

## THE MAD WORLD OF WILLIAM M. GAINES PART III

(Continued from page 76)

he'd phone me and give the most minute, soul-searching critique you can imagine, down to the tiniest, scratchiest line. He had to be alone with it. It was like he was taking a precious, private trip and you were an invited guest."

Kurtzman's trip at *Trump* came to an abrupt end after the second issue. Apparently, both issues sold exceedingly well, but could not overcome the high price of production. More than a year after the magazine's demise, a *Playboy* executive wrote Lyle Stuart a letter chronicling *Playboy's* "admittedly most unhappy journey into the satire field."

After acknowledging that *Trump* would have had to have sold more than 100 percent to make a profit, the letter tried to smooth any ruffled feathers at MAD:

"Naturally, all any of us really knew about the Kurtzman-MAD-Gaines situation was what Harvey told us about it, but we never thought of our entry into the satire field as being any sort of imitation, since Kurtzman and company came to us as free agents and were, to the best of our knowledge, the original creators of MAD. It was, indeed, our considerable admiration for MAD from its earliest issues that drew us into joining forces with Kurtzman. What we didn't recognize at the time, of course, was Bill Gaines's own considerable part in the non-creative end of MAD's growth and success. And when Kurtzman was left to his own devices, without the necessary control, chaos resulted."

Whatever differences existed between Gaines and Ilefner were soon patched up, the two men often exchanging flattering notes on one another's magazine. But as for Gaines and Kurtzman — well, they weren't exactly penpals. There was the matter of the paperback royalties.

Back in 1954, Ballantine Books began reprinting material from the old

comic book MAD in paperbacks. Gaines had been splitting the royalties with the MAD crew, but cut out Kurtzman, Elder, and Davis after they switched to *Trump*. Kurtzman felt Gaines owed him royalties and sued. It was, as *Look* put it, "as if the Prodigal Son had turned up only to slap a non-support summons in the old man's hand."

Gaines was not feeling fatherly. He had written Kurtzman:

"I disagree with your statement that I owe you any money. I believe that the reverse is the case, and that the damage you caused me when you breached your employment agreement and raided my art staff makes me your creditor."

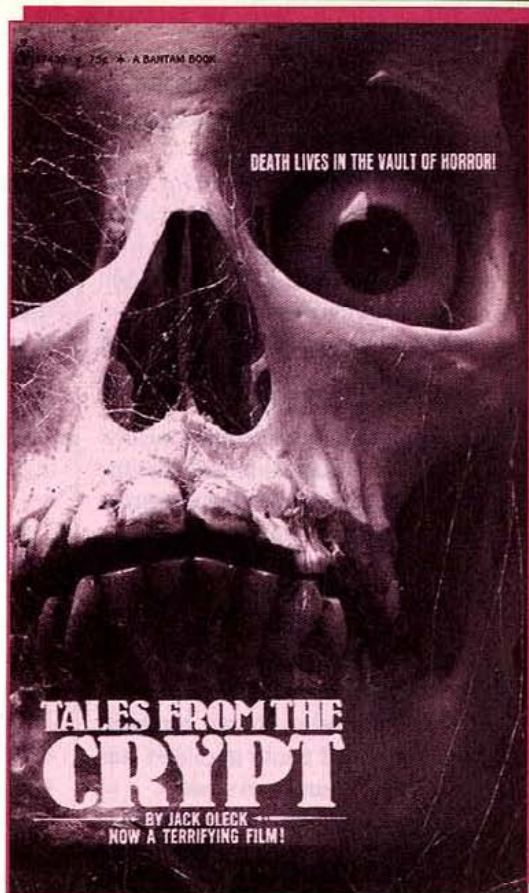
Lawyers exchanged letters. Gaines filed a counterclaim. Years passed. The briefs gathered dust. In 1966, Kurtzman asked National Periodical Publications for permission to reprint some of their old super-hero comics in an anthology he was editing. To his astonishment, he discovered that National now owned MAD, and that National, of course, was not about to hand out reprint rights to somebody who was suing them. National felt the case should be settled out of court. Gaines and Martin Scheiman did not agree, but in late 1966 Scheiman died and Gaines lost his main pillar of support. Eventually, he settled, mostly because he no longer owned MAD and felt that it wasn't right to involve National in a fight that wasn't theirs. But he still believes that Kurtzman should have received nothing.

In 1972, a batch of old horror stories were distilled into a motion picture, *Tales From The Crypt*. Gaines divvied up his proceeds with his edi-

tors and artists of the horror days. Kurtzman got nothing — right? Wrong. Gaines paid Kurtzman the second highest amount (after Feldstein).

"I can't exactly explain my actions," Gaines has said. "Harvey didn't work much in horror; he hated horror. But he was the second most important man at EC during the horror days. Maybe it's my own compulsion to be fair. Maybe I've mellowed. But I still wouldn't pay him a dime on MAD if I could help it."

And what of Kurtzman after the *Trump* disaster? Well, he formed a corporation and founded a new humor magazine, *Humbug*. His charisma was still working. The corporation officers, who sunk money into the operation, were his artists, one of whom was Al Jaffee. *Humbug* ran



Cover of the 1972 novelization of the film version of the Gaines comic book *Tales From The Crypt*.



into distribution problems and folded after fourteen issues, taking the entire investment with it.

Both *Trump* and *Humbug* were worthy magazines that died of operational illness. To my mind, they lead the list of the several dozen magazines that have followed in MAD's footsteps. Both were filled with the Kurtzman brand of humor, which is a special sort of thing requiring a special sort of reader. Even if Kurtzman had overcome the business problems, the question remains: Were there enough readers on his wavelength with which to develop a mass audience?

Kurtzman's final attempt with a magazine was *Help!*, the title perhaps bearing Freudian overtones. It was a patchwork book cluttered with ballooned photo gags and was unworthy of Kurtzman's talent.

Some Kurtzman followers believe that he turned out his best humor in his comic-strip parodies in the old MAD. Today he and Will Elder produce *Playboy's* "Little Annie Fanny," which transforms Harold Gray's ageless orphan into a busty nymph, who frolics, innocently safe, among

lechers and other sexually liberated creatures. It is, surely, the most exquisitely rendered comic parody of all time and is a far cry from the old MAD's "Little Orphan Melvin" of twenty years ago.

Still, they are comedic cousins, which makes one wonder if perhaps Harvey Kurtzman had a home all along and didn't know it.

## CHAPTER 9

### THE MAKING OF MAD

Any worries Gaines had about replacing Harvey Kurtzman vanished quickly. Al Feldstein took over the editorship with the zeal of a linebacker coming off the bench. Gaines was amazed to look in Feldstein's office the first day and see his new editor assembling the next issue as if he'd been doing it a lifetime.

Feldstein was pretty much on his own. When Kurtzman left, John Putnam instinctively told Gaines he would stay on as art director. Not that Kurtzman ever tried to lure Putnam away. Oddly, the two men, both intellectual types, felt uncomfortable working together. Conversely, Putnam and Feldstein, who are worlds apart in life styles, soon found that they operated as a smooth-running team.

Then Feldstein got lucky. A few days after he took over, there was a knock on his door and in walked a young cartoonist bearing some of the zaniest art Feldstein had ever seen. The cartoonist was Don Martin, and he drew pictures of people with square heads and double-jointed feet. What's more, he was the happiest of combinations — a writer-artist.

Whenever someone finds out that I write for MAD, the first question I usually get is, "What's Don Martin like?" My answer is invariably disappointing. Don Martin is the antithesis of the characters he draws. Physically he is good-looking, socially he is totally uneccentric, and verbally he almost never utters "Spap!" "Blort!" "Vreech!" or "Katoonga!" His insanity emerges in his drawings, which have earned him the title of MAD's Maddest Artist, which, on paper, he most certainly is.

Another new talent was Mort Drucker. Feldstein liked his samples and showed them to Gaines, who was in his office watching the Dodgers play the Yankees in the 1956 World Series. Gaines told Drucker, "If the Dodgers win, you're hired." The Dodgers won the

game, which was fortunate for MAD, Drucker eventually becoming the magazine's star caricaturist.

Feldstein was looking for balance that would give MAD a more general appeal. He thought Kurtzman had started in the right direction but that there was too much of one kind of humor — Kurtzman's. "I didn't reverse Harvey's direction," Feldstein has said. "I thought there were signs of MAD going off on a tangent, and I tried to stop it."

Within a year, he built up a stable

"I think Harvey resented it when I suggested a creative touch for an article," Putnam has said. "Not so Feldstein. The only thing he demands is clarity."

At the time, Feldstein was less interested in clarity than in artists, or, to be more specific, the lack of them. Happily, Wally Wood had stayed on, but Will Elder was gone and Jack Davis was going.

# SPLITCH



of artists, most of whom work for MAD today—Wood, Martin, Drucker, George Woodbridge, Dave Berg,

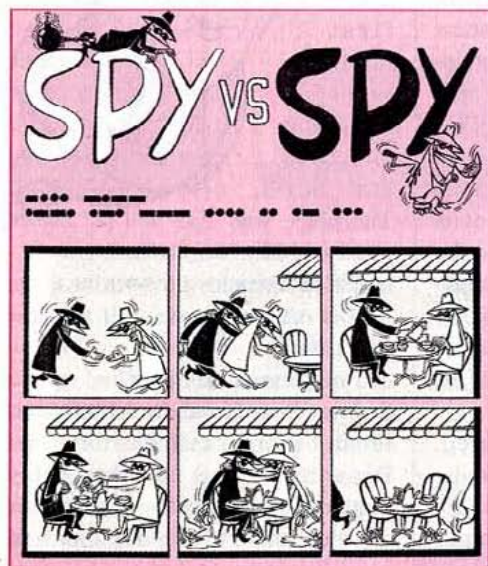
brother?" In fact he still can't pronounce his editor's name, referring to him as "Fsstn." From time to time, Prohias flies to Miami, where he is lionized among the Cuban refugees there as The Man Who Made It.

Three years later, another Latin arrived at MAD. He was Sergio Aragonés, a Spaniard who grew up in Mexico, where he had been drawing cartoons for eight dollars a week. Aragonés asked to see Prohias, who promptly introduced Aragonés around the office. "My brother," Prohias exclaimed as he introduced Aragonés to Jerry DeFuccio. "Pleased to meet you, Mr Prohias," said DeFuccio. "No, my name is Sergio Aragonés," said Aragonés.

When Aragonés was introduced to Gaines, he bowed and called him "Señor." It was difficult for him to understand the infor-

who had left MAD to go with Harvey Kurtzman? Will Elder, as of this writing, has made no effort to return. Jack Davis, after following Kurtzman through *Trump* and *Humbug*, branched into advertising and magazine illustration, eventually becoming one of the most successful freelancers in the country. He returned to MAD in 1965 and today turns out about an article per issue, which is all he has time for. Gaines, still convinced that Davis had been bewitched by Kurtzman, is pleased to have his old artist back in the pack.

Al Jaffee had returned years earlier, right after *Humbug* folded. He soon became one of MAD's most versatile talents and steadiest contributors. In 1964, he created the MAD Fold-In, which was introduced as a "cheap, economy-minded" version of the ambitious fold-outs



A Spy is born — Antonio Prohias' first *Spy Vs. Spy* from January, 1961

horror veteran Joe Orlando, Kelly Freas, Norman Mingo, and Bob Clarke. Clarke had been working on Madison Avenue and was sick of the restrictions ad agencies put on their talent. To him, MAD, with its vir-

tual lack of taboos, was a dream job.

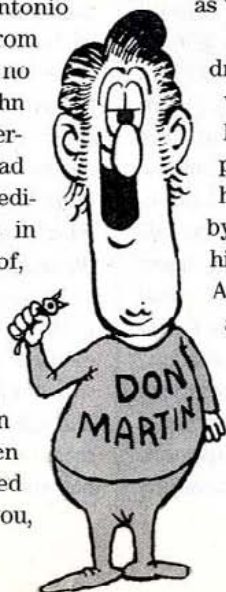
In 1959 arrived Antonio Prohias, a refugee from Castro's Cuba, who spoke no English and required John Putnam to serve as his interpreter. Prohias, who had been one of Havana's top editorial cartoonists, came in with an espionage spoof, "Spy Vs. Spy," which Feldstein snapped up and has been running ever since. It is impossible to carry on a conversation with Prohias. After ten years, his English is limited to "Hello" and "How are you,

malty of the place. In fact, it was two years before Aragonés was able to call Gaines by his first name, which eventually came out as "Beel."

Like Prohias, Aragonés draws pictures without words. Of all MAD's artists, he is the quickest with a pen. At comic conventions he is constantly surrounded by youngsters beseeching him to draw them a cartoon. Aragonés can never say no and has dashed off hundreds of on-the-spot, Chaplinesque drawings on pieces of cardboard, paper napkins, and scraps of wrapping paper. And what of the artists

featured in *Playboy* and *Life*. Jaffee's Fold-In has since graced virtually every inside back cover and is, to my mind, MAD's most singularly appealing regular feature.

A current issue of MAD offers a panorama of styles, ranging from the adroit caricatures of Mort Drucker and Angelo Torres to the malformed subhumans of Don Martin. Jack Davis is often chosen to illustrate pieces about football and other spectacles of athletic mayhem. George Woodbridge has become MAD's specialist in depicting scenes of student rioting and political violence. Paul Coker, who lives by himself in an isolated Big Sur studio, contributes an off-beat, feathery kind of whimsy, while Antonio Prohias and





Sergio Aragonés provide a wordless change of pace. Bob Clarke, with his slick, decorative style, balances things out, as does Jack Rickard, with his neat versatility. Most of MAD's covers are painted by Norman Mingo, who is still the only artist who can render a perfect Alfred E. Neuman.

Finally, there is Dave Berg, who occupies a world of his own. His regular feature, "The Lighter Side," reflects a humor unlike anything else in the magazine — simplistic, Middle American, often like the TV situation comedies that MAD parodies. But Berg's pages are extremely popular, a phenomenon that occasionally bewilders some of the magazine's more sophisticated types.

Berg has a heavier side. An extremely religious fellow, he is perhaps the world's only Ten Commandments specialist, professing to believe in only the last five. Entering the MAD office for an appointment, he greets staffers with the utterance, "May God give you His blessing." Gaines, being an atheist, accepts Berg's salutations by

responding tolerantly, "Dave Berg, shut the hell up." This does not deter Berg, who views his publisher as a combination father image and misguided, godless saint. He tells others that Gaines, far from being an atheist, is a highly ethical, religious man. This maddens Gaines, partly because he objects to Berg's proselytizing, mostly because he detests sentimentality, particularly when it is

directed at him.

As for MAD's writers, well, that's a different story. When he first took over, Feldstein continued Kurtzman's policy of illustrating material by "names," such as Henry Morgan, Ernie Kovacs, Bob and Ray, and Orson Bean.

"We couldn't afford them," Feldstein recalls, "so I begged for old material that I could get cheaply."

The first writer to come along who wound up a steady contributor happened to be myself. In early 1957, I had quit a well-paying but unrewarding public relations job and was looking for freelance work. One

day I picked up a copy of MAD, read it through, and said aloud to no one, "I can write this stuff." I

asked Jack Squire, a recent Army buddy from Pacific Stars and Stripes, if he knew anyone at MAD. Squire, then a publicist at *Look*, said that his boss, Ralph Ginzburg, knew MAD's publisher, a man named Grimes or Gantz or something like that.

Aided by a phone call to Gaines from Ginzburg, I was granted an appointment. I shall never forget my

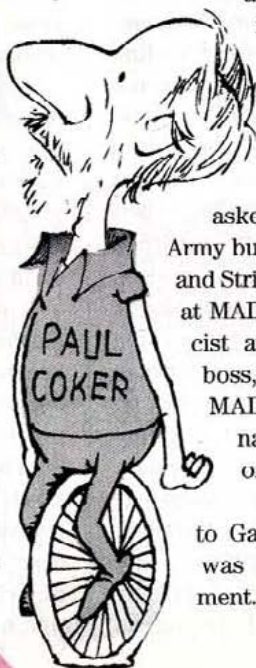
first impression of that office on Lafayette Street. The place was totally unlike the neat, carpeted agencies I'd been used to. MAD's offices, for want of a better word, looked used.

I met the staff. Crouched over a drawing board in an incredibly cluttered room called the Art Department was a thoroughly unkempt man. He, I learned, was art director John Putnam. He appeared to be in a perpetual state of amusement, and I decided instantly he was one of the great eccentrics.

In the center of the next office, which happened to be the largest room on the premises, was a very tidy desk in back of which sat a plumpish, jovial, sportshirted man with a crew cut. This person, I found out, was publisher William M. Gaines, who seemed to require this comparatively large space, and of whom I have no other first recollection.

Sharing a single desk at the end of a hallway were two dark-haired young men, one of whom appeared to be dressed for a banquet, the other for a welders' picnic. These turned out to be associate editors Jerry DeFuccio and Nick Meglin, whose main function, so far as I could make out, was to discuss which one was going to get to use the desk.

The man escorting me was the editor, Al Feldstein, a dark-complected chap who, once the tour was over, ushered me into his office and asked me, after the barest minimum of pleasantries, what ideas I had for the magazine.



I handed him a piece called "Why I Left the Army and Became a Civilian," the point of which was that civilian life, with its regimentation and chains of command, was just as bad as being in the Army. Feldstein bought it on the spot.

"My God," I said to myself, "it's that easy."

It wasn't. Being a writer for MAD in its formative years was a mixed bag. In 1972, Gaines would tell AP writer Lynn Sherr, "We recognize the writer as the most revered of all creatures." In the early years, we had not quite reached that exalted status.

Feldstein and Gaines had graduated from the comic book school and weren't sure just what value to place on writers. So until 1959, we received virtually no bylines and were paid one-third the page rate of artists. Equal parity came as Gaines and Feldstein realized that the magazine couldn't prosper without good scripts and that using "name" material was not the way to build a corps of contributors. Thanks in great part to Nick Meglin, who served as a kind of talent scout for writers, an elite group emerged in the early 1960's, which has carried the magazine to the present.

Nearly all of MAD's scripts are filtered through Feldstein's typewriter. During his first years, in his zeal to make sure that every joke was understood, he over edited, which sometimes vexed his writers. But gradually, as Feldstein developed his sense of humor and the writers refined theirs, the early meat-cleaver comedy evolved into the sharper, more satiric style that so much of MAD possesses today.

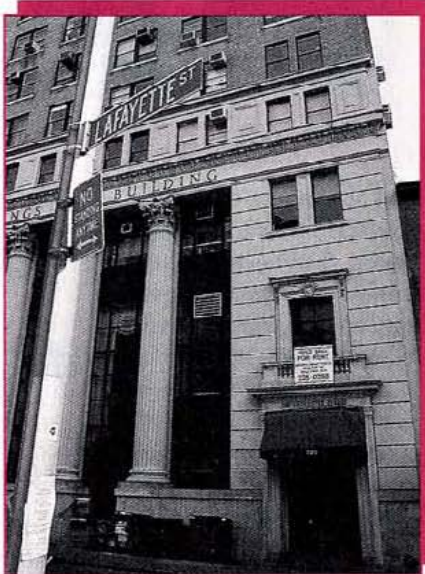
Recently, I chatted with a musician of the New York Philharmonic, whose eleven-year-old son is an avid MAD reader. The man took a peek at the magazine and was surprised to

find that it was often sophisticated and sprinkled with rather subtle political messages. He tried to explain these nuances to his son,

**Gaines, being an atheist, accepts Berg's salutations by responding tolerantly, "Dave Berg, shut the hell up."**

who would have none of it. "I just like it," the boy said.

MAD appeals on two levels. The first is the slapstick, sight-gag kind of humor exemplified by the lunacies of Don Martin. The second level extends to wit, satire, and parody and requires some pre-conditioned knowledge of politics, adver-



The scene of the crime: MAD's original headquarters at 225 Lafayette Street in New York.

tising, and the entertainment media.

MAD writers Arnie Kogen, Larry Siegel and Stan Hart live on the West Coast, where they write for television. Before they relocated, Kogen and Hart used to play softball with Nick Meglin on Saturday mornings in a schoolyard in Brooklyn. One Saturday, Kogen knew he was going to be late. He sent a telegram addressed: "Nick Meglin, Left Field, Schoolyard, Public School 209."

A rather bewildered Western Union delivery boy found Meglin, who ripped open the envelope. The message inside said, "Save me a lick. Arnie."

Kogen is possibly the only person extant who keeps a size twelve bronzed shoe on his

mantelpiece. "My folks forgot to bronze my shoe when I was a baby," he explains, "so I did it myself later." When Kogen was out of work, he placed a Situations Wanted ad in the *New York Times*: "Shepherd, Experienced. Will not cry wolf." A *Times* clerk asked Kogen about the phrase, "Will not cry wolf." "It's a familiar line in the trade," Kogen explained. "A man who won't cry wolf is one who'll stick to his job and watch over his flock." The *Times* ran the ad, but Kogen got no replies.

Tom Koch, who had been writing radio material for Bob and Ray, was commandeered by Feldstein late in 1957. Koch pioneered MAD's parodies of magazines — The Saturday Evening Post, Bitter Homes and Gardens, National Osographic. The last-named featured such articles as "Why Pygmies Smell Bad," "Don't Talk To Me About Peruvians," and "We Couldn't Find the Pennsylvania Turnpike (Daring Sanford and Birdie Ugnew, who Missed the Asian Continent on Their Last Assignment, Fumble the Ball Again)."

Occasionally, in vain efforts to improve his magazine's image, Gaines has employed a public relations man. One of the gentlemen presented with this thankless task was Larry Gore, who can best be described as two parts Groucho Marx, one part Machiavelli.

Before his brief stint with MAD, Gore brightened the Christmas season by



PHOTOGRAPHER IRVING SCHILL

Each issue of MAD usually presents its version of a current motion picture and TV series. The movie spoofs are the special province of Larry Siegel, as can be seen in these excerpts from his takeoff of *Lawrence of Arabia*:

**PRINCE:** English, look at you! You are all burned and toasted from the sun, and yet you are so ready to go back across the desert on this foolhardy mission!

**LAWRENCE:** Yes, Prince Fizzle, I am ready!

**PRINCE:** Hey, Ali! A TOASTED ENGLISH - TO GO!

**LAWRENCE:** Ali-Oven, I love the desert and I love your people. I wonder what deep mysterious excerpts from the Koran are falling from their lips.

**1ST ARAB:** Hot enough for you?

**2ND ARAB:** I hear it's 114 in the shade!

**3RD ARAB:** Too bad there's no shade!

**4TH ARAB:** The guy on the Late News predicted rain!

**5TH ARAB:** I hope he's wrong! I washed my camel before we left!

Or this sample of his take-off of *Patton*:

**PATTON:** This is the filthiest #X%&! barrack I've ever seen! Dirty floor...dirty walls...dirty beds! And what's this?! DIRTY PIN-UP PICTURES!

**SOLDIER:** But, Sir, I don't think you know--

**PATTON:** What would your mother say if she saw this picture? Your gray-haired, kind, lovable American mother...sitting at home, knitting for the Red Cross and baking apple pie! Soldier, you've got a dirty mind!

**SOLDIER:** B-but, Sir! That pin-up picture IS my mother!

**PATTON:** Soldier...you've got a dirty mother!



throwing an Obnoxious Party in his office on West 53rd Street. Throughout the year, he built up a list of people he considered pests, bores, moochers, and hangers-on, then invited them all to his fete. Being what they were, the chosen hundred accepted immediately and with great enthusiasm, not knowing, of course, Gore's motives.

"There'll be food and drink and lots of contacts, lots of important people for you to meet," he told them.

Each guest was greeted at the door by Gore, wearing a tuxedo two sizes too large, and was presented with a badge, on which was printed, "Big-Shot Photographer," "High-Class Model," "Big-Time Actor," "Star of the Future," and other fitting appellations.

To add a festive touch, Gore draped his rooms with toilet-paper bunting.

But his major efforts went into the preparation of the food. Guests had their choice of *hors-d'oeuvres*, most of which were canapés. The dictionary definition of a canapé is "an appetizer consisting of a piece of bread or toast or a cracker topped with caviar, anchovy, or other savory food." Gore's canapés did not quite fit

A ticket from the opening night of *The MAD Show*, January 9, 1966.

Webster's description. One offering consisted of grape jelly and pencil shavings. Others were made up of shredded bubble gum with peanut butter, and strawberry jam with Chinese mustard. "The cream cheese with cigarette tobacco went over very big," he recalls.

To quench the thirst of his guests, Gore bought a case of the cheapest grape soda pop, opened up the bottles a week beforehand, and let them stand. At the party he wrapped each bottle in a white napkin and served the beverage as wine in appropriate stemmed glasses.

One guest looked over the assortment of canapés and found none to his liking. He departed, then returned with some liverwurst sandwiches from a nearby delicatessen. Gore acted outraged. "I'm deeply hurt," he told the guest. "I've gone to all this expense and you insult me

Stan Hart, who with Siegel co-authored the off-Broadway revue, *The MAD Show*, has written several memorable TV satires for the magazine, including "Passion Place," a satire of "Peyton Place":

**ALLISON:** Mommy, Mommy - can I go out with Rodney?

**CONSTANCE:** Absolutely not! You're just a child! Go play with your dolls!

**ALLISON:** I can't!

**CONSTANCE:** Why not?

**ALLISON:** I had to send my Barbie Doll away! My Ken Doll got her into trouble!

Dick De Bartolo enjoys destroying Madison Avenue via articles that lampoon advertising. For instance, these blurbs from "Ads We Never Got To See":

"When You're Dying for a Cigarette...try a CAMEL"

"Tire Savings Galore at Firestone's BIG BLOWOUT SALE!"

"RCA Gives You the Best Color TV in the World - Color so Natural, we Guarantee it in Black and White"



Arnie Kogen is at his best assailing the eccentricities of world-famous personalities. He introduced one of MAD's most successful features, "A Celebrity's Wallet," a potpourri of letters, memos, cards, etc., supposedly extracted from the billfolds of the famous. Among the items in Howard Hughes's wallet:

#### IDENTIFICATION

**NAME:** Howard R. Hughes

**ADDRESS:** Texas, Las Vegas, The Bahamas, Nicaragua, a car parked somewhere in the Western Hemisphere, a treehouse in Brazil, and a summer home in Atlantic City, N.J.

**TELEPHONE NO.:** Unlisted. Even I don't know it.

**OCCUPATION:** Billionaire, Industrialist, Movie Maker, Aircraft Designer, Mystery Man, Recluse, and Professional Meshugginah.

**IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, NOTIFY:** Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, Sonny Tufts, Lamont Cranston, or Judge Crater.



Also, this memo from Hughes to a hotel in the Bahamas:

Gentlemen: Considering the rumors circulating for the past 16 years that I am dead and do not even exist, I can understand your desire to confirm my authenticity before closing the deal we made.

And so, to eliminate your doubts once and for all, I am enclosing a jar of my breath. You can examine it and compare it with my breath prints of 16 years ago.

I trust this will also put a stop to the rumors that I am eccentric and crazy.

Very truly yours, H.R. Hughes

by bringing your own sandwiches."

But generally, Gore was a perfect host. "Is everybody happy?" he would ask, threading his way through the crowd. "Is everybody having a good time? Fine, fine. I'm so thrilled."

Many of the guests came to make contacts. Gore took an especially offensive publicist by the arm and pointed to a short, unassuming man across the room. "See that fellow?" said Gore. "He's connected with all the top magazines — *Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, all of them." The publicist rushed to light the cigar of the short man, roared at anything he said, and set up a luncheon date at The Four Seasons. It was true that the short man was connected with all the top magazines. He was Gore's corner newsdealer.

The finest touch was Gore's bathroom, a phonebooth-sized cubicle that was used (or supposed to be) by both sexes. He employed a

leather-jacketed teenager — "the toughest-looking kid I could find" — to serve as attendant, warning him that he wouldn't get paid unless he stayed in the bathroom faithfully throughout the entire party. Most of the guests would walk in the bathroom, see Gore's hoodlum standing there, then run across the street to use the facilities at the Museum of Modern Art.

Occasionally, the kid would storm out and complain to Gore that nobody was using the bathroom and that, consequently, he wasn't getting any tips. Of course, whenever the kid left his station, guests would race to the unattended bathroom.

"What do you mean, you're not getting any business!" Gore told the kid. "Look at them running to use the john. If you were sticking to your post, you'd be making a fortune in tips."

Gore threw his Obnoxious Parties for three successive years.

The first party cost him \$12.40. The second one cost him \$13.00. But the third one set him back \$16.00. Gore never held another.

"Sixteen dollars to feed

one hundred people! Does that seem fair? I had to give them up. Inflation licked me."

Gore did not last long as MAD's public relations man, partly because he planted items in newspapers without first checking on their accuracy with Gaines. No, it wasn't true that Gaines paid his staff in two-dollar bills. No, it wasn't true that Gaines was planning to publish a waterproof MAD for skin-divers.

"I couldn't communicate with Gore," Gaines has said. "He was even madder than we are."

#### COMING UP NEXT!

We enjoy a close-up view of Gaines' personal pleasures, most notably his enormous appetite, his life-long romance with gourmet cooking and fine wine, and his failing attempts to lose weight. We then see Gaines at his desk as we detail his hands-on methods of publishing, based on his own rules and unlike those of any other executive.

