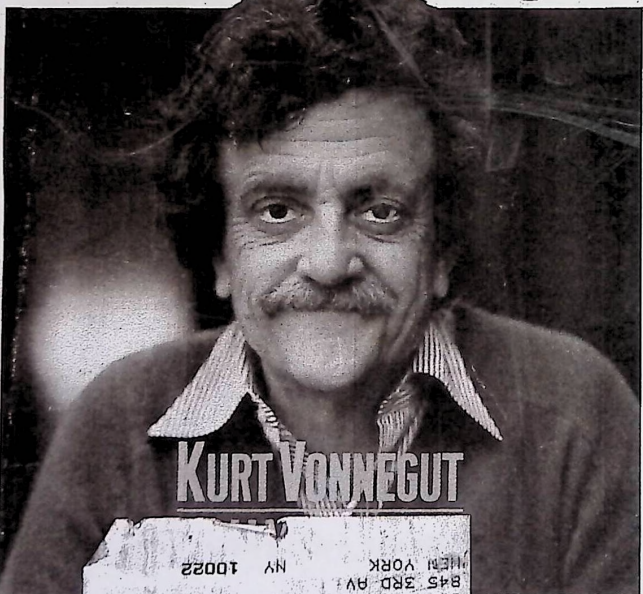
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SPECIAL FEATURE: WRITERS ON WRITING

A Sinister Occupation

by Norman Mailer



This essay by prominent novelist and journalist Norman Mailer is the first in a Book Digest series. Periodically, Book Digest will publish similar reflections on the profession by other significant writers.

My first story was published when I was still in college close to forty years ago, and ever since I have been accustomed to thinking of myself as a writer. Now that enough years have gone by, others think of me in the same way. So I tend to hear one lament over and over again.

"Oh," strangers remark, "I

would have liked to be an author," and they think of the freedom of the life, no boss to face, no rush to work, and all the pleasures of celebrity. Even more, they long to satisfy the voice within themselves that keeps saying, "Nobody will ever know how unusual my life has been. There are all those secrets I cannot tell."

I know their feeling. Years ago, I wrote, "Experience, when it cannot be communicated to another, must wither within, and be worse than lost." And I ponder it. Once in a while, your hand will write a sentence that seems so true you do not know where it came from. Ten or twenty words live in balance with your life experience.

So I understand why people want to write. All the same, I am a professional, and another part of me is ready to laugh. I say to myself, "They can write a letter. So they believe they are ready to tell the story of their lives. They do not understand how long it takes to pick up the rudiments." Usually, if I think they are a little serious, I say as gently as I can, "Well, it is at least as hard to learn to write as to play the piano."

Then, if the only reason they

wanted to be a writer was to gather in some quick fame, they would get depressed, and that was okay with me. One should never encourage people to write for too little. It's a splendid life when you think of its emoluments, but it is death to the soul if you are not good at it.

So, let me tell you what is bad about being a writer, and you may feel less sorrow that you never got around to discovering whether you were talented enough to tell your private tale. You will, at least, have escaped the pressure. There is abominable moral pressure in being a writer. And the reviews are murderous.

Contrast the author's reception to the actor's. Theatre critics rarely try to kill performers. There must be some unspoken agreement that humans so sensitive as thespians are to be protected against the perils of first nights. After all, the actor is facing rejection as fearful as a major wound. A hole in the ego can be as bad as a hole in the heart.

This moderation does not carry over into literary criticism. "Meretricious," "dishonest," "labored," "loathesome," "pedestrian," "hopeless," "disgusting," "hideous," "raunchy," "ill-wrought" may be crushing words but they are not uncommon to find in a review. I still remember, and it is close to thirty years ago, that my second novel, *Barbary Shore*, was described in *Time* as "paceless, tasteless, and graceless."

You would be hard put to find a professional field where criti-



"Writing is spooky. There are no routines of an office to keep you going—only the white page each morning. And you can never be certain of the source of your words—those divine words!"

cism is as savage as it is in book writing. Accountants, lawyers, engineers, or doctors do not speak of one another in that way. Yet the worst of it is that this literary practice may even be fair. Harsh, when one catches it, but fair. One prepares a book in the safety of the study, after all. Secure you are, so long as you do not publish.

It is true. Nobody short of your self-esteem, your bills, or your editor is asking you to show a thing. You put your book out, if you can afford to take the time, only when it is ready. Should economic necessity force you to write faster than is good for the work, well, everybody has their sad story.

But, as a practical matter, not that much has to be written in the teeth of a gale, and few are the notes taken on the side of a cliff.

An author can usually do his stint comfortably at the desk, not too hungry, and suffering no pains greater than the empty sheet of paper. Granted that pad can look as blank as a television screen when the station is off the air, still the writer, unlike more active creative artists, works in no immediate danger.

Why should it not be open season, then, when the work comes out? If authors were to have it sizably better than actors in all ways, there would be a tendency for actors to disappear and authors to multiply, but small chance of that! The critics keep our numbers down.

In fact, not many talented writers remain productive through the decades. There are too many other hazards as well. Washed in and out of fashion, it is natural to see each drop from popularity as the death of one's career, and even in the most confident years of working life, there is always the little terror: Does it all stop tomorrow?

Writing is spooky. There are no routines of an office to keep you going—only the white page each morning. And you can never be certain of the source of your words—those divine words! So one's professionalism is fragile. It never becomes automatic to tell yourself that fashions pass, and History is a belly-dancer who will bump her belly at you again. Not easy to learn the necessary sto-

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icism to endure in the literary world when one begins as an oversensitive adolescent. Nor is it easy to count on luck, when, so often, it is pessimism itself that gives force to a writer's themes.

Somehow, maybe it is no more than blind will, some authors stay at it. Over and over, they learn how to keep on writing a book, and do it in the knowledge that they will probably be savaged on its publication, and will not be able to fight back. An occasional critic may be singled out for counterattack, or a letter written to the editor of a book section, but such efforts at self-defense are like rifle fire against bombardment.

The equation is clear. The writer sits in all his power before his desk—thereby, he is entitled to few rights on the public stage. His courage, if he has any, will come from living with the slow bruises left by the comments on his books. His spiritual skin may go slack, or harden to leather, but the honor of his effort to live down bad reviews and write again has to be analogous to the unspoken and unremarked courage of people who dwell in the depression of a long illness and somehow solve enough of their inmost problems to get better.

It is equal to saying that you cannot become a professional writer and keep active for three or four decades unless you learn to live with the first condition of your existence, which is that serious book reviewing is close to merciless. So the conviction that this is fair has to take root deep enough to bear analogy to the psy-

chology of a peasant who farms a slope and takes it for granted that he was meant to work through the years with one foot standing higher than the other.

Every good author who forges a long career for himself must be able, therefore, to build a personality that can stay relatively untouched by a bad reception. That takes art!

Few writers have rugged personalities when they are young. In adolescence, they seldom look like potential beauty contest winners or show promise of being future All-Americans. They are most likely to be found on the sidelines, beginning to cook up that warped, passionate, bitter, transcendent vision of life that will bring them later to the attention of the American public. But, only later.

The young writer usually starts as a loser, and so is obliged to live with the conviction that the world he knows had better be wrong, or he is wrong. On the answer depends his estimate of his real right to survive. Thanks to greed, plastics, media, and various abominations of technology, lo, the world *is* wrong.

The paranoid aim of the cock-eyed young writer has as much opportunity to hit the target as the beauty queen's wide-eyed lack of paranoia. Occasionally, this loser of a young writer, therefore, can end up a winner. For a while. His vision has pulled him forward—he is just enough ahead of his time. But, dependably, that wretched, lonely act of writing will drive him back. There is simply too much commotion in

one's unfinished psyche.

That is the other side of the difficulty. It is the pressure within. It is hard to explain such disturbance to people who do not write. They do not understand that in his study a writer often does feel godlike. He is ensconced in judgment on other people's lives.

Yet contemplate the fellow who does this. He can be hung over, and full of the small shames and schemes of what he did yesterday, or what he did ten years ago. The failures of his life—those retinal flashes of amatory, economic, aesthetic, or parental lapses—wait like ghosts in the huge house of his empty, middle-aged self. Sometimes the ghosts even appear and have to be laid to rest.

Consciously or unconsciously, a writer is obliged to make a new peace with the past every day he tries to write. The requirement is that he must rise above despising himself, or he will never find the sanction to peer like God into the doings of other people, render judgment on them, and so, in effect, tell other people how to live.

Yet, he must not tolerate any good news either. At the writing table he should not come to like himself too much. If fine memories appear on certain mornings, they must be banished or they will feed one's mania and leave the writer too cheerful, too energetic, too forgiving—too horny.

It is in the calm depression of a good judge that the scribbblings have to cover the page. Indeed, much in the way a decent judge



"A writer is obliged to make a new peace with the past every day he tries to write.... He must rise above despising himself, or he will never find the sanction to peer like God into the doings of other people...."

can feel that he has injured society by giving an unfair verdict, so does an author have to ask himself if he is fair enough to his characters.

For if an author does violate the life of someone he is writing about, that is, proceeds in the continuing panic of trying to keep a book amusing, to distort his characters into more comic, more corrupt, or more evil forms than they deserve, then he is subtly injuring the reader. That is a moral crime. Few authors are innocent of it. Nor can they be found not guilty of softening their portraits.

Novelists don't like to destroy half the sympathy their readers



"An author who would find the resources to keep writing does well to be the first to see every flaw in his work, or he will not be able to decide what are its merits."

may feel for a charming heroine by the admission that she shrieks at her children. Sales fly out the window. It takes as much literary integrity to be tough, therefore, as to be fair.

Either way, it is difficult to keep your literary standards through the long, slogging reaches in the middle of a book when the first pleasure of conception is no longer there to sustain you, only the tides of habit, the dry breath of discipline, and the knowledge that on the other side of the hill, critics—who also have their talent to express—are waiting. It is not hard to come to the conclusion that if you are going to survive,

you had better—when it concerns your own work—become the profoundest critic of them all.

There is a saying among boxers that the punch you see coming hurts less than the one you did not see. An author who would find the resources to keep writing does well to be the first to see every flaw in his work, or he will not be able to decide what are its merits.

Let yourself be aware, however, of your book's lacks, its shortcuts, its gloss where courage could have produced a little real shine, and you can take the bad reviews. You can even tell when the critic is not effectively exposing the rotten parts of your psyche so much as he is turning his own dirty pockets out. Truth, it proves amazing how many evil reviews one can devour if there is the confidence that one has done one's best on a book, written it to the limit of one's honesty, even scraped off a little of one's dishonesty.

Get to that point of purity, and your royalties may be hurt by a small welcome, but not your ongoing working ego. There is even firm hope, if the book is better than its reception, that History—that torch singer!—will find you another ditty in the years to come.

The prescription, therefore, is simple. Learn not to put out a job that has a serious element of the meretricious. Or, maybe it is more accurate to say the prescription would be simple except that we all put out work of which we are, in fact, a bit ashamed. A matter of degree. There is that remark of Engels to Marx—"Quantity

changes quality." A single potato is there to eat, but ten thousand potatoes are a commodity and have to be put in bins or boxes. A profit must be made from them, or a loss will most certainly be taken.

In kind, a little corruption in a book is as natural as the author's style, but a sizable literary delinquency is like a diseased organ. At least, so it will feel if the critics begin to bang on it, and happen to be right for once. That will be the hour when your creditors do not go away. So it is the fear back of the writing on every book.

I think of that life I have spent trying to learn how to write, and how to be a man, and how to take pride in my peculiarly lonely craft. I still feel the same young fear any adolescent knows before

any test—am I good enough? Can I do honest work? And I have to smile. For in one way I am like that stranger who asks me about writing because he or she wants to sit down and find a way to tell the secret story of their own incredible life.

I am equal to that stranger. I have been writing for forty years and I should know a lot about it, and I do; I have written about half the things under the sun, and yet I am still getting up my nerve at the age of fifty-seven to take a deep breath and tell the only primal story that any of us ever have, the true story of my own life and its curious turns, and all its private parts, yes, to look into the mirror and begin to write. Oh, what a fear is that! —

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might be fun before I get too old altogether.

As for you and Joan and the divorce, there's nothing I can say. It's just too unhappy and I know how you feel. It's like passing blood through one's orifices—one doesn't have the certainty one's necessarily going to get through it. The consolation is that the kids grow up, but there's no kidding oneself, something always gets lost in them, some little numbness in their affect, some little pinching off of some of their higher possibilities, whatever it is, I don't know. I think I've come to comprehend at last why my mother never broke up with my father. ^{It was as if it would interfere with the largest} particular work of her life, which happened to be ^{her kids.} ~~me~~. So the only consolation I can offer you is one you know already. We learn to walk around with a few more pieces of death inside us, and discover that, given all the waste areas and the burned-out pits, surprisingly now and again some little piece of oneself does come to life for a while. Shit, man, another twenty years and you and me are going to be thinking about what's back of the barn. I hope we never get to the point where we got to talk about specialists.

Stay close to Vidal on this one if it isn't too late. He is the one guy in the whole world that I wouldn't ever want to count on for my own good fortune, since I've suspected for a long time that with everything else in him his

didn't change

*OK **

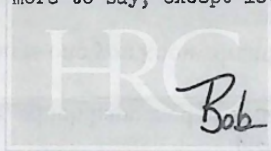
let's discuss

Dr. Robert Lindner
907 Latrobe Building
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

January 13, 1956

Dear Normap,

Perhaps you will forgive my silence when you learn that all the nightmares have finally had triplets and have caught up with me. As of this writing, I am a patient at Johns Hopkins Hospital, where they are going to try to give me back my tight ass hole. There is nothing more to say, except love.



P.S. Last week I was a patient at the Doctor's Hospital in New York and Billy and Cy came to see me at Johnnie's urgent request, since she needed Billy. I asked them not to disturb you with all this worry, and that's why you weren't told. I would be very grateful to you if you would call them and tell them what's happened.

RL:jb

Dictated but not read or signed.

I'll be asking for a handout all the while that million is coming in. But just thought I'd tell you, since it's hard enough to like a writer these days without hearing he's rich.

I never have written about rock, but a friend of mine, Rick Stratton, did a long interview with me for *Rolling Stone* which will probably be out in September, and in it I take off for a few pages on Jagger and the Rolling Stones and say the little I have to say about the subject. I think I never got off on it altogether because it's given to each generation to fall in love with one kind of music, and I don't know if one can make the transition any more than one can make the transition in love affairs from young love to a second young love. Bop, in the fifties, which is late bop, is my music, and my emotions grew up on it. And for years I guess I just resented rock because it had none of the old artistry of bop and much too much fucking noise. My ears were trained or habituated themselves to receiving less. Now, listening to it across a whole gap of all these years I begin to find a lot of rock interesting, and an awful lot of it total horse shit. But you'll see if you run across that interview what I have to say on it.

Incidentally you may have seen me in '70. I was down in Washington with Robert Lowell. We thought we might go there for Auld Lang Syne but it was a boring fucking afternoon for me and I took off before the evening,

6

when you'll be ready to come down. If
I can get this bug out of me & start
presolating again, I'll be in shape to
make some plans. Certainly you've got to
get here before you go West.

Cy & Billie will be coming down
this weekend. Since we're not going to
Long Island this summer, this visit
will have to do all of us for the
good times together we should be
having in the next two months.
Maybe we can fix it for a weekend in
August in Amagansett.

Write when you can - but
make it soon.

Love
Bob

thinking of Thomas Wolfe and his titles.

As for your chores and bondage I can only commiserate. How the hell
 does a guy with a style as lively as yours manage to stay sane writing for a
 rat—fuck newspaper? ✓

Cheers to E.M.

Norman Mailer

74-35

To Frank Crowther

~~[Yale Hill]~~

~~[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]~~ ✓

July 11, 1974

Dear Frank,

I've been waiting for a couple of weeks to think of something funny
 enough to get your laugh booming. But your fat uncle isn't too smart these
 days. I attribute it to working on my novel. Nothing, I must say, gets my
 spirits down like working on one of those books. Anyway, Frank McFuck
 Crowther, I just wanted you to know that if and when I get to New York in

5
I would be forced, if I remained, to give up my independence & put in a very subordinate position. The best (actually the only) solution was to resign. This I did - although it means reducing my income by about 5 thousand a year - which, however, I can easily make up elsewhere if I wish.

Again - going!

How what of you? When I talked with you, and from your note, I gathered you are intensely re-writing Deer Park. I hope it's going well & I'm very eager to see when you come out. As I promised I would, I've been talking it up everywhere - trying to create where I can an atmosphere of excited anticipation. For myself, you know I can hardly wait for its publication.

See, now - these pages hardly scratch what I have to tell you & what I want to talk with you about. We've simply got to get a few days together. Let me know

July you're on the agenda. I'll pay you a visit and we'll talk about the transformations of the Egyptian gods. To fuck a lady of their choice they were ready to become a hippopotamus, baboon, a reptile or a beetle. Anything to get it. Then they'd go back to being gods again. Those daemons knew how to live.

Hey Frank, you're often in our thoughts.

Love,

Norman

74-37

To Dotson Rader

[Yale Hill]

[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

July 11, 1974

Dear Dotson,

All right, the contents of your letter noted. Let me tell you at the outset that I've never been able to make good friends with anyone I have to watch every word I say to them, and you, unhappily, fit most certainly into that category. You have a sense of mischief which is part

4

similar (provide story synopsis & be consult-
ant) for him beginning now. I've stalled
about it as long as I could, but it looks
like the chips are down now & I've got to
act. I may have to go out to Los Angeles
again soon to get the final details
settled - but I'm not going without a
real commitment.

The house we're moving into in
August represents something big for all
of us. As far as I'm concerned, I'm
intending to use it for a real change in
my style of life. I'm hoping to alter the
pattern somewhat... but this is something
we'll be talking about.

You'll be surprised, I know, &
maybe a little dismayed, to learn that
I've resigned from my State job as of
July 1. No more prison work - and I'm
going to miss it. But I had to do it.
There was a major change made in the
fiscal set-up of the state, a change
that would bring my work under
the direction of department agencies &
people unfriendly to me & my methods.

of your charm. We don't want to do surgery on that charm. Nonetheless, you're a luxury to have for a good friend precisely because no institution in the ego of your friends is ever sacred to you. I laugh when you do it to others, but then you do it to me, and behold I do not laugh. You have a happy screw loose, you do not realize what it means to live in the depths of irresponsibility. Well, Dotson, we do not want to remake you. It ain't worth it. Let me like you from a distance, and when we meet I'll watch what I say to you because I know it'll be quoted and misquoted and tickled with somebody else's cunt hairs, not to mention the dingle-berries some of your friends will stick on. We'll have a pleasant literary friendship at several removes and once in a while, bless you, we may even talk about writing. Have a good time in Oklahoma.

Ciao,

Norman

74-40

[Yale Hill]

[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

2

forcing more + more persons into homosexuality
~~into~~ in negative rebellion, and the phenomenon,
becoming prevalent, is becoming
the new ~~to~~ conformist pattern. As you
see, the whole thing isn't entirely clear
yet - but the golden nugget is in
there someplace. I hope to dig it out in
the next few days.

With the book out of the way -
I hope in a few weeks - I'm going to
knock off writing for the summer. I'll
devote myself, I think, to finishing the
schemes for reliving something from
previous work, and maybe the new
house. About the former, it looks like
the plans to make into production of
television films based on the 50 min. hour
will have to be delayed. The problem now
seems to be that "spots" on the networks
for the next year are all contracted
for, and it will be at least a year
until room can be made for the
program. Meanwhile, abstracts are
(as Harold Ober says) being drawn with
Maxwell for me to do something

July 16, 1974

Dear Kate Millett,

Only the Irish could invite you so pleasantly to have a drink. I look forward to it. Are you going to be on the Cape this summer? For at the moment our plans are to be in Provincetown for the last week in July. Perhaps it could be then. Otherwise in New York, I suppose, in the fall, unless you plan to be up around Frenchman's Bay in Maine in the month of August.

Cheers,

Norman Mailer

74-42

To Richard Poirier

[Yale Hill]

[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

September 12, 1974

Dear Dick,

I'm off to Africa for the Ali—Foreman fight, and by the time get back and write that piece I never will come up to the mark and give you a fair and

because despite my notional hypochondria
-a result, I think, of the weakness of
my body.

Benug!

I got back on the book this morning.
There remains to be done only the homo-
sexuality paper, the one on character-and-
politics, and a general introduction.
Quelchit announced it already for January,
+ we've agreed to talk on it at Town Hall
on Feb. 8. So we've got to hustle to get the
man in.

The homosexuality paper, in its original
form, now seems glibish to me. I'm
going to tear it apart + put it in the
perspective of the book, the perspective of
conformity. Now I believe inversion is
negative rebellion, the compromise between
the protestant, evolutionary instinct +
the conformist pressure on the erotic
desires. Inversion is a way of conforming-
and whereas I once thought social
attitudes were changing, I now no
longer believe that's so - What's happening
is that ~~some~~ our anti-sex culture is

long reply. In that case let me leave the last word with you. Finally we're both involved with stuff much this side of our little imbroglio, and so this is really just to tell you that I appreciate the time you took to spell out your view in detail.

This summer I polished off the first 100,000 words of that long, long novel, which is to say, didn't rip them off in a hurry but rather polished something I've been working on for quite awhile, and I'm going to send it to Little, Brown soon. So it looks as if it's 100,000 words down and something like 400,000 or 600,000 to go. I look forward to the day when I can show it to you. It's off my usual track. Cheers,

Norman

74-45

To J. Michael Lennon

~~[Yale Hill]~~

~~[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]~~

October 7, 1974

Dear Mike,

Now that I've finally gone through your piece, it seems silly to have held

[455?]

Dear Norman:-

The days go by & I find myself more & more hard pressed for time to write to you. Today I'm sitting through the cops to do what I've been wanting to do for weeks - spend a few minutes with my brother, Benji, & have messaged you. Actually, my inability to write has not been due entirely to other preoccupations, but also to the fact that I've been - as you seem to sense - close to sheer mental exhaustion. About two weeks before I went to California I picked up a vein infection. Out there I seem to have been able to fend it off in alcohol & down it to an ember with the excitement. On my return it flared up - hurting out this last week with severe gut pains, agonies in my back & chest, and a sort of quaking ague. Over the weekend I loaded myself with stuff & slept almost continuously. Today I'm better - and even have a few ideas. I hope I've got it locked -

ital The reader is left with the thought, according to Mailer, that good old
 articulate Jimmy can't even say, "You ~~o~~ you ~~o~~." Listen, I think the
Times ought to steel up and enter the big breach with an F. ✓

John, this letter is so nice I would ask you to print it, but Times readers ✓
 have a curious enough idea of me by now without forcing them to the
 confusion of undertaking any first sentence of mine which reads, "We all
 know the Times is still living in 1951 and wouldn't print——you to ^{save} say the ✓
 State of Israel."

Humbly, as ever,

Norman

72-10

To Judith Daniels,

Managing Editor, New York Magazine

Yale Hall, Stockbridge, MA
 142 Columbia Heights, ✓

Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202 ✓

September 22, 1972

Dear Ms. Daniels:

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

March 29, 1955

Mr. Norman Mailer
252 Fulton Street
Brooklyn -1, New York

Dear Norman:

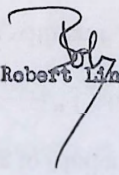
Your manuscript is being mailed today and should reach you before the end of the week.

I am very glad that you are planning a visit to Baltimore, since I think that only face-to-face will we be able to straighten out the difficulties between us. Unfortunately, your visit here will have to be delayed until after the middle of May, since I am committed for every weekend between now and then and will very likely be in California between the 11th and 17th of May.

I think one of our main troubles is that I haven't been completely honest with you. I have pretended to sympathy with the whole Lipton's deal that I really don't feel, and I think this pretense has blocked basic communication and placed our relations in a false light. Maybe this is what gives you the impression of "manipulating". More than anything I want to be brothers and friends with you, and I've missed you these past weeks. I think I have had too little trust in your tolerance of my radically different concept of this whole matter of Lipton's, and that I conceded initially there and, later, all over the place until I became enmeshed in my own contradictions. I hope I have underrated you, and that it's now possible to eat off clean dishes.

Things here are in some⁸ what of a mess, and I don't have an opportunity to write the long and more personal letter I hope to get around to within a few days.

Meanwhile, love,


Robert Lindner

RL:jb

I was delighted you liked the section on yourself in *Graffiti* and was hoping you would. It's fun to take on the ideas of someone you respect in general but disagree with most completely in one particular, and then see if you can be fair. It sets up a good tension in writing. I suppose one has one's warp and one's woof, or whatever. I think maybe good writing is found when one skates on that thin line between opposed ironies—all I know is you have to tell the truth to write well, and yet telling the truth by itself is never enough. There has also to be a sense of paradox to turn one's effort, as if implicitly you're also saying—this is my notion of the truth but I could be altogether wrong.

Now these homilies, of course, are what you get once you've made the cardinal error of telling me you're beginning to write seriously. Now the lectures begin, the advice! The chance of all of us to tell you how to do something that maybe we've been doing a little longer than you have. But seriously, John, I think you could make a very good writer if you're determined to, for God knows you've had experience which is incomparable, and this experience is your own, and no one could begin to guess their way into the center of it except yourself. The opposite trouble of course is that given the years you've spent in politics, with the need to consume one's perceptions in order to create or sharpen up one's ideas for

Mr. Norman Mailer

-2.-

as etched in granite, imperishable, monumental.

Finally, pal, I'm worried about you -- and after these two letters, I think I have a reasonable cause for concern. There's a nastiness about them, Norman -- they're like steeped in a stew of guilt and shame, a self-loathing. You're begging for a swift kick in the ass, you want me (someone) to stop you. You would feel justified and fulfilled and righteous if I responded in the way you half-want me to -- if I told you to stuff it. And you would feel just about the same if I took these mouse droppings of yours and covered my head with them. I'm not going to do either. If you have the guts and I hope and think you have, you'll pull out of this and take whatever profit there may be in it. If you don't nobody's lost anything anyhow.

Sure, Norman, I'm a square and you're the king of the hipsters, I'm a stumble-bum and you're a genius, I'm a liver-lip, a crook, a con-man, a gentleman, an old maid, a cliché artist -- and you're the hep-boyo, the kid with the always open fly, the ace dong-wielder of all time, the glorious gourmet of gage...

Wise up, cocker,

Love,

P.S. Let's try to get together on a date for you to come down -- if you want to, that is.

Mr. Norman Mailer
Ovington Studios
252 Fulton Street
Brooklyn -1, New York

the next day, there's a tendency sometimes to have nothing but general remarks left. I know when Breslin and I were running, everyone thought we'd write a book about it. We were the only ones who knew we wouldn't. For we found that when we saw something interesting in the morning, we were using it in the speeches we made that afternoon. Incidentally that campaign left me with one thing I never had before—general respect for politicians. Now I can even look at a successful politician whose ideas I hate and say, well, no matter what else, the guy's entitled to the same respect that I'd give a professional athlete I don't like. It's the stamina I suppose. I never knew how much physical work there was in politics until I began to run, and that short taste was enough. As I've been saying to people for years afterward, my mother never raised me to work that hard.

Anyway, John, this is to welcome you back and to tell you that if ever you do want to talk about writing and want to spend a lunch or an evening sometime in the years ahead talking about it, well, by all means let's get together. I think it'd be fun to go on a little about it back and forth.

In the meantime, dear Mayor, glad to have you back.

Cheers,

Norman Mailer

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

March 15, 1955

Norman:

Either you wrote those two notes in a paranoid fog created by the weed -- or you're deliberately provoking a break -- which I, for one, don't want.

It could only be some kind of madness that would even let cross your mind the thought that I'd copy or have copied your Journal. No one has ever seen any of it. When the envelopes arrive, they are given to me sealed -- and when I've read them, they're put, by me, in a place where no one but myself can have access to them. But if you don't trust me, boyo, say it straight out and you can have back, pronto, the whole works.

And about my talking about the Journal -- I don't know what you mean. Believe it or not, I haven't said a word about it to anyone, except that once in a conversation with Wylie I said, in connection with a matter we were discussing (homosexuality, I think it was), that you had some intriguing ideas about it which I knew about because you showed me some notes you were making for a treatment of it in a book someday. I never -- and if you don't believe me, Norman, that's your privilege -- told a soul that you're keeping a journal.

I have talked a lot about DEER PARK -- to Ted, Ivan, Paul, Phil -- everyone. I've said that it contains insights and perceptions that startled me, originating as they have from someone so young and so essentially inexperienced as you are.

And now to the matter of cross-fertilization or inter-fecundation. If you're so goddam jealous of your ideas, keep them to yourself. I'm not so sure I'd miss them, anyhow. And observe, friend, I haven't used them so far. As for my ideas, you're welcome to them -- whether we remain hermanos or not. I don't regard my thoughts as particularly precious and certainly have no necessity in me to hoard them.

As for your ideas, the truth about them is that, at present, they're really no more than interesting -- worth talking over, considering, discussing. And where in hell do you get the megalomaniac notion that they're anything more than, in most cases, tentative propositions? To my mind some of them are good -- that is, worthy of more thought. Some of them stink -- that is, they're not worthy of development. Many of them are certainly not original -- although you think they are. And many of them are screwed up.

I've refrained from commenting on every item in the journal purposely -- and have discussed only a few of them with you purposely -- because I've recognized the fact that you are concerned at present primarily with getting them down, getting them out of you, for later and calmer consideration. I'm astounded that now you seem to think of them

74-13

To Edward McAlice

~~[Yale Hill]~~~~[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]~~

October 10, 1974

Dear Ed,

I'm glad you've gone to work on a novel, because I've felt for a long time that your literary talents were colliding against the form of small-town journalism, and you have too much energy and too much color in your language to be held down by that kind of stuff forever, to wit, making some old grunge-ball happy behind his desk. If you say you've written 150 pages and started over, and are now writing in confusion, recognize that that's not at all unlikely. I'm assuming that you haven't written any fiction in some years, and so it's a little bit as if you're learning how to do it all over again. If I'm wrong, these remarks will lose some interest, but, what the hell. I'll proceed as if this assumption is on the nose. Anyway, part of writing a novel is to get from the space in oneself that wakes up in the morning, brushes one's teeth, et cetera, over into that other voice, which is the narrative voice,

hy plan

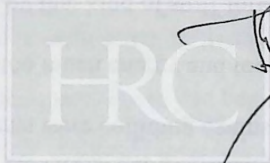
-2.-

gave me the knife -- and that, too, is that.

There've been other disappointments and shocks, too -- but this above was the worst. I wanted this thing, not for what it would do for me, but for what I could do. Do you understand?

I've missed you, Norman -- what gives?

Yours,



Mr. Norman Mailer
320 East 55 Street
New York, New York

which is the style, which is the center of consciousness or the center of
 intelligence or whatever you want to call it, in the novel. Now sometimes
 that voice is a narrator, sometimes that voice is in the third person. But it's
 always a quiet presence (even if in the case of someone like Miller or
 Faulkner or Burroughs, not so quiet). But in any case, there's always that
 presence which one has to find, which is not one's own self, and yet is not so
 far separated from oneself that one can't live with it. And it is this voice that
 is sheer hell to get. If you find that you wrote 150 pages and they were
 wrong and you had to start again, and now you're troubled again, don't let it
 get you down, it's a way of overshooting the mark, shooting too close,
 finally averaging out to some place where you begin to sense where the
 target might be. And once you get it, the work tends to get much easier,
 although in fact you may not know you've gotten it until you've been
 working with it for a couple of months. In *The Armies of the Night* I didn't
 know that I'd really gotten on to something with a good voice until I'd been
 working that way for two or three weeks. For the first two or three weeks I
 just kept having this nagging, irritating feeling in my gut that I was making a
 big mistake, so the trouble with it is always of course that you can't count on
 your own feelings too much, there're too many levels of oneself at work, and
 the level that's most articulate and most critical at any given instant isn't

ck

[]
 make you
 put 1st
 names
 in []

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

March 14, 1955

Dear Norman,

It's been so long since I heard from you that I've begun to wonder why. I called you when I was in New York last week -- almost continuously (as Edna must have told you) -- and since returning to Baltimore a number of times, including last night. It did occur to me that you may have gone on the ski trip you talked of taking -- and maybe that's why there've been no notes from the journal, no letters, and no calls.

It occurs to me that there may be a change of climate in our relationship. I don't feel one on my part -- but perhaps, after your last visit, you do. According to the notes, once you expressed your peeve, you purged yourself of ill feelings. I can only hope that this is so. For my part, I think that if there is any difficulty between us, it is put there by your insistence on projecting some of your doubts about the "new" self you are discovering on me. I wish I knew how to get you beyond this -- how to convince you of my total acceptance. But, at the same time, Norman, I feel your pressure to, somehow, close me off. Take that matter of painting. You and Adele insist I know nothing about it, and I'm content to let you think that -- both of you -- if you wish. But when I try to tell you, not what I know about it, but what I think of it, you accuse me of lecturing on painting. And yet I have stood by both amused and a little appalled when Adele has pointed out a picture in a book to you and said, "Don't you think I've been getting a few effects like this?" -- so I have seen and heard the evidence from both of you that what I wanted to discuss with you then -- the absence of ideas from non-objective painting -- you charge me with gratuitous and pompous "lecturing". So also with Liptons. Do you want a one-way street, Chazar? Look, I'll take -- willingly, happily, -- all you have to dish out; but don't sulk when I show I've got a few stray bits of guts, too.

Ah, well -- enough of that. If it's there, we'll both know it -- or sign off.

The last few weeks have been disturbing and distressing ones. The death of a close friend set the tone for a whole series of disappointments. Although the book is doing alright, it is just about limping along, and will continue that way unless or until I can get Rinehart to do more advertising. They've been content to see it move at about 600 to 1000 copies a week on what they call "word of mouth" and excellent reviews. What it wants, of course, is a goose. That goose would have been provided by the Omnibus program -- which fell through. Yes, my friend, I've been fucked but regally -- with all the trimmings -- and I want you to be among the first to know about it. Seems that when the final decision had to be made, the medicos on the board of the Ford Foundation ruled that it would be regarded as an unfriendly act by the medical profession if I, a psychologist, talked about my work and my thinking to twenty-one million people. The implication being that I'm a charlatan and a quack. So they

it for so long, since the corrections ^I have are picyune and only amount to about five or six. You'll find them incidentally on pages 49, two on page 65, 76, 82, and page 2 of the notes (note #71).

Reading it however gave me an opportunity to appreciate what you're doing. I want to tell you that I think it's awfully good. I can't remember when anyone has ever treated me so clearly and has so naturally understood what I'm up to. There've been times when I wondered whether people became critics because they did not have the simple ability to read and comprehend. I can tell you that yours is one of the very few examples I know of a man taking my work and rendering it clear without simplifying it. When you add to that the fact that the cosmology is obviously the most ticklish, dense, incomprehensible and for most readers perverted part of my thicket, I think you've accomplished something. Despite the fine things you say about me, I see a long and substantial career ahead for you as a literary critic. You have abilities few possess.

Anyway Mike, my blessing. If there's any way I can help along the way, let me know. I will naturally be interested in seeing the entire work when it's done.

Have a good year.

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

February 3, 1955

Dear Norman,

I have been so tremendously excited about the last two installments of the Journal that I can hardly wait to talk with you about them. I want to urge you very strongly to re-read REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE -- forget the expository material and read only Harold's productions. Moreover, I think it is imperative that you follow up your insights on the sexual life of saints, by getting hold of St. Theresa's books and whatever other writings of this kind you can find. Huxley's DEVILS OF LOUDON will also give you some important leads.

As usual I don't have time for a real letter, but I have to tell you that I actually anticipated your situation with Dissent -- after reading the last issue I determined not to renew my subscription for the exact reasons you describe in the Journal. Which brings me to Note #397, which, I think -- if developed -- would say the first significant words on the whole problem.

So far no word from my brother or about a brief trip to New York next week. Will let you know as soon as I can.

Love,

P.S. Just received a wire stating that Mannie, my brother, will be here for the weekend. *Will call you early next week to arrange for your coming down next weekend - best!*

Mr. Norman Mailer
232 Fulton Street
Brooklyn -1, New York

B

Cheers,

Norman

P.S. I was in Africa for the Ali-Foreman fight and found out the day I arrived the fight was called off. What a bummer. I think the disappointment bit so deep I caught a bug, because a week later I was invited on safari and knew I had to get out of Africa or I was going to be really ill, so came home on the next plane and proceeded to stay in bed for the next seven days with an undulating fever. That's one tough country. I'm beginning to think part of Hemingway's genius was to command his intestines in strange places.

74-11

To John V. Lindsay

[Yale Hill]

[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

October 9, 1974

Dear John,

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

January 27, 1955

Normano mio:

I tried to call you last night but you were out -- or perhaps (I can see you) reclining with your feet up in that wonderful chair while that gadget of yours poured out the music. Wish I'd been with you.

What I wanted to tell you was that I'm glad about the Putnam thing. I want to see the DEER PART behind you. As you so correctly saw -- long ago -- it was a phase, a necessary step in your development. It now needs to be solidified in print -- (which is really the way an artist buries, successively, each of his selves), then mourned (the critical and public reception), finally forgotten by being absorbed. Now that this is well on its way, you're free to grow a new self.

Which leads to the Journal.

Norman, buck-o-boy -- I can't tell you how excited I am about it. I wait from day to day to get the next installment, and find myself almost totally absorbed in following its development. Some of the ideas I hate -- most I love -- but all of them fascinate me. Occasionally, reading it, I find myself leaping ahead in my mind -- or arguing fiercely as if you were present. Our next meeting should detonate an explosion that will probably tear up 53rd Street and route out some of the whores in the St. Regis.

As for me, I'm kind of in a fallow period now, intellectually; but emotionally I'm sizzling on some griddle of curious design. Things I can't write about have been happening to me, and the shape of that griddle is burning hieroglyphs on my soul.

The success of the book -- or what looks like a success -- and the fuss my lectures have been kicking up all over the place, have made me excited and tense -- But the yin of this yang is a new level of consciousness -- almost a new birth, with a fermentation being prepared in another recess of my mind. I'm getting ideas again, hermano -- and, as you predicted, dangerous ideas.

How perceptive you are! What genius (I mean it) lies in your intuition of my growth (?) from psychopathy to sainthood, badness to goodness, dishonesty to truth! The whole story, which I must now resolve to tell you some day, will confirm you down to the very misspellings of the words you used. I'm going to try to call you again tonight, comrade -- because I'm tired of writing letters these days and because I need the more direct contact. Also, I have to come up to New York for a few hours next week to talk to the moguls who are planning to do an Omibus dramatization of the J.P. Couth -- which means a few hours we can tear up together. Meanwhile, pal, go, go, GO...

Yours,
Bob

Dear Kay,

If I were entering a defense for Richard Nixon in some eternal court, I would argue that any man who has to read about himself in the *Washington Post* over a number of years will become convinced that a reporter is an animal with a crooked mouth. Believe it or not, I was not that bad at the Women's Democratic Club. Even funny. And the remarks your good girl quoted were, bless them, all of them, in irony. (Mine. But your reader wouldn't know.)

Could you bring back Poison Quinn? At least she put her own sweet spit on the shiv before she stuck it in. And further my regards to Ben who must believe the world is served every time an outside style is curbed.

Yours in no vast happiness,

Norman Mailer

73-25

To George Plimpton

~~[Yale Hill]~~

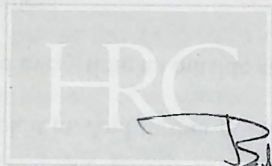
~~[Stockbridge, Mass.]~~

November 20, 1973

- 2. -

to learn that in the two or three letters I've had from Ted Amussen since you were here, he never fails to express his "numbness" and general despair over what's happened. I get the feeling that he is truly disturbed and regards the whole affair as a great fiasco and deep personal blow. This despite the under-side of his character which you and Johnnie so well delineated.

Don't fail to write soon and let me know what's going on and what your plans are. All of us here send love to all of you.



Robert Lindner

Mr. Norman Mailer
320 East 55 Street
New York, New York

Dear George,

In truth I read *Paper Lion* and you ^r book about gold ^f but lied a little to Buzz, I suppose because I didn't wish to get into a discussion of the two books with someone else before I'd talked to you. Actually I like *Paper Lion* a little less and the golfing book, whose title to my obvious embarrassment I cannot now remember, a little more than the general consensus, but did not think my critical reactions were of such enormous value that they should be immediately imparted to you, and so I thought I'd wait until sometime we were sitting over a drink and I could talk about the two. Now that the subject is on us, however, let me just say that I did enjoy *Paper Lion*, it's just that no book could have carried in the weight of advance touting it had been given and so a little disappointment was built in. On the other hand the golfing book showed me all sorts of things about golf I'd never considered before and I enjoyed it. Now the new one I have to approach with interest, for believe me dear George, I am one of the fifty million people who played *Lion* at one time or another in their life. I'll drop you a note about it.

Cheers,

Norman

74-14

cut

✓

f [The Bogey Man] ✓

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

December 7, 1954

Dear Norman,

The fact that you left a number of things around the house is good evidence that you want to come back, so I hope you will make arrangements soon to return. We need to sit down and talk a little bit more about Lipton's. It may be that a part of my reaction toward it is determined by preconceptions and prejudices -- these leading to concern when any of its celebrants are so close to me. In any event, I hope you will find me always open to conviction. And in any event, I do want to discuss the ideas you talk about.

We've had a lot of excitement here because of the piece in this week's Time, and the coincident publication of "The Jet-Propelled Couch". All sorts of amazing things have happened as a result of the Time piece, not the least of which is an immediate decision by Ted to bring out the lectures as a small book by spring. Before I do the final draft I am terribly anxious to have you go over the manuscript with me -- or by yourself -- so that I can take care of the rough spots you mentioned. I'd be enormously grateful for this and also for some assistance in completing the homosexuality piece.

I also want you to do me a more immediate favor, and that is to write to Rinehart immediately after you see and read your copy of THE FIFTY-MINUTE HOUR. If you can give them some statement to be used for advertising, I'd be in your debt. In addition to you, I have asked that a copy be sent to Bill Styron, from whom I would like the same thing -- but only if he feels the book deserves his praise. Moreover, if you can think of anyone to whom complimentary copies should be sent, that is to say anyone who can assist in promotion, I would also appreciate this.

I am full of appreciation today as you see--- but nonetheless, the inner man is still somewhat apprehensive about everything. What I need is a few hours with you over a couple of drinks. Many issues have been raised about my ideas in various editorials all over the country and in columns such as those now being run by Max Lerner in the New York Post. I'd like to talk out and re-evaluate some of the ideas before heading into the final draft of the essays -- and you're it.

When you find out about Christmas, please let me know, and also what your plans are going to be for the celebration of the New Year. Since I have to see Ted and a few other people, I intend to come to New York within the next few weeks, but will let you know further about this in my next.

I haven't said anything about THE DEERFARK in this note simply because I am awaiting word from you. Nevertheless, my concern with the matter is very deep, and I think of it constantly. You will be interested

pricked—to the first paragraph where you speak of me inviting over 3,000 people to the 50th birthday party, and only 600 showing up. “It had become fashionable not to.”

Now, we can agree the evening was a bummer and that I have rarely behaved with less *éclat* and rarely buggered a big and important business better. But the one little joy I took out of the occasion you have now removed. Six hundred people was a hell of a score to get out of 3,000 letters. Good God, Richard, you ^{ought} ~~out~~ to know after all those years of *Partisan* ^[Review] what kind of results you get back from a mailing. So this is just to tell you that while I love your apologies for me (although I sometimes wish you had to apologize just a little less) I as always enjoyed your style, but write this to warn you. Dear pal, if you are going to become the greatest critic that America has, then you as myself are in the doldrums, so let us both get up and out of the boondocks, boy.

Incidentally I am returning to that big novel. I hope it will be able to do more than pose a dilemma or two. We'll have to see. Will Mailer finally commit himself? Will the world end?

Love,

Norman

- Página dos -

know what to make of it -- or how to think of it. Everyone says it's "striking, vivid, attention-getting". -- Me? I think it looks like something that's been cooking too long.

How's my Peruvian Yenta? If I thought you knew where to do it, I'd ask you to kiss her for me.

All of us enjoy good health. Maybe that's why I feel so bad.

Adios, marica,

Roberto

el toro de Satriale

74-1

To Richard Lee Fulgham

[Yale Hill]

[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

February 5, 1974

Dear R. L.,

As usual I can't begin to give you a fair reply to your letter with all it has of yourself in it, but answer in a hurry to tell you that I did read the paragraph you marked for me and indeed don't argue with it, for in my notion that there's a double set of super-egos, egos and ids in all of us I am of course thinking of these two separate personalities as being shaped by different areas of experience so that it would be valid indeed to speak of one as the personality of the sun, the other of the moon. In fact, now comes the truth, I thought at one time of doing a book on this and then decided it could become the sort of venture which would take up the rest of my life and might end up just being a schema rather than a work with its own life.

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

September 15, 1954

Hermano mio,

Now, at last, I take my pen in hand (I'd take my secretary, but she's otherwise engaged) to write you. Why I haven't done so before -- there are many reasons, but most of it has been sheer laziness. Anyhow, I don't like to write letters to you, Chico -- I'd rather speak direct -- ~~man~~ talk. Letters embarrass me. And who knows? They're even saying Freud and Fleiss had a mad affair!

We returned to Baltimore last week, worn out from violent vacationing. Now I'm back at work, slaving over a hot couch and chasing a buck here and there. Actually, I've hardly dug in, and don't expect to -- really -- until next week, when I return from a quick trip to New York. I have to go there to meet and talk with the people who are arranging a lecture tour for me in California beginning November 1st. You did not know this, Ginso, so I'm telling you now. On November 1st, we go West for about two weeks. Anyhow, previous to seeing these birds about the arrangements and details, I have to talk with Ivan. Always (you know) with an eye to the main chance, I'd like to see if there's a possibility to have the articles (lectures) commissioned by someone, or gather them into a fast small book. So when I get back (from N.Y.), I'll have to hustle to put the stuff down on paper.

So much to tell you -- and so much I want to know about you, Cholo. I think the state of our souls needs examination and discussion over a quart of whiskey. Hurry back, Pal.

Which brings me to what you are doing. I like the fact that you are having etwasas, that you are thinking about two novels, that your liver is lively, your gonads sizzling, and your asshole is tight -- But, amigo querido, this flirtation of yours with the gage -- this I do not like. Not because it may mean early doom or residence in some yiddish purgatory -- that would be okay since then we'd share hellroom together -- but because the winding of the self should take place from the inside. A theory I'll discuss with you one night soon.

By the way, I don't know if you know yet about the love affair between the Rembars and the Lindners. It's a fact, anyhow. On Friday, when I get to New York, I'll be calling Cy -- and getting what news he has of you. Perhaps he'll tell me then about the Naked deal. And when you get rich, Chazar, I'll take the Jaguar on the left.

Christ! I miss you.

The jacket came from Rinehart for the 50 minute job. I don't

As for your own work, yes, keep working, yes, get published if you can. But don't work to get published at the cost of all else because the talent you have can get fucked with badly if you fuck around with it. If you want to do the book on the war hero, do it. But if you detest the very notion of it and are doing it only to see something in hard covers, don't take it up. At least, such would be my advice. And for the rest, clean yourself out. If you want to become a writer recognize that you are taking something off your chances to go very far every time you go on a binge where you burn yourself out because some of what you waste will even be replaced by better stuff, but a large proportion of it is just going to go down the drain. It doesn't seem to matter as much so long as you're generating new stuff in yourself. One goes through the psychic state inside of feeling that one is consuming parts of oneself and becoming enriched, but the moment you pass that kind of youth, the moment you get ^a significant bit older so that what comes back is smaller, speaking in the economy of these things, than what goes out, you will discover to your horror how much you wasted in those earlier years, how much less development you have than you ought to have. And that will get in the way of the works you'll be wanting to do when you're 40, 50, 60 and 70, which might be the time when you might have been at your maximum, if you had a high maximum. So follow this as a

Mr. Norman Mailer

- 2. -

Peconic, Long Island, New York
Peconic 4-6554

The house you have sounds wonderful. Wish we could share it for a while -- perhaps one day we will.

As you see -- news is sparse from this end -- at least the kind of news I can write about. Meanwhile, write when you can, using the above address until right after September 1st.

To both of you from all here, much love,

Your

Sissy

The Salute Lover of Salina

bad uncle's news. Never duck an experience if you feel your fundamental motivation is fear, but on the other hand never take something on because you're greedy and you want to get more of the kind of insight you got the night before with the same drugs. Once a philosopher, twice a pervert—Voltaire, you know.

Cheers,

Norman

74-3

[Yale Hill]

[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

February 25, 1974

Dear Harper Barnes,

Let me try to answer your questions in order.

1. If you take a look at my chapter on the *Voice* in *Advertisements for Myself* I believe, if my memory is correct, that there's a postscript to the ¹¹Advertisement (it's called ¹¹the Fourth Advertisement for Myself) which gives my opinion of the *Voice* then, which was in 1958, 1959. I wouldn't say that it's changed a great deal since then. I like the *Voice*. I approve of it. I confess

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

July 20, 1954

Normancito:

Don't tell me we're not sympatico! I had hardly finished a letter to you when yours arrived. We were overjoyed to hear from you, but are now distressed to learn about your health. Have you considered returning for treatment? or can you get what you need where you are? Please, man, take care -- it's important for everyone that you remain well -- or at least well enough to get done what's yours to do, including having a good time.

As for me, mysteriously, I have had little or no further trouble, lip-wise or hive-y. Whether the blasted thing has run its course, or my psyche has undergone some occult kind of re-organization, I don't know. In any case, I'm eating almost everything (although I remain leery of -- and avoid -- tomatoes, berries and cheese) without ill effect. Physically, then, I'm in pretty good shape. Except for heart trouble, cancer, leukemia, and tuberculosis I have fewer complaints these days than I had when I last wrote. Mentally, I continue dull. Although I've read a lot -- and a lot of good stuff, too -- it's not been adding up to anything much. An occasional idea, yes -- but nothing that sticks. Nevertheless -- and I think only you can understand this -- I feel yeasty. Stuff is mulling and brewing deep down. Occasionally, with what reminds me of a bubble's burst in a cauldron of some thick liquid, an etwas (sentence, thought, vagrant phrase) rises to the surface, breaks, then settles -- So maybe there's a thing happening that will start me soon on the book.

Your news about DEER PARK is warming and exciting both. When I got the catalogue two weeks ago, I observed there was no announcement of your book, I worried about what had happened. Your letter calms -- apparently all has ended well. As for the orgy scene, I agree its elimination is artistically necessary and that the book will profit from the deletion.

Parenthetically, the "Jet-Propelled Couch" will be in Harper's in abbreviation in December and January. Ivan concluded the arrangements last week. We think they've done a fine editorial job and its appearance there will help THE FIFTY-MINUTE HOUR.

We leave for Long Island on July 31st. Please copy this address and phone number and put it where you'll be reminded of me (us) constantly. May I suggest Adele's beautiful butt?

% Low House
Indian Neck Lane

subject. In a face-to-face interview I never go on under such circumstances. I point out to the interviewer that he's put me in a situation of pushing a Cadillac uphill and I'm not going to do it. A good interview comes out of a continuing dialogue where the interviewer is putting in at least half as much wit and enterprise and surprise as the man or woman being interviewed.

If you wish, you can send me the questions again—I'm afraid I cast away the last batch—but the only way I conceive of answering that interview is by pointing out how inappropriate I think each and every one of those questions is. In other words, if one of the questions asked me is "What do I look for in sex?" I'd ^{be} inclined to point out the essential idiocy of a mind that assumes sex is a field ^{where} you go looking. So forth. If you want to take another turn around the path with me on this basis, I'll look at the questions again. But I must tell you in advance that I think what I would give you has to be the last thing you would want for the style and tone of your magazine and the moral of your readers.

Sincerely,

Norman

P.S. I may look at those questions again and say no twice as hard. I do want that understood. Also I may feel just 10 or 15 or 20 out of the 60 are going to be good to reply to.

should certainly like to get another opinion. So please send the typescript over to me..."

Apparently the Lerner preface whetted old pip-pip Victor's appetite again, and we are going to comply with his request for another look-see. In responding to Ivan about this I took the occasion to point out that everything about the stories is true and factual, but that, of course, they have been "fictionalized" to give the necessary dramatic tension. I rather expect that V.G. will decide to buy -- but if he doesn't Ivan assures me that almost anyone else in England will.

So far as the business with Harper's is concerned, apparently they have not yet completed their mind-making up, and I anticipate that it will be another couple of weeks before we hear from them.

Some further small bit of news is that we went last night to hear Freddie Weisgal play at a local beer joint, to which I will have to take you when you come down again. Before deciding to do this, Freddie came to my office for an off-the-cuff opinion on whether or not his practice would suffer -- or his reputation as a lawyer be hurt -- but doing this I neglected to point out to Freddie that little damage to his legal reputation would be possible under the most extreme circumstances. However, I did feel he had somewhat of a point. I related the story of the man who complained he had been a tailor 40 years, and no one ever called him schneider on the streets, yet, for "ragging" one little "pein", the whole world thereafter called him "cockcucker". Fred got the point.

Soon after you receive this letter I expect that you will be off for Mexico, and I confess to envying you greatly this time of leisure. Me, I will be sweating out a living over a hot couch for another 6 or 7 weeks -- and probably nursing my hives -- until the first of August. If you are going to write at all please do so at this address until August 1st, after which we can be reached at: % Mrs. Frances Adams, Indian Neck Lane, Peconic, Long Island, New York. Phone: Peconic 6554.

I hope you get a chance to write, however, briefly, before you take off, and meanwhile send you the love of all of us.

Fid

75-10

To William F. Buckley, Jr.

[Yale Hill]

[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

May 13, 1975

Dear Bill:

Yours to frame or flip away.

Cheers,

Norman

Here to auction off an hour with that intellectual inchling, that pride of conservatism erumpant (if not always ideologically erugate) I am happy to say that the successful bidder will receive a full hour of conversation and attention from Sharon, Connecticut's own buckeen, William F. Buckley, right in his New York home among his lares and penates. There the top cash will meet him, good William, *et uxor*—her first name Patsy (and more beautiful than Germaine Greer)—particular high bidder to be moreover put

body by the mouth of me, for a period of weeks, reasoning thusly: that unfriendly spirits have in me lodged and made me to be of a sensitivity profound, and a responsiveness, to an irritant which, in time, through a famous method known abroad as "progressive elimination", may be apprehended and indited.

In resignation then, I surrender to the saints and the professor of the skins.

Given this date, hyght above, by the hand of the signatee below. Nihil obstat. Imprimatur. Nertz!

Robert el Lario

* * * * *



Dear Norman:

I have separated the above report on the state of my physical body from the rest of this, chiefly to confound our biographers -- whose existences I do not ever for a moment doubt. If they can dig the styles involved and their sources (I date such biographers about a hundred years hence, a few decades after an orwellian debacle during which all traces of previous cultures will have vanished ((except our works, of course)) and the language will have degenerated into a series of melodious grunts (((except in the case of a handful of scientists who will by then have uncovered a Rosetta stone enabling such masterworks as NAKED and PRESCRIPTION to be read))) -- if they can, I say, they'll deserve the right to write about us.

To continue. Apart from all these horrors there is little to report from the Baltimore front. The thing that may amuse you is that Ivan enclosed a letter from Gollancz in which the dear old boy reports that he turned down the stories in THE FIFTY-MINUTE HOUR originally because he "came to the conclusion that there was something wrong with the book. I can't clearly explain my feeling: I think I might perhaps put it, in a Jewish phrase which Lindner will understand, that it was not quite kosher. Or, to put it in another way, I had the feeling that the investigations had been 'done up' a bit -- that there were points at which the science merged into fiction." "But" the dear old boy continues, "I may have been quite wrong -- in any event the thing was of fascinating interest -- and I

in close company with a gaggle of the editor's cohorts from *National Review*, a larvate latrant group of larrikins

who inhabit a midden through which good left conservatives like myself are obliged to walk in their moggins—which if I may permit myself an apostrophe can be described as a footless stocking. Needless to say, “midden,” if we are to translate, is the stuff through which one is trying to walk in that footless stocking while the editors of *National Review* are failing to bite the bullet and forsake all squalid pegomancy for pedomancy. It could be argued that there is nothing like the less peccant forms of the pedomantic to clear your head. At any rate, we must breathe deep, avoid the ganch and the garlion, and prepare to bid up our wallets for the right to be received by that scollardical exponent of holophrasis, that natural practitioner of misosophy and misocainia, that sedulous seeksorrow of the CIA, now rendered semi-ustilate I fear by the likes of Spiro Agnew, but nonetheless phenomenally well worth bidding up if you have a taste for tongue-tallying with America's own sempiternal columnist, that upper Yahoo from ~~Yae~~, Mr. William F. Buckley and his gang of trillibubs.

Norman Mailer

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

32 Macajium 4159

Brother of Mine:

It is to be hoped greatly that this my letter finds you and your liver happily well. O Normano mio, we are indeed hermanos now, I haveing, but minutes past come from the consultation of the professor of skins, wherefrom emerged I with the list of a diet excluding all the pleasures and delights of the gut -- including the press of the grape and the vine's fruit.

The affair began with the lip of mine, as I have informed you by an earlier post, and am itching of the skin in various places, and, sadly, the manifestation of that upon the skin said by all to be of the nature of "hives". Following the initial seizure of me by these portents and symptoms, there passed some days, when in this fashion once more I was taken.

There was I, then, on the day of Saturn of the last week, in respose following my labors, at rest (I repeat) in the house of me, sampling slowly of a brew much in repute and admired by the natives of this region, compounded of substances to the number of two, hyght "gin" et "vermouth", in a formula of mathematic relations "six-to-one". Of a sudden there overcame me, your brother, in the region of the mouth of mine, especially the underpart, a curious perception of heat and vibration, after which there did appear a swell, or fulness, thereof, which, to my distress, persisted through the long night. Accompanying this occult untowardness, even more unbelievable, a furor of the insides of me came to pass, with nauseaation and mild vertigo attending. Thereafter misery companioned me until bedding hour, the which was on that occasion delayed far into birthtime of the day subsequent by wasteful converse and further draughts of the self-same empoisoned brew, at intervals of a certainty prescribed, I know not how, yet assuredly by the (incomprehensible) rituals of the region, and upon the invitation, graciously rendered, of natives, oddly comparisoneed (I tell you for your instruction) and outdecked with fabrics suited to the sultry climate of that night, assembled in a conclave composed of various tribes to fashion a thing called (by these the natives) a "party", the which was not in any place to be seen, although my search for it occupied, when the lip of mine allowed, the whole of the night. Sleep arrived, then, and upon the morrow, such is the bounty of the saints, a properly proportioned visage was returned to me in the glass.

Of a minor degree, since, has this distress pursued me, your brother, until this moment of writing. I have, as written, attended the professor of skins following matins of this day. He, the professor, advised, first, a purging of the bowel, and thereafter also, the regime of the monk, happily confined to that which passes into the

74-52

To Norman Rosten

~~[Yale Hill]~~~~[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]~~

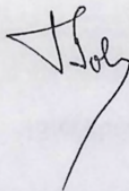
December 4, 1974

Norman, I guess I still think enough of you to tell you
the truth. I just don't have the heart to start stirring the works for your new
book. That long dull dreadful business with Marilyn left a bad taste. This
will probably come like a thunderclap to you, but it did seem to me at
the time as if, granting the couple of occasions I'd had agreeable things to
say about your book, that I might be allowed to take a quote from something
you had already published, and pay you what by any conventional standard
is a large permission, without having to do the stations of the cross five
times over it. I can recognize why you felt
some understandable pique that Marilyn, who was after all so much your
material for so, many years, was being taken
over by me. But for Christ's sakes, Rosten, you'd had your ten years to write
something about her and never did, it was only when everybody else got into

much too brief; I hope you'll expand when you write. What irks me is this: that the reaction of Stan is likely to be the reaction of any publisher I can think of (did you say this or am I being bright?), and at least at Rinehart's you have a friend at court. It has probably taken courage for Ted to stand up for you as he did. But what's to be done? Will Stan give the book what it should have if he continues to feel the way he does? Does it really matter? And then I'd like to ask you about your own feelings regarding the two scenes that seem to be the big thorns for Stan. I recall when I read the orgy scene, I told you it left me with a feeling of dissatisfaction. I thought your own doubts about it were showing at that time, and I remember saying that I thought you should either do it or forget it. Now I think it would be a serious artistic error (and a compromise that might harm you) to drop the scene; but I do believe it has to be really written, in detail, full orchestra. (Of course, I don't know if you've done more with it since I saw the manuscript in January). As for the Tippiis scene, when we talked about it last time you convinced me it was essential stat. I remain convinced -- the scene is tight and intrinsic (if not, perhaps, entirely necessary) to the portrait of T. But on this I'd bet a house Stan can be convinced.

It is, finally, distressing to think that we'll be out of personal contact for the next few months. All of us will, of course, be thinking of both of you every day. Believe me, it will be the one blot on our own vacation. We'll be leaving for Low House on July 31st -- just previous to that, when I get your Mexico address, I'll send you the address. I'll hope, too, that you might realize on the off-chance and join us there late in August. At least let me consider this improbability a possibility.

Much love for both of you from all of us,

A handwritten signature, likely "J. B. S. P.", written in dark ink. The signature is stylized, with a large, sweeping initial 'J' and a long, curved line extending from the bottom of the signature.

the act that you suddenly felt cheated and got off you ass and made yourself a little money. I find it distasteful to even get into these details, but came to recognize gloomily in the course of the rotten year which followed the publication of *Marilyn* that you really did not feel toward me the emotion of what I consider a friend. So let's let a couple of years go by to cool things off. Unless, as I say, you feel an overwhelming desire to come up here and box. That we could always do. In the meantime—work, suffer, curse the stinginess of the fates.

Your old blurb bapper,

Norman

P.S. If you want to know the truth of what really got me pissed off, it was that you finally had so little that was new to say about *Marilyn* after that marvelous piece you wrote that was already in print. If you're going to be stingy about all your material in order to write something that really was exciting, fine. But the book you did was just a rip-off on what had been originally a lovely and luminous essay. What the hell did all that stinginess get you in the end? You didn't even make the money you could have if you'd written a better book. And you know and I know you kissed Miller's ass.

ch
?
!

→ [Arthur]

think you've used the drinking for bad reasons -- it wasn't emergent, that is growing out of a personal or party situation; but with you, the personal or party situations came from the drinking. Do you understand what I mean? To hell with it. We'll talk soon.

As I told you over the phone, I'm in a kind of limbo these days. I don't feel like doing anything, and I lend myself only reluctantly to my work, finding very little pleasure in it and pushing every day away or behind me. I think I get this way about this time each year -- a kind of immense intellectual and (what?) spiritual fatigue seems to engulf me. I get jaded and bored very easily, have a minimal attention span, jump from one small enthusiasm to another, and largely hold secret converse with myself. I think what happens is a consequence of not having a framework or pattern for my ideas. When I am doing a book -- or even writing an article -- the ideas that occur to me during the time are employed somehow (and also everything I read). In this post-book, pre-book period they are necessarily unattached; they occur, I react -- and then they dissipate. I guess this leaves me with a feeling of worthlessness: I'm somehow, then, loose and ^{dis}engaged. I know the solution is to begin a new project, even if only in thought; but right now I just don't feel like it. Perhaps when the unattachment increases to a point of real discomfort -- or when these blasted psychosomatic things really get my goat -- I'll do the necessary.

We've been seeing no one of any interest. Yesterday we drove out to Edgy Berman's farm, and Phoebe (they both send remembrances) showed us a wonderful piece of property near them. It has a small waterfall and a narrow stream running through it. I've been wondering about it as an ideal spot for a long cherished dream of mine -- a small weekend house. We think it may be possible to widen the pool to a real swimming place and dam up the stream at the further end. Then we could build a house above the water, stock the pool with bass or trout. Maybe this is the place we can write the Mailer and Lindner books from in a couple years -- with time out for swimming or skating or fishing! In any event, I'm more excited about this than I've been about anything recently -- and maybe it will go through.

About the FIFTY-MINUTE HOUR, I guess I've written it off now. Lerner's preface, as I said, is terrific. He's done exactly what I hoped -- described the book as writing in a new literary genre, and emphasized the intrinsic excitement of the stories. Ted and Dudley feel there is a chance of having a selling success -- for a change -- and I'm sure that if Ivan brings off the Harper thing, we'll get off to a good start. The "concerning" part -- at least until reviews come in -- is over. But it isn't over for me (curiously, do you think?) about your book. I find I get more exercised about DEER PARK than about my own book. Your report about the conference with Stan and Ted was

75-26

To Peter Bogdanovich

[Yale Hill]

[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]

February 18, 1975

Dear Peter,

Let's get together when you're in New York. Apart from a hundred other things we'll have to talk about, and number one is ^{[your film] Daisy Miller} ~~Daisy~~, in honor of the aesthetic enigmas, I'd also like to propose an idea of mine. It involves adapting a nineteenth-century book that no one has gone near which I think would make an incredible movie. I don't know if it's at all your cup of tea, however. It might even be the kind of movie you hate, for it has considerable violence, sex, and large doses of the occult. On the other hand, it has costumes from several periods and they are not necessarily the easiest periods to recapture. So you could conceivably be intrigued. If this categorization does not repel you instantly, then I'll send you the name of the book and we can talk about it more.

Cheers,

Norman

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

June 7, 1954

Dear Norman,

It was great talking with you the other night. I hope you understood what I meant when I said I'd been having trouble writing. It is simply that my letters have been composed under the shadow of our private talks when you were here -- and I couldn't, for some reason, keep out the pompous and pedantic tone. Recognizing this, I've now made the decision not to write about those matters -- to save them, that is, for personal meetings. This has removed the blocks, and now I'm able to continue our correspondence.

For some strange reason I've been feeling lousy these last weeks. My gut has been kicking up -- a most unusual thing -- and I've twice had a swelling on my lips. The guys I've talked to have called this "angioneurotic edema", a condition due to a specific allergy or sensitivity to something (a food or?), plus a condition of tension. You're supposed to take anti-histamines for this kind of thing -- but the last time I did they made me feel worse. Today my lower lip looks like I've just been made an honorary Ubangi. My private opinion is that this business may be related to my conflict over smoking. For some time I did great -- but within the past few days I've slipped, and although I stay under 10 butts a day it still is the wrong thing. But if it isn't the cigarette thing, it must be a food -- and I'm damned if I can figure this out. In any case, it can't be something a few hours of analysis won't clear up. Meanwhile, as usual when there's something physically wrong with me, my chronic feeling is one of anger, anger at this frailty in myself.

I think you, too, react to illness or physical weakness with anger, don't you? Which brings me to your liver. I've made inquiries, based on the very little data you gave me, and I've learned that your condition is not to be taken too seriously. Apparently, you've been making excessive demands on a biologically slightly inadequate organ, and there is hardly any question but that a period of relaxed pressure on this organ will restore its proper function. Until I learned this, I did worry somewhat. Now I'm even glad of it, glad because the drinking (so you've said) has been eliminated.

You know, Norman, I haven't been completely truthful with you (or Adele) about the drinking. I've honestly been concerned with it, mainly because I've noticed that rather than relaxing you, it seems to create more and more tension, and tension of a specific kind. By this I mean that it draws you away from people, breaks communication a little bit. This happens, of course, with every drinker, but you seem to get there a little more rapidly than most others. Also I

74-3

~~[Yale Hill]~~~~[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]~~ ✓

February 27, 1975

Dear Ines von Schoenfeldt,

I was thinking of Dreiser's famous novel *An American Tragedy* when I chose my title. That is one reason it is called An American Dream rather than *The American Dream*. I never try too hard to explain my titles to myself, for I think a good title is obliged to exist at a more primitive level than clear exposition can provide, but perhaps the movement from the word "Tragedy" to the word "Dream" symbolized for me some profound shift in American life—the movement, let us say, from the deterministic view of man as a creature who wrestled against and was finally overcome by superior forces, to the more mid-twentieth century notion of our technological age that we are all suspended between life, death, drugs, and the dream. This is, of course, only one explanation; with a title so general as *An American Dream*, I would not wish to cut off some of the others. There's obviously a play on the notion of *The American Dream*, a phrase much used in the life of literary Americans to satirize the old Calvinist notion that those who work hard are the chosen of God and generally find themselves rewarded. In any case,

no goal

- 2. -

wrote the screenplay, which anyone who makes the picture has to use. If Manger or anyone else wants to buy the rights from Warner, I'm sure they'll sell. For my part, I think an arrangement about the screenplay can be made through the Ober office.

I wonder, Norman, if Brand would want to suggest REBEL to Mr. Manger? An approach from that side would light a fire under the whole matter. I'd personally like to see the picture made, since it is a valid study of the subject and the only truthful representation of prison life I've come across. By the way, apart from all of this I hope Brand and I can get together. He sounds interesting and the kind of guy I'd like to know.

You'll be glad to know that I've done an intensive editorial job on the four stories of my book and followed your good suggestions as closely as I could. Jeanne (who sends her love, natch) is busy re-typing the manuscript in final draft, while I'm finishing the remaining story. I hope to be out in about two weeks, including the preface. Last week I talked with Ted by phone and discovered he had no changes to suggest, so I'm readying final copy. It will be a relief to get the book out so that I can get on to the next job.

Come soon, Norman. I'll be in New York within the next three weeks and certainly expect to see you and meet your friends. But you should arrange for an early and long visit here. We want you. Meanwhile, our love,

Thely

perhaps this determinedly incomplete presentation may be of some small use to you.

Sincerely,

Norman Mailer

75-57

To Basil Mailer

~~[Yale Hill]~~

~~[Stockbridge, Massachusetts]~~ ✓

March 25, 1975

Dear Basil,

I see it's better than three months since the pleasure of reading your letter, and I'm startled at the greed of time. It has such a big appetite and I begin to suspect these days I may have less and less to offer it. What an awful sensation to be the Eaten rather than the Eater. At any rate, this is birthday weekend in the house and nothing like that to turn the squire's sad thoughts to age and eternity. Four of my seven children have birthdays within eleven days of each other, so we've decided to coin a new institution, the birthday weekend. It's not the worst occasion, but does serve to remind

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

February 23, 1954

Dear Norman,

Just receiving your letter was a great relief. I feared that I had spoken out of turn with Ted, and your slight delay in answering my note made me somewhat concerned.

About your book -- Norman, it is so good, and has such potential, that I have to urge you not to compromise on it. I've given it a lot of thought, and I really think just a "new coat of paint" is not sufficient -- at least not for you. To fail to give it the intensive attention it requires in this final draft would be to commit a really grave literary sin, but more than this, a crime against yourself. So please keep pushing.

Johnnie told me about your talk with her on the topic 'withier Mailer', and so your remarks about putting in six or so months of work in a woman's prison didn't surprise me. During the last few days I've given the matter a lot of thought -- and I think something can be arranged when you're ready. Whether it can be done here, near or in Baltimore, will have to be explored further. I don't know, because the local situation is kind of snafued and riddled with a curious brand of politics. For our sakes, we'd like to have you around if it could possibly be arranged. But on the other hand, the opportunity may not exist here, and if it doesn't, there is an alternative that may be quite satisfactory. I'll go into the details with you when we get together again. Meanwhile, I think you can rest assured that the idea -- so far as I can see -- is excellent and possible of realization.

About Neville Brand and the possibility of pushing the REBEL screenplay -- I'm delighted you talked with him and anxious to meet him. After I received your letter I wrote to Kay Brown at M.C.A. (they were the agents for the sale of the screenplay that terminated in an inconclusive stalemate) and asked that all outstanding copies of my script be turned over to my agent, Ivan von Auw at Harold Ober Associates. Then I wrote to Ivan and asked him to consider getting in touch with Mr. Wenger. Warner Brothers, you see, owns the motion picture rights and I (with Budd Fishel)

would hurt friendship, but simply for lack of time. I took on the Miller book thinking I could do it in five weeks; I've already spent fifteen. I sometimes think I'm in the situation of that novelist of the thirties about whom they used to make movies (Jimmy Stewart is invariably the face), who keeps moaning that if he can only get back to his farm in Vermont he will write the great American novel, only he's stuck doing movie scripts. I am set ^{to} write the great American novel but keep finding ways to tackle myself on the two-yard line. I've sworn that after the Miller anthology is done I'll work on the novel through the fall and winter. I'd better, before its spirit begins to expire.

Let me know when you'll be in town again after September 15 and I'll do my best to find work in town the same week. Of course we may provide each other a few laughs in Los Angeles first. It looks like I'm going out to do promotion for *The Fight* before September is done, and will give you a ring then. I'm pleased you like the book. It's minor, but more pleasure to read for just that reason perhaps, and I'd just as soon make readers happy. Such humility is bottomless.

Best to you, Peter. Say hello to Cybill.

As ever,

Norman

Mr. Norman Mailer

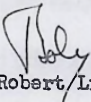
- 2.-

of presentation to justify your criticism.

My pique with you, Norman, comes from your easy dismissal of the prescriptive part of the book. You burn me up when you compare these pages with Liebman's Peace of tripe. I think what you want from me here is the substitution of propositions and proposals lifted from the body of what I am convinced is half-assed social theory and grafted onto or in to the personalities of men and their social structures. I can't do this that you seem to want of me because I'm convinced against these items as solutions -- and to me they are the unpsychologic formulas my prescriptive ingredients appear to you.

There's lots and lots more to say. I'll wait for a further note from you or, lacking that, my next visit to New York. I get there every month of so and will be coming up soon. You can be sure I am eager to talk about all of this and more with you. As you write, there are not many of us and the few we are should be particularly hard and demanding on each other. If we are going to make of ourselves any kind of instrument for tomorrow, the refining process has to be done by us or else it will be done to us.

Best wishes,


Robert Lindner

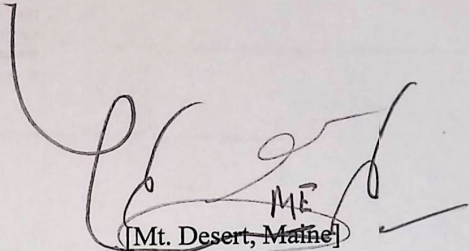
RL:jb

P.S. Send me a copy of Barbary Shore. You refer to it in your letter, but I never read it. By the way, I'm doing a book now of which the first section is devoted to a discussion of Marxism and the psychoanalysis I made of a party member not long ago.

R.L.

75-15

To Gregory Hemingway


[Mt. Desert, Maine]

August 13, 1975

Dear Greg,

I've read your manuscript and have a number of things to tell you, but can get you off tiptoe by rendering the basic reactions.

1) There's no doubt in my mind you have a publishable book. 2) I think you're going to make a lot of money on it. 3) It has things in it about Ernest Hemingway that no other book I've read comes near to showing. 4) You are heading into a mess of trouble which may leave you more than agitated. 5) You write very well in a way and abominably in another way. I'd like to talk to you about this. If I were your editor, we'd be seeing a lot of each other for a couple of months. Since I won't be, you've got to have a good editor. I expect and hope you have a far better sense of self-protection as a boxer than you do as a writer. This book is going to get you crucified in ways you haven't even heard of yet, and that demands some thought. It's always all right to write a book and get hit provided one's willing to take it, but to go out blindly is to get massacred.

DR. ROBERT LINDNER
LATROBE APARTMENTS
BALTIMORE 2, MARYLAND
SARATOGA 0690

p 510

used

November 24, 1952

Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York City, New York

Dear Norman (the way you close your letter permits this):

I was very glad to hear from you about your impressions of Rx, but I wish you had written when -- as you say -- you were more passionate about this book. As it stands now, I can hardly make out your meaning. You raise hell with me in one place for being too ambitious in this book, and in another for not committing myself to absolute statements on the nature of our society and my position on every social matter conceivable. As to the latter, either you're a poor reader or I'm a lousy writer -- for I believe my attitudes on all of these matters are absolutely clear and unequivocal. Certainly, they are very much like yours -- but in my case not (I think) founded on faith.

To answer your statement that I am writing of things of which I have no knowledge -- this I must deny. My reading and study have been, I suspect, about the same or more extensive than yours, and if you will inquire among mutual friends (I'm sure we have many) you will learn of my participation since 1932 in every progressive movement on the record short of the Party. But, of course, this is an absurdity -- your throwing one book at me, and I shouting "I read it and this one, too". The point is that I've honestly made a deep study of the matters I've written about and my decision to reject Marxism (among other things) was determined by knowledge and whatever uses of reason I've been capable of.

You have made a major point when you object to the way in which I handle the two chapters on theory of history. I am not speaking of your dismissal of the worth of this theory because of the brevity of treatment -- we both know that length and validity are not interdependent. That brevity, however, was determined by the fact that I had to present the theory -- to me it seems intrinsic to my purpose in the book -- but avoid turning my book into a study of history. In the condensation, however, I made enough mistakes

MARKETING PROPOSAL



Presented To
Norris Mailer

For The Property at
627 Commercial Street Provincetown, Mass

Prepared By Atlantic Bay Sotheby's
Alan J. Wagg



Atlantic
Bay

| Sotheby's
INTERNATIONAL REALTY

1996

- 7-23 Mary Hall Show (3)
7-27 NM pearls at FAWE
7-30 Mary Breasted, Ted Smythe
8/1 P-Town Rep. party PMAM
8/2 Tabitha Ververs opening DNA
8/5-8-15 NM to GOP Convention
San Diego
8/9 Ambrose dinner
8/24-8/29 TO Chicago Dem. Convention
8/28 John B. to Wesleyan
8/30 Lynda Sturman & Zvezdenko
9/1 Ike + Neo's party
9/3 Stratton
9-6 Malaguais
(9-8) TO NYC
mid-September to Sweden 8-14 to 8-19
9-11 Joan Didion
(9-21) TO ~~SEA~~ P-Town
Lucid party in Philly
9-27 N.Y. Historical Society 7th ST
9-30
9-4 Lifters dinner

Setting Exercise ENG 501R

“Every story would be another story and unrecognizable if it took its characters and plot and happened somewhere else.”

Eudora Welty, “Place in Fiction,” Eudora Welty, *Eudora Welty: Stories, Essays, and Memoir*, edited by Richard Ford and Michael Kreyling (1998)

Setting is one of the most important aspects of a literary work. Defined as a combination of time, place and circumstance, setting is highlighted or subdued depending on the requirements of the work. It can even become a character of sorts—for example, the Usher family mansion in Poe’s short story, “The House of Usher,” which has a pivotal plot function. Or, setting can be an anonymous city that creates a sinister mood, as in Trevanian’s *Hot Night in the City*, or Italo Calvino’s *Invisible Cities*. The same is true for the power of natural settings: the heath in Charlotte Brontë’s *Jane Eyre* and Thomas Hardy’s *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*, the prairie in James Fenimore Cooper’s *The Prairie*, the bottom of the ocean in Jules Verne’s *20,000 Leagues under the Sea* and Mt. Anaka in Norman Mailer’s *The Naked and the Dead* provide crucial backdrop for their respective stories.

Setting, whether emphasized or unassuming, creates mood and acts symbolically. Think of the scene in *Lord of the Rings* when Gandolf, Frodo, et al enter the Caves of Moria; the riotous atmosphere surrounding the running of the bulls in Hemingway’s *The Sun also Rises*; or the seedy pubs in Martin Amis’s *London Fields*. Contrast these with the paneled rooms of country houses in Jane Austen’s novels, or the paneled rooms in the urban mansions in the novels of Edith Wharton and Henry James. Someone once noted that all of Dostoevsky’s novels could take place in ten closed rooms, while Tolstoy’s required all of Russia and half of Europe, Siberia to Paris. Different strokes for different folks.

Exercise: Take a walk through downtown Wilkes-Barre. Take notes on what you see and then write a one-two page (350-700 words) on the look and feel of the place, one that could be used in a screenplay, fiction or nonfiction piece. Include anything that elicits your attention—architecture new and old, local characters, the river and waterfront, the trees, tempo of activity, etc.

1998

(4)

10-8 NM to St. Petersburg

10-15 NM in San Diego

10-20 Party for Lady Antonia
Fraser, Takeshi's horse
109 E-61st

10-25

Dotson's Play "Blood Dues"

10-28

Maggie's Show

11-11

Der Anniversary, "16 Royal
years"

11-16

Ambrosia

11-22

Marty + Jack

11-24

Wasserman's Dinner

11-26

NM to Arkansas

12-8

Nem Hong

12-9

Tammy Lee Jones New
School

12-23

Knicks game Steve + Mike

12-29 + 12-30 Lennox

12-30 to NYC

P-town

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Robert Lindner letters

Start on p 510

✓ printed 510 - 521
(pp 1-12)

✓ skipped PDF pp. 522 - 556 Myers Briggs

✓ printed 557 - 566
(pp 13-22)

✓ printed 567 - 616
(pp. 23-71)

✓ skipped 617

“Colette, you’re here.” She smiled, way too big. “Here, let me take your coat and bag and we’ll give you a few minutes to collect your thoughts before we start the reading.”

My mother let herself be led away. No one offered to take my coat, but I slid out of it anyway and slung it over my arm in the hopes that it would seem less obvious that I’d just walked in and was left standing there alone. By then, the crowd started to come into focus for me, and I realized I knew many of the people who surrounded me – from school, from Sloane, and even a few who worked with my father at the university. None of them seemed to notice me now, and instead watched my mother being ushered back behind the coffee counter, where she accepted a glass of wine and immediately started laughing with the cardigan lady as if they were long-lost friends.

I slipped through the crowd, nodding and smiling at those I knew, until I made it to the stacks. Even this part of the store was crowded. Some people already clutched a copy of my mother’s book. I turned to the shelves and tried to read the spines. I felt jumpy, as if I was the one who’d have to stand in front of so many people and read something I’d written myself. It was like last year at the fourth-quarter arts show, when I had to give a speech to the class and present some of my winning pieces. I’d been so scared and spent the entire day dreading it. Then the time came and my presentation was over in a matter of minutes. When I sunk back into my chair, heart still pounding, I realized with a mix of relief and horror that no one cared what I had to say in the first place, and therefore being nervous at all had been nothing but a stupid waste of energy.

Tonight, I reminded myself, I didn’t need to worry about all that. This was my mother’s problem, and I didn’t have to do anything except sit in a hard chair, listen to her talk, and hopefully not feel completely embarrassed.



P70

5717 OAKSHIRE ROAD
BALTIMORE 9, MARYLAND

August 31, 1962

Dear Norman,

I conveyed your message to Marged and her Bob. Marged was delighted with it and Bob interested. Bob's parents live in Westfield, New Jersey, so they will undoubtedly be in the vicinity of New York at intervals.

I'm going to come up, too. I'm glad to hear you have a new wife and I want to meet her. My friend Joe has married children in N.Y. and I've been hoping for a long time to find myself free enough to go with him sometimes when he visits them.

Marged and her husband will be taking PhDs in psychology at the University of Pennsylvania. They have grants and fellowships and expect to be there for about four years. I'm glad mostly because it's what they want and partly because they are closer to Baltimore than they might have been.

Dan and Rick are growing up, too. Dan will enter his second year at Oberlin next month - destination unknown. Rick is driving and working and soon to enter 11th grade.

I go to the University of Maryland in the summer and usually take one course there during the school year. This keeps me too busy to do many of the other things I'd enjoy, but it is fun. You may recall that Bob wrote, in *PRESCRIPTION FOR REBELLION*, that kids should learn, while young and probably at school, some of the causes of their own behavior and that of other people. I'm trying to teach from that point of view and trying to measure the effectiveness of different methods of teaching such things. It's a way of being closer to Bob.

I enjoyed much of your book of poems. Some of it I don't understand as well as Marged will. I sent her a copy yesterday. I've waited a long time for the books. We had to order them, which surprised me.

Love to you, Norman. Love to you.

Johnnie

PDF 616

P 71

R.R. #1; Box 3110
Barre, Vt. 05641
Feb. 27, 1989

Norman Mailer
c/o Random House, Inc.
201 E. 50th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022

Dear Norman:

Enter a voice from 35 years in the past - deeper due to manhood, and, actually, written, as you can see. (I'm not sure I could read or write when I last saw you, presumably in Baltimore around 1955.) I am Bob Lindner's younger son.

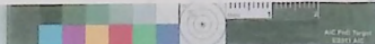
I believe my mother and my sister, Marged, have been in touch with you periodically over the years. I have read much of your work, but never felt I figured enough in your past - being a small child and the least of the Lindners when you and Pop were friends - to impose on you in later years.

This letter will be brief. I am writing to congratulate you and thank you for speaking out on Slaman Rushdie's right to think and write, and ours to read what we wish. The initial, frightened reaction to Iran's murder contract by some governments and much of the publishing industry was distressing, and your defiance was a great contribution to turning that around.

Enclosed is a copy of my small contribution. I am the editorial page editor and editorial writer for a small daily newspaper in Vermont, where my brother, Dan, and I now live. I congratulated myself silently for being extraordinarily insightful in writing this before the civilized world began speaking out in similar terms; and then, the day it was printed, I heard of your scheduled public reading. Well, if I am more in the mainstream than I had thought, I'm in good company there with you.

Around the time of your last visit to my father (I notice now that today is the 34th anniversary of his death) I became infatuated with Willy Mays, which explains the name on the masthead of this editorial. However, to many people, my mother included, I remain Rick, as signed below with my fond memories and sincere best wishes to you.

Rick Lindner
Rick Lindner



P69

5717 Oakshire Road
Baltimore 9, Md.
April 21, 1960

Dear Norman,

I'm still waiting for your visit and hope it will materialize next month. I know how busy you've been, and you must feel a certain satisfaction over the reception of your last book and be busily engaged in writing the next one, which you described so tantalizingly. Can't wait until you finish it.

The reason I'm optimistic about seeing you in May is that we all ardently hope you and Adel can come down for the Prisons Awards meeting in May. On Thursday, the 19th. I know you'll be contacted regarding it but want to add my hope that you'll manage to make it.

There will be a party somewhere after the meeting. Fred can't give it this year because Jean is about the most pregnant woman I've ever seen. My own home isn't large enough, of course, but someone will certainly have the get-together afterwards. We all hope you'll be there, and that you'll stay at our home over night or over the week-end.

Marged enjoyed her visit with you enormously and gave glowing reports about the children. I was very impressed because children certainly aren't the chief source of interest in her life. She often loathes (how do you spell it?) them.

We're looking for first-hand information, though. Do try to make it!

Love,

Johnnie Lindner
Mrs. Robert Lindner

P 69

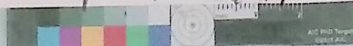
142 Columbia Heights
Brooklyn 1, New York
September 13, 1962

Dear Johnnie,

Good. I enjoyed your letter and look forward to seeing you, Margot, and her Bob when you're in town.

This is a note and not a proper reply to your letter at all and I've gotten quite far behind with a lot of work this month, and I'm trying to answer all my mail at once. Please don't take the brevity of this letter as a reflection of my interest.

Love, and love,



P67

73 Perry Street
New York 14, N.Y.
May 12, 1960

Mrs. Robert Lindner
5717 Oakshire Road
Baltimore 9, Maryland

Dear Johnnie,

At the moment, next week is running away with itself and I don't think I'll be able to pry the time loose to come down. I will make the effort though and if I can I'll call you Wednesday night. At the moment, it looks like Abele will not be able to join me. On top of all other complications, the kids got the measles. I'm having my secretary sign this for me so it will go out right away.

Love,



P68

73 Perry Street
New York 11, N.Y.
April 29, 1969

Mrs. Robert Lindner
5717 Oakshire Road
Baltimore 9, Maryland

Dear John,

I won't know for another week or two whether we can make it to Baltimore for the 19th. I've been working on a play all winter at The Actors' Studio, and it's possible we'll be having a production on the 23rd and I'll be caught up in rehearsals. I'd love to get to Baltimore again and so I'll try. Anyway, I'll write you again in a week or two.

FRC

Love,

p65

Our Board has been enlarged to include some fine men, and the lectures offered this year were excellent. (This has been uniformly true). So - can you? - will you?

I told Freddie how busy you are with your new book, thus warning both him and myself that you ^{may} ~~very~~ well be unable to come, but frankly, the thought of your book just makes us all the more anxious to see you so we can hear about it.

I'm so glad the fright about Adel's pregnancy was unfounded. I hope the rest of this period is uneventful for her and procedure is normal.

PDF 610



3.

p. 66

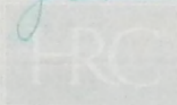
Mrs. Robert Lindner

5717 Oakshire Road, Baltimore 9, Maryland

also try to come down — both
of you.

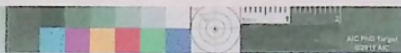
Love,

Johanne



Freddy Weisgal has been trying to reach you, too. I saw him at a party the other night and promised to convey his message - which is mine, too.

We both hope you and Edie will come down for the Foundation dinner (Wednesday, May 27, Sheraton Belvedere) at which the prisoners awards will be given. It would be wonderful to have you and I think you'd be pleased with our work. The judges of entries in the warrens areas will meet this evening, so I know little, as yet, of entries in fields



2.

P. 64

Mrs. Robert Lindner

5717 Oakshire Road, Baltimore 9, Maryland

other than literature. In that,
however, I know of at least four
entries which are considered very
good. In science there are three
quite exciting things up for con-
sideration, and I'll discover later
today the state of the art department.

I'm very proud of the job the
Foundation is doing in this area.
We were able to sell a cartoon for
last year's over-all prize winners,
and three paintings for the art
award winner. But even more ex-
citing is the change in attitude
of these men (as reported by the
warden).

The Robert Lindner Foundation
Monday, 17 September 1956

P. 61

Present were: Mrs. Lindner, Mr. Weisgal, Mr. Abraham, Mr. Fish, Mr. Lazerow
and Mr. Zielonka

The meeting was turned over to Mr. Weisgal for discussion of the proposed constitution. The suggestions for change made at the last meeting at which this constitution was discussed were reviewed and particular attention was paid at this meeting to the statements of the purposes of the Foundation and to describing the relationship between the Advisory Committee, formerly the Professional Committee, and the Board of Trustees. The six members present unanimously approved the constitution in the form arrived at in this meeting. Copies of the constitution will be available at the October meeting.

A report on the Professional Committee given by Mr. Zielonka showed varied opinions among the members of that committee as to the particular program to be recommended to the Board for this year. It was agreed that (1) Mr. Zielonka contact the members of the committee to clarify their position and come back with a specific recommendation and that this be done as soon as possible; (2) estimation of the time necessary to make all the arrangements for two meetings sponsored by the Foundation is that if the recommendations of the committee are obtained by October 1, 1956, that the actual lectures be scheduled for February, 1957. Mr. Abraham said that he had carefully thought of all the details involved in such a program and concluded that by February we can have completed all arrangements that would point to a successful series.

The next meeting of the Foundation will be held the second Monday in October at a place as yet undesignated to which all members of the Foundation, which includes all who pledged or made a financial contribution, are invited. At that time the constitution will be presented to the membership with a report on the activities of the Advisory Committee and the Newsletter of the Robert Lindner Foundation will be described and possibly available.

Respectfully submitted:

William Zielonka, Sec'y.

WE:APP

ADF 606



P62

Mrs. Robert Lindner

5717 Oakshire Road, Baltimore 9, Maryland

May 2, 1959

Marian dear -

It was strange that almost immediately after I received your letter Maryed called to ask for your phone number. Of course I don't have it, and you may not be in the phone book yet, but I gave her both the Perry Street address and this one hoping she'd be able to reach you when she went to N.Y. on Wed. of this past week. I haven't heard from her yet.

Robert Lindner Foundation

Minutes

Monday, 10 September 1956

p. 59

Members present: Mr. Abrahams, Mr. Rosen, Mr. Fish, Mrs. Lindner, Mr. Lazerow
Mr. Weisgal, Dr. Pollack, Dr. Zielonka.

The minutes of the last meeting were read. There was a discussion as to whether or not a decision had been made at the last meeting to invite persons interested in the Foundation to this Board meeting. Mrs. Lindner felt that it had been decided to invite Mr. Little and Mrs. Sterling. Mr. Fish felt that the decision had been made to invite these persons to some future meeting but not this one in particular. Dr. Fish reported that his reply to a letter sent by Dr. Harold Lindner was that this evening's meeting was only for Board members and that Dr. Lindner would be invited to a later meeting.

A suggestion was made by Dr. Pollack and agreed upon by others that the minutes of these Board meetings contain all decisions made by the Board and that all of the details were not necessary. He made a plea for the use of Roberts Rules.

Dr. Pollack suggested that we have a general membership meeting in the immediate future. At that time the constitution will be presented to the members as well as the professional program. This was agreed upon by the Board.

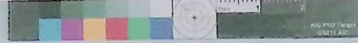
Mrs. Lindner discussed progress in creating the publication, The Non-conformist. The title was discussed and changed to Newsletter of the Robert Lindner Foundation. A lower printing price was obtained by Mrs. Lindner thru the cooperation of Mrs. Johnson. The Board gave Mrs. Lindner complete authority to go ahead with the Newsletter, planning its content, obtaining a feature and having it printed. She assigned articles to various members of the Board with the request that they all be completed by next Monday evening.

A prospective list of sponsors is urgently requested by Dr. Pollack. He was requested by the Chairman to solicit every member for their suggestion and to obtain them within two days.

The Professional Committee report was made by Dr. Zielonka. He presented the committee with the prospect of Dr. Reik presenting two lectures in Baltimore, taken from the book which Dr. Reik is now completing. The Board was requested to evaluate this in terms of its administrative and financial feasibility. Several members of the Professional Committee are still out of the country and are to be consulted before this is to be considered a definite proposal of the committee. A statement of the conditions written by Dr. Reik was read to the Board. This was unanimously accepted with the following conditions: (1) that the subject material be presented as indicated, and in non-technical language; (2) it is preferred that the lectures be given in two consecutive evenings, preferably Tuesday and Wednesday and in the first or second week of November; (3) the Board is pleased to offer Dr. Reik \$700.00 plus expenses for these two lectures; (4) the Board is especially desirous of having the book being written by Dr. Reik have the statement of it's being under the auspices of the Robert Lindner Foundation.

A Chairman of the two meetings with Dr. Reik is to be suggested by a committee. This committee is composed of Mrs. Lindner, Mr. Abrahams, and Dr. Zielonka.

The Chairman is to appoint a committee to investigate the time in the first two weeks of November that will be most liable to find people free to come to the lecture series.



P 60

- 2 -

A motion was made to the effect of inviting people other than Board members to the next meeting to be held next week at this time. This was voted down, one for-five against.

Mr. Fish moved that the first meeting in October be open to all members of the Foundation. This was agreed upon unanimously.

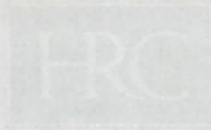
A motion was made for Mr. Little, Mrs. Sterling and Dr. Lindner to be invited to the next meeting. This was not even seconded.

A motion was made, seconded and unanimously carried to close the meeting.

Respectfully, submitted:

William Zielonka, Sec'y.

WZ:APP



musical
mystery
mystical
(mistical)
(mistical)



Mr. Norman Mailer
252 Fulton Street
Brooklyn -1, New York

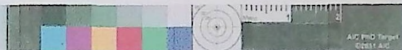


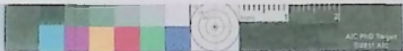
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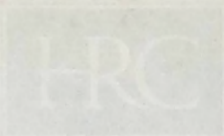
P. 57

PDF 601





907 Latrobe Building
Baltimore-2, Maryland



P. 58

P. DF 60.2

PDF 6910



P.55

Dr. Robert Lindner
907 Lestrade Building
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

May 6, 1955

Dear Norman,

I'm leaving for Los Angeles on Tuesday. I'll be there until the 15th at the Beverly-Wilshire, then I'm going on to Palm Springs for a couple of days rest, returning to Baltimore on the 19th.

Meanwhile, I've been frantically active. But nothing has panned out. The column fell through -- I was told that if I didn't want to write the kind of thing they originally requested (a "Tommy jerks off - what should I do" business) they're bowing out. So that's it -- and while I'm somewhat disappointed, I'm trying to feel it's for the best.

At the same time I've been active re-writing the lectures. When I return from L.A., I'll be putting all my time in on the lectures, revising them for January publication.

If you want me to see anyone in L.A., call me Monday night. I'm leaving early Tuesday.

I miss you like hell and hope you will arrange to get here before you leave for the Coast in June. The chances of our getting a vacation this year are slim -- in order to pay for the new house and to get settled in it, I'll have to forego a summer rest. Hence the couple days in Palm Springs.

Write to me!

Yours,

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

March 29, 1955

Mr. Norman Mailer
252 Fulton Street
Brooklyn -1, New York

Dear Norman:

Your manuscript is being mailed today and should reach you before the end of the week.

I am very glad that you are planning a visit to Baltimore, since I think that only face-to-face will we be able to straighten out the difficulties between us. Unfortunately, your visit here will have to be delayed until after the middle of May, since I am committed for every weekend between now and then and will very likely be in California between the 11th and 17th of May.

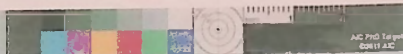
I think one of our main troubles is that I haven't been completely honest with you. I have pretended to sympathy with the whole Lipton's deal that I really don't feel, and I think this pretense has blocked basic communication and placed our relations in a false light. Maybe this is what gives you the impression of "manipulating". More than anything I want to be brothers and friends with you, and I've missed you these past weeks. I think I have had too little trust in your tolerance of my radically different concept of this whole matter of Lipton's, and that I conceded initially there and, later, all over the place until I became enmeshed in my own contradictions. I hope I have underrated you, and that it's now possible to eat off clean dishes.

Things here are in somewhat of a mess, and I don't have an opportunity to write the long and more personal letter I hope to get around to within a few days.

Meanwhile, love,


Robert Lindner

RL:jb



JA

An ambitious, calculating man.
Suave, smooth, adaptable - extremely
polite.

Takes advantage in shrewd ways.

Tries to impress people that he's helpful
and kind - but he is a cold businessman.

Would be a good lawyer.

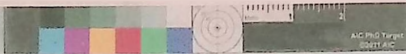
Has low vitality.

Average intelligence, but very clever at
turning and changing with each situation.
Opportunistic.

Definitely not a man of principles.

Loves luxury.

POF 597



P. 33

others, but generous, even indulgent
toward himself.

Highly egocentric.

Accomplishes an enormous output. This
person is "made of iron."

HL

Intellectual type - sharp, logical
mind - critical, witty.
Can be very disagreeable and wounding.
Has a lot of intrigue and deceit.
Destructive mind - always tends toward
seeing the negative side of things and
people.

Has big sex problem. Terribly strong
inclinations toward homosexuality. Very
inhibited. Has a poor emotional life,
hence is depressed, touchy, restrained.
Full of complexes.

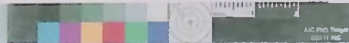
Highly energetic - tremendous perseverance -
tough. A good observer. In his work
he is very thorough, good at details,
highly systematic and hard-working.

Has little imagination - yet is full of
illusions (self-illusion). The conflict
of this last with the rest of him results
in fierce drive.

At the time of this writing, he is terribly
depressed.

In spite of his calm exterior, he is very
excitable inside. These two things
create a constant struggle - in this state
he is apt to become very sharp. Definitely
not a balanced person - the word 'psychotic'
often is suggested.

Is tight in money matters in regard to



p. 51

Dr. Robert Lindner
907 Lister Building
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

January 13, 1956

Dear Norman,

Perhaps you will forgive my silence when you learn that all the nightmares have finally had triplets and have caught up with me. As of this writing, I am a patient at Johns Hopkins Hospital, where they are going to try to give me back my tight ass hole. There is nothing more to say, except love.

Bob

P.S. Last week I was a patient at the Doctor's Hospital in New York and Billy and Cy came to see me at Johnnie's urgent request, since she needed Billy. I asked them not to disturb you with all this worry, and that's why you weren't told. I would be very grateful to you if you would call them and tell them what's happened.

RL:jb

Dictated but not read or signed.

1023 Winding Way
Baltimore 19 Md.

Dear Norman —

You know we'll all
love to see you when you're
ready to come down.

I'm taking the kids to
the Wylie's house in Florida
from Mar. 28 to April 11. Since
the boys told me with great
enthusiasm that you will
speak at a meeting here in
Baltimore on April 27 perhaps
you'll bring Adele and stay
over here. Try.

Love,

Johnnie

PDF 593

P.49

THE HACKER CLINIC
PSYCHIATRY
160 LAKEY DRIVE
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

CRESTVIEW 5-1105 CRESTVIEW 5-1106

May 10 1956

FREDERICK J. HACKER, M.D.
CHIEF OF STAFF
M. JOHN SCHUMACHER, M.D.
JOHN R. BLACK, M.D.
RICHARD P. ALEXANDER, M.D.
H. J. DELCHAMPS, JR., M.D.
BERNICE EIDUSON, M.A.

MARCEL FRYM, J.D.
ESTHER GORDON COHEN, M.G.W.
ELEANOR R. GUNTER, M.A.
WILLIAM A. HALL, M.D.
WERNER T. KOENIG, M.D.
JEAN D. LIVERMORE, M.S.W.
HELEN P. TOMPKINS, M.S.W.

Mr. Norman Mailer
320 E. 55 Street
New York, New York

Dear Norman:

Except for a very nice and warm letter thanking me for appearing as a speaker, I have not heard anything from Baltimore or from Philip Wylie since my return here. I am still a little confused about the situation, intellectually and also emotionally. The memory of Bob is very dear to me, and I really want to do everything I can to perpetuate it in the best possible manner. Please do keep me advised about your stand and your opinion in this matter.

I very much enjoyed meeting you and your wife. It is one of the penalties of having a well-established outfit here that most of my time has to be spent in the wilderness of the West Coast; and the fact that this fate is self-imposed and self-inflicted does not detract from the cruelty of it.

In order to demonstrate this point even more drastically, you promised to send me a copy of The Deer Park, with an enthusiastic inscription. I hate to remind you of it, but I have to because I want to have the book--and the inscription.

After this poetic reiteration (European literature is notable for its use of emphatic stress), I will just reiterate also that it was wonderful meeting you and talking to you. Let's do it again soon.

Please do let me hear from you.

Cordially,

F. Hacker

Frederick J. Hacker, M. D.

PJH:dm

P.S. Will send you in exchange some TARLOCK cards, the
real ones i.e. the Vinnies

when you'll be ready to come down. If
I can get this bug out of me & start
fossilizing again, I'll be in shape to
make some plans. Certainly you've got to
get here before you go West.

Cy & Billie will be coming down
this weekend. Since we're not going to
Long Island this summer, this visit
will have to do all of us for the
good times together we should be
having in the next two months.
Maybe we can fix it for a weekend in
August in Amagansett.

Write when you can - but
make it soon.

Love
Bob

I would be forced, if I remained, to give up my independence & put in a very subordinate position. The best (actually the only) solution was to resign. This I did — although it means reducing my income by about 5 thousand a year — which, however, I can easily make up elsewhere if I wish.

Again — going!

How about of you? When I talked with you, and from your note, I gathered you are intensely re-writing Dear Park. I hope it's going well & I'm very eager to see when you come out. As I promised I would, I've been talking it up everywhere — trying to create where I can an atmosphere of excited anticipation. For myself, you know I can hardly wait for its publication.

See, Thom — these pages hardly scratch what I have to tell you & what I want to talk with you about. We've simply got to get a few days together. Let me know

similar (provide story synopsis & be consultant) for him beginning now. She stalled about it as long as I could, but it looks like the chips are down now & she got to act. I may have to go out to Los Angeles again soon to get the final details settled - but she's not going without a real commitment.

The house we're moving into in August represents something big for all of us. As far as she's concerned, she's intending to use it for a real change in my style of life. - she's hoping to alter the pattern somewhat... but this is something we'll be talking about.

You'll be surprised, I know, & maybe a little dismayed, to learn that she resigned from my State job as of July 1. No more prison work - and she's going to miss it. But I had to do it. There was a major change made in the final set-up of the state, a change that would bring my work under the direction of department agencies & people unfriendly to me & my methods.



2

P. 45

forcing more + more persons into homosexuality, ~~into~~ in negative rebellion, and the glamour-
man, becoming fraudulent, is becoming
the new ~~to~~ conformist pattern. As you
see, the whole thing isn't entirely clear
yet - but the golden nugget is in
there somewhere. I hope to dig it out in
the next few days.

With the clock out of the way -
I hope in a few weeks - I'm going to
knock off writing for the summer. I'll
devote myself, I think, to finishing the
schemes for redesigning something from
Jovanovic's work, and maybe the new
house. About the former, it looks like
the plans to make into production of
television films based on the 50 min. hour
will have to be delayed. The problem now
seems to be that "spots" on the networks
for the next year are all contracted
for, and it will be at least a year
until room can be made for the
program. Meanwhile, contracts are
(as Harold Ober says) being drawn with
Maxwell for me to do something

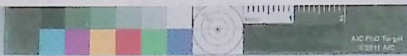
P. 44

because despite my notorious hypochondria
 I want, later, despite the weakness of
 my body.

Henry!

I got back on the book this morning.
 There remains to be done only the homo-
 sexuality paper, the one on character and
 politics, and a general introduction.
 Thelma announced it already for January,
 & she agreed to talk on it at Town Hall
 on Feb. 8. So she got to hustle to get the
 man in.

The homosexuality paper, in its original
 form, now seems gibberish to me. She
 going to tear it apart & put it in the
 perspective of the book, the perspective of
 conformity. Now I believe revision is
 negative rebellion, the compromise between
 the protestant, evolutionary instinct &
 the conformist pressure on the erotic
 drives. Inversion is a way of conforming—
 and whereas I once thought social
 attitudes were changing, I now no
 longer believe that's so — What's happening
 is that ~~social~~ our anti-sex culture is



[95?]

Dear Norman:-

The days go by & I find myself more & more hard pressed for time to write to you. Today I'm sitting through the soap to do what I've been wanting to do for weeks - spend a few minutes with my brother, Bugs, & I have missed you. Actually, my inability to write has not been due entirely to other preoccupations, but also to the fact that I've been - as you seem to sense - close to sheer mental exhaustion. About two weeks before I went to California I picked up a virus infection. Out there I seem to have been able to fend it off in alcohol or down it to an ember with the excitement. On my return it flared up - hurting out this last week with severe gut pains, agonies in my back & chest, and a sort of quaking ague. Over the weekend I loaded myself with stuff & slept almost continuously. Today I'm better - and even have a few ideas. I hope I've got it licked -

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

February 3, 1955

Dear Norman,

I have been so tremendously excited about the last two installments of the Journal that I can hardly wait to talk with you about them. I want to urge you very strongly to re-read REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE -- forget the expository material and read only Harold's productions. Moreover, I think it is imperative that you follow up your insights on the sexual life of saints, by getting hold of St. Theresa's books and whatever other writings of this kind you can find. Huxley's DEVILS OF LOUDON will also give you some important leads.

As usual I don't have time for a real letter, but I have to tell you that I actually anticipated your situation with Dissert -- after reading the last issue I determined not to renew my subscription for the exact reasons you describe in the Journal. Which brings me to Note #397, which, I think -- if developed -- would say the first significant words on the whole problem.

So far no word from my brother or about a brief trip to New York next week. Will let you know as soon as I can.

Love,

P.S. Just received a wire stating that Mennie, my brother, will be here for the weekend. *Will call you early next week to arrange for your coming down next weekend - kind!*

Mr. Norman Mailer
232 Fulton Street
Brooklyn -1, New York

B

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Lurbe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

January 27, 1955

Normano mio:

I tried to call you last night but you were out -- or perhaps (I can see you) reclining with your feet up in that wonderful chair while that gadget of yours poured out the music. Wish I'd been with you.

What I wanted to tell you was that I'm glad about the Futnam thing. I want to see the DEER PART behind you. As you so correctly saw -- long ago -- it was a phase, a necessary step in your development. It now needs to be solidified in print -- (which is really the way an artist buries, successively, each of his selves), then mourned (the critical and public reception), finally forgotten by being absorbed. Now that this is well on its way, you're free to grow a new self.

Which leads to the Journal.

Norman, buck-o-boy -- I can't tell you how excited I am about it. I wait from day to day to get the next installment, and find myself almost totally absorbed in following its development. Some of the ideas I hate -- most I love -- but all of them fascinate me. Occasionally, reading it, I find myself leaping ahead in my mind -- or arguing fiercely as if you were present. Our next meeting should detonate an explosion that will probably tear up 53rd Street and route out some of the whores in the St. Regis.

As for me, I'm kind of in a fallow period now, intellectually; but emotionally I'm sizzling on some griddle of curious design. Things I can't write about have been happening to me, and the shape of that griddle is burning hieroglyphs on my soul.

The success of the book -- or what looks like a success -- and the fuss my lectures have been kicking up all over the place, have made me excited and tense -- But the yin of this yang is a new level of consciousness -- almost a new birth, with a fermentation being prepared in another recess of my mind. I'm getting ideas again, Norman -- and, as you predicted, dangerous ideas.

How perceptive you are! What genius (I mean it) lies in your intuition of my growth (?) from psychopathy to sainthood, badness to goodness, dishonesty to truth! The whole story, which I must now resolve to tell you some day, will confirm you down to the very misspellings of the words you used. I'm going to try to call you again tonight, comrade -- because I'm tired of writing letters these days and because I need the more direct contact. Also, I have to come up to New York for a few hours next week to talk to the moguls who are planning to do an Omnibus dramatization of the J.P. Gouth -- which means a few hours we can tear up together. Meanwhile, pal, go, go, go...

Yours, Bob

Mr. Norman Mailer

-2.-

as etched in granite, imperishable, monumental.

Finally, pal, I'm worried about you -- and after these two letters, I think I have a reasonable cause for concern. There's a nastiness about them, Norman -- they're like steeped in a stew of guilt and shame, a self-loathing. You're begging for a swift kick in the ass, you want me (someone) to stop you. You would feel justified and fulfilled and righteous if I responded in the way you half-want me to -- if I told you to stuff it. And you would feel just about the same if I took these mouse droppings of yours and covered my head with them. I'm not going to do either. If you have the guts and I hope and think you have, you'll pull out of this and take whatever profit there may be in it. If you don't nobody's lost anything anyhow.

Sure, Norman, I'm a square and you're the king of the hipsters, I'm a stumble-bum and you're a genius, I'm a liver-lip, a crook, a con-man, a gentleman, an old maid, a cliché artist -- and you're the hep-boyo, the kid with the always open fly, the ace dong-wielder of all time, the glorious gaudiest of gags...

Wise up, cocker,

Love,

P.S. Let's try to get together on a date for you to come down -- if you want to, that is.

Mr. Norman Mailer
Ovington Studios
232 Fulton Street
Brooklyn -1, New York

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Lathrup Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

March 15, 1985

NORMAN:

Either you wrote those two notes in a paranoid fog created by the need -- or you're deliberately provoking a break -- which I, for one, don't want.

It could only be some kind of madness that would even let cross your mind the thought that I'd copy or have copied your Journal. No one has ever seen any of it. When the envelopes arrive, they are given to me sealed -- and when I've read them, they're put, by me, in a place where no one but myself can have access to them. But if you don't trust me, boyo, say it straight out and you can have back, pronto, the whole works.

And about my talking about the Journal -- I don't know what you mean. Believe it or not, I haven't said a word about it to anyone, except that once in a conversation with Wylie I said, in connection with a matter we were discussing (homosexuality, I think it was), that you had some intriguing ideas about it which I knew about because you showed me some notes you were making for a treatment of it in a book someday. I never -- and if you don't believe me, Norman, that's your privilege -- told a soul that you're keeping a Journal.

I have talked a lot about DEER PARK -- to Ced, Ivan, Paul, Phil -- everyone. I've said that it contains insights and perceptions that startled me, originating as they have from someone so young and so essentially inexperienced as you are.

And now to the matter of cross-fertilization or inter-fecundation. If you're so goddam jealous of your ideas, keep them to yourself. I'm not so sure I'd miss them, anyhow. And observe, friend, I haven't used them so far. As for my ideas, you're welcome to them -- whether we remain comrades or not. I don't regard my thoughts as particularly precious and certainly have no necessity in me to hoard them.

As for your ideas, the truth about them is that, at present, they're really no more than interesting -- worth talking over, considering, discussing. And where in hell do you get the megalomaniac notion that they're anything more than, in most cases, tentative propositions? To my mind some of them are good -- that is, worthy of more thought. Some of them stink -- that is, they're not worthy of development. Many of them are certainly not original -- although you think they are. And many of them are screwed up.

I've refrained from commenting on every item in the Journal purposely -- and have discussed only a few of them with you purposely -- because I've recognized the fact that you are concerned at present primarily with getting them down, getting them out of you, for later and calmer consideration. I'm astounded that now you seek to think of them



p.38

-2.-

gave me the knife -- and that, too, is that.

There've been other disappointments and shocks, too -- but this above was the worst. I wanted this thing, not for what it would do for me, but for what I could do. Do you understand?

I've missed you, Norman -- what gives?

Yours,

HRC

Mr. Norman Mailer
320 West 55 Street
New York, New York

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

March 14, 1955

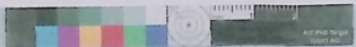
Dear Norman,

It's been so long since I heard from you that I've begun to wonder why. I called you when I was in New York last week -- almost continuously (as Edna must have told you) -- and since returning to Baltimore a number of times, including last night. It did occur to me that you may have gone on the ski trip you talked of taking -- and maybe that's why there've been no notes from the journal, no letters, and no calls.

It occurs to me that there may be a change of climate in our relationship. I don't feel one on my part -- but perhaps, after your last visit, you do. According to the notes, once you expressed your peeve, you purged yourself of ill feelings. I can only hope that this is so. For my part, I think that if there is any difficulty between us, it is put there by your insistence on projecting some of your doubts about the "new" self you are discovering on me. I wish I knew how to get you beyond this -- how to convince you of my total acceptance. But, at the same time, Norman, I feel your pressure to, somehow, close me off. Take that matter of painting. You and Adele insist I know nothing about it, and I'm content to let you think that -- both of you -- if you wish. But when I try to tell you, not what I know about it, but what I think of it, you accuse me of lecturing on painting. And yet I have stood by both amused and a little appalled when Adele has pointed out a picture in a book to you and said, "Don't you think I've been getting a few effects like this?" -- so I have seen and heard the evidence from both of you that what I wanted to discuss with you then -- the absence of ideas from non-objective painting -- you charge me with gratuitous and pompous "lecturing". So also with Liptons. Do you want a one-way street, Chazzer? Look, I'll take -- willingly, happily, -- all you have to dish out; but don't cull when I show I've got a few stray bits of guts, too.

Ah, well -- enough of that. If it's there, we'll both know it -- or sign off.

The last few weeks have been disturbing and distressing ones. The death of a close friend set the tone for a whole series of disappointments. Although the book is doing alright, it is just about limping along, and will continue that way unless or until I can get Linhart to do more advertising. They've been content to see it move at about 600 to 1000 copies a week on what they call "word of mouth" and excellent reviews. What it wants, of course, is a goose. That goose would have been provided by the Canibus program -- which fell through. Yes, my friend, I've been fucked but regally -- with all the trimmings -- and I want you to be among the first to know about it. Seems that when the final decision had to be made, the medicos on the board of the Ford Foundation ruled that it would be regarded as an unfriendly act by the medical profession if I, a psychologist, talked about my work and my thinking to twenty-one million people. The implication being that I'm a charlatan and a quack. So they



P.36

Dr. Robert Linder
907 Latrobe Building
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

August 10, 1955

Dear Norman,

I have been hoping to hear from you about whether the book is at last out of the way, and what your plans are. Will you please let me know where you will be for the next few weeks.

I write this hastily because we are in the midst of all sorts of things connected with the moving on Monday. The play, by the way, is off — the "author" turned in a ghastly job and so another one of my projects has fallen on its rump.

I am most anxious to learn how things are with you and hope you will find the time soon to drop me a note.

Love to both of you from all of us,

Mr. Norman Mailer
320 East 55 Street
New York, New York

this situation.

Are you still working on the Journal?
If you are, and you are not sending
it to me, I'd like to know why. You
wrote & spoke vaguely of "two reasons."
I think you're lying, because I can't
think of any "reasons" why you should
demand the return of the manuscript &
fail to send me more. There is some-
where in this inter-personal phase of
the past few months a corruption,
hypocrisy. I wonder which of us has
a stain on his soul - or do we
both have one?

Yours,
Boly

P.S. - I'll be at the Ben Franklin
Hotel in Phila.

binding on all the actions - I will take from now on. Until recently, there was the feeling of latitude - the choices I made were never really total, I was committed only like a tramp to his next recent flop. But now, somehow, when I put my head matters, for there it will lie forever. At least this is the climate of my thought when I think of myself.

And I have to make choices these days. I have to decide what I am going to do, where I'm going, literally - what I want to be.

Right now, as I write this, I have the clear, almost painful perception of a contemptuous smile on your face, Norman. Your anxious condemnation - which in anyone else I would find intolerable - communicates stuff to me + stirs a mixed brew of anger + - yes - pity. Anger because from where you sit your regard of me is so distorted; and pity for the delusion you hold as a result of

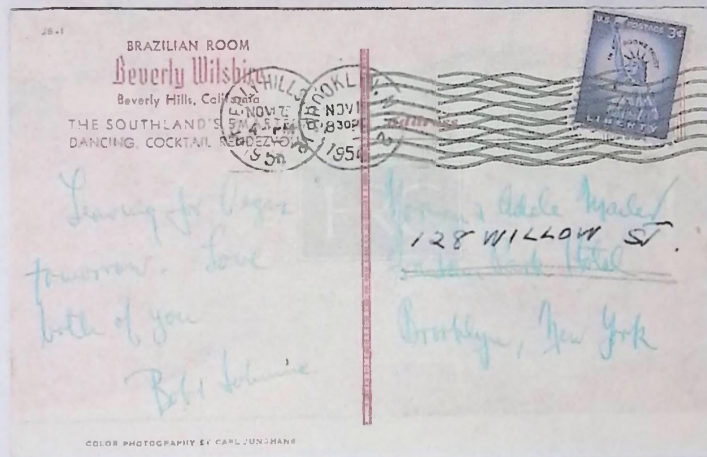
Dear Norman:

I have been very lonely for you & hope you can meet me in Philadelphia next week. I'll be getting there around 5:30 on Friday night, and except for taking part in some half-arsed panel on Saturday will have nothing special to do.

It is not good for humans to be separated so long. They learn they can get along without each other - but life is never so good.

These past months have been my reason in Hader. Perhaps you have known this - but if you have, then I am disappointed that you've not said so and tried to help.

For some reason, perhaps because there are for me too crowded years, all the events and aspects of my life have gathered like water to make a huge crest of a wave that towers over me. I have a menaced feeling - as if all my demons now are absolute, irreversible, and



P32

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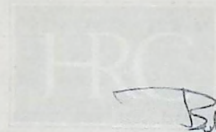


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P31

- 2. -

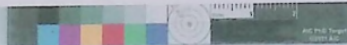
to learn that in the two or three letters I've had from Ted Aussen since you were here, he never fails to express his "numbness" and general despair over what's happened. I get the feeling that he is truly disturbed and regards the whole affair as a great fiasco and deep personal blow. This despite the under-side of his character which you and Johnnie so well delineated.

Don't fail to write soon and let me know what's going on and what your plans are. All of us here send love to all of you.



Robert Lindner

Mr. Norman Mailer
320 East 55 Street
New York, New York



P.29

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Lorraine Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

December 7, 1954

Dear Norman,

The fact that you left a number of things around the house is good evidence that you want to come back, so I hope you will make arrangements soon to return. We need to sit down and talk a little bit more about Lipton's. It may be that a part of my reaction toward it is determined by preconceptions and prejudices -- these leading to concern when any of its celebrants are so close to me. In any event, I hope you will find me always open to conviction. And in any any event, I do want to discuss the ideas you talk about.

We've had a lot of excitement here because of the piece in this week's Time, and the coincident publication of "The Jet-Propelled Couch". All sorts of amazing things have happened as a result of the Time piece, not the least of which is an immediate decision by Ted to bring out the lectures as a small book by spring. Before I do the final draft I am terribly anxious to have you go over the manuscript with me -- or by yourself -- so that I can take care of the rough spots you mentioned. I'd be enormously grateful for this and also for some assistance in completing the homosexuality piece.

I also want you to do me a more immediate favor, and that is to write to Rinehart immediately after you see and read your copy of THE FIFTY-MINUTE HOUR. If you can give them some statement to be used for advertising, I'd be in your debt. In addition to you, I have asked that a copy be sent to Bill Styron, from whom I would like the same thing -- but only if he feels the book deserves his praise. Moreover, if you can think of anyone to whom complimentary copies should be sent, that is to say anyone who can assist in promotion, I would also appreciate this.

I am full of appreciation today as you see--- but nonetheless, the inner man is still somewhat apprehensive about everything. What I need is a few hours with you over a couple of drinks. Many issues have been raised about my ideas in various editorials all over the country and in columns such as those now being run by Max Lerner in the New York Post. I'd like to talk out and re-evaluate some of the ideas before heading into the final draft of the essays -- and you're it.

When you find out about Christmas, please let me know, and also what your plans are going to be for the celebration of the New Year. Since I have to see Ted and a few other people, I intend to come to New York within the next few weeks, but will let you know further about this in my next.

I haven't said anything about THE DEEPFAM in this note simply because I am awaiting word from you. Nevertheless, my concern with the matter is very deep, and I think of it constantly. You will be interested

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-B, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

October 8, 1954

Dear Norman,

I am hurrying to answer your letter so that you will receive it when you arrive in Arkansas.

Look, pal, as much as I want to see you, and as eagerly as I have been awaiting your homecoming, I am going to have to tell you to stay away from Baltimore until I get back from California. This has nothing to do with your having violated parole: it is simply because I am in a dreadful and continuous stew with work, and if you come down even for one night, it is going to throw me off the rails when my only hope lies in staying on them continuously. Also, when you're here I like to be alert and not distracted -- which I will certainly be the rest of this month. The situation is pretty serious. I am committed for five lectures in Los Angeles, each of which should run to about an hour and a half, and they have to be written before the 27th of October, since I go to Philadelphia that night to speak at some meetings, and then return just in time to pick up my bags and catch the plane on Saturday, October 30th for Los Angeles.

I have completed one of the lectures and am only half-way through the second, and time is running out on me. My working day for two weeks now has averaged about nineteen hours. You would think that during a few of them I could make some progress with my writing, but I haven't been able to get moving at all, and the thing goes slowly and painfully. I have always been an exceptionally slow writer, but this beats the limit. If I get 1,000 words a day on paper, I rejoice, but most of the time I suffer mental constipation and can hardly squeeze out a paragraph after pounding my duff for hours and hours.

I know you will understand this, Norman. However, I hope that you can make arrangements to come down just as soon as we return from Los Angeles. We'll be back in Baltimore on the 12th of November. Let's plan now for you to come down for a long weekend during the week after we arrive home. Let's make this definite. Inform me by a card or somehow as soon as you receive this letter that you do understand why I am asking you to postpone your visit, and confirm my suggestion of the week after November 12th.

Love,

Bob

Mr. Norman Miller
Gwaltney
1929 Caldwell Street
Conway, Arkansas

Dr. Robert Lindner
940 Luthra Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

September 22, 1954

Oh Man --

What a mistake!

A million pardons -- two million... From now on I'll stick to Yiddish.

Of course the picture is you -- it even shows your chronic need of a haircut. But, Norman, Bombito Macho, let not your new-found heroic instinct betray you into a horn up your ass.

California is definitely set up. We leave on October 30th, will be in L.A. one week (three public lectures, two seminars and lots of martinis -- also one press interview, one cockball party, and whatever I can forage from the bleak and hungry countryside bordering on the Beverly-Hilshire Hotel.). On the way back, we plan to spend three or four days in Las Vegas. (P.S. send me, pronto, the famous Mailer formula for confounding the gaming table). Here I shall rest from my Hollywood labors.

Any chance, comrade, of you and the Queen of First Avenue coming along? joining us somewhere?

If I didn't feel already shattered by your reaction to that word (which, by the way, and quite seriously, has another and quite endearing connotation) I'd like to go to the mat with you -- here and now -- on two small matters: first, the self-winding man; second, what you call my mystique of totalitarianism. The Deutscher symposium was, as you say, stimulating but, in my thought, superficial. Trouble with it (and everything like it) is that it neglects the third dimension of history. You, yourself, oh fighter of the bulls, gave me confirmation of this in your enthusiasm for the Herling book, which documents so much of what I've written.

The piece on Reisman -- I hope you've done the job that's been begging so long. His fancy and, for the most part, half-assed sociology should be ripped wide open. It has sour roots in Prussian idealism, rationalistic psychology, and a latter-day humanism with vague eastern-ethical prophetic-evangelistic sources. (Whew! what a semantic mish-mash!) Mark me, pal, it's a lot of lie-down-and-take-it faggotry. In short, chicken-shit -- and it takes no one no place.

Listen, waver of the cape, how about either stopping by on your way north, or dumping your baggage in N.Y. and chasing down here at once? It will be too long to wait to see you till after our return from the Coast. And, anyhow, I hope to have my lectures written (please God) by then and would like to have your criticisms. Meanwhile, oh wielder of the bright and blood-burnished blade, a word of gracious forgiveness from you to

Robert Lindner
ed. Reisman



P. 26

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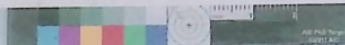
know what to make of it — or how to think of it. Everyone says it's "striking, vivid, attention-getting". — Me? I think it looks like something that's been cooking too long.

How's my Peruvian Yenta? If I thought you knew where to do it, I'd ask you to kiss her for me.

All of us enjoy good health. Maybe that's why I feel so bad.

Adios, marica,

Roberto
el toro de Satchel



P125

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latsche Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0590

September 15, 1954

Hermano mio,

Now, at last, I take my pen in hand (I'd take my secretary, but she's otherwise engaged) to write you. Why I haven't done so before -- there are many reasons, but most of it has been sheer laziness. Anyhow, I don't like to write letters to you, Chico -- I'd rather speak direct -- I can talk. Letters embarrass me. And who knows? They're even saying Freud and Fleiss had a mad affair!

We returned to Baltimore last week, worn out from violent vacationing. Now I'm back at work, slaving over a hot couch and chasing a buck here and there. Actually, I've hardly dug in, and don't expect to -- really -- until next week, when I return from a quick trip to New York. I have to go there to meet and talk with the people who are arranging a lecture tour for me in California beginning November 1st. You did not know this, Ginaso, so I'm telling you now. On November 1st, we go West for about two weeks. Anyhow, previous to seeing these birds about the arrangements and details, I have to talk with Ivan. Always (you know) with an eye to the main chance, I'd like to see if there's a possibility to have the articles (lectures) commissioned by someone, or gather them into a fast small book. So when I get back (from N.Y.), I'll have to hustle to put the stuff down on paper.

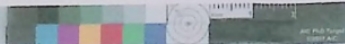
So much to tell you -- and so much I want to know about you, Cholo. I think the state of our souls needs examination and discussion over a quart of whiskey. Hurry back, Pal.

Which brings me to what you are doing. I like the fact that you are having etchases, that you are thinking about two novels, that your liver is lively, your gonads aizzling, and your asshole is tight -- But, amigo querido, this flirtation of yours with the gage -- this I do not like. Not because it may mean early doom or residence in some yiddish purgatory -- that would be okay since then we'd share hellroom together -- but because the winding of the self should take place from the inside. A theory I'll discuss with you one night soon.

By the way, I don't know if you know yet about the love affair between the Rombers and the Lindners. It's a fact, anyhow. On Friday, when I get to New York, I'll be calling Cy -- and getting what news he has of you. Perhaps he'll tell me then about the Maked deal. And when you get rich, Chazar, I'll take the Jaguar on the left.

Christ! I miss you.

The jacket case from Kinehart for the 50 minute job. I don't



P.24

Mr. Norman Mailer

- 2. -

Peconic, Long Island, New York
Peconic 4-6554

The house you have sounds wonderful. Wish we could
share it for a while -- perhaps one day we will.

As you see -- news is sparse from this end -- at least
the kind of news I can write about. Meanwhile, write when you
can, using the above address until right after September 1st.

To both of you from all here, much love,

Your

Sally

The Intense Lover of Lillian

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-B, Lurline Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

July 20, 1954

Hormancito:

Don't tell me we're not sympathetic! I had hardly finished a letter to you when yours arrived. We were overjoyed to hear from you, but are now distressed to learn about your health. Have you considered returning for treatment? or *can* you get what you need where you are? Please, man, take care -- it's important for everyone that you remain well -- or at least well enough to get done what's yours to do, including having a good time.

As for me, mysteriously, I have had little or no further trouble, lip-wise or hive-y. Whether the blasted thing has run its course, or my psyche has undergone some occult kind of re-organization, I don't know. In any case, I'm eating almost everything (although I remain leery of - and avoid - tomatoes, berries and cheese) without ill effect. Physically, then, I'm in pretty good shape. Except for heart trouble, cancer, leukemia, and tuberculosis I have fewer complaints these days than I had when I last wrote. Mentally, I continue dull. Although I've read a lot -- and a lot of good stuff, too -- it's not been adding up to anything much. An occasional idea, yes -- but nothing that sticks. Nevertheless -- and I think only you can understand this -- I feel yearly. Stuff is mooling and brewing deep down. Occasionally, with what reminds me of a bubble's burst in a cauldron of some thick liquid, an glow (sentence, thought, vagrant phrase) rises to the surface, breaks, then settles -- So maybe there's a tidings happening that will start me soon on the back.

Your news about DIET PARK is warming and exciting both. When I got the catalogue two weeks ago, I observed there was no announcement of your book, I worried about what had happened. Your letter calms -- apparently all has ended well. As for the orgy scene, I agree its elimination is artistically necessary and that the book will profit from the deletion.

Parenthetically, the "Jet-Propelled Couch" will be in Harper's in abbreviation in December and January. Ivan concluded the arrangements last week. We think they've done a fine editorial job and its appearance there will help THE FIFTY-MINUTE HOUR.

We leave for Long Island on July 31st. Please copy this address and phone number and put it where you'll be reminded of me (us) constantly. May I suggest Adele's beautiful butt?

% Low House
Indian Neck Lane

- 2. -

much too brief; I hope you'll expand when you write. What irks me is this: that the reaction of Stan is likely to be the reaction of any publisher I can think of (did you say this or am I being bright?), and at least at Rinehart's you have a friend at court. It has probably taken courage for Ted to stand up for you as he did. But what's to be done? Will Stan give the book what it should have if he continues to feel the way he does? Does it really matter? And then I'd like to ask you about your own feelings regarding the two scenes that seem to be the big thorns for Stan. I recall when I read the orgy scene, I told you it left me with a feeling of dissatisfaction. I thought your own doubts about it were showing at that time, and I remember saying that I thought you should either do it or forget it. Now I think it would be a serious artistic error (and a compromise that might harm you) to drop the scene; but I do believe it has to be really written, in detail, full orchestra. (Of course, I don't know if you've done more with it since I saw the manuscript in January). As for the Tippiis scene, when we talked about it last time you convinced me it was essential that. I remain convinced -- the scene is tight and intrinsic (if not, perhaps, entirely necessary) to the portrait of T. But on this I'd bet a house Stan can be convinced.

It is, finally, distressing to think that we'll be out of personal contact for the next few months. All of us will, of course, be thinking of both of you every day. Believe me, it will be the one blot on our own vacation. We'll be leaving for Iowa House on July 31st -- just previous to that, when I get your Mexico address, I'll send you the address. I'll hope, too, that you might realize on the off-chance and join us there late in August. At least let me consider this improbability a possibility.

Much love for both of you from all of us,

Tracy

- 2. -

think you've used the drinking for bad reasons -- it wasn't emergent, that is growing out of a personal or party situation; but with you, the personal or party situations came from the drinking. Do you understand what I mean? To hell with it. We'll talk soon.

As I told you over the phone, I'm in a kind of limbo these days. I don't feel like doing anything, and I lend myself only reluctantly to my work, finding very little pleasure in it and pushing every day away or behind me. I think I get this way about this time each year -- a kind of immense intellectual and (what?) spiritual fatigue seems to engulf me. I get jaded and bored very easily, have a minimal attention span, jump from one small enthusiasm to another, and largely hold secret converse with myself. I think what happens is a consequence of not having a framework or pattern for my ideas. When I am doing a book -- or even writing an article -- the ideas that occur to me during the time are employed somehow (and also everything I read). In this post-book, pre-book period they are necessarily unattached; they occur, I react -- and then they dissipate. I guess this leaves me with a feeling of worthlessness: I'm somehow, then, loose and disengaged. I know the solution is to begin a new project, even if only in thought; but right now I just don't feel like it. Perhaps when the unattachment increases to a point of real discomfort -- or when these blasted psychosomatic things really get my goat -- I'll do the necessary.

We've been seeing no one of any interest. Yesterday we drove out to Edgy Berman's farm, and Phoebe (they both send remembrances) showed us a wonderful piece of property near there. It has a small waterfall and a narrow stream running through it. I've been wondering about it as an ideal spot for a long cherished dream of mine -- a small weekend house. We think it may be possible to widen the pool to a real swimming place and dam up the stream at the further end. Then we could build a house above the water, stock the pool with bass or trout. Maybe this is the place we can write the Mailer and Lindner books from in a couple years -- with time out for swimming or skating or fishing! In any event, I'm more excited about this than I've been about anything recently -- and maybe it will go through.

About the FIFTY-MINUTE HOUR, I guess I've written it off now. Lerner's preface, as I said, is terrific. He's done exactly what I hoped -- described the book as writing in a new literary genre, and emphasized the intrinsic excitement of the stories. Ted and Dudley feel there is a chance of having a colling success -- for a change -- and I'm sure that if Ivan brings off the Harper thing, we'll get off to a good start. The "concerning" part -- at least until reviews come in -- is over. But it isn't over for me (curiously, do you think?) about your book. I find I get more exercised about DEER PARK than about my own book. Your report about the conference with Stan and Ted was

P20

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Lathrop Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-6690

June 7, 1954

Dear Norman,

It was great talking with you the other night. I hope you understood what I meant when I said I'd been having trouble writing. It is simply that my letters have been composed under the shadow of our private talks when you were here -- and I couldn't, for some reason, keep out the pompous and pedantic tone. Recognizing this, I've now made the decision not to write about those matters -- to save them, that is, for personal meetings. This has removed the blocks, and now I'm able to continue our correspondence.

For some strange reason I've been feeling lousy these last weeks. My gut has been kicking up -- a most unusual thing -- and I've twice had a swelling on my lips. The guys I've talked to have called this "angioneurotic edema", a condition due to a specific allergy or sensitivity to something (a food or?), plus a condition of tension. You're supposed to take anti-histamines for this kind of thing -- but the last time I did they made me feel worse. Today my lower lip looks like I've just been made an honorary Ubangi. My private opinion is that this business may be related to my conflict over smoking. For some time I did great -- but within the past few days I've slipped, and although I stay under 10 butts a day it still is the wrong thing. But if it isn't the cigarette thing, it must be a food -- and I'm damned if I can figure this out. In any case, it can't be something a few hours of analysis won't clear up. Meanwhile, as usual when there's something physically wrong with me, my chronic feeling is one of anger, anger at this frailty in myself.

I think you, too, react to illness or physical weakness with anger, don't you? Which brings me to your liver. I've made inquiries, based on the very little data you gave me, and I've learned that your condition is not to be taken too seriously. Apparently, you've been making excessive demands on a biologically slightly inadequate organ, and there is hardly any question but that a period of relaxed pressure on this organ will restore its proper function. Until I learned this, I did worry somewhat. Now I'm even glad of it, glad because the drinking (so you've said) has been eliminated.

You know, Norman, I haven't been completely truthful with you (or Adele) about the drinking. I've honestly been concerned with it, mainly because I've noticed that rather than relaxing you, it seems to create more and more tension, and tension of a specific kind. By this I mean that it draws you away from people, breaks communication a little bit. This happens, of course, with every drinker, but you seem to get there a little more rapidly than most others. Also I

Dr. Robert Lindner
941 Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

March 20, 1954

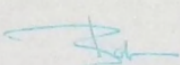
Dear Norman,

We are all very anxious to see you on Thursday. And hope nothing interferes with your plans to visit.

I have even provided myself with a deck of Tarot and am looking forward to being instructed in the ancient art as well as matching you drink for drink after you get here.

The best way to come is to follow route 40 through Baltimore and do not leave it until, at the other side of town (after it has again become a dual highway) you come to a light and a sign at Ingleside Avenue. Here you make a left-hand turn and stay on Ingleside (which changes to Bloomsbury) until you can go no further. You will then make a sharp right-hand turn onto S. Rolling Road. Our house will be about 1/4 of a mile from the place at which you turned, on the right, # 409.

Yours,



Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York -3, New York

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Lathrop Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

March 3, 1954

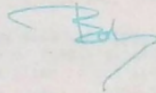
Dear Norman,

I am hastening to answer your letter since I want you to get it before you leave on your trip. Unfortunately, I am going to be in New York next week to deliver the book -- which is at last finished, preface and all. The likelihood of returning after the 16th and before the Passover weekend in April -- when all of us are coming to New York but will be tied up with family -- is very small. May I, therefore, suggest this. After you return, why don't you and Adele come down over any weekend you choose. There is an awful lot to talk about and now that my book is out of the way I think I can feel freer in mind to discuss a number of things with you we never got a chance at last time.

As for staying with you when I come to New York, you can be sure that the only consideration would be our wish not to interfere with your schedule. We will certainly do this as soon as feasible since I am anxious to meet your friends.

Meanwhile, try to come down as soon as you get back from your trip, which I hope is a pleasant vacation.

Yours,



Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York -3, New York

RL:jb



P. 17

- 2. -

wrote the screenplay, which anyone who makes the picture has to use. If Wenger or anyone else wants to buy the rights from Warner, I'm sure they'll sell. For my part, I think an arrangement about the screenplay can be made through the Ober office.

I wonder, Norman, if Brand would want to suggest REBEL to Mr. Wenger? An approach from that side would light a fire under the whole matter. I'd personally like to see the picture made, since it is a valid study of the subject and the only truthful representation of prison life I've come across. By the way, apart from all of this I hope Brand and I can get together. He sounds interesting and the kind of guy I'd like to know.

You'll be glad to know that I've done an intensive editorial job on the four stories of my book and followed your good suggestions as closely as I could. Jeanne (who sends her love, hatch) is busy re-typing the manuscript in final draft, while I'm finishing the remaining story. I hope to be out in about two weeks, including the preface. Last week I talked with Ted by phone and discovered he had no changes to suggest, so I'm readying final copy. It will be a relief to get the book out so that I can get on to the next job.

Come soon, Norman. I'll be in New York within the next three weeks and certainly expect to see you and meet your friends. But you should arrange for an early and long visit here. We want you. Meanwhile, our love,

They

Dr. Robert Lindner
940 Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0590

January 25, 1954

Dear Norman,

You left an awful lot of affection for you around here when you went, which you'll have to come back to collect soon.

Your letter was swell and will be helpful. I've already re-edited the murder piece according to your suggestions and in spare time will go on. Meanwhile, there's one more story to be added to the book, which I hope to get started on tomorrow.

As for your book, you already know what I think -- When you finish this draft I feel you'll have a major work ready for completion. Perhaps it was not quite proper for me to do so, but in talking by telephone with Ted Amussen last Friday, I told him how enthused I was about "Deer Park". Since reading it, moreover, I have been thinking further and will probably have a lot more to talk with you about it when we meet again. By the way, I do want you to know that both Johnnie and I were impressed by the way you take both positive and negative criticism. It's most refreshing and rare to find someone whose back doesn't rise at the suggestion that his product may not be perfect. Hold on to that, Norman.

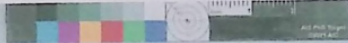
I hope you've enjoyed your trip to Canada. We were thinking of you during the big snow here last week.

Perhaps I'll be seeing you soon. I intended to come to N.Y. for a weekend this month, but now I'd like to put it off until the next story is finished. But I have to go to Albany for a hearing on the new medical practices bill, and also have a panel discussion scheduled in N.Y. soon. What I'd like, however, is just to come up without having to run to meetings and appointments and have some fun.

Write soon, Norman, and meanwhile take the affectionate regards of all of us here.

Yours,

Bob



P 16

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Lathrup Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

February 23, 1954

Dear Norman,

Just receiving your letter was a great relief. I feared that I had spoken out of turn with Ted, and your slight delay in answering my note made me somewhat concerned.

About your book -- Norman, it is so good, and has such potential, that I have to urge you not to compromise on it. I've given it a lot of thought, and I really think just a "new coat of paint" is not sufficient -- at least not for you. To fail to give it the intensive attention it requires in this final draft would be to commit a really grave literary sin, but more than this, a crime against yourself. So please keep pushing.

Johnnie told me about your talk with her on the topic 'withier Mailer', and so your remarks about putting in six or so months of work in a woman's prison didn't surprise me. During the last few days I've given the matter a lot of thought -- and I think something can be arranged when you're ready. Whether it can be done here, near or in Baltimore, will have to be explored further. I don't know, because the local situation is kind of snafued and riddled with a curious brand of politics. For our sakes, we'd like to have you around if it could possibly be arranged. But on the other hand, the opportunity may not exist here, and if it doesn't, there is an alternative that may be quite satisfactory. I'll go into the details with you when we get together again. Meanwhile, I think you can rest assured that the idea -- so far as I can see -- is excellent and possible of realization.

About Neville Brand and the possibility of pushing the REBEL screenplay -- I'm delighted you talked with him and anxious to meet him. After I received your letter I wrote to Kay Brown at M.C.A. (they were the agents for the sale of the screenplay that terminated in an inconclusive stalemate) and asked that all outstanding copies of my script be turned over to my agent, Ivan von Arn at Harold Ober Associates. Then I wrote to Ivan and asked him to consider getting in touch with Mr. Wenger. Warner Brothers, you see, owns the motion picture rights and I (with Budd Fishel)

PDF 558

A-14

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

January 2, 1954

Dear Norman,

Either weekend you suggest will be fine with us. My schedule is a rather regular one. I see patients every day but usually finish early on Saturday afternoons. On Friday mornings I visit the prisons, and if you want to do that on this trip, I would suggest that you come down on Thursday afternoon or evening. The only thing that I have on the schedule for the next couple of weeks is a dinner at a friend's house here in Baltimore on the night of the ninth -- and if you are here then there would certainly be no problem for you to come along with us.

Please let me know either by letter or wire which weekend you choose to come. I am looking forward to your visit with a great amount of eagerness and hope to spend many hours with you talking about things that concern both of us.

Since you are driving, I would recommend that you come directly to my office which can be reached most easily. The road from New York is a very simple one -- you merely follow the Turnpike to the Delaware bridge, cross it and go south along Route 40 until you hit Baltimore city. You then follow the same route to Cathedral Street, turn right onto Cathedral till Road, turn right on Road for one block and on the corner of Charles and Road you will see the Latrobe Building which is where I have my office. It should take you approximately 3 1/2 hours or 4 at the outside from the beginning of the turnpike.

Anxious to see you and delighted that you are coming.
Merely say when.

Sincerely,

Bob

Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York -3, New York

PDF 557

n. 13

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Lathrop Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

December 27, 1954

Dear Norman:

I had hoped by now to have some word from New York so that I could make definite plans about coming up. I want to let you know, since I feel that you are very likely holding off your skiing vacation until you hear from me, and I am sorry I can't tell you exactly when I'll be there. I'll call or wire as soon as they tell me.

I continue to be fascinated with your Journal and hope that you will send me pieces of it from time to time. As I wrote the other day, parts of it are utterly brilliant, but I certainly wish you knew more about things like "death instinct", psychoanalysis, etc. Despite your amazing penetration, there are large gaps in some of the academic groundwork which render some of the things you have to say invalid, or at least just pretty-sounding rather than profound. They could be the latter with only a small amount of effort on your part. You realize, of course, that I am not speaking of pedantry, but merely of groundwork or background, so that your poetic insights will have strong roots. I am still fascinated by your saint-psychopath equation and its significance. Also, the material on music -- coming from you with your former pretensions about tone deafness -- ~~is~~ great.

I am returning also here the first three pages of the original manuscript of DEERPARK. I can only say that I am glad that you abandoned this in favor of the book you did write. By the way, if there is an extra manuscript of DEERPARK lying around, I would love to have it -- if not to keep, at least for a few weeks.

You'll hear from me very soon, and meanwhile, much love,

Bob

Mr. Norman Mailer
320 East 56 Street
New York, New York

P.12

- 3. -

should certainly like to get another opinion. So please send the typescript over to me..."

Apparently the Lerner preface whetted old pip-pip Victor's appetite again, and we are going to comply with his request for another look-see. In responding to Ivan about this I took the occasion to point out that everything about the stories is true and factual, but that, of course, they have been "fictionalized" to give the necessary dramatic tension. I rather expect that V.G. will decide to buy -- but if he doesn't Ivan assures me that almost anyone else in England will.

So far as the business with Harper's is concerned, apparently they have not yet completed their mind-making up, and I anticipate that it will be another couple of weeks before we hear from them.

Some further small bit of news is that we went last night to hear Freddie Weisgal play at a local beer joint, to which I will have to take you when you come down again. Before deciding to do this, Freddie came to my office for an off-the-cuff opinion on whether or not his practice would suffer -- or his reputation as a lawyer be hurt -- but doing this I neglected to point out to Freddie that little damage to his legal reputation would be possible under the most extreme circumstances. However, I did feel he had somewhat of a point. I related the story of the man who complained he had been a tailor 40 years, and no one ever called him schneider on the streets, yet, for "saying" one little "hein", the whole world thereafter called him "cocksnicker". Fred got the point.

Soon after you receive this letter I expect that you will be off for Mexico, and I confess to envying you greatly this time of leisure. Me, I will be sweating out a living over a hot couch for another 6 or 7 weeks -- and probably mowing my hives -- until the first of August. If you are going to write at all please do so at this address until August 1st, after which we can be reached at: Mrs. Frances Adams, Indian Neck Lane, Peconic, Long Island, New York. Phone: Peconic 6554.

I hope you get a chance to write, however, briefly, before you take off, and meanwhile send you the love of all of us.

- 2. -

body by the mouth of me, for a period of weeks, reasoning thusly: that unfriendly spirits have in me lodged and made me to be of a sensitivity profound, and a responsiveness, to an irritant which, in time, through a famous method known abroad as "progressive elimination", may be apprehended and indited.

In resignation then, I surrender to the saints and the professor of the skins.

Given this date, hyght above, by the hand of the signatee below. Mhil obstat. Imprimatur. Merts!

Robert el Galio

* * * * *

Dear Norman:

I have separated the above report on the state of my physical body from the rest of this, chiefly to confound our biographers -- whose existences I do not ever for a moment doubt. If they can dig the styles involved and their sources (I date such biographers about a hundred years hence, a few decades after an orwellian debacle during which all traces of previous cultures will have vanished ((except our works, of course)) and the language will have degenerated into a series of melodious grunts (((except in the case of a handful of scientists who will by then have uncovered a Rosetta stone enabling such masterworks as RALED and FRASCRPTION to be read)))) -- if they can, I say, they'll deserve the right to write about us.

To continue. Apart from all these horrors there is little to report from the Baltimore front. The thing that may amuse you is that Ivan enclosed a letter from Gallanx in which the dear old boy reports that he turned down the stories in THE FIFTY-MINUTE HOUR originally because he "came to the conclusion that there was something wrong with the book. I can't clearly explain my feeling: I think I might perhaps put it, in a Jewish phrase which Lindner will understand, that it was not quite kosher. Or, to put it in another way, I had the feeling that the investigations had been 'done up' a bit - that there were points at which the science merged into fiction." "But," the dear old boy continues, "I may have been quite wrong - in any event the thing was of fascinating interest - and I



P-40

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-B, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

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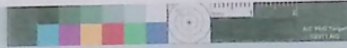
Brother of Mine:

It is to be hoped greatly that this my letter finds you and your liver happily well. O Hermano mio, we are indeed hermanos now, I having, but minutes past come from the consultation of the professor of skins, wherefrom emerged I with the list of a diet excluding all the pleasures and delights of the gut -- including the press of the grape and the vine's fruit.

The affair began with the lip of mine, as I have informed you by an earlier post, and an itching of the skin in various places, and, sadly, the manifestation of that upon the skin said by all to be of the nature of "hives". Following the initial seizure of me by these portents and symptoms, there passed some days, when in this fashion once more I was taken.

There was I, then, on the day of Saturn of the last week, in response following my labors, at rest (I repeat) in the house of me, sampling slowly of a brew such in repute and admired by the natives of this region, compounded of substances to the number of two, hyght "gin" et "vermouth", in a formula of msthetic relations "six-to-one". Of a sudden there overcame me, your brother, in the region of the mouth of mine, especially the underpart, a curious perception of heat and vibration, after which there did appear a swell, or fulness, thereof, which, to my distress, persisted through the long night. Accompanying this occult untowardness, even more unbelievable, a furor of the insides of me came to pass, with nausea and mild vertigo attending. Thereafter misery companioned me until bedding hour, the which was on that occasion delayed far into birthtime of the day subsequent by wasteful converse and further draughts of the self-same empoisoned brew, at intervals of a certainty prescribed, I know not how, yet assuredly by the (incomprehensible) rituals of the region, and upon the invitation, graciously rendered, of natives, oddly comparisoned (I tell you for your instruction) and outdecked with fabrics suited to the sultry climate of that night, assembled in a conclave composed of various tribes to fashion a thing called (by these the natives) a "party", the which was met in any place to be seen, although my search for it occupied, when the lip of mine allowed, the whole of the night. Sleep arrived, then, and upon the morrow, such is the bounty of the saints, a properly proportioned visage was returned to me in the glass.

Of a minor degree, since, has this distress pursued me, your brother, until this moment of writing. I have, as written, attended the professor of skins following matins of this day. He, the professor, advised, first, a purging of the bowel, and thereafter also, the regime of the monk, happily confined to that which passes into the



p. 9

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latsche Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-6690

December 14, 1953

Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York -3, New York

Dear Norman:

I am as eager as you to get together but find it practically impossible to plan a trip to New York within the foreseeable future.

Can you arrange to get down here for as long as you can stay anytime at your convenience? we would be delighted to have you for the Christmas holidays, or over the New Year's week-end or, indeed, any time at all. There is so much to talk about. Please think about this and let me know. There is no reason why you can't bring your work with you. I have a very quiet and comfortable study at home which would be placed entirely at your disposal. I can't offer you much of a social life, but there are some things to do.

I am terribly eager to see your book and delighted that you are so close to the finish. I, too, am in that paradoxically unenviable position with only one more chapter to go on my new one. This chapter is called "Parnassus Prone" and is a study of a writer.

Your fascination with prison is not unexpected. There has never been a really good novel written on that theme. The book by Webb -- which I saw in manuscript some years ago when the author was an inmate -- lacks the tragic substance and particularly the expansive power the theme demands. I should think that you alone, of all the modern writers I know, have the necessary empathic temperament and skill to do a book of this kind. If you decide to come down here, I think I could arrange to take you into some of the prisons I go to as consultant and also to let you participate with me in interviewing both male and female prisoners. This is rather obvious bait, which I am increasing by sending you, under separate cover, a copy of STONE WALLS.

As ever,

RL:jb

Dr. Robert Lindner
2-D. Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

July 1, 1953

Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York, New York

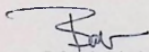
Dear Norman:

I have been putting off writing to you for many weeks due to a combination of overwork, fatigue, and the general senselessness of the entire world situation. In the past few days I have begun to come out of this somewhat, and I feel slightly more humanoid. I do want to thank you for your advice about the New Leader -- which I took -- and also to inquire about the progress of THE DEER PARK.

I am having a lot of trouble with my new book but none of it serious. I merely have to discard a section which I was extremely interested in writing, which I had half written, and which contains the best work I have ever done. I will tell you more about this when we meet. By the way, Ted Haussen, the new Editor-in-chief at Rinehart, is due here this afternoon for a conference about this book and other writing plans.

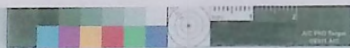
I have to be brief today, but I want to suggest very strongly that you try to get down here for a visit with us before the end of July, or -- better still -- that you absolutely count on spending some time at our summer place during the month of August on Long Island. I think I told you something about it. It is accessible by train or car from New York, is completely perfect in every respect for a vacation, and we would, of course, greatly enjoy having you come there for as long as you would like to stay. Write to me soon and let me know if you can definitely plan on this. We arrive there on the first of August and remain until the first of September. Any or all of this time in between will find you welcome.

Yours,


Robert Lindner

RL:jb

PDF 576



P. 7

DR. ROBERT LINDNER
LATROBE APARTMENTS
BALTIMORE 2, MARYLAND
SARATOGA 0890

February 5, 1953

Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York City, New York

Dear Norman:

I find I made a mistake in my last letter to you. The program I wrote about is to be held on the 12th of March.

I will try to see you before then.

Cordially,

Bob

Robert Lindner

L:jb



P. 6

Mr. Norman Mailer

- 2 -

energy. Unlike you, I can only write about nine hours a week -- at the outside -- and for many reasons even this short time has not been available to me for the past many weeks. Also, I find that the prefatory essays I have submitted to my agent so far are completely off the beam. They have turned out to be nothing like I designed them, and so I think that much of the work I've done in the past couple of months needs to be re-done.

If I don't manage to call you Friday, the thirteenth, it will be because I had to go to New Haven rather than spend that day in New York. And if I don't call you, I will hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely,

Bob
Robert Lindner

RL:jb

Enclosures (2)



P.5

DR. ROBERT LINDNER
LATROBE APARTMENTS
BALTIMORE 2, MARYLAND
SARATOGA 0600

February 3, 1953

Mr. Norman Mailer
45 First Avenue
New York City, New York

Dear Norman:

I purposely put off answering your letter until I could be sure you returned from your skiing holiday. I must admit that I was also very anxious -- until some years ago skiing was my favorite occupation.

I expect to be in New York shortly and will very definitely want to see you. On the night of February 12th my book will be discussed on the "Author Meets the Critic" program, and if I can remain over the following day, I will call you. The reason I can't be more definite is that I have to lecture at Yale around that time, and it may be that I will go directly to New Haven after the television program.

In the event that I don't see you soon I want to send you the enclosed which my secretary, Joanne, copied for you from some material I have been reading recently. de Sade is a favorite among psychoanalysts, but I think he has been very poorly used by them. He has been grossly underestimated as a philosopher -- a fault which has been corrected to some extent only recently and in very obscure philosophical journals. On the other hand, the English have always had a great respect for de Sade: they have not allowed themselves to be distracted from their appreciation of his thinking by the lurid sex aura that has traditionally surrounded his name.

I can well appreciate the difficulty you must be having with your book, but it certainly sounds immensely exciting, and I hope one day you'll let me read it. My own work has been suffering lately from a combination of personal and accidental circumstances that deprive me both of time and

Dr. Robert Lindner
9-D, Latrobe Apartments
Baltimore - 2, Maryland
Phone, Saratoga 7-0690

March 2, 1953

Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York City, New York

Dear Norman:

I have to be in New York on the night of March 12th to defend Re on the "Author Meets the Critic" television program. I hope to remain in the city for the rest of that weekend, and will of course want to see you. Do you want to meet me, say, for lunch on Friday, the 13th? We can meet anywhere -- and at any time you suggest. So far as I know, my wife and I will be staying at the Hotel Vanderbilt on Park and 34th.

Please let me know if this suits you. I look forward eagerly to seeing you at last.

Warmly,

Bob

Robert Lindner

RL:jb

P. 44

PDF 513

DR. ROBERT LINDNER
LATROBE APARTMENTS
BALTIMORE 2, MARYLAND
SARATOGA 0890

December 29, 1952

Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York City, New York

Dear Norman:

I was in New York the weekend before Xmas and called you twice in the hope we could get together for a meal or an evening -- but there was no answer, and then I got tied up in other obligations. So we'll have to put off our personal meeting.

What I wanted to talk to you about was Barbary Shore, and the new book I'm doing, Come Over, Red Rover. About the former, I can only write that after the first 110 pages it became one of the most exciting and valuable reading experiences I have had in recent years. Once the pieces fell into place (and I think, parenthetically, they could have done so sooner than they did) I found myself caught up and entranced. I don't know what the reviewers said about this book -- but it is my feeling it makes your Naked and the Dead look like the inept fumbling of an amateur. This is not to say that I agree with your thinking, Norman, because I don't -- I find your formulations and propositions too easy -- I think you show a serious lack of understanding (curiously not so much in N & D as here) of human motivation -- and I think your entire purview is distorted to one side. Nevertheless, the whole composition is a masterly performance and marks you, in my opinion, as one of the few novelists to be taken seriously. It increases my desire to get to know you. There is an exchange possible here that could, if we are wise, enrich both of us.

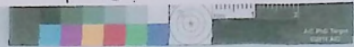
Right now I am writing a book of psychoanalytic "tales", each preceded by an essay giving some of my thoughts and opinions on half-a-dozen matters. The first story is that of my psychoanalysis, some years ago, of a Party member, the second of a leader of one of the native fascist parties on the West Coast when we went into the war, the third of a murderer, etc. When we get together, we'll talk about them.

Write when you get a chance. There is some likelihood that I'll be coming to New York again before the end of January. This time I'll arrange to let you know beforehand and we'll make a definite date.

My best to you,


Robert Lindner

RL:jb



P. 12

Mr. Norman Mailer

- 2.-

of presentation to justify your criticism.

My pique with you, Norman, comes from your easy dismissal of the prescriptive part of the book. You burn me up when you compare these pages with Liebman's Peace of tripe. I think what you want from me here is the substitution of propositions and proposals lifted from the body of what I am convinced is half-assed social theory and grafted onto or in to the personalities of men and their social structures. I can't do this that you seem to want of me because I'm convinced against these items as solutions -- and to me they are the unpsychologic formulas my prescriptive ingredients appear to you.

There's lots and lots more to say. I'll wait for a further note from you or, lacking that, my next visit to New York. I get there every month or so and will be coming up soon. You can be sure I am eager to talk about all of this and more with you. As you write, there are not many of us and the few we are should be particularly hard and demanding on each other. If we are going to make of ourselves any kind of instrument for tomorrow, the refining process has to be done by us or else it will be done to us.

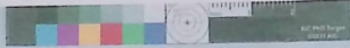
Best wishes,

RL
Robert Lindner

RL:jb

P.S. Send me a copy of Barbary Shore. You refer to it in your letter, but I never read it. By the way, I'm doing a book now of which the first section is devoted to a discussion of Marxism and the psychoanalysis I made of a party member not long ago.

R.L.



P. 11

DR. ROBERT LINDNER
LATRODE APARTMENTS
BALTIMORE 2, MARYLAND
BARATOGA 0000

November 24, 1952

Mr. Norman Mailer
41 First Avenue
New York City, New York

Dear Norman (the way you close your letter permits this):

I was very glad to hear from you about your impressions of *Rx*, but I wish you had written when -- as you say -- you were more passionate about this book. As it stands now, I can hardly make out your meaning. You raise hell with me in one place for being too ambitious in this book, and in another for not committing myself to absolute statements on the nature of our society and my position on every social matter conceivable. As to the latter, either you're a poor reader or I'm a lousy writer -- for I believe my attitudes on all of these matters are absolutely clear and unequivocal. Certainly, they are very much like yours -- but in my case not (I think) founded on faith.

To answer your statement that I am writing of things of which I have no knowledge -- this I must deny. My reading and study have been, I suspect, about the same or more extensive than yours, and if you will inquire among mutual friends (I'm sure we have many) you will learn of my participation since 1932 in every progressive movement on the record short of the Party. But, of course, this is an absurdity -- your throwing one book at me, and I shouting "I read it and this one, too". The point is that I've honestly made a deep study of the matters I've written about and my decision to reject Marxism (among other things) was determined by knowledge and whatever uses of reason I've been capable of.

You have made a major point when you object to the way in which I handle the two chapters on theory of history. I am not speaking of your dismissal of the worth of this theory because of the brevity of treatment -- we both know that length and validity are not interdependent. That brevity, however, was determined by the fact that I had to present the theory -- to me it seems intrinsic to my purpose in the book -- but avoid turning my book into a study of history. In the condensation, however, I made enough mistakes

French intellectual named Jean Malaquais, and I think I can say I learned nine-tenths of my Marxism from him. I've told him about you and told him of some of the things in your letters, and if you say yes, I'll show your letters to him. He is, needless to say, trustworthy, and I'm pretty confident that he could not read your letters without wanting to respond because he's lived and thought about matters like revolution all his life, and probably hates the idea of establishment and police as much as you do—I find myself a rank conservative next to you two. Jean is ~~now~~^S about 70, and not a fantastically intelligent as once he was—he has slowed down just a little, but, my God, what's left—at his best still better than anybody around. He's in France now, but will be back in about a month and by then if I hear from you about this, and you say yes, I'll show him the letters.

Where is Lompoc? You know, I get out to Los Angeles or San Francisco about once a year and if I'm there for a couple of days and it's feasible at your end, I'd like to come by for a visit. Would there be a lot of red tape to get me on your approved visitors list? As I say, it may not happen for quite a while, and certainly won't for the next few months, but it would be good to meet and talk face to face.

Today I go off to Maine. Usually I take off the month of August and spend it with my kids, all of mine, and Norris Church's too, which makes

June 3, 1955

55-68

Lindsey
Dear Bob,

That was a good talk we had on the phone and I wish we could get together soon. Everything is in a jam here. I'm working overtime on The Deer Park, trying to do the impossible, alternate critical detachment with creative immediacy --very close to the psychopathic, you know -- and somehow pull off a small miracle which, between us, I doubt if I will do. Still, the book will be a little better and I'll have learned something in the process, I hope.

You sounded very tired on the phone and while I know your amazing capacity to recuperate quickly, I hope that you will take your simple bodily needs into account and take off a few days now and again over the summer, whether your patients get p.s.'ed or not. I've been living for a good many months now pushed past the normal output of my energy, and it can set up a vicious circle.

Let me hear from you when you get a chance. I know you're very busy and your correspondence must be heavy, but if you have an odd moment drop a note.

Love,

say?—spiritual concerns as well, and so is a better way to characterize Carol Stevens' former relationship with me and now Norris Church's. Mr. Vibbert writes well enough, but like most young journalists does not yet know that you cannot trust what other journalists have written, you must depend, if you are responsible, only on what you have seen and heard yourself.

Some years ago I coined a word, "factoid," to describe a fact that has no existence other than that it has appeared in print. To say that I have described any woman in my life as a "mistress" is a factoid, but it is a fact that two self-proclaimed defenders of women's rights, Beverly Bentley and Ruth Budd, were in an unseemly hurry to promulgate "mistress" as often as they could. May they be stuck with it. I just don't want the word attached to my mouth.

Cheers,

Norman Mailer

79-16

To Michael McClure

Thomas Place

Mt. Desert, Maine

ME

55-67

Lindon

April 22, 1955

Dear Bob,

Just a note to tell you how good I think our evening in Philadelphia was. It was really very good for me and I want you to know what a friend I think you are. I won't say more now because I'm going blind getting The Deer Park ready for the printer and I'm typing this out in a hurry.

Right now it looks like I'll be in California around the 1st of June, so schedules look ~~rather~~ contradictory, eh Bobbo? Let me hear what your schedule is -- as I remember it was May 9th.

Love for the interim,

nine kids, but eight of them will be with us this summer—I needed to do arithmetic on that one. It's a kind of a groove for I don't live with most of the kids for most of the year, just see them on weekends, etc. But this year it'll be a double groove because I'm getting toward the last few hundred pages of first draft on Gilmore, and with luck, may even finish the crude outlines of the first draft while I'm up there this August. Behind me is 1200 pages of manuscript. Shit, this is nothing. Gilmore wrote 1500 pages of letters to Nicole in three and a half months.

Jack, my new address from August 1 to August 31 will be Mt. Desert Post Office, Mt. Desert, Maine, 04660.

Cheers,

Norman

78-14

142 Columbia Heights

Brooklyn, New York

September 5, 1978

Dear Mark Amory;

55-8
Jan. 20, 1955

Dear Bob, *Lindner*

Some more of the journal. I think a few of the items you'll find attractive.

Your reviews were excellent I heard, and I congratulate you warmly, old friend. Naturally, I've seen none of them, everybody somehow taking it for granted that I would see them in some mysterious fashion in Mexico, but when I see you in Baltimore, we'll be able to go over more of them. I hope the book does well, Bob-bo.

I've had a turn of luck with The Deer Park. G.P. Putnam's is taking it, asking for no changes I do not consent to make, paying the full royalty (confidential) and have agreed to a first printing of 25,000 copies. But I'm such a pig and unregenerate egotist that the news which greeted me upon return from Mexico left me flat. I was so geared for a fight that I really felt a little disappointed. Which I guess proves what a saint-psycopath I am at bottom. Interestingly, Cy was somehow left a little flat too. Anyway, the contract is to be signed in a few days, and the book is tentatively set for August, publication. What excited me much more was your message about Ivan. Does he really think it's my best book. (I do.) Somehow, what with Ivan being so right and so quietly helpful in the shadows, I came to wait more and more anxiously for what he would finally feel when he read it. I think nothing would have upset me more than Ivan not liking it, and so I felt a real burst of joy when Adele gave me your message. What a good bastard you are to know the pleasure such news would give me.

Mexico was rough on me, but I'll tell you about that when I see you. One day I literally had to fight off weeping twice while I was with Susy because of the pain of leaving her. And the weight she carries in her heart and the wisdom. She fell asleep the night before I left, the last time I would see her, and I think she knew that it was far better to be unconscious when I left than to go through the pain of the scene. I really think she loves me, and I want no one to love me more than I ^{want} ~~am~~ Susy to. Unrequited love thing maybe.

Anyway, write soon, amigo, and I hope we get together soon. I am indeed looking forward to it very much.

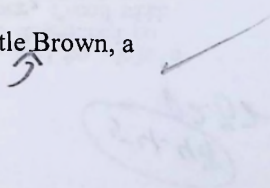
Love Norm

I never got to know Ned [Larned G. Bradford] well for he was a man of extraordinary reserve, but in the ten years I was his author and he was my editor, we had a routine that you could call a regimen, and that I came to know very well.

Whenever I was in Boston, we would meet and go to lunch. It was always at Locke Ober's, and while we did not always eat the same food, we invariably had the same drinks, Ned, his martini, and I, my Bloody Mary, and we would talk for a couple of hours, and they were slow and enjoyable conversations, and then I would go back to Provincetown or New York and we would chat once in awhile on the phone until we met again.

Almost never did we discuss business. I came to realize over the years that that was part of Ned's personal magic. He had discovered, or maybe he was born with the knowledge that exquisite manners, when never breached, take on the magic of the talisman. How I came to respect his reserve and, finally his forbearance.

Ned had engaged in a large gamble with me. On my word that I wanted to write a long and very ambitious novel, he had contracted a large and serious arrangement, in those days, ten years ago, a relatively unheard of arrangement for such a long book, and that agreement met with many delays from my side. Other books came forth from me, some for Little Brown, a



5-4-47
p282

It seems as if the deal on Maked is going to go through, and to Adele's amazement, I feel absolutely flat about that. I suppose what depressed me is that at least half of me hopes for the day when I'll be poor, faced with the real realities of life, and therefore able to write better. Which is probably nonsense, but the ideas and passions of college, life art in a carnet and travelling the wide world of adventure did very hard, don't they write?

Everything seems routine now at Linhart on The Bear Park which is presently scheduled for February. But I have a feeling about The Bear Park that just as it was hard to write, so will its publishing life be full of episodes and near-catastrophes. Now the bitch is in England, where they like it, but as I understand from Cy, ~~man~~ Gary wrote to Ted something to the effect that I sure was a novelist but that little old Bear Park might need "a fig-leaf or two." Fig 'em. I mean it.

About my health--it's fine. After a month of ~~lying~~ lying off completely, I've been drinking sparingly and feel no compulsion about having to have stuff. Of course we haven't been meeting many strange people and that could be part of it too. Incidentally, it just occurs to me, I think it would be better, oh, if you don't mention the marijuana because you know how that kind of story will spread about me.

At the moment we plan to start back in slow stages somewhere around the ~~middle~~ of October, but that date is very elastic. I think though that the expedient would be more on leaving earlier than later because we just won't last out about Mexico, and the altitude demands an average of nine hours of sleep which of course I resent.

We think often of you and Jeanne enjoying the sun and the water at Low House, and regret that we miss visiting you this summer. Maybe next. Anyway I hope this finds you and the blond beauty in the best of health, and give our hellos to the kids.

Did friendship take with the Sembars? I'm sure it did.

Adele sends her love to which I add mine.

visionary ideas, which involve a vast change in the very fundament of things, or the world is going to get profoundly worse. But that we can discuss what some of those ideas might be I doubt. You've a Marxist-Leninist vision, and I know enough to know those ideas die the hardest of all. This last remark of mine will, of course, convince you of the strength and correctness of your thought, but I confess to you that I prefer ideas which are fragile and delicate, and have to survive each day and be recreated each day under the most difficult of conditions.

In any case, you've been generous enough to give me unstintingly of your thought and I've now given you an indication of mine.

check
 Yours penpal,
 Norman

79-2

To Pamela Bradford [handwritten]

142 Columbia Heights

Brooklyn, New York

May 17, 1979

Dear Pamela,

August 12, 1954

54-47
p102

Dear Bob,

I've been sort of saving up and looking forward to this letter, and in fact meaning to write to you for some time now, but I got side-tracked into doing an article for Esquire which began as a book review of Individualism Reconsidered by Kingsley, and ended up going to fourteen pages, and including The Lonely Crowd, and all in all getting ambitious. So three weeks were devoted pretty exclusively to that.

We've been having a quiet time here, Adele painting, and I studying Spanish a couple of hours a day, and reading novels with an occasional trip thrown in. I think normally a life so inactive would kill, but I've been getting a succession of ideas for a long novel and a short novel which have been exciting me—how exciting ideas always are before you have to start shaping them to words—and so a lot of these quiet days have passed with considerable internal excitement. However, I do miss the rhythms of New York at times—and the excitement of talking to good friends ~~of my five~~ hundred word a minute rate. The ~~few~~ friends we have here are all nice enough, but on the home lot I'm afraid they'd belong to the second string.

In rereading your letter I see you've been having etwas too. Eppis an etwas. But truly ~~there~~ there ought to be a better word than etwas for something so marvelous, and ~~there~~ are times when I think that outside of ~~screaming~~ ^{etwas} at its happy best, there's no kick like ~~an etwas~~.

I was very pleased to read the news about "The Jet-propelled Couch," and I'm just delighted for you. The sign of how good it is is that Harvey's got off their fat ass of resentment to print it. And of course we salute the crossing of the third floor lobby. But the matter, since you want lose your practice scaring your patients?

Susy (my daughter) has been with us a fair amount of time, and I have the cockydest relation with her. I'm kind of nuts about her for she's a ~~little~~, subtle, charming troubled child with a little o' d ladies face and a grave manner which when it cracks under laughter gives her glee a peculiarly poignant (at least for me) quality. And of course her Spanish accent slips me. But with it, she's often remote and not often very affectionate, and so my ~~inner~~ ^{inner} darndest I can't get as close to her as I'd like. The iron of my "seductive" personality is that children aren't taken in by it. Not my own child anyway.

The other child is painting well, and our fights are occasionally heroic force in their magnitude, but what saves it is that neither we always feel so bruised and tender when they're over, like the kid knocking his head against the wall because it feels so good when he stops.

Also we've discovered the joys of "tea". This I'll expound to you when I see you, and if you read up a peevish skeptical lecture I'll tell you an old maxim. But if you have any good doctor friends who are a little less inspirational and trustworthy than Arthur H., I am curious to know what the physiological action is, whether it's harmful over extended periods, etc. My impression of it is that it does no harm at all, but I don't know how reliable it is. One thing, I find it far less worrying on the system (no hangovers) than whisky. Anyway, old buddy, he makes your panic reactions about my going straight to hell—why does everybody use my early death? when I know that I'm just a simple middle-class Jewish boy and never do anything to excess, and when (save time I will explain the pleasures of the pipe.

Gy phoned a couple of days ago, and mentioned that you were all going to phone me until he wisely dissuaded you via exorcism. Of which I approve. I would have been so horrified at the expensive connection between minutes and money that I would have been able to say nothing. Anyway, I'm glad you felt like calling.

shall we go over to Locke Ober's for lunch, saying it with all the promise of anticipation as if, truly, we had never gone near the place before. Homage, dear Pamela, to Ned. I think he will live in the fine folds of memory.

Sincerely,

Norman Mailer

79-13

To Elia Kazin

142 Columbia Heights

Brooklyn, New York

June 1, 1979

Gadge,

Just a line to you I enjoyed the wk you did on Turkish prisons for the *Times* and as always was impressed by a quality that is yours in writing. You truly speak with candor. That may seem like nothing remarkable to you, but few writers have it. It's the equivalent in literature of that deep relaxation about the self we so respect when we find it occasionally in separate people. What it comes down to is I always get the feeling when I read you that I know this is what a comment of a complex, thoughtful man is feeling as he

Mike checked

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Kazan?

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director? died 2003

Kazin OK

used this one

seems almost irrationally terrified by the thought of the book being prosecuted. I cooperate with them to a point. I took out sentence after sentence which might be construed as sexually gratuitous. I went far because they were willing to leave the Teppis scene intact. But finally it came down to cutting passages which involved the motivation of characters. And this I can't do. It's the heart of the book. The worst of it, is that gossip has made the book seem so pornographic that by the time it goes to six more publishers, somebody is going to have to believe it's the best thing since *Remembrance of Things Past* before he's willing to publish it. Bob, it looks like *The Deer Park* is in for a long haul. But of course I have the ace in the sleeve of finally publishing it myself, no matter the cost. What the hell did I sell *Naked* for, if not to have such options? Anyway, I'll give you no more day by day communiques until a contract is signed. For, frankly, it's like being on an elevator. Yet, deep-down, a part of me is delighted. I must have done something to get people that upset.

Reading *Fifty Minute* made me realize something again about you. You're such a manipulator of people. I suspect my notes have not been answered because you're worried about me, and you're trying to think of the thing to say which will move me in the direction which is best (by your lights) for me. If it is true...oh, Bob! Just tell me what you think straight out.

goes through his experience. As I said, there aren't that many people who can give you that, Gadge.

Cheers,

Norman

79-14

To David Mehegan, Editorial Page, *Boston Globe*

565 Commercial Street
MA
Provincetown, Massachusetts

July 3, 1979

To the Editor: ①

Spencer Vibbert's story about me in the *New England Magazine*, *Boston Sunday Globe*, June 24, was generous, so I hesitate to complain on a point, but he did say I used "mistress" to describe my relation with Norris Church and Carol Stevens and that is not a word I employ. It was inaccurately put in my mouth by a wire service story, after Beverly Bentley from whom I am seeking a divorce, and Brooks Potter and Ruth Budd, her lawyers, chose to categorize both women in that fashion in court. It was an invidious choice of language, since a mistress puts up with one's sexual proclivities and is paid for it, whereas a mate shares one's literary, financial, paternal, and—dare I

with Knopf. I really believe they want to do the book, but Blanche Knopf seems almost irrationally terrified by the thought of the book being prosecuted. I cooperate with them to a point. I took out ~~numeration~~ sentence after sentence which might be construed as sexually gratuitous. I went far because they were willing to leave the Teppis scene intact. But finally it came down to cutting passages which involved the motivation of characters. And this I can't do. It's the heart of the book. The worst of it, is that gossip has made the book seem so pornographic that by the time it goes to six more publishers, somebody is going to have to believe it's the best thing since Remembrance of Things Past before he's willing to publish it. Bob, it looks like The Deer Park is in for a long haul. But of course I have the ace in the sleeve of finally publishing it myself, no matter the cost. What the hell did I sell Naked for, if not to have such options? Anyway, I'll give you ~~max~~ no more day by day commaniques until a contract is signed. For, frankly, it's like being on an elevator. Yet, deep-down, a part of me is delighted. I must have done something to set people that upset.

Reading Fifty*Minute made me realize something again about you. You're such a manipulator of people. I suspect my notes have not been answered because you're worried about me, and you're trying to think of the thing to say which will move me in the direction which is best (by your lights) for me. If it is true, . . . oh, Bob! Just tell me what you think straight out. Don't manipulate me. My mother is the great one of all time, and I have enormous sensory apparatus toward that.

How's about getting some mescaline, kid?

Love,
Norm

couple for others, and Ned must have felt doubt from time to time, large worry for all I know, and heavy concern whether that novel would ever be forthcoming, yet he never showed his agitation to me. It was as if we had an understanding. I would do the literary work as best I could, and he would carry every other burden. It was a nineteenth century view of publishing for it separated the author from all nagging thoughts and underlined the notion that publishing was a gentleman's occupation, perhaps the only commerce that was, and one's editor was one's friend, better, one's boatman, and took one through the boils and shoals.

Now, Ned is gone, and I can begin to recognize that he carried many burdens, doubtless, with his smile, and never let a lot of authors know how much he brooded over them. It was his act of profession to keep his trials to himself.

We will miss him, all of us, each in our separate way. To your large loss, and to your family's, I intrude my own to say that Ned was a prince in that category of fellows who do not see themselves as princes, for to be a gentleman is rank sufficient. Ned was a gentleman, among the last and the best of that endangered species, and I will miss the keen intelligence of his smile and the diffident glint with which he indicated that he was happy to see you again, and by the way, he would soon remark, what do you think,

54-13
p132
Monday, Dec. 20, '54

Dear Bob,

More notes from the journal. I don't intend to keep sending this stuff to you, having respect for your time among other things, but I do believe these notes clarify a hell of a lot I said before. On Note 56 you will find a blurb for the Fifty Minute Hour. The corrections come for an interesting reason. I ~~wrote~~ wrote the blurb before I ~~read~~ reread the book in its published form. Reading it, I liked it considerably better than the first time, particularly Charles, Mac, and Anton--Kirk is about the same, but you know how enthusiastic I was about that. I'd really be very excited about the book if it weren't for two literary faults of yours, one overcome by discipline; the other perhaps psychically more serious. The first is just your style which at its worst gets down to pure cornball, Bob. But this is just wasteful. You should make the effort yourself, but after I go over the lectures, let us say. For if I give them a week, I think I can show you what I mean. My editorial principles are very close to Orwell's, even though when I write I'm guilty of many lapses myself. And this you can learn. Charley Devlin once went through a book for me (Naked) and I learned an awful lot from him.

Perhaps you don't like the blurb. If you don't, I'm willing to write something shorter, vaguer, and more complimentary cause I would like to help you sell books. But I do have this conviction that the evaluative blurb as opposed to the laudatory blurb actually interests people more. They're given five/ ^{new} classics every week, and so a blurb which is not simply dithyrambic catches their eye more I think.

The other difficulty is something we must talk about carefully. In short what it comes down to is that your endings tend to be wandering and uneasy. I suspect, although I may be wrong, that it comes from being at the cross-roads of your ambition. On the one hand you want to be a great man; on the other you want to be a celebrity here and now. Your contempt for the thinking of celebrities keeps you from really serving the pabulum which is requisite, but the tendency in all your thought which is to go out very far, very wide, with nothing but your speed and your sincerity to protect you is something you probably hesitate before. So, the equivocation which probably expresses itself in the ends and the endings.

My own affairs, alack, alay. As of today it looks like I can't get together

To Brenda Nicol

142 Columbia Heights

Brooklyn, New York

December 13, 1978

Dear Brenda,

I've been meaning to write ever since your letter came, but got caught up in getting the book to a point where I could hand it over to the publisher.

And so I've just been steaming along with so many thoughts in my head to friends I owe letters to, and didn't put a stamp on an envelope in all this

time. Now I'm done, that is, done with one stage. The book, which came to 1,937 ¹⁹⁶⁹ pages of manuscript (double-spaced typing) went to the publisher last

Wednesday. It doesn't mean it's all done, there will now be a few months of

going over it, editing it, getting it shorter so it really works to best effect, a lot of little technical things. But this is a large step: it's nine-tenths done.

We can start talking about publication date, which ought to be in less than a year, maybe even as early as September. And I just want to get whew [get

away]! It's a chunk of work, and I think you and Johnny and Howard and Toni, and certainly Vern, are going to enjoy it, and I hope you do and think you will, and in fact, can hardly wait until you read it, although that's still months off.

miserable in Russia and would be less miserable in Israel, then let them go there. Yet you support a country like the Soviet Union which you call "social imperial," if I remember your phrase correctly. In any case, that country which is a perversion of socialism you defend against another country, Israel, which is another perversion of socialism or social democracy. And what you're leaving out of account is the horror behind it all. Just as I don't know what it is to be a convict, you the fuck don't know what it is to be a Jew. You don't know what it is to have six million of your people killed when there are only twelve million of them on earth. You don't know the profound and fundamental stunting of existence that got into the blood cells of every Jew after Hitler had done his work. It's easy for you, it's contemptuous, you say "There's Israel doing the lackey's work for the US against the bold, brave Arab nations"—who, as you know full well, have the most hideous prisons in the history of civilized existence. Yet you have your kneejerk reflexes, and one of them is up the Arabs down the Israelis And I know that we can't talk about those things, or a thousand others. I know that I can't tell you that I started as a Marxist and am now a religious existentialist, and have beliefs that are parallel to yours, because I think we might even share a great role in the thoughts if the world does not get better, dramatically better, and probably better through the agency of profound and

[wonder missing]

OK

Lundgren
Dear Bob,

July 16, 1954

54-46

plg 2

I really enjoyed your masterpiece, and think that the grievous affliction of the lower lip had its one compensation in those moments of incomparable (shall we say Gregorian?) rhetoric. Anyway, old Lippy, I hope this finds you in good health for I write in bad health. To begin with I developed the cruellest case of the piles driving down here, especially on those days through the Middle West and Texas where the temperature went above 100 and I did my seven hundred miles without stopping. And what a curious drive is that. Up at midnight and drive through the dawn (the best part) and then through the morning and the hot noon and the burning afternoon until we stop at four or five and collapse on a bed. Then, in Mexico where we arrived two weeks ago (after a week at my friend's in Arkansas) I had to desert that liver diet until we found a house, and of course came down with one of my bitchy sore throats which has lasted a full week now and won't go away until I get more of this home cooking—boiled beef and proteins etc.

But the house we've found is really extraordinary. It's an old Spanish colonial which is like a fortress, indeed looks like a jail from outside, and inside has the most beautiful garden, an enormous living room, with a ceiling over twenty feet high and old timbers exposed, and all kinds of rooms and balconies and a fabulous dining room which looks like something out of a Dutch painter, — honey-colored woods, with green ceiling and massive but cheerful, and wonderful furnishings with Spanish antiques—a fine line of furniture in its time, and one great added charm which is all kinds of child's surprises, so that you turn on a faucet here, and there in the garden a little fountain begins to flow, and orchids grow on the trees, and there's a cobblestone patio in the back, and internal windows in rooms which look down on other rooms, and a solarium where you can sun bare-ass than which there is no greater aphrodisiac—it's cool, doc. And all for 1500 pesos a month or \$120. But of course we had to look and look to find this place.

Amussen
Things at Rinehart turned out beautifully. Ted gave the book to the other young officers in the place and they all turned in enthusiastic reports and so Stan would have had to buck his editorial department and instead retired into sully silence, not even seeing me the last day I was there. And Ted plans to push the book in February—it's now publication date. They accepted the book as it stood, and I in delight offered to take out the pare on the orgy at which point Ted looked at me soberly, soberly, and said, "I sure wish you would, Norman." So it's out. And frankly I'm glad because it was bad writing as it stood, and the orgy will be larger now since people will imagine it. But the big surprise for me was Ted who stayed strong as a rock all through it as I believe I wrote to you.

Right now I sit and read novels and study Spanish and think a little. I'm very tired and drained intellectually, exactly as you felt last June, but the consolation is that a book may be on the horizon—at least I feel ideas coming together and so enthusiasm, and the vague glimmering of a theme. But I'm not going to rush it at all. The prison work still amazes—just how easy is it for Bob to get a job as some sort of counselor or whatever in a men's prison? Is it the kind of thing you can get by just applying? Also, did I write to you about Break Down The Lattis? I thought it quite disappointing, and you're quite right about his borrowing from Stone walls only I wish he'd borrowed more. I then read another book by Martin, My Dad They Kill? and that I thought was first-rate.

Adelo is painting, and Susy stays with us overnight every now and again, and I feel love and pain always in my relation with her, for Susy is so gaudish and delicate and old and foy, and I can feel nervous ~~hazy~~ building in her from day to day yet feel not only incapable of halting it, but often think I contribute greatly to it myself. But at her best, Susy is a bright spot.

The horse did bite me on the finger, but I was not feeding him vodka, just petting him on the nose. Maybe it was my breath that enflamed the animal, or maybe he was fond of Evelyn Waugh. I also thought I could point to the inaccuracy that I did not cut my wife's throat but realized on reflection that throat-cutting is only a general term of description when used by Mr. Waugh. Otherwise, his account is accurate and his description of me adequate, and will doubtless enhance my status. I would, however, touch base with Janet Kidd [Jean^{me} Campbell's mother]—I think she's fond of the "Honorable."

After the visit at Waugh's house, which went on for quite a while, Jean^{me} Campbell asked me what I thought of him and I said, "He was lots of fun. He was much nicer to me than I expected." It seems like there's nothing to compare to us American pornographers and gangsters for thorough-going acumen!

Cheers,

Norman Mailer

Feb. 26, '54

54-49

Dear Bob,

I'm answering this immediately because I'm going away skiing from March 5 to about March 16, and I'd like to get an answer from you before then. The first thing ~~about March 16~~ is your mention of coming into New York sometime in the 'next three weeks', and I write this to ask you if it's possible to make it after the sixteenth because Adele and I would love to give a party for Johnny and you, and also have you as our guests if you don't mind our place. (I mention the place because as I may have ~~mentioned~~ it's situated in a slum, and the building itself is a tenement. In our apartment it's rather pleasant—although a little deficient on privacy since the rooms are partially partitioned rather than separated by walls—but there are beds for you and it's really nice. However, a great many of our friends are kind of appalled by the neighborhood, and it may be that Johnnie or you might be also—Sans facons as Don Bada says—What I'm trying to say is that honest and clean I'm not trying to discourage you from staying with us because I would love that, and on the other hand am also trying to say that I will not be offended if you would prefer something a little less extraordinary. But, anyway, staying with us or not as you choose, could you make it for after the sixteenth.

The other thing I'd like an answer on is your warning that 'a new coat of paint is not sufficient'. I've been going over the prose of the book with a really fine comb, and that makes a big cumulative difference. Also, I've added a few little bits. But I take it that the criticism you have is more one of lacks in the Deer Park than of excesses. So far as I can list them, the things you felt should be improved were, (apart from the beginning on which I intend to do work) a larger role for Dorothea and more resolution of her action; the presence of Pellito as the 'stereotype of evil', fixing the orgy, and improving Sergius' character.

and the last two chapters,

I agree with all those criticisms you have, but up to now with the exception of orgy which has to be redone (I read it over again today) I just don't have any ideas on how to improve, enrich, and just generally spark up the things we talked about in the above paragraph. But what I also felt in your letter is that there are many other criticisms which you felt and did not have time to express when we running to the train. And if they are definite in your mind, Bob, I would appreciate your telling them to me no matter how discouraging I may find them. It may be that I need a little shock to generate my imagination, but whether that be so or not, and even possible or not, I have the feeling on the book that while on the whole it's very good there is something missing in it which keeps it from having real stature. This could come of course from the boredom and patience and depression of going over the thing sentence by sentence, but I did sense a somewhat similar feeling in your last letter, and if you feel explicit about it, I'll appreciate what you have to say no matter how severe.

Neville Brand is out of town now, but he ought to back sometime in the month, and we plan to get together. I'll be only too happy to sic him on to Rebel. What I feel may be worth considering is to have him read the screen-play. He's extremely intelligent for an actor as I've said, knows a lot about prisons as a layman, knows a lot about analysis, having been analyzed these many years, and so if he liked your script as I'm certain he would, he would be anxious to get Wanger to do it, possibly with the idea of him playing the part. (Although he's very big and branny, perhaps too much so.) I saw Riot in Cell Block 11 the other day, and it is really good, Bob, amazingly good. One cannot call it great because there is finally not enough penetration into character, but I had the feeling it was one of the most honest movies ever made, almost completely without sentimentality, and its emotional impact I found enormous. Make sure to see it from the beginning for it's a picture which builds all the way. If you want Neville to read the screenplay, should I tell him to call up Ivan Von Anw, or for that matter I can do it myself. But let me know.

I have an article coming out in the next Dissent which ought to get things cooking a bit on the magazine. Did you get a copy of the first issue? If Clara Eron didn't get hers, tell her it was because the first issue is exhausted, but that she'll get a copy of the next one.

My love to you and Johnnie, Norm

months and buying myself a little time. I don't know what you read in the papers, but I get half of half a million for this book \$250,000, which sounds like a monumental sum until you measure it against the peculiar prison of my own making, which is that I'm the sole support of fourteen people—speak of the establishment! I don't feel sorry for myself at this situation, for it's entirely of my own making and I was warned often enough en route as I kept getting married and divorced. But the current pinch of it by now is that to stay even and to live the way I live, which is simple when you think that I have to earn just that sum, a quarter of a million dollars each year. So it makes for fast writing. I get paid large amounts for books, but have to write them quickly or I won't stay even with my nut. As I said, I thought I'd be able to do the book on Gilmore in six months and gain a half year for myself. But as it's turned out, I've been on it for two years from start to finish if I say my last to it by this January. At present, the money I'm borrowing, for I've gone into debt to try to do it right, comes to an end September 30th. I tell you all this to explain that I go at this book like a Stakhanovite, writing all the time, many weeks every day of the week, and not minding it, but feeling the progressive woe at the number of matters I can't explore properly. It's possible this book will be as large in theme as any of all but one or two of the books I'll ever do, or the books I've done,

Mike

check
with
NM

OK

Letters that appeared in the Letters Book:

NM-RL November 18, 1952

NM-RL April 15, 1953

NM-RL February 16, 1954

NM-RL June 12, 1954

NM-RL November 29, 1954, p., 182

NM-RL December 31, 1954, p. 186

NM-RL April 25, 1955

First draft (entitled Mrs. Guinevere)
completed August 16, 1949.

Paris: February 1948
Vermont: March and April 1949
Los Angeles: July and August 1949

Second draft (entitled Barbary Shore)
completed August 15, 1950

Los Angeles: March and April 1950
New York: May 1950
Provincetown: June, July and August 1950



Lindner Letters

and notes on Fisher novel,
"Book of the First Born"

"A Sinister Occupation"