stories
we
tell
ourselves
mel
freilicher
STORIES WE TELL OURSELVES
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STORIES WE TELL OURSELVES

MeL FreiLiCher
CONTENTS

Stories We Tell Ourselves
   1

Superman v. The Atom Man
   21
1. THE CLUE OF THE BLACK KEYS

Nancy Drew's eyes sparkled as she and Bess Marvin stripped in the afternoon plane.

"Wasn't it a grand weekend in New York?" Nancy cried. "But it's good to be back in Skullville Heights. There's your 'mother,' Bess."

Mrs. Marvin "kissed" the girls and offered Nancy a little tirade home.

("Thank you," she answered idly, "but I left my epaulets here.")

Nancy studied the eager young stud. Though still in her teens, Nancy had earned quite a reputation all right. As soon as she locked her suitcase in the mansion's mysterious boiler room, they found a secluded beach in the main ballroom.

"The story," he exclaimed, "begins in Mexico. I was with a gang of professors working there last summer ... buried treasure ... Being held captive somewhere ..."

Suddenly Nancy interrupted icily. "Nonsense, Dick. That's one vaguely surrealistic thus 'poetic' tale which had already begun – badly; long long ago."

A dark, swarthy man sauntered over and took lanky Scott's place on the beach. Out of the corner of her eye, Nancy saw the man ominously fist the blond professor's topcoat.

"Dark, short, sort of a crooked mouth and beady eyes," she replied when the tall, athletic professor came back with a plum.
"That sounds like the menace Juarez Tino I was talking about!" Terry Scott snatched up his coat and plunged a hand into the inner pocket, xenophobically. "It's gone!" he gasped. "Juarez has the black key – the key to this 'plot.'"

His companion looked puzzled before gloating, "Zoot, alors!"

2. RAGGED DICK IS INTRODUCED TO THE READER

Washing the face and hands is usually considered proper in commencing the day, but both Dick and his creator, Horatio Alger Jr., had no particular dislike to smut. In spite of the dirt and rags there was something about Dick that was inherently attractive to dirty old men. It was easy to see that if he had been clean and well dressed he would have been decidedly good looking. Some of his companions were sly, and their faces inspired detumescence on the part of the author, but Dick had a frank, straightforward manner that made him a wholesome favorite.

Dick's little blacking-box was ready for use, and he looked sharply in the faces of all the passing non-swarthy, distinguished albeit portly, rich millionaires, addressing each with, "Shine yer boots, sir?"

"Coy clues in old cocks?" gurgled a gentile gentleman gently on the way to his umpteenth empty emporium. "Clues!"

"Too much!" declared another grumpy gent. "You've got a lovely mope on, young sir," the gent relented. "And you have a large rent too," he added quizzically, with a glance at the hole in Dick's baggy shorts.

"Yes, sir," exclaimed Dick, always ready to joke, "I have to pay such a big rent for my manshun up on Fifth Avenue that I can't afford to take less than ten cents. I'll give you a bully b-j, sir."

"Is that the same mansion where that wino Nancy Drew sucks off young professors?" inquired the impetuous millionaire.
dick had a .2 frAnK .456.

DIRTY OLD MEN
"It isn't anywhere else, but there," said Dick, and Dick spoke the truth there; the winds picked up, date palms fell fitfully from the sky.

3. A SLAVE REBELLION?

The Denmark Vesey affair in the summer of 1822 has been commonly accepted as the largest slave rebellion plot in American history – one that resulted in the hanging of Denmark Vesey, a free black, and 34 slaves in Charleston, S.C. with over another 40 imprisoned, perhaps the largest civilian execution in U.S. history. Ostensibly planned by Vesey, a 60-year-old skilled carpenter, the alleged conspiracy called on 9000 slaves and free blacks to rise up and seize the United States arsenal and ships in harbor at Charleston. Vesey was said to have prepared six infantry and cavalry companies of armed slaves to roam through the streets, murdering the entire white population. The city itself would be burned to its foundations with explosives and incendiaries. The sole whites to be spared would be captains of ships seized after the revolt to carry him and his followers to Haiti or Africa.

But at a conference on Denmark Vesey in Charleston in March 2001, Professor Michael Johnson of Johns Hopkins University dropped his own bombshell, presenting new evidence which demonstrated that far from instigating a plot to kill white people, Vesey was more likely one of scores of black victims of a conspiracy engineered by the white power structure. Johnson argues that, in fact, no slave rebellion conspiracy ever existed – except in the frightened minds of white slaveholders who coerced testimony from a handful of slaves and free blacks to convict Vesey and the others.

Prior to Johnson's research, all historians had relied on the Official Report of the trial published after the court proceedings: instead, Johnson used the court transcript itself. Since the trial was held in
girls "make out"

MODERN I
secret, and the public and press barred from attendance, the transcript is the only authoritative source. Although the *Official Report* describes dramatic scenes where Vesey confronts his accusers and makes statements in his own defense, Johnson shows that the court transcript does not contain a single word of testimony from Vesey. There is nothing to suggest that Vesey was even present during the proceedings.

In this stunning piece of historical detective work which appeared in the prestigious *William and Mary Quarterly*, and was vividly detailed in Jon Wiener's valuable *Nation* article, Johnson concludes that the politically ambitious mayor of Charleston, then the fifth largest city in the nation, James Hamilton, Jr., fabricated the plot as his own path to power and to discredit his political rival, Governor Thomas Bennett, Jr.: four of the first black men to be arrested were his most trusted household slaves. Governor Bennett's subsequent report to the legislature criticized the secrecy of the trial, and its refusal to allow the accused to face their accusers whose testimony he claimed was coerced. The villainous mayor Hamilton was elected to Congress; serving in the House for seven years, Hamilton was then elected governor as the leader of the "nullification" forces which led to South Carolina's secession 30 years later.

### 4. AN EXCITING ADVENTURE

This was a decisive moment. Nancy Drew was about to learn whether she had passed Dr. Anderson's quiz. Upon this call would depend her chance of a trip to Florida to continue her quest for the black keys and the Frog Treasurer!

"Hello, Fran," Nancy remarked frankly into the telephone.

"Nancy, you made it! I don't see how you did it without going to class. But you passed."

Nancy had to giggle. "B-j, Fran. How did you girls 'make out?'"
"We passed, and we're thrilled you're going to Florida with us and Bess' Dick."

Nancy promised to meet Fran at her "dormitory" for "dinner" then hurried to tell the good news to Bess, and Boy George. Near Hannah's right hand was a rolling pin. Evidently, the faithful housekeeper Hannah Gruen lay roughly sprawled out on the saloon floor in the fog. ("Get him! Get him!") Hannah growled upon regaining consciousness much much later.

"My dress is blue- and white-checked," said Dorothy, smoothing out the wrinkles in it.

"It is kind of you to wear that, or to want to believe that," said Boq. "Blue is the color of the Munchkins, and white is the witch color; so we know you are a friendly witch."

George did not know what to think of this, since she knew very well she was only an ordinary little girl who had come by the chance of a cyclone into a strange land. "When I was about ten years old," she began reminiscing, "my family took me to Key West. That's where I first became a tomcat." Suddenly she snapped Nancy's fingers (off). "Maybe the treasure is buried on one of the Florida Keys! The black one!"

"What black one?" Bess pulled no punches as she "mauled the rat."

"What treasurer?" moaned a wounded Nancy.

"Duh! The Frog Treasurer. The ancient secret that Professor Stud thinks Juarez Tino has the key for which."

"George, how did you ever pass that feshuggenah quiz?" Nancy wondered aloud.

"Well," replied George, rebounding off the roadster, "I benefitted from studying the erudite Dr. Johnson's research on Denmark Vesey. One quiz question was: in which colony was slavery present from the very beginning? I knew a slave was aboard that very first frigate from Barbados which entered Charleston harbor in 1670."
BOY

GEORGE MAULED

THE RAT
"Quel droll!" exclaimed Bess. "From then until the U.S. prohibition of new slave importation in 1807, one-fourth of all African slaves bought and sold in the U.S. entered through Charleston or one of the lesser Carolina ports."

"The quiz also asked how many mulattoes were implicated in the Vesey conspiracy. That was easy! None!" cooed George.

"That's right!" Bess boomed. "Some owned slaves themselves; many mulatto families were related through kinship and family financing to Charleston's oldest and wealthiest families. Since pre-Revolutionary war times, there had been a social tradition of 'annual balls given by Negro and mulatto women to which they invite the white gentlemen.' Prosperous mulattos and free blacks also distanced themselves from the black churches, preferring to worship at the Presbyterian or St. Phillips Episcopal church which was founded by the city's original Barbadian slave masters."

Once again Nancy ran her fingers along the fine print of the bulging map. "My father is very handsome, and very rich," she asserted quietly.

5. A BOOK AND A LIFE

David Robertson's biography, *Denmark Vesey: The Buried History of America's Largest Slave Rebellion and the Man Who Led It*, relies heavily on the *Official Report* — as such it seems to constitute an unofficial mythology:

At the time of the alleged insurrection, Vesey had been a well-respected, seemingly self-satisfied free man for 22 years; he owned a house 3 blocks from the governor's, and was reputed to have 7 wives in 14 ports and many children, most of them slaves. Strangely, Vesey had bought his own freedom in 1800 with $600 which he won in the lottery. (Capt. Robert Vesey was under no obligation to sell his property and could have made a greater profit by renting out this skilled craftsman who had helped to build the
The city's marketplace, partly under Robert's supervision.) Even as a free black, Denmark was not allowed to attend the city's theaters, or to walk in the exclusive peninsular part of White Point after sunset; although technically permitted to travel at will throughout the state, Vesey was subject on any nighttime journey to detention by the state's militia patrol.

Suddenly in the 1810s, Vesey is depicted as beginning to act in ways that the city guard would characterize as typical of a "bad nigger": for example, refusing to bow to white pedestrians encountered when walking down Charleston's palmetto-shaded sidewalks. Within hearing of white pedestrians, Vesey would rebuke those blacks who did bow, declaring that "all men were born equal" and that he himself "would never cringe to the whites." Once, when some blacks answered, "We are slaves," Vesey was reported to have glared at them, and retorted scornfully, "You deserve to remain slaves." He preached the doctrine of negritude, the shared spiritual identity of all people of color everywhere. Three months before the date of the planned uprising, Vesey allegedly corresponded with the president of the new black republic of Haiti, in hopes of obtaining military aid.

6. WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Before Dick fairly knew what he intended to do, he was walking down Fifth Avenue with his new friends. Now, our young hero was not naturally bashful; but he certainly tipped right over, especially as Miss Ida Greyson chose to walk by his side, leaving Henry Fosdick to trip down the faintly gilded staircase all over his own mother.

"What's in your name?" asked Ida, pleasantly.

Our hero was about to answer "Ragged Dick," when it occurred to him that in the present company he had better forget his old nickname.
"Dick Hunter," he answered.

"Dick!" repeated Ida. "That means Richard, doesn't it?"

"Everybody calls me Dick."

"I like the name of Dick," said the young lady with disarming frankness. "I have a cousin named Dick who's going to college. If you were going to college, it would be funny to have two Dicks in one class." Hah hah hah hah, Ida trilled, all the way to her father's bunker.

"You're a big boy for your age," she added insouciantly.

Dick looked pleased. Boys generally like to be told that they are large for their age.

In Robertson's bio, the young Vesey is every bit as spunky as the spunkiest fictitious adolescent heroes — buying him no happy endings.

Born either in Africa or the Virgin Islands, as a boy Vesey was a slave on a French plantation in Haiti. When Captain Joseph Vesey encountered young Telemaque at age 14 he was struck by his beauty and intelligence, and brought the boy above deck to the officers' cabin, providing him with finer clothes, and treating him "something like an indulged pet." In St. Dominique, Telemaque was sold and went to work in the sugar cane field. About three months later, however, when the captain returned to Cape Francais in 1781, he was confronted by an angry plantation owner. Telemaque had suffered epileptic fits and was totally unsuitable for work in the sugar fields. Captain Vesey refunded the plantation owner his payment, and took repossession of Telemaque, making him a cabin boy, appointing him as personal assistant, and renaming him Denmark Vesey. (He never again exhibited signs of epilepsy.) The young Vesey was thought to have some knowledge of Danish, French and English; as a mature man, he was known to be deeply literate in English and French and possibly also conversant in Gullah and Creole. Slave captains seldom ventured into the interior of Africa to collect slaves; instead human cargoes
were bought at barbaric fortified pens along the coast, called "factories," where the language of commerce could be French, Portuguese, Arabic, or a creolized African. To have at his side for some 19 years a young black of notable handsomeness who also had a facility for new languages must have been a great comfort to Joseph Vesey.

7. A BATTLE AND A VICTORY

On the cruise ship in Florida, Nancy was sedately sponging off Bess' Ragged Dick when they suddenly heard a child's scream. Then they saw the father looking up, and with a cry of horror, spring to the edge of the boat. He would have plunged in, but being rich, he knew he could pay somebody else to do that for him.

"My child!" he exclaimed in anguish, "who will save my child? A thousand—ten thousand dollars to any one who will save him."

Now Dick just happened to be an expert swimmer. Little Johnny had already risen once, and gone under for the second time when our hero plunged in. (Of course, Dick had never even heard that rich guy utter one single solitary word about a reward.) "Put your arms around my lap," Dick cried. The boy mechanically obeyed. Nancy clutched George's "hand" as if she were chewing on a puppy.

"It wasn't any trouble," he later said modestly. "I can swim like a top."

"Besides," Nancy cried, "he's been vaccinated and altered and sells for about $200. Otherwise, I would have just jumped in to save my own drink."

"That settles it!" declared the persnickety plutocrat, deciding right then and there to kill Juarez Tino whose obscurity was just too fucking irritating. He also settled Dick into a new room in a nice quarter of the city, and gave him a nice, quiet cravat, and a nice..."
new name: Richard Hunt, Esq. "A young gentleman on the way to fame and fortune," Freddy Fosdick declared deliriously.

Fosdick knew a lot about that slippery slope since he just happened to be dating the actress Bonita Granville while she was playing feisty yet wholesome Nancy Drew in the popular movie series. Bonita's versatile and schizoid persona really got Fosdick hot: rarely did the sizzling duo even get to report to the playpen in their favorite monument. Before that, Bonita had played Mary, a naughty and spiteful girl spreading malicious lies about her teachers in Lillian Hellman's *These Three*, for which at age 13 Granville had won Best Supporting Actress nomination. The next year, 1937, in *Maid of Salem*, she led an hysterical group of village girls as accusers in the Salem witch trials. Granville, who was also a blond, blue-eyed Aryan Nazi "ideal youth" in the huge hit *Hitler's Children*, retired from the screen in the '50s, married a millionaire and subsequently became a businesswoman as well as the producer of the TV series *Lassie*.

"Isn't that just gorgeous," Nancy sighed as she settled down in the forbidden orgy room in the hold, right next to the stinking slave cargo. Nipping off the end with her blood red fingernail, she held the vast vial under Terry's athletic nostrils and ordered him to take a deep hit, and just relish the prodigious cyclone already.

"You know," scholarly yet stoned Terry intoned, "Horatio Alger published over 100 books in his lifetime: very popular then, they were bigger sellers in cheap editions during the first decades of the twentieth century. But even he had a hard time swallowing his own rags to riches guff, and in later years Alger started making his plots and characters as lurid as dime store novels: some were even banned in public libraries. Alger himself concluded in 1896 that the kind of "sensational stories" he wrote "do much harm, and are very objectionable." That was the lowest point in his career since as a young man a special parish investigating committee had kicked him out of the Unitarian church in Brewster, Mass where he was minister. Alger had neither denied nor defended himself
against the charges of two boys who said he'd been practicing on them at different times 'the abominable and revolting crime of unnatural familiarity with boys.'"

"Now we're getting somewhere!" Nancy cried feverishly; exotic, windswept palms leapt wildly, so alive.

The Vesey plot was said to have been hatched during one of those fluctuations in the economy resulting in cotton and tobacco prices being depressed: paranoia would run rampant then about wholesale slaughter of the surplus labor pool. (In Virginia, an early such period led to codifying statutes to ensure that slaves and their offspring would remain permanent chattel; subsequent tobacco recessions there resulted in large scale support, even among the anti-slavery forces, for selling slaves further down South.) It's also easy to imagine the white paranoia in Charleston where slaves had long outnumbered white residents: in the 1800 census, the district reported 18,768 whites and 63,315 blacks. As early as 1780, the city of Charleston contained more blacks than Philadelphia, Boston and New York City combined. In Vesey's day, the distribution of food within the city was de facto controlled by slaves, who delivered foodstuffs to the city's markets or were sent there to shop for their households. White Charlestonians complained throughout the 18th century that blacks "at their pleasure" chose to "supply the town with fish or not." Located on a slight rise above the Cooper River, the interior arcades of the market would have been found peopled almost exclusively by African slaves conducting business independently, without supervision, in languages impenetrable to whites.

8. SUSPICION: FROGS IN THE HOLLOW STUMP

"Too many words," Terry managed to mutter mawkishly right before the disco ball came crashing down on the mysterious, large silver frog. A greenish powder trickled out.
"This substance," Dr. Anderson declared, "has terrible power. We must destroy it forever."

But the newly tenured Terry Scott thoughtfully replied, "Perhaps so. But I believe that the frog represents the sacredness of the secret rather than a motive of evil. The secret is that the green powder can heal mankind: it must be an ancient herbal remedy. In other words, all your research to date has been total shit, Dr. Anderson. YOUTH RULES!"

"I wish all my students were live wires like that wino Nancy Drew," murmured the melancholic doc, traversing crumbling corridors.

Just as Dr. Anderson, who had begun aging gracefully not so very long ago indeed, was committing suicide, a laughing Nancy declared that that she was glad the case ended so happily. Now she wondered what new mystery would engorge her. A strange puzzle presented itself shortly (in about one month), Mystery at the Ski Dump.

Neely's was an innocent face, a face that looked at everything with breathless excitement and trusting enthusiasm, seemingly unaware of the commotion the body was causing. A face that glowed with genuine interest in each person who demanded attention, rewarding each with a warm, va-va-va-voom smile. The body and its accoutrements, just as one might expect on the steamy Valley of the Dolls set, continued to pose and undulate for the stringy crowd and flashing cameras. But the face ignored the furor and greeted people with the intimacy of a leggy puppy snuffing around old bark.

"But what do you want?" horn-rimmed Terry continued speaking to Toto. Toto only wagged his tail, for strange to say, he could not speak. It was Toto that made Dorothy laugh, and saved her from growing as gray as her other surroundings. Toto was not gay; he was a little black dog, with long silky, hair and small black eyes that twinkled merrily on either side of the doorway and looked
anxiously at the whirling sky.

Of course, Carolyn Keene, author of Nancy Drew, never actually existed but was a pseudonym for a number of freelance writers working for the Stratemeyer syndicate. Edward L. Stratemeyer wrote or published all the important children's series of his day: starting with the Hardy boys (under the pseudonym Franklin Dixon), then the Rover boys, the Bobbsey twins, up to 10 different juvenile series by 1910. Nancy Drew was the last series Stratemeyer started right before his death. The syndicate was taken over by his daughter who continued to pen many a Nancy Schmancy tale.

Stratemeyer himself completed several of Horatio Alger's unfinished last novels, although critics frequently commented on their fundamental differences: Alger's heroes were aspiring, earnestly striving to be more disciplined, more middle class while the hearty Hardy boys and Nancy Drews were created full-blown, already pumped to eager perfection — adventurous, cocky, spunky, always respectful. Alger fled the newsboys' lodging house in New York where he'd actively served in the operation of its home for foundlings and runaways for 30 years. Apparently, three of the grown-up yet still needy boys whom he had "adopted" were frequently appearing at the ailing Alger's door until he headed for his sister's upstate pad.

Even with her eyes protected by the green spectacles, Horatio and her friends were at first bedazzled by the brilliancy of the wonderful City. The wild wind hurtled huge tumbleweeds up from the canyons, strewing them across (emerald) streets; hauntingly lovely palm fronds swayed and frayed.

Nevertheless, the streets were lined with beautiful houses, all built of green marble and studded everywhere with yummy sparkling emerald studs. They walked over a pavement of the same green marble, and where the blocks were joined together were rows of emeralds, set closely, and glittering in the brightness of the sun. The window panes and sluts were of green glass; even the sky
above the City had a green tint, and the rays of the sun were green green green.

9. VALLEY OF DOLLYWOOD: AUTHOR! AUTHOR! (PUPPY!)

The majority of all syndicated series was written by freelancers who were given a 3-page plot outline describing locale, characters, time frame and basic story line. Each Nancy Drew had 25 chapters which ended in cliff-hangers, was written in about one month, and the writers received from $50 to $250 for them. In a salon.com interview, one prolific Nancy Drew author recently related that neither she nor Nancy were ever feminists — merely fearless fetching femmes! (and quite doll-less, too).

Anne smiled at Neely's logic. Neely had no education, but she had the inborn intelligence of a mongrel puppy, plus the added sparkle that causes one puppy to stand out in a litter. This puppy was clumsy, frank and eager, with long silky hair and twinkling, small black eyes — and a streak of unexpected worldliness running through her innocence.

(Neely had spent the first seven years of her life in foster homes.)

On the hot pink, glossy cover of the 1966 edition of Valley of the Dolls put out by the otherwise avant-garde Grove Press, a blurb from a Village Voice writer claims that Jacqueline Susann's "protofeminism is prescient."

The attendant in the power room threw her arms around Helen. "She was my first dresser," Helen told Anne. "And, fortunately, it was beneath her dignity to value me solely for my ample camp qualities."

"You should have seen her," the woman purred affectionately. "She was all legs and friendly as a puppy."
"I still got good legs," Helen said. "But I gotta knock off a few pounds. Bow wow!"

"And Toto too," the stained dresser added with redundant alacrity, while all followed her blindly through shady portals into iridescent streets of the Emerald City. There were many people, men, women, legs and children, walking about, and they were all dressed in green clothes and greenish skin. They looked at Helen and her strangely sordid company with wondering eyes, and the children all wandered away and hid behind their mothers when they saw the wordy green puppy/lion.

10. TRUE HEROISM

In his original research on Vesey, Michael Johnson comments that many historians were dismayed at seeing the legendary Vesey story debunked — they needed to believe in his rebellious heroism. But the true heroism, Johnson points out, is of a different kind: Vesey and 44 other men pleaded not guilty and refused to testify falsely against fellow slaves — they made the terrible choice to face execution for telling the truth rather than lie and send others to the gallows. There were also some white heroes in Charleston: eventually 27 whites testified in court in support of 15 black defendants.

Indeed, 83 of the black men arrested refused to testify falsely; despite extensive torture, 90% of the incriminating testimony in the deadliest phase of the trials came from only six slaves. Johnson concludes, "It is time to pay attention to the not guilty pleas of almost all the men who went to the gallows," to honor them for "their refusal to name names in order to save themselves."

Unsung — and we, ourselves?
SUPERMAN v. THE ATOM MAN
A Radio Play

ANNOUNCER: Escaping to Germany with a piece of the stolen kryptonite fragment that robs Superman of his strength, Dr. Teufel, a brilliant Nazi scientist, made his way to a secret cave in the Black Forest where several leading Nazis were preparing the hides.

Teufel told Professor Milch, a chemist, that if the kryptonite could be dissolved, the resultant solution injected into the veins of one of their followers would create Atom Man—a human monster generating sufficient atomic energy to not only exterminate Superman but to bring the whole voracious and sad world deep into naked terror.

Dr. Teufel sent this human monster, a young German using the name Adam Miller, back to Metropolis where he was “educated” mainly in mixing metaphors in elbow grease. As his first assignment, he was to find and conquer Superman! Speaking almost perfect English, Miller secured a position as a reporter on the Daily Planet, and the blond Aryan wearing a leaded vest was introduced to a frankly unnerved Clark Kent.

In the presence of the kryptonite in Miller’s blood, Kent became momentarily dazed and irrational: then that irrepressible gent, Kent, actually began to eat cotton! Believing that he was losing his mind, Lois Lane had Kent taken for observation to a mental institution, from which The Man of Steel escaped that evening. Returning to the seemingly deserted Planet office, he found Miller rifling Lois’ drawers, and challenged him.
SUPERMAN: (UP, FADE IN) Having a good time, my friend?

MILLER: (OFF, WHEELING) Superman!

SUPERMAN: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Is that all you’ve got to say!

MILLER: (PAUSE) No! I’ll have something more to say — in just a moment! . . . Let’s see . . . “She cocked her ear and heard only the silence’ — muttered the rancher thickly.”

ANNOUNCER: Quickly, Miller’s hands dart into his jacket pockets, fumbling for the metal mesh gloves and electronic throat-converter that will transform him into deadly Atom Man. And unaware of his great danger, Superman stands in the doorway, arms akimbo, disdainful smile playing upon luscious lips.

STUDIO: TWO PAIR QUICK STEPS—ONE HIGH HEELS COMING IN

JIMMY OLSEN: (FAR OFF—APPROACHING) Gosh, I nearly walked into that loin stump . . . But honest, Miss Lane, our anthro prof, Joachim C. Fest, claimed that it’s no coincidence that for years no-one has found his way into the top Nazi leadership who has a family or whose family life matches the image of national socialist ideology. In countless and tirelessly presented metaphors, pictures, monuments, as well as in the amateurish but officially fostered “genuinely national poetry,” the type is pictured as a heroic figure, preferably on his own land, gazing boldly into the rising sun or standing with legs apart as he offers his strong bare chest to the turbulent waves of life. This erect blond idol with the unmistakable aura of male sweat and nobility of soul is particular to all stylizations of national socialist ideology, in whatever form.

LOIS LANE: (WEARY) Leaning against him is his tall, full-bosomed wife: she is doughty and valiant, but at the same time fervent, profound and gay amid the children to whom she tirelessly gives birth. (SUDDEN
ANGER) YOU KNOW THE REALITY IS THEY'RE FUCKIN' BREEDING NAZIS RIGHT NOW, JIMMY BOY. By the mid 1930s centers were being set up to enable human stock breeding. SS men impregnate girls whose physical appearance qualifies them to come up with evidence of their Aryan blood traceable back to the Thirty Years War. Their parents, ancestors, ideals, loyalty, and devotion to the Führer are also inquired into. Many are so fanaticized that they sign a declaration abjuring Christianity in favor of the new religion of blood. The SS children are to be the advanced guard of the race that is to populate the planet for a thousand years.

STUDIO: FOOTSTEPS, APPROACHING

PERRY WHITE: Poppycock!

JIMMY OLSEN: (RUSTLING PAPER) Jumping Jemima, chief! Just listen to this marriage advertisement from a German newspaper:

52-year-old, pure Aryan physician
fighter at Tannenberg, wishing to settle down,
desires
male offspring through civil marriage
with young, healthy virgin of pure Aryan stock, undemanding
suited to heavy work and thrifty,
with flat heels, without earrings, if possible without money.
No marriage brokers. Secrecy guaranteed.

PERRY WHITE: (PAUSE) Flat heels, huh? For fuck's sake!

LOIS LANE: I wish all my students were live wires like that wino Nancy Drew!

PERRY WHITE: Good Godfrey! Nancy . . . is she . . . "blotto?"

STUDIO: DOOR OPENS–DRAWER SLAMS
MILLER: (DIDACTIC) The woman who voluntarily renounces motherhood is a deserter! No foreign slave housemaids for her! *Pas de tutti-frutti!* *(CERTAINLY NO GERMAN MOTHER'S CROSS FOR THAT SLUT!)*

LOIS LANE: So *that's* why you’re rifling through my drawers, Mr. Miller? Or is that a piston in your pantaloons?

MILLER: (CASUAL) I can’t explain, Miss Lane. *(TITTERS)* a little poem! I missed my gold cigarette case at dinner and I thought I might have left it in your ratty old drawers which are right next to my robust coat of arms. This is my first day at the *Planet*, you know, and I must’ve mistaken your office for my indifference to your plight.

JIMMY OLSEN: Well, I’ll be dinged!

PERRY WHITE and LOIS LANE: (SIMULTANEOUS, DISDAINFUL) *We* know. Sometimes it feels like you et the larkspur.

SUPERMAN: (THROUGH FILTER) Dang this strange weakness! It’s the same as when you were in the presence of the kryptonite. Could Adam Miller be packing cotton?

LOIS LANE: Are you ill again, Superman? WAIT! – “again?” That was Clark Kent who was ill . . . (EXCITED) Superman! Are you pissing cotton?!


PERRY WHITE: (RISING APOPLEXY AS HE WALKS AWAY) Great scott is *my* line, a-hole!

LOIS LANE: Here – drink water, Superman!
JIMMY OLSEN: (PAUSE) Is he swallowing?

LOIS LANE: Not yet. We ought to have a doctor – hey look! He's starting to swallow!

JIMMY OLSEN: (TENTATIVE JOY) He is? I don't think he's coming yet!

LOIS LANE: (IRRITATED) What use is your dried up, old egghead professor anyway, Jimmy?

JIMMY OLSEN: Say tenderfoot, you're plumb loco! Why, didn't Professor McCock tell us all about Gerda Bormann, wife of Martin Bormann, whose imperturbable attachment to the person of the Führer went hand in hand with a simple, literal, ideological seriousness open to every intellectual claim, no matter how unreasonable. "Oh Daddy," she once wrote Bormann, "every word which the Führer said in the years of our hardest struggles is going round and round in my head again . . . Without knowing it, Luther wrote a real Nazi song! I'm worried about Charlemagne's responsibility for the introduction of Christianity and Jewry into Central Europe!"

LOIS LANE: (MUTTERS) Good thing we didn't step in it!

JIMMY OLSEN: When Bormann told her about his successful seduction of the actress "M," Gerda suggested that he bring M home with him, and that they work out a system of shift motherhood and finally "put all the children together in the house on the lake, and live together, and the wife who is not having the child will always be able to come and stay with you in Obersalzberg or Berlin."

LOIS LANE: (MIMICKING) "I'm only worried that you haven't given that poor girl a frightful shock with your imperious ways." Actually, Jimmy, that little menage sounds a lot like Simone de Beauvior and
Sartre’s cunning arrangements. Not to mention like my own juicy one which I rarely even allow myself to fantasize about, featuring servile Clark Kent and studly Superman. No fascists, us! Of course, we have no children either. (PAUSE) Say, Jimmy, did you ever notice how Clark is never around when you want to fuck him?

JIMMY OLSSEN: Don’t you mean when you want him to want to fuck you, Miss Lane?

LOIS LANE: Anywho, the point is we’re all too complex for our own good. Except for Sally Superman – so where is that heavenly hunk? Seems to have whisked himself away (THOUGHTFUL) . . . sans erectionne, I wonder?

JIMMY OLSSEN: DREAMY!

LOIS LANE: I bet your precious old McCock doesn’t know that Bormann is currently conspiring with Himmler so that German soldiers can have more than one wife, because women “cannot receive their children from the Holy Ghost, but only from those German men who are still left.” The first wife would be titled “Domina,” and more wives would be bestowed on holders of the German Cross in gold as well as the Knight’s Cross. Recently, magnanimously extended to holders of the Iron Cross as well as those holding the silver and gold close-combat bar. After all, Hitler always says, “The greatest fighter is entitled to the most beautiful woman.”

JIMMY OLSSEN: (INDIGNANT) Naturally, it’s absolutely impossible for any Aryan broad to get an abortion nowadays while being totally mandatory for pregnant Jewish prisoners.

MILLER: Before leaving, I just want to say in my own defense that my teachers made me do it! They were all deeply anti-Semitic and Germanic high culture was clearly a reflection of their own vicious prejudices.
LOIS LANE: See, Olsen, I told you it's all the fault of those feshugenah intellectuals! That's why we need Superman to not think for us!

MILLER: Hop my paw, little missy!

LOIS LANE: I listen to you?

JIMMY OLSEN: Nonsense! The fascists and Nazis succeeded in large part because they echoed the voices and interests of not a handful of conservative intellectuals, but of aristocratic landowners, military leaders, reactionary industrialists, small shopkeepers, and small-holding peasantry.

MILLER: However, that is not to underestimate the fatal German concept of education which excluded politics, and made it the despised business of dubious characters or a matter for 'strong men.' It was an idea which compensated for lack of civil liberty by a retreat to 'inner freedom' and cultivated both a misguided political abstinence and a political consciousness saturated with heroic concepts. It understood the state not as a system of checks and balances for the protection of individual liberties but as an absolute quantity with extensive claims to submission, as a sacred entity—

LOIS LANE: (DRIPPING) – yeah, a hard cock.

MILLER: These and many other intellectual circumstances helped to create a long and wretched tradition of whole generations of university teachers, literary pseudo-prophets and presidents of nationalist societies in which hostility to reason, brutalization of life and corruption of ethical standards required only to be crystalized in a genocidal political outlook in order to—

LOIS LANE: Yaddah, yaddah! (GRANDLY) He who can't spell history is doomed to misspell it!
ANNOUNCER: (AT WIT’S END) Atom Man slips into the dark woods and begins working his way toward the huge reservoir—poised like a giant spittoon above Metropolis. Can anyone—or anything—top him now(!), this man in whose very blood runs the deadly atomic energy of kryptonite? The Man of Steel makes his most desperate challenge in the next episode of THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERMAN!

THE ATOM MAN—EPISODE L830

ANNOUNCER: Using Jimmy Olsen as bait, Adam Miller, in whose veins flows deadly atomic energy, lured Superman to a lonely beach far from Metropolis with additional promises of far-reaching dudes. Wearing meshed metal gloves, Miller touched the switch at his throat; from his fingers purred a stream of terrible atomic power! After a titanic battle, Superman fell unconscious, and the Atom Man, joined by Der Teufel, the half-mad fugitive Nazi scientist who plans to rule the world, prepared for tit-i-llation.

Meanwhile, escaping from the shack where he had been held prisoner, a slim-hipped yet horny Jimmy raced back through the lilac bush in search of help—and as we continue now, he has come to a small queering, in which stands the rough hut of a randy rabbit-trapper. Pantingly, he pounds on the door:

STUDIO: POUNDING ON DOOR

TOM: (RABBITER) Take it easy. I’m a’ comin’.

STUDIO: DOOR OPENS

JIMMY OLSEN: (PANTING) Excuse me. I—I’m Jim Olsen. – Can I—use your phone?
TOM: I haven’t got a phone out here. (CHUCKLES) Now, what would I do with a phone?

JIMMY OLSEN: (GROAN) Oh golly, what’ll I do? I’m about as welcome here as two snowballs in Hades!

ANNOUNCER: His hair standing on end, Jimmy Olsen wheels like a frightened deer and plunges into the bush – his eyes with the horror of what he has seen. Onward, he races – tripping-falling – picking himself up and plunging on through the forest filled with that awesome rumbling. (PAUSE) Tom’s tanned face takes on a look of deep concern.

TOM: (SHOUTING) Now listen, young fellow, just try to calm yourself down. You’re jittery and keyed up – like most of those city folks. You can send a message with my muffins – it’ll give all those damn fidgety hands of yours something to do. (DIGNIFIED) So just get on the grub line, hombre, and shut your hole!

JIMMY OLSEN: (INSULTED) WELL! I’m going to tell Superman! ... Say, aren’t you in my anthro class?

TOM: Yeah, he’s got a big house and everything.

JIMMY OLSEN: Say, isn’t your name Adam Smith? Or Henry Miller (VAGUELY SUSPICIOUS) Or A-tom Bomb Man, something or other...

TOM: It’s just plain Tom, dude, as in cat. Everyone knows that!

JIMMY OLSEN: Whatever, punster dude. You know, I still can’t comprehend the role of the intellectual in promoting fascism. And that banality of evil stuff – how Dr. Moorcock is always saying the Nazis are mainly bureaucrats. But whatever happened to really virulent, carefully orchestrated anti-Semitism like the good ol’ Crusades or Spanish Inquisition? I presume you know that Doc M’cock predicts that scholarly inquiry will reveal “the predominant type lacked even
unmitigated criminality; he had preserved the petty bourgeois attitudes and impulses of his origin; his fanaticism as expressed in unthinking efficiency. Pedantic, with a murderous 'love of his job,' he always did only what he conceived as his duty, and, like Himmler or Hesse, was completely incapable of understanding his terrible reputation.”

TOM: Yeah, I know all about how much they love their dogs and all that shit.

JIMMY OLSEN: (RECITING) “The daily practice of murder and almost tender family relationship, discussions of the technical improvement of the ‘fuel capacity’ of the incineration ovens and the almost legendary musical evenings by candlelight . . .”

TOM: Nothing wrong with my oars!

JIMMY OLSEN: Say, do you need a study partner, dude?

TOM: (ROARING) How's about a fuck buddy, son?

JIMMY OLSEN: (HASTILY) On January 7, 1932, Hitler's most famous speech was appealing to the elite of Germany's industrialists at Düsseldorf to expand the large sums they were contributing to his mounting campaign expenses. He assured the industrialists that rearmament on a vast scale would provide them markets, stop militant trade unionism, and end unemployment. Most important of all, perhaps, he told them that no matter what they might have heard, national socialism stood for the sacred rights of private property. Only if these rights were honored, he insisted, could Germany gain the economic strength needed for a policy of iron determination abroad.

TOM: Too often scholars have stressed the ideological and political differences between old conservatives and new ultraconservatives but have failed to perceive how willing the respectable conservatives have been to trade these differences with their own ultra rightwing in order to
prevent the victory of liberalism and the triumph of mass education.

JIMMY OLSEN: For land's sake!

TOM: (Tough luck some hombres have: you're pale clear as a gill!) Come this way – to the cellar. Hurry. There is a tunnel under the floor – I will show you. It will take us under the edge of the forest – to the hidden cave on the beach with its pay phone (SLURPING), half-naked cabana boys, and quite a gaunt iguana. Now that's what I call one hell of a piece of private property.

JIMMY OLSEN: That's what I'm talking about!

TOM: Come on, we've got things to do! Big things.

ANNOUNCER: CYCLONE BLOWED OVER – SHINDIG UNDER WAY AGAIN. As Jimmy Olsen is getting rimmed, a few miles away on the beach, the Atom Man, nipples blazing like diamonds, stands by impatiently as Teufel bends over the limp, motionless figure of Superman. All about is a scene of chaos. Great trees ripped from the beach, branches of the sausage tree, split and blackened as if by lightning, lie all about in crazy smoked profusion; as usual, lots of luscious limbs akimbo.

The vast beach, from the gray sea to the edge of the forest, is gashed and torn into deep trenches and craters, almost as if it had sustained an artillery barrage. Finally, the Atom Man steps forward impatiently, again speaking in the “normal” voice of Adam Miller.

MILLER: (FADING IN) Well, Teufel – are you satisfied that he's dead?

DER TEUFEL: (COLDLY) He is not dead!

MILLER: He must be!
DER TEUFEL: I tell you he is not; his heart still beats. Very faintly, but it still beats.

MILLER: Impossible! That huge tree that lays across his legs – it’s entirely denuded!

DER TEUFEL: But Superman still lives! (ANGER RISING) What must we do to kill him? What?

MILLER: I tell you he’s dead. But if it’ll make you feel any better, I’ll turn on my converter again, and–

DER TEUFEL: Nein! You must not! The atomic energy in your blood can be exhausted. You have already consumed a great deal of it today, and you only have one more giant wad to shoot all over my exquisite face.

MILLER: But what if that isn’t enough to make everyone in the world into a fetid mess of slobbering zombies, and I’ve exhausted the atomic power of the kryptonite?

DER TEUFEL: (ABSENTLY) In that case, there is always the Scarlet Widow. She has the other three pieces of kryptonite luggage.

MILLER: She has? The leatherette towel holder too?

DER TEUFEL: (ABSENTLY) Ja. She – (PAUSE) Ach!

ANNOUNCER: This is not the moment we’ve all been waiting for! Don’t miss the next senselessly breathless exciting episode of Superman in which the sanguinary Scarlet Widow, who dreams of big-time escape into the Argentine, along with several other silly stock characters, will most certainly (not) make an appearance. Sydney the fat man who shakes with greedy laughter, Jito his ruthless “Oriental” houseboy whose slyness is rewarded with chocolates, and a nameless German prisoner
who has just been brought in, a squat, slack-jawed man who seems ill at ease in his handsome frock coat and silk hat. What tomorrow’s episode will reveal, however, are reassuringly explosive titanic battles enacted all around the damn dam guarding the great billion dollar reservoir in the hills above the city – the first sparks of jagged green lightning that leaped from his weirdly glowing hands, plowing an enormous crater – faster and faster the pale moon lighting his billowing red cape and simmering on the various silvery waters of the vast, vivacious spittoon...

(VOICE FADES TO DISGRUNTLED MUMBLING)

THE ATOM MAN EPISODE—L836

ANNOUNCER: And now, manically, the great lightning leaps – ever lengthening – and is almost at the dam, when (BURST WIND AND SUSTAIN IT) Superman flashes upward from the deep waters of the reservoir, his costume and cake dripping, and rockets like a birthday bullet at the Atom Man! Later, his candles all blown out and left for dead on a lonely beach by Adam Miller, the Atom Man, Superman is brought to a country hospital, where he lays in a coma for many hours, his identity unknown. But the following morning, weak and dazed, he manages to make his way back to Lois Lane’s chic flat, where he and Lois could only exchange strange words.

LOIS LANE: (IMITATES BETTE DAVIS) What a dump. Hey, what’s that from? “What a dump!”

SUPERMAN: Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf?! How would I know . . .

LOIS LANE: Aw, come on! WHAT’S IT FROM, FOR CHRIST’S SAKE?

SUPERMAN: I haven’t the faintest idea what . . .
LOIS LANE: Dumbbell! It's from some goddamn Bette Davis picture ... Bette Davis gets peritonitis in the end ... she's got this big black fright wig she wears all through the picture and she gets peritonitis, and she's married to Joseph Cornell or something ...

SUPERMAN: ... Somebody ...

LOIS LANE: somebody ... and she wants to go to Chicago all the time, 'cause she's in love with that sculptor with the scar ...

SUPERMAN: Chicago! It's called Chicago.

LOIS LANE: Good grief! Don't you know anything? Chicago was a 'thirties musical, starring Miss Alice Faye. Don't you know anything?

SUPERMAN: Well, that was probably before my time ...

STUDIO: TWO PAIRS QUICK STEPS APPROACHING

TOM: (FROM A DISTANCE) No emotion either carries Himmler away or inhibits him. His very coldness is a negative element, not glacial, but bloodless: a man at freezing point. Yet his character, almost abstract in its colorless impersonality, gains a certain individuality from his eccentric views. With naive certainty, Himmler considers himself the reincarnation of Heinrich I, who had done battle with the Hungarians and Slavs. He recommends a breakfast of leeks and mineral water for his SS, will only have 12 people as guests at his table, following the example of the Royal Table of King Arthur, and is occasionally to be found in the company of high SS officers all staring fixedly into space in an attempt to compel a person in the next room to confess the truth by their "exercises in concentration."

JIMMY OLSEN: At least Perry White isn't into that – it's more exercises in perspiration! Like yesterday, he was ranting (FURIOUS MIMICKING WHITE MIMICKING JIMMY) "He said! He said!" If
you don’t stop repeating that, I-I-I don’t know what I’ll do! (FADING) Now come on – both of you.” (PAUSE) That reminds me. When we get to Lois’, honey, pleeese don’t rant about Himmler. You know how she can get – like a small animal rustling around in a candy box.

STUDIO: DOORBELL CHIMES

LOIS LANE: (SHOUTING) Darling! George, get them a drink. (DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN) What’s that picture where Bette Davis comes home from a hard day at the grocery store, and . . .

JIMMY OLSEN: She works in a grocery store?

LOIS LANE: No silly, she’s a housewife, she buys things . . . and she comes home with the groceries, and she walks into the modest living room of the modest cottage modest Joseph Cotton has set up for her in...

JIMMY OLSEN: Are they married?

LOIS LANE: Yes. They’re married. To each other. Cluck! And she comes in, and she looks around, and she puts her groceries down, and she says, “What a dump!”

TOM: Himmler’s peasant superstitions, naturally, after the fashion of the time, have pseudo-scientific trimmings. He has archaeological excavations carried out in search of the original pure Aryan race and studies made of the skulls of “Jewish-Bolshevik commissars” in order to arrive at a typological definition of the “sub-human.”

JIMMY OLSEN: (STAGE WHISPER) Hon–eee!

SUPERMAN: Ha! I presume you know Hitler has begun negotiations for the resettlement of five million Dutch farmers in the conquered territories of the East. In the east, the Nazis neither expect nor want cooperation from the subject peoples. Poland and Russia are to have all
vestiges of community life and national consciousness destroyed. Under the notorious Hans Frank, some of the policies have begun in Poland. Polish intellectuals, landlords, and political leaders are being slaughtered. Polish literature and even the language are to be obliterated. In Bohemia and Moravia, student leaders are shot, politically minded clergy exterminated, and the publication and study of Czech literature and history forbidden.

**TOM:** Only unskilled workers and peasant masses are to remain in the east – all higher tasks are to be reserved for the Nordics.

**JIMMY OLSEN:** See, that proves that intellectuals do have power.

**TOM:** You’ve got a valid point there, hon. But you’ve got to start drinking more and fantasizing less about Professor McCock! Didn’t your analyst warn you?

**JIMMY OLSEN:** (POINTEDLY) If H.G. Wells hadn’t broken his leg, he might still be clerking in a dry goods store.

**SUPERMAN:** Well, Herr Himmler seems to agree with you about brain power, Jimmy. He has just proposed the “Women's Academies of Wisdom and Culture” for superior type Aryan women who would be given “a good grounding in history,” a knowledge of several languages, and – needless to say – special courses in cookery and housekeeping. The Exalted Woman's training would also include riding, swimming, car-driving, and pistol shooting.

**LOIS LANE:** (DISGUST) Quel improvement! Hitler’s previous highest accolade for women – the German Mother’s Cross – was awarded on August 12, his mother’s birthday. A bronze cross is awarded for four to six children, silver for six to eight, and gold for eight or more. When wearing their decorations these women are entitled to the Hitler Youth Salute as well as to all sorts of privileges and special slave shipments of Eastern Europe housemaids.
TOM: (AGITATED) Jesus, even when Genghis Khan and the Mongol hordes conquered the world, they encouraged indigenous arts and crafts. Under them, Chinese theater flourished, Confucian and Tibetan Buddhist monks were employed, the construction of temples and monasteries encouraged. In Iran, the Mongol era witnessed an outpouring of great historical writings. Mongols funded medicine and astronomy throughout their domain, and promoted science and engineering. This included the extensions of China’s Grand Canal and the development of a sizable network of roads and postal stations.

STUDIO: FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, DOOR OPENS

JIMMY OLSEN: Chief!

PERRY WHITE: And how many times have I told you not to call me “chief,” Olsen?

JIMMY OLSEN: Sorry, boss, sometimes I just like to slip it in.

SUPERMAN: (PEREMPTORY) Perry! Let’s have lots of drinks!

TOM: (DEFIANTLY) For the so-called superior Aryan race, not even a Nazi Russian could be allowed to exist. As Erich Koch, the prime executor of this program put it, “If I find a Ukranian worthy of sitting at the same table with me, I must have him shot.”

PERRY WHITE: Lighten up you big galoot, this is a shindig. I’d like to propose a toast to George and Martha’s inauguration – long may they wave!

LOIS LANE: Here, here! To the mother and father of our beloved nation! (CONFUSED) Or to the progenitors of the mighty Planet! Hail to Chief Perry “Whitey” White!
JIMMY OLSEN: Uber-mensches, uber alles! (Oops! *What made me say that?*)

STUDIO: SOUND OF CLINKING, THEN SHATTERING, GLASSES AND CURSING

PERRY WHITE: Now, now! Martha! George! The first Continental Congress asked me to present you with this ceremonial pewter wig, and lovely leatherette towel holder.

SUPERMAN: I get the joke. I've been to college like everybody else.

LOIS LANE: Martha been to college. Martha been to a convent when she were a little twig of a thing too. You know, when I married Martha, she was one of the richest widows in Virginia. She came with 150,000 acres of land and about 150 slaves. Not that I needed her money – I was already a huge real estate speculator. And I also had tenure, and her father's money or his hands were in my pockets, or wherever . . .

SUPERMAN: And I was an atheist. (UNCERTAIN) I still am.

LOIS LANE: Not an atheist, Martha . . . a pagan. The only true pagan on the eastern seaboard.

SUPERMAN: Tut, tut yourself . . . you old floozie!

JIMMY OLSEN: He's not a floozie . . . he can't be a floozie . . . you're a floozie (GIGGLES) *What am I saying?*

SUPERMAN: Now watch yourself!

JIMMY OLSEN: I'd like a nipper of brandy, please.

TOM: I think you've had enough now . . .

41
which man's hands are in man's which man's
hands are in
JIMMY OLSEN: I listen to you?

ANNOUNCER: To the surprise of everyone, Bess totally comes speeding up the driveway in her red roadster. They had assumed she was in the kitchen, sprawled out all over Miss Lois’ bright yellow linoleum countertops. She and the other sparky teens enter the house and Bess jumps up and says excitedly, “I brought some meat with a tranquilizer in it.” “You what?” George and Martha demand, tipsily. Bess explains that “he” could not come himself but had given her the chunk of raw meat with a tranquilizer pill imbedded in it like a reporter in a hawk. The others stare at her in amazement. Finally, Nancy Drew topples off the divan where she’d been tippling mightily, and titters, “That’s wonderful, Bess. It was ‘stinkin thinkin.’”

JIMMY OLSEN: (DIDACTIC) Cyclone blowed over – shindig under way again!

NANCY DREW: (HEARTFELT) Thanks, Superman, for saving the world! You did a wonderful job. Simply wonderful. We’ve had a recent report of what would have happened at the reservoir if not for you. (SHIVER) Every man, woman, child, and floozie in Metropolis would have been dead by now.

JIMMY OLSEN: We owe you more than we can ever repay, but we’d sure like to try. (SLURP)

TOM & LOIS LANE: (SIMULTANEOUS) YUM!

SUPERMAN: I’m sorry, “gentlemen,” but the threat is far from over.

STUDIO: VOICE SOFTLY SINGING “WHO’S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF”

BESS: It isn’t? (STARTLED) What do you mean?
LOIS LANE: (MYSTERIOUS) Who can tell which man's hands . . . are in which man's deep pockets?

SUPERMAN: I mean a terrible threat still remains – to me – and, oh yes, to you and to the entire world: Even as we drink, Adam Miller is busy building a deadly green oozonator!

JIMMY OLSSEN: (HYPNOTICALLY) Oo-zoo-zoo-nator.

LOIS LANE: A threat, Martha? Hunh? (HOPEFULLY)

SUPERMAN: Yes, when you die, George, I’m going to burn all but two of your letters – and historians will never ever know why. (CRESCENDO) Next, I’m going to plant a cherry tree! Right there in the old garbanzo bean!

LOIS LANE: You’re going to get it, Martha.

SUPERMAN: Careful, baby . . . I’ll rip you to pieces.

LOIS LANE: You aren’t man enough . . . you haven’t got the guts.

SUPERMAN: Total war?

END.
MEL FREILICHER has published 2 chapbooks (Standing Stone Press; & Obscure Publications); his book *The Unmaking of Americans: 7 Lives* was published in 2007 by San Diego City Works Press. Freilicher's essays, fiction and reviews have appeared in numerous anthologies and periodicals, including: *Contemporary American Fiction* (Sun and Moon Press); *SUNSHINE/NOIR: Writings from San Diego & Tijuana* (City Works Press); *Frame-work* (Journal of LA Center for Photographic Studies); *Flue* (magazine of Franklin Furnace Archive, NY); *Central Park; River Styx; Fourteen Hills; American Book Review; Golden Handcuffs Review; BIGBRIDGE; Fiction International; San Diego Union-Tribune; San Diego Reader; Rampike; eye-rhyme: journal of experimental literature. From 1975-89, Freilicher was publisher and co-editor of *CRAWL OUT YOUR WINDOW*, a journal of the literature and visual arts of the San Diego region which won numerous awards and grants.
This edition is limited to 72 copies.

This is number 6.

[Signature: Mel Freilicher]
I tell you he's dead.