BY JOHN SKOW

HAS TV GASP! GONE BATTY?

He is so square that he is cubical, and viewers who are older than 12 tend to chuckle or sneer, but the Caped Crusader is creating classic junk.

Why, you may well ask, is a nice young man like Billy West Anderson out there in Los Angeles hanging from a hook?

Why does Roger Arm so bitterly disdain spaceships?

Has E. William Henry lost his mind?

Why, furthermore, is Jimmy Juliano, a junior majoring in sociology, leaping about the Quad at the University of Connecticut at 11:30 at night (causing hundreds of scholars to set aside Samuelson's *Economics* and *Nugget* magazine and rush to their windows), dressed in a borrowed black cape, a knitted ski mask with ears attached, and black-dyed underwear shorts pulled on *over* his blue jeans?

Finally, why in the name of sanity is Gina Valentina, a sensible young lady, risking bronchial disorder by wibble-wobbling around Big Al's Bar in San Francisco wearing a mask and cape but (HOLY COW!) no shirt?

These are good questions. The answer is that, although last year's mass alarums (skateboards, elephant jokes, William Buckley's campaign to be mayor of New York) have disappeared beneath the fish heads and empty tin cans of non-history, and next year's frenzies have not happened yet, this season's dementia is already hard upon us. It is (POW! AAARGH! IMBECILITY!!!) *Batman*.

The *Batman* TV program was loosed upon the world on January 12. It immediately lodged itself in that subcellar of the national cerebellum that controls involuntary movements—political deliriums, the moods of teenagers, flying-saucer sightings, female nudity, the bayings of college presidents and, naturally, all distempers of the entertainment business. *Batman* abruptly became (SNICKER!! REVULSION!!) an obligatory topic in every conversation, a factor in the connivings of every department-store executive, a dull-day column lightener for every editorialist, the theme of every junior-high-school dance, and a password for every adult who for reasons praiseworthy or contemptible wished to slip past the sentries of the young.

Now Batmania spreads throughout the nation. The climate of foolishness produces winds of idiocy. Federal Communications Commission Chairman E. William Henry, who knows better, appeared at a Washington benefit recently wearing a Batman suit. At the University of Connecticut, Jimmy Juliano rigged himself out as Batman, persuaded his roommate to approximate Robin, and capered about the campus. University officials revealed themselves as Batfinks when they proclaimed that the capering must not recur.

Eying an evil foe with a steady stare, Batman prepares to thwart him with a Batmagnet.

Unable to stop herself, Gina Valentina confronted all of those red faces at Big Al's in half a Batman outfit. A topless Batwoman was inevitable. In San Francisco, bare-topped *frugistes* are as common as Chinese waiters, and a girl without a gimmick is just a thorax in the crowd.

Nationwide rage (KILL!! DESTROY!!) followed when ABC Television broke into *Batman* to give news of the emergency landing of astronauts Neil Armstrong and Maj. David Scott in Gemini 8. Said 20-year-old Roger Arm of Queens: "I was plenty mad because I missed out on Batman finding the clues and I missed out on the fighting." Naturally Arm was angry. Gemini was last year's fad.

That leaves Billy West Anderson. Why is he hanging from that hook? Well, someone has to *be* Batman. Anderson, whose stage name is Adam West, is it. Just now, as we look on, he wishes he were not. His archenemy The Riddler has tied him back to back with Robin (played by a slight young man named Burt Ward, who is not very happy either). The Riddler, who for some reason seems to be the owner of a candle factory (and who gets his name because of his fiendish delight in taunting the moronic Gotham City cops with riddles), is about to dip Batman and Robin into a pot of boiling wax.

This is very painful for West and Ward, who are now hung about 15 feet from the floor of a sound stage at the Desilu studios in Culver City. To hang an actor without the governor's permission you strap him into a leather-and-steel corset that passes around the waist and between the legs in a way that is uncomfortable even to look at. Then you attach the hook of a cable hoist to a hook on the back of the corset and push the hoist's "on" button.

West, who is working for the first time since a flu attack put him into the hospital four days ago, has been going since 6 A.M., when he left his Malibu Beach house, and he has been on the hook with Burt Ward since 7:30. This week's script calls for some 40

West concentrates on memorizing a piece of solid-mahogany Batman dialogue at a rehearsal.

onto the set past a sign that says ABSOLUTELY CLOSED SET. NO VISITORS. They mill about and fall over things. A man wearing a business suit and a sport shirt buttoned all the way to the neck eyes an empty canvas chair labeled ADAM WEST. He wonders if he should sit in it. He does sit. He expects a policeman to grab him by the collar. No one grabs him. What has happened to the star system?

Director Jim Clark, a cheerful man who can run things without shouting, says, "OK, let's have Adam and Burt in the air." An assistant director yells for quiet, a warning bell rings, a red light goes on behind the camera, everyone keeps on talking, and the two actors are derricked into the air. West grimaces; it hurts. The men swing helplessly on their cable; they are steadied by stagehands pulling wires attached to their feet. Another stagehand drops several cakes of Dry Ice into the water-filled wax caldron to make it bubble. Clark calls for action:

ROBIN: Holy paraffin, Batman, this is going to be a close one!!
BATMAN: Too close!!!!
RIDDLER (*his raw emotions showing*): This is my dream come true! With you two out of the way, nothing stands between me and the Lost Treasure of the Incas . . . and it's worth millions . . . millions!! Hear me, Batman, *millions!!*
BATMAN: Just remember, Riddler, you can't buy friends with money.

After a bit more of this, Batman is supposed to confound the forces of evil by detonating a barrel of candlemaking chemicals (Robin! Prepare yourself for a shock!!!) with a ray of sunlight reflected from his utility belt, thus blasting himself and Robin free. "I don't know how you do it!" Robin is to say worshipfully after they recover consciousness. "There's no time for that now, Robin," says Batman, who does not wish to be praised.

The lines do not require Sir John Gielgud to interpret them. As a matter of fact, interpretation of lines is discouraged on the *Batman* show. The dialogue is supposed to be solid mahogany, and so Batman always speaks in a camp-counselor baritone, Robin in Hollywood's standard boy voice, and The Riddler (played by comedian Frank Gorshin, who is especially good at crazed laughter) in a stock-model maniacal sneer. Everyone knows his lines, and things should go briskly. A vision forms in Adam West's mind: it is a gigantic Bloody Mary, coming over the horizon like a ship. A half an hour, say 40 minutes ——

"Uh, hold it," says someone. There is a safety pin showing on Robin's cape. The Caped Crusaders are cranked down, adjustments are made, and up they go again. Halfway through the second take, West fluffs a line: "Just remember, Riddler, you can't buy friendship with, um, yeah, beautiful, could we try that again?"

The camp-counselor vitamins disappear from West's voice as he reacts to his mistake; he mimics beating his fist against his brow in remorse. For a moment there is no trace of Batman in the dangling figure; then the camera starts a third time and West is again heroic. This time it is perfect until almost the end of the scene. Then the camera runs out of film.

Take Four: Someone else blows a line, and now everyone is off balance. The mistake-makers are thinking, "Oh, for God's sake," and the rest are thinking, "No, no, nothing to worry about," and no one is thinking about the scene. Two more takes are fluffed. Now the rest are thinking, "Oh, for God's sake," and the mistake-makers are thinking, "Go to hell." Is this the end of our beloved Caped Crusaders? Will Batman ever say his lines right and get out of his damned corset (MUSCULAR DISTRESS!! TEDIUM!!!) and into that Bloody Mary?

To find out, tune in again in a few paragraphs. But first ——

Why *is* a nice young man like Billy West Anderson out here in Los Angeles hanging from a hook?

It is not customary to start television programs at midseason, but the American Broadcasting Co. was in trouble. At least one of the three networks is in trouble each fall, when the ratings begin to turn brown. In this case, ABC's new programs had leaped into the hearts of millions, but not into the hearts of so many millions as those of NBC and CBS. Disasterville!! Unless ——

"At first I was a little taken aback at the idea," admitted a high-level ABC executive who was involved in the decision to send *Batman* to the rescue (the executive is no longer employed by ABC; in television one cannot afford to be taken aback by anything). *Batman* had been in the works since early summer—the original plan had been to begin showing the series next fall—and it had appalled and fascinated everyone who heard about it. Executive producer William Dozier, whose firm, Greenway Productions, contracted to make *Batman* for ABC, recalls the "terribly silly feeling" of being caught by an acquaintance reading a *Batman* comic book in the first-class section of a New York-Los Angeles jet. Dozier soon stopped being embarrassed and started being worried. *Batman* was to be an evening show; would adults feel terribly silly watching it?

No one has put it exactly this way, but it seems clear that Dozier, the ABC people and Dozier's writer, Lorenzo Semple Jr., came to a command

'If all we had to do was be bad, we wouldn't work so hard.'

separate camera shots—almost one sixth of the total for the show's two half-hour episodes—to be made with Batman and Robin dangling above the boiling wax. It is all close-up work—quips flung back and forth between the gritty Dynamic Duo and the despicable Riddler—and none of it can be done with stunt men.

It is 11 A.M. now. Everyone's mouth is sour from coffee. Shooting has progressed halfway through the boiling-wax sequence, which must be finished before the lunch break. West and Ward, masked, still back to back and still hooked to their cable, are resting between takes. A piece of plywood across the big wax pot supports two green boxes on which they are sitting, slumped. West mumbles lines to himself. A makeup man peers at Robin, who has a complexion problem, and decides that repairs are not necessary.

Forty or fifty onlookers—tourists, kids who should be in school but are not, friends of cousins, and Burt Ward's pregnant wife, Bonnie—have wandered

Curvaceous lawbreakers never get a tumble from Batman.

decision early last fall: There was absolutely nothing that could make the adult American television watcher feel silly. The pop-art fad, one of whose twitches is an enthusiasm for old comic books, had made *Batman* almost flop-proof. As long as the pop fad lasted there could be no such thing as *bad* pop art: What in the world could it be? Of course, when the fad fizzled there would be no such thing as *good* pop art. The trick was to guess how much time was left before the fizzling set in. Dozier and ABC guessed there was time enough; the pop fad would stay alive, or if it didn't, the news of its death would take a long time to reach the sleepless dreamers who watch TV.

There is a captivating theory, advanced by citizens who become irritable and depressed when they count other people's money, that *Batman* is a success because it is television doing what television does best: doing things badly. *Batman*, in other words, is so bad, it's good. Howie Horwitz, the show's producer, is not sympathetic to this view. "If all we had to do was be bad, we wouldn't be working so hard," he says, with much exasperation.

Horwitz is entitled to be exasperated. To say that *Batman* is bad (or good, for that matter) is to be unrealistic. As cartoonist Jules Feiffer, who likes comics, wrote in his book *The Great Comic Book Heroes*, "Comic books, first of all, are junk. To accuse them of being what they are is to make no accusation at all; there is no such thing as *uncorrupt* junk or *moral* junk or *educational* junk. . . ." TV melodrama is also junk, and Feiffer's reasoning can be extended: there is no such thing as good junk, only successful or unsuccessful junk. *Batman*, faithfully translated from one junk medium into another junk medium, is junk squared. But it is thoroughly successful and—this troubles critics for whom good and bad are art's only poles—it can be surprisingly likable.

Members of the mind-bending profession—admen, art hustlers, TV reviewers—call *Batman* "camp," however, not junk. "Camp," "campy" and "camping" are this season's vogue words. The notion behind camp is mean-spirited: a sneering fake-enthusiasm for whatever is pretentious and not quite successful, a jeering private laugh at anyone square enough to take the pretension seriously. Oddly enough, camp owes its popularity to an article in the indomitably dense quarterly, *Partisan Review*. It was written by a young critic named Susan Sontag, who owes *her* popularity to her ability to make totally obscure references in such a way that the reader feels intellectually unclean for not understanding them. In her "Notes on Camp" she says the movie *King Kong* is camp. Nothing obscure here, except that she refers to the film as "Schoedsack's" *King Kong*. (EMBARRASSMENT!! DISMAY!!) The abashed reader discovers, upon inquiry to the Library of Congress, that Ernest Schoedsack was the director of *King Kong*. Only Schoedsack's mother knew it then and only Miss Sontag knows it now. This is Girl Scout camp. The author has more merit badges than anybody.

Camp, in short, is contempt set in code. That is why *Batman* is not camp. Producer Dozier says that "up to twelve years old, they take *Batman* seriously. From thirteen on, we've got them chuckling into their beer." Another beer, in that case, for California's 13-year-olds; but what kind of code is it that fools only children too young to open a pop-top? "Junk" is the word that everyone has been searching for.

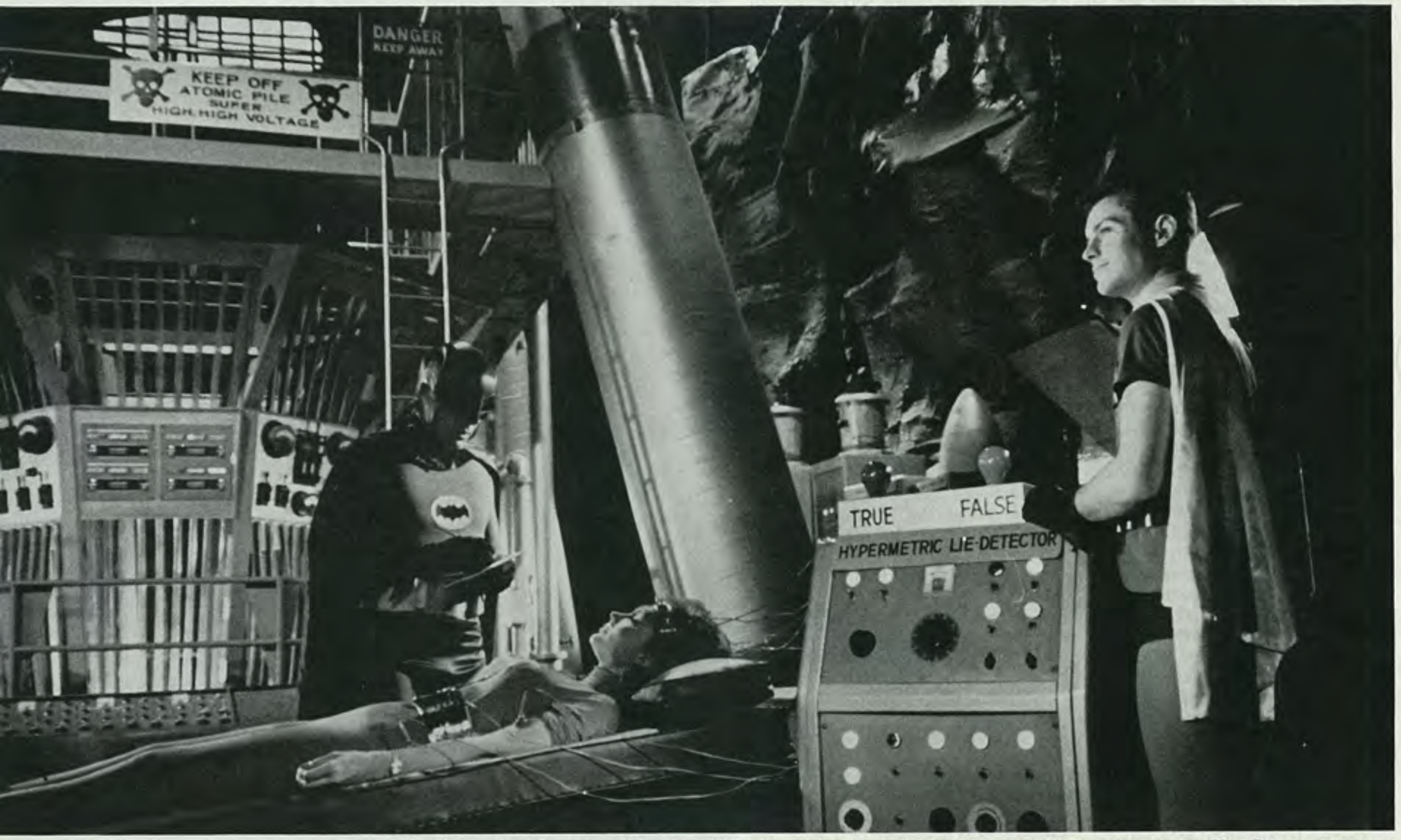
"Everyone has a certain amount of guilt about *Batman*," said Lorenzo Semple Jr., who is chief writer and editorial adviser for the show (BATBARD is the title on his desk). "It was all so fantastically easy . . ."

Semple's remark was not an apology for *Batman*'s light-mindedness. "I've always hated the so-called 'serious' dramatic shows," he said. "They're nothing but semi-truths and evasions. We started out to do a pop-art thing and we're doing it." The comment was, I think, a coin thrown into the fountain for good luck by a man who knows the odds against any new show, and who knows also the dreary fact that since the quality of the writing is more or less the same for all TV series, quality has very little to do with success. (The reason the writing is of the same quality is that most of it is done by the same writers. A writer may turn out a script for *Batman* one month and for *The Fugitive* the next. Minor actors and directors move from show to show, the directors often moving so quickly they do not have time to fit together even roughly the film segments they have shot. The producer and stars stay with a series; the rest are Hessians who fight competently but not fanatically for anyone willing to pay their salaries.)

It was Semple, more than anyone else, who set the tone of the show. He is a veteran magazine short-story writer who discovered several years ago that he could live comfortably in Spain freelancing TV scripts. Semple wrote five *Batman* episodes, and drew up a list of commandments for other writers. Killing, for instance, is forbidden. "This makes our plotting more difficult; there isn't much for the villains to do except steal things," said Semple. But the taboo is necessary; much of the show depends on the "guest villains"—The Riddler, The Joker (played by Cesar Romero), The Cat Woman (Julie Newmar) and The Penguin (Burgess Meredith)—who return to plague Gotham City every few weeks. "It would be immoral for them to commit murder and then come back on the air." Semple, a mild, medium-sized, pink-faced man in his late 30's, looked serious as he said this.

The profession of producing nonsense, it turns out, is very serious. "You just asked me about espionage," Semple was saying. "It wouldn't make any

Robin and Batman about to be cooked alive by steam in a trap sprung by The Bookworm.



In his secret headquarters, a laboratory filled with wondrous gadgetry that blinks and flashes, roars and rumbles, Batman prepares to note down the answers of shapely villainess Francine York while Robin, the Boy Wonder, stands ready to give her a lie-detector test.

'The name of the game is take their money and go live somewhere else.'

West (Pow!) cows his foes with his fists.

sense. If there were spying in Gotham City, the police commissioner would just pick up the phone and call the CIA, wouldn't he? You have to have *some* logic. We had a bit in one of the shows where Batman is following a crook in the Batmobile, and he pulls up to the curb and starts to get out to chase the guy. But there's a cop there and he points to a sign that says NO PARKING. Batman says, 'You're absolutely right, Officer,' and backs up his car. Now that's just idiotic. I argued about it. I mean, look, he was in hot pursuit. Nobody is *that* square."

Semple caught himself sounding excited. "This town is insane. The name of the game is take their money and go live somewhere else." As I talked to him, two lines from one of the *Batman* scripts ran through my mind. The scene is a bank vault that has just been broken into by a villain called Falseface and one of his thugs.

The thug says, "We did it! We're rich beyond the dreams of avarice!"

And Falseface replies, "Not beyond *my* dreams of avarice!" The money generated by *Batman* is almost enough for Falseface. Semple, for instance, gets $1,000 on a bad week (the $1,000 is for being editorial adviser, a not-very-taxing duty; he gets more when he writes a script). The licensing firm handling the promotion of Battoys and Batgadgets says that gross Bat sales for 1966 should reach $75–$80 million, or about 50 percent more than the best year for James Bond knickknacks.

Not much of this prosperity, however, seems to have reached Bob Kane, the man who invented the *Batman* comic strip 27 years ago. Kane, who is in his mid-40's, is a pleasant, somewhat rueful-seeming man who lives in a modest, cluttered bachelor apartment in Manhattan. In the last few months he has seen a lot of reporters but he still seems surprised to find himself being interviewed. "Yeah, that's right," he had told me the week before, "I created *Batman* at 19. I was just out of DeWitt Clinton High School, it was a big thing." He smiled. "It was like I was the da Vinci of the Bronx. I was famous young. The last five years have been a little quiet."

He went on, "Camp? I knew camp like two weeks in the country. But I meant the strip to be a put-on." (This is not really convincing. The original *Batman* burned with belief, or at least with wish-fulfillment. I know. I was eight. I used to read *Batman* and go out and jump off garages. But maybe eight-year-olds jump off garages now after watching Adam West. At any rate, it is said that *Batman*-watching families with eight-year-olds in them are torn with dissension because of the "Daddy, stop laughing" problem.)

Kane has also said of his creation, "Batman is what I always wanted to be but never could." This seems more believable than his claim that he was kidding right from the beginning. Kane certainly takes Batman seriously now. Musing about his character's popularity, he told me, "Something happens to people when they see a guy in that suit. You know, people need a hero. A few years ago it was Ike, then Sinatra . . ."

Not everyone sees it that way. As we rode in a taxi a few weeks ago, Kane coyly asked the driver if he had seen *Batman*. The man said yes, and Kane asked him how he liked the show. "I think it stinks," said the cabbie. Kane looked shocked, but said nothing.

Kane does not have any of his original drawings, which would be worth

a good sum now in the camp trade. He thinks an ex-wife threw them out. He does have a dozen big canvases of Batman, Robin and the villainous Joker, rigidly drawn and wildly colored. He painted them a couple of years ago, he says, and he is waiting for the right moment to have a one-man show. Oddly, something seems wrong about the pictures; they aren't "hard-edged" enough. (Pop artist Roy Lichtenstein, mimicking draftsmen like Kane, invented deliberately crude, "hard-edge" paintings that look like blown-up comic panels. Kane's Bat figures, on the other hand, are comic characters who have somehow turned up in ordinary oil paintings.)

Batman is still in comic books, and Kane still does much of the strip's drawing. He owns a small piece of the Batman rights (a syndication company owns the rest). He likes the TV show, and thinks Semple, Dozier, Adam West and Burt Ward have done a good job. He would like to meet them someday.

Wait a minute! GREAT SCOTT!!! Adam West?? Burt Ward?? Can they still be hanging from that (*$$$&&!!*) hook, inches from the boiling wax?

Back to the sound stage. No time has elapsed; the scene is as before. Director Jim Clark speaks, showing no emotion: "Make it work, boys, make it all work."

And they do. For some reason the sequence now seems as easy as picking money off the floor. Who did Gielgud ever beat? Only one more shot now before lunch: the explosion that will blast Batman and Robin loose. If there is one thing Hollywood knows how to do, it is an explosion. The special-effects men move briskly. Like the rest of the crew, they are middle-aged. They are dressed in short-sleeved shirts and beat-up slacks, as if they were headed for a foremen's picnic. They sit down whenever there is nothing doing on the set, but when they work there is no waste motion.

Now they are ready. The bell rings, the red light goes on. Clark calls for action—PHOOM. No exclamation mark; a man could yell louder and not get thrown out of a good restaurant. But the white cloud is beautiful and impressive, exactly right. West and Ward are cranked down. Lunch.

A tall man walks by in a bathrobe. He has uncombed red-blond hair, black-rimmed glasses, sweat on his face; he looks, except for the glasses, like a not-quite-heavy-enough heavyweight who has just finished a workout. I have never seen him before. "Hey, Adam," says one of the crew, "sign this for my dentist." It is West, all right, but it is certainly not Batman. West stops, laughs, holds his back to show how the corset felt, illustrates the sensation with an improper joke. His lack of resemblance to the Caped Crusader is extraordinary. West's face is mobile, amused. Batman has two expressions, mask on and mask off. He is so square he is cubical.

Batman is supposed to be cubical, of course, but critics had been writing as if he behaved that way because West himself could not out-act the Batmobile. (The Batmobile, as a matter of fact, is not much of a car—it is a customized '57 Lincoln that sounds like a washing machine full of rocks—but it is an expert actor. It has more flashing lights on its dash than an F-111, two drag chutes, and a hot-line phone.)

West dressed—slacks, sunglasses, no shirt, a light cardigan sweater buttoned at the navel—in a dressing room that looked like the superintendent's office at a construction project. He explained with enormous satisfaction that 20th Century-Fox, which produces *Batman* in association with Dozier's outfit, had promised to build him a dandy new dressing room—"It'll be great: stereo, bar, dozens of broads, color TV. . . ."

I asked whether Fox would build a new dressing room for Burt Ward. West gave me a funny look; he didn't know, and it was clear that he was willing to let Ward take care of himself. Later I got a funny look from Ward when I asked whether he and his wife ever saw West socially. Obviously the Caped Crusaders are only business associates, and of course there is no reason to be surprised that they are not close friends. But a backstage visitor, even when he knows better, is continually getting caught up in the on-stage illusion; he is foolishly surprised, for instance, to hear Ward talking like a self-assured, intelligent 20-year-old instead of a teen-ager with bad adenoids.

West drove to lunch in a new black Cadillac convertible he had just bought. There was a ski rack on the trunk; he grew up on a ranch near Walla Walla, Wash., and did some ski-racing there at Whitman College. Weekends, he said, he had been teaching his children to ski (he is divorced, and has a boy and a girl in grammar school).

Before *Batman*, West's knockabout acting career had taken him to Hawaii, where he spent four years as an actor-director for a TV variety show. A series of parts in such movies as *The Young Philadelphians* and *Mara of the Wilderness* kept him eating well most of the time. The romantic lead in a TV series called *The Detectives* made him a solid Hollywood citizen.

By last year West's career had begun to look promising. It was a little late in the game to be promising; he was in his mid-30's. Still, there was the possibility of a comedy film for Italian producer Dino De Laurentiis, and he had once done some nightclub singing; he might try that again.

Then came *Batman*, and for the first time in West's life, people were turning around in restaurants to look at him. He accepts the stares cheerfully and with remarkable balance; newly successful actors almost always say they want to direct *The Brothers Karamazov*, and West merely says that he would still like to do the De Laurentiis comedy when he is free.

West slumps after removing his stifling-hot Batcape at his first personal appearance. He then sang a selection of popular songs.

What was your reaction when you heard about *Batman?* I asked West at lunch. "My reaction was *Ecch!*" he said. But *Batman* had turned out to be fun. "You have to take it seriously," he said. "I want to do it well enough that *Batman* buffs will watch reruns in a few years and say, 'Watch the bit he does here, isn't that great?'"

Later that afternoon he did a bit like that. The scene was in the Batcave, Batman's wonderfully nonsensical hyperatomic laboratory. Batman was working with test tubes, and he was wearing rubber gloves. When he finished he peeled off the rubber gloves, and underneath (INSANITY!!!) he was wearing his Batgloves. ("Yeah, sure, but listen, there was the time he was going to bug The Penguin's hideout, and he used—get this—a *real plastic bug!*" "OK, but how about when the guy told him that one of the robbers was a girl with green hair, and he said, 'Darned good observation'?")

That afternoon the shooting was relaxed. "Hey, Adam, your seams are crooked," someone yelled to West, who was rehearsing a fight scene with a stunt man dressed (green union suit with black question marks) as The Riddler.

"Take off my glasses, someone," West called out as the shooting began. "Pamper me! Pamper me!" Burt Ward went by in costume, walking like a man pulling his feet out of warm tar. "His knees get wrinkled if he bends them," a press agent explained hurriedly. A few feet away, looking oddly counterfeit in Batman and Robin outfits, two stunt men blocked out a brawl with several of The Riddler's thugs. One of the thugs—an actor, not a stunt man—swooned before he got punched. "Don't anticipate, wait till you get hit," said a stunt man patiently.

Director Clark said they were about two hours behind schedule, but that they would make it. Producer Howie Horwitz stood by, for the moment pleased with things. "I think we have the greatest put-on in Hollywood history," he said. "My definition of high camp is all the other producers telling me this show isn't going to last."

Later I visited William Dozier, the executive producer. He produced *Playhouse 90* years ago, and he has a high reputation for literacy. ("He's a highly literate man," I had been told several times.) Background music played softly in Dozier's office as he told me that *Batman* would invade England this summer and that a sale to Japan was being discussed. He went on, "*Batman* will fade, of course. We won't keep all the adults we have now." In the meantime, he said, they would do a *Batman* movie. "We'll have The Joker, The Riddler, The Cat Woman and The Penguin get together to stamp out Batman, and the humor comes in when they fight about what to do." He explained, "It's an exploitation film."

Would *Batman* be televised next season?

"Oh yes. But we have to think ahead. We want to do something not quite so childish, something for adults."

Did Dozier have a project in mind?

"Yes," he said. "We're starting work on *The Green Hornet*." □

Relaxing between takes, West gets set for an immortal Batman bit.