



New American Library will publish Roy Cohn's autobiography, which reportedly had been turned down by several publishers who liked the book but not Cohn . . . Jackie Susann has unsuccessfully tried to break her contract with Bernard Geis Associates over a barb by a second Geis author, David Slavitt, the former Newsweek book critic. Slavitt was quoted in McCall's as having said, "When I think of her, I think, If she could do it [the best-selling 'Valley of the Dolls'], why can't I? Then I think, But if she could do it, why *should* I?" Miss Susann tried to get Geis to break its contract with Slavitt. When Geis refused, Miss Susann threatened to break *her* contract. She owes Geis two novels, the first of which is two drafts done, with three drafts to go. It's called "The Love Machine." Slavitt is writing under his pseudonym, "David Sutton" ("He uses a pseudonym on his popular novels, his real name on his poetry and fine arts books," says Geis), "a popular novel" about a Broadway-Hollywood actor and his daughter. "When I think of her, I think, If she could do it, why can't I? Then I think, But if she could do it, why should I?" "Valley of the Dolls" has sold over 300,000 copies in hardcovers; Bantam's paperback edition comes out on July 4, at \$1.25 . . . The Manchester contretemps prompted the Kennedys to cancel a book of never-before-published family photographs and personal memorabilia assembled by a socialite friend of Robert Kennedy . . . Random House is publishing two books on the role of the university in the cold war; at least one of them will attack Random House's textbook division.

Advertisements for "Erotica Judaica" will carry the headline, ". . . Why Is This Night Different From All Other Nights?", and the copy line, "This is the

first documented account of the significant role that sex played in the development and destiny of the Jews. *Who would have guessed?*" . . . From BOOKS/ December '65: "Look for Clive Barnes to be named drama critic of The New York Times." . . . Andre Pieyre de Mandiargues' "The Tide" in the April issue of Evergreen Review may be the most pornographic story to appear in a mass-circulation magazine in this country: "Baby," I said to Julie very tenderly, "baby lamb, I want you to enjoy this, I

Decide for Yourself:

"With all the zeal of a convert, I would like to urge everybody not to buy this book . . ."

—The New York Times Book Review.

" . . . a publishing milestone."

—Chicago Tribune.

Decide for yourself: Read "The Medium is the Massage," by Marshall McLuhan and Quentin Fiore, \$10.95. Random House hardcover edition. \$1.45 Bantam Books paperback.

have a salt lick for you that any lamb would love . . ." . . . Random House is getting into the pamphlet business, 32-page bursts on events and ideas that can't wait for the bookbinder . . . Burry Sante-Marie has set to music the section from Leonard Conens' "Beautiful Losers" that begins, "God is alive. Magic is afoot. God is alive. Magic is afoot. Magic is alive. Alive is afoot. Magic never died. God never sickened . . ."

At musical festivals, jazz devotees spend the most money on concessions, folk singer devotees spend the least (an average of 0.3 cents each) . . . Victor Weybright, who made a million dollars as the head of New American Library: "How do you pick a book to publish? It's like you choose a yearling at Saratoga. Does it look good and can it run?" . . . Judy Collins: "The Japanese are hot for girl folk singers." She'll do a three-week *tour de force* of Japan in May . . . The Globe Theatre blew up in 1613 when a cannon exploded during a production of Henry VIII . . . Barbara Garson says that the real theme of "MacBird" is, "Don't jump on the RFK bandwagon," but the RFK character is heavily applauded during and at the end of each performance . . . Deleted at

the last moment from "The Medium is the Massage" was the caption under Louis Carroll's pot-smoking caterpillar: "Alice D. in Wonderland."

Hildy Parks, wife of Alexander Cohen, the Broadway producer: "There are civilians and then there are people who work in the theatre." . . . Julie Motz, Miss Julie Motz, who will watch you, dig you, stalk you, and record you on film (BOOKS/February, Variety, Time, Wall Street Journal, New York Daily News, and maybe, just maybe, if she can find someone who will let her watch, dig, stalk, and record him on film—and pay her for it—and maybe, just maybe, The New York Times Sunday Magazine, which wants a reporter to report Miss Julie Motz watching digging, stalking, and recording on film), feels like George Plimpton did in "Paper Lion," when he mysteriously dropped to the ground without anyone laying a hand on him. The way things are going, *they'll* be filming my starvation scene and *they'll* be making money out of it." . . . Talking about George Plimpton, if he had thought of it, the working title for his football story would have been, "Are You Running With Me, Jesus?" . . . Humphry Osmond tells how the word "psychedelic" came to be: "It came from a discussion between Aldous Huxley and myself in which he sent me a little line, 'To make this mundane world sublime, Take half a gram of phanerothyme,' and I wrote back,

*"To sink in hell or soar angelic,
You'll need a pinch of psychedelic."*

Eric Hoffer, the true believer: "The Negro revolution is a fraud. It has no faith in the character and potentialities of the Negro masses. It has no taste for real enemies, real battlegrounds, and desperate situations. It wants cheap victories and the easy way." . . . This is Robert Sherrill on LBJ in "The Accidental President": "Why do we find him such an insufferable and dangerous fellow? . . . the man is not likeable . . . he is, in fact, treacherous, dishonest,

manic-aggressive, petty, spoiled and above all, accidental . . . Come, let us admit it together: we do not like Lyndon Johnson . . . why [has] such a successful politician always been such a miserable failure at the one basic job of a politician: Appealing to people . . . he has *never* risked going into the heart of a slum . . . We would not be glad that he was [assassinated], but not many of us would personally feel his going . . . During the 1964 Democratic convention, a top official of one of the national networks was surprised to receive a personal telephone call from the President himself. The message: 'Get your goddamn cameras off the niggers out front (the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party pickets protesting the seating of the Mississippi white delegation) and back on the speaker's stand inside, goddamn it' . . . My purpose in writing this primer," writes Robert Sherrill, "is to help others enjoy Lyndon Johnson."

The New York Times and United Press International won't release for publication their pictures, made in 1964, of Dr. Jose M. R. Delgado, a scientist, stopping a bull by radio signals to fine wire electrodes implanted in the bull's brain. In a new book, "Were We Controlled?", published by Lyle Stuart's University Books, it is suggested that Lee Harvey Oswald may have been similarly controlled. Oswald spent more than a week as a patient in the Soviet Union's Behavior Control Project in Minsk, and the book presents the possibility that a miniaturized radio receiver, smaller than a man's tiny shirt button, was placed in Oswald's cerebral region. "Oswald was a completely efficient human tool . . . subject to 'control!'" . . . A recent sermon at New York's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church: "How to love people you don't like." . . . Grey, one of the big ad agencies, has discovered that one of its secretaries stole \$30,000. . . . If he stops worrying about his bellybutton and his next film, Fellini will visit the U.S. "to see what the kids are doing." . . . A small publisher working on "the true story" of Adam Clayton Powell is getting scared and may never publish the book. . . . Dick Cavett, the new comic, is a Yale graduate, handsome, skinny, and often mistaken for Twiggy. . . . The New York World Journal Tribune, which last month published an exclusive three-part

interview with Mrs. John F. Kennedy, probably will not publish Robin Douglas-Home's kiss-and-tell article on Mrs. Kennedy to which it had exclusive North American rights. Douglas-Home had often been a house guest of the Kennedys.

Donald Barthelme has no idea where he got this idea in his new novel, "Snow White," to be published next month: "It was a fine Olivetti 22, that typewriter, and the typewriter girls put it under their skirts. Then George wanted to write something on it while it was under their skirts. I think he just wanted to get under there, because he likes Amelia's legs. He is always looking at them and patting them. 'What are you going to write under there George?' 'I thought perhaps some automatic writing, because one can't see so well under here with the light being strangled by the thick wool, and I touch-type well enough, but I can't see to think, so I thought that. . . 'Well we can't sell this typewriter if you're typing on it under Amelia's legs, so come out of there. And bring the carbon paper too.' . . ." But Donald Barthelme does know the germination of this idea from "Snow White": "And why are there no in-flight movies in shower stalls, as there are in commercial aircraft? Why can't I watch Ignace Paderewski in Moonlight Sonata through a fine mist? That was a picture." The idea germinated when the Barthelmes bought an extremely handsome red and yellow shower curtain in Bloomingdale's and had over for dinner one night Roger Angell of The New Yorker and his wife. The Angells discovered the extremely handsome red and yellow shower curtain in the Barthelmes' bathroom, and invited in the Barthelmes, and they just sat around for a while admiring it, talking about it,

and touching it. They agreed it was the finest shower curtain they'd seen. Barthelme, says his book editor, a long-time friend, has an imagination unlike others. "He spends a lot of time in despair . . . he broods a lot . . . he's not alienated . . . he knows what's going on . . . he makes experimental writing important . . . he writes just as he sees things." Many people believe that the only valid observation in Tom Wolfe's memorable, unfortunate two-parter on The New Yorker last year was that its editor had the good sense to publish Donald Barthelme.

DONALD BARTHELME TOSSES A QUIZ INTO THE MIDDLE OF "SNOW WHITE," AND ELICITS A RESPONSE FROM A READER OF "THE NEW YORKER," IN WHICH THE YARN FIRST UNWOUND.

Questions:

1. Do you like the story so far? Yes (✓) No ()
2. Does Snow White resemble the Snow White you remember? Yes () No (✓)
3. Have you understood, in reading to this point, that Paul is the prince-figure? Yes () No (✓)
4. That Jane is the wicked-step-mother-figure? Yes (✓) No ()
5. In the further development of the story, would you like more emotion () or less emotion ()? (✓)±
6. Is there too much *blague* in the narration? () Not enough *blague*? () (✓)±
7. Do you feel that the creation of new modes of hysteria is a viable undertaking for the artist of today? Yes (✓) No ()
8. Would you like a war? Yes () No (✓)
9. Has the work, for you, a metaphysical dimension? Yes () No (✓)
10. What is it (twenty-five words or less): **THERE ARE 200 MILLION OF US IN THE WORLD OF THREE BILLION. THEY WANT WHAT WE'VE GOT AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE IT TO THEM. (+)**
11. Are the seven men, in your view, adequately characterized as individuals? Yes () No () (✓)±
12. Do you feel that the Authors Guild has been sufficiently vigorous in representing writers before the Congress in matters pertaining to copyright legislation? Yes () No () (✓)±
13. Holding in mind all works of fiction since the War, in all languages, how would you rate the present work, on a scale of one to ten, so far? (Please circle your answer) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 ?
14. Do you stand up when you read? (✓) Lie down? (✓) Sit? (✓) EAT
15. In your opinion, should human beings have more shoulders? (✓)± Two sets? () Three? ()

Everyone's into Snow White. Andy Warhol is making a film version of the classic; 13 guys live with his Snow White, who's played by a stunning Negro actress. A clip made for backers'

auditions shows "Snow White" interviewing the guys. . . . Louis Nizer is being sued by his former agent for allegedly breaking an agreement on sale of his second book. . . . Jean Carper's "Bitter Greetings, The Scandal of the Military Draft," coming April 24 from Grossman Publishers, reveals that the suppressed Pentagon report on draft reform, never released to the public, because of the Vietnam escalation, confirms that an all-voluntary army is completely feasible, yet this report and its findings are not being considered during the current draft hearings. . . . Rod Thorpe, whose "The Detective" floods the paperback market next month, is writing a new novel, "about the relationship of a man's mind to reality, but it's not the story of a man sitting alone in a room." Thorpe's been living in Europe, where he's continued his good luck in blackjack and roulette, "but horses are still my problem." On Jackie Susann, Thorpe: "She's brought the Hollywood call girl to book publishing, and we just don't want it." . . . Simon & Schuster decided not to distribute Parallax's "Graffiti": Too many dirty words. Scrawled in an East Village men's room:

"We are the people our parents warned us about." . . . The wind's in the willows; pass it on.

A giant giant giant giant advertising agency is making artists, writers, curators who know what's going on . . . and what will be going on . . . to keep the agency plugged in . . . Grey Advertising has had Andy Warhol prepare a commercial for Bufferin starring the Chelsea "Girls" . . . in the works: A book of honeymooners' reminiscences. The working title: "What am I doing here?" . . . Lyle Stuart has offered to cancel his million-dollar lawsuit against Howard Hughes if Hughes will agree to be interviewed for a biography of Hughes that Stuart plans soon to publish . . . Severn Darden, the funniest man in America, once agreed to make an ad-hoc TV commercial for Coca Cola. His sudden one-liner: "Eat Coke." The commercial OF COURSE never got on the air . . . A Random House editor: "We will not publish visionaries." . . . Filmways, Inc., the giant television producer, may soon buy a publishing house

. . . when they learned by a phone call from the police that their long-time Thursday night poker partner Laurence Feigman had been murdered in his luxury Manhattan apartment, the foursome kept playing . . . The Sierra Club is publishing a book illustrated "with low fidelity pictures, as bad as a box camera, mediocre film and drug-store processing can make them."

Its advertising agency submitted, and Crown, the publisher, initially agreed to publish an advertisement with the headline, "A funny thing happened to the Jews on the way to the gas ovens," for the book, "They Fought Back," about the Jews' underground war against Hitler. An overground war at Crown produced a new headline, "An unexpected thing happened on the way to the gas ovens . . ." . . . James Jones revives in "Go to the Widow-Maker" the probability that Columbus was Jewish. He writes:

Grant hesitated delicately, then made his voice cheery. "Your wife's Jamaican?"

"Yeah," Bonham said immediately and without reservation. "But she's very light." He drove on a way before he added, "She's Jewish axly. Mostly." Then after a moment he again added: "Columbus gave most of Jamaica to his relatives. So it was mainly them, the Jewish, who were the first settlers." (It is widely accepted that Columbus came of the Genoese Colon family, which was Jewish. Columbus' city of origin was never mentioned in Spain, and he and his brothers were always referred to as natives of Castilian soil.)

Edgar Rice Burroughs claimed that after two of his Tarzan Specials, "you will beat yourself on the chest and go roaring into the jungle":

- 2 ounces bourbon
- 1 ounce water
- 5 drops angostura bitters
- 2 tsp. simple syrup
- 1 cube ice

*Pour into old-fashioned glass and stir; squeeze lemon peel over top and garnish with thin slice of orange and a maraschino cherry. aaaaaaiiiiiEEEEEEaaaaa
iiiiEEEEEyyyyyeeeeeOOOOWWwww*

Bosley Crowther blasted it and the New York Daily News gave it only two stars and most of the audience feels that Auto Preminger owes them their money back, but this is the way the Amsterdam News reviewed Auto's lat-

est, under the headline, " 'Hurry Sundown' Too True to be Believed": "Otto Preminger should receive an award for having the gall and the guts to dissect the sick and decaying white southerner on the screen in his poignant, beautifully acted drama, 'Hurry Sundown'. . . Preminger, despite sharp blasts from the critics, has produced a film of major

Books

598 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022
Vol. 4 No. 3

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BOOKS is published monthly by The Agel Publishing Co., Inc., 598 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Copyright © 1967 by The Agel Publishing Co., Inc. All Rights Reserved.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: One year (12 issues): \$5.00. Two years (24 issues): \$9.50. Payment must accompany order.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

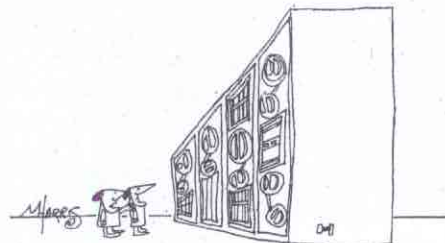
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social and dramatic importance. That he dared probe the decadent underpinnings of the rural South's white power structure is a major miracle and beautiful theatre. Adept use of the camera as a psychological abstract opens the abnormal behavior and thought patterns for all the world to see. It's about time. Against the sick, sick, sick white southern personality Preminger brings out the beauty of the South's Negro art poor, and highlights their sophistication, their attempts to build security and beauty in the midst of squalor . . . Northern liberals and educated Negroes will play a minor but steady role in the progress between the races, the nirvana of race relations will have to impart itself in ways dramatized in 'Hurry Sundown' and 'Hurry Sundown'.

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down. Critics blasting the theme song of the movie evidently don't know the buttons, and those blasting the movie should be embarrassed that such a film should have to be produced at all."

In 1943, Wyndham Lewis wrote Marshall McLuhan: "The almost dogmatic



"It has a crush on Marshall McLuhan."

commercialism of the N.Y. publishers has reached such a pitch that any book that seems 'queer' or 'sordid' is looked at askance: and the kind of nationalist-fascism that is in preparation here (or so most intelligent young Americans predict) tends to the exclusion of English authors — except of course Cronin or somebody of that sort. Three years ago in New York they were saying that no intelligent book *could* get accepted by a N.Y. publisher, except perhaps a little publisher, who would give you a maximum of a thousand berries and no one would review it. All the reviewing space is naturally reserved for the books on which the big firms have spent money in publicity. I don't think you realize how 'anti-intellectual' that set-up is. As to the Moving Picture business I know nothing whatever about that, except that I suppose it is all done in Hollywood and that no book that had not passed into big circulation . . . would stand much chance. Intelligent books will eventually be circulated in the way that pornographic literature used to be under Queen Victoria—bootlegged round the country. The Public live in a more and more unreal world, necessarily . . ."

The First Review of That Book

Clifton Daniel, managing editor of The New York Times, killed a Times book critic's review of Look's serialization of William Manchester's "The Death of a President." . . . First review of the book appeared in Women's Wear Daily on March 28, the day after Kaufmann's Department Store in Pittsburgh put the book on sale and nine days before official Pub. Date. Wrote Peter S. Prescott, son of the long-time Times reviewer Orville Prescott and the regular WWD book reviewer: "Manchester in his monumental book did not write a tragedy. He wrote about the whole truth as he sees it: How men reacted, often irrelevantly, before, during and after the event . . . [Manchester] is not concerned with how a man dies, but with how men live . . . It's a good book. It makes heroes of the Kennedys. It has grave faults, but the faults are not those which the Kennedys (who *said* they didn't read it) raised . . . Manchester hasn't the foggiest notion of what is a significant detail and what is a trivial detail, of what is relevant and what is irrelevant. He does, however, sense that *every* detail contributes to the compulsive readability of the whole. Everything, when mashed together, makes something which was not there before: A sense of the whole, and, since we know that the whole is nothing more or less than life itself, Manchester's book is as close to

life as a book can be . . . Manchester's 'art' is particularly intrusive — and particularly objectionable — in the beginning of the book when he tries to show how many people foresaw the tragedy. This . . . is the true vulgarity of Manchester's book. He should not have tried to impose a portentous sense of presentment upon his assemblage of facts. This perspective, which is false, weakens his argument that faulty security precautions abetted the assassination, which is probably true. Much else is objectionable. Manchester's prose wobbles between crisply serviceable and sentimental extremes . . . Even the book's jacket, suggested by Manchester, is in atrocious taste . . . Still, Manchester piles up the facts, the background, the opinions — and the over-all effect is most impressive . . . and, of course, the main substance of the book is absolutely fascinating."

Decide for Yourself:

"With all the zeal of a convert, I would like to urge everybody not to buy this book . . ."

—The New York Times Book Review.

"Book Called Literary LSD Trip."

—Headline, Newark Evening News.

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