

HANOI HANNA, RADIO STAR**(in THE CHELSEA GIRLS)**

Shot on location: The Chelsea Hotel, New York City
Summer 1966

Black and white, 16mm sound, 24fps, 70 minutes

(restored 1989: 66 minutes)

Sharp focus, with moving camera

Premiered at the Filmmakers' Cinematheque, September 15, 1966

with:

Hanna: Mary Woronov
Victor: Susan Bottomly
Scum: Ingrid Von Scheven (Ingrid Superstar)
G.I. Joe: Pepper Davis
Also: Pub, Cutter, and Slicer

Directed by Billy Linich (Billy Name)

with Daniel Williams, Paul Morrissey, Andy Warhol

Lighting: Billy Linich (Billy Name)

Technical Assistants: Daniel Williams, Paul Morrissey, Gerard

Malanga

Camera: Andy Warhol

My first romance with a prototypical Dragon Lady was with she of just that generic name in the Sunday comic, TERRY AND THE PIRATES. As important, as a child, I was addicted to its dinner time, 15-minute-serial radio adaptation: with its opening clarion gong and temple bell chiming over the chaotic crush and cries of an indelibly imagined, "teeming Orient." I say as important, because it forged for me a lasting link between Far East females and the radio. In addition, I was very aware of that honeyed tongued orator, alluring Soong Mei-ling: Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, and kind of in love with her, or about as much as any tiny, Yankee boy of the time could be. And I also was conscious of, and quite pleasantly seduced by, Nippon radio's immortal propagandist, Tokyo Rose. This is to say nothing of Tinseltown's sensual recreations of the real, far-off phenomenon through Linda Darnell as Tuptim and Gale Sondergaard as No.1 Wife in ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM; and Gale again as the satisfaction-seeking, silent Chinese in Warner's acted-to-a-turn puzzler, THE LETTER.

The Dragon Lady has choice hanging space in my writer's rogues' gallery of foreign women, all of whom must always be mysterious, dangerous, beautiful, smoldering, fiery - and articulate in an accent to die for. As with Tondalayo, they are emblems of Escape. By the time I was six years old, I had a fully developed, objective correlative in The Exotic Brunette, and a Coney Island sense of exactly what I wanted her to be.

The serious architectonics of that Coney Island caricature seizes center stage for the first time (in the filmwork) in my string of little political plays whorled around a fascinating female, because they are cast as, but are not, parodies. That artifice begins, of course, with THE LIFE OF JUANITA CASTRO. I was so taken for a spin by JUANITA CASTRO's distillery, and immediate acceptance, that I was determined to prove it intentionally seminal to a genre. For there were times when I entertained myself as a completed biography, with certain notions of its

periods, categories for its work, and proprieties for the succession of its interests. INDIRA GANDHI'S DARING DEVICE is arbitrated to the form, but I'm not certain if it or HANOI HANNA, RADIO STAR is precedent when I turned the hot spot on other promising, sun-toned seductresses. (I.e., as politicians, they pro forma are seen as utilizing their feminine wives for political gain, whether this was true [as with Mme. Chiang] or not: for when not, it could be wildly funny.)

As our "police-action" in Southeast Asia heated up, Andy exclaimed to me, I remember, turning off the lights and grabbing his brown, peeling motorcycle jacket so we could rush off to a party, "Gee, everybody's doing something about the war, Ronnie, shouldn't we do something about the war?"

When he said it, he was gingerly sidestepping a Jackie-In-Mourning stretched for further aerosolling on the floor, and virtually posing by rolls of his Elsie look-alike Cow Wallpaper hanging from hooks because they needed more contemplation. Both images would figure in pieces I'd do in the seventies: Jackie in the longest and best entry in the political genre, and the cows in a (to be sure) radio-drama recalling Elsie's era, MY FOETUS LIVED ON AMBOY STREET. But the cows get immediate mention in HANOI HANNA, and HANOI HANNA was what then demanded immediate attention.

Vietnam, at the time, was a kaleidoscope of Dragon Ladies: Hanoi Hanna, Saigon Sally, and Mme. Ngo Ding Nhu; plus the Tiger Lady and a cornucopia acram with legendary Montagnard guerrilla girls. But since Hanoi Hanna had ready-made historical metaphor in the broadcasts of Tokyo Rose, and was far better known than her Saigon counterpart, and was the embodiment of the mystery of her own voice more than anyone else of the day - her apple of Eve to me as my voice was to Andy - Hanna was an obvious grab-her-and-run-with-it.

The real Hanoi Hanna is Trinh Thi Ngo, a woman presently in her late sixties, whose airway-nom meant Autumn Fragrance. She is slender, fine-boned, and very soft spoken. She spun counter-cultural rock and propagandized in a cross of sirenic persuasion

and deep, motherly concern. The echo of her haunting, beautiful voice is so strong that veterans returning today to Nam often request the privilege of an audience with her.

The movie HANOI HANNA, RADIO STAR was tailored for Edie whose voice was also enchanting, and so possibly written when a title page affixed to the script in 1971 claims it was: in 1965. If after INDIRA GANDHI'S DARING DEVICE, then fairly late in the fall. Some researchers insist it was done while VINYL was still fresh in my ear, because Victor's dialogue is so clearly Gerard talking, his tones and patterns, and Scum equally clearly Ondine in his clipped expression, verbal mannerisms, and stuttered short-stops. The script was, in fact, originally titled VINYL, and I conceived of it as the second loop in a purling of eight, all to be called VINYL because, however individual or apparently contained, they were merely the varied fallout of a single threat. As for that length, periodically Andy talked about doing very long films - four hours long, four days long. HANOI HANNA was shot in the summer of 1966 and, if written more than a year before, that delay can be explained by our being disinclined to do any further filming of my screenplays with Edie after July of '65. Confusing the issue, however, is that HANOI HANNA is indicated specifically for a roving camera - i.e., for the films, then, that Andy ordered me on definitely after July.

But I'd have seen the first VINYL in numerous reruns, and the style of this script poses some problems for any '65 date. Like some other later ones, it has a developed sense of The Ridiculous, with a deliberated Abbott and Costello-like dialectic, often attenuated for a purpose to intentional excess, and in paced, repeated patterns. It is also the first instance of performer-placement dialogue, which was to figure throughout the full cast scenes in GORILLA QUEEN, written in June, 1966. That is, a sustained visual approach to dramatic assembly, where the lines make no sense unless they come from the exact position in which I am locating the actors. Given most readers can't hold those locations in their visual memory, it often is necessary to put the piece on its feet even for a first reading to find how, and where, it functions. This is why some commercial directors,

trained to think plays are short stories, claim mine read like a nightmare.

And finally, having trouble accepting the loss of his biggest star, Andy had asked me to resume writing for Edie once the Harvard Group had abandoned her, in the spring of 1966.

Some details:

HANOI HANNA, RADIO STAR is riddled with the breath lengths and melodramatic drop-stops of the man who began his nightly broadcasts with: "Good evening Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea!" Gabriel Heater was a riveting AM commentator on the day's dreary reality during an earlier and larger War, and my dad used to listen to him religiously. That sombre and negative observer being a mainstay of radio's jubilee days, and his regretful lower register in English being still as much of the language as any permanence in it is for me, I let him establish her rhythm and dictate the flavor of Hanna's diatribes.

"Her kisses were for Joey... but her heart belonged to Benny" was the lobby card copy of A MEDAL FOR BENNY, a completely forgotten World War II soaper that arguably is Dorothy Lamour best film. New Orleans-born Dorothea De Flores, as poseur at least, was another tropical siren in my beckoning gallery-full. Jack Smith said, "She never cut a scene she didn't make interesting."

"News every hour on the hour, bulletins at one," some will agree, is funny because that's exactly what it too often sounds like: the broadcaster not being big on final consonants.

Wistaria: i.e., so we hear "star," something these characters and those in the next script want you to know.

The Parrot's Stand was a fixture in the studio, a tall pole with a hoop soldered to the top. Billy Linich used it,

among other things, to secure mikes and hang troublesome wires. It figures in a number of his famous photos, sometimes with a shaving mirror fixed into the hoop. This stand being always visible to me when I stared into space at the Factory, it was inevitable that I would live with an afterimage of it and involuntarily align it with the Parrot's Beak in Nam - referred to daily on newscasts of the war. It took center stage as a torture rack when I developed HANNA into a play for Edward Albee's Playwrights' Unit in 1970. In that form it is called, VINYL VISITS AN FM STATION, and is easily my most complex one-acter.

If others were present, the phonograph played continuously at the Factory, and I heard no song more exhaustively than "I Can't Get No Satisfaction." I was particularly fond of this cut and as much would have assumed Voice critic Robert Passoli when he claimed, not disapprovingly, that the sole subject of all my work is frustration. HANNA pays tribute to that frequent accompaniment to my thoughts on 47th St., as well as to "I'm Just a Pretty Boy" and other favorites up there.

A text in an undergraduate course that I took was a Modern Library Giant called, THE WISDOM OF INDIA AND CHINA. Every time I glanced at the titular audacity of that single volume, I compulsively thought, "Sounds like a bargain." In the scenario, it becomes an uncharacteristically bitter slur of righteous indignation re the capsule comment mentality of time-conscious America's involvement in Asia.

THE CHELSEA GIRLS is a somewhat arbitrary cobbling together of twelve 35-minute reels completed in the summer of 1966, and placed side by side for the most part, using two projectors, so that they run to approximately three and three-quarter hours. Some of them actually were shot in the old Chelsea Hotel on W.23rd St. At the time, it was a reasonably priced, semi-dilapidated landmark, a favorite with druggies, alkies, artists, writers, and rock people.

I had no hand in directing the scripts of mine that were used in THE CHELSEA GIRLS, and the conventional wisdom on this is that I was so miffed at the Emily Bronte transfer, that I washed my hands of further helming chores chez Andy. But the truth is, I was on the coast when the epic was lensed and that Billy Linich, who had some feel for my work, guided the better part of both THEIR TOWN and HANOI HANNA, as is obvious from the heavy responsibility assigned to their complex lighting, though he modestly claims now to have been only one of a team that saw them through. Since HANOI HANNA promulgates VINYL's overall simile of sadomasochism, Mary Woronov, in her guise of dominatrix, was a shoe-in for the title role and she acquits herself professionally. Needless to say, Edie's "health" absented her from the onerousness. Though aristocratic Susan Bottomly as Victor and Ms. I. Superstar as Scum appear to have little familiarity with the script, Mary and Pepper ^{Davis} as G.I. Joe (a stringy blonde chosen for her passive, put-upon look) struggle to make some sense of things without them. Film students today often take Mary for a very convincing drag, but I find her no more epicene as Hanna than Hollywood's hard-boiled female legends from Davis and Crawford to Turner, Stanwyck, Russell and Reynolds; and amidst a deal of stiff personality competition in this famous "mirror of the sixties" - Eric Emerson, Brigid Polk, Ondine, Mario, and Nico - Mary emerges a top contender.

The political vision of HANOI HANNA, RADIO STAR is more detailed than that in THE LIFE OF JUANITA CASTRO: not different, but more specific (America's romance with war) and more compassionate. It also develops an ungiving, hard-edged border for the political science pieces. Sentimentality, here as in every proto-conditional analysis that was to follow, is absolute anathema.

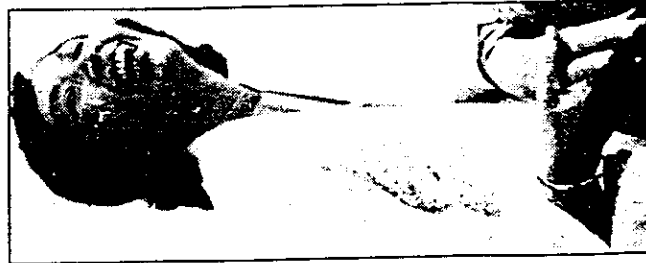
I intended the remaining six sections in the larger VINYL all to be set in this S-M garage and to all feature as their cast these same half-dozen gang members, with one-shot "guests" who might lend their name to their section. The sections' single-sentence pitches (in OUTLINE FOR REMAINING SPIRALS) imply that they all will be political in argument, with fully four again

relating to Asia. Unfortunately, other projects, especially theatrical ones, intervened or took priority, and once sufficient time had passed, I lost them.

But whenever I have occasion to deal in particular with VINYL VISITS AN FM STATION, I think, "Oh-me-God! some day I've got to get around to...."

In partial recompense for this capital gain tax when I transferred to live theatre activity, Ismail Merchant, the producer behind Merchant-Ivory Films, thought he'd make capital of INDIRA GANDHI'S DARVING DEVICE's screaming headlines on the subcontinent, and commissioned me to a lengthy treatment concerning no less than five ambitious, affairs-of-state females: to be called when produced, JAMALISTAN. I loved the cash, Ismail loved the treatment, but Ivory didn't see what the fuss or seriousness was all about. And Ivory is nothing if not serious. End of JAMALISTAN.

THE WORLD



Trinh Thi Ngo is 65 years old now. She used a calm approach and popular music to try to persuade American GIs to abandon support of the Vietnam War.

■ The woman who spread communist radio propaganda during the Vietnam War remembers her work fondly.

Associated Press

HO CHI MINH CITY, Vietnam — The voice is still as soft and clear as it was in 1965, when it became one of North Vietnam's psychological weapons against the United States.

Trinh Thi Ngo, better known as Hanoi Hannah, didn't use theatrics or shrill threats when she made her daily Voice of Vietnam radio broadcasts to American GIs in South Vietnam.

"I'm trying to convince them that they should not take part in this war," she recalled in a recent interview in this southern city once called Saigon, where she has lived since 1976. "So I should be rather friendly when I'm talking."

The name she used as a broadcaster was Thu Huong — Autumn France — and her appearance now at age 65 is as elegant as the name.

She is slender and fine-boned, wearing an embroidered green and white satin *ao dai*, a traditional tunic over slacks. The pale pink polish on her nails matches her lipstick. She wears a

pearl necklace and delicate gold bracelet.

U.S. soldiers coined the nickname Hanoi Hannah, and an article in the U.S. military newspaper *Pacific Stars and Stripes* helped it catch on.

She went to work in 1955 for the Voice of Vietnam, the radio station of the newly independent North Vietnamese government, and learned her professional English delivery from visiting Australian broadcasters.

Stardom of an unusual sort came after the first American combat troops came ashore at Danang in 1965 to aid South Vietnam in its war against guerrillas backed by the Communist North. She became the lead announcer of a daily program directed at the GIs.

"This is Thu Huong, calling American servicemen in Vietnam," she would begin, then follow with half an hour of reports about U. S. units that were ambushed, GIs who were captured and the latest anti-war demonstrations in the United States.

"Clear-minded men, don't let yourself be strung along in (President) Johnson's nightmare," she appealed in one, according to an Associated Press news report from 1966.

"It was a cooperation between the political department of the Vietnam People's Army and the radio," Ngo said. "The armed forces gave us war

Hanoi Hannah still persuades gently

news . . . and supplied American music — jazz, pop, sung by famous singers."

Peter Weber Jr. was a fan.

"She always played good music," remembered Weber, of Albuquerque, N.M., now a retired Air Force chief master sergeant. He said he listened to Hanoi Hannah's program at night between security patrols at an Air Force facility near Bien Hoa in 1970-71.

She played Jimi Hendrix, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Cream, Pete Seeger, Joan Baez — music that U. S. Armed Forces Radio was too conservative to play.

"She had a very, very, very beautiful voice," said Weber, who visited Hanoi recently with the Vietnam Veterans of America. "She never screamed. She was very motherly in some aspects — concerned."

After the war, Ngo quit her radio job to follow her husband to Ho Chi Minh City, sliding back into obscurity. But in recent years, as more Americans have returned to Vietnam, requests to meet with her have multiplied.

In 1993, the government recognized her special role, giving her the title "artist emeritus."

If she could make one more broadcast to American audiences, she knows what she would say: "Let bygones be bygones. Let's forget the past."

"HANOI HANNA, RADIO STAR"

From The Chelsea Girls

~~(VENUE)~~

Screenplay
~~script~~ by Ronald Tavel

Spiral One

characters:

- Hanna
- Victor
- Scum
- Pub
- Cutter
- Slicer
- G.I.

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V I N Y L

SCENE I

(Open with close-up of HANNA's face. She is very beautiful, her expression is relaxed, but she seems preoccupied doing something. She keeps looking downward. Oriental music is playing, weird wailing sounds, high pitched instruments.)

Zoom out slowly and we see HANNA is dressed in full sado-masochistic regalia, leather, etc. She carries a whip. She is occupied with taking off her gloves, extremely long leather gloves, and carefully wiping blood spots off her clothes with a roll of Scott's tissues, much as a woman would wipe off her make-up with tissue paper.

VICTOR appears, also in sado-masochist outfit. He surveys her with approval.)

VICTOR: You're great, Hanna, really great.

HANNA: Meaning what?

VICTOR: You're different, different from everybody else.

HANNA: I don't think so. I'm just a girl, much like any other girl. What's different about me?

VICTOR: The way you look - how fresh and rested you look after working. Everyone else looks bushed after they finish work: but you look more beautiful then than ever.

HANNA: I didn't finish up completely. There's still another nail to be driven....

(Camera zooms out further until we see the work. SCUM is seen nailed onto a torture board, arms and legs outstretched. His clothes are torn and he moans slightly.)

HANNA: I get off at five. See if you can wind things up for me, will you, Victor?

VICTOR: Sure, Hanna.

(VICTOR picks up a hammer and nail and drives the latter in the board near SCUM's left foot.)

VICTOR: There - how's that?

HANNA: Perfect, per usual. And in perfect taste. That's what I dig about you, Victor, everything you do, each nail you drive, is with consummate taste.

VICTOR: That's because you're my muse. Where do you want him?

HANNA: Oh, put him under the bed for the weekend.

(PUB emerges from the shadows and he and VICTOR carry the torture board with SCUM on it over to the bed and place it under the bed. PUB takes a seat to the right of the bed and opens a book and begins reading it.

HANNA goes over to the bed and sits on it. She crosses her legs and beckons to VICTOR.)

HANNA: It's five o'clock, Baby, I'm off work.

VICTOR: Or off to work.

HANNA: Help me off with my boots, will you, Baby?

(VICTOR goes over to her and slowly pulls off her long leather boots. HANNA moves up completely onto the bed.)

VICTOR: O my muse, what are you doing?

HANNA: Musing....

VICTOR: Shall we muse along with Mitch?

HANNA: Yes, that would be a switch!

VICTOR: (to PUB) Switch, Pub!

(VICTOR clicks his fingers and PUB turns and takes the oriental music off the record player. VICTOR and HANNA sit frozen during this process. PUB puts "A Time to Live, A Time to Die" on the machine. As soon as the music begins to play, VICTOR and HANNA come alive and begin making love furiously.)

VICTOR: (singing along) A time to love, a time to hate.

HANNA: (singing along) A time to sow, a time to reap.

VICTOR: A time to live, a time to die..... and you thought the Pentacostal church was the only religion with a beat!

SCUM: I always lived on the top floor. I never liked people living over me.

HANNA: An exemplary masochist.

SCUM: What time is it?

VICTOR: Where you going?

SCUM: I like to know the time - you mind?

HANNA: It's some kind of marathon for him. He's going to try to outdo his record.

SCUM: Hey, how about hitting the keys a little lighter? You're gonna knock my eye out with one of them springs! My good eye, too!

VICTOR: And make the bad one jealous.

HANNA: (singing) Love me or leave me,
Try to deceive me...

SCUM: I don't feel a thing.

HANNA: Neither do I.

SCUM: What's that supposed to make you?

HANNA: It doesn't make me. But at least I'm not complaining.

(VICTOR and HANNA continue making out on the bed. PUB continues reading his book. The scene gets rather intimate, but PUB is not disturbed. VICTOR's eye happens to fall on him at one point, and come to focus with incredulity on his complacent non-voyeurism.)

VICTOR: Hey, watcher doing?

PUB: Reading. What does it look like?

VICTOR: That's what it looks like.

(Long pause with PUB going back to his reading.)

VICTOR: I don't like it.

PUB: What?

VICTOR: You reading.

PUB: Well, that's how the cookie crumbles.

VICTOR: I said I don't like it.

PUB: Why?- because you can't read?

VICTOR: That's right, dummy.

PUB: If that's right, I ain't no dummy. Besides if I can read I'm no dummy and if you can't read, you're the dummy.

(Long pause.)

VICTOR: I can read.

(Long pause.)

PUB: Then why don't ya?

(Long pause.)

VICTOR: Cause I don't wanna.

PUB: What do ya wanna do?

HANNA: Yeah, what do you want to do?

SCUM: What, oh what?

VICTOR: This!

(VICTOR reaches over quickly and grabs the book out of PUB's hands and throws it away across the room. Everyone keeps his place while the tension mounts. Pause.)

VICTOR: What was it you were reading, Pub?

PUB: The wisdom of China, and of India.

VICTOR: All in one volume?

PUB: For a buck ninety-eight.

VICTOR: Sounds like a bargain.

(Long pause. Then we hear the Oriental music again. Everyone listens thoughtfully. The music stops.)

PUB: I don't like it.

VICTOR: You a music critic now?

PUB: I don't like what you done.

VICTOR: When?

SCUM: When?

HANNA: What?

SCUM: I don't like it either.

VICTOR: What?

SCUM: What all three of ya done.

HANNA: Why not?

SCUM: Amateurish!

HANNA: If we did what you wanted us to, then we wouldn't be sadistic.

SCUM: Aye! - there's the rub: because I'm not satisfied.

VICTOR: Who says you're supposed to be?

SCUM: (singing) I can't get no satisfaction.....

PUB: Somebody might get the idea that this whole set-up is just to please you.

SCUM: Well, ain't it?- I'm the masochist.

VICTOR: You meaning to imply that we don't get no kicks out of this?

SCUM: You all get your kicks seeing me get my kicks. That's academic.

PUB: I don't like it.

VICTOR: What?

PUB: What you done with my book.

VICTOR: You mean what I done with the wisdom of China -- and of India?

PUB: Exactly.

VICTOR: You got a Taurian one-track mind, nan!

PUB: I think---

VICTOR: What? - that you and me should oughta have this out?

SCUM: I knew it was coming to that - oh, joy in the morning!

PUB: Exactly, Victor.

(VICTOR and PUB rise on accord. They go at each other's throats. HANNA pops chocolates into her mouth, relaxes on the bed and doesn't pay particular attention to the fight. SCUM squirms with frustration For a while the struggle is even.)

SCUM: I can't see a thing, I can't see a thing!

HANNA: People in the cheaper seats never do.

(The fight goes into a kind of ballet, that is, the actors move in slow motion and with concerted rhythm. Giving and taking a punch.
HANNA leans over the edge of the bed and stuffs chocolates into SCUM's mouth. He tries to reject the pieces and she continues to force them between his teeth and then mush them over his face.)

VICTOR: Whose my little boy, Pubby who dances or Pubby who sings?

PUB: Pubby who punches or Pubby who swings?

VICTOR: When the bell's silent or when the bell rings.

HANNA: Death to the loser and all such things.

SCUM: Others want sandals, but I wanted wings.

(At one point in the struggle, VICTOR takes a pair of shears and cuts a lock of hair from PUB head. PUB immediately stops in his tracks and slowly dwindles to the floor.)

HANNA: You lost Samson.

SCUM: All hail Machiste, winner and still champion in the flicks.

(VICTOR retires to the bed and two men in leather garb enter, CUTTER and SLICER.)

HANNA: Why, there's Cutter and Slicer!

SCUM: It's like Dancer and Prancer.

HANNA: (sexy) And Vixen....

(CUTTER and SLICER bring in a parrot stand and center it on the set. Then they lift PUB up and silently begin to chain him to the stand, arms outstretched. PUB rallies slightly.)

SCUM: No, no, not the parrot stand.....

CUTTER: Ssssssh.

SCUM: Anything but the parrot stand, please, oh please.....

SLICER: Don't be crass.

SCUM: Mercy, mercy!

HANNA: Il n'y a pas de quoi.

CUTTER: Now, now, you're a big boy.

SLICER: Act your age.

SCUM: What does age have to do with it? -The older you get, the more it hurts.

VICTOR: Splendid.

(PUB mouths all the words that SCUM speaks for him. This should be very plain, though the other actors do not give it any particular attention.

When CUTTER and SLICER have finished chaining PUB to the parrot stand they pull it down and lift it up and make as if to place the stand with PUB upon it under the bed.)

SCUM: Sorry, fellas, standing room only.

HANNA: Yeah, not under the bed, guys. Stand him and work him over in the back, will you.

CUTTER: Thanks, Hanna.

SLICER: Thanks, Hanna.

PUB: Yeah, Hanna, thanks!

(CUTLER and SLICER do as instructed and begin systematically torturing PUB in the back. Mean time, the camera concentrates on HANNA and VICTOR on the bed. HANNA looks rather deliberately at VICTOR's crotch.)

HANNA: I don't think you're paying attention.

VICTOR: Then why are you so acutely?

HANNA: I'm not! Nothing much to look forward to.

VICTOR: How do you mean?

HANNA: Those so lengthily impressive in a state of inattention are the kind that wouldn't venture much farther in a state of attentiveness.

VICTOR: But that isn't so with me.

HANNA: I know, but I'm saying that's the kind that wouldn't.

VICTOR: But it does.

HANNA: But it's the type that wouldn't.

VICTOR: It's the type that wouldn't, but in actuality it's the exception to ~~xxx~~ that rule.

HANNA: But it is the type that wouldn't.

VICTOR: Yes, it is the type that wouldn't.

HANNA: Well, then, you don't interest me.

VICTOR: Why not?

HANNA: Because I'm ^{not} interested in types.

VICTOR: But you can't type me, I'm the exception---

HANNA: I know all that. Shut up. That's why you're the hero.

SCUM: Hero of what?

HANNA: Shut up, Scum, or we'll pull out your nails and set you free.

SCUM: No, no, anything but that!

VICTOR: Escape from freedom. Scum, you're an escapist from freedom. That's why you're a minor character.

SCUM: A minor character in what?

HANNA: In what! In what! -- you sound like a broken record. A minor character in Sin Palace -- does that satisfy you?

SCUM: (singing) I can't get no satisfaction....

HANNA: That's why you're a maso, Baby, and that's why you're going to stay one your whole one-track Taurian life.

PUB: Please, please, gimme a break!!

CUTLER: Where? - in your thigh bone, your elbow joint?

HANNA: Lengthiness in a state of both attention and inattention is pure redundancy.

VICTOR: (clapping his hands) Bring in the recruit!

(G.I. gets tossed onto the set by unseen hands; he is bedraggled, war-weary, worn-out. He stands in the center of the set without direction or motive.)

HANNA: Ah! Fresh blood for Baloo!

(HANNA jumps out of the bed and goes over to a table which has a microphone on it. A pack of cigarettes, ashtray, also on table. HANNA pulls out a cigarette, fixes it in a long cigarette-holder and begins puffing away.)

HANNA: Come here, soldier boy.

VICTOR: The lady said move!

(VICTOR extends his leg from the bed and kicks G.I. over to the table.)

HANNA: Sit down, soldier boy.

(G.I. does not move and HANNA stands up, scatters thumb tacks on the vacant chair, then snacks G.I.'s face, once, twice, thrice. G.I. does not react, is too tired.)

HANNA: I said, sit down.

(She kicks his shins and he buckles into the chair. He starts up for a moment because of the thumb tacks, then resettles. He puts his hand under his seat, lifting his thigh slightly, and searches about for a moment. He comes up with a single thumb tack which he slowly places in his mouth and sucks as if it were a toothpick. He shifts between eyeing HANNA with theatrical dubiousness and flaking out right under her vicious gaze.)

G.I.: What'd ya have in mind, Honey.

HANNA: Quiet, I will do the talking until we go on the air. You will answer all questions according to the instructions you have received; failure to do so will result in immediate infliction of stimuli to do so, after which you will be removed from the premises and taken to a premises where you will be further re-instructed until such time as you have been enlightened enough to answer as instructed. You have no choice! You will come to this sooner or later. For you,

better sooner than later. Now, act natural, just relax and be yourself.

G.I.: Man, this chick is somethin' else.

HANNA: Silence, O insignificant one! We're on the air! (she speaks in Asiatic accent) Hallo, out there! Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships in the China Sea. This is your stay-at-home reporter, Hanoi Hanna, bringing you the latest news developments and followed by a comprehensive commentary from the magazine of the same nomenclature. To begin with our headline story:- report from the consumer's market tells us that fruits are particularly reasonable today and are also low-priced. We suggest the pomegranite, Chinese apple with the thousand seeds of blood. Today's special: blue strawberries. And may we suggest for dinner:-- squash!!!

And now the traffic report from Satellite 7. Come in Satilite 7:-

(she disguises her voice, puts a handkerchief over the microphone, sounds very far up and hazy, much static)

Hallo, down there, this is Satilite 7. I feel like an eagle. The Panama canal is bottle necked this morning, suggest using alternate route around the Straits of Magellan.

(Asiatic accent again)

Thank you, Satilite 7 and so sorry. We will catch you again on your next revolution around the earth. And now for further fancy in the news:- A collective coming out party will be held this Sat Nite at the Astors, called "Children of the Famous". The purpose of the mass coming out is to express the collective nature of the sixties: i.e., there is safety in numbers. Also, no man is an island complete in himself, and two heads are better than one, four or five being the going rate. Besides, children of the famous have a thing in common - their difficult lives. For a listing of exactly who is coming out this Sat see a reverse telephone directory, page eleven mille et une. Or write care of this station, remembering it is 25¢ airmail from the U.S. Write to Hanoi Hanna, Operation Hannibal, Elephant City S.A.

(she puffs ferociously, blows smoke in his face)

And now, for our guest of the day, G.I. Joe, better known as a guy called Joe....

G.I.: Howdy, folks--

HANNA: Silence, O insignificant One!

G.I.: Pardon, M'am--

HANNA: Madame!

G.I.: Pardon, Madame, but it is protocol to inform your listening audience of the time intervals at which you broadcast the news - so's they know when next to tune

in, Madame, thank you.

HANNA: Ah, so! - we broadcast the news every hour on the hour. Bulletins are broadcast at one - in the morning.

G.I.: Thousand thanks, Lady Hanoi Hanna.

HANNA: And now, Joe, I'm sure our audience is on pins and needles to hear what you have to say. First of all, how have you felt since arriving in this country?

G.I.: Lonely.

(Record machine plays a few bars of "I'm just a lonely boy, lonely and blue". Both sit patiently for it to be pulled off. We hear the needle scratch and ruin the record as it comes off the machine.)

HANNA: How do you find the weather here?

G.I.: Sticky.

HANNA: Sticky? What is this Americanism?

G.I.: Well, you know:- it ain't the heat, it's the Hanna.

HANNA: Ah, so! And what do you think continuously about while you are here in sticky country?

G.I.: Home -- right?

HANNA: That is very correct. What is your home like?

G.I.: Well, did ya ever hear of Twin Precipices, Iowa?

HANNA: Is that near Paris, Illinois?

G.I.: It's closer to Sodom, Mass.

HANNA: Solemn mass?

G.I.: Skip it.

HANNA: We skip nothing! I asked you what Twin Precipices is like, and why you are so lonely for it!

G.I.: Well, to begin with, in Twin Precipices there is, as you come in off the old dandeloin tumbleweed road, a precipices directly to your left and if ya turn about face real sharp, ya'll sight a precipice directly to your right--

HANNA: Which looks identical to the one on your left, n'est-ce pas?

G.I.: How'd ya guess, Hanna?

HANNA: It was very difficult.

G.I.: You're kinda smart, ain't ya?

HANNA: Silence, O insignificant One!

G.I.: What do ya mean, insignificant! What do ya mean, silence?? Ain't this a radio program?

HANNA: You will talk when addressed---

G.I.: Jesus! -- it's like somebody tellin' ya ya talk too much over the telephone. What the hell else can ya do?

HANNA: And what did you say Twin Precipices was like?

G.I.: Fuggin dull, man!

HANNA: No, no -- it was beautiful, it was home!!

G.I.: (surprised) Ya been there?

HANNA: It was home! It was home!!!

G.I.: Gee, for a home-town gal you sure talk funny.

HANNA: Si--

G.I.: Yeah, I know, silence o insignificant one.

HANNA: Your beautiful house under the shaded elms--

G.I.: Wistaria--

HANNA: Under the shaded wistaria, with Mother there in the door, father also there -- all the friends that I knew -- o'er the years true and blue!

G.I.: Gee! Gosh!

HANNA: Well, what about it?

G.I.: Go on, you tell it. You're good at tellin' stories.

HANNA: It's your home town. It's your life story.

G.I.: This is your life.

HANNA: And the girl you left behind - what about her?

G.I.: Well, what about her?

HANNA: Precisely, what about her?

G.I.: Well, to begin with, I'm glad I left her behind.

HANNA: What? o ungrateful dog!! Wasn't she pretty?

G.I.: I'll tell ya, Hanna, that's a matter of opinion. Now,

sometimes when I came home late, real drunk, ya dig, well, then she didn't look so bad. But get her in any kinda daylight and you just a wee bit sober - gosh! - she weren't fit for sore eyen. Now, I recall gittin' up one mornin' with quite a head, and I looks over across the bed and wow!! What a experience, let me tell ya---

HANNA: Enough!!!

G.I.: Enough???

HANNA: You lie!!

G.I.: Do tell.

HANNA: Your girl is beautiful, your home is beautiful, your home town of Twin Precipices is beautiful, your mother is beautiful, your father is beautiful, all your friends in the door are beautiful, waiting there - and you are lonely, lonely, lonely, to see them all once again and to leave this sticky country for ever!

G.I.: If you say so.

HANNA: It is not I, but you who say so!

G.I.: Yeah, but you put it better than me.

HANNA: Enough!!!

G.I.: Enough? I can go---

HANNA: Stop! Victor!

(VICTOR ~~KICKS~~ stands sufficiently to slug G.I. back into his chair. G.I. falls into chair, rises immediately because of the thumb tacks. VICTOR gives him a rabbit punch. G.I. spits thumb tacks. HANNA smokes furiously, smoke pouring out of her nose and mouth and encircling the other two.)

VICTOR: The program ain't over, Joe.

G.I.: I don't doubt it; your ratings are probably higher than ever.

HANNA: I'm smoking less but enjoying it more.

G.I.: What brand ya usin', Baby?

HANNA: Antonio y Cleopatra.....
(this delivered very suggestively, blowing smoke slowly into his eyes)

G.I.: Shit!

VICTOR: Like it again in the neck?

G.I.: AH - please - my neck is stiff.

VICTOR: Then put it back in your pants...

HANNA: And now to resume...

G.I.: Ain't it time for the news yet?

HANNA: We will tell you the news if you tell us about anxious you as you worry anxiously over who is seeing your girl back home -- who is... sleeping with your girl back home....

G.I.: Are you kiddin'? She sleeps alone. Her family can afford a bed just for her.

HANNA: Ah, you Americans are so naive!

VICTOR: You really think she's waiting for you?

G.I.: She ain't got much choice.

HANNA: (abstractly) Her kisses were for Benny, but her heart belonged to Joey.... A medal for Joey.

G.I.: Anyhow, I couldn't care less if she was waitin' or not. But I don't have that kinda luck where she wouldn't be waitin'.
(pensive)
Hummmmm..... maybe if I stayed here longer... maybe another year or ~~two~~ two.....

HANNA: NO, no, no -- that is just what we--

VICTOR: Shut up, Hanna!

HANNA: Silence, o insignificant One!

VICTOR: I think Joe is going to stay here another year or two. He needs re-instructing on how to conduct himself on a radio program.

G.I.: We can't all be stars.

VICTOR: Tompi pour toi!

HANNA: We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin--

G.I.: Ssssshhhhh.....

VICTOR: Ssssshhhhh... ..

HANNA: We have just received word from Wall Street that before closing the Dow Jones averages decided that as part of their new program to back the book industry by helping to issue paper-backs, The Wisdom of China and of India would be issued in paper-back.

G.I.: Gee! Imagine that!

VICTOR: Dry up.

HANNA: And now, we return you to your local station.

VICTOR: What's on now?

HANNA: The commercial.

G.I.: Oh, no! '8,000' miles for this. They got you coming and going. Must be part of the re-instructing system.

HANNA: (enthusiastic commercial voice)
Ever find yourself in a luncheonette where the tuna fish salad and the chicken salad were the same price? If so, don't buy them. They're the same thing.

G.I.: Which?

HANNA: Neither.

G.I.: Ah, so!

VICTOR: Pretty painless. What's next?

HANNA: Next I vamp the lonely soldier boys. No sense working this one over again anymore. Take him away and see that he is rewarded according to his desserts.

G.I.: Hey, wait a minute -- don't I have a say in any of this?

VICTOR: You had your chance. You're off the air now!

SCUM: Marvelous! The soldier boy's getting his comeuppance!

(VICTOR grabs G.I. and brings him over toward the bed. Camera zoom out to catch the wider action. SCUM's head bobbing up and down, straining to get a better view. The work of CUTLER and SLICER also in frame, the mangled remains of PUB.
VICTOR turns G.I. upside down and ties his ankles to x the uppermost points of a wooden criss-cross situated at the foot of the bed. Then VICTOR reclines on the bed and with a long pole on which are nasty barb-wires, he prods G.I. back and forth so that he swings slightly to and fro just beyond the bed. G.I. is silent now just as he was at his entrance, worn-out, defeated, too enervated to complain or rage against his fate.)

SCUM: How disgusting! How disappointing! He's not even screaming. Aren't you hurting him?

VICTOR: I'm doing my best. Can I help it if he's a stoic?

SCUM: Hmhmhmhm. How strange. Adventures in American stoicism. Hope Cutter and Slicer are having better luck.

VICTOR: They're doing their best. Ain't cha boys?

PUB: They sho is!

HANNA: Could I have a little quiet in the background? I have to vamp the listening audience now.

VICTOR: Sure, Hanna doll. Everybody shut up!!

(HANNA fixes herself more comfortably at the table, holds cigarette in old vamp style, arranges her papers and begins in sexy tones:)

HANNA: Hallo, out there, soldier boys. Are you lonely and horny tonight? Ooooooooooooo..... This is Hanoi Hanna, your tasty oriental dish. Coooooooooo. How you like Chop Suey? I'm here to keep you company during the long lonesome wartime night, far from the sides of your loved ones. Mommy or Daddy may be ill tonight, needing your comfort and money, but you can not think of that for you are at war now and have the fox hole to beddy-bye in. Are you comfy out there in the humid moonlight? Like the mosquitoes? Are are you fixed for frogs? Some think the officers' quarters have ceilings that are painted green. But no need to be envious, soldier boys, that's not green paint - that's merely a layer of - LIES!!! Cooooooooooooo..... And what about our lady friends this nighty-night? Is the lovely Alice Corners, of whom you dream, around the corner with someone else? If so..... which corner, soldier boy? Huh, which? Which! Which! Try to imagine her, your tempting lovely - if you find her so tempting is it not natural that others should? - like those draft dodgers of whom you have no doubt heard? Yes, you must surmise that alluring Alice Corners is dating draft dodgers. Do you think she can dodge them - dodging is their specialty, they know all the tricks, they can think one step ahead of hopeless, innocent and still - still? - virginal Alice Corners. Alas, what chance does she have without strong you to protect her? Doubtless, you can envision her now, sprawled out under..... the spreading Hysteria tree, the most-inspiring fragrance of an oriental garden, to please your friend or placate your foe, ah! she gives a lovely light-- Anybody got a light?

CUTLER: (about to ignite PUB) Sure, Hanna.

(CUTLER lights her cigarette and goes back to the torturing.)

HANNA: Excuse me while I blow..... a little smoke out in memory of the love you've lost. Ah, well, better to have lost such a love, Alice could not protect herself and so just how faithful did you expect her to be when you sailed 8,000 miles away?..... Oooooooooooooo..... you're just a lonely boy, lonely and blue, did you think Alice would really be true?.....

(HANNA continues to improvise on this speech until the reel runs out; torturing continues as described; full view.)

OUTLINE FOR REMAINING SPIRALS OF
" V I N Y L "

Spiral 2:

This spiral is very short, features Hanna as the Avon Calling Girl who gets involved with the family she is selling cosmetics to.

Spiral 3:

This spiral is double the length of the spiral 2, features the sado-masochist crowd exploring the new season in Chinese fashions.

Spiral 4:

This spiral is double the length of spiral 3, features the sado-masochist crowd adventuring in Chinese food.

Spiral 5:

This spiral is brief, features a young man of indeterminate race who discourses at great length, in Spanish, about cows.

Spiral 6:

This spiral is as long as spiral one (35 minutes) features Hanna out in the battlefield, this time in the guise of the Tiger Lady, that is to say, on the opposite side of the fence: from what we imagined. The group is with her again, appropriately following the lead as in spiral 1.

Spiral 7:

This final spiral is brief, features the appearance of Miss Alice Corners in a climactic scene that surpasses credence and which we therefore will not waste time describing.