


NEWS

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"Psychiatrists alleged, in sealed and never-published testimony, that shooting the President would be the farthest thing from John Henry Scott's mind, for his anger was at women, not men. In the cross hairs of his telescope Scott must have perceived his wife and his mother. The two Scott women were fortunate they were not prominent."

--An excerpt from
22 FIRES
A novel by Jerome Agel
and Eugene Boe

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For further information and review
copies contact:

Stuart Applebaum
Publicity Manager
Bantam Books
666 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10019

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Sylvia Neagher
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THE ASSASSINS:

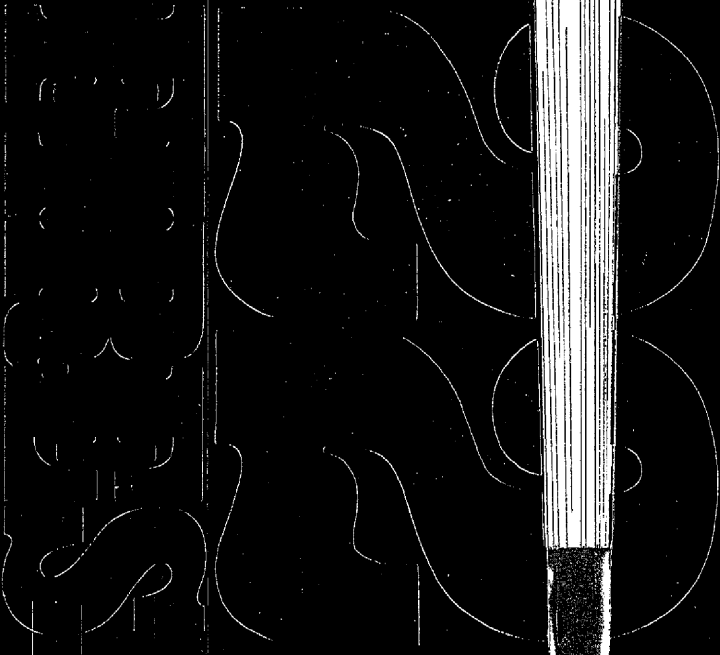
The Human Bomb, who wanted to go out in a blaze of glory. *The Beautiful Girl*, ready to give the President an unforgettable gift. *The War Veteran*, who blamed Lancaster for his tragic loss. *The Cubans*, who had a plan: kill Lancaster, blame Castro.

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22 FIRES

A NOVEL BY
JEROME AGEL AND EUGENE BOE

bed all right, but he was not napping, nor was he in bed alone. The President of the United States was, in *flagrant delicto*. With Sherrye. Sherrye Morrison Hawthorne, the sultry, raven-haired wife of the esteemed senior Senator from Tennessee and the sister of one of her closest friends.

Presently, Arthur was tapping on Julie's door. She was ready for him.

"Okay, Julie," he said. "You caught me with my pants down."

Back in his room, in the secrecy of evening, he mounted the best horse going. Swift on the wings of Pegasus he soared . . . outer and outer toward the Big Dipper . . . deeper and deeper into the dead-center of his being.

" . . . peace is at hand." 11,549 hands. 68,479 arms. 83,426 legs. 52,864 bodies. 2,257,643

"I apologize for the early hour, Mr. President," he said, "but I was sure you'd want to know this right away." He paused. Hearing nothing from the President's end, the Secretary took a deep breath and announced, "One of our U-2s has disappeared over Cuba."

Henry. He had punched her for going for a walk with the zipper on her skirt partially unhooked. Another time it was for placing an order with the Avon lady. All hell broke loose when he caught her writing a letter to one of her old boy friends in

When the police came, they would find "the evidence." There would be enough to hang Castro many times over. Warm up the atomic bombers.

Over a leisurely breakfast the four had reviewed the scenario for the last time: It would be on the third pitch at the top of the second in-

"I am convinced that my husband was the assassin," a numbed and terrified Natalya Pusjkin Scott said through a translator while in "protective custody" of a national news magazine. "But I feel in my own mind he did not have President Lancaster as the target. John Henry saw your

So be it. Perhaps only a saint—and she wasn't about to call Arthur J. Lancaster a saint—could have forgiven her *completely* for her insistence on the cruise . . . Already those three weeks in March seemed like a dream . . . a luxurious scrim, fragile as gossamer, meshing bluest Mediterranean waters and white Grecian isles with the golden splendors of Arabian deserts. How heavenly it had been to be queen of all she could survey!

John Henry lost himself, for perhaps the hundredth time, to the *Queen of Spades*. The Queen held the secret to the poor man's future. The poor man longed for success and love but was frustrated in both yearnings by his arrogance and clumsiness.

Claudel Stone, the hustling burlesque and nightclub impresario, had given up on Ethel Merman and Betty Bacall. Those broads were out on the town every night, schlepping from the Persian Room to the Empire Room to the Blue Angel to the Maisonette. But with all his invites to them to drop in any old time, they had never

From the porthole the pageant below was Madurodamic.

Her Majesty's arrival: how gracious that she shows herself . . . What is the power to claim my head? Oh, horror! Of reason I seem bereft. . . . If I command, she shall obey . . .

The former Vice President and Pepe Carranza had been thicker than thieves as long as anybody could remember. In the late 1940s they bought up for mere pesetas choice beachfront at Varadero and built a sumptuous resort hotel and casino. If "Wily Willie" Duncan, rather than

band. I'm your husband: Mr. John Henry Scott. "The American." Remember me? I'm going to take you away from here. We don't need to see that woman ever again."

Natalya Pusjkin Scott was fed up. She crossed the flash point. At that combustible moment she felt consumed by "twenty-two fires." Twenty-two

22 FIRES

a Bantam paperback original, to be published December First by Bantam Books, Inc. A novel by Jerome Agel and Eugene Boe, (c) copyright 1977 by Jerome Agel and Eugene Boe . . . a glamorous White House marriage on the rocks . . . climaxing in the accidental assassination of the President. Psychiatrists alleged, in secret, never-published testimony, that shooting the President would be the farthest thing from Scott's mind, for his anger was at women, not men . . . in the cross hairs of his misaligned Mannlicher-Carcano he must have perceived his wife and his mother. The two Scott women were fortunate they were not prominent.

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Sylvia Meagher
302 W. 12 St.
NYC 10014