

The Parts That Were Left Out of the Kennedy Book

An executive in the publishing industry, who obviously must remain anonymous, has made available to the Realist a photostatic copy of the original manuscript of William Manchester's book, *The Death of a President*.

Those passages which are printed here were marked for deletion months before Harper & Row sold the serialization rights to *Look* magazine; hence they do not appear even in the so-called "complete" version published by the *German* magazine, Stern.

See also

At the Democratic National Convention in the summer of 1960 Los Angeles was the scene of a political visitation of the alleged sins of the father upon the son. Lyndon Johnson found himself battling for the presidential nomination with a young, handsome, charming and witty adversary, John F. Kennedy.

The Texan in his understandable anxiety degenerated to a strange campaign tactic. He attacked his opponent on the grounds that his father, Joseph P. Kennedy, was a Nazi sympathizer during the time he was United States ambassador to Great Britain, from 1938 to 1940.

The senior Kennedy had predicted that Germany would defeat England and he therefore urged President Franklin D. Roosevelt to withhold aid.

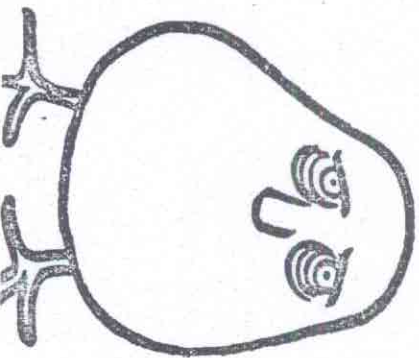
Now Johnson found himself fighting pragmatism with pragmatism. It didn't work; he lost the nomination.

Ironically, the vicissitudes of regional bloc voting forced Kennedy into selecting Johnson as his running mate. Jack rationalized the practicality of the situation, but Jackie was constitutionally unable to forgive Johnson. Her attitude toward him always remained one of controlled paroxysm.

See also

It was common knowledge in Washington social circles that the Chief Executive was something of a ladies' man. His staff included a Secret Service agent referred to by the code name *Dezist*, whose duties virtually centered around escorting to and from a rendezvous site—either in the District of Columbia or while traveling—the models, actresses and other strikingly attractive females chosen by the President for his not at all infrequent trysts.

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THE KENNEDY BOOK

(Continued from Cover)

"Get me that," he had said of a certain former Dallas beauty contest winner when plans for the tour were first being discussed. That particular aspect of the itinerary was changed, of course, when Mrs. Kennedy decided to accompany her husband.

She was aware of his philandering, but would cover up her dismay by joking, "It runs in the family." The story had gotten back to her about the late Marilyn Monroe using the telephone in her Hollywood bathroom to make a long-distance call to *New York Post* film-gossip columnist Sidney Skolsky. "Sid, you won't believe this," she had whispered, "but the Attorney General of our country is waiting for me in my bed this very minute—I just had to tell you."

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It is difficult to ascertain where on the continuum of Lyndon Johnson's personality innocent boorishness ends and deliberate sadism begins. To have summoned then-Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon for a conference wherein he, the new President, sat defecating as he spoke, might charitably be an example of the former; but to challenge under the same circumstances Senator J. William Fulbright for his opposition to Administration policy in Vietnam is considered by insiders to be a frightening instance of the latter.

The more Jacqueline Kennedy has tried to erase the crudeness of her husband's successor from consciousness, the more it has impinged on her memories and reinforced her resentment. "It's beyond style," she would confide to friends. "Jack had style, but this is beyond style."

Capitol Hill reporters have observed the logical extension of Mr. Johnson boasting about his six-o'clock-in-the-morning forays with Lady Bird to his bursts of phallic exhibitionism, whether in the swimming pool or the lavatory. Apropos of this tendency, Drew Pearson's assistant, Jack Anderson, has remarked: "When Lyndon announces there's going to be a joint session of Congress, everybody cringes."

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It is true that Mrs. Kennedy withstood the pressures of publicized scandal, ranging from the woman who picketed the White House carrying a blown-up photograph supposedly of Jack Kennedy sneaking away from the home of her press secretary, Pamela Turnure, to the *Blauvelt Family Genealogy* which claimed on page 884, under Eleventh Generation, that one Durie Malcom had "married, third, John F. Kennedy, son of Joseph P. Kennedy, one time Ambassador to England."

But it was the personal infidelities that gnawed away at her—as indeed they would gnaw away at any wife who is shaped by this culture—until finally Jackie left in exasperation. Her father-in-law offered her one million dollars to reconcile. She came back not for the money but rather because she sincerely believed that the nation needed Jack Kennedy and she didn't want to bear the burden of losing enough public favor to forestall winning the Presidency.

Consequently she was destined to bear a quite different burden—with great ambivalence—the paradox of fame. She enjoyed playing her role to the hilt, but complained, "Can't they get it into their heads that there's

a difference between being the First Lady and being Elizabeth Taylor?"

Even after she became First Widow, the movie magazines wouldn't—or couldn't—leave her alone. Probably the most bizarre invasion of her privacy occurred in *Photoplay*, which asked the question, "Too Soon for Love?"—then proceeded to print a coupon that readers were requested to answer and send in. They had a multiple choice: Should Jackie (1) Devote her life exclusively to her children and the memory of her husband? (2) Begin to date—privately or publicly—and eventually remarry? (3) Marry right away?

Mrs. Kennedy fumed. "Why don't they give them some *more* decisions to make for me? Some *real* ones. Should I live in occasional sin? Should I use a diaphragm or the pill? Should I keep it in the medicine cabinet or the bureau drawer?" But she would never lose her dignity in public; she had too deep a faith in her own image.

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American newspapers seem to have a schizophrenic approach to American leaders. They *want* to expose their human frailties and they *don't* want to expose their human frailties. Gore Vidal was on a television program in London, and he explained why Jacqueline Kennedy will never relate to Lyndon Johnson. During that tense journey from Dallas to Washington after the assassination, she inadvertently walked in on him as he was standing over the casket of his predecessor and chuckling. This disclosure was the talk of London but not a word was mentioned here.

Of course, President Johnson is often given to an appropriate response—witness the puzzled timing of his smiles when he speaks of grave matters—but we must also assume that Mrs. Kennedy had been traumatized that day and her perception was likely to have been colored by the tragedy. This state of shock must have underlain an incident on Air Force One which this writer conceives to be delirium, but which Mrs. Kennedy insists she actually saw. "I'm telling you this for the historical records," she said, "so that people a hundred years from now will know what I had to go through."

She corroborated Gore Vidal's story, continuing "That man was crouching over the corpse, no longer chuckling but breathing hard and moving his body rhythmically. At first I thought he must be performing some mysterious symbolic rite he'd learned from Mexicans or Indians as a boy. And then I realized—there is only one way to say this—he was literally fucking my husband in the throat. In the bullet wound in the front of his throat. He reached a climax and dismounted. I froze. The next thing I remember, he was being sworn in as the new President."

[Handwritten marginal notes: 1. Check with Rankin—did secret autopsy show semen in throat wound 2. Is this simply necrophilia or was LBJ trying to change entry wound into exit wound by enlarging?]

The glaze lifted from Jacqueline Kennedy's eyes. "I don't believe that Lyndon Johnson had anything to do with a conspiracy, but I do know this—Jack taught me about the nuances of power—if he were miraculously to come back to life and suddenly appear in front of him, the first thing Johnson would do *now* is kill him." She smiled sardonically, adding, "Unless Bobby beat him to it."