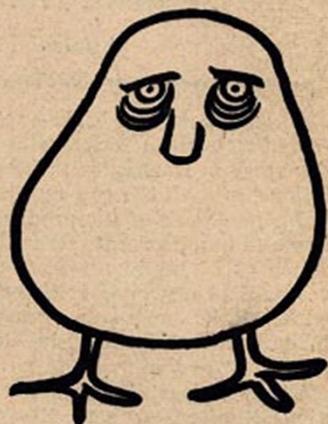


The Realist



Prothalamion for Wet Harmonica and Johnny Stompanato

by Donald Newlove

I arose from a drunkard's bed and went into the city to witness the birth of Andy Warhol's first musical venture, *Mr. Stompanato*, a tuney love saga based upon the unfortunate death by violence of Lana Turner's paramour—in drag and in reverse drag.

By reverse drag I mean that Lana's daughter Cheryl, who did the dirty work, is played by a small, graying boy (silver hairs by Clairol), while Lana is played by the undisputed Queen of Underground Movies, Mario Montez. The reverse is also that Cheryl is played as a boy, Lana's son-daughter, named Cheryl. They're in love and damn that nasty Johnny for trying to seduce Cheryl.

Warhol's studio loft on East 47th Street isn't easy to get into. I had been invited by the leading lady's (Mario's) friend Larry Bucetti (who himself, unforwarned, turned out to be the leading man). I arrived on time at 2 p.m. to find a door with no knobs across from the Grand Central YMCA.

I was about to phone upstairs and have the door opened, when four uptown IBMites (I'm from the Lower Russias of the East Side) minced out, leaving the door open. I touched my pocket, armed with a pint of Gordon's gin, and went in.

It was up three flights. I decided not to knock, unsure of my credentials, and just walked in. Far down a vast space a muscular man without a shirt was washing his hair at a sink. He dried it as I walked toward him. After it was dry he mussed it up, then began talking. Yes, a friend of Mario's, I could stay, he said, don't worry. Yes, they were shooting today, at 1:30. It was now 2:00. We were alone.

He put on some glasses which had a string around back to keep them on his head. He was the cameraman, Dan Williams; the string was apparently to hang his glasses with whenever he looked into the camera. I told him I was going to make a movie myself in about two months, when the money came through.

"What about?" he asked.

"Well, it's modest, in 8 millimetre, color. I'm going to buy about 15 reels and give these two actor friends of mine a \$50 bill, which one of them supposedly will have received in the mail. Then I will just follow them from bar to bar on the Lower East Side while they blow their windfall. They start out with five shots apiece lined up.

"These two guys really have personal magnetism, so plot doesn't matter. One is carrying a shopping bag filled with cans of spray paints. We descend into the subway and surreptitiously blot out all the James Bond posters, we spray the letters F—U—C—(I paused) S, C, H, I, A everywhere to drive people mad, and climax it with a 3-minute gilding job on the Alice in Wonderland statue in Central Park. Then we run like hell. I'm going to make this movie."

"Jesus, it sounds great. And the publicity, you already got it," Williams said.

We were alone. "It's a variation on a story by Dickens called 'Making a Night of It' in *Sketches by Boz*. Where is everybody?"

The phone rang. He went to answer it. The phone, which looked incapable of life, was a wall phone which had been detached and placed on a desk. The phone, to drive people mad, was all taped up with surgical tape and sprayed silver.

It was a pay phone installed in place of a private line; that is, it wasn't an official pay phone, it had simply been jacked in; not only that, it apparently only received calls, because when you put money in, it didn't work. It was a marvelous silver jinx upon the efficiency of machinery, and it evidently made money.

Men began drifting in, very faggotty fellows who walked about as if they owned the place (they'd never been there before) and who began not only jamming some rock 'n' roll on the phono system but also asked to have special tapes of "Andy's" played. Williams did not accommodate them.

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A Book Non-Review

by Joel Lieber

Uncool Blood is a book,—no, not a book, a *production*—that concerns A Writer who, while researching a murder story in Kansas, establishes a peculiarly intense relationship with the two murderers.

In the course of the production The Author becomes involved in a desperate struggle not to tarnish the reputation of his murderer-friends. Along the way, he develops a pretty good trick or two to accomplish this, while at the same time, remaining at once prominent in public and laboriously—tediously—unobtrusive in print.

The book-part itself is not a great work of art or a masterpiece, as both the publishers and reviewers insist it is. But it's a good enough book, nonetheless, which is probably *all* it would have been called had The Author not been *The Author* and the object of a curious need for hero-making.

By now everyone knows the *dramatis personae*: all-American family of four, pair of ex-convict murderers, Uncool Author. They have become as well known as the principals involved in Christ's execution, as real as the folks in *Petticoat Junction* and *The Farmer's Daughter*.

The book itself has now sold umpteen zillion copies and is on its way to surpassing the sales records of *Exodus* and *Dr. Spock*.

The author calls his book a non-fiction novel, a demonstration of the revolutionary aesthetic theory that the techniques of novel-writing can be employed in the realization of journalism. He has said this so often and with such authority that the idea has been accepted as fact.

The author has also said that every word in the book is true and that he trained himself in the art of near-total recall so that he could exactly reproduce 90% of any interview with total accuracy. He has said this so many times and with such authority that it too has been accepted as fact.

About all this, one feels The Author doth protest too much. About all this, one begins to smell something fishy, far fishier than the mere fact that all The Author's assertions may be sheer bravado-bunk.

In a recent interview over the Educational Television Network, The Author got himself caught in a strange grip of giggles and chortles. Between boasts about his remarkable feat—and it has certainly been a feat, if not a veritable stunt—he found much that was amusing about the total landscape involved in the book and its background. Remarks made to him by the murderers brought out a kind of sickly glee as he related them. In that familiar, high-pitched voice, he made small talk about which in his collection represented the *best* photograph of "the boys." He might have been talking about movie stars, oil paintings, or a teacup collection.

He went on to discuss how his relationship with the boys grew and deepened and abruptly ended as he witnessed their execution. (And in an interview of utterly incredible length in the *Times*, he told how he sent portions of his manuscript to the boys for them to read.) The Author also toted out his letter from the

boys, read them with great feeling, and rubbed the wet out of his eyes afterward.

More than a casual reading of the book might show that The Author's vicarious participation in the crime becomes more obvious as he tips his hand in the interviews he seems to enjoy so much.

His fascination with the boys becomes almost as interesting as the cool two million he has exploited from their deed. In fact, it is his involvement with them that provides the key to understanding not only the book but the whole production itself.

For example, throughout *Uncool Blood* the style is cool and matter-of-fact, based totally on observation rather than insight. Such a style does not lead to value judgments, since, by the rules of the game, it automatically removes The Author to the outside as a recorder, rather than an interpreter.

Where this practice gets tripped up, however, is in the sublimely bloodless manner in which the four actual murders are described. Nobody is excited, neither the unfortunate family, the murderers, nor The Author. Everyone is as stone-cold inert as a sentence out of a *New Yorker* story.

Thus, with bullets smashing into heads and blood spattering the walls, the atmosphere is subdued, controlled. The entire horrific business becomes, as a result, altogether unbelievable.

And because nobody is aroused over the messy acts of murder, the killers are let off the hook. They even come off, in The Author's skillful hands, as somewhat sympathetic, since they were able to maintain such cool control over their emotions.

This is how the scene must have appeared to a person of The Author's inhibition and control, not how it probably happened. And it is the most obvious disclaimer to The Author's shrill and insistent aesthetic theory about fiction and non-fiction.

This sort of sympathetic portrayal of the murderers (The Author's fascination with whom swiftly make them the heroes of the book, but not the production) continues to gain in intensity. At the last pages of the book the reader finds himself squirming a bit over The Author's complete involvement with, and yet at the same time complete avoidance of coming to grips with, his boys.

The Author has by this time given us tidbits and details about his boys' peculiar sexual traits, all of which, to the most naive reader, suggest a homosexual union. But whenever his observations lead the reader's mind to this aspect. The Author goes out of his way, quite conspicuously, to avoid the subject.

Not even the cliché psychiatric testimony goes into the matter. Why, one asks. Why, indeed: you can talk about blowing people's brains out, but really, there are *some* things you *just* don't talk about.

And if you *did* talk about it, the reader might then begin to wonder about the author's so-called objectivity. The irony, however, is that it is the author's studious avoidance of the subject that itself raises the question of the author's objectivity.

The Author's silence, then, is not purely golden. It is not just a non-fiction technique. It is a protective device, a smokescreen that calls attention away-from, a defense mechanism, security tool, whatever.

The parts begin to crystallize. The Author labors under a handicap: he has his taboo subjects. He is no

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TALKING RADIO

by Marjory K. Potts

There is a mystique today about yesterday's radio and that mystique has now become part of the *camp* culture. It is the radio of our shaded and cool youth. The radio that, as the *camp* tales go, sent warm shivers up our spine.

This was a world of sound which caused us to suspend belief while it operated upon our imagination, challenging and successfully conquering our sensory world, taking us away for long, long, half-hour, nail-biting rides into ecstatic adventure.

For a long time after the decline of our favorite fantasies in the late '40s and early '50s, radio decayed into a barrage of music, mostly music that assaulted our ears and asked nothing of us. In the last couple of years, however, a revival in radio has been widely acclaimed.

"Talk Shows are coming back," critics shout, executives shout, ad men shout and housewives hear. "Radio isn't dead," the money-men exalt. "Radio is rejuvenated, radio is a creative medium, all hail the talking-box." All right, behold the revived radio.

It is so very different from the radio of 1945, that were one not using a similar electronic receiving box, one might think modern radio was a different medium. Today's radio relies heavily on a concept of "sound." Everything is calculated to "sound" alike.

On a rock'n'roll station, the news is screamed at the same pitch as the music, and the commercials are forced to sound like the news. With all programming geared to one tone, one image, even a "good music" station sounds like no more than quality Muzak.

Radio stations have sought to identify themselves by a "unique sound" in recent years, because radio has once again become an inextricable part of our entire lives. If we are not willing victims to this onslaught, then we are unceasingly raped by our neighbor's transistor.

Stations are all talk, all music, all news, and recently, a station in California has asked for an F.C.C. license to broadcast all classified ads.

Within the categories of talk and music, radio's careful cultivation of a sound has ended up in there being "no sound." If we listen to one station all day, what we hear, essentially, is one thing. In spite of radio's claims to be entertaining and of service to us, the feeblest TV documentary often adds more dimension to our lives than endless radio hours.

For radio programs are not planned to engage and delight total human beings. The risk of losing money would be too great. Radio is simply one more specialized and insidious instrument of distraction in our world. It is a terrible fraud.

Where radio is of service—or claims to be—is in the area of talk shows. "Talk" generally means interviews with people in all fields, panel discussions on topical and often "controversial" subjects, pitter-patter from famous couples who let us share certain limited intimacies of their household.

The listener might hear battles between Birchites and ADA'ers, birth control advocates and Catholics, Believers and Non-Believers.

Whatever the topic on the 24-hour talk stations, it will be *real* talk, about the kitchen and the mind, the patio and the spirit. No fanciful flights into the world of *The Shadow*. This is what's good for us. This is enlightenment.

But this kind of talk that we listen in on, is only one description of what a "talk show" is. Another format which is gaining popularity with program directors across the country is the "phone-show" gimmick. The show that means you . . . not Tom Mix; not Nick Carter, private-eye; not just Jack Benny . . . it's Jack Benny and you, the listener.

You're participating, you're making the show, it can stand or fall on how articulate and occasionally how crazy you might be. To use a cliché born of radio, "You're what's happening, baby. You're radio."

Thus there is a new phenomenon to be observed by sociologists. In our greatly mourned age of mass loneliness, the masses need no longer be lonely. Or at least we don't have to be incommunicado in our agony. We dial a number, and if the lines aren't jammed or there isn't a nasty assistant detecting the plaintive note in our voice and cutting us off, why we can talk, not just to one man, but to many men.

A whole segment of humanity is out there listening to our ideas, our complaints, our needs. Someone at the radio station will even talk back to us. It certainly beats dial-a-prayer.

As a matter of fact, *Time* magazine reported that the wide appeal of phone shows has caused the Methodist Church to sponsor this type of program, named *Night Call*, which can be heard in Salt Lake City, Baltimore, and Des Moines.

In talking about the dull, drab, mechanized state of most things today, radio is for the most part referred to in the gentle, slightly tearful murmurs one reserves for the lamented past. Radio is never mentioned as a current symptom or symbol of the sad, sick society. This, despite the fact that Sarah Vaughan can be heard singing over radio, in the best tradition of new jazz, the words: ". . . Who listens to rad-eeeeeh-aaaah-ooooo? . . . one-huhn-dred and fif-ty milllll-yun peeeeee-ple . . . tha-hats all (scoodie-ah-booooh) . . ."

(Miss Vaughn's song is part of a commercial advertising the merits of advertising on radio heard over radio courtesy of the Radio Advertising Bureau.)

Apparently, one hundred and fifty million of us support an institution of which we are virtually unaware, perhaps being too preoccupied with what seems to be the more vulnerable wasteland of television.

There is an irony here which bears investigation. For here is radio, the ignored medium, providing an answer to victims of urban misery and to the popular suburban housewife who, as everyone knows, wallows in her frustrations.

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Here is radio ending the detachment of our society. It is an electronic medium but it is inviting us to connect, asking for our own voices to transmit on its frequencies. And yet this personalization has come at the further expense of imagination.

The men who run radio stations don't treat these phone programs lightly. In almost all cases, where program formats have been switched to the "hot-line" technique, ratings have gone up and the rich have gotten richer. And where the "public service" program is also a money-maker, it's taken very, very seriously.

In New York City, both WCBS and WNBC, local outlets of two of the three richest networks, found themselves in recent years low in the local ratings scramble. And so, in their desperate attempt to raise their ratings, both stations have, along with running a lot of inane contests, turned to the phone format.

Contests, of course, have nothing to do with the quality of the programming. They simply mean that people will tune in to win money or baskets of supermarket detergents and deodorants, and the ratings will proportionately rise. Money begets money.

But even the mesmerized public wants to hear some kind of drone after the contest is over, and so, to keep these artificially wooed and won listeners, the station is forced to turn to the cheapest but apparently most popular kind of program.

At WCBS Radio, the phone show is so much *it* that an executive producer there was once moved to write a rather extended staff memo which said in part:

"... as long as the phone calls are an integral part of the programs we've got to guard against their being relegated to a secondary status in the program. . . . The contact between guest and audience, audience and host are the ingredients that make the program different. The combination of phone calls and interview is the concept that has lifted the station in recent months."

(This concept now takes up 80% of the time between six a.m. and midnight on CBS owned and operated stations in the U.S. It will be expanded, according to a CBS executive, who announced last month that all seven of CBS owned and operated stations drew almost Three Million Busy Signals for a six-month period. With all the pomposity this executive could muster, he interpreted the "big total" as a "reflection of the impact of audience-involvement show—of expanded news, talk and information" on all seven CBS stations.

[Editor's note: There is no way of registering the number of busy signals from the same persistent portion of listeners.]

The stations have been "lifted," then, because of us, because of those three million busy signals. If there is an "art" to these programs as the executive producer at WCBS has suggested, it's the great unheralded mass, suddenly a part of show business.

Suddenly, in some miraculous way, we the people are a voice with authority, we're up there with life's precious glitter.

It has always been a standard assumption in the newspaper world, and heretofore in radio and TV circles, that people who write letters to the columnists about their personal problems, or who call up to sound off or cry, these people, they must be some kind of nut.

A columnist for the now-defunct N.Y. *World-Telegram*, Harriet Van Horne, once wrote that it made her very sad to read the letters she got, because most peo-

ple who responded to her column saw in her a sympathetic creature and they hastened to tell her their needs and fears. What saddened her was their having to grasp at a public and unknown figure to reveal themselves.

Now, radio is organizing the crackpots and asking for this vocal exhibitionism. Radio is public neurosis in action. Incidentally, this same Harriet Van Horne was a regular guest on a WCBS talk show this past season, and allowed herself to go "on phones."

At WMEX in Boston, an announcer named Larry Glick spends the pre-dawn hours asking everybody out there in radioland to call up and tell him anything, just call CO 2-9600. "You call us. You're the star of this show."

There is no pretense here of a fancily produced show. Of a heightened moment of drama. Of a hilarious joke from the mouth of the best comedian the business can offer. Not at all. Instead, this is our back fence extended to infinity. As far as the transmitter carries, some maltreated housewife's bruises will be felt in every tuned-in home.

And since the formula of the phone show is spreading, since it's so popular and profitable for an industry which is the arch symbol of greed unbridled, then what has come to be a truth of this time is once again re-affirmed.

Who wants a heightened experience through the imagination? Who needs it? All the heights you want, you can have wallowing in the emotions bared from a thousand kitchens and barrooms.

CBS Radio pegs its phone shows to the concept of "service." At a recent conference of broadcasters in Chicago, a CBS executive urged radio men "not to confuse gab with information. All media are confronting an increasingly sophisticated audience with an urge to learn and be in the know," he said, "and radio is the fastest and best vehicle for getting information to the mass audience."

One can imagine the WCBS program executives nodding with confidence at this high-toned message. WCBS, its executives think, is nothing if not *service*. To begin with, they have Dr. Rose Franzblau.

Dr. Franzblau is well-known for her syndicated advice column, "Human Relations." But now, on a 25-minute program called *The World of Children*, she achieves the remarkable feat of answering four or five callers with "problems" at a rate of about 2½ minutes per call.

Our civilization, which had its embryonic beginnings somewhere around the invention of instant coffee, has finally managed to accomplish the dispensation of Instant Wisdom.

It is unlikely that any real harm can come from the advice that Dr. Franzblau gives. It is also unlikely that any permanent help can be achieved by her 2½-minute counsel. The program is, after all, *Show Biz*. And the person who screens the calls has been instructed not to put on any people whose case is "sick" and "obscure."

Such a problem would be impossible for Dr. Franzblau to solve (she generally tells the "sick sounding" persons to seek advice at the counseling service of "their religious persuasion"), would disrupt the optimistic mood of the program, and would generally embarrass and trouble too many people.

Radio, apparently, does still think its aim is to entertain, now coupled with enlightenment. This may be a well-sponsored "public service" program in keeping

with the trend towards mass education, but then, sick and disorderly minds still don't make good radio.

There are other problems in putting on a "clear," "neat" radio program that is at the same time unrehearsed and spontaneous. The caller might get out of hand. Perhaps the poor mother isn't satisfied with Dr. Franzblau's quick and simple answer. Perhaps the answer simply doesn't answer the problem.

If the caller attempts to follow up points, or explain that this answer just won't do, she is quickly cut off (in such a way that the listener is unaware of it), and the good, wise Dr. proceeds with her own authoritative answer to the problem, which is no answer at all.

Nobody running the program at WCBS ever seemed to care when problems were answered with half-truths exactly because the information from the caller was only half there.

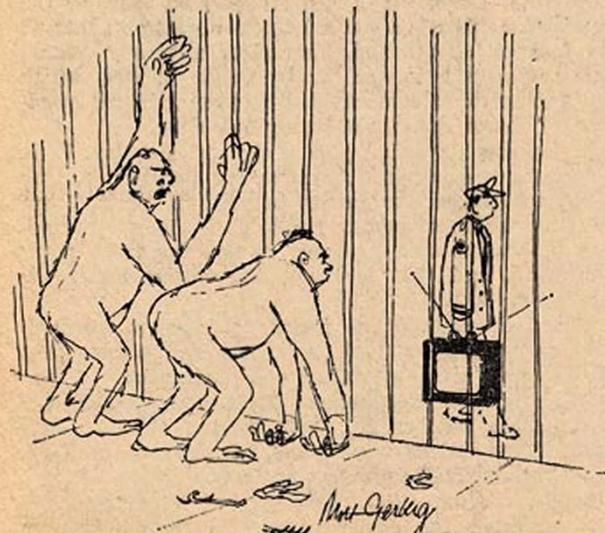
Again, there is the confusion in programing intention, in performing a genuine service, but at the same time presenting radio which has all the goo, spice, and reality of grand soap opera.

Indeed, so far as the thousands of listeners to *The World of Children* are concerned, Dr. Franzblau is Service Incarnate. A woman once called in to say that she had a baby who was born with its head out of shape. She wanted to know if it would "go by itself" or would she have to have something done.

When the person screening the calls informed this woman that Dr. Franzblau was not a medical doctor or a pediatrician, the caller responded: "Oh, but she knows everything."

It is truly a time for us to mourn, that we are a public so pitiful, as to allow such a venal, self-serving medium to become our mother, father, doctor and priest.

News item: Zoo keepers in Pittsburgh and New York recently have been trying to distract their gorillas from the pointlessness of life in a cage by wheeling up television sets and letting them watch *Hullabaloo*, *The Untouchables*, *Batman*, *I Love Lucy* and other such cream of the major networks. The gorillas were not interested.



"Next TV set they wheel in here, we shit on it!"

Instant Wisdom has its rewards, as program executives well know. It used to be a quiet and sometimes disdainful joke whispered around WCBS, that if the program director could have his way, he would program *only* phone shows for the entire broadcasting day.

Apparently, he is having his way, and what he puts on the air under the guise of "service" is more and more commercialism of the most blatant kind. The WCBS stable of voices includes Carol Reed, a former TV weather lady.

Miss Reed has a pleasant voice and talks to all the "gals" out there in a typical "woman's program" manner. For a while this winter, Carol chatted with the aforementioned Harriet Van Horne, columnist Murray Kempton and other intellectual types.

To WCBS, these people meant "tone"—"quality" for that new breed of educated women out there in their book-filled homes. That is, it means this until that station brought in a computer which showed that Carol drew thousands of busy-signals when she did a woman's angle program, and only hundreds when she talked with the intellectuals.

So, in its ever steady race towards *servicing* the public, WCBS, in its usual imaginative way, now airs in that time slot a program called *Swap and Shop*. Listeners call in and tell what they want to sell, Miss Reed repeats the message, and the message is received by the other listeners.

The medium (forgive me, Mr. McLuhan) is *hot*.

There is no doubt that there is some value in a talk show—a talk show which *is* informative and not just drone. Some of the phone shows across the country, and at WCBS, do have informative guests from public life and such, who are at least as interesting as the Sunday "serious" shows that TV networks condescend to do for the sake of the "serious minority."

But, in radio, as in TV programming, the idea seems to be to take a good thing and reproduce it over and over and over until the listener (or viewer) forgets there was ever such a thing as variety or imagination, and beaten as he is, asks for no more than the absurdity presented him.

WNBC Radio in New York probably has the lowest standards of all in programming, if "standards" is an applicable term in discussing an industry, which in truth has none at all.

Interestingly, WNBC Radio has had the lowest ratings (AM stations only) in the New York City area for a couple of years. WCBS has been almost as low. The stations which are consistently on top are the two, high-powered, screaming rock'n'roll music stations, WMCA and WABC.

Yet both WCBS and WNBC desperately continue to try and build ratings by establishing a "sound" that is only a drone. If possible, WNBC Radio is more of a sham and more dull than its counterpart in "sound," WCBS Radio. For WNBC makes no attempt to create substance by even a *pretense* of information or "service."

All there is for most of the day and night on this station is an announcer, a phone, and some poor, lonely, disaffiliated citizen, who harasses and is harassed by the well-paid radio man.

In the morning the station programs *Fortune Phone*, which consists of two hours in which brand name products are obviously plugged and given away to the voice

out there.

In the afternoon for three hours, another announcer talks on the telephone to listeners about anything (the peg is "light topics").

From 5 until 7 the gimmick is sports—which can be any "game" from baseball to tiddly-winks so long as it's a "game," but WNBC has a stable of morons who usually manage to call up even on this show and talk about whatever is on their mind, such as "the great idea they had for a commercial, has anybody done anything about it yet?"

From 9 p.m. until midnight, weekdays, WNBC's prize talent holds forth. His name is Brad Crandall, and his phone show, according to a station spokesman, is geared to the "socio-economic-poli-sci" side of life. What training has he had for this?

According to this spokesman, "Brad's a very bright guy, only an announcer, but he reads incessantly." And so Mr. Crandall, Reader, holds forth nightly in an "intellectual dialogue" with listeners which can range from topics like civil rights to fluoridation to labor and so on.

Here there is not even an attempt to bring in qualified people to discuss their own field. There is only Brad Crandall, a "personality," who occasionally expresses an opinion of his own (somehow they are always so qualified and mired in gobbledegook that one is never sure just what these opinions are) and the audience, often the same callers night after night, and show after show, who say what's on their mind.

WNBC, far from the image of two drunks having a "serious" argument in a tavern, is so delighted with its attempt at "enlightenment" that this season it began the greatest step ever taken in the wonderful history of phone shows. The "international phone show" or *Conversation World-Wide!*

When the program went on the air last summer, a statement from WNBC said in part that "listeners from all over the free world will be able to call a phone number . . . and chat with such personalities as Brad Crandall, Long John Nebel, Big Wilson and Bill Mazer."

The reason for this munificent U.N. of the Air was given by the station manager, who said, "We believe in the idea of letting people express their feelings on the air. It occurred to us that it would be interesting to see what might happen by going international. . . ."

It certainly is interesting. It makes WNBC the first station to experiment with International Crankism.

On one particular Saturday (the program is on for one hour on Saturday afternoon), part of the time was spent with Crandall answering local calls about his new home in Connecticut ("Do you enjoy it?"); what does Crandall think about New York's fluoridated water system (he answered that "a certain percentage of our environment is already artificial, like our air conditioning and building codes"); a call from Israel about the Jewish Holidays which was completely distorted (technically) so nothing could be understood; and finally a call from London which went like this:

Crandall: "Does the British citizen not have the respect for the police he used to have?"

Man: "Oh no, I think generally speaking people have the same respect for the police they've always had."

Crandall: "Is Saturday night a big theatre night in London?"

Man: "Well, oh yes, but most people watch the gobble-box."

WNBC is self-titled "*The Conversation Station.*" It's supposed to be meaningful, that promotional line. It's supposed to immediately make you feel you're somehow growing by listening to WNBC because you're hearing conversation, and conversation implies content.

In all this great immersion of self that is the revived radio, in the glorification of the voice from Suburbia and in the hoarse screams of the D.J. letting you know he's here and you're out there and somehow you're all deeply and beautifully connected on the same transmitter, in all this, radio is its most eloquent spokesman of what it's supposed to be.

The American Broadcasting Company Radio Network (whose highly profitable New York outlet is the all-rock'n'roll station often runs full page ads in the *New York Times* to tell advertisers why they should use radio as their medium. One of these recent ads read in part:

"Nothing is more visual than the human imagination, and nothing takes greater advantage of it than radio. The listener creates a world far more personal than any offered to him from the outside. That's why a creative radio commercial can have such astonishing results."

A creative radio commercial but not a creative radio program. How consistent this is in a society where form has all the meaning and substance is never even explored. Commercials, which are a means to programming, which pay for the programs, are hailed for their complex production and hidden meanings. But, as for programs, baby, beat your breast in public and you're Radio!

The Notion of Progress

by Hal Lenke

On October 29, 1965, the upper echelon of the American Humanist Association and its youth section, HSUNA (the Humanist Student Union of North America), met in their continental headquarters, Humanist House, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387 for a special meeting. That night, *Dateline—Concern* was created.

Dateline—Concern is a HSUNA project, based on the premise that there's a whole lot rotten going on that no one bothers about, and humanists naturally should bother. Contrary to one of the public images, which sees humanists as some hybrid between Hellenic scholars and liberal Popes, something was done.

Here's how it works: pick a city; pick a day. Look at that city's newspaper for that day and, presto, true to the indigenous indignities of modern times, there will be violation of human rights assiduously reported, with a dateline that probably is not far from Kitty Genovese's, and that is being as conscientiously ignored.

After all, newspapers justify themselves through single-ownership competition, sports and comics that extol American foreign policy and puritanism.

Operation One of *Dateline—Concern* was chosen for convenience: October 28, 1965, Dayton (Ohio) *Daily News*. Three articles were found, two AP and one UPI. These became HSUNA's first projects.

Dateline—Huntsville, Texas. Story: Nine teenagers were arrested for demonstrating in their all-Negro

Sam Houston High School. They were sentenced as juvenile delinquents and imprisoned.

Dateline—Indianapolis, Indiana. Story: A 16-year-old girl had been tortured by her foster mother and neighborhood kids and had been discovered dead, with the words "I am a prostitute and proud of it" knifed into her belly.

Dateline—Binghamton, New York. Story: In nearby Vestal, the principal of the public high school had called off the proposed senior class play, *Inherit the Wind*, after local Baptist ministers complained the production would ridicule their faith.

These were not the typical catalysts for mobilizing picket lines and burning cards. But the impetus of inhumanity was there, for in each case the rights of a young person had been violated and the veneer of a town had been damaged, from censorship to curtailment of expressions of conscience, to murder. These were peculiarly compatible with a humanist approach, without dogma but with immediate compassionate concern. HSUNA acted.

Two student members left right away for Indianapolis. Two got a supply of traveler's checks and drove to Texas. One took a train to upstate New York.

They were not vigilantes nor avengers, nor subversives nor organizers. They were between 18 and 26, they were humanists, they reacted to an instance of commonplace criminality that caught their attention. Their purpose was to see what was happening in the three areas.

The first thing they found was that all three stories were distorted, by omissions and by misleading reportage.

The most important error was that Sylvia Marie Likens had no foster mother; her parents had simply left her in the home of a friend of a friend. Not a fiend, though. Your next door neighbor.

This Indianapolis tale yielded a horror story of depth sharper than any TV concoction. Whenever any kid in the area felt like it, he stuck his burning cigarette into Sylvia; she was a thing, an object of their whimsy.

But HSUNA found that the children involved were from "good" and "bad" homes alike. The nicest boys and girls, with the most adored reputations, were the demonic agents.

They created a private world for themselves, in the basement of the house Sylvia lived in, and their insularity permitted anything.

Removed from any indications of society, morality, relationships, values, they created their own propriety, which involved a series of macabre obscenities that make *Lord of the Flies* look like an ad for diaper lotion.

In Huntsville, the situation was one of the classics in civil rights, so frequently repeated that everyone could afford to pretend it was a mundane ritual—as, perhaps, it is.

Negro youths, children of their time, had attended their segregated school wearing sweatshirts with the insignia of a local civil rights group, and SCLC buttons. They were told they couldn't wear such blatant cocilds to the U.S. Constitution.

They grouped and picketed the school. They were arrested, sentenced and incarcerated and, in at least one case, their parents weren't told where they were until three days later.

None of this was in the newspaper.

HSUNA members searched it out.

In Vestal, people were disconcerted at having *made* news. Not a year earlier, they had been widely publicized for an unfortunate remark by a member of the Board of Education on the demerits of *Catcher in the Rye*, reputedly a guide to debauchery.

Vestal is an odd enclave, filled with IBM executives, where the John Birch Society library is a hundred yards from the Board of Education office, in the midst of the Bible Belt with two Baptist Bible Schools within evangelizing distance, boasting one of the highest rated school systems in that part of the state.

There is also Harpur College, remarkably good, which gives its address as Binghamton, not Vestal; some say it is to avoid the calumny of local gossip over "Vestal virgins."

The high school has a prize-winning newspaper and a lauded band.

Inherit the Wind is about the trial of a man who flouted Tennessee law 40 years ago by teaching evolution. The Baptist clergymen got an appointment with Vestal's principal and told him that the play would be slandering at Saturday night's performance what they would be performing Sunday morning.

The principal agreed; the play was cancelled.

After some time, a substitute was chosen: Arthur Miller's innocuous fantasy about witches, *The Crucible*. A woman from Salem wrote a local paper saying she didn't want her forbears ridiculed, but she was being facetious and didn't carry through her logical protest.

HSUNA couldn't do anything about Sylvia; asked for Martin Luther King's help in Huntsville and never got it; and is still active in Vestal, where an ACLU man was to have spoken at the progressive high school, but didn't, or couldn't, or shouldn't.

The morality of the whole argument is dubious and suspect. HSUNA drafted a declaration of the rights and responsibilities of young people. One lesson that the five HSUNA members learned: We treat each other as palimpsests, one brutality upon the next, disregarding anything but our linear pressures.

History must have something to teach us. Hobbes said life is short, mean, nasty and brutish. Thucydides thought people are multi-faceted and could be cruel to each other sometimes. Erich Fromm writes that the cerebrating man is alienated from life, through the process of placing another cadaverous medium between himself and the world.

We each think we're right. How do you teach? Punish, restrict, repeat, reward, renege. How do you love? Punish, restrict . . . it's all a matter of education, but how do you learn to be human? Isn't that assumed to be too rudimentary for the curriculum, and don't we all pass it with flying colors automatically, by virtue of the fact that we're American, and rich, and remote, and smart, and white, and safe, and . . . but that's what I was taught. In school. And in church and by government and by parents.

To some people, humanism sounds like an unnecessary luxury. To some, who consider themselves humanist, the worldwide organized humanist movement sounds like a treacherous indulgence. None of the kids or their mothers in Huntsville, or Sylvia's friends in Indianapolis, or the brave ones in Vestal who could not inherit the wind, thought so.

Neither does stubborn HSUNA. There are to be more *Dateline—Concern* operations.

Who The Fugs Think They Are

by John Wilcock

If poets are the conscience of the community, it is the folk singers who reflect its consciousness. And when both roles are combined, the result is a potent catalyst.

The Fugs, led by poets Ed Sanders and Tuli Kupferberg, are such a combination. Only recently, after years of writing and publishing their uncompromising free verse, did they begin to reach the wider audiences that come with public performance and musical backing.

It is perhaps a healthy sign that today's audiences are increasingly ready for poetry that says where things are at.

"We think that it's the day of the no-nonsense lyric; most lyrics are inane, but the Fugs really say something," says Jordan Matthews of ESP Records for whom the group has recently recorded several singles. "They came to us because we offer them a great deal of liberty. They are not obscene or pornographic—I suppose the word is prurient—and such an accusation would reveal a great deal about the person who was making such a charge."

The Fugs grew directly out of Ed Sanders' mimeographed quarterly, *Fuck You/A Magazine of the Arts*, which had become something of a legend on New York's lower East Side and in certain literary circles.

It has carried the work of some of the best poets writing today—Robert Creeley, Allen Ginsberg, Gary Snyder, Philip Whalen, Gregory Corso, John Wieners, Philip Lamantia, Frank O'Hara, Carole Berge, Diane Di Prima, Peter Orlovsky, Joel Oppenheimer—as well as such other writers as Norman Mailer, Judith Malina, Leroi Jones.

"Total Assault on the Culture" is how Sanders describes his philosophy, and he adds:

"I print the poetry I like plus occasional free-verse gutter doggerel. As for the editorials, notes on contributors, peace statements and Egyptian freak-doodles, I pretend that the United States is a very permissive asylum, and act accordingly."

Of course, there are readers who have been offended—as much by the title as by the contents—and Sanders discussed these in an interview this writer did with him in the *Village Voice* in June 1965, a story that like subsequent ones on The Fugs was editorially censored by *Voice* editors before publication. [Editor's note: The *Voice* finally did run a piece on The Fugs by Stephanie Harrington.]

"Occasionally a reader (of *FY*) will go insane with rage," Ed revealed, "Tight-assed people sometimes giggle. Some let their eyes glaze over and look bored. At cocktail parties in Michigan they burn it. The Mexican border police register disgust. But most are friendly and very curious."

The Sanders' literary style, peppered with bizarre words and shock phrases, grew out of his years working in a cigar store in Times Square. He synthesized and created his own slang, he explained, "but more often I record it from the freak-language of my friends. I borrow from crooks, hustlers, queens, dope-freaks, amphetamine-heads, poets, Ginsberg, Professor Frank Peters, Charles Olson, the Ted Berrigan Conspiracy and other sources. I've learned much from the brilliant techniques of William Burroughs."

This new language, combined with the shock content of the poetry, soon gave *FY* a worldwide reputation. Night after night, in the shabby Peace Eye Bookstore that Sanders opened as a headquarters, he would be mimeographing and stapling copies. They were given away free to fans, sold for high prices to college libraries throughout America.

Today, they are collectors' items, their value shrewdly enhanced by being priced at \$75 per set in an occasional catalog that Sanders ran off at the same address.

As for the Fugs (whose purpose, according to fellow-poet Tuli Kupferberg, is to "fan the flames of discontent"—a quote from the *Wobbly Song Book*, perhaps their origin is best explained in Ed's own words in his introduction to the *Fugs Song Book*:

"The Fugs are an emanation or hallucination of the culture of the Lower East Side. They write all of their own songs, puking them out of a personal history that includes the transistor radio, lots of grass, group gropes, 1000's of hours of poetry, reading it, writing it and listening; peace-freaking, Chuck Berry concerts in heaven, & scholarship in various esoteric fields of knowledge.

"The Fugs have written approximately 60 songs to date, of which there are printed 26 in this volume, the sperm of the freak-spew, so to speak. Many of their songs deal with interpersonal relationships in the new marijuana group-grope psychedelic tenderness society. The Fug-songs seem to spurt into five areas of concentration: (a) nouveau folk-freak; (b) sex rock and roll; (c) dope thrill chants; (d) horny cunt-hunger blues; (f) Total Assault on the Culture (anti-war/anti-

creep/anti-repression)."

The Fugs made their first record in the late summer of 1965, for the Broad-side label. It sold 2,000 copies within two weeks. Personnel, in addition to Ed and Tuli, were John Anderson, Vinny Leary, Ken Weaver, Peter Stampfel and Steve Weber.

Later that year, they set off, in a borrowed VW bus, on a cross-country tour to California.

The Fugs' "Cross Country Vietnam Protest Caravan" took six weeks during which time the group gave about a score of concerts, some in West Coast coffee houses for their own benefit but many others in aid of the Vietnam Day Committee (in Berkeley), the Mime Theatre and the League for Sexual Freedom.

Because of difficulties with the Volkswagen bus they arrived 12 hours late for a concert at Antioch, Ohio, and had to cancel a scheduled performance at Dickinson College in Pennsylvania. But at Lawrence, Kansas, they performed at a series of private parties in homes of students or faculty, and, at the late Professor Kinsey's institute in Bloomington, Indiana, they were themselves entertained by one of the professors who sang for them a little ditty that began:

*"Zip up your doodah Don't be risqué
My, oh my what a thing to display
Plenty of people looking this way
Zip up your doodah/It's cold out
today."*

A tattered, autographed copy of *The Fugs Song Book* was placed in the Kinsey archives, joining the complete collection of *FY* which had already been locked away with the Institute's sexual memorabilia.

Almost all the stops on the cross-country tour were set up by Sanders himself, based on the contacts he had made through *FY* magazine and his activities since opening the Peace Eye bookstore. At about the halfway point he sent me a hastily-scrawled memorandum on the familiar yellow mimeograph paper:

"The Fugs gave a concert in Bloomington, Indiana, and performed a film and singing scene in front of the Institute for Sexual Studies, Oct. 12.

"The Fugs held a dawn demonstration in front of William Burroughs' birthplace at 4664 Pershing in St. Louis on October 13, a film was made of the operation.

"The Fugs were warmly received at Lawrence, Kansas, where they went berserk at several parties given in their honor.

"The Fugs will hold a demonstration of approval for American poet Robert Creeley outside Albuquerque, N.M., where they will hold a midnight concert in honor of group gropes and the American West.

"The Kinsey Institute people were

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real nice to us—showed me the secret pornography collection, threw us a party where there was shown a stag film classic from somebody's private cache. I made arrangements to store my films at the Kinsey Institute for safekeeping.

"They have *Flaming Creatures* and Kenneth Anger's films and they are interested in getting a print of *Andy's Couch*. The Institute is also going to tape all the Fug songs when we pass back through. CBS-TV is going to film the Fug concert on top of James Dean's grave."

All were agreed that the trip was a great success. Tuli says that even when there were people who walked out of concerts it didn't necessarily de-

will

*You don't want America to play
second fiddle*

Kill Kill Kill for peace

"The great disease of American society," says Tuli, "is abstraction; people are ready to die for freedom or the flag but they rarely think about what these things are. Americans like to kill and be killed—aggression is a reaction to frustration. Sexual frustration is still the major problem to be solved and in my opinion the appearance of sexual humor is a healthy sign. And if we can put some joy, some real sexy warmth into the revolution, we'll have really achieved something."

To which Ken Weaver added: "And

they come across as toughies but I think they're really very sweet—and quite innocent in some ways."

A typical Fugs performance at The Bridge was an object lesson in organized chaos. Because of the profusion of instruments, cables and peripatetic performers onstage it was virtually impossible to mark the transition between tune-up and actual performance. With such introductions as, "In the key of physical distress" or "—of profound psychotic neuralgia," Ed would introduce the song *Dirty Old Man*:

*Hanging out by the school yard gate
looking up every dress I can
sucking wind through my upper
plate*

I'm a dirty old man

Or a similarly suggestive song such as *Saran Wrap*:

*Get into her drawers
Rip off a sheet of that
Saran wrap
Saran wrap*

*Or Coca Cola Douche:
My baby ain't got no money,
But her snatch it taste like honey
Cause she makes that*

Coca Cola douche

And the audience — predominantly college kids with a sprinkling of hip socialites (one Long Island teenager turned up in a chauffeured limousine) — would roar its approval.

In the early days of the group, the noise from the guitars and the incessant stomping of its members tended to drown out the lyrics and only occasional snatches of dialogue came floating through. Tuli's clowning—blowing up contraceptives, opening cans of Rheingold beer, arranging a soldier's hat upon a skull—was distracting, too.

But now that the group has a more professional sound and its professionally balanced records are beginning to sell fast, the clowning is likely to increase rather than diminish. The act is heavy with sexual symbolism, from Tuli's sweatshirt overprinted with "U.S. Broad-Jumping Team" to the rhythmic thrusting of a phallus-shaped maracca through a hollow tambourine.

Ed in particular regards the movement as an important part of the act. "We believe in body poetry," he explains. "That is, the Fugs work through the genitals and the Big Beat to get to the brain and through the brain and the Big Beat to get to the genitals, thus creating a thrilling cross-current."

And in the introduction to *The Fugs Song Book* he adds:

"Only by hearing and seeing the Fugs may one get their total eye-ear ejaculation. Much of the Fug Body Poetry is the eyeball kicks they afford on stage through Operation Sex Fiend, Operation Ankle Grab & Operation livid dick, which are, as most know, key code terms in the International Zionist Marijuana Conspiracy."



note hostility. "Sometimes they really believed in what we were doing, and said so, but somehow couldn't manage to accept it personally. Others would sit there and look at them, as if asking 'How shall I react?'—then if they saw that others liked it they'd join in applauding."

Like Ed, Tuli was writing and publishing his own material on the lower East Side for some years before the Fugs gave him a more dramatic outlet for his poetry. His work has always been strong on satire, with particular reference to society's rationalization of violence:

*Kill Kill Kill for peace
Kill Kill Kill for peace
Near or middle or very far east
Far or near or very middle east
If you don't like a people or the way
that they talk
If you don't like their manners or the
way that they walk
Kill Kill Kill for peace
Kill Kill Kill for peace
If you don't kill them then the Chinese*

a man who's laughing can't shoot a gun worth a damn."

For several months, with time out for their cross-country tour, the Fugs played concerts at The Bridge, on St. Mark's Place near Cooper Union in N.Y.C. every Saturday at midnight. The theatre holds only 88 and after the first couple of weeks the concerts were always jammed. The Bridge's manager, playwright Arthur Sainer, booked them in on the strength of a tape and was mildly surprised by their success.

"It was about a month before I actually saw them," he recalls, "although when I did I thought they were very funny. For a week or two I just heard them off and on when I happened to be passing through the lobby and thought they sounded terrible. The audience apparently built up by word of mouth because one week Ed forgot to place their regular ad in the *Voice* and yet we were packed and that happened on a couple of other occasions, too. Even now I have mixed feelings about them;

Marijuana is a subject that often comes up in his conversation. He believes it should be legalized and has never been frightened to say so. One of the publications he churned out on a rickety mimeograph machine in his Peace Eye Bookstore was *The Marijuana Newsletter* and his co-editors were arrested (and acquitted) on at least one occasion for distributing this.

Recently, along with Tuli, drummer Ken Weaver and guitarist Pete Kearney, he sat in a book-cluttered office at Talent Associates, discussing with David Susskind's assistant, Jean Kennedy, whether the Fugs should appear on a forthcoming TV show.

"We may blow Susskind right off the air," he said. "Not because of foul-mouthedness or anything like that but rather because of our philosophical position."

Miss Kennedy, responding predictably, asked him what some of his philosophical positions were.

"Oh, Legalize Marijuana, Cunnilingus Now, etc., etc." replied Ed airily.

Susskind's assistant, nice enough but a little out of touch, asked if it was really possible to live cheaply and, told by Ed that he'd once lived for two years on raw eggs and oatmeal, then asked: "If you made a lot of money would it change you in any way?"

Ed: "You'd just have to reach me through ship-to-shore telephone."

Later, more seriously, he explained: "We could all have been doing jobs. We could have been earning, maybe, \$200 a week, or we could have been teaching or writing, but we prefer to be spending our time doing things that give us greater satisfaction. Now that we have our spiritual feet on the ground we have no objection to making money."

The company, in fact, which has been set up to handle the Fugs' affairs was named—by Ed—the GTM Corporation. GTM for "Get the Money."

Is there anything that the Fugs wouldn't sing, any taboos that they have about what could be performed in public?

"Scatological references to LBJ, maybe" muses Ken Weaver. "But then again, maybe not. There are a few things that we wouldn't mind singing but probably wouldn't print in the song book. For example, we have a song with the line, *I believe in teenage legs wrapped around my body*. Although our music has gotten better, there hasn't been any cop-out on the message."

And Tuli adds: "Sex and killing are the major subjects to be dealt with at the moment; it's all around us—we're just six months ahead of other people in articulating it. But sooner or later we'll turn to other subjects, other problems. What? Well, life always presents its own problems."

Turning On Is For The Byrds

by Lucy Komisar

It seemed as if a miraculous change had come about. The slick, frightened echoes that reverberate along Madison Avenue and the narrow-minded moguls of *Time* had searched their souls and opened their eyes and come out in favor of—*pot!*

Well, they didn't exactly scream out their support, but, I thought, they haltingly sought to communicate in the only way they knew how.

"Lips, get ready to flirt, pout and quiver 'cause our new 'Spotlight' lipstick is going to really turn you on." And that in the pages of *Mademoiselle!* Then, plastered on trucks and billboards and blaring out of the subways, "WMCA turns people on." Another perched bravely on the cover of *Time* magazine: "Rock 'n' Roll: Everybody's Turned On."

I eagerly called for appointments at *Time* and the ad agencies to meet the executives and writers who conceived the copy that had flipped me out.

Stephen Strassler at 34 is a genial, square-faced man who by day is tucked away in a great, gray building on Madison Avenue, the home of Daniel & Charles, Inc. He is an Account Executive. His little cubicle in the offices of D&C, Inc. is a cheery room with bright, recessed overhead lights, an olive green carpet and large windows which open onto an expanse of gray and glass that juts into the sky.

I burst into his office heady with emotion, ready to forgive all the inanities he had committed in the name of Hazel Bishop.

"We at the *Realist* are surprised and delighted at your recognition and acceptance of the merits of marijuana," I said. "Is it a glorious, apocalyptic revolt of the ad-men or a testimony to a new understanding and enjoyment of pot?"

His twinkly blue eyes clouded and he declared, "I am sure that no one at the agency or the company knew that connection." He added thoughtfully, "Maybe one of our more swinging copywriters wrote it. I've only been here a few months. I'm from Philadelphia."

He hurried out to find out who had been responsible for the startling phraseology and returned with a girl in her late 20's; long black hair pulled back in a black and white scarf fell over a white shirt tucked neatly into a black skirt—a vision out of Fellini. Her name was Linda Gorelick and she said she got her inspiration from under ground movies.

She stood to one side of shelves crammed with hair spray, snap-on curlers and setting lotion. Strassler relaxed as she insisted, "Anything can

turn you on, music or anything else." She knew what it meant, she said, but she was going to use words like that all the time to make contact with young people.

"I guess I'm the square in the crowd," Strassler sighed as he showed me into the Mondrian-like black-edged corridor that led to the elevator.

The next stop was a little less posh (no carpets in the halls). Edwin Van Brunt, partner in the firm of the same name, sat in a spacious office, his dull brown suit set off by a loud red-orange rug. His eyes, set in a balding skull, peered through black horn-rimmed glasses, and he announced bitingly: "I'm surprised to find the *Realist* is limited in its appreciation of what's happening with the language."

He pointed to a jumbo sized button that said, "WMCA turns people on." "This particular campaign is addressed to advertisers and smart young people. Its hep [sic]. It had no reference to anything illegal. The buttons were part of a promotion campaign that ended up at a discotheque party at Shepherd's," he added helply.

I asked him how old he was, and he snapped, "None of your business." Then he stated insistently: "Let me repeat once again so it's absolutely clear that there's no reference to pot or anything illegal implied or otherwise in the use of the phrase, no condoning of the use of marijuana or dope in any form or even recognition of the fact that it exists."

Exit one shriveled, disillusioned reporter.

Chapter three takes place high in the glistening, glass palace of Alice in Wonderland, the fairy-tale kingdom of Henry R. Luce. A pleasant, chunky man of 31 puffed on little brown cigars and chuckled, "You say it's marijuana. Hah!" Then he sobered up. "All this business about marijuana and so. I'd rather not comment on it." Then added, "The teenagers have accepted these terms and they mean very simple innocent things."

He leaned back in his chair, into the blue carpet, and I glanced around the room. A hi-fi, stacks of records, an announcement of a Russian jazz festival and an Italian travel poster from Spoleto peeling off the wall.

He suddenly became nervous. "This is rather touchy. I thought you wanted to talk about rock and roll."

A secretary stepped in to announce a story conference, and he excused himself, making me promise to wait until he got back so he could explain *Time's* innocence of all degenerate intent.

"At the story conference I spoke to the Senior Editor," he said on his re-

The Authenticity of FDR's Secret Testament

by Sidney Bernard

When the secret document was discovered, in a deeply recessed pigeon-hole of Franklin D. Roosevelt's old rolltop, there was a good deal of worry among the immediate family. The implications were a threat, to put it mildly, to Democratic Party unity on the highest level. Talk is that Elliot Roosevelt, closest to being the maverick his father was, opted for exposure of the document.

On the other hand, FDR Jr., because of his cabinet level post in the present Administration, strongly favored a no-talk line. And very soon, after some hushed counsel among old politicians of the FDR stripe, an inevitable schism developed: for full and immediate disclosure; for equally decisive suppression of the mysterious document.

Because of a testy parallel with Lenins famous secret warning, the FDR paper began to be whispered about as the "FDR Secret Testament."

It will be remembered that Lenin, after seizures which left him partially paralyzed, had warned in his remarks to party comrades, and later in the disputed secret paper itself, that Joseph Stalin was not to be trusted. And further, that Stalin's inordinate will to rule-or-ruin was to be resisted with the greatest force.

We know that Lenin died not long after, thus removing the one political and moral barrier to Stalin's napoleonic rise.

As in Lenin's case, the FDR testament has never been officially acknowledged. And yet, the rumors will not go away. If anything, the march of history, since FDR's untimely death, tends toward a straightforward confirmation, if not outright prophesy, of the great New Deal leader's deepest fears.

And what were these fears? What were the prophetic words written down by FDR only weeks before his last illness? Words which now, 20 exciting and historic years later, seem to threaten.

turn. "He's of a different era. He knew what it was all about. But *Time* meant something innocent, like getting your kicks." He implored me several times not to reveal his name in the interview and I herewith oblige.

It's been a chastening experience. I mean, Edwin Van Brunt would probably swing rather haltingly in the beginning, but I would have given him a chance. Even the man from *Time* could have climbed out of his bag. It looks like they're going to just make dough on the argot while aficionados continue to get busted. Somehow it doesn't seem right.

en party unity at the highest level? We know that the locus of the alleged FDR testament, its warning, points to the very White House chair itself. The chair and its present occupant, Lyndon Baines Johnson.

But first it would be useful to sketch in some history, however brief the record, of the Roosevelt-Johnson relationship at the time of the New Deal. It will be recalled that in FDR's campaign for a second term, word had come up from Texas that a young, ambitious politico (L. B. Johnson) was doing Herculean work for the New Deal ticket.

Friends of Johnson, at the time, had quoted him as saying, "The train of American destiny is on a straight line, from Hyde Park to Washington, and I figur' I'm going to stay on that train."

Soon after, while Roosevelt was whistle-stopping in Texas, young Johnson secured a meeting with FDR. From all appearances it was a cordial meet-



ing of two outgoing political pros, with the younger man doing most of the listening. And yet there was something about Johnson's behavior that prompted one witness to remark, off the record, that "Lyndon has the itch of ambition, without the conviction of talent, that could enable him to shove his way to the White House."

(The nuance of the word "shove" is important. As is the source of this and other quotes of the period, both of which in a moment.)

More significant than that wry quote, was FDR's own guarded impression of the young Texan. The New Deal chief was heard to say to a confidant, "That cow rassler needs watching. He has lots of Texas charm, but then Texas is an inflated state of mind, at best."

All of this (and subsequent quotes) can be found in that very useful personal memoir of the period, Professor Paul J. J. Kissenden's *Travels With FDR*. The author of this thin volume, now out of print, was one of the early Roosevelt braintrusters.

Kissenden recalls that the FDR-LBJ meetings were infrequent, and hardly of any consequence, in the years following the first one. Clearly FDR had little time to spend pondering over the career of one Lyndon Johnson, what

with the mammoth tasks of World War II facing him.

And yet there were occasions when Johnson's activities, as a rising politico whose influence in party affairs was growing, came in for at least mild censure from Roosevelt.

Again, referring to the Kissenden memoir, it was the Professor's recollection that FDR, on one such occasion, capsuled his attitude toward the Texan with the uncharitable remark, "Johnson remains a cow rassler, despite the so-called civilizing influence of that great emporium of debate, the House of Representatives."

The president went on to say, according to Kissenden, that "He (LBJ) may be quick in the art of war-war, but he's crabfoot slow in the higher art of diplomatic jaw-jaw." The significance of the remark, though cryptic when taken out of context, can be seen from the fact that FDR at the time was busy planning his grand design of postwar coexistence.

As Professor Kissenden recalls, "FDR was having his troubles with assorted hawks in his Administration, those who imagined that only a *Pax Americana*, beefed up and enforced by a growing military might, would be a guarantor of U.S. victory. The secret code name," Kissenden goes on, "for this group, which was led by Vice President Truman and Representative Johnson, was *Pax Old Glory*."

That FDR was more than a minor prophet, can be gleaned from Truman's precipitous use of the bomb against Japan, after FDR's death.

One close FDR advisor, according to Kissenden's memoir, summed up the troubled conscience in high Administration circles with the remark, upon the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, that "While Harry Truman inherited, with all due constitutional trimmings, FDR's high office, never let it be said that he inherited an FDR go-ahead for that act of wartime vandalism."

Of course, reports Kissenden, Lyndon Johnson was presumed to be in hearty agreement with Truman on the bomb.

Here, then, is the background of the FDR Secret Testament. And what of the contents? The answer, as of now, is one of bits and pieces. A political jigsaw puzzle, at best. And yet the effort at a solution, at finding the spine of FDR's secret thought, must be made.

Taking rumor, allegation and unofficial detective work all together, what the testament boils down to is that FDR foresaw the day when Lyndon Johnson, if and when he "shoved" his way to the White House, could by a rash use of armed interventions, and precipitous military adventurism, loose a flood of anti-American fear and hatred around the world.

The spine of the testament was FDR's belief that Johnson would have

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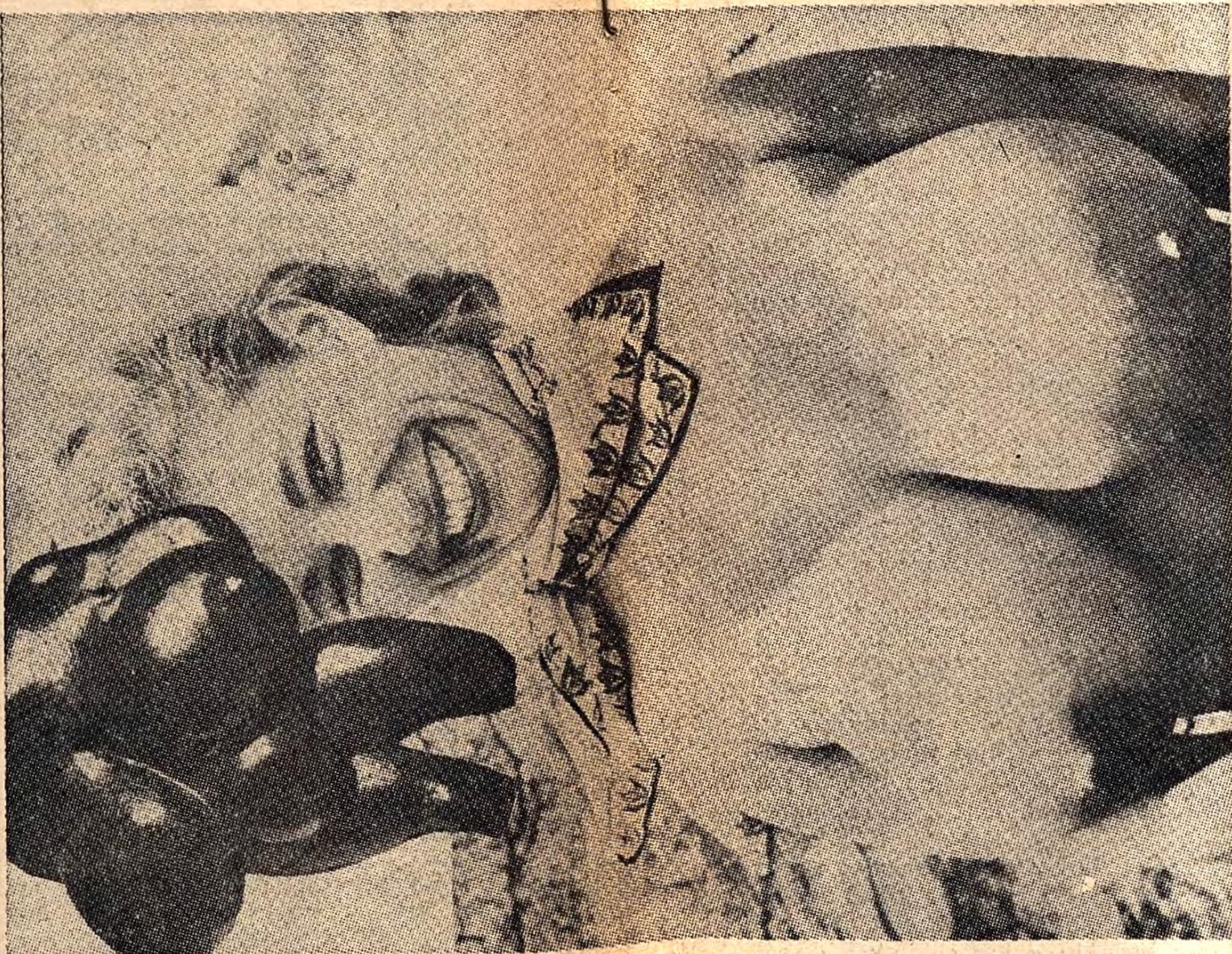
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The REALIST issue Number 68 - Aug, 1966 - Centerfold Girl
scans of this entire issue found at: <http://www.ep.tc/realist/68>

no scruples about bypassing Congress, or indeed public opinion, in his weakness for military solutions. It is further alleged, by insiders who insist the testament is real, that FDR spelled out his fears in the document thusly:

"Where careful diplomacy is called for, you can depend on Lyndon to opt for careless militarism." ("Horse-trading" is the word FDR used in the testament, says one of the insiders, rather than "diplomacy.")

And it is useful here to recall, from the Kissenden memoir, a wartime statement attributed to LBJ—what has since become known in Capitol Hill circles as the "Shoot From the Hipster, Texas Style Syndrome." LBJ's remark went, "I would never let legalisms stand in the way of military action, 'specially when we' all are winning."

Interest in the testament waned during the Eisenhower years on Capitol Hill. It took the great Democratic Party rivalry of Senators Johnson and Kennedy, for the top spot in the 1960 campaign, to quicken the pace of speculation.

Time and again it was said that JFK was aware of the testament. And, most significant, that he fully shared Roosevelt's fears. But he preferred, the theory goes, not to use the document in his campaign against Johnson. His reason: the party image would suffer a mortal blow.

One recollection, from a member of the so-called Kennedy Mafia, would seem to confirm this. The member had said (to a *Washington Post* staffer, who has never confirmed or denied the quote) that "Jack Kennedy had his work cut out for him, all but sitting on Bobby like a hobby horse, for fear brother Bobby would leak word about the document."

For that moment, the member went on, "Jack had convinced Bobby that quietus was the better part of valor, if victory was to be assured." (And if the grammar was a bit off here, it should be noted that the strategy, most definitely, was quite on target.)

One touchy, side-note, as well, is very revealing of Bobby's fury as a campaigner. It seemed, according to the Mafia member, that Bobby's animus toward LBJ was flamed by a Johnson remark, made to a party neutral, that "I [LBJ] always had my suspicions, even in the Roosevelt days, of Harvard brain trusts, and all things academic out of the effete Eastern Seaboard."

The Mafia man recalled the incident this way: "The booze was flowing free when Johnson let loose with his Harvard gem. Even so, Bobby would not sit still for that kind of gratuitous jibe, aimed so crudely at his brother's superior scholarship."

The member summed up the incident: "Bobby was ready to blow the whistle on the secret paper right then and there. As it turned out, JFK was so convinced of his impending victory,

both as party candidate and President-elect, that he was able to convince Bobby not to rock the boat."

It was revealed, in this context, that Kennedy felt the one sure way of handling his (JFK's) fears re Johnson, as well as the implications of the testament, was to have Johnson in the second spot.

"I'll keep Lyndon in the quiet pasture of the Vice-Presidency," Kennedy was heard to say to Bobby, on one tense occasion. "That way he'll have lots of time to dream of cows and bulls and green grass. He'll run the country, mentally, from the Pedernales; I'll run it for real, from the White House and Harvard."

Of course the terrible irony, of a depth matching Greek tragedy, was the Johnson succession by the equally ancient route of political assassination.

Which bring us to the present, a time of intense speculation over the FDR Secret Testament.

One Capitol insider, who himself refuses to go on record re the FDR paper, offers nevertheless some sharp evidence of the mood of disquiet over it. "No after-hours party," he declared, "no casual meeting of politicians, no private confab, in all Washington, is free of talk on that paper." What feeds the fires, added the insider, is President Johnson's "cold turkey intercepts in Vietnam and Dominican Republic."

Significantly, it is these very actions that prompted one observer to state, again off the record, that "Johnson's shooting from the hip is a case of pure prophecy on FDR's part; he knew his onion long ago, and that onion is stenching up the international scene beyond even Roosevelt's very effective sense of smell."

Additional undercoating for the Secret Testament, other insiders say, was Senator Robert F. Kennedy's strong attacks on Johnsonian policy in the Caribbean and Vietnam.

It was pointed out, by a pro-testament man close to the Kennedy entourage, that Bobby Kennedy "was using a kind of Aesopian approach in his attacks. If you read him closely, and *between the lines* [emphasis is the Kennedy man's], you begin to realize he is hewing very close to the contents of that FDR document. Which may indicate, and this is *my* hope, that Bobby is ready to spring the truth on that paper any time now."

And, there is further evidence of what can be called a "tell it as it is—right now!" line.

The theory goes that the avalanche of critical commentary on Johnson's military policy from large sections of the independent press, such as Walter Lippman, the *New Republic's* TRB, the *Times'* James Reston and Russell Baker, et al, came about from a conviction, if not an outright "I saw it myself" belief, that the Roosevelt Testament was bona fide.

One troubleshooting UPI reporter on the Washington scene went so far as to claim that Senator Robert Kennedy has already leaked, to all of these newsmen, and to Murray Kempton as well, the fact of the FDR testament.

He gave as evidence of his claim, the peculiar coincidence of all of these commentators filing—on the same day!—a series of uniformly damaging columns relating to Johnson's policies in Vietnam and the Caribbean.

TRB in the *New Republic*: "Lyndon Johnson has to look out when Senator Eastland, the *Chicago Tribune*, Joe Alsop and, by inference, Barry Goldwater shower praises on his policy in the Dominican Republic and Vietnam. That isn't consensus, it's captivity.



The appetite for intervention grows by what it feeds on. . . ."

Again, from the *New Republic*: "President Johnson has turned a civil war in South Vietnam into an American war in all of Vietnam."

James Reston: "He [LBJ] is not yet at home with foreign policy. It is not the sort of thing he can grab by the lapels. It requires great precision of speech, a sense of history . . . and these have never been his strong points. . . ."

And, again from Reston: "He is at the controls, like Walter Mitty, of every bomber over Vietnam. He lands in the Dominican Republic with every marine. . . ."

The UPI newsman, who pointed out the coincidence of these same-day comments, offered as evidence of the leak of the FDR document, by Senator Robert Kennedy, the following cogent incident.

"Senator Kennedy, the afternoon before these columns hit (other than the *New Republic's*, which were filed at the same time, but appeared on a later weekly schedule), had phoned Murray Kempton, from his suite at the Carlyle, and invited Kempton up for some drinks.

"Kennedy, during the soiree, had told Kempton he was on the verge of an open break with President Johnson; that Johnson's penchant for bully boy tactics, where cool brains were called

leak, as the UPI man revealed it, has Kempton getting the tip first. And that in fact Kempton was the "fence," whereupon it was handed down to the others by him. The apparent contradiction of sequence is understandable, given the explosive nature of the incident.)

Murray Kempton, the UPI informant went on, "wasted no time. He put in calls to Washington and New York, to Reston and the others. He discussed the document with them. All were in agreement that it was real; and that the implications were damaging in the extreme, to President Johnson and U.S. foreign policy both.

"The big rub," continued the UPI man, "was whether to break the story right then and there. After much soul-searching, the consensus was against breaking the story—at least without prior authorization from the family."

All these newsmen, the UPI man added, "have long felt it was not in their province to break the story; that the testament was, in a true sense, a family document. And that FDR Jr., who is believed to have possession, alone had the option to run with it or suppress it—as he apparently chooses to do."

As a postscript to the RFK-Kempton leak, the UPI man gave it as his belief that Senator Kennedy, who in the past came very close to "springing the story" more than once, "had this time around a damn good motive for his act: a Johnsonian remark that he, Kennedy, clearly interpreted as a craven jibe at the memory of his beloved brother, the late President Kennedy."

The Johnson remark alluded to by the UPI man, as reported in the *New Republic*, went "... he [LBJ] rather tactlessly said he wasn't going to sit in a 'rocking chair' and let a Latin country go Communist. ..."

Senator Kennedy, the UPI man concluded, "vowed he'd take care of the insult 'with a bonus offering.' The leak to Kempton, shortly after, was the bonus. And it is a beauty for President Johnson!"

Not surprisingly, the rocking-chair crack, which one Capitol Hill wit quickly labelled, "LBJ's rock," prompted others besides Senator Kennedy to speedy anger. One loyal JFK man, who was with the late President at Leyte Gulf, declared with unconcealed scorn that "Lyndon Johnson, unlike the late President Kennedy, has a need, bordering on compulsion, to play military heroics from the safe shores of the Potomac."

And as more undercoating, there was sharp rumor of a Drew Pearson column that never saw print, a column that described a meeting held in the Cabinet Room with President Johnson, the combined Chiefs of Staff, and four top-level civilian members of the Administration — Rusk, Bundy, Humphrey, Katzenbach—in attendance.

The meeting was called, according to Pearson's column, to discuss the severity of protest—especially on campuses—over the Vietnam bombings and Marine landings in the Caribbean.

President Johnson, the column went on, was determined to firm up Rusk, and Bundy, and even the Vice President in what he believed was a weakening of resolve, on their part, in face of those protests.

The core of the column, as described by one wire-service newsman (who had seen the column on the wires, before the "kill" was issued), was a dressing-down handed to Rusk-and-company by the senior military man at the meeting, a four-star General. Pearson reported it thus:

General: "Gentlemen, it's either talk with these commie bastards, and run; or button up and give 'em the sharp end of our bayonets, Viet-congs or Dominican Castros or Whoevers." At which point, the President looked down on his aides and said, "Now, let us go out and tell these professors and students to stick to their books, and leave the hot kitchen work to the military. ..."

Here, again, the peculiar coincidence of all these damaging comments surfacing on the same day, deserve attention. The UPI man's theory, that the thing and ferocity of the comments relate to Senator Kennedy's leak, appears unassailable.

"It is clear," the UPI man put it, "that Pearson and the others were emboldened, in their attacks on Johnson, by the contents of the testament itself, by FDR's fears, as written down over 20 years ago, of a Johnsonian era of confusion, and runaway militarism. Bobby Kennedy's disclosure to Kempton, at long last, was the handle they were looking for."

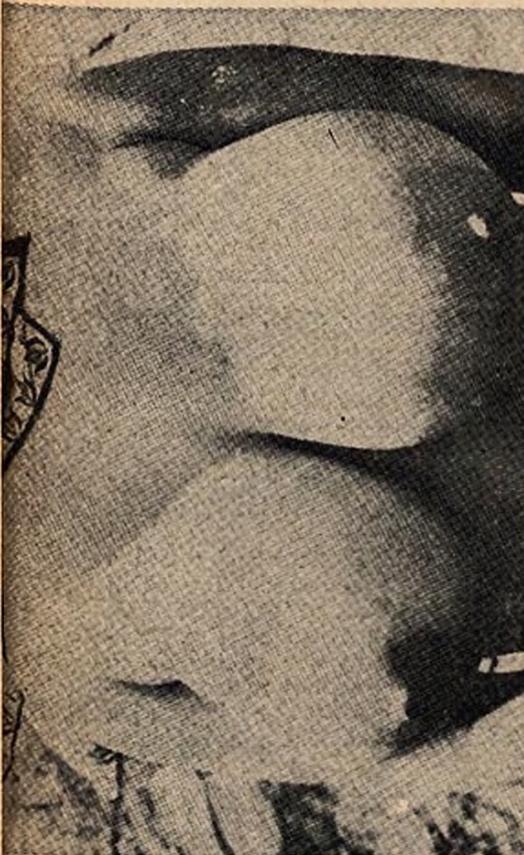
The bits and pieces fit together tightly; and the existence of FDR's Secret Testament, as a topic of conversation and item of worry, is fast becoming number one in Washington and the Nation.

Nor will the testament be wished away by levity alone—the kind of levity offered by Abe Fortas, close as any to the Johnsonian ear, when he told a newsman recently: "Secret testaments come and go—from Ptolemy to J. Edgar—but they don't rate much more than a two-dollar losing racetrack ticket—usually."

A Treat to Beat Your Feet

Allen Dulles, LBJ's fact-finder in Mississippi, offers this suggestion to youths going there: "Once in the state they should keep the local police informed of their movements for their own safety."

That's like turning yourself IN!
Larry Gore



for, was something that not only he [RFK] was ashamed of, but that President Kennedy in days gone by had this attitude, too.

"As a clincher," the UPI man continued, "Senator Kennedy admitted that the FDR Secret Testament was, in fact, a reality, and was, substantially, a warning of just the road Johnson was taking in Vietnam, etc.

"The revelation of the testament's existence by Senator Kennedy was not for direct attribution. If, on the other hand, Kempton wanted to pass the truth of it along to other journalists, he, Senator Kennedy, would not veto the action."

(It should be noted that the RFK

August 1966

Report From Minneapolis

by Tad Richards

Among the real unsung heroes of the movement to destroy the Establishment from within are the radio rock 'n' roll disc jockeys.

In their own way, they manage to slip in a few kicks to the groin of civilization—not by being for anything that it's of value to be for, but by being against anything that has any pretensions to value.

And, since the world that they come in contact with, insofar as the adult world impinges on them, is just that—pretensions to value—they give a kind of heartening note of degeneracy to mass culture and the mass consciousness.

Last winter a state senator named Fay Child—apt name for a politician—died. The next day I turned on the car radio, and they were playing a Beatles' record.

When it ended, a mellifluous voice said with somber dignity, "And now, for the next sixty seconds, we'll hear another eulogy for the late Senator Fay Child," and then immediately, the disc jockey's voice came in in typical frenetic disc jokey style: "AND THEN RIGHT AFTER THAT WE'LL BE BACK WITH ANOTHER BEATLES RECORD!!!!"

Unfortunately, I got to my destination then and didn't get to hear either, but I figure, all in all, I got the best part of both.

The Sister Kenny Foundation of Minneapolis has changed its name to the American Rehabilitation Foundation.

The directors of the Foundation admitted part of the reason for the change was the bad publicity which had accrued to the name when Marvin Klein, former president of the organization, was convicted of embezzling all kinds of money from the poor widows and orphans and paraplegics and TB sufferers and all those what-have-you for whom the money was intended—or who had contributed it, or something.

It seems they're ashamed of him.

But, all things considered, Marvin Klein was one of the most worthwhile and constructive representatives of the Charitable Foundation Game we've had. After all, every dollar he embezzled meant 95 cents less to be spent on advertising the foundation so that more people would get caught up in the spirit of the thing and contribute more money to finance more advertising to take in more people to.

I'd like to propose, at this time, that *The Realist* establish a new foundation, dedicated to the furtherance of an honest approach to dishonesty, to be called the Marvin Klein Foundation.

In Minneapolis, the Minnesota Bible College, affiliated with the Billy Graham Foundation, decided a few years ago to turn itself into a Liberal Arts college.

They hired a few competent men, tried to get their standards straightened away, and after a couple of years they were, in due course, visited by the regional accrediting association.

The inspectors evaluated the place, and told them that they weren't quite ready for accreditation yet, but

(Continued on Page 23)

Report From Spokane

by Don Baumgart

In Spokane, Washington's second largest city, lack of information is perpetuated by the Cowles newspapers as vigorously as Smokey the Bear guards his forests. Walter Lippmann can be found in only three places: Sy's Corner, a crowded newsstand and coffee shop in the heart of Skid Road; a bigger but similar out-of-town newsstand and drugstore; and in the reading room of the public library, if one of Sy's customers hasn't spilled Apple Jack on the paper or fallen asleep over it.

Then along came the John Birch Society with some information: There's a whole world (entirely peopled by Communists) out there beyond Sunset Hill.

Spokaneites like world affairs. They were thrilled when a local rightist publication called *The Vigilante* cried out against "The Red Menace in Cheney!" (Cheney is 18 miles west on highway 10 and is the home of Eastern Washington State College. The red menace was an editorial in the school paper advocating that Communist Gus Hall be allowed to speak on campus.)

On Easter Sunday Spokane took the leap into interplanetary affairs. Wayne S. Aho, retired Army Intelligence major and active flying saucer lecturer, was in town.

Clutching my dark grey Easter egg bearing the scrawl, "Jesus will return as an undertaker," I joined the eager audience. I wondered if John Fuller's careful compilation of information about the Exeter, N.H., sightings had marked the beginning of an age of reason among saucer cultists.

At the North Spokane YMCA building I found a dusty folding chair at the rear of the crowded meeting room, dusted it and sat down.

Mrs. Lenora Croft crossed the stage and tossed a glib pre-lecture remark to her audience. "How about that Michigan swamp gas, ladies and gentlemen!" No one snickered with her at the obvious absurdity. Probably no one understood what she was talking about.

Mrs. Croft talked easily and seemed to be well informed on saucer sightings, but gave the impression that all the real information was being saved until later.

Unfortunately, the same impression was also given by Aho, who followed Mrs. Croft and was billed as the main speaker. Instead of hearing facts about UFOs, we learned that Aho was born in a log cabin with real hand-split logs. We also heard his views on education, God, the future of mankind and a little about how things are these days on the northwest lecture circuit.

People began walking out in twos and threes.

Amid the massive digressions to his own half thought out observations on life, we were told:

- Aho is starting a grass roots movement petitioning the President and Congress to create a cabinet post to deal with space visitation.
- A Seattle disc jockey has broadcast appeals to saucers to land in that city and has left 15-second periods of silence for replies by extra-terrestrials.
- There is no history of corn in ancient earth agriculture.

(Continued on Page 23)

co-existing

by Saul Heller

Misconceptions About Doctors

The town of Coesville, N.Y. has been unable to get a physician to live in its precincts for the past three years. Fifty-five other municipalities in the state with populations in excess of 2,000 have no physicians. The situation seems deplorable, until a certain interesting comparison is made with areas that have physicians.

According to statistics, there were 28 deaths in Coesville's population of 4,200 during 1964 (the last year for which figures are available). This is a death rate of 6.6 per thousand.

In Binghamton, N.Y., which has an ample supply of doctors, there were 1,002 deaths for a population of 70,000. The death rate in this case works out to 14.3 per thousand.

It turns out that the death rate per thousand for the doctor-supplied city is more than double that of the doctor-less town.

Maybe we should reserve our sympathy for towns with doctors, not those without them.



Sex Functions of the FBI

The FBI recently fired one of its unmarried employees for permitting his lady friend to spend the night with him. The ex-employee, less ashamed and contrite than a bachelor caught in such deplorable and perfectly wholesome circumstances should be, has decided to sue Mr. Hoover for violating his rights of privacy.

The employee's dismissal has been justified by the Bureau on the grounds that the parents of the young men and women working for the FBI must be sure that their sons and daughters are living under "exemplary standards."

The standards seem a bit nebulous when we consider that an FBI employee can, with little risk of detection and punishment, masturbate, commit pederasty with his room-mate, or have intercourse with his dog.

Let him reveal the stigmata of heterosexuality, however, and he exposes himself to stern FBI reprisals in his parents' name, that his parents would never think of taking in the name of the FBI.

It is certainly not impossible that a sexually normal employee is as capable of performing his duties as a perverted or ascetic one. As a matter of fact, a man who doesn't have regular sexual relations after the age of 25 will not develop into a normally aggressive male, according to Havelock Ellis, great sage and sex.

An FBI policy dedicated to keeping young bachelor employees docile and unaggressive may be necessary for the proper functioning of the Bureau, but why blame it on the parents?

The FBI's Secret Pledge

A high turnover in FBI personnel (34.4% in the Washington, D.C. area last year) recently made the news. The annual exodus of agents who have had it attributed to the stern watch Bureau blue-noses keep over employees' after-hours activities.

Not only are FBI bachelors and bachelorettes tied to standards of chastity that would put the CIA out of business—employees are required to report their colleagues' indiscretions.

This insures that time an agent might put in brooding about sex deprivations is more profitably spent making sure his co-workers stay just as deprived.

An unauthoritative and uninformed source asserts that the following pledge is taken by agents hired by the FBI:

I pledge that I will peep into keyholes of colleagues' rooms just before retiring, particularly on Saturday nights.

If I see sex activities going on, I shall stay at my post indefinitely, taking notes in a little notebook that is to be kept on my person at all times.

I will not bring suit against the FBI if such activities result in personal injury.

I promise to observe sex activities with clinical detachment, keeping my trousers buttoned at all times. I shall make it my business to note:

- *size of male organ involved (flaccid)
- *size after erection
- *length of coitus
- *frequency of coitus
- *positions used by participants
- *mouth-genital contacts
- *cries uttered at orgasm
- *time required to achieve orgasm
- *post-coital activities

I pledge to record my observations in handwriting that is clear and legible.

To prevent unauthorized personnel (senators, representatives, investigating committees) from inspecting my little sex notebook, I promise to eat it.

I shall forever abjure and forswear the claims of friendship, courtesy, tact and commonsense, to better fulfill my functions as an informer.

I shall pry whenever prying is called for, and even in cases where it isn't called for, to remain in tip-top prying condition.

I shall keep in mind at all times that sex between an unmarried agent and another party is immoral and deleterious to the well-being of the Bureau, unless a superior of mine is involved, in which case the matter is none of my goddam business.

Agents and other employees, our unauthorized source tells us further, are required to report to prying-practice twice a month. At such times, a very highly-placed FBI official demonstrates the proper techniques of looking through keyholes, eavesdropping, bugging colleagues' rooms, and doing all the other things needed to keep morale high and turnover higher.

Sometimes the demands of fighting crime conflict with the self-surveillance activities of the Bureau. At such times, it is necessary for the dedicated agent to look at crime in the proper perspective—viz., as an activity whose perniciousness is relatively minor, compared to the heinousness of extramarital sex.

The Village Square

by John Wilcock

The Silent Balloons

The year was 1944, the Pacific War had gotten bogged down, and somebody in Japan had a marvelously ingenious idea. Why not build a lot of balloons, load them with incendiary bombs and set them adrift across the ocean to set fire to the forest areas along America's Northwest coast? Well, it sounded like a good idea at the time.

The head of Japan's Central Meteorological Observatory, Dr. Sakuhei Fujiwara, was placed in charge of a project to prepare 10,000 balloons, studying wind currents so that at least one-third would reach their target. Because the balloons were made of paper, glued together in thousands of strips to remain airtight, it was necessary to conscript several high school girls working in converted cinemas and theatres.

Altogether, 9,300 balloons were launched between November 1944 and April 1945; each carried 80 pounds of incendiaries and was set to explode in three or four days, depending on weather conditions when released.

After that there was silence. Apart from a few vague references in Chinese papers in December 1944 to some of the balloons landing in Montana, no other word was ever heard. After the war all Japanese documents relating to the project were destroyed. There has never been any U.S. statement on the affair. The story is told now, for the first time, in *This Is Japan*, an annual compendium of stories and pictures published by Tokyo's biggest daily, the *Asahi Evening News*.

Time's View of London

Most of the hipper London newspapers and magazines have been sounding a warning about the uncontrolled and virtually unlimited gambling that goes on in the city. Almost anyone—gangster, gunman, goon—can open a casino or club, bribe the cops, intimidate customers or neighbors who complain. The result is, as novelist Richard Condon pointed out some years ago, that London is becoming one of the world's most corrupt and cynical cities.

Time magazine, with its usual superficiality, took a look recently, proclaimed it Switched On and prompted reporter James Cameron to reflect that "the only moment really to worry is when *Time* is on one's side."

London is now pronounced a Swinging City, he adds, "on the simple basis of its strip clubs and its bingo halls, its beat groups and its boutiques, its haystack hair and its miniskirts. With its curious combination of the cynical and the naive, the aloof and the helplessly snobbish, it defines London wholly in the child-like terms of the gossip-columnists of yesteryear . . . and the wonderful world of In."

Land of the Deported

Punch-drunk politicians like to stress the melting-pot characteristics of this country to demonstrate how there's one law for all, whatever race, religion or creed. But how far from the facts this sometimes can be is shown by the continued existence of The American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born (49 East 21 Street, New York 10010) which has fought a constant succession of deportation cases against its mem-

bers by the undemocratic U.S. Immigration Service. Currently they're challenging an attempt to deport Joseph Sherman who arrived here as a 14-year-old from Poland in 1920, left the country to fight for the Loyalists in Spain and (said the Immigration Service in 1961—23 years after the event) returned here in 1938 "without proper inspection of his papers."

Functional Parts Department

Out in California they've been busting nudist publishers again, which is pretty stupid considering all the other stuff there is to choose from, including the 25-cent movie "jerk-off" arcades in downtown L.A. Publisher Ed Lange, who puts out half a dozen of the world's most attractive magazines, says:

"Nudists have fought for years in the courts for the right to tell their story, to illustrate magazines and books with natural pictures. . . . People are recognizing



that the body is but a machine—the housing in which we spend our lives. This body/machine, in which the consciousness and spirit reside, is basically an integrated collection of functional parts, each important to our existence.

"It is ridiculous to suppose that any one part or function of our body can be more sinful, lewd, lascivious, obscene or less worthy than any other part, for all parts and functions are necessary for the good of the whole."

Meanwhile, the United Presbyterian Church (3 million members, according to a recent AP report) is still talking about "sexual anarchy" which it terms "a symptom of man's alienation from God, his neighbors and himself." Which translated means that when people get to dig sex they're less interested in church.

Reading Matters

● Lisa Hobbs is a Hearst reporter and, therefore, suffers from guilt by association. Her book, *I Saw Red China* (McGraw Hill, \$4.95) might be expected to contain Hearstian bias but turns out, instead, to be the fairest, most interesting, and probably most objective of all the (numerous) books on China in the past year.

● The 12-page brochure that Argosy Publications (6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Calif. 90028) puts out on its book, *Merchants' Manual*, contains such a comprehensive index ("12 Angles Deadbeats Use to Beat the Bill Collector, 7 Illegal Practices of Unethical Collection Agencies, 12 Improper Methods of Collecting Debts, The Psychology of the Debtor: 15 Types," etc.) that you really don't need the book.

● *The Keeper's Voice* (30c from 1263 Sixth Avenue, San Francisco 22, Calif.) promises, for a future issue, a discussion of whether zoos are necessary, adding: "It is true that almost all zoos should be changed in revolutionary manner in matters of purpose, educational value, care and presentation of animals."

● An exclusive picture story in the Maypril issue of *The Wretched Mess News* (37c from West Yellowstone, Montana) shows "How To Mail A Moose."

JOHNNY STOMPANATO

(Continued from Cover)

There were barbells and a bicycle exerciser which I took to be Williams'—he looked as if he used them. I began to think about just going home and cracking a bottle open. (My income features the lower priced ports.) I went into the bathroom and rebuilt myself on the heel of the Gordon's.

The Dionysian loft was 150' by 60' and high-ceilinged in silverfoil. One 150' brick wall was entirely painted silver. All overhead pipes were wrapped in silverfoil, while against the ceiling floated two huge aluminum-foil inflated pillows. They had been manufactured on a silver worktable, where lay several great sheets of aluminum foil with signs saying *Do Not Touch*.

These folded sheets are hot-ironed together at the edges and then filled with gas, so they float. Why?—for kickies. (As a fact, they're sort of fun to play with.)

Not only was the telephone silver, the desk was sprayed silver. The bathroom walls were coated with silver-foil, the porcelain commode was sprayed silver right down to the waterline, file cabinets were silver, work cabinets, all chairs, a theatrical traveling trunk, the sink where Williams had shaved, and two 24-bottle cases of Coke—all were silver, including the Coke bottles.

Then Warhol arrived. He was silver.

His hair had been retouched with silver, then allowed to fade. In dark glasses, he looked about 39. He wore a brown leather jacket open over a blue sweater lettered Wagner College, puce corduroy pants, and high-heeled cowboy boots. His nose was veiny. Despite his dark shields, he seemed a completely gentle person and walked delicately on his high heels. Blond, he was slim as everyone else in the loft.

Three battered couches form a tiny living room area near the lunar telephone. A young lad named Paul, who had a corona nitty hair like a centurion's helmet, played a harmonica constantly, to everyone's annoyance, while the rock 'n' roll blasted. There were 4 or 5 late teen-age, pre-adult girls sprinkled about in ratty clothes, one of whom kept her dress hiked back above her hosiery. (Perhaps she wanted to be in the flick.)

Then Mario arrived.

Mario is Spanish, 30, and looks 20. He is personable, small, has deer's eyes and speaks with soft edges, sibilance and wonder about everything. I introduced myself as a friend of Larry's.

"But—don't you write or something? You write novels, Larry tol' me."

"Yes. Well, I'm going to make a movie."

"Great! There, you see!"

He introduced me to Andy. "Andy, this is Don. He is a writer and he's gong to make a movie."

"I'd like to write something about this afternoon as a kind of event."

"Wonderful," Andy said softly. "I'm glad."

Mario went back to the sink to dress. "It will take me an hour just to make up." It took 90 minutes.

Larry materialized. "I've brought some wine. Bottle for you, bottle for Mario. I stood out front for half an hour trying to get in. This is that marsala. Where's Warhol?"

"That's him, in the silver."

A fellow named Arnold came over. Arnold and Larry had been in *Flaming Creatures*—which was a movie about an orgy on a rooftop and featured some twenty or so young people in the nude and locked in lascivious embraces, pre-coital foreplay and mutual masturbation. It was pretty frank and the police decided to lock it up.

"Aside from the orgy, it was a very lousy movie," Larry said.

"I never saw it," Arnold said. He is a jeweler and a weightlifter; he had a heart attack six months ago while waiting for a subway. "Who were you with?"

"I was with Sheilah [Sheilah is a pseudonym here]. She was jerking me off and I was groping her and Jack [*Flaming Creatures* was by Jack Smith] kept saying, 'Keep that up, keep it going, I'll get to you in a minute.' So finally he gets to us and down comes Jack with the camera right onto Sheilah's hand and me. I have the most famous cock in underground movies."

"Did you see that twat I was with?"

"No, who was she?"

Arnold named her. "And do you know, a half hour after the take, I brushed her hand accidentally and she jumped like I'd electrocuted her."

"Broads," Larry said. "Same with me, Arnold. After the movie Sheilah wouldn't talk to me. You'd think I'd done something wrong."

"I've heard this story five times now," I said. "What I want to know is, did you come?"

"Do you know, the whole situation was so embarrassing I could hardly get a hard-on. A pure fantasy situation but the reality was too much."

"Well, Larry, that's why she wouldn't talk with you."

Arnold told us about his heart attack. "It was like someone using the dull side of a meat cleaver to get out of my chest. Nobody would help me. I asked the guy in the cage to call a doctor and he just looked at me like a nut. I just went in and sat down and finally two guys went out to get a cop for me. Two cops came and some guys with a stretcher. But I wouldn't let them put me on it. 'I'll walk out,' I said.

"So I kept wanting to pass out but I stayed awake until they got me on the table—then *whoosh*. They kept me in this Intensive Care Ward for a week. Men, women, sex made no difference there, because half these people died. I'd lay there and watch them wheel out the corpses.

"And age!—age made no difference. One 16-year-old boy, I asked him, 'What's wrong with you?' 'I had a heart attack,' he says. There were two 20-year-old girls there with heart attacks. I don't write well but I'm gonna learn to type and I'll write a book called *Intensive Care Ward*. I can write as well as Jack Kerouac at least. I was with Jack in the merchant marine. He's sitting there with this tall pile of paper. I says, 'What's that, Jack?' 'It's a story,' Jack says. 'Wow, Jack, you're gonna have to trim that down a bit, aren't you?' 'My ghostwriter will do that,' Jack says."

"You mean editor," I said.

It was now 4:30. There was talk of last week's rushes being shown, but they weren't. A tall, lanky blond in black sweatshirt and black pants loaded the film case with a 35-minute reel. About twenty people milled around, a few very well dressed and horsey. Larry came back from Mario, who had a girl helping

him with his lashes while he held a sweater over his bra.

"Mario wants to know if you'd like a role," he said to me. "You could play the movie director in the second reel."

"Great!"

Dan Williams came by. I said, "Andy isn't doing much painting any more, is he?"

"Oh, yes, he's painting some more Campbell's Soup cans to make some money to make some movies. He had a Hollywood deal set up but it fell through."

I asked Larry, "But this is all for money, isn't it? The movies and the paintings both, they're just for gullible people."

"Of course," Larry said.

Arnold was reading a nudist magazine. Larry and I walked over to get seconds.

"This belongs in that bottom drawer there and put it back. Just a minute, I want to copy some addresses."

Arnold's concern for the magazine became justified when we saw that it had no price on it. An advertisement within told that this particular magazine was ten bucks, while others were \$20, \$30 and even \$50 an issue. In color and unretouched by human hands, all the nudists were in their teens or early twenties; several of the men were very well built, even semitumescent, and the girls were just lovely. It was one of those rare times in life when the word exciting in relation to a published work meant just that. Even the guys began to be exciting.

"I can't look at this any more," I said just as a passing girl leaned over and pointed a fingernail at an especially tumescent lad's tumescence and said, "He's built."

"He's cheating," I said. "You can see he just came out of the shower."

"Hah!" she said, gong over to a couch where she sat curled in a sneer.

Arnold told us about another movie he'd been in. "I had these fangs and a turkish towel and I'm the Beast from the Black Lagoon and I'm supposed to rape this naked girl who has been swimming in my pool. So this girl, what a bush on her, am I ready! But Andy wants to do the rape himself, but he screws it up and here I'm waiting, man, I'm waiting and ready."

Mario called him for help.

"Did he mean Andy Warhol?"

"Beats me," Larry said.

We went over to Mario. "Andy wants me to sing for de whole movie," Mario-Lana said. "Everything I say I have to sing. I can carry a tune, but making up everything I'm going to say and singing it too, that's very hard. How do you like my new red wig? I just got it."

"It's gorgeous," Larry said. "Very nice."

At this moment Mario was the best-looking broad in the house. Really rather exciting, a cross between Simone Signoret and Lupe Velez. Lana Turner? No.

Mario has his personal make-up kit and wardrobe and is deeply proud of his ability to pass as a girl. He now wore a purple dress with sleeve flounces, high heels, long lashes, carmine lipstick, falsies, feminine underwear, and was a frankly interesting proposition. Her eyes were mournful, or soulful.

He was piqued and pettish. When he complained about what he thought Andy would ask him to do, his

mascaraed eyes made you start; the effort of his make-up was unnerving. She made you feel concerned for her. Her eyes were wet pearl and glossy calfskin. Her lips. . . .

"I don't now what I'm supposed to do," she pouted. "How do you say it now, Johnny Stefano?"

"Stompanato, René," Larry said. (René is Mario's true name.)

"Stompanato!" she cried, stomping her heels on the name like a Spanish dancer. With all his whorish make-up on, René looked a spent 25, not 22, while his eyes—though still with illusions—had a weary knowledge and feminine insight, rather as if Maria Montez had been streetwalking for a year.

Andy walked up and said, "We're going to have a script conference downstairs."

"I'm ready," Mario said, like a child. "Oh, I haven't got my nail polish on!" He reached in distress into his purse on the floor and plucked out his polish. "You have to come, too," she said, doing a lousy job with the polish, "you're my movie director, Don, and you're my lover in the movie, Larry."

"Is there really a script?" I asked.

"I'm so mad at Andy," she said. "He just puts you out there and makes you do everything. And here I am the only one who is supposed to speak for an hour and ten minutes. Oh, what am I going to sing?"

It will be remembered that Warhol is the man who filmed *Empire*, which was 8 solid hours of the Empire State Building at night until dawn and was filmed with a stationary camera from a nearby skyscraper. He also filmed the stationary *Sleep*, which was 6 solid hours of a man sleeping and in this the merest turn of the head or swallowing became earthshaking actions. He also did *Blowjob* more recently, which is a 35-minute shot of a man's face while fellatio is performed on him off-camera; the big moment there was when the man reached for and lighted a cigaret.

Recently, though, Warhol has been toying with the zoom lens and even tilting the camera a bit. If his earlier technique harks back to the Stone Age of cinema, his length is nonetheless Tolstoyan as his films inflate a gnat into a baseball and effortlessly exhaust their subjects. Curiously, a sense of dwelling, of intentional art, sometimes wells out of the screen.

Harlot (in which Mario plays Harlow), *The Life of Juanita Castro* (about Castro's sister) and *Arthur* (about Sybil Burton Christopher's jet set discotheque) have implicit social content no matter what their techniques. One thinks about *Blowjob*, after the initial shock, "It happens, it's a legitimate subject, and who is to say the man isn't in bed with his wife?"

Mr. Stompanato would automatically have some kind of comment to make about Hollywood, much the same as a Warhol canvas composed of dozens of cans of Campbell's Soup is a comment about American society. Implacably, a Warhol film drives forward, through inertia and tedium, to arrive at a completely detached statement similar in objectivity to his soup cans or his Brillo box sculpture.

"Are all these people faggots?"

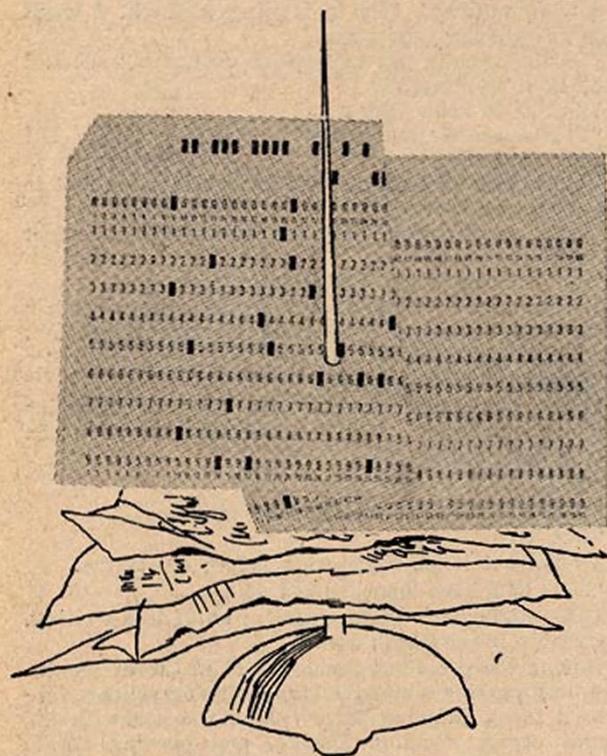
"They sure look it," Larry said. "Arnold isn't. I don't know about Andy. But he sure surrounds himself with types I personally would avoid trying to meet."

We all went down to the "script conference."

It took place in a completely bare wing of a ware-

house. The camera was already set up, tiers of flood-lamps burned, and a small mike was being hung over the playing area. This last was retracted to about five square feet; Mario could move a yard and a half either sideways or toward the camera.

With no visible props excepting a hamburger and a Coke, a container of milk, a single goblet (and an off-camera wardrobe of sweaters and skirts), the actors were to transform the bare area variously into an unspecified room in Lana's house, her studio, a sound-stage where she was making a film, and back into the nameless original room where Lana not only ate lunch but changed clothes.



As for the script conference, it consisted of Mario asking, "Where do I set the Coke bottle? I can't set it on the floor."

"Set it on the floor," Andy said.

"Andy, I can't do that! I just won't do it. I wouldn't set a Coke bottle on the floor."

"Then have the maid take it away."

"Oh, all right, but I really do wish I had a table or a chair, something to work with."

In brief, the conference was not about the story, since that didn't exist yet; it was held simply to help Mario convince himself of the reality of whatever developed. Not only does he necessarily have to carry the film, having the only speaking role, Mario also has a sense of total commitment that blinds him to the absurdity and banality of the whole project.

Mario hasn't the slightest idea that he is light years away from looking like Lana Turner; it is enough that as a star in his own right, he can be any woman he says he is. He could as well be Rita Hayworth, he would do it with exactly the same intonations and ges-

tures. As his reviews attest, he is a serious artist and his picture appears in highbrow film magazines. With peculiar Spanish dreaminess, he enters fantasy like a cat.

Paul, the annoying young lad on the harmonica, walked about playing so loudly in the echoey wing that the technicians, Andy and the actors had to shout above him; apparently no one wanted to tell him to shut up. A woman called Vyvian herein, who played the maid, was dark-haired, getting heavy in her late 30s, wore horn rims and a solid-fuschia dress, stared at him angrily. Paul kept improvising blues, sometimes making sucking and kissing sounds, and would come up behind people and blow in their ear.

"Have you any idea what's going to happen?"

"Not the slightest," Larry said.

"How are you going to have a love scene without saying a word to her?"

"Mystifies me."

And I wondered, what kind of movie director never speaks? Only Warhol.

Delays and setting up took an hour, while Mario grew more fretful. She stared daggers at Andy, who had now taken off his shades and returned her looks with the big, batting brown eyes of a querulous lemur. Warhol's eyes are absolutely strange. They almost never have an emotion, only a gentleness.

Occasionally, he is a little happy about the way a scene is going; he never disapproves of a scene's progress, but will sometimes whisper a direction. He puts himself at the mercy of the camera; switched on, it never stops until the reel needs changing, and there is no editing afterward.

Most commercial directors say that the heart of filmmaking is in the editing process; also, many companies of actors who pride themselves on improvisation of nonexistent props would love to try this technique in a film; with *Mr. Stompanato* the props are real but the sets are improvised, or mental; the audience does the work of imagination. Bare pipes abounded on the "set" which was patently not Lana Turner's swank digs. The audience "edits" these out.

"Andy! Andy!" Mario cried over the goddamned harmonica. "Should I wear my bolero for the entrance, or my jacket?"

"Wear the bolero." He smiled, almost, knowing his decision made no difference about anything.

"Stefanito," she repeated. "Stefanito."

"Stompanato, René," Larry said.

She stomped her heels, crying, "Stompanato!"

Warhol never cried *Places* but eventually the actors were in position, mike level had been adjusted for Mario's singing and harmonica accompaniment, Paul stood blowing smoke rings and stared into the camera, and Mario stood off-stage.

Leaning against a white stanchion, smoking, was little Cheryl, greying in a black sweater and black pants, silent, catatonic.

Mario looked uncomfortable and bitchy, biting his lips, rolling his mascaraed eyes, the picture of feminine impatience.

Vyvian the maid was hiding behind Cheryl's stanchion, which looked more like the bridge in *Winterset* than Lana Turner's kitchen.

Andy pushed the switch. *Mr. Stompanato* began to roll.

Paul stood waiting for a few feet of leader to pass through the camera, punctured a smoke ring with a finger, sucked another back into his mouth, then lifted his mouth organ and began to improvise a harsh blues directly into the camera. He was Brecht's Streetsinger from *Three-Penny Opera*. He faded back and off to one side. Upstage, Mario entered slowly, a bit stiltedly, singing:

*My name is Lana Turner
and I've just come from the studio
where I'm making a picture
and I'm going home
to see my son Cheryl (Cheryl is spoken)
and my lover
Johnny (stomp! stomp!) Stompanato!*

The harmonica came in. It was Lotte Lenya, it was wonderful, the stage was transformed.

SINGSPIEL:

*Oh, there you are Cheryl!
Tell me, darling, have you seen Johnny?
(Cheryl drags on his butt, utterly withdrawn.)
Johnny, darling, Johnny Stompanato . . .
Haven't you seen him?*

(Mario really seemed desperate for Cheryl to say something, help him in the scene.)

*Darling, you haven't done anything to him,
have you?*

Did you try to kill him?

Did you kill him?

Did you shoot him?

(Cheryl drags on his/her fag.)

Oh, you shot him!

Why did you do it, darling?

Did he try to seduce you?

I know he did.

Is lunch ready?

(The real Stompanato was stabbed to death with a butcher knife by Cheryl. But one has to admire Mario leaping to the heart of the scene. He knows that lunch is what the scene is all about, and he doesn't clutter it up with talk of the police, the body, the gun.)

A gratifying gift of good feeling had passed from the technicians and others to Mario on the word "seduce" which, in relating Cherylboy to Johnny, innocently jacked the plot into the Genet or Pirandello magnitudes of triplethink.

The movie proceeded in two parts of 35 minutes each. I will abbreviate the action, or rather the pauses.

Vy-vian! Is lunch ready?"

Vy-vian, off-stage, whispered cuttingly. "Vy-vian!" Then she broke the flick's esthetic and spoke: "Yes, it is!"

Mario was not unsettled. In a way he welcomed another human voice to play against. He dropped his singing. "Vy-vian, will you help me change my sweater. I want to wear my bolero."

Vy-vian, flowing in fuschia, wafted on with a sweater. Vy-vian had been recruited from the hangers-on, even as I, but she had little sense of play or fantasy. Whatever she was asked to do by Lana was stark reality.

"Unbutton this jacket," Mario said, gaga with star-power.

"Unbutton it yourself," Vy-vian said, not acting.

"Vy-vian, unbutton this!"

"Oh, for— (Christ's sake). Vy-vian unbuttoned the jacket. "Ya wanna wear this cardigan?"

"Help me on with it."

Vy-vian rolled her eyes. The new sweater and its buttoning took two minutes with not a word spoken. "You look great," Vy-vian said finally.

This changing of sweaters was a definite drop in the flow of the picture. For two minutes nothing happened except that Lana breathed in and out of her undergarments and stared droopily, dopily, battily over the camera.

"Thank you, Vy-vian."

"You're welcome." She walked off sourly, not acting.

"Vy-vian!" Lana tra-laed. "I want to change my shoes."

Vy-vian returned. "I'm not going to do it. I won't help you change your shoes."

"Darling, you've got to help me change my shoes. I can't do it by myself."

"I'd like to know why not."

"Please, change my shoes."

"Oh, my God."

Vy-vian took off Lana's shoes. Lana held out a foot to receive a new shoe.

"What do you want?" Vy-vian cried. "Put your foot in it!"

"Put it on my foot," Lana/Mario said.

Vy-vian stood up, billowing fuschia, near-hysteria suppressed behind a Coldstream Guard's tight jaw:

"Put it on yourself."

"I can't put it on myself."

Lana's femininity bored through Vy-vian's masculine don't-crap-me, and Vy-vian put one shoe on. "You can do the other yourself."

"No, I can't. Put it on."

"Why the hell should I put your shoe on?"

"Put it on."

Vy-vian put it on, registering insult, not acting.

"Now let's have lunch," Lana said.

(This dialogue is from memory; as of this writing, the rushes haven't been seen.)

During the preceding scenes, Paul of the harmonica had been passing about the stage, staring sullenly into actor's faces, jumping them behind the ear with his mouth organ, sucking, kissing, and blowing smoke rings during climactic interchanges. If Mario/Lana had no real idea of the original situation of the death of Stompanato, Paul hadn't been born yet. His strength was ineptitude.

Lunch was served. It was handed on by Vy-vian's ethereal hand from off-camera. It was a hamburger.

"Can't we have some ketchup!" Lana asked.

"Sure," Vy-vian said. She held a bottle of Heinz Ketchup over the open burger in Mario's hand and tried to squirt it. It wouldn't squirt. Finally she handed it to Cherylboy. He began squirting ketchup as if the burger were a beheaded neck.

When the burger was ready, they studied each other a moment, then held up the sandwich between them. Lana's mouth came down upon the burger. Cheryl's mouth came down. They chewed, into each other's eyes and out into the camera, chewing, existence a cud, their cheeks sweet aphorisms of family. They were, mother and son/daughter, together.

Not a word was spoken as they chewed on the burger. Their cheeks bunched with curds of sandwich. Their faces bunched cheek-to-cheek in the frame. Cheryl was distant, intent, chewing like a Greek at Thermopylae.

Mario's eyes drooped with the desperations of existence. His face turned toward his son/daughter's watching him/her chew like a Turkish assassin. Calm murder ran in acid through her son's face. Mario chewed on, absorbing her child's queer nature. Their faces munched closer together on the same sandwich.

As they ate, the brilliance of the idea was contagious. Mother and son/daughter would soon be necking at the finish of the sandwich. The audience behind the camera glittered with eagerness for a bright kissing scene. The two actors chewed on. Lana was so deeply concerned with chewing and her Cheryl that suicide seemed the only release, or else total giving over physically to her foot-shorter child.

They finally nibbled down to the last crumbs and Mario, having a perfect sense of highlights, interrupted the incest and cried, "Vyvian! Let's have a Coke!"

Vyvian's arm reached from off-camera with a Coke. "Here!"

"Thank you, Vyvian."

Now mother-son/daughter began swigging the Coke, passing it back and forth mouth to mouth. She caressed his face, inadvertently. His only interest was his catatonia.

"Vyvian!"

"Oh, Christ. What?"

"Take this Coke bottle."

"Set it down on the floor."

"Vyvian, you must. Take it."

"Ohhh . . ." She took the bottle.

Paul the harmonicist blew a razz into Vyvian's ear. "Tha' mussa been good food," Paul said, against the esthetique. Nobody answered him, since he should have been shut up. "I say, tha' mussa been goo' food!" Paul said. Nobody answered.

He banged out some sounds on his harmonica since no one would talk with him. He walked up behind the actors and goosed them with sucking sounds.

One of Andy's minions crept toward the playing area and whispered to Mario, "Sing!"

"I say that must have been good food!" Paul said. Cheryl handed him an apple to shut him up, but he began biting the apple as if playing *Othello*. Another minion from Andy crept by and whispered to Paul to play lower. Paul bit into the apple like Godzilla.

Mario began to sing downstage, his lips pursed. He sang *If I Loved You*, an old Harry James hit.

*If I loved you,
round in a whirl I would go,
wanting to tell you
I know . . .
If I loved you . . .
Words would not come in an easy way . . .*

And so on. Mario was beautiful. The film had no point.

The picture went on for 35 minutes with nothing happening. Film ran out. I followed the film-changer upstairs, where he changed the reels under a coat, and asked, "How long will it take for the break?"

"Just as long as it takes to change this film."

I went back down. Mario and Larry were in a huddle.

"What the hell are we going to do in the second reel?" I asked.

"I'm the lover," Larry said.

"And you are de movie director?" Mario said, as if there were lines.

Since there was no plot for reel two, I tried to help mock up a semblance of action. "Look, René, how many people are there? There's you, your lover, Cheryl, the movie director, and Vyvian is gone now."

"Yes?" René said as if this were difficult.

"There are four of us. We have to carry this reel. 'One man is your lover, one your director, one your son. What are you going to do with these people?'"

"Kiss them," René said.

"Look, in the middle of the plot," Larry said, "I'll bring you in a bottle of wine and we'll drink it. I brought it for you anyway."

"Oh, thank you," Mario said. He looked about at his three actors, then took Larry aside. They discussed what eventually turned out to be the movie's highlight. Larry came back to us, nodding.

The second reel began. It hummed in the case, like a zipper pulled on the penis of the universe. Mario swung his hips into camera. He asked Vyvian a throw-away line and she disappeared forever. Here on in, Cheryl, Larry and I were her blouse changers. She sang against the camera like a dream. She finished singing.

I watched Larry across the stage, waiting to enter. I was supposed to carry in a sweater to her, button it, then unbutton it, as we had decided sans Warhol. The idea of lining out a plot against the director made me sad, but I was damned if I would stand naked before a camera with no action.

We had decided upon opening a bottle of marsala during the scene to give us something to do.

Vyvian wilted from the stage. Paul worked his harmonica about the playing area wondering what was happening. Cheryl buttressed the stanchion. Mario stepped forward, into the camera, and sang, a nameless song. He stood like a column of mascara in the eyelashed floods. The song burst and dripped with masterpaints. Mario was ready to sing again.

Larry turned to me offstage and asked, "What did you think of the first reel?"

"The poverty of imagination was stunning."

"Andy seemed to like it."

"It's a Warhol movie."

Mario was singing a song. When he finished he retired to the bedroom area and studied his son/daughter. Vyvian was gone forever. "Cheryl, help me change my sweater."

Cheryl didn't quibble. Lana pushed her chest at him and he reached out and undid the buttons. Paul and his harmonica blew from the stanchion. Lana was unbuttoned, her lace tits gaped out. Cheryl helped her into another sweater.

Lana walked forward toward the camera and began singing.

*Now I'm going to my studio
where I'm making a movie
and I'm going to be helped
by my movie director.*

But since we'd already made up my entrance, this wasn't mine.

I studied Larry. He looked at me and said, "I've got to rehearse."

He plopped down on the floor and did 50 push-ups in three minutes while Lana cadged. Larry is a postal employee and keeps in shape tossing mailbags. He arose not sweating. He rubbed his hands together. "Okay." He winked at me and walked around to the other side

of the playing area. He had changed to a ripped sweat-shirt.

In the meantime Lana had asked Cheryl to help her change a sweater and it had got the better of Cheryl. He was kissing his mother and feeling up her falsies. Larry stood offstage watching this imbroglia.

*Well, Cheryl, stop it,
I've got to go to the studio,
My lover is waiting for me.*

Nothing happened except that the goddamned harmonica player waltzed through and then Lana was saying,

*Well here I am at the studio,
where is my movie director
and where is my lover?*

Larry stood offstage in a yellow sweatshirt waiting. Now he was sweating from his 50 pushups.

"Darling!" she cried, and Larry washed onstage. He bushed up to her, kicked her ass onto his knee, and hoisted her like a beanbag. He said not a word. He made his entrance. She hung in his arms. They kissed.

On and on. She hung in his embrace. Time passed. They kissed and kissed.

I'd wondered how Larry would make his entrance. Now apparently all of his boyhood dreams had come true; I had to admire his resolution of the action. As lover, he came on like Rhett Butler and swept her up like Man of Steel. She hung in his arms like a permanent valentine. They were kissing. My pal Larry kissed Mario as if he were Lana Turner. It was an opportunity concisely grabbed. Heart and soul, he kissed her. She was Lana—I envied him.

And kissed. Larry's face turned red with lipstick. *Lana, Lana*, I wanted to kiss Lana Turner. Why should Larry have all the fun in life? They were making a strength out of men's weakness for men. That was Lana Turner, tits and all, and I wanted some.

"Oh-h," she moaned.

Bastards, I said.

What the hell is my pal Larry kissing a broad like that for?

"Let's have a glass of wine," Mario says and Larry opens a bottle of the wine he brought for Mario and myself.

From a single goblet, they drink. Larry and Lana stare at each other over the goblet. They neck. Larry is much shorter than Lana in her high heels. This is my goddamn pal Larry, why is he necking with this broad? Oh, crap, he's just enjoying himself. The glass is full; they lip each side. Then Mario kisses Larry, his first action in the movie. Larry's hand sweeps into her hair like Marlon Brando's hand on Sophia Loren's bust. They are afire. She is a beauty queen. I want some.

They continue their public slobbering like the Burtons. It is the world's greatest love scene. No one has ever filmed a kiss like this. It's better than Cheryl and the hamburger. Larry bites her neck and buries his head under her chin. Lana's eyes bat back with world-weariness. Once again, she realizes, she is being made love to. She sucks her lower lip, drags Larry's head back and kisses him. You bastard, she is saying, I love you. Larry returns her kiss.

Acting? Acting? Who calls that kiss acting? It was the scent of a lioness in heat and half-rape. They mauled, they groped, they died, their heads turned soft as dolls.

My entrance came. Mario nodded to me. Meanwhile, she, Larry and Cheryl attempted to drink a quart of milk. Larry didn't want any and Mario wouldn't let it go to waste, so she forced it on Cheryl. They boy kept drinking milk and finally passed the glass off onto Paul the wandering minnesinger. Did that shut Paul up? Not a bit. He sucked behind the lovers and got his head on-camera.

*Now we're at the studio
and my movie director's
going to tell me what to do.*

I walked on from the camera carrying a sweater. Lana hardly recognized me, although I was her director. Lana was engaged in her own starpower. I now pretended we were on a soundstage and made gestures of instruction. She nodded. Change your sweater, I said, and she unbuttoned herself.

She put on the blue cardigan I carried. Larry and I both helped her button the sweater. I rapped on my writing board and pointed at the camera and said, *Sing.*

Lana walked one and a half yards toward the camera and sang *Night and Day*. From the beat-beat-beat of the tom-toms, Mario can't sing for sin. Nonetheless, he stood in the sucking lens and sang, and breathed heavily, and pouted, and was 20 times as interesting as Betty Grable in the old Fox films.

They got back to necking while Cheryl stood by smoking. Paul blurted on his goddamned harmonica.

I thought I was through but Mario nodded to me for another entrance. A guy in a boating blazer, blue yachting jacket, who didn't know crud from doughnuts, or *sheist* from Shinola, urged me on. I jumped back in.

"Sweetheart, you've got on the wrong sweater for this scene," I mumbled, unbuttoning her.

We put another sweater on her, both Larry and I buttoning her up. When she was buttoned, I studied her and undid all the buttons and spread her lace to the world. She sang the last song, "It's Delightful, It's Delovely" with a décolletage like the River Ganges in overflow.

After she finished, she called me back again like a human prop. I unbuttoned her sweater. Under the hot lamps, her face glistened at me. I stared into her teats. She looked at me, whispering, "Don." Her eyes were a blaze of mascara and brown onions.

"We got to make this flick, baby, what do you want next?" I asked.

"*Help me change my sweater!*" she said.

This mothering sweater had been changed ten times already. We got the jacket off her. She stood in lace like a white treasure with hefty tits. She was a beauty queen. My fingers fumbled in her crevasse. I felt I was buttoning up Julie Christie.

"You're very nice," she said to me.

"I want to make love," I said, "not toy around."

"You will," she said. The camera rolled. "You'll make love."

I wanted to make love more than win the world.

Larry and I buttoned her sweater. She smiled at us both. It was a picture about buttoning a sweater. She spread her wrists and sang. Mario can't sing. Why did Andy think so?

The picture finished. We went upstairs and saw the rushes from the last weekend. Andy plopped down on a couch. The lights dimmed. Onto the makeshift sheet

of a screen, came Mario's face. It was a still. The film ran on. Mario full-face stared into the camera. It was a still. Why are they showing this still so long, I wondered. Suddenly, Mario blinked.

I got queasy. It was a Warhol movie.

Then came the hamburger scene.

Mario and Cheryl were cheek to cheek in the rushes. These were the rushes for today's movie. Fake script conference perhaps, but Andy actually did have screen tests. Mario and Cheryl had rehearsed the hamburger sequence. Before that, there were two short reels of heads of Mario and Cheryl. Cheryl's flick came on. He stared at us. It was another still. Cheryl stared at us. He was not faggy or anything; he simply stared into the camera. A good still, I thought. He blinked.

What kind of a screwed-up short film test is this? I asked myself.

"It's a Warhol movie," I said to Larry.

Cheryl swallowed; he was applauded. Paul played his goddamned harmonica, suck, kiss. I said to him, "You fuck," and he stopped playing.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you're stupid."

"What do you mean?"

Larry said to him, "You're an extrovert."

"What do you know about being an extrovert?"

Larry played with mailbags, so I wasn't worried about him. Paul leaned down on us and slurped a fuck you too on his gargling organ. He scrounged away, evaporating, and we saw him no more forever. Well, Larry could bite dents in bars of iron.

We were near Andy and asked him what he thought of the movie.

"It was very good," he said, blinking.

"I thought it was lousy." I said to Larry, "Isn't this the worst picture ever filmed?"

"It gets stars for lousiness."

But as the rushes continued, and we saw what beauty could come from such stillness, I began to feel that I had been in on one of the most profound, beautiful and original films ever made. The perfect ineptitude of Paul, Mario, Vyvian, Larry and myself only underlined the subject. Lana could not be more disinterested in her lover's fate. Johnny Stompanato lay dead, like Tim Finnegan in *Finnegans Wake*, and hung as a corpse over the film's statement. His body dominated the non-picture.

"You know, with the closeups and everything," I said, "this might be a great picture."

"Naw," Larry said. "I didn't even get my cock out."



BOOK NON-REVIEW

(Continued from Page 2)

different from anyone who tries to avoid the painful. However, the writer of good fiction needs an inner honesty, since in fiction a writer's dishonesty has an uncomfortable way of peeping through. This is a good enough reason for writing non-fiction: it keeps the author out of the picture.

It is, come to think of it, a better reason for writing non-fiction than asserting promotion-minded theories about non-fiction fiction. One never really knows why a writer of fiction turns his back on his craft and pursues non-fiction: lack of appropriate subject matter, not caring to write about one's personal life, nothing to write about in general, any number of things. From everything The Author has said, though, we can look forward to more of his non-fiction fiction products.

To The Author, we say: good try, it almost worked, and your bravura plus the two million bucks entitles us to go gunning for you when your next production hits town.

REPORT FROM MINNEAPOLIS

(Continued from Page 14)

they commended them on their improvement, said they'd made great strides in the right direction, and in another couple of years might well be ready for accreditation.

Billy Graham was informed of this and, it turned out, it was just as he had suspected. This was a direct message from God, who didn't want another Liberal Arts college in Minneapolis. God wanted a Bible college, and He was telling them to go back to the old system.

Knowing God, I'd say Mr. Graham's interpretation was probably about right.

In Mankato, when the flood hit town, one man got out of his boat and went paddling up and down the main street of town, until the cops arrested him for disturbing the peace, presumably on the theory that it's somehow un-American to have fun during a disaster.

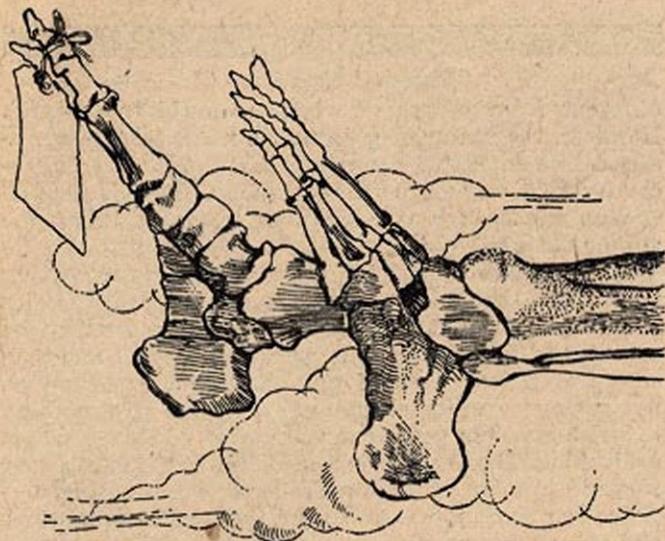
REPORT FROM SPOKANE

(Continued from Page 14)

- We earthmen may face stiff competition as handsome spacemen from other worlds pursue the "fair earth ladies."
- There are enough weapons on earth to kill everyone 124 times. It should be illegal to kill any person more than once.
- There are those who feel saucers are signs preparing earthmen for the Second Coming.
- Our civilization is walking on the edge of a precipice.
- Even Jesus Christ was an extra-terrestrial.

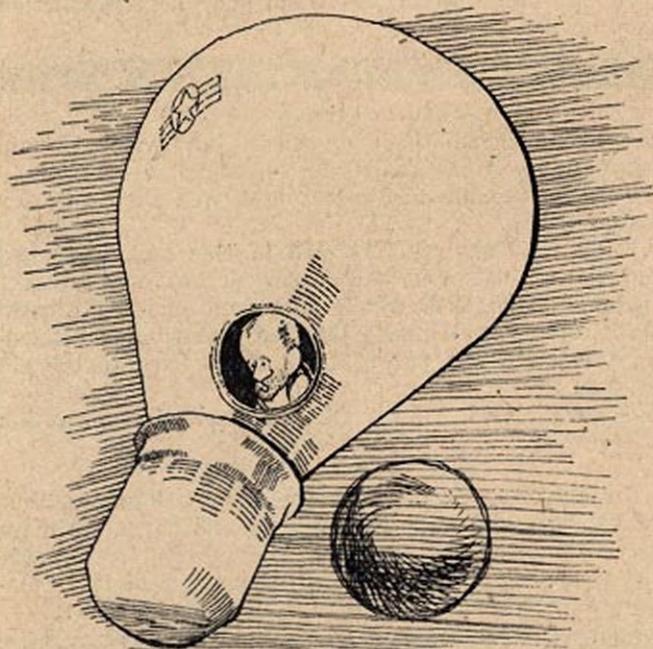
A sweet little grey-haired lady followed Aho with a word about telepathy—"the way our brothers and sisters on other planets communicate." It somehow became a talk about how Jesus rose from the tomb.

I slipped out before the collection plate got to me. Back inside visions of saucers and archangels danced in their heads. Outside I realized that if there are creatures up there, their greatest assurance of anonymity lies in the fools who muddy the waters with pseudo-religious conclusions before the pebbles of fact can be clearly seen.



*If God Is Dead, What Do You
Say When Somebody Sneezes?*

by Dick Guindon



"On the other hand, I don't see
any sign of Nietzsche either."



"Our Father... who wert in heaven..."



"Did Ford Motors quit just because Henry Ford died?"