

## A Bookman's Notebook



# Two More Entries in The Sagan Sweepstakes

**William Hogan**



ONE need not be a very young girl to get a manuscript published this season, but apparently it helps. Francoise Sagan seems to have spearheaded this teenage production of fairly mature literature. Latest to appear is a first novel by an 18-year-old Barnard undergraduate, Pamela Moore, entitled "Chocolates for Breakfast."

It is a curiously haunting study of a young girl who, like its author, is the product of both New York and Hollywood. Substantially, the book is a study of adolescence in an emotionally snarled product of a broken home, whose boarding school is no great shakes, either.

It would appear that Miss Moore had hoped, in her debut, to become the female J. D. Salinger. She is talented, but not that talented, nor does she seem to be another Carson McCullers. This does not mean that Miss Moore will not reach her own level of excellence, say after she finishes at Barnard.

Right now her work seems on the level of the well-tailored taments in Mademoi-



**Pamela Moore**

selle's college fiction contests—pretty good for an 18-year-old, but at \$3 a copy in the open market, the 18-year-old is still competing in literature's big time.

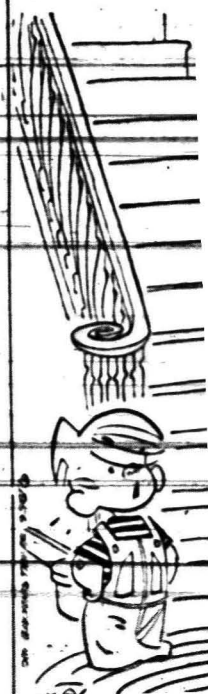
Incidentally, Miss Moore dabbles in sex, if not so blatantly as Mlle. Sagan; she has a neat facility for capturing the boarding-school variety of prose, to wit: "My God, did they make out, right in the living room, which was all right except the girl who used to be made for him was right there and here was this practically a seduction, she was really throwing the make on him . . ."

"My Lovely Mama?" is a 16-year-old's wide-eyed view of the mechanics of love by an Austrian young lady billed simply as Mathilde. "It seems that once upon a time we were incredibly rich, in Poland or somewhere of the sort," she writes in precocious and often beguiling fashion. One might term it piquant, if it had a less mittel-European air about it, almost the world of Ludwig Bemelmans as observed by a teen-ager.

I don't know if Mathilde is a charter member of the current children's literary crusade, for her publishers do not quote her age for the name of her translator, either. Mathilde appears to be quite young, if not so young as Miss Moore, in writing about a daughter who tries to save her lovely Mama, a member of the dowdy post-war aristocracy, from being seduced—even though it means the younger must substitute herself in an emergency. Its publisher claims "all Europe" is talking about "My Lovely Mama?" which, cute as it is, I doubt.

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CHOCOLATES FOR BREAKFAST. By Pamela Moore. Rinehart, 252 pp. \$1.  
MY LOVELY MAMA. By Mathilde. Bobbs Merrill, 179 pp. \$2.75.