

VINYL

Shot at the Factory

(facing and near the center-rear lavatory)

April 15, 1965

(on the day before the Public School Easter break)

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

(restored 1989: 66 minutes)

Sharp focus, an initial and mid-way zoom out to then stationary frames, approximately identical

Premiered at the Filmmakers' Cinematheque, June 4, 1965

with

Victor: Gerard Malanga

Public (Torture Victim) Larry Latreille

Cop: J.D. McDermott

Doctor: Tosh Carillo

Torturer: Jacques Potain

Scum(e): Robert "Ondine" Olivo

Tormentor: Edie Sedgwick

Nowhere to Run: sung by Martha and the Vandellas

Tired of Waiting for You: sung by The Kinks

Directed with a week of rehearsals: Ronald Tavel

Camera: Buddy Wirtschafter

Technical Assistants: Roger Trudeau, Billy Name

In the mid to late sixties there would be some speculation that attempted to explain World War II. Specifically, people thought to ask, "How could the Japanese and Germans have committed those atrocities?" But before I was to become familiar with these treatises - the best as yet unpublished - it had occurred to me that the relentless record of human behavior in the Factory's filmwork argued the projects as a breathing canvas on which to explore this big question possibly and immediately notate the results. What would it take to get people to harm each other? - something clearly on my mind as one direct outcome of making HORSE. Would you have to do more than ask them to? -- inflict pain on someone else? In addition, I knew that the film would ennature itself - that is to say, I'd need not create the issue - with a serious irony: that an audience will look at real torture and believe they are watching something faked. Because, via commercial movies, we've been made to think torture and violent death are more dramatic than they are. But the torture in VINYL is real, and it is leisurely.

That we had at our convenience the necessary means for dissecting torture was more than apparent in my access to professional sadists through Ondine's drug trafficking: some of his dealers happened to be, in a manner of speaking, moonlighting-wise, sexually so inclined. And then there was Tosh Carillo, whose instrumental, not to say coolly detached and business-like, dexterity in VINYL brooks no argument. Though sexual topics were a priority for Andy Warhol, sado-masochism was not amongst his conscious concerns, and he later found it serviceable to disclaim any direct hand in the S-M metaphoring of both this film and HANOI HANNA, RADIO STAR. He let the inspiration and responsibility for the matter rest with me. And if I were to protest when questioned - by the medical, the morbidly curious, and the plainly salacious - but most notably by the highly-regarded Japanese playwright, Suji Teriyama - about my personal interest in these practices and claim them merely aesthetic, would I not appear to doth protest too much? This, somewhat

akin to the irony of watching VINYL's torture and not believing that's what you're seeing. So I've always held it the better part of valour to let the matter rest where he did.

Now, although Gerard had bared his leather Lifesaver in previous films, it was he who would provide the opportunity to deal with this something less au naturel - shall we say, vinylized? - subject matter: when he asked Andy to persuade me to adapt Anthony Burgess' A CLOCKWORK ORANGE as a screen vehicle for himself. Though some critics have felt that VINYL captures more of what this novel is truly about than the later, multi-million dollar Hollywood adaptation, I myself really don't think it has an awful lot to do with the Burgess' book. And preparing my script for the product to be something rather other than literally it, I'd say I'm lucky that it isn't. But it is a successful film on its own terms. Gerard initially exclaimed, at the Cinematheque premiere, "This movie makes a fool of me!"; and he indeed is disclosed in all his naked ambition and uninhibited hunger for attention. But neither is palpably offensive here. His display, rather, is all too human; and his charisma, holding together the rambling proceedings, carries the occasional drop in pace quite nicely. Edie Sedgwick as a casual at screen-right tormentor - tormenting by the mockery of insouciance and mime - is also an asset since her reactions as an actress to the torture are very readable throughout. She pretends to be too sophisticated to be disturbed in the least, but when torturer Jacques Potain persistently offers his sadistic services to her personally, she firmly, if politely, demurs. Ondine largely is camera-shy, but cannot conceal the relish in his desire - in fact, because of a personality conflict, absolute need - to deck Gerard: and then pull him up by his long hair like the self-righteous Joab displaying Absalom's head.

Whatever Gerard's reservations concerning VINYL, he didn't let them get in the way of his promoting the piece: it moved to sleaze row on 42nd Street, and from there around the country and world. As a matter of fact, it is Gerard's self-promotion that accounts for how well-known the movie is, rather than its being,

as it so obviously is, among the most audience-friendly of the genuine Factory filmworks. "Audience-friendly" is an interesting label for so actor-unfriendly an entry.

Harvey Tavel staged the script at the tiny Cafe Cino on quaint Cornelia St. in November of 1967 to standing-room only acclaim. Mary Woronov played the doctor in his version, a charismatic singer, Mike St. Shaw (of HURRY SUNDOWN fame) did Victor, and the dancer Raymond Edwards startled onlookers as a balletic torturer. All three went on to act in Hollywood movies, but despite their talents, as with the film version of VINYL, this time the theatre audiences sat calmly by, confident that they couldn't possibly be watching people being really tortured inches from their very eyes.

Need I say VINYL was translated almost immediately into Japanese and enjoyed Tokyo stage popularity?

ANDY WARHOL'S

L O B O T O M Y

with:

Gerard Malanga	as	Victor
John McDermitt	as	Cop
Tosh Carrillo	as	Doctor
Bob Ondine Oliver	as	Scum
	as	Pub

Technical assistants:	Buddy Wirtschafter, Billy Linich, Daniel Fields
Scenario by	Ronald Tavel
Directed by	Andy Warhol

props:

TV set
weights
leather mask, straps, candle, funnel
razor
rock 'n roll disc
books
a paper and pen

(OPEN WITH IN*ZOOM ON VICTOR, LIFTING THE BAR BELLS. VICTOR'S HEAD IS BOWED, HE SLOWLY, GRACEFULLY LIFTS THE BAR BELLS WITH ALTERNATING GESTURES: HEAD COMES UP SLOWLY: CAREFUL PROFILE: CONTINUE THIS FOR SOME MOMENTS.

ZOOM OUT SLOWLY FROM CLOSE UP OF VICTOR UNTIL THE ENTIRE SET IS IN FRAME: FULL FRAME.

FULL FRAME SHOWS DOCTOR'S HEAD THREE*QUARTER PROFILE, LOOKING EVIL, IN LEFT LOWER CORNER. VICTOR IN EXACT CENTER ON WOODEN BOX WITH BAR BELLS. IN BACK OF VICTOR, LEFT ON SCREEN IS COP IN FULL PROFILE, RIGHT ON SCREEN IS TV SET WITH BLANK PICTURE. FURTHER BACK, FACING FULL FRONT AND SHOWING BETWEEN COP AND VICTOR IS SCUM. FARTHEST IN BACKGROUND, FACING BACK TO CAMERA IS PUB.

EVERYONE REMAINS MOTIONLESS. SOME TITLES ARE READ.

VICTOR STANDS UP SLOWLY.)

SCUM: What are we going to do, Victor?

VICTOR: We'll do whatever comes along, Scum.
We'll do whatever comes along, Scum, baby.

(VICTOR TAKES OUT A REEFER, LITS IT, SLOWLY INHALES, LOOKS ABOUT ATTENTIVELY, AND TURNS JUST A BIT, HANDS THE REEFER TO SCUM WHO SMOKES IT PIGISHLY.

PUB GETS UP, COMES AROUND RIGHT OF SCREEN TO JUSTR RIGHT OF VICTOR, WITH BOOKS IN HIS HANDS, A PILE OF BOOKS IN BOTH HANDS.)

VICTOR: Pardon me, Sir. Excuse me, Sir.

PUB: Sorry, I'm in a hurry.

VICTOR: I see you have some books in your hands, Sir.
May I look at them, Sir. It is uncommon to run into someone who still knows how to read, Sir.
May I read your books, Sir?

SCUM: Read the Sir's books, Victor.

PUB: I'm sorry, boys, I'm in a hurry.

SCUM: I'll read the Sir's books.

(SCUM COMES AROUND TO THE RIGHT OF PUB SO THAT PUB IS SQUEEZED BETWEEN HIM AND VICTOR. SCUM TAKES THE TOP BOOK OFF THE PILE IN PUB'S HANDS AND VICTOR TAKES THE SECOND BOOK. BOTH FLIP SLOWLY THROUGH THE PAGES, AS IF

THEY WERE REALLY INTERESTED IN THE BOOKS. THEN VICTOR SLOWLY RIPS OUT A PAGE IN HIS BOOK, HOLDS IT UP TO PUB'S FACE AND CRUMPLES IT UP, LETS IT DROP. SCUM DOES THE SAME. PUB LOOKS FROM ONE TO THE OTHER WITH TERROR. THEY BOTH RIP OUT ANOTHER PAGE AND DO THE SAME.)

VICTOR: I have always had the deepest respect for sirs who can read. Haven't you always had the deep deep respect for them as can read, Scum, baby?

SCUM: Yeah.

PUB: You two boys ought to be home in bed.

(VICTOR RIPS OUT ANOTHER PAGE AND HOLDS IT UP TO PUB.)

VICTOR: What does this here page say, pray tell, Sir?

PUB: It - it - it says that man is a creature capable of individuality and multiple direction and that to try to mechanize him is to-----

VICTOR: Ain't that nice? Ain't that nice, Scum?

SCUM: Yeah.

(VICTOR CRUMPLES UP THE PAGE AND LETS IT DROP. THEN HE AND SCUM PROCEED TO TEAR UP ENDLESS PAGES FROM THE BOOKS WHILE PUB STANDS SQUEEZED BETWEEN THEM IN TOTAL PANIC.

THEN VICTOR AND SCUM PULL MORE BOOKS OFF THE PILE AND HIT PUB ON THE HEAD WITH THEM AND DROP THE BOOKS TO THE FLOOR. PUB SCREAMS DURING ALL THIS, SHITTING GREEN.)

VICTOR: Let's have a little of the old up-yours with this kind Sir, shall we Scum?

SCUM: Yeah, let's have a little of the old up-yours.

PUB: No! No! Not the old up-yours! Anything but the old up-yours!

VICTOR: Easy, Sir, take it easy, Sir.

SCUM: Take it up, Sir, take it up, Sir.

(SCUM GRABS PUB'S HANDS AND HOLDS THEM OUT IN FRONT OF PUB, CLASPT TOGETHER. VICTOR PROCEEDS TO SPLIT DOWN THE BACKSIDE OF PUB'S TROUSERS. THEN VICTOR MAKES STANDING UP FUCKING GESTURES AGAINST PUB'S BACK, PANTING AND GROANING WITH VIOLENT DELIGHT. PUB SHRIEKS IN TERROR. SCUM GIGGLES AND LAUGHS PIGGISHLY DURING THE PROCEDURE.)

VICTOR: How is it, Sir? Feel it, Sir? Had enough, Sir?

~~PUB~~ PUB: You two boys ought to be home in bed.

(VICTOR FINALLY FINISHES PLEASURING HIS VICTIM, GROANS IN ORGASM, AND PULLS AWAY.)

VICTOR: OK, Scum, it's ~~turn~~ your pleasure now.

SCUM: ~~THANK~~ Thank you, Victor.

(SCUM ATTEMPTS TO MOUNT PUB. VICTOR PULLS HIM AWAY.)

VICTOR: Hey, what do you say first?!!

SCUM: Oh. ~~May I, Victor?~~ Can I, Victor?

VICTOR: Can?!

SCUM: I mean, may I, Victor?

VICTOR: May you what??!!

SCUM: May I please give the old up-yours to this here kind and obliging, Sir, Victor baby?

VICTOR: Yes, you may, Scum. Yes, you may.

(SCUM PROCEEDS TO THE FUCKING GESTURES ON THE SHRIEKING PUB. VICTOR STANDS A BIT ASIDE AND RELIGHTS HIS REEFER. HE TAKES A FEW PUFFS WHILE THE RAVISHMENT PROCEEDS.)

VICTOR: Look. Scum. will you take the good sir in the back with you? I do not feel like looking at this old up-yours sight anymore.

SCUM: What do you mean? I can't stop in the middle.

VICTOR: (furious) Get the hell out of here, I said, or I'll open your bottom myself.!!!!!!

(VICTOR SHOVES THE TWO FUCKERS BACK AROUND THE RIGHT OF THE TV SET. AT THE SAME MOMENT, DOCTOR STANDS UP AND GOES AROUND TO THE LEFT SO THAT HE REACHES THE BACK OF THE SET AT THE SAME TIME THAT ~~THE~~ SCUM AND PUB DO.)

NOW VICTOR STANDS ALONE, SMOKES HIS REEFER AND SLOWLY BEGINS HIS SPEECH.

DURING THE SPEECH SCUM FINISHES FUCKING PUB AND SCUM RESUMES HIS ORIGINAL POSITION. PUB RESUMES HIS ORIGINAL SITTING POSITION, BACK TO THE CAMERA. THEN DOCTOR SLOWLY PUTS THE LEATHER MASK ON PUB'S HEAD. HE ALSO DRIPS THE CANDLE WAX ON HIM. HE TORTURES PUB WITH THE STRAPS AND OTHER S-M EQUIPMENT. ALL THIS BETWEEN DOCTOR AND PUB GOES ON VERY, VERY SLOWLY, VERY STYLIZED, AND IN COMPLETE SILENCE. IT CONTINUES GOING ON WITHOUT A WORD UNTIL THE END OF REEL ONE.

SCUM STANDS STUPIDLY, VERY APISH DURING VICTOR'S SPEECH. COP CONTINUES TO HOLD HIS UNMOVING PROFILE.)

VICTOR: OK, OK, I am a J.D. So what? I like to bust things up and carve people up and I dig the old up-yours with plenty of violence so it's real tasty. And then if I get busted by the cops, so what, so what the hell, I say, you can not have J.D.'s like me running loose all over the city. Then it's me that loses if I get busted, so what the hell do you care? But, babies, while I am still free, it is me that's having the fun, you dig, with breaking up china shops and carving up cutties and the old up-yours with lots of real smooth violence to give it some juice.

And like I do not give a hot damn about what is the reason for all the bad I do. Nobody wants to know what is the reason for the good that the squares do. The squares do good because they dig it. And so I do bad because I dig doing bad. And I do not tell anyone to follow me or not follow me, they can damn well do as they please.

Like I think badness is being yourself, it is being me, just me, Victor, The Victor, like God in Heaven made me for his shrieking happiness. But goodness is following the cops because the cops can not permit the just me, this city can not permit Victor. So ain't I really good because I am against the cops who are against what God in His Heaven made me?

Maybe I do not know what I am talking about. But I know I do what I like because I like it.

(SCUM FARTS OR BELCHES OR BOTH AS VICTOR NEARS THE END OF HIS SPEECH. COP THROWS BACK HIS HEAD, STILL IN PROFILE AND LAUGHS LIKE SATAN.

THE ROCK 'N ROLL DISC STARTS TO PLAY. VICTOR GOES INTO HIS DANCE. IT IS INNOCENT, FRENZIED, SAVAGE, ETC.

WHEN THE DANCE ENDS, SCUM FARTS AGAIN.)

VICTOR: What did you fart for, Scum?

SCUM: I farted for the music, baby.

VICTOR: It was beautiful music, Scum.

SCUM: Yeah. You was real pretty dancing, baby.

(SCUM LETS OUT A SERIES OF CAT CALLS, HUBBA HUBBA WHISTLES, AND GENERALLY MAKES FUN OF VICTOR AND THE MUSIC.)

VICTOR: The music was beautiful.

SCUM: Yeah. So are you, baby.

VICTOR: I said the music was beautiful, Scum.

SCUM: Yeah, I heard you, baby. The music was beautiful baby, and you are beautiful, baby.

VICTOR: Come here, Scum!!

(SCUM WALKS BRAZENLY FORWARD, LIKE A CHEAP HUSSY, AND PLANTS HIMSELF TO THE LEFT OF VICTOR.

VICTOR TAKES OUT HIS RAZOR BLADE VERY SLOWLY AND PULLS THE NECKLINE OF SCUM'S SHIRT FORWARD. THEN HE RAZORS DOWN THE ENTIRE SHIRT. SCUM STANDS STILL IN DUMB DEWILDERMENT AND HUMILIATION.)

SCUM: Why-for did you do that, Victor baby?

VICTOR: Because you are a pig and an ape and a shitty slob who never learned how to be a social being and who never can learn, no how, Scum.

SCUM: Why-for did you do that, Victor baby?

VICTOR: I did it because you can never love music, Scum!!

(SCUM HITS INTO VICTOR AND A STRUGGLE ENSUES. DURING THE FIGHT SCUM MERCILESSLY POUNDS ON VICTOR'S HEAD WHILE VICTOR FIGHTS FAIR. VICTOR FINALLY SURCOMES TO THE BLOWS ON HIS HEAD AND PASSES OUT ON THE FLOOR.)

SCUM: Officer, Officer!! Help! Help!

(COP STANDS UP.)

SCUM: Officer, Officer, arrest this evil juvenile delinquent.

COP: What are the charges?

~~SEE~~ SCUM: He tried to cut my throat with his nasty razor, Officer.

COP: That ain't enough.

SCUM: Well, he loves music, Officer!

COP: Ah, why didn't you tell me that before? Excellent, I'll take over from here.

(COP LIFTS UP VICTOR AND CARRIES HIM A BIT BACK AND PLACES HIM IN THE CHAIR AT LEFT LOOKING RIGHT. VICTOR'S PROFILE. COP SMACKS VICTOR'S FACE A FEW TIMES TO REVIVE HIM.)

COP: Wake up, boy, wake up! Wake up, I said.

VICTOR: (waking) Ooooooooo. Where am I?

COP: You are in the arms of the law, boy. In the tender bosom of the law.

VICTOR: Go to hell, Cop!

COP: Did you try to kill Scum, boy?

VICTOR: No, I did not try to kill Scum. I did not try to kill Scum because he can not be killed because he is already dead. Scum was born dead.

COP: Shut your damn face up, boy!

(COP SPITS FULL INTO VICTOR'S FACE. THE SALIVA RUNS DOWN HIS CHEEKS. VICTOR DOES NOT MOVE.)

VICTOR: Thank you, Sir, thank you very much, Sir. That was very kind of you, Sir.

COP: Shut your damn face up boy. Do you want to stay in prison forever?

VICTOR: No, Sir, I do not. I will do anything to get out of prison.

COP: Only good boys can get out of prison. Bad boys must stay in prison.

VICTOR: I will be a good boy.

COP: You can't be good. You are bad. But we can make you good. Will you let us make you good?

VICTOR: Yes, yes, anything.

COP: Good. Then sign here.

(WHILE VICTOR SIGNS THE PAPER, THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN SO THAT JUST VICTOR AND COP ARE STILL IN THE FRAME.)

VICTOR: Is that OK, Sir?

COP: Yes. Still, I am bothered. Bothered about this process of making boys good. Goodness is a thing inside of a person. It must be chosen.

VICTOR: I'm not sure I understand you, Sir.

COP: (talking really to himself) I should like you to know that this process, boy, has nothing to do with me. I mean, I never wanted it, I never wanted it to be used. I mean, I would protest it, protest it really, if it would do any good. But then I am only a small peg in a big machine and I have my career to worry after. This is an ethical problem. We are going to convert you into a boy who never wants to do bad.

VICTOR: Oh, I would love to be a good boy, Sir.

COP: (still talking really to himself) Oh, I shall not be able to sleep nights because of this. I wonder what God in His Heaven desires. What good are good people to him? Doesn't he need them to make a choice in order for goodness to be meaningful for Him?

Listen, boy, in years to come, when you think back on this moment, I want you to remember that I really had nothing to do with it. I would go now and pray for you, except that for what is going to happen to you now prayers won't do any good.

But, I think, in choosing to have choice taken away from you, you are choosing the good. It makes me more peaceful to think that.

Yes, putting it that way makes me more peaceful.

VICTOR: Thank you, Sir. You are very good to me, Sir.

COP: Doctor, we are ready for you now!

(THE CAMERA WILL ZOOM OUT NOW SO THAT VICTOR IN HIS CHAIR, WHICH THE DOCTOR PUSHES CLOSER TO THE TV SET, THE DOCTOR AND THE TV SET CAN ALL BE SEEN.

DOCTOR PREPARES TO DO HIS WORK.)

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

R E E L T W O

(DOCTOR BEGINS THE "CURE". HE MOVES VERY, VERY SLOWLY, AS IF IN SLOW MOTION.

DOCTOR TIES VICTOR'S ARMS TO THE ARMS OF THE CHAIR WITH THE TRUNK STRAPS.

THEN DOCTOR FLIPS ON THE TV SET. SILENCE FOR A FEW MOMENTS.)

DOCTOR: Now, you must trust us, Victor. We are doing this for your own good.

VICTOR: I trust you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: What do you see on the screen, Victor?

VICTOR: I see a quiet street. It is late at night.....
An old man is walking up the street, real old....

DOCTOR: And now, what do you see?

VICTOR: I see some J.D.'s jumping out on him..... They are carving him up..... They are pulling him apart..... It is all very realistic..... I never saw a flicker like this..... It is terrible, terrible to look at. Where did they make a flicker like this? I did not know such films existed.

DOCTOR: Do you like it, Victor? Do you want to see this flicker again?

VICTOR: No, no, please take it off!! No more.

DOCTOR: All right, here is the next film.

(DOCTOR TURNS KNOBS ON THE TV AGAIN.)

VICTOR: But this is another bad film.

DOCTOR: It is no different from your life. What do you see?

VICTOR: I see some J.D.'s grabbing a young chick and giving her the old up-yours.... one after another.... I can hear her screaming..... it is awful..... why don't they stop?..... Why don't they let her go?

(DOCTOR LIGHTS A CANDLE WHILE VICTOR IS SPEAKING AND LETS A FEW WAX DRIPPINGS FALL ON VICTOR'S ARMS. VICTOR CRIES OUT IN

PAIN, BUT AS IF THE PAIN WERE FROM WATCHING THE FILM AND NOT FROM THE WAX DRIPPINGS.)

DOCTOR: Not very pretty to look at, is it Victor?

VICTOR: Please stop these flickers. Please stop these flickers, Doctor!!

DOCTOR: No, Victor, it is not time yet.

(DOCTOR TURNS KNOBS ON THE TV AGAIN. THEN HE PICKS UP THE LEATHER MASK AND FIXES IT ON VICTOR'S HEAD, SLOWLY, VERY SLOWLY. BOTH THE EYE AND MOUTH PATCHES ARE NOT ON THE MASK.)

DOCTOR: Tell me what you are looking at now, Victor.

VICTOR: I see a J.D. carving a cross on an old lady's face..... Now he is cutting out one of her eyes.....Ahhhhhhh.....

DOCTOR: Yes, go on.

VICTOR: I can't, I can't go on. Please stop this.....

DOCTOR: Why, we have hardly begun your cure.

VICTOR: But I can not stand what I am looking at!!!

DOCTOR: Why not? It is all the things that you love to do and always have done, Victor.

VICTOR: Yes, but I do not understand..... When I used to do those things it made me feel very good. When I carved someone up or ran some poor bastard down with my car I felt free..... free..... but..... now.....

DOCTOR: But now what?

VICTOR: But it is different looking at it. I mean, sitting here and seeing all those things makes me feel sick.

DOCTOR: Ah, God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. No man really understands these miracles. Your reactions now are the reactions of a normal organism facing the Devil's work. You are being cured, Victor! You are being made sane, Victor!

VICTOR: But how can that be? How can I be made sane if I feel so much pain now?

DOCTOR: Do you really feel pain now?..... Do you?

VICTOR: Why, no, I feel much better now. I feel peaceful now.

(DOCTOR SLOWLY CLIPS THE EYE PATCHES ONTO THE MASK. DOCTOR HAS VERY DEMONICAL EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE.)

VICTOR: What are you doing now, Doctor?

DOCTOR: You are going to see some more movies, Victor!

VICTOR: No, no more, no more now, please!!! I beg you!
I beg you, Doctor!

(DOCTOR TURNS KNOBS ON TV SET ONCE AGAIN.)

DOCTOR: Now what do you see, Victor?

VICTOR: I see little children having their teeth pulled out
by yellow dwarfs..... I see virgins with
long white gowns... and gladiators are setting fire
to their gowns..... I see the virgins trying to crawl
out of the flames..... I see the gladiators pushing
them back into the flames..... I hear their screams!!
Oh, please, stop this, stop this!

(DOCTOR PUTS THE FUNNEL INTO VICTOR'S MOUTH AND STRAPS IT
AROUND THE MASK. DOCTOR PROCEEDS TO SPEAK INTO THE MOUTH OF
THE FUNNEL. AT THIS POINT, THE ROCK 'N ROLL MUSIC BEGINS TO
PLAY VERY SOFTLY IN THE BACKGROUND. IT MUST NOT INTERFERE
WITH THE SPEAKING OF THE CHARACTERS.)

DOCTOR: You see Japanese soldiers hanging victims to trees
by their thumbs.....

VICTOR: Ohhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!

DOCTOR: You see victim's nails being torn off their fingers!
You see their heads being sliced off with swords.!!!

VICTOR: I beg you to stop! I feel sick! I feel pain!!!!

DOCTOR: You see the victims' balls being twisted off!

VICTOR: AGHHHHH!!!!!!!

DOCTOR: You see the cut-off heads with the eyes rolling round
in the heads as if they were still alive!!!!

VICTOR: I feel pain! I feel pain! I feel pain!! Pain!!!!!!

DOCTOR: You see the blood spirting like a fountain out of
the headless necks!!! And the soldiers are laughing!
Like you laugh, Victor!

VICTOR: I don't laugh! I am not laughing! I am sick, sick!

(DOCTOR UNSTRAPS VICTOR'S ARMS FROM THE CHAIR.)

DOCTOR: Would you like to sock me now, ~~Victor~~ Victor? Would
you like to crack me one for making you watch all
this?

VICTOR: YES!

(VICTOR RAISES HIS CLENCHED FIST TO HIT DOCTOR, BUT HIS FORCE SLACKENS, HIS FINGERS OPEN PITIFULLY, AND HIS ARM FINALLY DROPS.)

VICTOR: No, no, I do not want to hit you, Doctor. I do not want to hit anyone, anymore, Doctor.

(DOCTOR SPEAKS AGAIN INTO THE FUNNEL FIXED ON THE MASK.)

DOCTOR: We shall watch some more movies, Victor.....
You see the people being herded into the gas chambers now.....

VICTOR: Let the poor people free! Please free them.....

DOCTOR: You see the bombed buildings and the starving urchins!!

VICTOR: Feed the starving urchins..... Please, feed them, Doctor!

DOCTOR: You see thousands lined up against the walls....
The firing squad is getting ready.....

VICTOR: Yes, I see the firing squad getting ready.... and....
and..... and.... I hear..... I hear my beautiful music! Why are you playing my music??!!

DOCTOR: What is wrong with the music?

VICTOR: I can not bear to hear it! It is as terrible as the tortures!

DOCTOR: Every man must kill the thing he loves most, Victor.
I am sorry. It is the price to be paid for goodness.

VICTOR: But it is not fair to the beautiful music. The beautiful music.....

DOCTOR: Nothing will be beautiful to you anymore, little pig!!
Little good pig gone to market, gone to butcher!!

VICTOR: Yes, I am a little good pig gone to market.....

(DOCTOR SMILES WITH GREAT SATISFACTION. DOCTOR TURNS OFF THE KNOBS OF THE TV SET. DOCTOR SLOWLY UNDOES THE FUNNEL STRAPS AND REMOVES THE FUNNEL FROM VICTOR'S MOUTH. DOCTOR THEN TAKES THE MOUTH PATCH AND SNAPS IT ONTO THE MASK SO THAT VICTOR IS COMPLETELY IMPRISONED.)

CAMERA WILL ZOOM OUT NOW SO THAT THE WHOLE FRAME WITH ALL THE CHARACTERS CAN BE SEEN ONCE AGAIN.)

DOCTOR: All right, Cop! My work is finished. You can come and get your little angel now.

(COP COMES FORWARD, RUBBING HIS HANDS WITH GREAT SATISFACTION.)

COP: Thank you, Doctor, thank you very much. And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present the new model of a new brighter civilization. Here he is, without drugs or hypnotism. An earth angel! Please remove the mask, Doctor.

(DOCTOR SLOWLY TAKES THE MASK OFF VICTOR'S HEAD. VICTOR RUBS HIS FACE, BRUSHES HIS HAIR, AND STANDS UP FACING THE CAMERA.)

COP: Tomorrow morning we will sent little Victor out into society, docile as a lamb. A model citizen in a model city. No more the J.D. of the great affront to his elders. --The demonstration, please, Doctor!

DOCTOR: Hello, Victor, filthy piglet. Boy, you stink! You are a heap of crap, all told, aren't you?

(VICTOR REMAINS MOTIONLESS, STARING AT THE DOCTOR. THE DOCTOR SHAKES HIS FACE.)

VICTOR: Why do you do this, Doctor, I have never harmed you.

(DOCTOR TWISTS VICTOR'S EAR VERY HARD AND THEN PULLS OUT ON BOTH HIS EARS. VICTOR DOES NOT MOVE. DOCTOR PUSHES VICTOR'S NOSE UP ON HIS FACE. VICTOR APPEARS TO BE CRYING.)

VICTOR: Why are you doing this, dear Doctor?

DOCTOR: Filthy coward! Why don't you hit me? Piglet! Fruit!

(VICTOR ATTEMPTS TO PUNCH DOCTOR, BUT HIS ARMS FAILS HIM AGAIN AND DROPS USELESS AT HIS SIDE. DOCTOR LAUGHS LIKE SATAN. COP, PUB, AND SCUM ALL APPLAUD LOUDLY, GEER AND HISS AND SPIT. VICTOR ADDRESSES DOCTOR WHEN THE HISSING STOPS.)

VICTOR: May I shake your hand, please, Doctor?

(VICTOR EXTENDS HIS HAND AND DOCTOR TAKES IT AS IF TO SHAKE, BUT TWISTS IT UP IN BACK OF VICTOR. VICTOR BEGINS TO CRY.)

DOCTOR: Cry-baby! Fag!

COP: Fag!

SCUM: Fag!

PUB: Fairy!

(PUB COMES FORWARD AND STAMPS ON VICTOR'S FEET, ONE AFTER THE OTHER.)

PUB: Young thug, you! Miserable hooligan! Rough! Take that and that! I'll scratch your eyes out.

(PUB SCRATCHES ALONG VICTOR'S FACE. PUB JUMPS UP AND DOWN.)

VICTOR: Please let me give you a present, good Sir.

(VICTOR SEARCHES IN HIS POCKETS AND TAKES OUT HIS RAZOR BLADE AND OFFERS IT TO PUB.)

PUB: Keep your crumby bribes, little monster! You should be home in bed.

(PUB BOWS DEEPLY TO THE CAMERA, AS IF THIS WERE ALL A PERFORMANCE)

COP: You see, Ladies and Gentlemen, little Victor is made to do good by being drawn naturally evil, as he is. His desire to do bad now is accompanied by dreadful feelings of pain. To stop this pain, Victor must resort to opposite activity, namely, doing good. Does everyone understand?

PUB: But he has no choice! Fear of terrible pain drives him to do good. He is debased. It is all insincere.

COP: Shut up your damn face, Sir! Shut it up! We have cut down on the crime rate.

DOCTOR: Victor made his choice when he chose to take the cure. All this proceeds from that choice.

PUB: But perfect love can destroy fear and make good too.

COP: I am glad you brought that up. I shall now show you love such as has not been seen since the days of chivalry! Regard our good Doctor here. Is he not as tempting a morsel as was ever presented to a practised bugger? Turn around, Doctor and Present your charms to Victor.

(DOCTOR TURNS AROUND AND EXTENDS HIS BUTTOCKS TOWARD VICTOR. VICTOR LOOKS AT THEM DELIRIOUSLY AND MAKES AS IF TO ATTACK. BUT AT THE LAST MOMENT, HE SLIPS DOWN, KISSING THOSE BUTTOCKS, AS IT WERE, INSTEAD OF BUGGERING THEM, AND FINALLY SLIPS ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE FLOOR, AND ENDS BY KISSING DOCTOR'S FEET.)

VICTOR: O, most beautiful of all humans, most beautiful of all God's creatures, more beautiful than the angels in His Heaven, allow me to place my heart at your boots, under your boots for you to trample and crush. I give you all the rain drops and all the flowers in the world; I divest myself to make the carpets for your boots.....

(VICTOR CONTINUES TO GROVEL AND LICK DOCTOR'S BOOTS WHILE THE OTHERS ALL LOOK ON LAUGHING AND HISSING AND APPLAUDING AND ENJOYING THEMSELVES TO THE HILT.

THIS GOES ON UNTIL THE END OF THE FILM.)

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

Choreography's
prompt book for
Vinyl.

IMPORTANT

VINYL**A one act play****by RONALD TAVEL****characters:**

**Victor
Cop
Doctor
Scum
Pub
extras**

**© 1965
by Ronald Tavel**

4 upstage

Zoom with zoom in on Victor, lifting the bar bells. Head is bowed, he slowly, gracefully lifts the bar bells with alternating gestures: head comes up slowly; careful profile: continue this for some moments.

Zoom out slowly from close up of Victor until the entire set is in frame: full frame.

Full frame shows Doctor's head three-quarter profile, looking evil, in left lower corner. Victor in exact center on wooden box with bar bells. In back of Victor, left on screen is Cop in full profile, right on screen is TV set with blank picture. Further back, facing full front and showing between Cop and Victor is Scum. Farthest in background, facing back to camera is Pub.

Everyone remains motionless. Some titles are read. Victor stands up slowly.)

SCUM: What are we going to do, Victor?

VICTOR: We'll do whatever comes along, Scum. We'll do what ever comes along, Scum, baby.

(Victor takes out a reefer, lights it, slowly inhales, looks about attentively, and turns just a bit, hands the reefer to Scum who smokes it piggishly.

Pub gets up, comes around right of screen to just right of Victor, with books in his hands, a pile of books in both hands.)

VICTOR: Pardon me, Sir. Excuse me, Sir.

PUB: Sorry, I'm in a hurry.

VICTOR: I see you have some books in your hands, Sir. May I look at them, Sir. It is uncommon to run into someone who still knows how to read, Sir. May I read your books, Sir?

SCUM: Read the Sir's books, Victor.

PUB: I'm sorry, boys, I'm in a hurry.

SCUM: I'll read the Sir's books.

(Scum comes around to the right of Pub so that Pub is squeezed between him and Victor. Scum takes the top book off the pile in Pub's hands and Victor takes the second book. Both flip slowly through the pages, as if they were really interested in the books. Then Victor slowly rips out a page in his book, holds it up to Pub's face and crumples it up, lets it drop. Scum does the same. Pub looks from one to the other with terror. They both rip out another page and do the same.)

VICTOR: I have always had the deepest respect for sirs who can read. Haven't you always had the deep deep respect for them as can read, Scum, baby?

SCUM: Yeah.

PUB: You two boys ought to be home in bed.

(Victor rips out another page and holds it up to Pub.)

VICTOR: What does this here page say, pray tell, Sir?

PUB: It—it—It says that man is a creature capable of individuality and multiple direction and that to try to

understand him is

11'

6 chair, downstage

7 Border Str. up, Mary's red

VICTOR: Ain't that nice? Ain't that nice, Scum?

SCUM: Yeah.

(Victor crumples up the page and lets it drop. Then he and Scum proceed to tear up endless pages from the books while Pub stands squeezed between them in total panic.

Then Victor and Scum pull more books off the pile and hit Pub on the head with them and drop the books to the floor. Pub screams during all this, shifting green.)

VICTOR: Let's have a little of the old up-yours with this kind Sir, shall we Scum?

SCUM: Yeah, let's have a little of the old up-yours.

PUB: No! No! Not the old up-yours! Anything but the old up-yours!

VICTOR: Easy, Sir, take it easy, Sir.

SCUM: Take it up, Sir, take it up, Sir.

(Scum grabs Pub's hands and holds them out in front of Pub, clasped together. Victor proceeds to split down the backside of Pub's trousers. Then Victor makes standing up crucifying gestures against Pub's back, panting and groaning with violent delight. Pub shrieks in terror. Scum giggles and laughs piggishly during the procedure.)

VICTOR: How is it, Sir? Feel it, Sir? Had enough, Sir?

PUB: You two boys ought to be home in bed.

(Victor finally finishes pleasuring his victim, groans in orgasm, and pulls away.)

VICTOR: OK, Scum, it's your pleasure now.

SCUM: Thank you, Victor.

(Scum attempts to mount Pub. Victor pulls him away.)

VICTOR: Hey, what do you say first?!

SCUM: Oh. Can I, Victor?

VICTOR: Can?!

SCUM: I mean, may I, Victor?

VICTOR: May you what?!!

SCUM: May I please give the old up-yours to this here kind and obliging, Sir. Victor baby?

VICTOR: Yes, you may, Scum. Yes, you may.

(Scum proceeds to the crucifying gestures on the shrieking Pub. Victor stands a bit aside and relights his reefer. He takes a few puffs while the ravishment proceeds.)

VICTOR: Look, Scum, will you take the good sir in the back with you? I do not feel like looking at this old up-yours sight anymore.

SCUM: What do you mean? I can't stop in the middle.

VICTOR: (furious) Get the hell out of here, I said, or I'll own your bottom myself!!!

(Victor crosses the end back, and is right as it

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John's New Year

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TV set. At the same moment, Doctor stands up and goes around to the left so that he reaches the back of the set at the same time that Scum and Pub do.

Now Victor stands alone, smokes his reefer and slowly begins his speech.

During the speech Scum finishes crucifying Pub and Scum resumes his original position. Pub resumes his original sitting position, back to the camera. Then Doctor slowly puts the leather mask on Pub's head. He also drips the candle wax on him. He tortures Pub with the straps and other sado-masochistic equipment. All this between Doctor and Pub goes on very, very slowly, very stylized, and in complete silence. It continues going on without a word until the end of Reel One.

Scum stands stupidly, very apish during Victor's speech. Cop continues to hold his unmoving profile.)

VICTOR: OK, OK, I am a J.D. So what? I like to bust things up and carve people up and I dig the old up-yours with plenty of violence so it's real tasty. And then if I get busted by the cops, so what, so what the hell, I say, you cannot have J.D.'s like me running loose all over the city. Then it's me that loses if I get busted, so what the hell do you care? But, babies, while I am still free, it is me that's having the fun, you dig, with breaking up china shops and carving up cuties and the old up-yours with lots of real smooth violence to give it some juice. And like I do not give a hot damn about what is the reason for all the bad I do. Nobody wants to know what is the reason for the good that the squares do. The squares do good because they dig it. And so I do bad because I dig doing bad. And I do not tell anyone to follow me or not follow me, they can damn well do as they please. Like I think badness is being yourself, it is being me, just me, Victor, The Victor, like God in Heaven made me for his shrieking happiness. But goodness is following the cops because the cops cannot permit the just me, this city cannot permit Victor. So ain't I really good because I am against the cops who are against what God in His Heaven made me? Maybe I do not know what I am talking about. But I know what I like because I like it.

(Scum farts or belches or both as Victor nears the end of his speech. Cop throws back his head, still in profile and laughs like satan.

The rock 'n roll disc starts to play, Victor goes into his dance. It is innocent, frenzied, savage, etc.

When the dance ends, Scum farts again.)

VICTOR: What did you fart for, Scum?

SCUM: I farted for the music, baby.

VICTOR: It was beautiful music, Scum.

SCUM: Yeah. You was real pretty dancing, baby.

(Scum lets out a series of cat calls, hubba hubba whistles, and generally makes fun of Victor and the music.)

VICTOR: The music was beautiful.

SCUM: Yeah, so are you, baby.

VICTOR: I said the music was beautiful, Scum.

SCUM: Yeah, I heard you, baby. The music was beautiful baby, and you are beautiful, baby.

VICTOR: Come here, Scum!!

(Scum walks brazenly forward, like a cheap hussy, and plants himself to the left of Victor.

Victor takes out his razor blade very slowly and pulls the neckline of Scum's shirt forward. Then he razors down the entire shirt. Scum stands still in dumb bewilderment and humiliation.)

SCUM: Why-for did you do that, Victor baby?

VICTOR: Because you are a pig and an ape and a shifty slob who never learned how to be a social being and who never can learn, no how, Scum.

SCUM: Why-for did you do that, Victor baby?

VICTOR: I did it because you can never love music, Scum!!

(Scum hits into Victor and a struggle ensues. During the fight Scum mercilessly pounds on Victor's head while Victor fights fair. Victor finally succumbs to the blows on his head and passes out on the floor.)

SCUM: Officer, Officer!! Help! Help!

(Cop stands up.)

SCUM: Officer, Officer, arrest this evil juvenile delinquent.

COP: What are the charges?

SCUM: He tried to cut my throat with his nasty razor, Officer.

COP: That ain't enough.

SCUM: Well, he loves music, Officer!

COP: Ah, why didn't you tell me that before? Excellent, I'll take over from here.

(Cop lifts up Victor and carries him a bit back and places him in the chair at left looking right. Victor's profile.

Cop smacks Victor's face a few times to revive him.)

COP: Wake up, boy, wake up! Wake up, I said.

VICTOR: (waking) Oooooooo. Where am I?

COP: You are in the arms of the law, boy. In the tender bosom of the law.

VICTOR: Go to hell, Cop!

COP: Did you try to kill Scum, boy?

VICTOR: No, I did not try to kill Scum. I did not try to kill Scum because he cannot be killed because he is already dead. Scum was born dead.

COP: Shut your damn face up, boy!

(Cop spits spit into Victor's face. The saliva runs down his cheeks. Victor does not move.)

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VICTOR: Thank you, Sir, than you very much, Sir.
That was very kind of you, Sir.
COP: Shut your damn face up boy. Do you want to stay in prison forever?
VICTOR: No, Sir, I do not. I will do anything to get out of prison.
COP: Only good boys can get out of prison. Bad boys must stay in prison.
VICTOR: I will be a good boy.
COP: You can't be good. You are bad. But we can make you good. Will you let us make you good?
VICTOR: Yes, yes, anything.
COP: Good. Then sign here.

(While Victor signs the paper, the camera zooms in so that just Victor and Cop are still in the frame.)

VICTOR: Is that OK, Sir?
COP: Yes. Still, I am bothered. Bothered about this process of making boys good. Goodness is a thing inside of a person. It must be chosen.
VICTOR: I'm not sure I understand you, Sir.
COP: (talking really to himself) I should like you to know that this process, boy, has nothing to do with me. I mean, I never wanted it, I never wanted it to be used. I mean, I would protest it, protest it really, if it would do any good. But then I am only a small peg in a big machine and I have my career to worry after. This is an ethical problem. We are going to convert you into a boy who never wants to do bad.
VICTOR: Oh, I would love to be a good boy, Sir.
COP: (still talking really to himself) Oh, I shall not be able to sleep nights because of this. I wonder what God in His Heaven desires. What good are good people to Him? Doesn't He need them to make a choice in order for goodness to be meaningful for Him?

Listen, boy, in years to come, when you think back on this moment, I want you to remember that I really had nothing to do with it. I would go now and pray for you, except that for what is going to happen to you now prayers won't do any good.

But, I think, in choosing to have choice taken away from you, you are choosing the good. It makes me more peaceful to think that. Yes, putting it that way makes me more peaceful.

VICTOR: Thank you, Sir. You are very good to me, Sir.

COP: Doctor, we are ready for you now!

(The camera will zoom out now so that Victor in his chair, which the Doctor pushes closer to the TV set, the Doctor and the TV set can all be seen.
Doctor prepares to do his work.)

END OF REEL ONE

REEL TWO

(Doctor begins the "cure." He moves very, very slowly,

as if in slow motion.

Doctor ties Victor's arms to the arms of the chair with the trunk straps.

Then Doctor flips on the TV set. Silence for a few moments.)

DOCTOR: Now, you must trust us, Victor. We are doing this for your own good.

VICTOR: I trust you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: What do you see on the screen, Victor?

VICTOR: I see a quiet street. It is late at night . . . An old man is walking up the street, real old . . .

DOCTOR: And now, what do you see?

VICTOR: I see some J.D.'s jumping out on him . . . They are carving him up . . . They are pulling him apart . . . It is all very realistic . . . I never saw a flicker like this . . . It is terrible, terrible to look at. Where did they make a flicker like this? I did not know such films existed.

DOCTOR: Do you like it, Victor? Do you want to see this flicker again?

VICTOR: No, no, please take it off!! No more.

DOCTOR: All right, here is the next film.

(Doctor turns knobs on the TV again.)

VICTOR: But this is another bad film.

DOCTOR: It is no different from your life. What do you see?

VICTOR: I see some J.D.'s grabbing a young chick and giving her the old up-yours . . . one after another . . . I can hear her screaming . . . it is awful . . . why don't they stop? . . . Why don't they let her go?

(Doctor lights a candle while Victor is speaking and lets a few wax drippings fall on Victor's arms. Victor cries out in pain, but as if the pain were from watching the film and not from the wax drippings.)

DOCTOR: Not very pretty to look at, is it Victor?

VICTOR: Please stop these flickers. Please stop these flickers, Doctor!!

DOCTOR: No, Victor, it is not time yet.

(Doctor turns knobs on the TV again. Then he picks up the leather mask and fixes it on Victor's head, slowly, very slowly. Both the eye and mouth patches are not on the mask.)

DOCTOR: Tell me what you are looking at now, Victor.

VICTOR: I see a J.D. carving a cross on an old lady's face . . . Now he is cutting out one of her eyes . . . Ahhhhhh . . .

DOCTOR: Yes, go on.

VICTOR: I can't, I can't go on. Please stop this . . .

DOCTOR: Why, we have hardly begun your cure.

VICTOR: But I cannot stand what I am looking at!!!

DOCTOR: Why not? It is all the things that you love

to do and always have done, Victor.

VICTOR: Yes, but I do not understand . . . When I used to do those things it made me feel very good. When I carved someone up or run some poor bastard down with my car I felt free . . . free . . . but . . . now . . .

DOCTOR: But now what?

VICTOR: But it is different looking at it I mean, sitting here and seeing all those things makes me feel sick.

DOCTOR: Ah, God moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. No man really understands these miracles. Your reactions now are the reactions of a normal organism facing the Devil's work. You are being cured, Victor! You are being made sane, Victor!

VICTOR: But how can that be? How can I be made sane if I feel so much pain now?

DOCTOR: Do you really feel pain now? . . . Do you?

VICTOR: Why, no, I feel much better now. I feel peaceful now.

(Doctor slowly clips the eye patches onto the masks. Doctor has very demoniacal expression on his face.)

VICTOR: What are you doing now, Doctor?

DOCTOR: You are going to see more movies, Victor! Victor!

DOCTOR: You see the cut-off heads with the eyes rolling round in the heads as if they were still alive!!!

VICTOR: I feel pain! I feel pain! I feel pain! Pain!

DOCTOR: You see the blood spirting like a fountain out of the headless necks!!! And the soldiers are laughing! Like you laugh, Victor!

VICTOR: I don't laugh! I am not laughing! I am sick, sick!

(Doctor unstraps Victor's arms from the chair.)

DOCTOR: Would you like to sock me now, Victor? Would you like to crack me one for making you watch all this?

VICTOR: YES!

(Victor raises his clenched fist to hit doctor, but his force slackens, his fingers open pitifully, and his arm finally drops.)

VICTOR: No, no, I do not want to hit you, Doctor. I do not want to hit anyone, anymore, Doctor.

(Doctor speaks again into the funnel fixed on the mask.)

DOCTOR: We shall watch some more movies, Victor . . . You see the people being herded into the gas chambers now . . .

VICTOR: Let the poor people free! Please free them . . .

DOCTOR: You see the bombed buildings and the starv-



VICTOR: No, no more, no more now, please!!! I beg you! I beg you, Doctor!

(Doctor turns knobs on TV set once again.)

DOCTOR: Now what do you see, Victor?

VICTOR: I see little children having their teeth pulled out by yellow dwarfs . . . I see virgins with long white gowns . . . and gladiators are setting fire to their gowns . . . I see the virgins trying to crawl out of the flames . . . I see the gladiators pushing them back into the flames . . . I hear their screams!! Oh, please, stop this, stop this!

(Doctor puts the funnel into Victor's mouth and straps it around the mask. Doctor proceeds to speak into the mouth of the funnel. At this point, the rock 'n roll music begins to play very softly in the background. It must not interfere with the speaking of the characters.)

DOCTOR: You see Japanese soldiers hanging victims to trees by their thumbs. . . .

VICTOR: Ohhhhhhhhh!!!!

DOCTOR: You see victim's nails being torn off their fingers! You see their heads being sliced off with swords!!!

VICTOR: I beg you to stop! I feel sick! I feel pain!!

DOCTOR: You see the victims' balls being twisted off!

VICTOR: AGHHHH!!!!

ing urchins!!

VICTOR: Feed the starving urchins . . . Please, feed them, Doctor!

DOCTOR: You see thousands lined up against the walls . . . The firing squad is getting ready . . .

VICTOR: Yes, I see the firing squad getting ready . . . and . . . and . . . and . . . I hear . . . I hear my beautiful music! Why are you playing my music?!!

DOCTOR: What is wrong with the music?

VICTOR: I cannot bear to hear it! It is as terrible as the tortures!

DOCTOR: Every man must kill the thing he loves most, Victor. I am sorry. It is the price to be paid for goodness.

VICTOR: But it is not fair to the beautiful music. The beautiful music . . .

DOCTOR: Nothing will be beautiful to you anymore, little pig!! Little good pig gone to market, gone to butcher!!

VICTOR: Yes, I am a little good pig gone to market . . .

(Doctor smiles with great satisfaction. Doctor turns off the knobs of the TV set. Doctor slowly undoes the funnel straps and removes the funnel from Victor's mouth. Doctor then takes the mouth patch and snaps it onto the mask so that Victor is completely imprisoned.)

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Camera will zoom out now so that the whole frame with all the characters can be seen once again.)

DOCTOR: All right, Cop! My work is finished. You can come and get your little angel now.

(Cop comes forward, rubbing his hands with great satisfaction.)

COP: Thank you, Doctor, thank you very much. And now Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present the new model of a new brighter civilization. Here he is, without drugs or hypnotism. An earth angel! Please remove the mask, Doctor.

(Doctor slowly takes the mask off Victor's head. Victor rubs his face, brushes his hair, and stands up facing the camera.)

COP: Tomorrow morning we will send little Victor out into society, docile as a lamb. A model citizen in a model city. No more the J.D. of the great affront to his elders. The demonstration, please, Doctor!

DOCTOR: Hello, Victor, filthy piglet. Boy, you stink! You are a heap of crap, all told, aren't you?

(Victor remains motionless, staring at the Doctor. The Doctor smacks his face.)

VICTOR: Why do you do this, Doctor, I have never harmed you.

(Doctor twists Victor's ear very hard and then pulls out on both his ears. Victor does not move. Doctor pushes Victor's nose up on his face. Victor appears to be crying.)

VICTOR: Why are you doing this, dear Doctor?

DOCTOR: Filthy coward! Why don't you hit me? Piglet! Fruit!

(Victor attempts to punch Doctor, but his arm fails him again and drops useless at his side. Doctor laughs like satan. Cop, Pub, and Scum all applaud loudly, jeer and hiss and spit. Victor addresses Doctor when the hissing stops.)

VICTOR: May I shake your hand, please, Doctor?

(Victor extends his hand and Doctor takes it as if to shake, but twists it up in back of Victor. Victor begins to cry.)

DOCTOR: Cry-baby! Fag!

COP: Fag!

SCUM: Fag!

PUB: Fairy!

(Pub comes forward and stamps on Victor's feet, one after the other.)

PUB: Young thug, you! Miserable hooligan! Rough! Take that and that! I'll scratch your eyes out.

(Pub scratches along Victor's face. Pub jumps up and down.)

VICTOR: Please let me give you a present, good Sir.
(Victor searches in his pockets and takes out his razor blade and offers it to Pub.)

PUB: Keep your crumby bribes, little monster! You should be home in bed.

(Pub bows deeply to the camera, as if this were all a performance.)

COP: You see, Ladies and Gentlemen, little Victor is made to do good by being drawn naturally evil, as he is. His desire to do bad now is accompanied by dreadful feelings of pain. To stop this pain, Victor must resort to opposite activity, namely, doing good. Does everyone understand?

PUB: But he has no choice! Fear of terrible pain drives him to do good. He is debased. It is all insincere.

COP: Shut up your damn face, Sir! Shut it up! We have cut down on the crime rate.

DOCTOR: Victor made his choice when he chose to take the cure. All this proceeds from that choice.

PUB: But perfect love can destroy fear and make good too.

COP: I am glad you brought that up. I shall now show you love such as has not been seen since the day of chivalry!

Regard our good Doctor here. Is he not as tempting a morsel as was ever presented to a practiced bugger? Turn around, Doctor and present your charms to Victor.

(Doctor turns around and extends his buttocks toward Victor. Victor looks at them deliriously and makes as if to attack. But at the last moment, he slips down, kissing those buttocks, as it were, instead of bugging them, and finally slips all the way down to the floor, and ends by kissing Doctor's feet.)

43,6
9 VICTOR: O, most beautiful of all humans, most beautiful of all God's creatures, more beautiful than the angels in His Heaven, allow me to place my heart at your boots, under your boots for you to trample and crush. I give you all the rain drops and all the flowers in the world; I divest myself to make the carpets for your boots...

(Victor continues to grovel and lick Doctor's boots while the others all look on, laughing and hissing and applauding and enjoying themselves to the hilt.)

This goes on until the end of the film.

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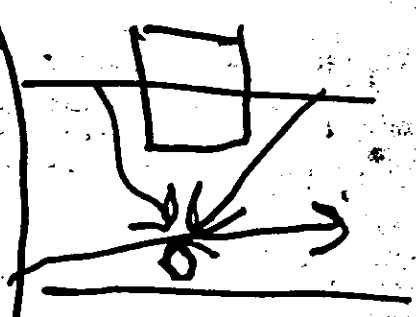
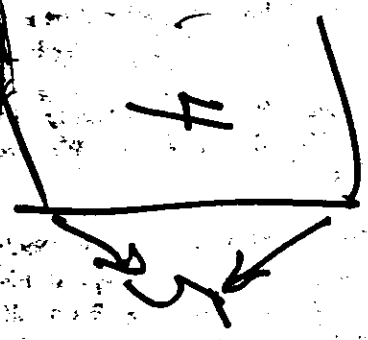
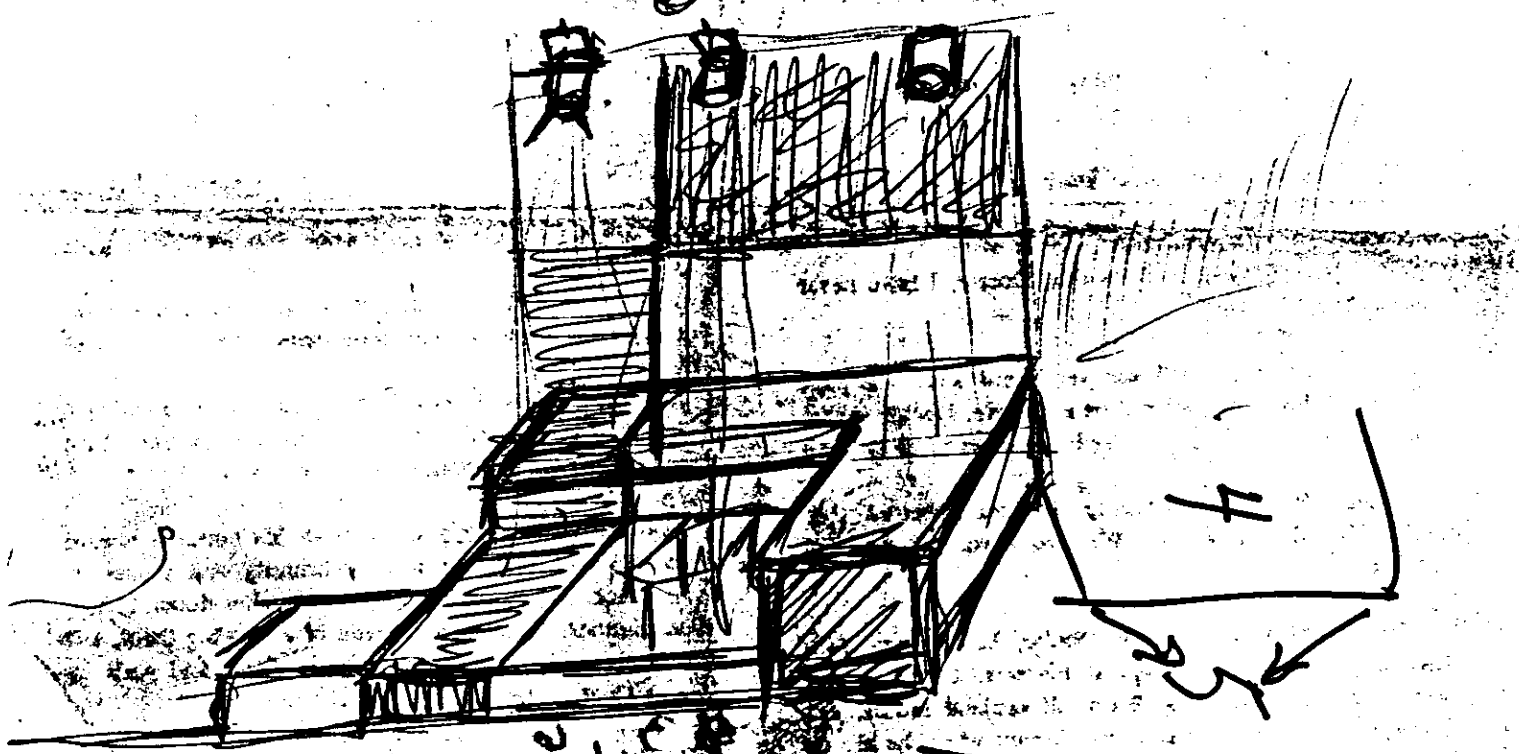
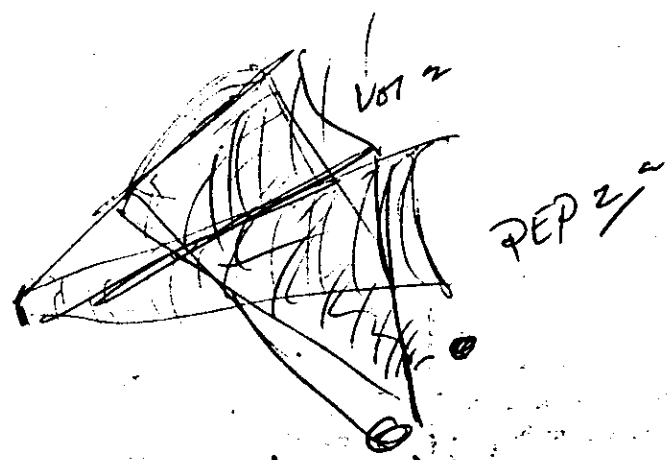
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Caffe Gino presents

V I N Y I

by Ronald Lavel 1

directed by Harvey Lavel 2 ✓

choreography by Ron Prant 3

music by John Harrill 4

Victor..... Mike St. Shaw 5

Son..... Sterling Houston 6

Phil..... John Harrill

Cop..... Norman Thomas Marshall 7

Doctor..... Mary Woronov 8

Dancer..... Raymond Edwards 9

lighting..... Lynn Wolfson 10

set; stage manager..... Alan Brenner 11

assistant to choreographer..... Raymond Edwards

rock 'n' roll music..... Mike St. Shaw

costumes..... Lyndall Erb

dancer's costume..... Bernard Johnson

A Theater of the Ridiculous Production.

ALAN BRENNER (sets, stage manager) was assistant director of the recent Chicago production of Kitchenette. He is a graduate in Comparative Literature Studies and organizer of the famous Northwestern Symposiums.

RAYMOND EDWARDS (the dancer) is a member of the Raymond Sawyer Dance Company and a student of the Rebecca Harkness Ballet School. He was the lead dancer in the Detroit production of Blues, and currently teaches dancing to the underprivileged.

JOHN HARRILL (composer, Pub) was the organist of Notre-Dame in Chicago and a member of the American Conservatory of Music. He was the piano-playing Glitz in Gorilla Queen.

STERLING HOUSTON (Scum) studied flamenco with Escadero and danced for several years in Mexico and California. He was an actor for 20th Century Fox TV (Mr. Novak, Channing), the St. Marks Playhouse, Playhouse of the Ridiculous, and the films of Bill Vehr. He recently appeared with Connectio in Dallas.

NORMAN THOMAS MARSHALL (Cop) had the title role in last season's Gorilla Queen. He has played Marulus in Julius Caesar, Thomas the wrestler in He Who Gets Slapped, the Executioner in Escuriel, Murray in Odd Couple, Garrard in Generation and the Maid in Maid to Marry by Ionesco. He is a former semi-pro football player.

RON PRATT (choreographer) is a lead dancer of both the Eleo Pomare and Rod Rogers Dance Companies. He has studied extensively all forms of contemporary dance and is currently teaching dancing to the underprivileged in New York. Vinyl marks his debut as a choreographer.

MIKE ST. SHAW (Victor) is a noted Rhythm and Blues singer and composer. His latest record, released this week by Capitol, is Hurry Sundown. Previous recordings include an album and three singles for Reprise Records. He played the lead in the film Step Out of Your Mind, made three appearances on the Merv Griffen TV show, acted in Edge of Night, and has appeared as singer and band leader in dozens of clubs throught the U.S. and Caribbean, including the Cheetah, Red Velvet, Hulaballoo, and Ondines.

HARVEY TAVEL (director) directed the award-winning New York production of Kitchenette and will shortly direct the commercial film version of this play. He has directed and acted in many experimental films and was last seen here as the Intern in Gorilla Queen.

RONALD TAVEL (playwright) founded and named the Theater of the Ridiculous movement. Among his recent productions are Gorilla Queen, Kitchenette (Partisan Review, spring 1957), The Life of Juanita Castro (Tri-Quarterly no. 6), Shower (The Young American Writers: Funk & Wagnall, forthcoming, winter 1968), and The Life of Lady Godiva (The New Underground Theater: Bantam Books, forthcoming, spring 1968). His essays (Dutton) and poetry appear in a wide variety of academic and avant garde publications. Since leaving his position as Warhol's scenarist he has been at work on several commercial movies and an opera commissioned especially for TV.

LENN WOLFSON (lighting) has been "lighting girl" for many off-off Broadway productions. Last year she acted in a number of experimental plays locally performed.

MARY WORONOV (Doctor) is the famous "Mary Might" of The Chelsea Girls. She played Jo in the New York production of Kitchenette and, more recently, starred in the Mini-Plays of Robert Patrick. She first won attention in the Warhol/Tavel movie Hedy and since then has appeared in literally scores of experimental films. Her "Whip Dance" was the highlight presentation at numerous mixed media discotheques and clubs across the country during last season. She is currently employed as a film and fashion model.

Caffe Cino presents

V I N Y L

by Ronald Tavel

directed by Harvey Tavel

choreography by Ron Pratt

music by John Harrill

Victor.....	Mike St. Shaw
Scum.....	Sterling Houston
Pub.....	John Harrill
Cop.....	Norman Thomas Marshall
Doctor.....	Mary Woronov
Dancer.....	Raymond Edwards

lighting	Lynn Wolfson
set; stage manager	Alan Brenner
assistant to choreographer	Raymond Edwards
rock 'n' roll music	Mike St. Shaw
costumes	Lyndall Erb
dancer's costume	Bernard Johnson
A Theater of the Ridiculous Production.	

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ALAN BRENNER (sets, stage manager) was assistant director of the recent Chicago production of Kitchenette. He is a graduate in Comparative Literature Studies and organizer of the famous Northwestern Symposiums.

RAYMOND EDWARDS (the dancer) is a member of the Raymond Sawyer Dance Company and a student of the Rebecca Harkness Ballet School. He was the lead dancer in the Detroit production of Blues, and currently teaches dancing to the underprivileged.

JOHN HARRILL (composer, Pub) was the organist of Notre-Dame in Chicago and a member of the American Conservatory of Music. He was the piano-playing Glitz in Gorilla Queen.

STERLING HOUSTON (Scum) studied flamenco with Escadero and danced for several years in Mexico and California. He was an actor for 20th Century Fox TV (Mr. Novak, Channing), the St. Marks Playhouse, Playhouse of the Ridiculous, and the films of Bill Vehr. He recently appeared with Connectio in Dallas.

NORMAN THOMAS MARSHALL (Cop) had the title role in last season's Gorilla Queen. He has played Marulus in Julius Caesar, Thomas the wrestler in He Who Gets Slapped, the Executioner in Escuriel, Murray in Odd Couple, Garrard in Generation and the Maid in Maid to Marry by Ionesco. He is a former semi-pro football player.

RON PRATT (choreographer) is a lead dancer of both the Eleo Pomare and Rod Rogers Dance Companies. He has studied extensively all forms of contemporary dance and is currently teaching dancing to the underprivileged in New York. Vinyl marks his debut as a choreographer.

MIKE ST. SHAW (Victor) is a noted Rhythm and Blues singer and composer. His latest record, released this week by Capitol, is Hurry Sundown. Previous recordings include an album and three singles for Reprise Records. He played the lead in the film Step Out of Your Mind, made three appearances on the Merv Griffin TV show, acted in Edge of Night, and has appeared as singer and band leader in dozens of clubs throughout the U.S. and Caribbean, including the Cheatan, Red Velvet, Hulabaloo, and Ordines.

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16 - good good - Today's Swimming

after you better

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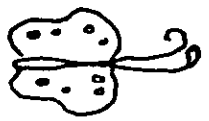
Went on 1000

With Saggewick as the POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL, a movie by Andy Warhol a cinema verité exploration in pop art style of the transition from concern to insouciance of a poor little rich girl confronted with disinheritance

Gerard Melange in VITAL

Warhol's first "non-studio" film. Counterpointed happenings develop a pseudoclinical approach, involving sadomasochism, to juvenile delinquency. Also with J.D. McDermott. Scenario by Ronnie Tavel.

Film-Makers' Cinematheque at the Astor Pl. Playhouse, 434 Lafayette Place, Friday June 4th at 8 & 10:30 PM. Admission \$1.50, members 99 cents.



WORLD PREMIERE

Gerard Malanga in

VINYL

Andy Warhol's first "non-static" film. Counterpointed happenings develop a pseudoclinical approach, involving sadomasochism, to juvenile delinquency. Also with J.D. McDermott. Scenario by Ronald Tavel.

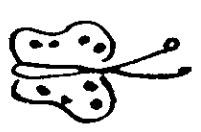
AND

Edith Sedgwick as the

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

Warhol's cinema verite exploration in pop art style of the transition from concern to insouciance of a poor little rich girl confronted with disinheritance.

BY ANDY WARHOL



Presented by
FILM-MAKERS' CINEMAATHEQUE at
the ASTOR PLACE PLAYHOUSE
434 Lafayette Place
Saturday/Sunday June 15/20
8:00 & 10:30 p.m.
Admission \$1.50
Members 99¢

