

Manchest has an opinion and and an adjective for everything, passing judgements on each second of each day, each act and each person. Of Max Pick, <sup>Manchest</sup> passing a compliment to Mrs. Kennedy, he says he "babbled idiotically". The dutiful v p awaiting the Pres at the foot of the ramp, as protocol would seem to require, is the Man "wisiting...like Corver Whalen". (What would not Man have said had LBJ not been there?)

In their unseemly puffery the editors of Look measure Man's work like grocers: "45 vols and portfolios of transcripts tapes, shorthand notes, documents and exhibits" Meaningless and redundant, yet impressive to the ignorant and gullible.

Tis not the many oaths that make the truth but the plain single vow that is vow'd true - All's Well That Ends Well, Act IV

The wonder is that with the treacle dripping all over so many pages he could store all of it in "45 volumes and portfolios", whatever that amounts to. The motifs of redecorated hotel rooms is important, important enough for insulting comments, as is the tasty and appreciated refreshments thoughtfully set out for the tired President and his wife by those Man assaults. He pads his overpadded book with such unessential trivia as though following the dictates of a not understood high school journalism course. What Mrs. Kennedy takes off and what she puts on is also important, but she stops short of her underwear. Every device of the lite ary sales room, all the cute tricks of the high-school writer and the book larnin of the college class, all the cliches of all the courses and all the lectures of all the salesmen ~~are~~ here have their union so deliberately and commercially insulting to the American people

All the meaningless but required social pleasantries are recorded, or at least he says they are what happened and what was said, as though they are the real stuff of life, the guts of the story he doesn't even begin to get into for so much too long, and he treats each of these trivialities as though it were a decision on dropping the bomb. What Mrs. Johnson thought of Mrs Kennedy we get breathlessly and with

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exclamation points. The net result is to demean Mrs. K and make it seem like the 8th wonder that she can say a few words in public, without falling flat on her face.

- His lines are machined, as though produced in factory computer controlled

What he has done is to select (or invent) the sordid and emphasize the sordid, making everything in politics and political life seem sordid, and every one of his characters, including his hero, is debased by it. Nor does he avoid those people who have come to see and hear their President. To Man they are "the paying customers". For each and every Texan he has an individual slur. Jack Valente didn't follow the Pres and VP, he "crept along in their wake..."

Nor does the President escape Man's God-Like dispositions, either. His San Antonio speech "didn't contribute much eloquence". It is "statistical". The President to him is an actor, not a leader, and his function is entertain and to sparkle, not to inform. At the same time he makes it look like dirty pictures that the President had studied public speaking to prepare himself for political life and somehow unmanly that he was nervous when speaking. Only Man seems unaware of why leaders do make speeches (outside the movie world in which he lives).

If there is any significance to the web he weaves about the trip to Texas and the hints and innuendos, if there is more than meanness and evil intended of a personal nature, it is to imply what he dare not say, that those who were the hosts were then assassins, and their invitation was to make the assassination possible. What other interpretation can there be on the allegation that Connally was personally responsible for the motorcade going "under the window"?