

Society:



THE DEER PARTY

by Paul Krassner

ORDINARILY, Norman Mailer's off-Broadway adaptation of *The Deer Park* has two acts, but on opening night there was a third act in the form of a party at the author's home in Brooklyn Heights.

The set designer did a magnificent job, turning the townhouse into quarters so ship-like that, with only the aid of a pair of bartenders, one fore and one aft, a few members of the audience eventually engaged themselves in simulated seasickness.

Costumes were not nearly so imaginative, save for a beaded gold jacket gracing the back of a bald-headed man and a belly-dancer outfit on a lady who when last seen was flirting with an amazingly tolerant homosexual.

Totally appropriate background music was provided by Charley Brown's Generation, a hired rock group led by Mailer's brother-in-law. This was totally in keeping with the intimations of nepotism established earlier in the play with the presence of Mailer's wife, Beverly Bentley, in the role of Lulu Meyers, as well as Mailer's ex-wife, Adele Morales, in the role of chief understudy.

Beverly and Adele were given craftsmanlike dialogue, and Earl Wilson of the New York Post could be seen taking notes. When Brigitte Bardot was in town, Wilson snuck into her hotel room disguised as a painter. Now he was even more skillfully disguised as a reporter.

Dick Schaap of the World Journal Tribune was also there. He had a nice conversation with Norman but due to the vicissitudes of daily journalism he was forced to quote out of context, a crime which in Mailer's book is second only to being bloated out of wedlock.

In his first professional appearance, an

actor named Walker gazed from an upper level as his girl danced with another man. He gritted his teeth, a gesture unfortunately hidden by the reincarnation of D. H. Lawrence's moustache, climbed down the ladder and, restrained mainly by the overcrowded floor (the audience had swelled from 299 to 499 during the second intermission), threatened to do away with the intruder.

"I'll kill him right now," was the crisp chorus he continued to chant with mounting fury until a middle-aged lady named Bianca said hello, whereupon Walker—in a masterful switching of gears—kissed her hand, indulged in charming conversation and then, *flip*, "I'll kill him right now . . . I'll kill him right now."

Helping to keep the action going, other guests took turns swinging in the net hammock hanging from the ceiling, and a few drinking glasses somehow got broken. Mailer's secretary, Madeline, stepped on one of the pieces, and Mailer's ex-secretary, Sandy, played the part of an instant nurse with bandages, while this reviewer held the injured foot up above heart level and director Leo Garen—who always likes to put himself into a scene à la Alfred Hitchcock—proceeded to kiss the bleeding victim's unprotesting thigh.

It was a moment of solemn high camp.

Indeed, Norman Mailer had said that this play was about sex, and it was to his permissive credit that his young daughters, aged seven and nine, were in the audience. His oldest daughter, 17, sat in the balcony resenting the fact that Jose Torres, theatre critic for Ring magazine, sat in the front row.

Police entered from stage left, ostensibly on an official complaint about the noise, but actually to be on hand for the big fight sequence between a fellow named Kingsize (have I ever lied to you?) and sports-writer-cum-political-analyst Pete Hamill. The battle was broken up by a Negro maid, and neither contender knew whether or not it would be appropriate to tip her.

All in all, what at first seemed like a series of unrelated events finally blended into a harmonious, dramatic crazy quilt, and one observed that the event's unique quality was epitomized by the unprecedented bringing-in of the reviews while the performance was still in process.

Woody Allen played a brief cameo role.

Media:



THE FATHER OF ADVERTISING

by Dugald Stermer

FOR THOSE OF YOU who are fortuitously ignorant of the inner processes of our advertising industry, a word of explanation is necessary.

Annually, in urban teapots throughout our country, the local advertising clubs put on tempests surrounding selection—and awarding—of the most effective, or prettiest, or best written advertisements, mailing pieces, annual reports, TV commercials, etc., produced during the previous year. Everybody wins something. All this is climaxed by the national organizations' selection of the "Advertising Man of the Year" or the "Art Director of the Year," depending on the particular perversion of that organization. Clear?

All this does serve a purpose in that it is nice to get recognition for doing good work in a business usually thought of as falling somewhere between the selling of used cars and child molesting in terms of status and integrity.

But the advertising community has, up to now, made a serious omission in its award giving. It has failed to recognize the man who most effectively and skillfully used the tools of advertising, which he did long before any of his American counterparts had even begun thinking about them. As account executive, creative director, art director, copy writer, and agency president, he kept complete control over his agency and client for 12 years, branching out in all directions, until an unfortunate quirk of history felled him. He was, virtually, the "Father of Modern Advertising."

My nomination is Adolf Hitler.

[EFFECTIVENESS]

Consider first his effectiveness: that he sold an entire country on a product no

less fantastic than hexachlorophene, and at a cost to the consumer far exceeding that of a tube of toothpaste. And that he made the outrageous notion of a "Master Race" much more appealing, and built a loyalty much stronger than anything to do with "Marlboro" or "Ford Country."

Hitler, using all of the known ad-man's tools, and even inventing a few more, sold these ideas to the people of Germany to the extent that the population was willing to die, and worse, to kill for them.

[ART DIRECTOR]

AS AN ART DIRECTOR, Hitler will be remembered best for the Swastika. No one has ever created a trademark to equal it in effectiveness, and no one is likely to. It is true that the symbol itself, as the Eternal Cross, is over 2000 years old, and that it was employed as the Sun Wheel by various tribes of American Indians; but then all good designers borrow freely from other times and cultures. What is important is how well the trademark is identified with the institution it represents, how well it is remembered, and how accurately it reflects the ideas of that institution. (In advertising talk this is referred to as "institutional advertising.")

We can test the effectiveness of the Swastika easily with the help of a pair of "visual aids." Figure 1 is the symbol of CBS Television; probably the most widely seen and remembered trademark currently in use anywhere. You know what Figure 2 is.

On a blank sheet of paper first draw the two symbols. You will note that while it takes a certain amount of skill to accurately reproduce Figure 1, any talentless dolt can, has, and still does draw Figure 2 with ease—anywhere and on any surface.

Now try to associate each symbol, separately, with any word that comes to mind. You will find that after you write down CBS, television, and the Beverly Hillbillies you will come up with many things concerned with the eye, but totally unrelated to CBS, or even television. It would, however, take an extraordinarily fluid mind to relate many words to the Swastika that are not also related in some way to the Third Reich.

In other words today, 22 years after the fall of Nazi Germany, its trademark is still the most widely recognized symbol

in the world (outside of the Cross), and it remains in the context which Hitler created for it.

Don't try any of this testing on our own ornate American Eagle; you will get writer's cramps just drawing it.

Hitler's mastery of institutional graphics didn't end with the Swastika. The Iron Cross (previously the Celtic Cross), flags, posters, films (technically the finest ever produced), even postage stamps were all beautifully designed and, by advertising standards, most professional.

[IMAGE MAKING]

HITLER EVEN DESIGNED HIMSELF. A great fan of Charles Chaplin, he borrowed the moustache, combed his hair uniquely, thereby making an asset out of his otherwise intensely insignificant features. (See Figures 3 and 4.) Instantly recognizable, even from a distance, he became his own trademark.

In spite of the fact that he had history's finest fashion designer, Hermann Goering, creating the uniforms of the Third Reich, Hitler insisted on affecting the comparatively colorless uniform of a corporal; a magnificent job of image-making. Advertising man David Ogilvy, in creating the image for Schweppes, didn't wear the beard himself. He gave that honor to his friend the Commander. Adolf would have approved.

While we are on the subject of uniforms, the Freudian implications of high black leather boots, riding crops, and Storm Trooper choreography make our attempts with red convertibles, plastic squeeze bottles, and brand names like Score or Mustang look like practice.

[MCLUHAN MORALITY]

HITLER DISCOVERED, and used, the now popular "McLuhan Morality" long before McLuhan did. The medium under Hitler was the message as no medium has ever been, before or since. The question of whether Hitler himself actually wrote and designed all of his advertisements, or whether they were actually done by his copy writer Herr Goebbels, is academic and meaningless. He got them done, that being the genius of all great advertising men.

He even knew intuitively that by programming his rallies at night he would catch his audience when its intellectual resistance was low, but potential emotional response was soaring. All this long before "prime time."

Finally, in nearly all of the known techniques of advertising, Hitler was the forerunner. His use of stridency, repetition, simplicity, and superlatives are models of successful propagandizing. But his most powerful tool was still making the absurd seem believable—even desirable. The "White Knight," hair preparations with aphrodisiac properties, ten-foot high washing machines—all these are surely no more fantastic than Hitler's vision of the "perfect society"—and it sold better.



Figure 1

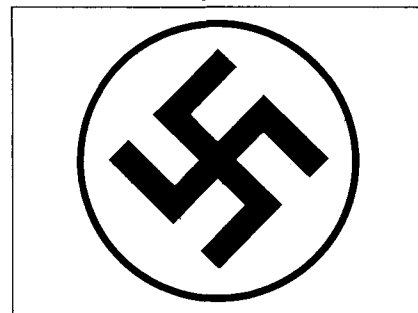


Figure 2

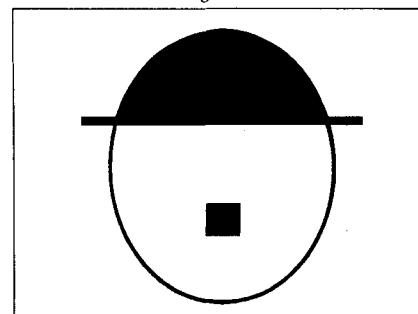


Figure 3

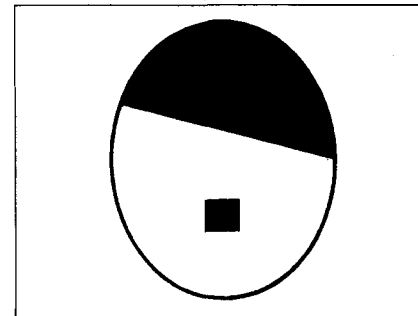
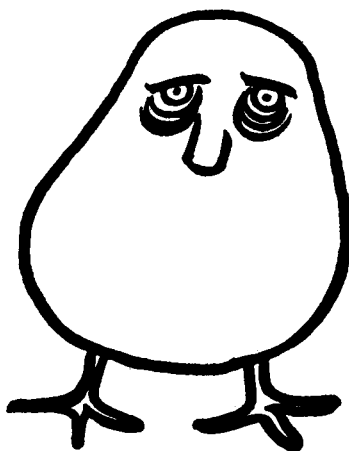


Figure 4

[The Truth Shall Make Ye Silly Putty]



Is it true what they say about THE REALIST?

"More or less the periodical equivalent of Lenny Bruce."
—Steve Allen

"The most anarchistic publication in the country today
... the bible of the American underground."—Raymond
Heard, THE MONTREAL STAR

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gap; also a playlet whose theme is that sex is dirty
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tinction"—reprinted from THE JOURNAL OF AMER-
ICAN POVERTY.*

*Religion: The Americanization of Zen; The Devil's Visit
to New York; the National Priests Union.*

*Impolite Interviews: with Timothy Leary of LSD infamy;
and a high school student fighting venereal disease in
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*Vietnam: Michael Myerson's slanted report from Hanoi;
plus the exclusive publication of Dean Rusk's mem-
oirs, A THOUSAND NIGHTS.*

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murder of Malcolm X; Who Killed Adlai Stevenson?*

*Special Reports: Bratwurst Day in Sheboygan, Wisconsin;
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ventionsponsored by the Society for Humane Trouble).*

*Debate: Resolved—that there should be a violent peace
movement.*

*Soft-Core Pornography: "The Day the Supreme Court
Banned Vaseline"—implications of the Ginzburg
decision.*

*Pop Gossip: vicious facts about such culture heroes as
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Opinion:



THE PLOT THICKENS

by William Turner

A PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR in New Orleans, District Attorney Jim Garrison is an ominous threat to the Warren Report establishment, which includes about every distinguished ear-bender and bureaucrat from Washington to Dallas. Ramsey Clark, the new attorney general, said Garrison was just treading on ground the FBI had already investigated and discounted. Most Warren Commission members expressed cautious doubts that he had anything, and Congressman Gerald Ford, whose book *Portrait of the Assassin*, concludes unequivocally that Oswald did it alone, demanded that Garrison turn over to the FBI whatever he did have. "What?" boomed Garrison, "and wait another three years?"

Except for some discreet checks here and there, the FBI has not re-opened its investigation, but is waiting and hoping Garrison falls flat on his face. Should it get involved in further inquiry and again come up with nothing, it reasons, it would again leave itself open to white-wash charges. Even more discomfiting to the prestige-conscious bureau is the prospect that Garrison does have a case—which would make the G-men look like the rankest of amateurs. Garrison has complained that he has received absolutely no cooperation from the FBI; it refused, for example, to make available the results of its investigation of the enigmatic David Ferrie immediately following the assassination.

This solid wall of antipathy and, at times, hostility, could in the end block Garrison from getting at the whole truth even though his New Orleans theory is

soundly structured. "We have no authority outside of Orleans Parish," explained a Garrison investigator—"and not only the FBI but the Dallas police and district attorney have refused to cooperate with us." The possibility that agencies are not only snubbing Garrison, but trying to learn his moves in order to checkmate them has occurred to his investigators.

"There goes that FBI voice relay," remarked one, picking up the phone and referring to the automatic devices to start tape recorders. "We have to assume everything is monitored."

That Garrison should buck a formidable segment of the establishment seems singularly inappropriate for a politician with further political aspirations. Skeptics say he is trying to make political hay out of his investigation, and is aiming beyond it at the governorship of Louisiana. But by the same token, if his case should fall flat, he would plunge into political oblivion. In truth, Garrison seems to possess rare courage: he has successfully bucked the powers-that-be before, and is supremely confident that he can do it again. The six and a half foot giant from Dennison, Iowa (his father stood close to seven feet) has exhibited an independent streak ever since graduating from Tulane Law School. He ran as an underdog independent for district attorney, blasting the corruptness of the incumbent administration. He reformed a parole system in which paroles could be bought, has collected more bail bond forfeitures from bondsmen than all of his predecessors, and has never lost a murder case. Once known as a Bourbon Street swinger, he aroused the ire of French Quarter inhabitants when he became D.A. by padlocking a number of girlie joints. Garrison's most celebrated bout was with the city's judges, whom he accused of taking overly extensive vacations and running too short sessions. The judges sued for defamation, but Garrison won out in the Supreme Court.

Garrison is obviously a tough, competent investigator, and it was the series of implausibilities in the Warren Report, such as the close spacing of the shots and the theory that one bullet penetrated both Kennedy and Connally, that first aroused his curiosity. Once into the 26 volumes, he discovered the incredible number of loose ends to the investigation. "Garrison doesn't believe there was an express conspiracy in government to

suppress the truth," says Louis Gurvich who, with his brother William, operates the largest detective agency in the South, "but he does believe there was a tacit understanding that to delve too deep might not be in the 'national interest.'" This was implicit, Gurvich points out, in the premature conclusion of J. Edgar Hoover, barely three weeks after the assassination, that Oswald and Ruby both acted independently.

The Gurvichs, quiet-spoken men in their mid-forties like Garrison, have been key confidants to Garrison and prime movers of his investigative task force. Louis, who once aspired to become a history professor, sees an analogy to the Dreyfus case in the government's initially superficial inquiry and its refusal to re-open the case.

Gurvich scoffs at Attorney General Clark's statement that David Ferrie and Clay Shaw, whom Garrison claims figured in the assassination scheme, were investigated and cleared by the FBI in 1963. "What do they mean by investigated?" he asks. "Shaw was a big man in this town—head of the International Trade Mart—and they may have asked him some questions in a deferential manner. But I doubt that they really interrogated him hard and kicked over every stone as they would have in the case of a less prestigious suspect." And both he and Garrison are convinced, says Gurvich, that the Commission's probe was fatally flawed by undue haste ("The FBI buzzed around here like every day was the last," he recalled) and the lack of someone with an overview to correlate the mass of reports and memoranda, most of them wholly irrelevant, that poured in from the FBI.

What is Garrison's theory? The D.A. and his men are wisely keeping their own counsel. When Ed Gutman, the former press secretary to Bobby Kennedy in the Department of Justice and now an editor of the Los Angeles Times, dropped into New Orleans on his way to New York, Garrison and Gurvich took him to lunch but didn't drop any facts. "He probably was sizing up our intelligence quotient for Bobby," said Gurvich. "Bobby's always been leery of the kooky critics." About all that is certain is that Garrison's suspects include Cubans as well as Americans.

When the Cuban angle first became evident, Garrison was besieged by right wingers and anti-Castroites who assumed