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LITERARY TRAGEDIES

READ IN THE FACE

From Barbara Walters to Dan Brown, the embarrassing books they wish we'd forget

By Claire Zulkey

ON THE RADAR

FEATURES

EDITED BY:
Jordan Heller and
Adam Laukhuf

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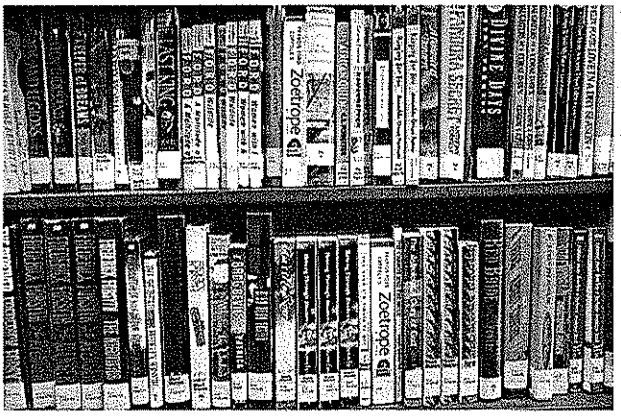
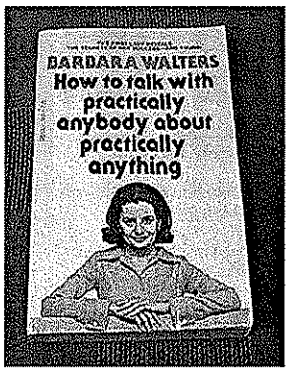


When, in 1981, Lynne Cheney published her frontier novel, *Sisters*, which featured some now-notorious Sapphic erotica on the prairie, it must have seemed daring. She couldn't have known that her creative choices would cause some serious discomfort 20 years later, as her husband became a leader of an administration hell-bent on outlawing gay marriage and her own lesbian daughter became pregnant with her lover. We bet Mrs. Cheney, like many authors, wonders whether it might have been better for everyone had she never put pen to paper.

Thanks to the Web, literary flascos may never again slip softly into the safety of oblivion. "Out of print" no longer means not available. And though you might be able buy up all the copies for sale on Amazon, good luck purging your dud from all those used book stores, not to mention excerpts posted on vicious blogs. Bill O'Reilly, the "novelist," learned this lesson the hard way. And years before *The DiVinci Code*, Dan Brown wrote a hacky dating advice book—under the name "Danielle" Brown. Even if your involvement in a project was entirely tangential, you're unlikely to escape the rude gaze of public scrutiny. Former New Jersey governor Jim McGreevey, for example, wrote the introduction to a beefcake-filled book called Swat Fitness in 2003, a skeleton he'd no doubt prefer remain in the closet. *Radar* scoured the remainder bins so you don't have to. Below, some less-than-proud moments from world of publishing.

HOW TO TALK WITH PRACTICALLY ANYBODY ABOUT PRACTICALLY ANYTHING (1970)



BY: Barbara Walters
THE PLOT: Barbara Walters is seated next to Arisotle Onassis at a lunch interview. She *almost* doesn't know what to ask him, but thanks to her journalistic prowess, it all works out. In fact, it turns out to be a wonderful experience. Barbara then purchases a bikini to reward herself for coming up with the crucial ice-breaking questions that saved the day. She is now selflessly offering to share those with you.
EXCERPT: "If you were suddenly given a million dollars and told that you had to spend it just on yourself, what is the first thing you would buy?" This question is especially pleasing to someone who doesn't have a million dollars. It brings the instant smile of a happy daydreamer."
RAVE REVIEWS: "In the thirteen years since this book originally was published, Barbara Walters has talked with many people about many different things. The average American, on the other hand, does not meet celebrities or royalty and would be much more interested in learning how to handle other types of difficult conversations. The author, one assumes, has no difficulty asking the boss for a raise or striking up a conversation in a singles bar"—*UPI*, 1983
OH, AND: Wawa might not have even written the book. Toronto's June Callwood, a "house ghost" for Doubleday in New York, claimed to have worked on it. According to Beverley Slopen in the *Toronto Star*, during the writing process, Walters asked, "Is there any way we can get this down to my level?" Barbara later denied there was another writer involved.
PRICE ON AMAZON: $3.44

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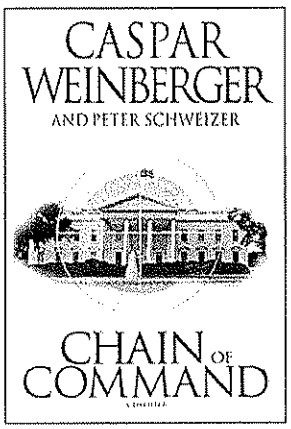
CHAIN OF COMMAND (2005)



BY: Former defense secretary Caspar Weinberger and Peter Schweizer
THE PLOT: Straight out of *24*. The president manufactures a terrorist threat to duck the Constitution and establish a police state. The plan goes awry, and POTUS is assassinated by a rogue Secret Service agent. Are there real terrorists afoot?
RAVE REVIEWS: "The logical shortcuts and genre cliches pile up higher than the Washington Monument."—Thom Geier, *Entertainment Weekly* (Speaking of which, several factual errors are listed on the Amazon.com review page.)
EXCERPT: "Go ahead, Mike. Rub it in, Mr. Pure-as-the-driven-snow. So it was a scam. At least I'm not some federal storm trooper out there burning up children in Waco or blowing away women at Ruby Ridge." "Spare me that, would you?" Paul Miller put his face in his hands and began to sob. "You got yourself into this," Delaney said. "Act like a man for once." Miller looked up, his blue eyes gone wet and red. "He's going to kill me," he said. "Who is? The paymaster?" "Of course not. He's just a pawn like me."
THE LEGACY: Weinberger, who was in his late-80s when the book was published, died shortly after publication. We can only hope that historians will dwell on the good times, like his involvement in the Iran-Contra affair, and leave this ugly nonfiction business on the editing room floor.
PRICE ON AMAZON: $.01

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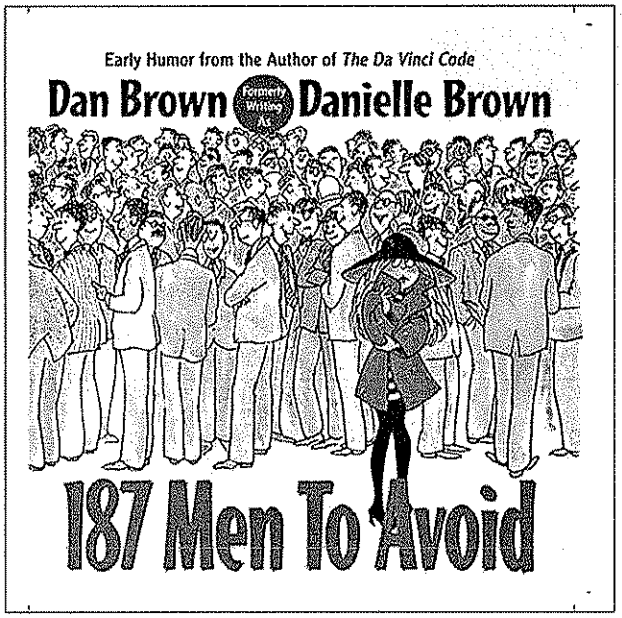

***187 MEN TO AVOID: A GUIDE FOR THE ROMANTICALLY FRUSTRATED WOMAN* (1995)**

BY: Blythe and Danielle Brown, aka *The Da Vinci Code*'s Dan Brown
THE PLOT: Strong on stereotypes like meatheads and sissies, plus some timeless references to things like Pepsi Clear, pump sneakers, McLean sandwiches, stuffed Garfield dolls, and "Baby on Board" signs.
EXCERPT: Avoid... "Men who read women's books (like this one)," "Men who write self help books for women," "Men who own dogs that are smaller than cats," "Men who struggle to decide between Original Recipe and Extra Crispy," "Men who think farting is cute."
RAVE REVIEWS: "Little more than a warmed-over version of *Real Men Don't Eat Quiche*."—*Philadelphia Inquirerer*
DON'T MISS: The recent shameless "re-release" with Dan's real name on the cover. We'll see if the same happens with 1998's *The Bald Book*, another attempt at humor co-written by the Browns (that time, Dan let his wife have all the credit.)
PRICE ON AMAZON: $1.76

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File Under: 187 Men to Avoid: A Guide for the Romantically Frustrated Woman, Blythe Brown, Caspar Weinberger, Chain of Command, Danielle Brown, Peter Schweizer

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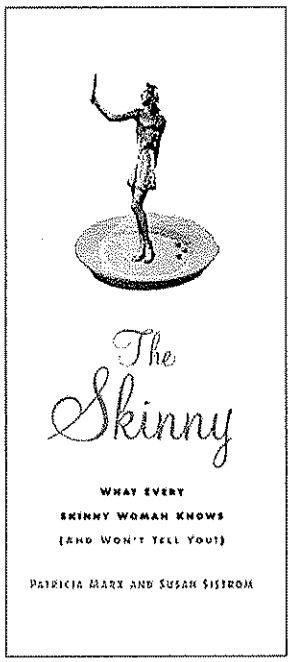
THE SKINNY: WHAT EVERY SKINNY WOMAN KNOWS ABOUT DIETING AND WON'T TELL YOU! (1999)



BY: Patricia Marx and Susan Sistrom, aka the *New Yorker*'s Susan Orlean, acclaimed author of *The Orchid Thief*)
THE PLOT: From the jacket: "Do skinny women skip breakfast? Taint half their portions with salt, pepper—or Clorox—to make sure they don't eat it? You bet they do. You'll get the inside story on the dieting tricks, shortcuts, and closely guarded secrets of women who stay a perfect size 6 ... forever. From using depression to lose weight (God makes you miserable for a reason) to the calories you unintentionally consume in cough syrup ... or by licking a stamp, everything you really need to know about losing weight is right here in the first anti-diet diet book."
EXCERPTS: "Weigh yourself constantly or never." "Don't go to buffets. If you must go, don't eat anything." "Eat all you want, but never swallow. Spit always." "If you must buy popcorn, place it on the floor by your feet so that someone will accidentally kick it over."
RAVE REVIEWS: "Proudly incorrect (and borderline disturbing), *The Skinny* tips the scales in favor of amusement.—Clarissa Cruz, *Entertainment Weekly*
REASONS WHY THIS BOOK IS WORSE THAN TERRORISM, ACCORDING TO ANGRY AMAZON READERS: "Dangerous. Sad. Frightening. Chills me to the bone;" "Sick Book By Unhealthy Women;" "Socially irresponsible;" "Tips on self-destruction."
PRICE ON AMAZON: $2.97

THE APPRENTICE (1996)

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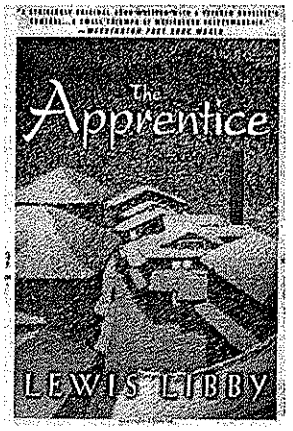

BY: Lewis "Scooter" Libby
THE PLOT: "I can't really tell you what it is about, again, without running afoul of the family newspaper code. Suffice to say there is a lot of what you might, for want of a better term, call animal husbandry involved. But not the kind they teach at your 4-H Club. At least I hope not,"—David Rossie, Binghamton Press & Sun-Bulletin, 2005
EXCERPT: "At age ten the madam put the child in a cage with a bear trained to couple with young girls so the girls would be frigid and not fall in love with their patrons."
"At length he walked around to the deer's head and, reaching into his pants, struggled for a moment and then pulled out his penis. He began to piss in the snow just in front of the deer's nostrils."
"He asked if they should fuck the deer."
(See more, gleefully reprinted by the *New Yorker*.)
RAVE REVIEWS: His "storytelling skill neatly mixes conspiratorial murmurs with a boy's emotional turmoil."—The *New York Times* Book Review
LAST LAUGH: An autographed copy of the book went on sale at Amazon.com for $2,400.
PRICE ON AMAZON: $.28

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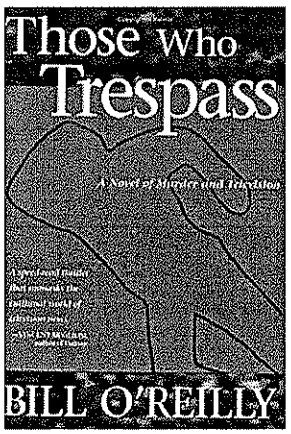
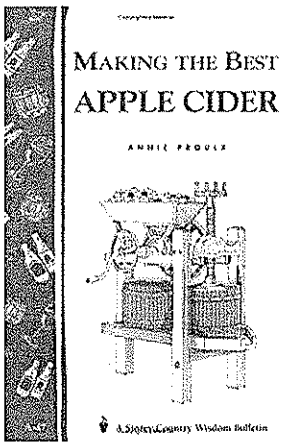
THOSE WHO TRESPASS: A NOVEL OF TELEVISION AND MURDER (1998)



BY: Bill O'Reilly
THE PLOT: A former newsman exacts murderous revenge on those who derailed his career. Events bear an uncomfortable resemblance to those in the author's own life.
RAVE REVIEWS: "There's not much suspense in this rambling tale.... Stilted dialogue, overwritten descriptions, far-fetched motivations, and jumps backward and forward in time make this novel tough going."—Les Roberts, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*
REQUIRED ICKY EROTIC EXCERPT: "Shannon stared at the woman in front of him. Not only was she holding her breasts aloft, she was gently caressing them. Teasing him. His eyes swept over her. She was beautiful. Her light skin was growing slightly red. He knew she was getting extremely aroused." Also: "You would basically be in the shower and then I would come in and I'd join you and you would have your back to me and I would take the little loofa thing..." No, wait, sorry. That last one was an excerpt from the sexual harassment complaint filed by *O'Reilly Factor* producer Andrea Mackris, six years later. Our mistake.
WHAT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER: "What, you've got a vibrator, don't you? Every girl does," an excerpt from the same sexual harassment suit.
PRICE ON AMAZON: $.11

MAKING THE BEST APPLE CIDER (1983)



BY: Annie Proulx
THE PLOT: Pretty self-explanatory. Prior to her tales of lonesome heroes in faraway places, Proulx published a surprisingly extensive series of household guides, including other books on making fences, cooking one's own dairy food, and the art of bartering.
EXCERPT: "The heady fragrance of fresh sweet cider running from the press is a wonderful blend of mellow apples, the faintly acidic scent of fallen leaves."
RAVE REVIEWS: "Small booklet giving an overview of various aspects of cidermaking. Not as good as the author's larger book on Cider, but then it's a lot cheaper!"—A website called The Scrumpy User Guide.
BEFORE THERE WERE COWBOYS, THERE WAS CIDER: Proulx has written extensively on the subject, there's even a follow-up: *Sweet and Hard Cider: Making It, Using It, & Enjoying It.* Are you looking for a joke about how she wished she could quit cider? Forget it.

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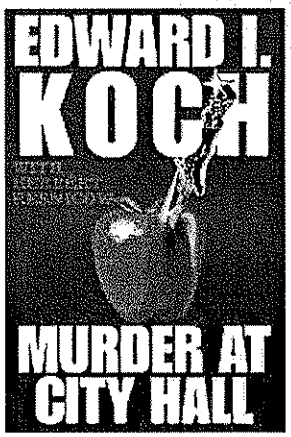
PRICE ON AMAZON: $1.64

***MURDER AT CITY HALL* (1995)**
BY: Edward I. Koch with Herbert Resnicow



THE PLOT: "Koch models his fictional sleuth—older than some, younger than a few—after himself as the idealized, perpetual mayor of New York City. During a City Hall wedding at which the mayor officiates, a guest murders a much-hated real-estate figure, and Koch becomes a prime suspect. The genial but hardly modest Koch retaliates by tracking down the true killer. He is helped by secretary Rosemary and good friend Lolly,"—Library Journal. In case it wasn't clear, the name of the protagonist is the mayor of New York who happens to be named Ed Koch. (Koch's term as mayor ended in 1989.)
EXCERPT: "You're a genius, Ed. Do you know that?" says Lolly, complimenting him on his triumphant sleuthing. "Of course I know that," he replies. "Why do you think I'm the Mayor?"
RAVE REVIEWS: "Koch, who likes to brag 'I don't get headaches; I give headaches' lives up to his word here," offered *Publisher's Weekly. USA Today* described it as "Koch's 'Murder' most foul."
PRICE ON AMAZON: $.01

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Posted by: pbdotc | January 30, 2007 10:17 AM

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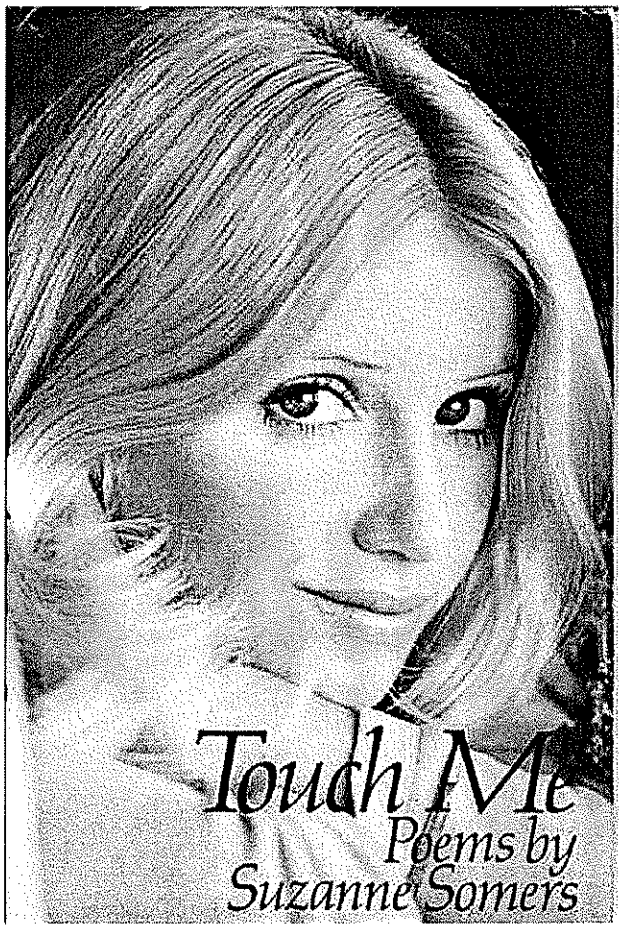

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BONUS: THE CELEBRITY POETRY READER!

There's a goat in my ass,
Living mainly on grass.
They say the creature was stolen,
Yet he feeds on my colon.
—From *Peace of my Mind*, Charlie Sheen, 1988

"You were the better at rolling reefer, I was the better with coke and rum; Remember that night on the beach at Ibiza? The Maori twins with the tattooed bum?"
—From A Glass Half Full, Felix Dennis, 2004

"I am open and vulnerable like a crack in cement"
—From Yesterday I Saw the Sun, Ally Sheedy, 1991

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"And do I know exactly why it starts
Slow, and have I those things which live towards the bottom,
In the lower parts
Of my heart?"
—From *Touch Me*, by Suzanne Somers, 1980

"Rocket ships
Are exciting
But so are roses
On a birthday

Computers are exciting
But so is a sunset"
—From *Warmed by Love*, by Leonard Nimoy, 1983

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01/24/07
File Under: Ally Sheedy, Charlie Sheen, Felix Dennis, Leonard Nimoy, Suzanne Somers

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And what about Jewel: [And I find myself packing girlishness in an old leather bag]
Posted by: gametime | January 25, 2007 11:14 AM

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The Hollywood Reporter

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Showbiz Data

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