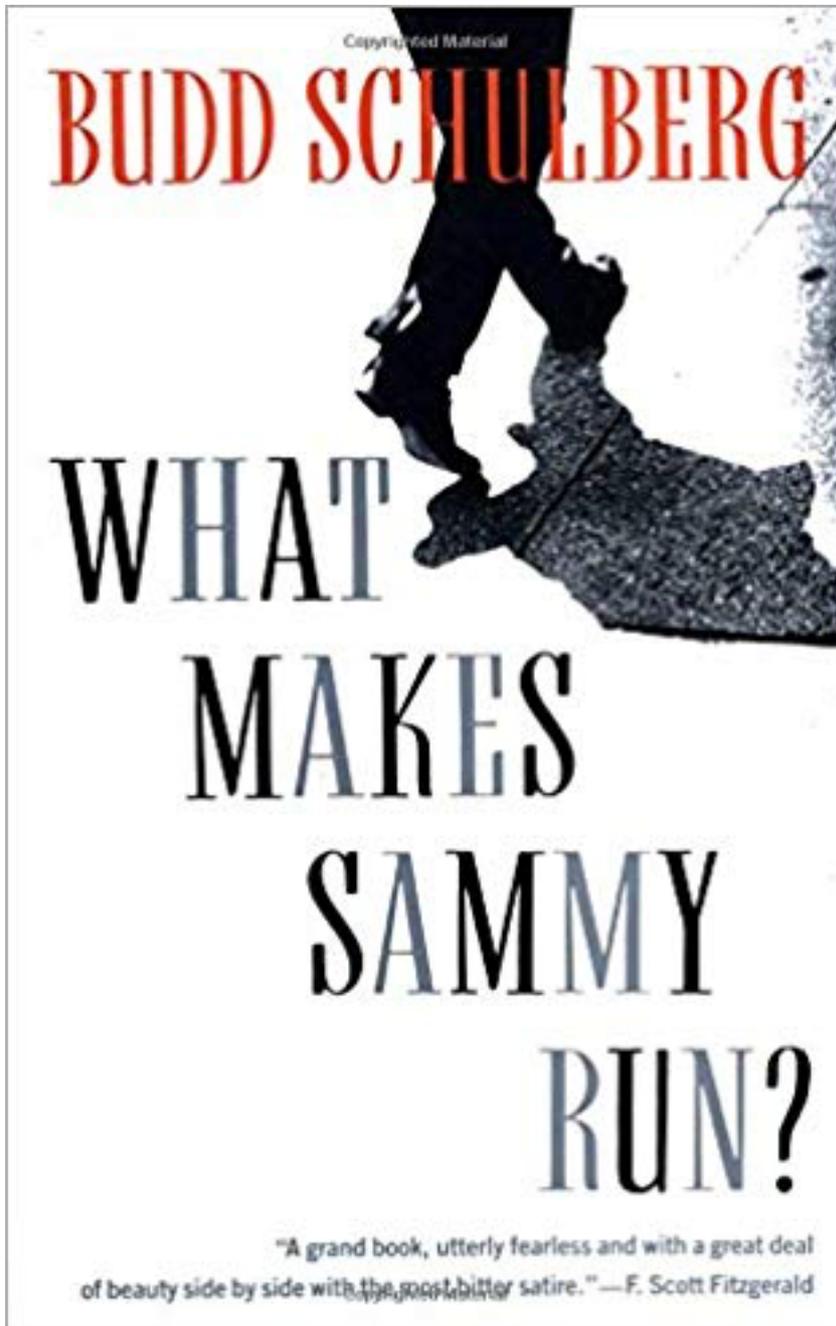


## #102: What Makes Sammy Run (1941)

#books/date/2019/09

#books/type/non-fiction

#books/rating/★★★★



### Overview

"I've known Glicks before. My first producer out here was a Glick. And so was the agent I just got rid of...Of course, I will admit Sammy is an unusual model...With a hopped-up

| motor. But he's put out by the same people." (pg. 78)

Sammy Glick is the epitome of Hollywood sleaze. Someone so self-interested, with such little regard for his fellow man that he must be a caricature. And yet there's something so honest that you can't help but wonder if there really are Sammys running around Hollywood or Wall Street or through Silicon Valley.

This is a truly fun read—great storytelling, great dialog, and plenty to mentally chew on while you ponder what this world is coming to.

## Book Notes

- "For there was no kidding myself any longer. I wanted to know him. Not that I ever expected to solve the mystery of What Makes Sammy Run. But I had been much too involved with Sammy already ever to be able to forget him. Or even want to. He rankled. He was like a splinter festering under my skin. If I broke off now, I had the feelings memory would go on torturing me. I had the crazy feeling that only by drilling into him, deeper and deeper, could I finally pass through him and beyond him and free my mind of him at last." (pg. 61)
- Kit on Sammy...
  - "I've known Glicks before. My first producer out here was a Glick. And so was the agent I just got rid of...Of course, I will admit Sammy is an unusual model...With a hopped-up motor. But he's put out by the same people." (pg. 78)
- "I couldn't imagine Sammy ever unhappy. Or happy either. I wondered what emotions he did have. Perhaps only a burning impatience to be further, further on." (pg. 80)
- "I wonder if the thing that makes Sammy so fascinating for us is that **he is the id of our whole society**...You know how the id is supposed to be the core of your basic appetites which the superego dresses in the clothes of respectability to present to the outside world? Somehow Sammy never had time to get dressed up the way all those others have, Wilson and McCarter and Sir Anthony, all their sammyglickness covered up with Oxford manners or have-one-on-me sociability or Christian morals that they pay their respects to every Sunday morning when they don't have too big a hangover. I think that's what first hit me about Sammy. He wasn't something trying to be something else. He was the thing itself, the id, out in the open. It might not be very pretty but there it was." (pg. 193)
- "I thought how, unconsciously, I had been waiting for justice suddenly to rise up and smite him in all its vengeance, secretly hoping to be around when Sammy got what was coming to him; only I had expected something conclusive and fatal and now I realized that what was coming to him was not a sudden pay-off but a process, a disease he had caught in the

epidemic that swept over his birthplace like a plague; a cancer that was slowly eating him away, the symptoms developing and intensifying: success, loneliness, fear. Fear of all the bright young men, the newer, fresher Sammy Glicks that would spring up to harass him, to threaten him and finally overtake him." (pg. 275)

- Book was published on Budd Schulberg's 27th birthday (pg. 281)
- Sammy = "individualism run rampant, an arrogant disregard for the views and welfare of our fellow man." (pg. 327)