



The Exhibitionist

Henry Sutton , David R. Slavitt

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) 

The Exhibitionist

Henry Sutton , David R. Slavitt

The Exhibitionist Henry Sutton , David R. Slavitt

The Exhibitionist concerns itself with the careers, personal dilemmas and varied sexual aberrations of Meredith Houseman, a middle-aged movie star, Merry Houseman, his actress daughter, and a steamily neurotic secondary cast.

The Exhibitionist Details

Date : Published 1967 by Bernard Geis Associates

ISBN : 9788203847080

Author : Henry Sutton , David R. Slavitt

Format : Hardcover 410 pages

Genre :

 [Download The Exhibitionist ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online The Exhibitionist ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online The Exhibitionist Henry Sutton , David R. Slavitt

From Reader Review The Exhibitionist for online ebook

Sophie says

I don't recommend this for anyone. Though the dated language, horrible dialogue, amazingly specific metaphors, and introduction of new characters throughout the book made for a pretty entertaining read.

So they'd ridden down to town, and that was how she met the good-looking fellow with the paper fans.

'All right,' he said. 'That's enough lemonade.'

His tongue felt like a shoe that had been kicked into the back of a closet somewhere and left there for years and then, for no reason, put into his mouth. And it wasn't even his own shoe. It felt like a size 14 EEE.

He stepped out of his patent leather dancing pumps, drew off his socks, and took off his shorts. They he joined her in the bad.

He could not have said why he expected his maneuver to work, much less how he expected it to work, but it felt right, and whether it is that happy people are more in tune with the pulse of the world's workings or that people who are happy are blessed, or lucky, it is nevertheless true that he had the confidence at that moment to trust his impulse.

Harry Novotny had done well for himself, or the world had done well by him. The new television shows, with talking dogs, horses, porpoises, and mules, had kept him busy.

She had gone to the beach with them, and driven along on the Palisades Highway to look down on the sand and spy out the sleeping bags they were always sure to find, writhing like beached dugongs.

Bill invited the girls over to his house that evening for a modest blast, as he put it.

There was somehow, in some way, a vibration, an intonation, a resonance, however faint, that led Melissa to suspect that in another country, and at another time, Miss Preston might have been courting her, rather than herself courting one of Miss Preston's students.

The audience laughed and applauded, and it was like drinking champagne to hear them--but better, as if one ignored the gross liquid and drank only the pure bubbles.

the effect of the meeting was that of a waterfall's turbulence meeting the calm water of a mountain pool and setting up a curtain of mist which, in the right light, discloses a rainbow.

She told Merry that Novotny had been slashed to death by an ostrich.

He stroked his beard, but it did not entirely hide the smile which his gesture had been intended to conceal. It was the cat who swallowed the canary smile. And it was funny to see it on the canary.

Go have a hamburger somewhere. Some coffee shop. Or a hot dog at Chock Full o' Nuts. In two months you won't be able to do that any more.

That huge, obscene picture, those larger than life size genitals, had changed things. She had seen too much.

He got out at Astor Place to take a fencing lesson. She went on to Columbus Circle for a body movement class.

They were a tangle of arms and legs and bodies, a sexual kaleidoscope in which each new design was more fascinating than the one that had gone before it.

Love made one feel beautiful, she reflected the following morning as she looked into her mirror, but she wasn't sure that it actually made one look one's best.

You've been seventeen kinds of fool.

The womb of agreement seemed to be a safe place to be.

She went to the water-cooler-cum-coffee-machine, made some instant coffee, and went back to her desk.

To women, of course it did. But men, she thought, were rather easily pleased and found all sorts of bosoms attractive.

But it was impossible for her, as a woman, entirely to ignore the fact--and it was a fact, a hard fact, even a journalistic fact--that she and Meredith Houseman had made love.

Even in this crazy life there are moments. Would you like some brandy with your coffee?

She had already learned that happiness was a fleeting thing, a matter of luck, like the goldfish one buys in dime stores: ninety nine die, and the hundredth gets fat, thrives, and lives for years.

You'll find it has a fresh, pure taste. It's the taste of contemplation.

He was holding the tray when Jim Twan, his Chinese houseboy, entered. He had the telephone on a tray.

It was an evening of spun sugar and champagne foam, insubstantial, delicious but unsatisfying, beautiful but fleeting. It was like a good moment with a kaleidoscope, when there is a fine pattern. The pattern falls into something self and is impossible not only to retrieve but even to recall.

Occasionally she was introduced to Senor So-and-so, or M. Something, or Herr von Someplace.

'The mind,' he said, intruding on and descending upon her thoughts, 'is the least commonly acknowledged erogenous zone.'

The Celtic Rebel (Richard) says

Is this the best book you'll ever read from a literary standpoint? No.

To say that the book would ever win any awards is a big overstatement.

With that said if you enjoy a book on the standpoint of being entertained I think many would. The story is a

good one and a familiar one. And when the writer deals with Merry's search for happiness and especially the relationship with her father who was often absent in her life, the book works.

To me the book's biggest problem is with the writing. Some parts get mired down and just dull for awhile. And the way some of the new characters were introduced in portions of the book all by themselves left you wondering for pages how in the world they fit in or what was going on. Once they got blended in with the main characters things were all right again. There were also parts that could have been left out and the story would have flowed better especially the explanation of how films were chosen for the Cannes film festival. Those were definitely pages I could have done without.

Overall I enjoyed the book and can see why it was a best seller. It goes into my file as another guilty pleasure.

Armin Hennig says

disappointing attempt to ape Harold Robbins, Sutton avoids Robbins flaws by telling his story from beginning to end, without changing between first and thirdperson-passages, but most of the scenes are uninspiring. Bland mixture of Carpetbeggars and the follow up

Stephanie says

This was a bestseller when it was first published. I remember getting it out of the cupboard where my mother kept her books and reading it when she was out. I was 14 and it was an adult book, I liked it.

Jess says

A really enjoyable representation of life without social boundaries once one becomes removed from the restraints of middle class concern.
Not one for snobs or pseudo literati.

Susanna - Censored by GoodReads says

So bad it's sometimes very funny.

Kimberlee says

It was a rough read

Martin says

When Henry Sutton's THE EXHIBITIONIST shot toward the top of the New-York Times best-seller list in the fall of 1967 Jacqueline Susann...

<http://sleaze-factor.blogspot.ca/2018...>

Bettie? says

<http://www.goodreads.com/review/show/...>
