

KITCHEN

Shot on location: Spring Street, NYC

May 1965

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

(restored 1996: 66 minutes)

Sharp focus, stationary camera: the Wirtschafters' kitchen

with:

Jo: Edie Sedgwick

Mikie: Roger Trudeau

Houseboy: Rene Ricard

Joe: Don Lyons

Mikey: Elektrah! (Lobel)

Photographer: David McCabe

and

Andy Warhol

Ronald Tavel

Gerard Malanga

Directed by Ronald Tavel and Andy Warhol

Camera and sound: Buddy Wirtschafter

BUZZARDS OVER BAGHDAD

Shot in Los Angeles

1952

Color, 16mm silent, 24fps, less than 30 minutes

(restored 1997)

Filmed and Directed by Jack Albert Smith

To coincide with the opening of the flower canvases in France, Andy planned a trip to Paris, London, and Tangier that was to get underway on April 30th. He urged me to come along as a fixture in his entourage, and for the sake of my inspiration sponsored by and fiction set in the latter city, but I was in no wise ready to face returning to Africa. He also was hoping to get me and Edie, whom he suddenly invited as well, to more readily work together. But I, not yet understanding the extent of her familial crippling, habitual poor choices and dependencies, believed the working relationship was smooth enough. We needn't be thrown at each other on a whirlwind tour, full of devastating memories, where forced, shared time could only exacerbate whatever differences might already exist. Her grace and sparkling expression encouraged screenplays to leap quickly to mind: I couldn't complain. She had indisputable star qualities, I imagined she'd be more than willing to consolidate her energies to promote them. If I was aware of the wolverines lapping around her lovely edges with a slightly different agenda, I tried to look the other way.

While the helix of Andy's plans for Edie began to widen wildly in his own agenda during these weeks, he introduced me to his interest in making movies that somehow would impress the viewer as being entirely white or entirely black. In time, he would want one of each juxtaposed on a double screen. This concept had such priority in his thoughts, particularly in his ruminations related to scenarios, that when asked about his work with me years later he would respond by referring to his communicating with me concerning his innersight ideas on black and white.

He had understood, of course, by this point in his creative journey his cornucopic returns on double images; and the appeal of whiteness was unavoidable in the impression Edie was making then with her new look, eyes darkly highlighted to exaggerate her sheen-white face skin and hair cut short and dyed white to imitate his own wigs and pallor. Possibly, he had seen in passing sound and cameraman, Buddy Wirtschafter's wholly white kitchen in

the latter's Soho loft.

Some of Buddy's former film students now re-work a picture of him as so heavy a drinker that he'd pass out right in class. But I don't recall him ever drunk when we had a movie to get in the can. He was on camera up until May, and in charge of all technical aspects of the shoots that Billy Name didn't handle himself.

KITCHEN is the first on location lensing of the features I wrote, and images of that spring day remain brightly fixed in my memory. It was shortly after the entourage's return from Tangier, and Andy was kidding long-haired, questionably-sized Gerard for being intimidated by the close-cropped and horse-hung Moroccans. Conceivably, the jolt forward in the authority of this screenplay (it is tooled to gutterize, and I think honor, Ionesco) is due to how even the suggestion of Volume Five of The Thousand Nights and A Night causes situations to rush to naughtied analects for me. Norman Mailer is associated with KITCHEN because he was outside Buddy's building in the early morning to wish Andy good luck with the project. I remember him standing in the chilly street with a few colleagues as a kind of afterimage of Gore Vidal, similarly long-coated, business-like, and pressed for time, meeting Andy for a quick briefing one colder morning near the U.N. (Much business, particularly of the net-working sort, was conducted at the interminable night parties, but those terse and hurried, almost espionage-like, post-dawn encounters remain more vivid for me.)

Mailer attended the first private screening of KITCHEN and, somewhat awe-struck, reviewed it for The Sunday New York Times: "It was a horror to watch... One hundred years from now they will look at KITCHEN and see the essence of every boring, dead day one's ever had in a city and say, 'Yes, that's why the horror came down.' KITCHEN shows that better than any other work of that time."

There are two schools of thought on KITCHEN and a lot depends on whether you believe that what you are seeing is entirely intentional or not. Michael Silverblatt (KCRW-FM's "Bookworm") maintains it is all as it was meant to be, and that we are witnessing the disintegration of a production; Mailer imagines

all of America to be disintegrating before us, and Andy, the most perceptive man in America, to be nailing it precisely. But if you think what you are seeing is not what was intended, however open and loose those intentions were, then you are trapped watching a cast that can't make one moment of an Absurdist-style screenplay work.

For the most part, they do get through that screenplay, the obviously fullest of my first half year at the Factory - for Andy wanted a vehicle for Edie that had situation but no plot (he was non-committal about whether there should be defined characters, cartoon-like characters, or non-characters), because, salivating Coastward, he saw the willowy socialite as his ticket to Hollywood. But because Edie is central to the frame and script, and because she expresses annoyance at being in the movie - irritation is actually the feeling most central to all her filmic appearances - she inevitably pulls the remaining cast, pacing, flavor, and experience of the whole in that direction. To me, she was more charming getting out of the cab that morning, her Nyoka leopard-fur falling from the one shoulder on which she always sported it, chatting about how Andy wanted her to take acting lessons but that if she couldn't learn by doing it, heck, what good would lessons be?

KITCHEN was rehearsed for a solid week with Andy co-directing: we actually sat side by side on chairs Billy fixed up to closely resemble the cliché Hollywood fold-out with "Director" emblazoned on it. He was very fond of this script, and in keeping with his serious designs for Edie, had selected Roger Trudeau as a suitable foil for her. Roger was a tall and pliable masochist, drawn to the Factory by the shenanigans of the previous scripted film, and a kind of real-life Clark Kent: when bespectacled and in every day wear, he appeared self-effacing, quite average, almost timid; stripped to the waist he was a stud for all seasons. So Roger seemed an attractive enough leading man for Ms. Sedgwick's Tinseltown bid; but her Harvard cheering squad and sly coach, Don Lyons (now an influential film critic), for whose casting in the feature Edie forcefully proselytized, gives the first self-conscious and mannered performance in a Warhol movie.

The addition of the perambulatory photographer, David McCabe, and René Ricard (ditto, an influential critic now) as a kind of speed-driven housekeeper, was to help get through the mollusk-memoried Edie's fumbblings with the script. The delivery of the typed dialogue runs short of the proscribed seventy minutes of footage, and the crew comes in-frame to devour time by devouring the marshmallow props on set, giving us a chance to see who was there and what they wore that morning long ago. It also is the only instance of Andy and myself on film together - and in answer to the pressing question posed to me concerning that historic moment, yes, the shirt I'm wearing is vinyl.

It was during the Factory trip to Paris and Tangier that the remarkable filmmaker, photographer, and architect, Jack Smith, approached me with a project of his own - to, as it were, keep me off the streets while Andy was out of town. Sometime in 1952 most probably, when he was twenty years old and living in Los Angeles, Jack had shot brief, melodramatic color sequences inspired by, and perhaps too imitative of, the treasonous multi-intrigues in the last reel of Universal Pictures' Christmas 1942 blockbuster, ARABIAN NIGHTS. Smith's Technicolor is lush, varied, and commendable, but the camera work is dead-on frontal/confrontational and almost as stiff as the amateur performances of its youthful cast. Jack had been able to edit no releasable footage from this idiosyncratically uniform material up until this point, thirteen years later: but now suggested that it all might be scraped off the ash heap if I were to create intertitles for the canned product as it then existed, inventing a plot of sorts and "delirious" dialogue that could fit its silent action. He then, he swore upon a stack of Korans, would decorate each title elaborately with Arabian Nights Entertainment decals somewhat indebted to the title designs on the Universal movie:- simple but beautiful scalloped pansies and violets, peacocks, leopards, and veiled harem damsels who, unencumbered by gravitational considerations, appeared to float joyously about à la Marc Chagall. I had known Jack Smith for some three years by then, and had collaborated on literary, film, and still-photo

undertakings with him, but never before had he so tempted me with a proposal, snorting through his nasal as he did, that though the early title cards of silent films are obvious, tedious, questionably spelt, and composed as if for an all but illiterate public, they still had slowly evolved to near aesthetic respectability when, due to the coming to film of that boogeyman, Sound, their bright future had been squelched underfoot - like a bunch of Arabian grapes. "-But!" he chuckled, choked and chortled, inhaling on a hooker, "It has fallen to you, Ronnie, to scoop their discarded splatter up, and take the composing of frame titles to an Art Form!"

Aside from the fact that we obviously shared a demented passion for the Moslem East (now enflamed by Andy's junket), what screen-writer could resist so corny - and complimentary - a come-on? I set about the task with dispatch, an offering to be baptized, BUZZARDS OVER BAGHDAD, utilizing a vocabulary that was a humorous stretching-to-nearly-the-absurd of Sir Richard Francis Burton's imaginatively concocted epic-language for his Levantine translations, combined with Jack's own sense of colorfully exaggerated, psychotic, exotic, and beautiful prose. Smith and Burton shared a disconcerting habit of suddenly dropping into prosaic or contemporary scientific jargon that I found maniacally counterparting irresistible.

The "plot" of my intertitles for BUZZARDS OVER BAGHDAD spins on the Caliph's reluctance to pardon a male slave's transgressions despite Dunyazade's pleadings (e.g., Shahrazad's sister).

Now, depending on my schedule, I'd generally responded when called upon to serve as one of his "creatures," as he somewhat indiscreetly labeled them, but his invention for inducement in this instance wakens the watch - for something which he, as an accomplished writer, it would appear could do quite well himself. Consider the point in artistic time at which this takes place - I gave him the intertitles on May 11, 1965, with a promise to do more when the designs on these were completed - in other words, at the height of the truest creativity that Andy was to exact from me, just after completing the screenplay for and while re-

hearsing KITCHEN and gearing up to write SHOWER. It argues that in our creative frenzies we give off an almost sex smell, intoxicating our neighbors or even downwind strangers, eliciting their animal need to get in our pants, metaphorically or otherwise, to get a bit of the action for themselves. But for Jack the appeal was a double gamble, unusually chancy, an intrigue also to be found in the Universal Pictures' movie, where an army captain lacking foresight (played by matinee idol, Turhan Bey) seeks not only to obey the Wazir's traitorous and sinister demand, i.e., to remove the Caliph's influential fiancée, but to fill his pockets at the same time (by selling her into slavery instead of putting her to the dagger, for which duplicity he himself is put to it). Because for Jack, this was not just a carefully-timed opportunity to get work out of me, timed so that what would be forthcoming might well be prime, but an "Open, O Sesame!" to steal in the bargain - he'd feel justifiably - something from arch-rival Andy (whom he always called, "Andy Panda"). Believing it would further his acting career, Jack had appeared in BATMAN/DRACULA, a very early Warhol effort, and would act for him again (see below), but he was not beyond tormenting himself well after the fact with the notion that Andy had vampyriized him and therefore owed him aesthetically beyond calculation; nor above a kind of theft (for the nature of thievery preoccupied him) to insure that that incalculable debt would be paid. Jack Smith repeated a pattern of triangulation throughout his life, in which like a rutting steer he challenged a strong rival for a metaphysically symbolic, highly prized third party (the main plot, to be sure, of Universal's ARABIAN NIGHTS). That the cross-relationship at its height of these two artists and myself could be introduced so sun-and-sand horse opera-ly into this compulsive, triangular *modus operandi* would prove too familiar, as well as far too film-like, for Jack to resist.

As luck would have it, for life if you'd so have it, will resemble a Christmas blockbuster, our late nights together caused me to arrive late and slightly distracted for the KITCHEN rehearsals, setting Andy's antennae upright; and so, no slouch himself at precisely this kind of possessive competition, he

actually waited for an unguarded moment on my part, and disarmed me utterly by leaning forward and saying directly: "I don't mind you working for Jack Smith."

For the healthy stipend he afforded me, no? Yet more remarkable than the colossal nerve and astounding assurance of this Warholian territory-marking, is the accuracy in his estimation that this surprise attack would pay dividends. For the Robber Baron of Postmodernism was a man I had also watched "cure" by the laying on of hands. When the crowded freight elevator stalled one day, a young woman grew rigid and went into formal trauma: without a second's hesitation, Andy all but sprang, put an iron grasp on her shoulder, and incanting beneath his hypnotic stare, brought her completely out of it. This mystic power is a power designated to one by others, true enough, but it is a real power nonetheless, and I had a very vital respect for it.

I was tongue-tied, and uncontrollably accepted his obloquy of my moonlighting as artistic treachery. I could feel myself grow hot all over, and swallowed and nodded and swallowed again.

And afterward, determining not to let this "superhuman" fully dominate my output, I nevertheless made certain my social or collaborative dealings with Smith were in dens off alleys on Amphetamine Gultch well beyond the master's ken.

And while the making of the grimly punitive HEDY the following year - in which Smith, curiously or coincidentally, would contribute a stunning performance, for he was an extremely accomplished film actor - will be read inaccurately as a kind of requital for the infractions of a subsidiary or two, it is all to a general annoyance and personal discredit that I, at least, ever saw myself, and consigned him the power to treat me, as a subsidiary. Jack took particular (and ironic) umbrage at this, berating me even sixteen years later, on my return from Thailand, with having "the same blocks," "always working for" someone else, rather than assuming the fugleman role which alone could steer me through the shallows of a gathering obscurity. But whatever one's to make of it all now, the BUZZARDS incident represents the high and touchiest point in what art students today call the Smith/Tavel/Warhol interdynamic. And whether or not Warhol saw BUZZARDS as my

balancing his own side work with Wein and Sedgwick, the rare and enviable imperative among us would never after be the same.

Finally, they not amenable to good common sense may find a (Great White Demon's) mystic retribution of sorts in Jack Smith's own guilt-related retreat here to his lifelong incompleteness in practice. He never designed those title cards for, nor consequently, was ever able to construe, the pasty puzzle - and delirious pledge - of BUZZARDS OVER BAGHDAD.

REEL ONE

OF

ANDY WARHOL'S

KITCHEN

(alternate titles: "Half An Ass", "Illusions", "Vacuum")

starring

Eddie Sedgwick	as Jo
and	
Roger Trudeau	as Mikie

Special assistant	Buddy Wirtschafter
Scenario by	Ronald Tavel
Directed by	Andy Warhol

props;

kitchen table and chairs
kitchen sink
books, pencil
mascara equipment, make-up case, and mirror
litter basket
panties, slips, brassieres
empty beer cans
a choker
a strap
can of shoe spray
a towel
a malted machine

white costumes for both characters.

(The set is a clean white kitchen. A kitchen table and chairs. One wall of the kitchen is in frame and a calendar is on that wall, which is not actually a calendar but a copy of the scenario. Several articles are on the table and hidden between them is another copy of the scenario. There is also a large book on the table, or two or three books, and copies of the scenario are hidden in the books. When the actors forget their lines, they should pretend to be reading ~~xx~~ the books, or can get up and go over to the calendar on the wall and read the scenario there, tearing off the pages of the scenario until they reach the place they want as if they were tearing off back dates.

As the movie starts the kitchen is empty, clean and spotless white.

After a while, JO enters with her mascara case and mirror and sits down at the table and applies her mascara.

MIKIE enters and kisses JO on the back of her neck and sits down opposite her and watches her apply the mascara. She blinks at him a little self-consciously between the strokes of her activity. Their relationship is not apparent from the way they are staring at each other.)

~~MIKIE:~~

MIKIE: Litter basket.

JO: What did you say, darling?

MIKIE: Litter basket.

JO: Oh.

(Long pause.)

MIKIE: I said litter basket!

JO: I know, dear. You said litter basket.

MIKIE: Well, don't you care at all?

JO: Of course I care about litter baskets, dear, but what do you want me to do about them?

MIKIE: Rummage around in them.

JO: I do rummage around in litter baskets, dear, that's how I found you.

MIKIE: I love you, Jo.

JO: That's obvious, Mikie.

MIKIE: You see, Jo, people are always throwing away worthwhile things. They're always throwing worthwhile things into the litter basket.

(JO puts down her mascara equipment, gets up and goes over to the litter basket. She begins to pick things out and examine them. She finds panties and brassieres and old empty beer cans. She makes two piles on the table, one of the undergarments and one of the beer cans.)

JO: You're right, Mikie, half the things in this litter basket shouldn't have been thrown out.

(JO makes a neat arrangement of the beer cans and then picks up the undergarments and throws them back into the litter basket.)

MIKIE: My clothes!

JO: Hush, dear, hush.... It's all right.

MIKIE: (crying) They threw me away! They threw me into the litter basket..... and I'm a worthwhile thing.

JO: Of course, you are, darling. (moves over to M)

(MIKIE continues to cry like a little baby and JO goes over to him and comforts him like a mother. She kisses and soothes him and pets him. She puts his head in her lap. It is all very maternal. Then, slowly, very slowly, she inches away from him and sits up on the table. She squirms slightly, like a kitten in heat, and pouts her mouth. Then, very slowly, she begins to uncover her legs. MIKIE watches her with popping eyes. He starts to drool. Finally, JO uncovers her legs completely and moves them erotically in front of MIKIE's face. He runs his hands tenderly over her shoes and then begins to kiss them.)

JO: Oh, sail on! sail on! - *and*

(JO groans very softly, very sexily. MIKIE begins to move his lips around her ankles, then slowly starts kissing up along her calves. Suddenly, she is turned off.)

JO: O.K., Columbus, you've discovered enough.

(JO cuts him off abruptly and jumps off the table. MIKIE is left with his tongue hanging out. JO resumes the application of her mascara. MIKIE falls into a deep depression. He puts his hand over his brow.)

MIKIE: This afternoon I went to a shower, Jo.

JO: What did you say, dear?

MIKIE: I said I went to a shower this afternoon, Jo.

JO: Oh, how nice.

MIKIE: Yes, it was nice.

JO: What happened at the shower, dear?

MIKIE: I had sex with someone in the shower.

JO: (abstractly) With the water running?

MIKIE: Yes, with the water running.

JO: Oh, how nice.

MIKIE: Yes, it was nice, Jo.

JO: Whom did you have sex with in the shower?

MIKIE: With Joe.

JO: Which Joe?

MIKIE: The other Joe.

JO: Oh. How nice.

MIKIE: Yes, it was nice.

(Long pause.)

JO: Did you scrub each other's backs?

MIKIE: No, we just massaged.

JO: Each other's backs?

MIKIE: No, each other's fronts.

JO: Oh, how nice.

MIKIE: Yes, it was nice. We massaged and massaged and massaged each other's fronts!

(He grows very excited as he speaks)

Massaging is a system of remedial treatment consisting of kneading and kneading and rubbing and rubbing and pressing and pinching and pressing and pulling and pushing and mashing and squeezing the other person's body!!!

JO: Oh, how nice.

MIKIE: Yes, it is nice! Would you like me to massage you?

JO: What did you say, dear?

MIKIE: I said would you like me to massage you?

JO: (abstractly) Well, just my neck, Mikie.

MIKIE: O.K., just your neck.

(MIKIE gets up and goes over to the back of JO's chair and starts to massage her neck gently. She continues to put on make-up while he massages, whatever kind of make-up can be applied while one's neck is being massaged.)

MIKIE: How tender your neck is, Jo.

JO: How tender your finger tips are, Mikie.

MIKIE: How tender is your skin.

JO: How tender is the night.

MIKIE: How tender is your loin.

JO: How tender is your limpo.

MIKIE: How tender is your foot.

JO: Oh, shut up.

MIKIE: (temporarily insane) Don't tell me to shut up, Jo, don't ever tell me to shut up, Jo!!!

(MIKIE starts to strangle JO.)

JO: O.K., Nero, you've strangled enough.

MIKIE: Forgive, forgive me, oh my mother!

JO: Oh, I don't mind being strangled, it's just that you'll ruin my Man-Tan application.

MIKIE: I'll make it up to you: we'll go to the beach tomorrow.

JO: (picking up a choker and tying it around her neck) Besides you'll give me a complex about chokers.

MIKIE: Jo, let's go to the beach tonight!

JO: Tonight?

MIKIE: Yes, yes, tonight, because when it's dark and there's no one around - then - then - we can, we can.....

JO: Oh, don't be silly, Mikie, you know how the sand hurts.

(Long pause. JO stands up and straightens her dress.)

MIKIE: Well, what were you planning to do tonight?

JO: Oh, I thought we'd spend the night here in the kitchenette (very sexy) Just the two of us, here alone together --- in the kitchenette.

MIKIE: (drooling again) How oral!

JO: How moral.

MIKIE: How formal.

JO: How normal.

MIKIE: How rural.

JO: How un-en-dur-able!! Besides, we can't go out tonight, I have nothing to wear.

MIKIE: But any outfit will do. You don't have to wear something expensive.

JO: Oh, I never wear anything expensive. I feel one should dress inexpensively --- but flashily --- you understand?

MIKIE: I understand only that you're beautiful, Jo.

JO: That's obvious, Mikie.

MIKIE: (taking JO in his arms) I'd like to change your mind about going to the beach tonight....

JO: Change a fool against his will, he's of the same opinion still.

MIKIE: (tenderly) You're such a jokable, chokable female.

JO: Does my humor overwhelm you?

MIKIE: It whelms me.

JO: It whelms you? What does that mean?

MIKIE: (letting go of her, falling into a depression again) Well, it whelms me, it whelms me, it doesn't overwhelm me.

JO: Then I've really failed you, haven't I? As a lover and mother, I've failed you! In the end, I've failed you!

MIKIE: (winking) No, in the end you haven't failed me.

JO: Don't you dare wink at your mother in that disrespectful manner! Where do you think you are? With your friends? With your bummy friends?

MIKIE: Well, you can choose your friends, but you can't choose your relations.

JO: (very hurt) Mikie, Mikie, what are you saying? Didn't you choose me for relations? Didn't you? It was free chose, wasn't it - I mean, I never forced myself upon you, did I?

MIKIE: (tenderly) On the contrary.

JO: And isn't a mother a boy's best friend?

MIKIE: Sure, she is. Sure, she is.

JO: (screaming) Then what the hell are you complaining about, you ungrateful bastard???!!!

MIKIE: I'm not complaining, I'm just depressed, that's all.

JO: I'll get your father's strap and beat that depression out of you!

MIKIE: No, Jo, please, please don't beat me!!

JO: Over my knee, I tell you, over my knee!

(JO pulls MIKIE down over her knee and administers a sensual beating to his behind. He cries out with sexual delight. She drops the strap down, exhausted, sexually satisfied.)

JO: Now, go and do your lessons and see that you behave yourself, you bad boy.

(MIKIE gets up and goes around the table and takes a seat opposite JO. He opens a book, runs a pencil down the page. He is like a little child. He sucks his thumb. Long pause. Then he begins to read. His reading puts JO into a new poetical sensuality.)

MIKIE: Wary of worrisome worrying weariors,
Pretending progenitors and superiors,
Pretentious idiotic inferiors,
Ample hips and expansive posteriors
Guard the corridor-like interiors.

JO: How beautiful are thy poems with rhyme!

MIKIE: How beautiful are thy ^{shoes} feet with shoes.

JO: Mikie, kiss my feet with shoes.

(MIKIE starts to stand as if to obey her orders. But she switches abruptly.)

JO: No, no, don't bother, not now. We did that before. And besides, it bores me. I'll spray my shoes instead.

(JO sprays polish on her shoes without removing them. MIKIE watches.

MIKIE: Only Cinderella had so small a foot.

JO: (unromantically) But my foot is not small. As a matter of fact it's too large for these shoes.

MIKIE: (bewitched) No, the shoe is too small for your less smaller feet. -You can enlarge the shoe by putting it under hot water.

JO: Really, Mikie! I'll do just that right now.

(JO goes over to the sink, turns on the faucet and lifts up her foot and places it in the sink under the running water.)

JO: Oooooooooooooo!..... that feels so so nice!
Ooooooooooooooooooooo.....weeeeeeeeeeee!
Mikie?

MIKIE: Yes, Jo? *rummaging*

JO: Was it like this when you were taking the shower?

MIKIE: I don't know. How can I tell?

JO: Well, you had sex in the shower didn't you? You had sex with Joe in the shower.

MIKIE: Yes, Jo, I did.

JO: Well, this is just like having sex in the shower. It's just like having sex in the shower with Joe.

MIKIE: Oh.

JO: Yes.

MIKIE: How nice.

JO: Yes, it is nice. But it's also boring.

MIKIE: It's all, all so boring.

(JO takes her foot out of the sink and turns off the faucet.
MIKIE stands up slowly, thoughtfully, and walks slowly toward the litter basket. He rummages carefully through its contents, picking out one by one the panties, slips, and brassieres.)

MIKIE: (suddenly screaming) Why did you throw my undergarments away, Jo????!!!

JO: (drying her shoe with a towel) What did you say, dear?

MIKIE: (screaming again) I said why did you throw my undergarments away, Jo????!!!

JO: You'll have to speak more softly, darling, I can't understand you when you shout.

MIKIE: (trying to control himself, showing great strain)
Jo, Jo love, whatever possessed you to throw my -
MY UNDERGARMENTS into the litter basket?

JO: They were mildewed, dear.

MIKIE: Mildewed?

JO: Yes, dear, they were mildewed.

MIKIE: What does that mean?

JO: Well, it's a euphuism. Actually, they had dew -
the panties had dew stains, dear.

MIKIE: Oh, well, I've never looked as good with clothes on
as without them - so what's the use of trying.

JO: Oh, don't be so insecure, Mikie. You could look
splendid with the right clothes. Those clothes
just aren't you.

MIKIE: Think so?

JO: Of course, you just don't know how to shop. Tomorrow
we'll go shopping together, we'll get you some nice
outfits. We'll start at the Miracle on 57th Street -
The House of Second Hand Furs.

MIKIE: Do you think so?

JO: Certainly, Mikie, some of their furs are in such good
condition only the label betrays their former owner.

MIKIE: I'd love to shop at The House of Second Hand Furs.

JO: Would you, love?

MIKIE: Oh, yes, I would. Only one thing bothers me.

JO: Don't let anything bother you, Mikie. *starts putting on make-up*

MIKIE: But one thing does: when you wear hand-me-downs
somehow you're not yourself completely. I mean you
take on something of the former owner's - personality.
Because, I mean, ~~p~~ clothes are personality and furs
are hair - do you understand? So I have someone else's
pubic hair wrapped around my shoulders. And then
there are those foxes, the whole animal, and you
become a dame destined to have a whole fox wrapped
around your neck, including the fox's hole, and all.
A foxy dame. Fox. Lox. Shocks. And so on. You
understand? Now when I go shopping and buy hand-me-
downs I try to figure out who the former owner was and

if he had a personality similar to mine. That way my own personality doesn't alter that much by wearing his clothes, you understand, Jo? And that way I can still understand my own personality but also get to understand a little of his personality, or if they are the same I can understand his personality and so get to understand my own. But if I can't understand my own personality at least I can get to understand his personality by wearing his clothes. I always said, if you can't understand yourself, you might as well understand someone else. Because somehow someone else, all the other someone elses in the world, when you put together all the someone elses in the world, then you actually, you see, etc. etc., etc., etc., etc.....

(MIKIE continues to improvise with this speech. But while he is speaking JO goes over to the malted milk machine, which is located quite near the microphone and she snaps it on. The sound of the roaring machine drowns out what MIKIE is saying.

JO resumes the application of her make-up, MIKIE continues talking, and the machine continues roaring until the end of Reel One.)

E N D O F R E E L O N E.

Horn and Hard-on! -- the only thing automatic about
them is their monthly rise in prices

REEL TWO
OF
ANDY WARHOL'S
KITCHEN

starring

Edie Sedgwick	as	Jo
Roger Trudeau	as	Mikie
Robert Ondine Olivo	as	Joe
Elektra	as	Mikey

Special assistant	Buddy Wirschafter
Scenario	by Ronald Tavel
Directed	by Andy Warhol

props:

a mattress
a refrigerator
a layer cake
a stove
a vase of roses
marshmallows
silverware, cups and sauces
instant coffee
several props from Reel One

special directions:

The part of Joe should be played for high camp at all times;
The part of Mikey should be played as a dumb broad, unless
the lines specifically urge otherwise.
Jo and Mikie should keep their characters from Reel One,
which is to say, very changeable from one moment to the next.

R E E L T W O

(When Reel Two starts the malted machine is still roaring and MIKIE is still improvising, unheard, on his long speech.

Finally, MIKIE stops talking and drops his head down, exhausted. JO puts down her mascara equipment, arranges her make-up kit neatly, and she snaps off the malted machine.)

JO: Thank God, that awful noise is over!

(Long pause)

JO: I just can't stand the sound of that awful machine. It drowns out what a person is saying. I mean, you just can't hear yourself think when that machine is grinding away.

(Long pause)

JO: Mikie, did you hear what I said?

MIKIE: What, dear?

JO: I said did you hear what I said?

MIKIE: Yes, Jo. You said you can't hear what you're saying.

JO: No, I said you can't hear what I'm saying. I said I can't hear what I'm thinking.

MIKIE: Oh? Are you thinking?

JO: ~~No~~, believe it or not, I am!

(Long pause * with both staring at each other. JO is waiting for MIKIE to ask her what she is thinking, but he does not. They continue to stare at each other. MIKIE breaks into a slow smile, as if to taunt JO.

Suddenly, the door bursts open and JOE enters, with a mattress on his head.)

JOE: Good friends should lie together!

JO: We always do, dear! -- Joe, how are you? Do put your mattress down and make yourself comfortable.

JOE: I think I will. Heavens, but business was bad today!

(JOE drops the mattress on the floor, revealing MIKEY behind him.)

MIKIE: Mikey, love, how are you?

MIKEY: How's yourself, Mikie? How are you, Jo?

MIKIE: Do ^{put} yourself down, Mikey, and I'll make you ---
I mean --- and make yourself comfortable.

JO: (jealous) She doesn't have to make herself too comfortable. She isn't staying long.

MIKIE: Then neither am I.

JO: (changing quickly, very eagerly) Oh, could I fix you two some coffee?

JOE: Oh, I thought you'd never ask!

MIKEY: Thank you, Jo, coffee would be delightful.

JO: Coming up!
(She pats JOE's crotch coquetishly)
Yes..... coming up.....

(JO goes to the stove and begins to prepare instant coffee.
JOE and MIKEY seat themselves at the table, JOE next to
MIKIE, and MIKEY near where JO will sit when she has finished
the refreshments.)

MIKIE: What kind of business did you say you were in, Joe?

JOE: In the mattress business, of course, can ^{it} you see?

MIKIE: Oh, of course.

JOE: Yes, and is business bad these days! Up and down
Gren Ave, up and down, I tell you, and not a single
comer!

JO: (sexy) Coming up.....

JOE: The other side of the street, Madame!

MIKEY: (dumbly) Joe is so enterprizing.

JOE: As I was saying, the mattress business is not
lucrative. But it does have its little compensations.
Like, for instance, the people you meet.

MIKEY: Oh, Joe, tell Jo and Mikie about the kind of people
you meet.

JOE: Silence!

MIKIE: Yes, do tell us Joe.

JOE: (not needing much encouragement) Well, the other day I met this Turkish dancing girl on the street: And she did the dance of the seven veils right on the street! Only she reduced the dance of the seven veils to two veils, just two veils. One of them she took off right away..... the other she never took off.....

JO: How do you like your coffee, Joe?

JOE: I like my coffee like I like my men --- hot, sweet, and black!

MIKIE: Black??? You really like them black?

JOE: Oh, well, - black, white, yellow or red --- they all have one little brown spot - and that's all that interests me!

MIKEY: You see, Mikie, Joe doesn't waste time, he gets right down to the heart of the matter. That's why he's such a good business man.

JO: Yes, Joe is coming up in the world.

MIKIE: Are those coffees coming up?

JOE: My last meal is coming up.

MIKIE: So you go in for exotic types.

JOE: Well, I go down for exotic types. Like Mexicans, for example. I just love those Mexican peasants in their full white costumes - you know the kind I mean - the ones all in white, like they just thrown out of a pajama party or something.

JO: Joe, darling, I don't believe a word you're saying.

JOE: That's always the trouble, Jo, darling, I don't have time -- I just don't have time to be believed.

(JO has finished the instant coffees during this conversation and she carries the cupfuls to the table. She sets a cup down in front of JOE and one in front of MIKEY.)

MIKIE: (lovingly) I hope you enjoy your coffee, Mikey.

MIKEY: (dumbly) I hope you enjoy yours, too, Mikie.

(JO brings MIKIE's cup to the table and sets it down, but manages, out of jealousy, to spill the hot liquid into MIKIE's lap. xx MIKIE says nothing, but smiles tauntingly at JO.)

JOE: Calamity, or Secours?

JO: Oh, Mikie, I'm sorry, I'm dreadfully sorry!

JOE: (screaming) OH! Heavens! Help, help!

JO: Could I get everybody some layer cake?

JOE: I beg your pardon?!

JO: I said some layer cake.

JOE: That's exactly what I thought you said, my dear.

(JO goes to the refrigerator and takes out a four tier layer cake. She brings it to the table and sets it down.)

JO: (morbidly) My life is like that layer cake. Year after year, one year piled on top of the other, layer after meaningless layer.

JOE: Well, that's the story of my life too. One meaningless layer after another.

(JOE peels off the complete top layer of the cake and puts it in front of JO.)

JOE: Here, dear, cheer up: have a layer.

(JOE peels off the other layers and hands them out to MIKIE, MIKEY and himself.)

JOE: There's something Elysian about everybody having his own layer.

JO: (standing up, almost crying) But that's just it, that's just it - I don't have a layer of my own. I never had a layer all my own.

MIKIE: (standing up and rushing to JO) Mother, mother, please forgive me!

JO: (high drama, unconsolable) No - No! don't say a word. Not a word.

MIKIE: Oh, Jo, you're so beautiful now - now, with tears in your hair.

JOE: It's that new spray-net she's using.

MIKIE: You know, Jo, you're really a very attractive girl.

JO: Attractive? A two-headed girl is attractive!!

JOE: Well, your two heads are attractive my dear.

(JO rushes over to JOE in an absolute rage. He falls back in his chair onto the floor. He gets up and cowers under her blows. She hits him with her little fists.)

JO: What did you say? What did you say? What did you say?

JOE: What did I say when?

JO: Just now!

JOE: Er - er - er - er!

JO: I'll bet the answer is just on the tip of your tongue.

(JOE extends a long wet tongue, his eyes cross as he looks down at the tip of it.)

JOE: No, it ain't there neither!

(JO comes away angrily and addresses MIKEY)

JO: Do you dig sleeping with cripples???

MIKEY: What did you say, honey?

JO: (screaming) I said do you dig sleeping with cripples?

MIKEY: What did she say, Mikie?

JO: Oh! You must! Because he's cripple-minded! Cripple-minded, that's what he is!!

(JO begins to cry in earnest and MIKIE ~~comforts~~ her, putting her head in his lap as if she were his daughter.)

MIKIE: There, there, little girl, my little girl, don't you cry..... don't you bother your little head about what he says..... don't you bother both your little heads about what he says.....

JO: If you really love me, Mikie, you'll say something mean to Joe like he said to me.

MIKIE: Hey, Joe, would you like to eat my sausage??
(pronounced: saw-sâge)

JOE: Why do you call it your saw-sâge' -- is it because it is so hot?

JO: You know, I saw him in another movie - he was called ~~Scum~~ in that movie.

Mme Maria Ouspenskaya
JOE: Well, I always live my parts, my dear.

JO: I always live my parts, too. Only I can't figure out what my part in this movie is.

(All four go back to the table and resume their seats.)

JO: (addressing MIKEY) What did you say your name was, honey?

MIKEY: Mikey.

JO: Well, you see, that mixes me up, because his name is Mikie also.

MIKEY: Then you can call me by my second name. You can call me Miss Crocus.

JO: Miss Croak-us??

JOE: Miss Croak-ass.

MIKIE: What did you say?

JOE: I said you can call me Miss -- er -- Mr. Croak-ass.

MIKIE: Oh. How nice.

JO: Yes, it is nice.

MIKEY: Yes, we're both nice. All four of us are nice.

(JOE removes a rose from a vase of roses.)

JOE: All this talk of crocuses reminds me of roses.

MIKIE: How do crocuses remind you of roses?

JOE: Float roses in a dish for a party effect.

(JOE throws a rose into MIKIE's cup of coffee.) MIKIE stands up angrily.)

MIKIE: What the hell did you do that for?

JOE: For a party effect, for a party effect, my dear! Don't get so upset! For goodness sake - all these excitable people. I'm never gonna be in a movie again where there are so many excitable people.

(MIKEY stands up and, out of nowhere, begins a long speech addressed to JO. She seems to be accusing JO of something, but what precisely is not clear, and the speech seems rather like an accusation directed against herself.)

MIKEY: Excitable people! Excitable people! That's what's wrong with this world. A girl like you - you're supposed to be studying journalism, aren't you? Well, aren't you? So what are you doing going around with a bum like that? No wonder girls like you get raped! Standing around in dark doorways and kissing and mushing and he squeezes your titties -

he squeezes your titties in dark doorways! - well, doesn't he? And what else does he do to you in the dirty hallways - dirty things, dirty things, doesn't he. Well, never mind what dirty things - you know what dirty things, I don't have to list them for you, he does dirty things between your legs! Your legs! Your legs! That dirty bum does dirty things between your legs so it's no wonder, I say, that girls like you get raped! You ask for it! Can't you go and sit on a bench in the park with your date? What do you have to stand up for? Now, look, all right, some rapes happen in the subway - I mean people like me go to work every day, we're respectable, we take the subway to work and sometimes there's a rape in the subway. Now, that can't be helped. I mean if I get raped late at night in the subway, or if it's early in the morning and I get raped in the subway, well, now, that can't be helped, can it? But a young girl like you - you're supposed to be smart, right? You're supposed to be studying journalism, right? So what are you going around with a bum like this for?? They ask for it, I tell you, they just ask for it!!

- JO: Will someone turn on the malted machine?
- JOE: What the hell is she talking about? She must have wandered onto the wrong set.
- MIKIE: Hey, lady, go where you belong.
- JOE: The other side of the street, Madame!
- JO: She's just a raving maniac. I never listen to other women.
- JOE: She must be in that other movie, you know, playing opposite whachamacallit who's in love with that Negress with the grey-green eyes. Yeah, he flops in love with this Negress with grey-green eyes.
- MIKIE: Joe, Jo and I were planning to go to the beach.
- JOE: (singing) I cover the waterfront in search of my man!
- MIKIE: You want to go to the beach with us?
- JOE: Well, what are the sexual aspects?
- MIKIE: I beg your pardon, I hardly know you!
- JOE: I mean, what are the sexual prospects?
- JO: Good friends should lie together.
- JOE: Stop stealing my lines.

JO: (sexy) Hey, Joe, wanna spend ten bucks?

JOE: The other side of the street, madame!!!

MIKIE: Well, I said it once and I'll say it again: Good friends should lie together.

JOE: I agree, you're perfectly right!

(JOE ~~pi~~ pushes everything off the table. The cups and sauces, vase of flowers, empty beer cans, etc. all go clattering onto the floor. Then JOE picks up the mattress and places it on top of the table. He grabs MIKIE and pushes him on the mattress and jumps on top of him.)

JOE: Mikey, Mikey, I just flopped in love with you!

MIKIE: Hey, let me up, will you? I ain't Mikey, I'm Mikie!

JOE: That's what I said: Mikey, I love you.
(JOE pushes MIKIE back down on the mattress)

MIKEY: He's not Mikey, I'm Mikey!

JOE: Well why the hell does everybody around here have the same name? How am I supposed to know who to have sex with?

JO: You have sex with more than a name, don't you?

JOE: What do you mean, dear?

JO: Oh, you just seem to have sex with everyone!

JOE: Not everyone, my dear, - but anyone!

MIKIE: Let me up, will you?

JO: Coming up.

MIKIE: I'm not coming at all!

(MIKIE struggles up from the mattress and all four stand around it, as if not knowing what to do next, least of all with the mattress. Then JO gets an idea.)

JO: I know: I'll toast marshmallows! Toasted marshmallows for everybody.

JOE: Oh, I love eating marshmallows. It's like eating titties!

(JO goes to the stove and spears a marshmallow with a fork. She lights a fire-burner (it must not be electric) and toasts the marshmallow. She holds it up for all the others to see, lets the fire go out of its own, and then eats the burnt substance. She eats slowly, with viciousness

in her face. All the others stare at her as if they could never take their eyes off her. Then she places the naked fork over the fire again and leaves it there, letting it get hotter and hotter. She leaves it there until it gets almost too hot for her to hold. The camera must concentrate on the reality of this, there must be no doubt that it is the real thing.

Then JO turns around and places the red-hot fork against MIKIE's arm. She will hold it there until it is unbearable for him (MIKIE will secretly signal to her when that is.)

Then MIKIE will pull the fork away from JO and throw it on the floor. He will lift JO up slowly and place her on the mattress on top of the table.)

JOE: Hey, what does he think he's doing -- that's his mother, ain't it?

(MIKIE will untie the choker from JO's neck, then slowly reapply it and begin to ~~kix~~ strangle her.)

JOE: Will you dig that? -- Matricide on the mattress!

(JO makes soft moaning sounds, but smiles throughout the murdering. This scene should be extended until about two minutes before the end of the reel. Then JO dies.)

MIKEY: He went through with it!

JOE: Matricide on the mattress!

(MIKIE stands up and examines his work. Then all three kneel around the corpse on the table and begin to weep and wail. They continue this racket until the end of Reel Two.)

END OF REEL TWO.

TITLES FOR "BUZZARDS OVER BAGHDAD"

1. Tempestuous, contemptuous Duniyazade regards her reflection in John's Bargain Store metal-plated Ben Casey Venus hand mirror. Duniyazade has her points.
2. Gratuitous is in the pejorative.
3. The Blackamoor keeps continuous guard before the palace of the perturbed Caliph lest buzzards drop their liquid siftings on its gilt sprayed rotunda. The scimitar scalloped spear he bears about him alway, nor does he ever ward off buzzards without it.
4. What a slender slice of moon you are, my dear!
5. ##### THE ARGUMENT #####
A languorous Beauty, fritting away her luxurious existence, is stimulated to the single noble act of her Existence, when a Raving Male Beauty is cast before the bejeweled toes of the Tormented Caliph one day while the Caliph is entrance in his Sufis Trance, and being thus roused up untimely, moved into a slightly less than commodious mode, etc., etc.,
(continue passed bottom of frame where it can't be read)
6. And when she giggled it was almost Baghdad passing away peacefully in her sleep.
7. The purpose of these titles is to raise a Standard to which all future moldy writers may repair. The THING is in the Hand of God.
8. The Caliph, thinking it was too bad he was insane, pondered the fate of the Raving Male Beauty prostrate before him, that is, whether to have him decapitated or not.....
9. Buzzards over Baghdad fly
Unless someone's about to die.
10. "He hath put me down once too many times," quoth the Caliph, and he stayed not for virtue.



On the set of 'FLAMING CREATURES,' roof of the Windsor Theatre.
Jack Smith (far left); Ronald and Doc Harv Tavel (far right).



Jack Smith (left) and Doc Harv Tavel create the earthquake in
'FLAMING CREATURES.'

- 2 -

11. The two slave girls sip their Sesame Seed-Syrup and pretend to see nothing.

12. "But," thought the Caliph, "the only forgiving I am permitted is when I forget!"

13. The ululations of the oleanders are pure parsimonious indigence, for however demotic an obsidian it is ammoniac, exigent and utterly ambuscadio.

14. "I haff not the right to forgive anyone," the Caliph decided despite the hectic protestations of Dunyazade, "for that would only give him license to repeat his Evil. The Pardoner aids and abets, nay, instigates Crime. I haff spoken!"

15. The abortionist's daughter, confident that she was amply concealed behind her exciting new spring veil-creation, let drop the unrealized embryo.

16. Dunyazade sets about her toilette, among which is the coating of her lengthy tresses with Neulene Frankenstein hair-net spray to such an amount that no hand-er - sand storm can disarrange it.

Tavel
5/11/65