

HEDY, OR THE FOURTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL

**(Originally: Lives and Loves of Hedy Lamarr,
or Hedy Goes Shopping)**

Shot on location: The Furniture Storage Loft at 231 E.47th St.
February 1966

Black and white, 16mm sound, 24fps, 70 minutes
(restored 1997: 66 minutes)

Four acts in sharp focus, with moving camera
Premiered at the Filmmakers' Cinematheque, 125 W.41st St.,
March 5, 1966

with:

- Hedy: Mario Montez
- Judge: Harvey Tavel
- Friend of the Court: Jack Smith
- Salesgirl: Ingrid Von Scheven (Ingrid Superstar)
- Store Detective: Mary Woronov (Mary Might)
- Doctor: Arnold, Uncle Pasty
- Screenwriter: Ronald Tavel
- Husband No.1: Gerard Malanga
- Husband No.5: John George

Also: Hedy's assistants in crime, other husbands, the public
in court, shoppers, the Doctor's Aide

Live Score: The Velvet Underground

Additional songs: "I Feel Pretty," Fairy Tales Can Come True,"
"I Get a Kick Out of You"

Technical Assistants: Daniel Williams, Paul Morrissey

Camera: Andy Warhol

To those for whom escape was a crucial aspect in the silver screen's management of their pre-adolescent lives, particularly its rapid transportation to distant ports of call, Hedy Lamarr was no easily dismissed idée fixe.

ECSTASY, with the nineteen year old Viennese ingénue's infamous nude bathing scene, was heavily edited stateside and not seen by kids. But her roles in SAMSON AND DELILAH, ALGIERS, LADY OF THE TROPICS, DISHONORED LADY, THE STRANGE WOMAN, THE FEMALE ANIMAL, and, most powerfully, WHITE CARGO, inflamed the befuddlement of the small boy hiding in the dark movie house in megamodern, ugly-world New York - which he hated and feared with tearful suffering. In WHITE CARGO, Hedy played Tondelayo, a "native girl." "That," my mother finally explained when I bothered her enough, "is someone who makes love." Put simply, escapedom offered no more elusive, remote, or excruciating mystery. Got up in the darkest pancake conceivable, in a halter of inflorescent print, with hoop earrings, conchshell necklaces, bangled bracelets, armllets, and anklets, barefooted and sloe-eyed, Tondelayo alluringly unpawed her blood-purple fingernails from the sexsational lobby cards that were at least as malignant as the film itself. Not that the racist tale of pride, privilege and loneliness was asleep at the wheel, either: based on one of the most firmly cloven-hoofed astonishments of stage corn ever devised (Leon Gordon's adaptation of HELL'S PLAYGROUND by Ida Vera Simonton), every sequence, every moment is worth its weight in Cedric Gibbons' art direction and E.B. Willis sets. Smoke-choked scow compositions and palm frond-plated frames ensconse white rubber plantation appointees comatosed by solitaire, jungle rot, this fiery wanton's lashing whip - and treacherously spiked gin tonics! For when naive, new husband Richard Carlson, monopolizing her for such incomprehensible domesticities as concern adults, begins to bore her, Tondelayo brews him daily doses of undetectable, I-make-it-hemlock-in-my-version, treated quinine medicine and hangs ten for the predictable results. Catching its frequent

revivals, I could never get enough of wised up former bwana-beau, Walter Pidgeon, forcing Tondelayo to drink her own fatal highball out on a backlot rhododendron trail in WHITE CARGO's memorable final moment.

So when Hedy Lamarr with \$14,000 in checks in her purse was arrested for shoplifting shoes worth \$86 in an L.A. department store on January 27, 1966, the siren was much on my mind. Four facts that fetch her came immediately into play: that her beauty was said to be the impression of her extremely rare, symmetrical face; that a recent face lift had been a bit over zealous in restoring that beauty - she'd looked all of fourteen years old to me on a TV show that season; that she'd been married five times up till then, and had paid off a few of her spouses to secure their divorces (impressed though puzzled, I'd be calling her in my scenario, Hedy Mrs. Lamarr); and that she'd invented in 1942, along with composer George Antheil, a Department of Defense-recognized, anti-jamming, frequency hopping torpedo-guidance device - making thereby the myth of the lovely lady scientist in the patriotic and sci-fi pics of her day a reality.

Kleptomania seemed a sad decline for a star too big for even top-billing in the 50s programmers that could have attenuated her career. Still, retired in central Florida now, she continues to be arrested periodically for petty shoplifting.

Aside from the fact that both Andy and I are members of the "movie generation" (they for whom Tinseltown created a mythology more meaningful than the Greek's or The Bible's), the tie-in with Andy's shoe fetish is obvious. But I wouldn't overplay so blatant an underling's dig in discussing the celluloid saga with which I protested the taking of the actress into custody. HEDY, OR THE FOURTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL always is referred to as the grimmest of the Factory's filmic output: cutting down or belittling the international star or Andy for their symbolic relating to footwear was and is altogether hors de ligne in The Ridiculous approach to diversity. Instead, this kidding of Hollywood and art-world royalty - clearly anticipating GORILLA QUEEN - enjoys a familiarity with both that appoints them their rank in the American imaginative family: as accessible and tempting to tease as our

siblings, and as they, dead or alive, with and in us forever.

Appropriately, HEDY, OR THE FOURTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL is as far reaching in its talent hunt as the Underground would get: for it boasts the best of the old and new Factory guard, and then adds brilliance borrowing from neighboring studios as it were. "Star-studded," therefore, is putting it mildly.

For all important creative purposes, by the end of legend-making 1965 the presence and power of the Harvard Group was extinguished; and just before Christmas, as if to replace them, Andy, through filmmaker Barbara Rubin, found The Velvet Underground at Café Bizarre on MacDougal Street. Lou Reed, both elfin and electric, functioned as their lead, lead singer, and spokesperson. He was accompanied by the biker-guised guitarist, wild Sterling Morrison, an androgynous percussionist, Maureen Tucker, and the dazzling Welsh music scholar, John Cale, on wired viola and bass. For a while, then, whither the Velvets went, the Factory would. But Andy foisted a new solo singer on them, a German model and bit-part actress, the icy moon-goddess and incubating Nazi, Nico. The maneuver would make superluminary-to-be Lou Reed forever uncomfortable.

But the oddest addition to 47th Street was a blonde prostitute with a jaw that lay aslant, one Ingrid Von Scheven, idiotically redubbed, but not reinvented, as Ingrid Superstar. She, in a gratuitous and I'd conclude questionable turn, was taken on as a cruel and revengeful replacement for Edie - because she actually did look a bit like Edie might have had her face been sufficiently pummeled. And Andy found that perversely, misogynistically attractive. I did not, her reverse screen appeal eluding me utterly. Nor was it possible for the scowling tart to "act" since she barely could read. She was treated contemptuously by the Della Drellas and returned just that and nothing more to the camera. Like the lady whose spikes she was deputed to fill awkwardly, Ingrid was a fierce dope fiend. She'd scan the Factory from the sunken couch as it were une maison de passe, and would diminish or destroy every role misfortune assigned me to write her.

But as if to compensate for Ingrid the Maladroit, Andy simul-

taneously presented me with a really cooperative and bright new light, a Fine Arts major Gerard had come across up at Cornell. He'd taken some test rolls of her and was eager to thread them for me. In the one I remember best, she wandered straight and tall into the soft sun, wraithlike or miasmic, in a field of swaying rushes, her presence as dramatic as the young Garbo's, and as strong. Her name was Mary Woronov, and it would be the actress's name that one way or another was to become most associated with mine throughout my life.

Harvey Tavel and John Vaccaro were negotiating a site for the then homeless Play-House of The Ridiculous, a narrow but high proscenium stage at 13 W.17th St., when Andy called me early in February. He claimed to have re-established an atmosphere uptown in which I could work seriously, and said I was sorely needed for a script that would feature himself as cinematographer and show to advantage his latest discoveries, among them Mary (he'd hight) Might, Ingrid, Lou Reed, The Velvet Underground, and a bevy of young male hotties, hailing from Sunset Boulevard to Miami, Oklahoma, whom I was never to get quite straight or tell apart, neither in HEDY nor the two flicks that followed it. Someone I did get straight and could tell apart was Danny Williams, a bespectacled, short and husky preppie arriving rather late and lame from Harvard, for he'd become Andy's very odd whipping boy and peculiarly passive lover. He was a sound and light man.

Andy also had three refreshing suggestions, calculated to tempt me from my wariness. One, that he had learned that the upper floor of the Factory's building was a furniture storage loft that could be let for a day's shoot: and now, wouldn't that be nice? Two, understanding my frustration writing dialogue he couldn't get his stable ever to learn, mightn't I try simply conceiving whole sequences, instructing the performers on where they had to get from top to close of any given sequence, and then letting them improvise the rest? And three, mightn't I mix the new talent with old hands whom I knew and got along with well myself, because they'd cotton to what I wanted, be somewhat used to it, and able to acquit themselves professionally?

Generally speaking, unusual halcyon days were holding on both

the Upper and Lower East Sides. I had reason to expect good things from my forthcoming stage play, THE LIFE OF LADY GODIVA, Andy with an entourage overhaul expected a new lease on cinematic creativity, and Jack Smith drifting in his directorial aspiration, expected an appearance in a Warhol flick just then would do wonders for his "acting career." And he'd have no objections to pillaging his own stable for cast company. The scene was set for some interesting, if not sensational, work.

HEDY is divided into four, easy to follow acts. Their settings are the Frankensteinian laboratory for the international star's over-wrought operation, the department store where she shoplifts and is busted, her stolen goods-cluttered apartment where the arresting policewoman gathers further incriminating evidence, and the courtroom where she is tried, convicted, and - gulp! - executed.

It was a foregone conclusion that Mario Montez would play Hedy. Frankly, I don't remember why. Then, it seemed obvious that Mario was the one creature around to impersonate a diva if that's what you had in mind. In retrospect, he doesn't seem so hands down a choice. He is sluggish in the first act because, once again, he is so interested in looking right or goulishly glamorous for the camera (it's hard to decide which), or is just so plain taken by being in an uptown big screen flickeroonie, that he forgets he has a whole logical sequence to get through, with essential lines and activities, in approximately seventeen minutes. You can hear me prompting him at painful stagnancies, not only with key lines, but warnings that that will be quite enough of that - like, stop standing around there and posing!

Tellingly, my voice is measured, relaxed, unworried. And Mario improves as he goes along. He sings, "I Feel Pretty, Oh! So Pretty!" to mark the close of the opening act, showing that I conceived of HEDY as a musical stressing its book, and was fore-running, thus, many Ridiculous epics.

The Velvet Underground took their test trial, and trial by fire, of movie background music with utmost sincerity. They stationed themselves against the loft's east wall, not far from

Andy, who - amazingly, unforgiveably - never had the presence of mind to include them in his roving lensing. But they ignore the slight, and having quickly deduced that there were ominous aspects to the Hedy Mrs. Lamarr saga, privilege us with a foreboding overture, a meld of Stravinsky, Berg and Schonberg: but it most of all is La Monte Young, a direct influence on Cale, and on myself since meeting him as a teenager. Then, when Lou saw the darkly lit operating room, closely resembling Universal's wartime Karloff and Chaney horror labs, he coaxed the group into a highly threatening but totally postmodern sound surround.

Lou was an innocent twenty-one year old from Brooklyn, fascinated, nearly hypnotized by the loonies for whom he was scoring. He'd become celebrated as the defiant, brazen balladeer of a mass-perceived depravity, of New York's smack and S-M dens, but it was strictly as a documenter. The Velvets' work here is both prepared and improvised; paying close and sombre attention to the lines, situations, and physical movement, their composition (available on cassette) is entirely noteworthy in its own right.

Arnold or Uncle Pasty, a heavy-set, middle-aged fixture in Jack Smith's roster of actors and aides, whose dream it was to do yeoman's service in artsy nudereenoes, plays Herr Operating Doctor. A complicitor seeming to emanate from nowhere plays against him as his chatty assistant (referred to as Hans, of course), and the twain form a kind of Abbott and Costello team that challenged my authority to order them off the sound stage - in the grand, Elizabethan-clown stage-hog tradition. Ever vigilant to the needs of the drama, Jack Smith breaks in upon them in an effort to get them off, decrying, "You clumsy fools! You know that you have both been debarred from the medical profession!" - and then proceeds to take a surgical hand in the sculptural cosmetic himself. The act climaxes in a conjection of indulgent and-then-some hamming, while you hear, as I've said, both Andy and myself urging the cast to segue into the department store.

Now, I was intent on bringing to HEDY my childhood's deep and lasting scar involving Tondelayo's distribution of tainted tonics to studs currently in her way, in order to get expeditiously on with the unsampled novelties destiny must be stashing surely for

her distraction. So, besides the off-key song, my scheme was to punctuate the act-ends with a repeated motif, by having Hedy get the inconvient witnesses in each to cough back a draft of the tasty and terminal concoction. In Act One, she'd like no tattlers on her face lift, like a pharoah wanting no pyramid-builders with detailed knowledge of his grave site making the old Egyptian scene after his burial. Therefore, the script calls for Hedy to have success in convincing the surgeons to quench their thirst and lives. For some reason, I had trouble getting Mario to understand this plot-ploy's significance (let alone its reference to WHITE CARGO), and that accounts for a deal of the confusion and whispering near the end of the first act.

But I had even more trouble getting Ingrid to remember it at the close of the department store bit. Ingrid plays a counter-girl in the Bloomie's wannabe, whom Hedy attempts to distract while her henchmen remove all the artifacts - beds, chests, a sofa and vanities, etc. - under the counter-girl's consignment. When the salesgirl outsmarts her by spying the hoist, Hedy urges the latter (a closet lush) to drink the quinine mix; but Ingrid staunchly refused - against my directions. Indeterminable Mary, as a store dick (!), busts Hedy; but I had to intrude onto the set, crawling all the way, to tap dumb Ingrid on the leg and remind her of what to do. This crawl beneath camera-level intrigued Andy, who had absolutely no idea of what my sophisticated story was all about, so he decided to dip the tripod and record my entire obtrusion. Startled, nay, dismayed, I was forced to drink the hemlock myself, like Tondelayo, and die right there. Andy, dear that he was, left the tilted camera on my corpse for a long while.

This transaction, entirely misconstrued by theorists/careerists, has come down to us in film classes as a sensational example of "Authorial Intervention" - the screenwriter appearing on screen to take (deconstructive) exception to the screwing of his script, to "die" symbolically as an objection to, and representation of, the painful passing of his pages. Actually, the misinterpretation began with the Philistine Morrissey, who was present as a techie

and seemed to think that that's what he was seeing, and ever since has enjoyed retailing it. This is consistent with his understanding of everything related to Andy's work.

In Act Three, Mary carts Hedy over to her apartment to search it for what she suspects she'll find there: a treasury of hot goods. Here, our on location furniture warehouse came in even more handily than it did serving as the Bloomie's set, for there is something dizzily hilarious in a star's lifting a lot of large furniture pieces. In addition, Hedy's home set sheltered yet another hidden reference to Andy, double-dared right under his nose. Specifically, to his own trove on Lex, several rooms of which held huge antique furniture.

To elude the nightly lockup, Hedy seduces the arresting dick on a conveniently stolen love seat, and this allowed me to introduce one of the all-time ultraconvoluted, male sex fantasies, that of getting into drag to bed down, lesbian-like, a tough female beauty. Following her knocking off a piece of nookie, the dick hauls Hedy off to jail anyhow - "just like a cop."

Hesitancy surrounds the use of the word "booster," which was common slang for shoplifter or thief in those days, or so I thought, for it appears to give the whole cast problems. Mario seems to remember that I told him to pun on it, as in "cheerleader," but his delivery, disconcertingly, suggests that he really can't think of what else it might mean. In fact, the most interesting idiosyncrasy that HEDY identifies is that, as Hedy Lamarr's appearance of guilt grows, Mario, in the manner of A DOUBLE LIFE, makes gradually no distinction between what is happening to himself and to his character. There is no question in the trial scene that he believes he himself is being accused of the character's immorality, fascist consortings, klepto thefts, briberies, lies, and payoffs. His involvement is the mirror to his soul: told he is obviously guilty, he becomes, to his distress and ours, defenceless.

The trial is the formal finale. As in the most conventional of dramas, a major character is introduced at this point to shape up the plot and put a bow on its tail. Here he is the

judge, interpreted by Harvey Tavel in a tour de force twenty-minute improv. He tears through Hedy's five husbands with such velocity and vehemence that while grilling Husband No.3 he breaks his gavel. Andy selected the chic heirs, and super-star hopefuls, who'd essay the spouses, and Harvey interviewed them one by one in the Factory toilet. He recalls there was so much commotion in the whole building, the only private place was the head downstairs. And once inside, to his amusement, the prospectives, outvying each other for a demeanor both jaded and pampered, had difficulty maintaining their dignity. He cracked: "I would say they had trouble keeping their noses in the air, but in there they had to."

Once again, Gerard wrangled his way into the movie in progress, so he plays Husband No.1. We infer No.2 is a drinker and card shark; that No.3 has come starry-eyed to a Warhol flick all the way from L.A.; No.4's daddy has oil wells in Oklahoma; and that Husband No.5 is a poet with an Upper East Side nasal who fancies he looks like Emily Post while Hedy Lamarr's a dead ringer for Robert Browning, though the possible naughty plays on that name elude his "velly" superior blankety-blank.

To our everlasting consternation, Harvey convicts Hedy without benefit of jury and sentences her to drink the hemlock. This, of course, is Walter Pidgeon giving Tondalayo a dose of her own medicine. But it is the fatality of this poetic justice with which the surprised are abruptly left. Is that sentence, carried out before our eyes to the accompaniment of the Velvets at their most menacing, too harsh, too un-American, too unbelievable - or the star system some kind of criminal give-and-take-too-much of which we've been not sufficiently conscious?

When Mario hears his sentence, he tells Harvey that he must "change for this important occasion" - repeating a routine he already went through when Mary let him know she'd pass on that tonic and that he'd have to be booked at the station. What Mario is trying to approximate (clumsily, arcanelly) is his namesake's response to learning she'll be booked on suspicion of murder and searched for a stolen diamond, in TANGIER (Universal, 1946).

This gives La Montez a chance to get into a Travis Banton creation, a startling black hat and gown, but also the time to ditch that diamond amongst the ice cubes in her cocktail, which she asks the arresting commandant to hold for her till she returns.

The Velvets respond to the metaphysical overtones of Hedy's wardrobe-reaction to her arrest with a rift that extends through and covers the dead spot or silence of this costume change: a lyrical rift, nothing short of enchanting. In other words, if we waver between seeing this as a foolish transvestite's flippant dismissal of a charged disaster, and a charged-with-meaning correspondence to the disaster, the Velvets don't: they seize the second possibility. When they witness the entire perplexity repeated to stall her execution, they fall in heavily with a cautionary dirge and requiem for us all.

I signaled to Harvey that he still had two or three minutes of footage following Mario's expiration, so he calls Jack Smith to the stand as a kind of summary, post-mortem character witness. Jack had been "reacting" magnificently as a "friend of the court," his eyes narrowing and darting with deep concern, nay, agitation, from quizzer to testifier. He assumes the witness chair, or hot seat in this case, unable to articulate for several dramatic moments, so choked with feeling is he. But under Harvey's patient coaxing, he finally intones: "She was tragic and noble." Then, suddenly, the film ends.

What he went on to say, sadly unrecorded, is: "She had the face of a fourteen year old girl, the mind of an eighty year old hag, and the emotions of a mollusk."

Altogether the most talent-crammed feature delivered by the Factory, if HEDY has any major weakness it is Andy's cinematography which, true to form, wanders aimlessly through much of the furniture missing the fare.

To conclude on a brighter note, on March 10, 1997, the magazine, American Heritage of Invention and Technology honored Hedy Lamarr at a ceremony with a Munitions Invention Award. Her son accepted the belated recognition and she herself, at eighty-three, spoke over the phone to express her heart-felt thanks.

Hedy Lamarr Pleads Not Guilty

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 16 (AP) — Hedy Lamarr pleaded not guilty through her attorney today to a charge of petty theft and was ordered to stand trial April 13 in Municipal Court. The 51-year-old actress was not in court. She is accused of shoplifting \$86 worth of merchandise from a department store last Jan. 27. She has called it "just a big misunderstanding."

LIVES AND LOVES OF
HEDY LAMARR

or, HEDY GOES SHOPPING

a scenario by Ronald Tavel

characters: Hedy Lamarr, Doctors, Husbands, Policewoman,
Salesgirl, Judge.

sets: The operation room; the department store;
Hedy's home; the trial room.

SCENE I: THE OPERATION ROOM

Zoom out with Hedy's head, the back of her head; she is having a face lift. Hairdresser (a doctor) is working on her wig. A second doctor is working over her face which we can not see. Much excited talking between the three. Hedy keeps asking how she will look with this new face lift, will she be beautiful, etc. Doctors are very excited about their work, groan with ecstasy and anticipation.

some lines:

Hedy: Oh, doctors, will I be beautiful with my new face lift? I have to be beautiful you know because I am the most beautiful woman in the world, everybody says so; all the gossip columnists and beauty experts and Edith Head say so.

Docotrs: Magnificent, magnificent, my child! This is my greatest creation. Not since Bride of Frankenstein has anything equaled this! Turn your puss just a bit, my child, that's it.

Finally, the doctors finish their work, stand back from her and turn her around. She faces the camera.

some lines:

Hedy: I am rich and bored and young and beautiful and bored.

Doctors: Young, indeed! Holy macaroni! she's only 14!

Hedy: What! Only 14! Bring me a mirror! -So I ~~am~~ am only 14! Beasts! look what you did to me! How can I be in movies if I'm only 14? Why, I can't even be seen in public until I'm older.

Doctors: Well, you could use the rest Miss Lamarr.

Hedy: Mrs. Lamarr - I've been married 5 times. Cost me half a million to shed my last husband. Don't think I would forget that very easily, do you?

Doctors: Your public still loves you, Mrs. Lamarr, even if your husbands don't.

Hedy: Care for some Hemlock Soda, docotrs?

She gives them the hemlock in ornate glasses and the doctors drink it and die. Hedy comes forward for a close-up.

Hedy: Just like in my movie "White Cargo". These foolish men die so easily from the hemlock. Or the quinine. Or whatever it is. Men are just playthings to me. How can anything that dies so easily be more than a plaything? Well, if I can't be in movies, at least I can go shopping!!!

SCENE II: THE DEPARTMENT STORE

Hedy enters the department store with her several husbands. She refers to them as Husband no. 1, Husband no. 2, etc. She goes up to the salesgirl, after singing a song and dance routine with all her husbands, and asks to buy a lot of goods.

Salesgirl: Got any money on you, honey?

Hedy: Charge it!

Salesgirl: Little girls ain't allowed to have charge accounts in this here establishment.

Hedy: How dare you! Don't you know who I am? I'm Hedy Mrs. Lamarr.

Salesgirl: You is a 14 year old gun moll juvenile delinguent!

Hedy goes back to her husbands and tells them that the scene is cool because the salesgirl doesn't recognize her and that they can lift anything they want. Hedy will distract the salesgirl.

Hedy: First a face lifting, then some shop lifting.

Hedy distracts the salesgirl, engages her in girl-to-girl talk about dates, cosmetics, clothes, movies, etc., while her husbands empty out the department very systematically.

But just as the job is nearly complete, and Hedy moves to make her getaway, a Policewoman in plainclothes, the store detective, moves in and makes the arrest.

Hedy: How ridiculous! I'm Mrs. Lamarr! I have 14 thousand dollars worth of checks in my pocketbook personally addressed to me so why should I steal anything?

Policewoman: You have emotional problems, Mrs. Lamarr. You feel the public doesn't love you anymore.

Hedy: How could the public not love the most beautiful woman in the world? There was an oversight in the studio, they forgot to buy me shoes for my role, so I thought I would pick some up.

Policewoman: You got emotional problems, Mrs. Lamarr. Let's go to your apartment and see what else you stole that's stored there.

There is a brief struggle, but the policewoman wins and takes Hedy off. The salesgirl comes rushing forward, grabs a glass of hemlock like she was getting away with something, swills it down and drops dead.

SCENE III: HEDY'S HOME

The Policewoman and Hedy enter Hedy's apartment and the woman is shocked to see all the furniture, etc, that Hedy has stolen. Policewoman says, O.K., I'll have to take you in.

Hedy: I'll be with you in a moment Officer. I wish to change into something more suitable.

Hedy changes clothes, sings a song and tries to seduce the policewoman in order to escape the charges and be let free. The two fall all over the sofas, etc. there is a cat and mouse chase, Hedy really turns on the charm.

Hedy: Ecstasy! Ecstasy! Ecstasy! Ecstasy! Ecstasy!

But after the seduction, the Policewoman still insists on taking Hedy to jail.

Policewoman: Sorry, Mrs. Lamarr, but that's the way it is. We detectives are the scum of the earth. Always get to knock off a piece of nuggy before bringing in whores, street walkers, drunks, boosters and stars with 5 husbands.

Hedy: Oh, where are my husbands now, where are they now to protect me? Where is my loving public? Care for a Hemlock cooler, dearie, it will really kill your thirst.

Policewoman: Oh, no don't. You can't pull that one on me. I may be dirt, but I'm smart dirt.

Hedy: Very smart.

SCENE IV THE TRIAL ROOM

Hedy is taken into the trial room. All her husbands are called up and everyone is questioned about her off-color life, bad movies, pornography, etc., robberies, and all testify against her to the Judge. After each testimony, Hedy is cross-examined and she attempts to defend herself. But the verdict goes against her and she is sentenced to drink the Hemlock. All along she insists that she is not Hedy, but keeps saying, I am Tondalayo! Finally, she drinks the Hemlock, goes into a long drawn out scene of death throes and at the last minute, croaks.

Questions of the Judge:

Why did you steal the love-seat?

Why was the movie "Ecstasy" banned. (Not because I was nude, but because I made love to a horse)

Why did you marry 5 times?

Why do you steal?

Did you slip Hemlock on the ice to anyone?
ever

Did you get a face lift in order to disguise yourself like a common criminal? (I'm not common)

Are you now or ~~was~~ were you ever a booster? (For my college football team)

Are you now or were you ever a kleptomaniac?

Ditto, a maniac?

Do you have emotional problems?

Are you the world's most beautiful woman? (My face is perfectly symmetrical; if you cut it down the middle both halves would be the same) Judge:- We will!

**EXCERPTS FROM THE SOUND TRACK OF HEDY, OR THE FOURTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL
LIVES AND LOVES OF HEDY LAMAAR (THE TRIAL SCENE)
OR, HEDY GOES SHOPPING**

a scenario by Ronald Tavel

SCENE IV THE TRIAL ROOM (excerpts)

Judge: I guess we can call husband number five. Thank you very much. You've been very helpful. Well, whom do we have here? Your name, position.

Husband No.5: George, John George.

Judge: John George. Which husband are you?

Husband No.5: Number five.

Judge: Number five. Would you please tell us where and how you met Hedy?

Husband No.5: I met Hedy on the corner of 43rd and 3rd Avenue.

Judge: 43rd and 3rd- she's moved a bit east since husband number two. What happened when you met her?

Husband No.5: You mean why did I meet her?

Judge: Yes, why did you meet her? I mean, you just bumped into her head on the street?

Husband No.5: No, Ethel Merman was singing.

Judge: Ethel Merman was singing. Why did you fall in love with Hedy?

Husband No.5: She had money.

Judge: She had money. Did she bear a resemblance to anyone you know? No one at all? Is it not a fact that you write poetry?

Husband No.5: Well, I thought she looked like John, er, Robert Browning.

Judge: Robert Browning. Why is it that your marriage started to turn on the rocks?

Husband No.5: Well because she started not looking like Robert Browning.

Judge: And what happened to you? Did she find you got up in the morning and started looking like some one else?

Husband No.5: I started looking like Emily Post.

Judge: Like Emily Post. Did she make a decent settlement when you divorced Hedy? Isn't that true?

Husband No.5: Well, I got half a million.

Judge: A half a million. Isn't it strange, gentlemen of the jury, that a woman, a superstar, should have to pay a half a million dollars to get rid of a husband? Don't you think that she had to prove something by paying so much? Thank you very much. Mrs, Hedy, Mrs. Lamaar, why did you steal the love-seat?

Hedy: Well, at that time.....

Judge: What time?

Hedy: Well, I don't understand that. When did I steal the loveseat?

(music).....

Policewoman: Assault, battery.

Judge: What happened at her apartment?

Policewoman: At her apartment?

Judge: Yes, was she very cooperative? Did you find any other merchandise there?

Policewoman: There was alot of other merchandise there.

Judge: What kind of merchandise?

Policewoman: Furniture, clothes, jewelry.

Judge: Did she make any advances toward you?

Policewoman: Yes.

Judge: She did? Was she successful?

Policewoman: Of course not.

Judge: Of course not. Well, perhaps we can see you later. Thank you very much. Hedy, why was the film "Ecstasy" banned?

Hedy: It was banned? I didn't know that.

Judge: Weren't you in the nude in that movie?

Hedy: Well, I was taking a bath, just like any other girl.

Judge: Like any other girl, in a lake?

Hedy: Then this man approached on a horse. I got frightened, so I went to a bar.

Judge: What happened with the horse, Hedy?

Hedy: With the horse?

Judge: What happened with the horse, Hedy?

Hedy: Nothing.

Judge: Didn't something happen with the horse, Hedy?

Hedy: Nothing.

Judge: Didn't something happen with the horse, Hedy?

Hedy: Of course not.

Judge: I think the jury can infer as to what happened with the horse.

Hedy: Just where ^{is} your mind, ~~is~~ [?] judge?

Judge: You just watch where your mind is and even more where your body is and even more where they're gonna lift your face to. Why did you marry ~~six~~ ^{five men?}

Hedy: Well, I got tired of them, and I'm looking for another one by the way.

Judge: Another what?

Hedy: Another husband.

Judge: Another?- you've had five already.

Hedy: Well, I'm still fourteen years old.

Judge: Ha, ha, - you can have another? Why did you steal, Hedy?

Hedy: Steal?

Judge: Yes, steal, Hedy. Why do you steal?

Hedy: Why do I live?

Judge: Yes, why do you steal?

Hedy: That's like asking me why I live.

Judge: But Hedy, don't you believe in paying for things?

Hedy: Well, the studio overlooked many times and they didn't want to buy me the shoes, so I just went and I buy them myself.

Judge: Is there anything that you do pay for, like husbands?

Hedy: Yes, to get rid of them when I get tired.

Judge: You pay to get them, Hedy?

Hedy: To get them?

Judge: Yes, to get them heady.

Hedy: To get them.....

Judge: Did you ever get a face lift to disguise yourself like a common criminal?

Hedy: No, I'm a fourteen year old girl.

Judge: A fourteen year old girl. Is it not a fact that you are rather common?

Hedy: Common?

Judge: Yes, you seem to get around quite a bit, Hedy.

Hedy: Well, I have to appear in different parts of the world.

Judge: What different parts of the world- I see you go around the world - Are you now or have you every been a booster?

Hedy: You mean like a football team in Los Angeles?

Judge: Well, I don't know, Hedy. Are you now or have you ever been a kleptomaniac?

Hedy: A kleptomaniac?

Judge: Yes, you heard me the first time. The jury has very good ears. Are you a kleptomaniac, Hedy? I mean we could probably get some more evidence there if we care to look- the police didn't seem too anxious about details.

Hedy: But the policeman searched me already.

Judge: The policeman searched you already. Didn't you offer the policeman a drink?

Hedy: Yeah, but the dirty copper turned it down.

Judge: Haven't you ever slipped a hemlock on the ice to anyone, Hedy?

Hedy: I don't know about hemlock but I do slip and drink when they're thirsty.

Judge: You slip and drink when they're thirsty. You ever slip on the ice, Hedy?

.....

Doctor: (after administering the hemlock to Hedy)
She was tragic and noble.

END OF SCENE IV

ANDY WARHOL
presents a benefit for
MARIO MONTEZ and RONALD TAVEL

March 3 and 4, Thurs and Fri at 7:00 and 9:30

THE LIFE OF JUANITA CASTRO (1965)

written by Ronald Tavel; directed by Andy Warhol.

"Much that is original and surprising....takes its impetus from Genet....alive, highly amusing" - Jerry Talmer, NY Post.

"The creative force behind JUANITA CASTRO is....Ronnie Tavel, who wrote the script, and acted the key role of the stage manager, and very good he is in both capacities....Cuba became the property of Andy Warhol and Ronnie Tavel, and they have made the only valid statement I have seen on the subject in the past several years." - Andrew Sarris.

Cast: Marie Menken, Ronald Tavel, Mercedes Ospina, Elecktrah.

KITCHEN (1965)

written by Ronald Tavel; directed by Andy Warhol and Ronald Tavel.

KITCHEN is Pinter with his pants pulled down, an essay in subliminal logic and emotive and word association that presages Tavel's controversial play, SHOWER, run at the St. Mark's Playhouse last summer.

"KITCHEN is illogical, without motivation or character, and completely ridiculous. It is very much like real life" - Warhol.

"The funniest and strongest movie script in NY's underground movement" - Sheldon Renan.

Cast: Edie Sedgwick, Roger Trudeau, Elecktrah, Donald Lybns.

March 5 and 6, Sat and Sun at 7:00 and 10:00

SCREEN TEST (1965)

written by Ronald Tavel; starring Mario Montez and Ronald Tavel.

The viewer is invited to measure the distance between his own concept of reality and the unique psychological outlook of a screen tested transvestite. At once, hilarious and appalling.

"This is our best movie." - Andy Warhol.

Cast: Mario Montez the actor; Ronald Tavel the off-screen voice.

THE 14 YEAR OLD GIRL (1966)

written by Ronald Tavel.

Based on a recent scandal involving a one-time Hollywood siren, this movie is an attack on the system that created, exploited, and finally destroyed her. Mario is perfect as the siren, being only a small step away from the actual embodiment of the tragically self-deluded star.

"Mario's greatest dramatic performance." - Jack Smith.

Cast: Mario Montez, Harvey Tavel, Mary Warren, Ingrid Von Scheven, Jack Smith, Gerard Malanga, Ronald Tavel, Uncle Pasty.

Technical and Special assistants: Buddy Wirtschafter, Philip Fagan, Paul Morrissey, Daniel Williams. Produced by Andy Warhol.