

KAHUNA!

Not filmed.

Written Summer 1965

Intended cast and staff:

Edith Sedgwick	as Aqua
Roger Trudeau	as Aquarius
Gino Piserchio	as Beach Boy
Dusty Rhodes	as Lifeguard

(Man In Suit, Extras)

Special assistants: Buddy Wirtschafter, Gerard Malanga

Props:

surfing skates or boards, blankets, sun tan oil, table and banquet setting, bikinis, jams, a one-piece bathing suit, beach shells, nail file, bathing cap, martini sticks, a dead fish, hot dogs, beach bag, contest banner

OUR LADY OF PARIS**PIANO****INDIRA GANDHI'S DARING DEVICE**

So the shootout in the political maze on 47th St. brought on a shake up in the film personnel and, consequently, the direction the movies could now take. Uncharacteristically, Andy had gotten himself in over his head, and was finding producing two sets of films, one under Edie's brainwashers' orders and the other utilizing the old guard, a balancing act beyond his flexibilities, financial or otherwise. He was not yet ready to give up his leverage in my writing (the more conventional) scripts for Edie, nor would he ever be really until she left his life definitively, a year and a half later. He and I tossed about a few ideas; I showed him several sketches, some of which he found alien to his aesthetic and some of which I'd think better of letting him have. My allegiance and feelings toward him irrevocably mixed by now, I would not involve myself personally with Factory shoots until the following February. Nevertheless, decrypting Off Off-Broadway's Machiavellianisms as not necessarily less volcanic than the Factory's, and needing to release the tensions in my first legit theatre experience, I decided to try to stockpile scripts and wait for things chez Andy either to make some impressive breakthrough or come to a sensible conclusion: e.g., any, from which one could proceed.

Some of my personal writing milestones at this point are additionally explained by the fact that I was becoming deeply involved with an artist I met, appropriately enough, right in the Coda Gallery when I'd gone there to scare up a production space for SHOWER. For I rallied sufficient coherence to seed an odd encounter on an eternal beach (I was raised near Gravesend Point and Bath Beach) that would anchor, if not my emotional turmoil, that emotion as creative propellant.

At first, of course, I was stymied. And so flipped through a mental catalogue of motion picture genres in order to jump start the juices. For the Factory more than accommodated "formula" flicks: viz., the horse-opera HORSE, the soft-core VINYL, and the Absurdist, domestic-drama/ pseudo slice-of-life KITCHEN.

But it being still summer and the insolent incaution and beauty of Hawaiian surfing having come in for a windfall of media coverage then, the Annette Funicello-Frankie Avalon beach bongo, blanket-party genre most Preposterously clamored for attention. And I did not here as elsewhere in scripting ask myself why psychosexually.

The screenplay, KAHUNA!, though seminal for me, as I say, never was filmed, and its surviving manuscripts pose some problems. For one thing, though all are written in my prescribed two sections, one for each 35-minute reel, every copy of either is labeled, "Reel One." For another, the styles of the two differ radically, and they indeed appear to be for, or of, two different films. The briefer in format is perfunctory and of small art interest outside of its Carl Dryer-cum-Kubrick patient image of a Man In Suit unperturbedly dining at a fully set table on the very splashy but haunted beach. However, the longer of the two is a mature tract, and though insidiously lubricous, very firm in what it is doing, it is certain-minded - and if I might, seminally ungiving.

Yet both of these undated "declarations" - which nearly two years later are incorporated into my final Warhol script - for different reasons, seem to have been written at the same time. That is, mid-summer 1965.

Two lines in the briefer ms. will be shortly re-enlisted for service in THE LIFE OF LADY GODIVA: again, dashed off in my pad on East 10th in September 1965, thus dating that one. As for nailing the longer, it has a title page proclaiming its prospective technicians and players as the full, standard film family in the third week of July: Edie, Roger, Gino, Gerard and Buddy, etc. The notable newcomer is Dusty Rhodes, fresh from her inconsequentiality in SPACE. Now, it could have been no secret by early August at the latest that Sedgwick as a star, and Trudeau and Wirtschafter altogether, were on their way out: Edie for being an unrepentant and unmanageable dope-fiend; Roger for being a buddy of Ondine's but not of Edie's and the current in-crowd, and into S-M and hallucinogens, or irremediably

passive on screen; and Buddy for being branded by now a techie teacher not up to techie snuff. Researchers at Brighton University and the Whitney Museum of American Art claim variously that in August, or even mid-autumn, I seem blissfully innocent of these developments, indifferent, or politic in moving along briskly making (rather than taking) no note of the shake-up. The better part of my conveneable energies right then, naturally enough, were addressed to the alteration in my private life and the birth of the Theatre of The Ridiculous (it was receiving mixed reviews but doing sell-out, turn-away business) - but it would be foolish to assume that I was so distracted as to be anything less than both wary and watchful of Warhol at that point: for Wein, fortified by his triumph with MY HUSTLER, was hubris-ing that he actually could replace La Warhola himself: so Wein's headlong crash was imminent. But as for continuing to credit-list and write for Edie, even I could not think that she, though torn by offers and advice from her lover, Kevin McCarthy, and from Bob Dylan who was tireless in his deprecating of Andy - and succeeding thus in further confusing her - even I could not predict that she'd make so many self-destructive moves. In fact, in defiance of the above, I never wrote better or more closely for her than in the longer KAHUNA! ms. If you read Aqua's dialogue, listening to the pitch, projection, rhythm, phrasing and general tone of Edie's voice as you know it from her vehicles in which she prattles ad infinitum (POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL and BEAUTY #2), you recognize that this is the very girl. Like I said, ours was an enviable while never ideal working relationship; and she, in the end, my fortunate incentive.

I'm giving this space toward fencing in a time frame for the writing of the longer KAHUNA! ms. because it will find its, or an, importance now (on the page; and, presumably, for theatre historians) beginning with Aquarius' line, "Yeah, but lots of people don't know what their names mean." From there until the end of the script we have a solid, unbroken sample of the commercially-free, 100% pure Ridiculous logic/illogic. I mean, the extended Ridiculous dialectic as opposed to the one-liner

exchange that creates, by constituting, SHOWER. My brother one night said to me, rather sweetly, "There's no sense going to bed now, Ronald, you'll only want to get out of it in the morning." It was to replay and replead the resonance of this sentiment that I think I labored at The Ridiculous canon. To test its irresistability linguistically, culturally, and traditionally - for this kind of thinking and its exact tone, both nonchalant and hysteric, has an unconscious history. But now it would be a state-meant of affairs. The reasoning of KAHUNA!-Major with its seeming, meaning-deaf correspondent is precisely the reasoning that sees through (take the pun) MY FOETUS LIVED ON AMBOY STREET, GORILLA QUEEN, ARENAS OF LUTETIA, HOW JACQUELINE KENNEDY BECAME QUEEN OF GREECE, and NOTORIOUS HARIK WILL KILL THE POPE, etc. It is my primary contribution to theatrical dialogue and it is what climbs, rung by wrong, the ladder to a Ridiculous vision. The surprise that awaits in this surfing scenario is how early, and quietly, it was articulated.

I can't remember the name of the Richard Benjamin-like fellow I intended to play Man In Suit (odd concept, that), though, peculiarly, I remember he lived in the then new high-rise on Third and 11th, and that I'd met him somewhere downtown. The prospect of being in a Warhol movie intrigued him at first, but when the internecine shoot-out delayed the filming as the summer dragged on, I believe he lost interest and thought as well it would be unwise to have a permanent record of himself amidst such disreputable outcasts.

At this point, I batted around a number of alternative ideas with Andy, one of whose outlines survives and is preserved here (see below), but none of these materialized into filmed projects.

KAHUNA!, obviously, is the precursor to Andy's SURFING MOVIE, or SAN DIEGO SURF, shot in La Jolla in May 1968. There, he locked horns in a power struggle with Paul Morrissey over who really would "make" this film. Determined that it should be his, to answer the increasing critical press that he had little to do with the numerous titles bearing his name, Andy watched in dismay

as the fledgling fascist set up a camera farther on down the beach and began lensing the same sea scene (with Viva, Louis Waldon, and Taylor Mead) as he was. Furious at a takeover attempt such as he'd never experienced before, perhaps the single strongest artistic step ever brazened against him, and directly to his face no less, Andy packed up and returned alone to New York - and the bullets of Valerie Solanas. When he fell, his film field stood vulnerable to Morrissey's permanent appropriation. Following his recovery, Andy, spiritually twisted, would try only twice, or so, again to make a movie under his own hand, and then give up.

Unlike the discarded script fragments written about this time, the sections of KAHUNA!, in deference to their strength, ultimately were placed, separately, between the spirals of JANE EYRE BARE in a last ditch effort to save them. However, since that epic wasn't lensed either, even this extreme measure failed. But they clearly comprise a distinct work, and are published with that distinction here. Carefully directed, a film version of KAHUNA! would make a greater impression on the thoughtful now than in the vanguard and objet-congested sixties. And what a pity that Edith Sedgwick (as the credits dignify her) isn't sparkling off the freight-elevator to do it justice.

As for Wein, today he's into "channeling" in L.A., where he claims to have frequent chats with Andy (!), and is a procurer for horse breeders. You could say then that he's still at it.

OUR LADY OF PARIS

This outline will be recognized as a preliminary for the assumed imaginary screenplay I use as Mario's major audition piece in SCREEN TEST II. But here, unexpectedly, it is, a step closer to reality. To be sure, Andy found the medieval tragedy to lie quite luridly outside all that his aesthetic stood for, and asked me to do that sort of garish and "deep purple" thing on my own; or with other filmmakers. But the recent musicals and the Disney cartoon feature based on Victor Hugo's classic make both this sketch and SCREEN TEST II visionary in their anticipation of its widespread,

current appeal. Now, many a critic has asked himself why, since NOTRE-DAME DE PARIS appears to come at us right out of left field. The convoluted yarn was an asylum of my childhood (e.g., "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!"), and the melodramatic plots of the two-act Ridiculous stage epics all bear its direct imprint. Surveys show NOTRE-DAME to be the favorite novel of the native New Yorker, male, reading public. Why? Perhaps because it is about male obsession: and that, to a host of out-of-towners, is what New York has always seemed to be about.

PIANO

Eddie McCarty, Obie Award winner for Best Actor in KITCHENETTE, 1967, was a burgeoning composer and superlative pianist who died mysteriously at the age of thirty. We were close friends back in 1962, during a period when he worked as the house-pianist for a children's theatre. I wrote CANTICLE OF THE NIGHTINGALE then for him to score. His theatre declined the stage piece, but it subsequently was performed in Sweden in Swedish, 1968, in Denmark in Danish, 1970, and at the Manhattan Theatre Club in 1972. The European productions seemed to have no trouble with it as an adult show, so when Andy asked me in the autumn of 1965 if I had any of own already-set material "we" might film, I changed the rather precious title to the more Warholian, PIANO - reconceiving it as a kind of oratorio sung by the cast around an engaging pianist:- McCarty - and offered it to him. Then I came to my senses.

As it stays a stage-play, it is not printed hereunder.

INDIRA GANDHI'S DARING DEVICE

John Garfield's daughter, Julie, made a fine, very strong replacement for Raul in the staged version of THE LIFE OF JUANITA CASTRO that September. I came to know her and her family well,

she was a sultry, smoldering beauty. In October, having no problem imagining Julie as a subcontinental seductress, political or otherwise, I wrote INDIRA GANDHI'S DARING DEVICE as a vehicle for her, carefully crafting it so that the exact same script could be used for either a stage play or a Warhol film. But by the time it was staged, in September of the following year, Julie was no longer with the Play-House of The Ridiculous, and I also would see no reason to let Andy have my material on which he had no proprietary claims, for use as Factory films. INDIRA GANDHI became a major hit for the Play-House and a major international scandal that would lead, in the investigatory pressures (see essay, THE ROOTS, etc.), to my unofficial break with the Play-House in 1967. Since it always has existed only as a one-act proscenium piece, it also is not printed hereunder; but it comes as a surprise to most everyone that this succès de scandale incubated as a Warhol screenplay - and a valentine to beautiful Julie Garfield.

Andy Warhol's

K A H U N A I

(alternate titles: "Beach", "Surf",
"Surf Skates", "Beach Boards",
"Sun Tan", etc.

with
Edith Sedgwick as Aqua
Roger Trudeau as Aquarius
Gino Piserchio as Beach Boy
Dusty Rhodes as Lifeguard
 as Man In Suit
and a bevy of extras

Special assistants: Buddy Wirtschafter
 and Gerard Malanga

Scenario by Ronald Tavel

props:
surfing skates or boards
blankets
sun tan oil
table and banquet setting
bikinis, jams, a one piece bathing suit
beach shells, nail file, bathing cap,
martini sticks, a dead fish
hot dogs; beach bag; contest banner

SCENE of KAHUNA

(All the girls in Reel One will wear very brief bikinis. The men will wear "jams", that is from waist to knee new Hawaiian-style loose surfing suits. The contrast should be ridiculous.)

Enter AQUARIUS with surf board. He looks optimistically out to sea. Zoom in on him so only waist to head appears and he appears to be walking. He bends down, out of camera, straightens up. Camera zooms out to full figure; and he is surfing.

AQUARIUS continues surfing; all surfing gestures. He cries out "Kahuna!" when he gets excited. Further zoom out and we see AQUA, MISS LIFEQUARD, MAN IN SUIT, BEACH BOY and all the extras surfing. Each cries out "Kahuna!" from time to time. Continue this for as long as it is funny.)

AQUA: Hey, what does Kahuna mean?

BEACH BOY: It means something in Hawaiian.

(They all continue surfing. MISS LIFEQUARD falls, as if thrown by a wave. MAN IN SUIT lifts her up.)

LIFEQUARD: That wave turned on me without provocation!

MAN IN SUIT: Your bikini is provocation enough.

(All continue surfing.)

BEACH BOY: (to AQUA) Hey, Sweetie, are you the Queen of the Surfers?

AQUA: (suggestively) No, I'm the Woman of the Dunes.

(All continue surfing)

LIFEQUARD: (to BEACH BOY) Hey, Sweetie, you one of them Beach Boys?

BEACH BOY: That's right, Baby.

LIFEQUARD: Just spend your whole life taking it easy on the beach?

BEACH BOY: That's about the drift of it, Baby.

BEACH BOY: What do you do for money? I mean, how do

BEACH BOY: I'm a gigolo.

LIFEQUARD: Oh.

(All continue surfing.)

BEACH BOY: (singing) Let the spindrift blow
I can kneel quite low
Just to see the glow
In your bungalow.

Let the breakers flow
With me it's touch and go
Don't say you didn't know
I'm just a gigolo!

LIFEQUARD: And the gulls go screaming over the waves as
they did five thousand years ago.

(All continue surfing. Water is sprayed on them.)

MAN IN SUIT: This sport can be quite dangerous if you have
epilepsy.

BEACH BOY: I get swollen knees from it.

LIFEQUARD: That's from syphilis.

(BEACH BOY tumbles down. MISS LIFEQUARD GOES to the rescue.
Others ignore them.)

LIFEQUARD: You got water on the brain. I'm gonna take you
out for a while.

(MISS LIFEQUARD carries BEACH BOY off. MAN IN SUIT rides
with AQUA, standing in back of her, arms around her waist.)

AQUA: Aren't you afraid you'll get your suit wet, honey?

MAN IN SUIT: Did your bathing suit ever get wet?

AQUA: Guess not.
(long pause. Thinking hard.)
Wonder what he meant by that.....

BEACH BOY: Hey, guys, the tides gone out.

AQUARIUS: Yeah, what do you know!

MAN IN SUIT: What do we do now?

LIFEQUARD: We do our beach exercises!

The waves are breaking as water, so that they all
are in the water. Of course, there was no water
when they were supposed to be in the water, either.

They all start doing beach exercises. MISS LIFE GUARD
and BEACH BOY get a blanket and roll themselves into it.
By and by, they cover themselves completely with the blanket
and the blanket waves up and down. Everybody else ignores
this.

AQUA and AQUARIUS eat hot dog, guzzle beer. MAN IN SUIT
goes about setting up an elaborate dinning table in the
background and sits down to a sumptuous meal, full dinning
set, napkins, dandelabra, etc. He will continue eating
this banquet until the end of the movie. In general, he
should be ignored by the others, except for his appearance
in the repetitions.)

LIFE GUARD: Hey, surfers, the waves are coming back.

(They all quit what they were doing and stand up. Now repeat
action from beginning of Reel One.

If time permits, after the action is repeated, begin repeating
a third time. The natural forgetfulness of the actors will
create the variations.

Continue until end of reel one.

End of Reel One.

R E E L O N E
of
K A H U N A I

(A bare setting, absolutely empty. Focus on the emptiness for several moments. Then KH AQUA enters, wearing a trim one-piece bathing suit. She is carrying a surf board and a blanket and a beach bag.

She walks up and down and back and forth for a while as if she were in a bathing beauty contest, but her gracefulness is hampered by all the things she is carrying. While she is walking she hums, "But her bathing suit never got wet, etc. "

Then she puts down the surf board and beach bag. She unfolds the blanket and spreads it on the bare ground. All this is done with stiff knees, a la Betty Grable.

She sits on the blanket, still humming, "But her bathing suit never got wet...." She opens her beach bag and starts removing various objects. Beach shells, a bathing cap, nail file, martini sticks, a dead fish, etc.

A spray of water hits her (sprinkled from off camera.)

AQUA: Damn prop man!

(AQUA takes out her sun-tan oil and begins rubbing herself down, slowly, carefully, her legs and arms.

AQUARIUS enters from about where the camera is so that he comes into foreground with his back to camera. He stands looking down at her with his hands on his hips. She is kneeling at this point, a la Elizabeth Taylor.)

AQUA: What are you standing up there and looking down at me for? This isn't "Suddenly Last Summer."

AUARIUS: But it is something serious, isn't it? Like "On The Beach"?

AQUA: Not that serious. I mean not adult-serious. But teen-age serious. This is a beach board surfing story. Something adults can't understand.

AQUARIUS: Can teen-agers understand it?

AQUA: Teen-agers understand everything. They're so soul-full. They feel things.

AQUARIUS: Can I sit next to you, O my teen-age Queen and feel everything?

AQUA: Well, I don't know. It's important who you are seen sitting on the beach with.

AQUARIUS: But I'm your brother, aren't I?

AQUA: You mean, like we're brother and sister because we both take surfing seriously?

AQUARIUS: No, I mean we are brother and sister because we both have the same parents.

AQUA: Oh, that's right, we do.

AQUARIUS: So can I sit on your blanket with you?

AQUA: Well, I don't know. After all, brothers and sisters aren't often seen together. I mean, not in our circle.
(long pause, getting philosophical)
And not in our society in general.....

AQUARIUS: Then together we'll battle our society.....
We'll be teen-age rebels!! How does that grab you?

AQUA: Oh, Teen-Age Rebels!!!
(getting adolescent serious)
Yes, yes, I always was a loner. I was meant to be a rebel - with all society against me! Come, sit down!

(AQUARIUS sits next to AQUA on the blanket. After all her sudden excitement, she is illogically turned off. As soon as he sits down, she starts rubbing herself with the oil. She rubs herself as if he weren't there, innocently, without show. Then she rubs herself deliciously, sexually, as if to excite him. He gets excited. Then she returns to rubbing herself unconsciously, as if he weren't there. This alternating in the attitudes of her sun-tan applications should go on for some time and be played for all the comedy that can be managed in this situation.

Then she puts down her oil and looks at him quite alluringly. She is the great siren now.)

AQUA: Tell me, with all the teen-age truth in your heart, what is it that you really desire?

AQUARIUS: (haltingly, embarrassed) I desire, I, I-----

AQUA: Yes?

AQUARIUS: (heated) I -- I with all the teen-age truth at my command-----

AQUA: (alluringly) Yes?.....

AQUARIUS: I desire to apply myself with some of your teen-age sun tan oil!

AQUA: Help yourself!

(He grabs the oil from her greedily and begins rubbing himself down as if it were the last tube of oil on earth. He works quickly, hysterically. This should be a whole worked-out routine.)

AQUA: You are digging that tube like tomorrow was prohibition on sun tan oil!

AQUARIUS: (humming) I don't care if the sun don't shine, I'll get my lovin' in the evening time, with mah Babey!

(He continues rubbing down. He jumps up and down all over the blanket in order to get at various parts of his body.

Finally, he subsides, exhausted, and drops the tube. Both stare ahead, distracted. Then they slowly come to realize each other's presence, turn slowly toward each other. They move closer, growing excited. They fall into each other's arms and kiss madly.

Mad kissing continues, but both are annoyed with all the slippery oil that is over them. It is a pretty messy and clumsy and uncomfortable affair.)

AQUARIUS: Oh, sister.

AQUA: Oh, Brother!

(More kissing.) During this scene, MISS LIFEQUARD walks on. She is wearing a banner across her bathing suit that reads, "Miss Lifeguard".)

LIFEGUARD: (sexy) I'm Miss Lifeguard. Anybody around here drowning?

AQUARIUS: Get lost, sister!

LIFEGUARD: (furious) You dumb bastards! You'll find out there's more ways than one to get drowned! People can get drowned on land.

(MISS LIFEQUARD's warning goes unheeded by the kissers. She leaves. The kissers continue for a while, then finally break up. They stare ahead of each other.)

AQUA: I don't think I caught your name.

AQUARIUS: Oh, I'm sorry. It's Aquarius.

AQUA: Aquarius? That has something to do with the zodiac, doesn't it?

AQUARIUS: Yeah.

AQUA: What?

AQUARIUS: I don't know. I don't study them things.

AQUA: Aren't you curious? It's your own name.

AQUARIUS: Yeah, but lots of people don't know what their names mean. They don't know what their second names mean. I don't know what my ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ first name means. Most people's first names don't mean nothin'. So what should I have to know what my first name means even if it means something. It ain't good to know more than other people know.

AQUA: Yes, I know what you mean. It can get you into trouble.

(MISS LIFEGUARD walks through again. She says menacingly:)

LIFEGUARD: Lots of trouble. I And that's just one kind of trouble. You two kiddies are in for a lot of trouble.

(They ignore her and she walks out.)

AQUARIUS: What's your first name? I don't think I caught it.

AQUA: Aqua.

AQUARIUS: Aqua? That has something to do with the sea, doesn't it?

AQUA: Something.

AQUARIUS: And it's a color, too, isn't it?

AQUA: I don't know. I never bothered to look it up. I really don't care about names. And if a girl doesn't care about names, she can't care about colors, can she?

AQUARIUS: I don't know. One thing doesn't really have anything to do with the other.

AQUA: Sure it does. Why don't you shut up!

(They both stare in opposite directions. Silence for several moments. Then they get hit in the face with water spray.)

AQUARIUS: Damn prop man!

AQUA: (with womanly viciousness) I don't think the prop man is a man. I think it's a woman..... I think it's Miss Lifeguard.

(The water spray hits them again. They both sit steaming with anger.)

AQUARIUS: (furious) At least we both know each other's second names!!

AQUA: We have to. We both have the same second name.

AQUARIUS: We have to. We both have the same parents.

AQUA: How could we both have the same parents?

AQUARIUS: Because we are brother and sister.

AQUA: Oh, yes, that is true.....
(long pause)
We have something else in common.

AQUARIUS: What's that?

AQUA: We're both teen-agers.

AQUARIUS: Thank God!

AQUA: Yes. If nothing else, that saves us.

AQUARIUS: It's something in our favor.

(MISS LIFEGUARD struts through again.)

LIFEGUARD: You'll both need everything in your favor you can get. And everything you have in common!

(MISS LIFEGUARD walks out.)

AQUA: I think she's very common.

AQUARIUS: You can have girls that are common.

(They both lie back as if to take the sun. Silence for several long moments. Twitching and nervous movements. Neither is comfortable. AQUA finally turns over and appears to sleep.)

AQUARIUS: Something decadent about beaches. Sun, fun, and sex. Hell, what's the fun of that? People laying around practically naked. Bodies all over the place. Greased bodies. Greasey people. Flesh, flesh, flesh. Last year's bathing suits. Oh, I don't mind last year's bathing suits so much.

It's the fact that people are wearing them. People are the bad thing. Especially grown-ups. They can't understand our music, the kind of music that we like. Grown-ups like rock n' roll. That's the only kind of music they dig. We like "Blue Hawaii", "Oh-Lay-a-o", "Liliuakalani" and other such beautiful, soul-full music. For we are riders of the blue ~~mf~~ surfs, of the great breakers. And we are teen-agers. We are teen age Rebels!!

(he looks at AQUA still sleeping)
But teen-age girls understand less than teen age boys. Just look at her sleeping through my big shpeal.

(he shakes her. She stirs.)
Aqua, wake up! I gotta tell you something.

AQUA: (waking) I just had a beautiful dream!

AQUARIUS: What?

AQUA: I dreamt it was Halloween and everybody was all dressed up in costumes.

AQUARIUS: That must have been like Paradise.

AQUA: Yes! It was Halloween in Paradise.

AQUARIUS: I just wanted to tell you that I'm leaving now, Aqua.

AQUA: Before the sun goes down?

AQUARIUS: The sun don't quit. I can't wait for the sun.

AQUA: (humming) Wait till the sun shines, Nelly.

AQUARIUS: How Nelly. I can't wait. I'm going.

AQUA: Where you going?

AQUARIUS: To Hawaii. The waves ain't big enough for both of us here.

AQUA: The waves are always bigger on someone else's beach.

AQUARIUS: Well, goodbye!

AQUA: Wait a minute. You can't go now.

AQUARIUS: Why not?

AQUA: I'm not old enough to be left alone.

AQUARIUS: You have to learn to get along without me sometime.

AQUA: No, no, no!!! Don't leave me alone. Not alone by myself! Anything but alone!!!

(She suddenly becomes hysterical, without apparent motivation. He stands there bewildered. She will cry and rage about hysterically for as long as she is able. When she stops, AQUARIUS will speak.)

AQUARIUS: Whatever is wrong with you?

AQUA: I don't want to be alone.

AQUARIUS: But why? You've spent years alone - here, on the beach. Having sun, fun, and sex and other noncommitted existentialist advantages.

(AQUA will start shivering uncontrollably during his speech, no longer comprehending what he is saying.)

AQUARIUS: You never were a girl many people could understand. You liked to be alone. You were an introvert. You were autonomous, like greasy Reise said. So what do you need company now for?

AQUA: I'm afraid, I'm afraid, I'm afraid.....

AQUARIUS: But when did you start being afraid?

AQUA: Something must have started it off. Some kind of shock. Like sun-stroke.

AQUARIUS: You have been too long in the sun.

AQUA: You're the ~~xx~~ son.

AQUARIUS: We both are. You are me and I am you. I am going.

AQUA: That means that I am going. If you leave me, if you leave this beach and go to Hawaii, I am leaving you. If I just stay here on the beach, doing nothing but sun, fun, and sex, I am still deserting you. There's no escaping that.

AQUARIUS: I'll stay if you are too afraid to be left alone.

AQUA: And make me ~~g~~ guilty?

AQUARIUS: You're trying to punish me. You are punishing me by making me stay.

AQUA: Also by making you leave - by letting you leave - because I'll go nuts as soon as you go!

AQUARIUS: You are nuts right now. What difference does it make if I leave? Only a difference in degree.

AQUA: What's the temperature now?

AQUARIUS: 80.

AQUA: Perfect beach weather.

AQUARIUS: Also, I'll get nuts, too, if I stay. Besides, I just have no reason to stay. No personal reason, that is. I mean, you and I are one, but you are not personal. Only I am personal.

(He picks up the surf board.)

AQUARIUS: I'll take my surf board. And so off to Hawaii!

(AQUARIUS leaves and AQUA wanders around alone. We are waiting to see what effect AQUARIUS' departure will have on her - i.e., will she flip or not - but it is not apparent. She seems neither normal nor nuts. Just distracted.)

AQUA: But that was my surf board. I wonder why he took it.

(AQUA sits down again and begins reapplying the oil. Same as before. Then she lies back, as if sunning.

MISS LIFEGUARD enters.)

LIFEGUARD: All the instruments agree, the day of his departure was a hot, hot day.

(While AQUA lies still, MISS LIFEGUARD does vigorous beach exercises. Continue this until end of Reel One.

End of Reel One.

Our Lady of Paris

1. Esmeralda dances
2. Quasimodo is fascinated by her & attempts to carry her off.
3. Phoebus captures Quasimodo & flogs him; Esmeralda gives Quasimodo water.
4. Phoebus makes love to Esmeralda
5. Priest stabs him; then ^{comes back &} accuses her of the murder
6. Priest tortures Esmeralda for confession
7. Phoebus prepares to hang Esmeralda; she is rescued by Quasimodo
8. Love scene between Quasimodo & Esmeralda
9. Priest & Phoebus try to take her away;
big fight - props - Phoebus is killed by Quasimodo
10. Quasimodo is knocked out ^{by Priest}; Esmeralda is hanged by Priest.
11. Quasimodo rises & kills the priest; he ~~then~~ lies down by her body.

~~Pick Up~~

~~Film culture & canon of Screen Testing & the rail
at Warhol's~~

"FAMOUS MEETINGS IN HISTORY

Cocoon Meets Proust

Beckett Meets Joyce

Stanley Meets Livingston

Anthony Meets Cleopatra

Growning Meets Elizabeth Barrett

I have no
friends, only
lovers ←

Oscar Wilde Meets Andre Gide

Andre Gide Meets Arab Boy

Ap 2C

106
340 Riverside Dr
Rt 106
UN-4-7027

" C A N T I C L E O F T H E N I G H T I N G A L E "

a musical play for children by Ronald Tavel

© Copyright 1964, 1965, 1971 by Ronald Tavel.
All rights reserved.

characters:

The Nightingale (soprano)
The Emperor
The Prime Minister
The Magician (Death)
The Kitchen Maid
The Artificial Bird (bass)
The First Courtier (tenor)
The Second Courtier (tenor)

props:

a huge book with ornate cover
a golden sword
a red banner
a golden cage
silken strings
a skull mask
a sickle
a bed
a black cloak

notes:

The Second Courtier may double as the Magician if an extra actor is not available. The Nightingale may appear as a person rather than as a toy bird. Original music should be used; however, a score for this play has been composed by: Mr. Eddie McCarty, 3118 Illinois, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80907.

Ronald Tavel
1095 East 53rd Street
Brooklyn, New York 11234
Tel: 226-4725

agents:
Sidney M. Moskowitz
(Counsellor at Law)
441 Lexington Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
Tel: 986-7673

ANDY WARHOL'S

P I A N O

Book and Lyrics by Ronald Tavel
Music by Eddie McCarty
Special assistant Buddy Wirschafter
Directed by Andy Warhol

with

as The Pianist
as The Nightingale - soprano
as The Emperor
as The Prime Minister
as The Magician (Death)
as The Kitchen Maid
as The Artificial Bird - bass
as The First Courtier - tenor
as The Second Courtier - tenor

props:

a piano ; a huge book with ornate cover ; a gold sword ;
a red banner ; a golden cage ; silken strings ; a skull mask ;
a sickle ; a bed ; a black cloak

directions:

The Second Courtier may double as the Magician if an extra actor is not available. The Nightingale may appear in person rather than an toy bird.

The children's introduction on pages 1 and 2 may be eliminated to save time.

The musical should be performed before the piano as if it were a rehearsal, with the actors reading from their scripts. As they warm up toward the end, they could dispense with the scripts and actually act their parts.

The singers should use the lyrics on the music sheets, which are slightly different from those appearing in the text.

ince Dec. 1960] anthology names of people Gerard Malanga slept w/

- ① Fred Herko
④ Rufus Collins
⑤ Denis Deegan
⑫ Henry Michelhenry
Kenneth Lane
⑫ Howard Moss
⑪ Willard Maas
Bob (andine) Olivo
⑫ Joseph Gribben
① Neil Elser
Wyn ③ Chamberlain
⑫ Taylor Mead
⑩ Allen Ginsberg
② Wystan Hugh Auden
⑬ Leon Hecht 360 E. 55th St. NYC.
① Paul Goldberg
Gregory Markopoulos
⑤ Alan Marlowe
Rudy?
- ⑫ Jerry Morton
⑤ John Deed
Ronnie Tavel
⑧ Harry Fairlight
② Peter Orlovsky
Margaret Robbins
① John Ashbery
① Kenneth Koch
Professor John Graham
- ✓ Cynthia McAdams
✓ Barbara Rubin
✓ Anne Plymell
✓ Sandy Sells
✓ Judy Nathanson
✓ Margaret Boyce & Co
Nancy Worthington F.
✓ Naomi Levine
✓ Faith Frankenskin
✓ Rose ~~Atkins~~ ~~Felie~~
✓ Kate Hehiger
① ~~Conit~~ ~~resistant~~
✓ Ellen ~~Atkins~~ Bryant
Imanion Fuller
Imaretta Green
✓ ~~Stella~~ ~~Mar~~ ~~Lo~~

1950 Dec 10

James H. ...

1950 Dec 10

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...

James H. ...