"THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT" by William Manchester (Harper & Row). This book has been so publicised and serialized and excerpted and reported on and criticized and hashed-over that I am not going to make a serious attempt to review it. I'm not sure what's newsy in it at this late date; volumes seem to have been written on every aspect of the manuscript, and on all the personalities most intimately concerned with it.

Mr. Manchester's book is of a kind that lends itself more to quotation than to criticism, and if I quoted all the things in it that seem to me paricularly striking, I'd need a special supplement. It's Mr. Manchester's documentation I want to quote, not his turns of phrase. When Mr. Manchester attempts to write beautifully, or to comment on his material in the manner of some supreme philosopher or epic historian, he is either embarrassing or appalling. Fortunately he concentrates for the most part on assembling a mosaic of details; he tells us what happened just before, during, and after the assassination of President Kennedy. Mr. Manchester gives us a tragic historical event as seen, felt, and experienced by a multiplicity of persons, and he has turned out a work that is of compelling interst, despite those jarring, tasteless passages, and despite the fact that many of the details in Man-chester's mosaic really were too trivial to mention. Readers who may think, as I did, that they have already "had" the Manchester book would do v "I to give this volume a try.