

SPACE

Shot at the Factory

(a considerable width near the center, facing the rear)

July 18, 1965

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

(restored 1997: 66 minutes)

Sharp focus, a panning camera

with

Eric Andersen (Character One)

Ronald Tavel

Eddie Sedgwick

Donald Lyons

Dorothy Dean

Gino Piserchio

Danny Fields

Roger Trudeau

Donald Dimley

Ed Hennessey

Norman Levine

Dusty Rhodes

Kristy Keating (MC)

Camera: Andy Warhol

Technical Assistants: Buddy Wirtschafter, Paul Morrissey

That new directive is toward total abstraction. This would serve several ends. By returning to the starting line, it would break the block that SHOWER was having on my imagination. It would circumvent some of the professional problems the recalcitrant faction on 47th Street was creating for the filmwork. (That Andy had planted the seeds for and nurtured this rebellion was quite beside the point, though my equanimity in the face of it tantalized him enough to become a point of reference in his dime-store psychoanalyses of me with intermediaries.) And it would furnish a detour to what he perceived as a sudden jump backward on my part toward narrative.

This is the blueprint of SPACE:

The figure "8" is linearly the most complete and complex of the digits, and visually the most interesting; and the symbol of infinity, etc. Pursuant, there would be eight characters (or readers) in this movie, seated in bridge chairs arranged to delineate an "8." Each would hold a single page of dialogue with eight speeches typed out on it, some of them but a single line, others several sentences, still others exponents of these. All would appear to be abstract or so pulled from their contexts as to be coextensive with abstraction. People enjoying long memories will recognize snatches of radio ads or TV commercials current that July. Other speeches are snatches of conversations that I overheard as I went about town - accumulated much in the manner of the banter-gathering "Arbitrary" I'd devised for writing KITCHEN. Still others are page-tapes of the odd way I was often hearing the most off-handed remarks, stenciled so as to preserve or attempt to preserve the illogical and idiosyncratic way I was hearing (receiving and processing) them. That is to say, that we sometimes are conscious of the silly, peculiar, or uncontrollably disrespectful associations we are making when someone addresses us in regard to the most perfunctory or innocuous affairs of the day: and a percentage of the dialogue in SPACE attempts to represent this experience. Occasionally, there are references to

public figures or persons on the mid-Manhattan scene, and to then national events. I recognize most of these today, as well as the sources of the fragmented observations, but space (take the pun) doesn't permit investigating each, nor do I think many would be very edified if it did.

More to the art is the interesting MO intended for SPACE. Considering that it hints at the broad mysticism in vogue at the time, Infinity, chance, the ordered and the arbitrary, Gurdjieff and Ouspensky, and the spacial nature of a two-dimensional art form (the previous films kept the problem of Time foremost in the viewer's thoughts), the I CHING, another unavoidable fashion of the mid-sixties, would be called into play here to dictate its overall flow via physical movement and progression via the compass: the fact, or space, of the film.

Other than the looming reality of Andy's large hexagram paintings (the I CHING consists of 64 (i.e., 8X8) symbolic hexagrams indicating wise courses of action), the connection I made between the artist's unifying aesthetic and a random of the I Ching sticks should be evident. By casting them, a mike-in-hand MC (or Arbitrary Hand of Fate) would be guided to move from Character to Character, and when she brought the mike to the mouth of a Character, that Character would read a single speech from the dialogue page in his or her possession, cancelling them out in the (eighth-throw-of-the-I-Ching-sticks-dictated) order in which I had typed them. To that extent, the fact of the film was randomized away from my own hands, from my instincts and inclination, which I deemed as Andy's guide through Space here, was my duty adequately fulfilled. An "exploding image" might or might not await us at an eighth (or the 48th) speech depending on exactly what dialectic had built to it. That an eye-opener ex cathedra only might be articulated made the prospective movie a party of the gods: and that particularly tickled me. But in addition to what I esteemed as quite comfortable enough aesthetic positions for a hot New York afternoon, the dent in the unmalleable in this process would seem to be apparent in handsome measure: we are dealing with "performers" who at this point on that hot July 18th afternoon will not or cannot learn lines, will not or

cannot stop drinking and drugging for two hours, follow directions, or even remember to be civil. This unusual-looking scenario inconveniences them with no such unreasonable requests...

This is what happened instead:

The fire that Andy had lit under Gerard in the early spring was smoldering now, and to extend the metaphor, in a space claustrophobic enough to fog and clog the latter's clarity and self-control. Time and again, Gerard enters in his diary evidence of the umbrage he took at the centrality Andy was giving to Edie and her own drone entourage (a segment of which SPACE is about to disclose and disclothe for posterity). Andy's placing her in a silent and peripheral, but strategic, role in VINYL, a vehicle intended to concentrate on Gerard but which instead allowed the debutante nearly to steal his thunder, he tries to live with by telling us, "I didn't mind Edie in VINYL: she kept out of my hair." He resists interpreting his being shunted to the side now as Andy's getting back at him for never having perked his employer with sexual favors; or the increasing and often unjustifiable overburdening of him with duties and cruel incursions on his free time (Gerard was paid \$1.25 an hour) as a shrewd repositioning of himself against his objections to Andy's good-timing and time-wasting with Edie and Chuck. Though much has been said about Gerard Malanga's morbidity and negativity - e.g., over-negative readings of what was going down - their feuding was real and it erupted publically and irrevocably on July 18th just before the shoot on SPACE could get off the ground.

From the top, one stepped into a general disarray. Dissatisfied with the quality of the recent films (the fuzzy sound, dim lighting, overall graininess) under Buddy Wirtschafter's technical jurisdiction, a wide-eyed but technically-adept maker of some budget TV promos named Paul Morrissey had been brought in to assist him. Tall, thin, and gawky, he stood to the side largely drop-jawed at what he saw that afternoon. I spent some of the pre-filming time on my knees, next to Gerard, Buddy and Kristy Keating (the MC) while they took my voice levels for the reading

of the credits which I always fed directly onto the track: most often spottily at dead moments in the movie, but which that day Andy had asked I do all together at the opening. (My voice checks in thicker than previously while the day's treacheries are trenched in my brow: I look ill and quite unhappy.) The Auricon had been set low, next to the accessory equipment, where I was trying to get a POV-take from its tripod since we anticipated that this opus would be boasting our first pan-lensing, and by the Master himself. Close-lipped, and while I was not yet in solemn voice-over voice, Andy began shooting me, adding a note of discomfort and confusion - viz., you want to look good then, but have something else to do. Addressing Gerard sharply, and proceeding to offer no reason for the discombobulation, Andy rolled the Auricon to the far side of the Figure 8, flush with the 47th Street wall, but at a considerable distance in-loft of it. During this relocation, the tug o' war between the two accelerated and, embarrassed, I tried to shut it out. Suddenly, it turned nasty, with the poet this particular outing finding it impossible to sit on his outrage. They exchanged fierce accusations and Gerard took off to my left toward the stairwell where he paused for a moment for the defiance of denouncing Andy (but not by name) as a back stabber, and then exited, slamming the steel door behind him. Edie and Don Lyons, pleased by the row, and exhilarated, kept in place at this point. The six other "Characters" with speaking roles were assuming their positions, albeit rather rattled. Andy favored a pair of scalloped, brown cowboy boots that year which clacked with an echo on the studio's concrete floor. I heard that clacking getting louder as I was correcting the spelling of names, and looked up to see Andy swishing very determinedly across the Factory in my direction, ultimately to tower over me, the quaking incarnation of his fury at Malanga's bombast.

"Take Gerard's name off the credits!!" he spewed at me.

This is one of my most uneradicable photo-impressions of the sixties: myself on my knees, a ballpoint pen and scribbled page in my hands, Kristy holding a mike four inches from my mouth, and Andy Empire-Styled above me, poised to javelin the ripe pettiness of his Obetrol-driven malice.

It set the tone for a verite of puerility that will (when the restored print is in full circulation) cause many to rethink their image of the Factory.

The positive in SPACE:

The most fortunate notion in the film is the initial centrality of Eric Andersen, a dark haired, broad shouldered singer in a Plains Indian, long-fringed jacket. At the time, Eric was considered to be second only in promise to Bob Dylan - who, ironically, was courting Edie's filmic favors just then, and attempting to lure her away from Andy and into his own stable of groupie aides. Eric plays Character One and, selecting the second and fourth line-clusters during the film ("Rudolph Valentino was called the most perfect, etc." and "I wish I didn't cut off my hair"), he sets them to folksy song with a winning smile, a lovely tenor, and beguiling gentility.

Next to Eric in affirmative interest is the arresting, spectral torso of Roger Trudeau. Roger is stripped to his wet white jockey shorts, and his skin appears translucent - actually, to glow as is said of IV users, while his abundant axial hairs form an amazing mat over the eery iridescence of his pectorals, stomach, and pubes. But Roger's face, seeming as if made-up, has the hollow semblance of a death mask, his features now unidentifiable, and this a mere two months on from his scrubbed, health club look in KITCHEN.

Among the Harvard pundits that vultured down on Andy's world that season - in addition to Arthur Loeb, Don Lyons, Edie Sedgwick and Chuck Wein, that is - we glimpse the famous Dorothy Dean, seated far right on the crowded red couch, sadly unintrusive as she waits to factor in her speeches. I say sadly, because so much curiosity surrounds this woman, The New Yorker's first black editor, a masochistically-dissipated talent, a miscegenatious fag hag and lush with a riveting whiskey baritone, very difficult to psycho-fathom. Brion Gysin said she was the gratuitously tortured toy of the Cambridge predators: she'd fall in love with one homosexual after another, who'd indulge her, lead her on, and crucify her. (Dorothy's last and most celebrated lover was the blond beauty, J.J. Mitchell. When he rejected her definitively

she went to live in Boulder, returning to New York only once, to vigil at his AIDS' deathbed. I spent some time with her in Boulder where Dorothy succumbed to pancreatic cancer a few days before Andy died; she, in point of fact, was buried on the day he died.)

To the occasionally spotted right and rear of Dorothy in SPACE is Danny Fields, a prominent rock producer now, at the time a wry, objective Warhol-watcher. In a sense, Danny was my only real intellectual refuge at the Factory and though he claims he is totally lockjawed and immobile in SPACE because he desperately "was trying not to make a fool of myself," his footage gives us a rare peek at this jade and jaded-eyed, unobtrusive, in-depth commentator on the scene. (By the way, his short-brow hairdo is an amusing reminder of mid-sixties Beatlemania.)

The mess:

Edie was rebelliously pre-programmed for the shoot by her coup-minded drones who lusted after my job, and the confusion unleashed by the Warhol-Malanga incident caused her to advance precipitately. Shortly into the lensing, after stumbling on her opening speech, she lifted her script and tore it to shreds. Then, she unwrapped for our delectation what Chuck and Don who owned her ear had planned as entertainment in its place:- Lyons trying to catechize her - in between assurances that she'd made The Times' rundown that day of the New York four hundred who really lived in New York.

It's not until after her theatrics that Andy, on Auricon, picks her up - in what would become his signature practice, like porn cinematographers, of missing the best moments:- and what we come in on to the alert eye, and despite all theory "establishing" the amorality of the Warhol oeuvre, is, in effect, an anti-drug harangue. For the very young lady is already past the peak of her beauty; and her eyes, flashing with hedonistic self-involvement, widen meretriciously as she oscillates her hoop earrings and continually is amused by the fact that she cannot absorb, listen to, remember, or even understand one phrase of the spoon-fed catechism. Lyons leans toward her lap with venal patience, himself oblivious to the naked preposterousness of the sequence. Even-

tually she tires of Lyons and moves over to Eric's circle where, like a twelve year old, she appears to be enjoying the song-fest; but she actually succeeds only in (aggressively) disrupting and destroying his improv and so robs the film of its unique chance to catch this interesting and promising talent in an instructively creative act.

Lyons' leaning into Edie's lap does indeed conjure up those images of drones preening and nibbling on the queen bee, for we have everything here in the frame but their femurs scraping goo against her sides and their gruesome tarsi in her pockets. But the most st^uatling of the pilot fish she has hosted to the shoot is Ed Hennessey, whom Andy ultimately decides to cynosure, who keeps bringing up the food and drink he is downing and heaving it on the persons closest to him - as if this were just the quite most amusing thing in the world one could do during a movie.

The collective impression of the remaining cast, by the second reel largely peripheral to Hennessey, is of kids who can't handle booze at a supersquare, small town high school endterm bender. Tedious; and embarrassing.

In this novice outing as a mobile-cameraman, Andy is more conservative than he shortly would be. He slides the Auricon leisurely from right to left, makes some pit stops, then returns. He searches for compounded configurations including those offered by the Factory's full-length mirror but, as I said, manages to miss the most telling of them. On this, a lot of ink has been spilt - how unusual; how much the pop artist's eye it is; how it calls attention continually to the fact that we're watching a film (as if we could be doing anything but), etc. - but this column-fodder is simply the rationalizing that to the unanointed it always appeared to be. No film buff need feel intimidated by it. We also see the incubation of Andy's zoom-in, zoom-out work here. Mercifully, it seems only a tentative notion in SPACE, and has not the persistent irritation and idiocy of later opii like LUPE and NICO AND THE VELVET UNDERGROUND.

So Kristy Keating with mike in hand and not the slightest semblance of cooperation from anyone around, or even instructions

to direct her board-moves, moves about the playing area with no particular plan now, mechanically trying to pick up any partier at all who might extemporize something to say, read, or sing. Since, to express my own disgust at this waste of good stock, I, too, had deserted the ramblings, but midway in the shoot - and, it is to be hoped, with fewer pyrotechnicals than Gerard.

So as not to lose all its material or the time invested in this scenario, and needing an abstract center-section in my play, THE LIFE OF LADY GODIVA, which I would write in three weeks in that coming September, I lifted a number of the line-clusters from SPACE's unread pages and planted them there. The concept of a stage-route or floor map trigonometried by Infinity and an "8" would wait until 1984 to be utilized, when I directed MY FOETUS LIVED ON AMBOY STREET at the Theatre for The New City, then near the corner of Second and 10th. FOETUS was a radio-drama written on a ZBS Foundation grant in 1977, whose "frank" material had doomed it to sparse air play. Not willing to let this piece go at so few spins, or leave it to join the fate of SPACE, I adapted it for the stage, directing it in profile - a difficult process, but one I felt necessary to force me to rethink in nature its free-associating tale of woe originally intended to be comprehensible, and funny, entirely orally. Enormously aided by the long retangular, conceptual set of the late Ron Kajawara and the continuous, wall-climbing choreography of David Semritc, FOETUS unquestionably was the high point to date in my stabs at directing.

Interestingly, both THE LIFE OF LADY GODIVA and MY FOETUS LIVED ON AMBOY STREET participate strongly in the miraculous - an aspect of this universe for which Andy, despite his daily prayers and weekly celebration of the Eucharist, showed no very noticeable confidence, disposition, or devotion.

CHARACTER ONE

Well, when she was alive, all you heard was Marilyn Monroe this and Marilyn Monroe that, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe Dimag and Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe this and Marilyn Monroe that. But now that she's dead you never hear anything about her.

Rudolph Valentino was called the most perfect man in the world. But he wasn't a man. He was a woman.

I got lots of problems, you know. I go to my mother with my problems. But she is old. She don't give me the right answers.

I wish I didn't cut off my hair. You should see me when my hair is long. Wow!! You should see me when my hair is long.

Sabu died when he was only 39. Aie!! What a shame.....
What a shame.....

Sometimes I think creative people should never die. Whenever they die, they die too young. They have so much in them. They could go on and on giving us things and giving us things. Whatever their age is when creative people die, they die too young.

I have a place in the country. So beautiful. Not like here in the city. There isn't even a tree in the city. But the city is building a highway thru my land in the country. They are taking my place in the country away.

No, thank you, I don't smoke. I'm a singer. I'm a singer, that's why I don't smoke.

(CHARACTER ONE sings a song.)

Andy Warhol's S P A C E

Scenario by Ronald Tavel

CHARACTER TWO

I wanted to be a playboy Bunny. I wanted to be a Bunny that boys play with. A hundred times I filled out applications. But the P.R. men said I didn't fill them out, and failed to hire me.

I can tell you in very few words what I think about men: they are adults hunting a hare.

These days I really can't say I've been doing much except despairing. I know that's very nineteen fiftyish of me, but -

(very suggestive)
you should have seen what I was doing in the nineteen fifties!!

You have nothing to lose being a bunny, except tail.

I'm a two-time loser. What's your pitch, honey?

I remember certain autumn evenings. The maid always cleaned up in those days and I could never find anything. That's why I remember certain autumn evenings.

I'm selling subscriptions..... Anybody want to subscribe? There's the Saturday evening post..... There's the post on Tuesday evenings..... The most expensive is the daily post.....

I need a new nuance. Subtleties are O.K. in their place, but there's nothing like a nuance..... A really new ance-er to everything. Go to hell.

Andy Warhol's

S P A C E

Scenario by Ronald Tavel

CHARACTER THREE

So what's gonna be in 30 years?..... I look at you and I say to myself, what's gonna be in 30 years? I mean, if you don't get married soon and have kids, what's gonna be with you in 30 years? You know what I mean, what's gonna be with me in 30 years?

You see, they used to think the bomb was gonna solve everything. So everybody got lazy. But ~~know~~ now they don't know how to make atomic bombs anymore. All the taxes that used to go into military operations are now being sunk into peace projects. So I say, what's gonna be in 30 years?

30 years hath September, April, June, and November. All the rest have 31 thousand millenniums, except February that doesn't have any days at all --- and, Baby, it never will!!!

I used to be a calendar model. After the scandal broke about the calendars, the public clamored to see more of me. Though, to speak a truth, there was very little more of me to see.

I remember, I remember, the house where I was born.....
And, believe me, I've done everything possible to forget it.

I know I ain't so smart. But brains aren't everything. A good pair of walking shoes can get you just as far in life.

Some people like cotton candy,
Some a frilly dandy.
Some of the people can be fooled a'lof the time
And some just when it suits the rhyme.

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy, and Yankee Doodles often die.
A real live nephew of my uncle lamb, scorned on the troth of
you lie.

Andy Warhol's

S P A C E

Scenario by Ronald Tavel

CHARACTER FOUR

Go ahead, go ahead! Make up for lost time. But make sure you don't lose your time in the process!

Someday, pornography will be accepted; but nudity shall never be understood.

Is it too much to ask that my every gesture be studied? How can you claim to know me unless you understand how I pick up a pretzel after taking a sip of beer?

He's the kind of person who's good in well-spaced jokes.

James Dean is dead. Oh, well, one less mouth to feed.

Yes, we'll be exhibiting our exciting new spring creations. This season we're stressing fashions for great-grandmothers. The high price of the wares is intended to compensate for the limited market.

I don't think you realize just how civil minded I am. No, really, but I do want to save water.

He deems himself one of the country's foremost postasters. But I tell you, scratch an American deep enough and you'll find a Philistine.

Andy Warhol's

S P A C E

Scenario by Ronald Tavel

CHARACTER FIVE

The U.S. department of health, education, and welfare wishes to inform you all of Lymphogranuloma Venereum. A venerable disease, to be sure.

Because of him or someone like him, someone, somewhere will live.

I cried throughout the whole movie..... dreadful film, dreadful.

And, then, you see, this wine --- this wine represents the single long thin red line between us and the enemy.

Dinner is served!

I'm sorry, I don't feel like talking - I've just seen an Antonioni.

Tomorrow's papers will carry the announcement. What's it like where he is now - keeping watch for you. USO is a choice of conduct. Choose to support it.

I'm going to marry a girl I don't love. I don't think her father even loves her.

Andy Warhol's

S P A C E

Scenario by Ronald Tavel

CHARACTER SIX

Get downstairs and do the dishes. It will fill you with the hopes and dreams of tomorrow.

"A doormouse!", did you say?!

All I can remember is that at that very moment, she excused herself and stepped into the bushes for an occasion.

The point is that since I started working for him, strangers have been rude to me.

He dyed his hair in the rear --- room of the beauty parlor, that is.

It's hard to comprehend how in a democratic country you have to be a southerner or a Republican to get anywhere.

It was written by William Shakespeare - yes - with additional dialogue by Lamar Trotti.

Yes, I'm always here. In the background. People come and go. These people now will be gone someday, but I'll still be here. In the background.

Andy Warhol's

S P A C E

Scenario by Ronald Tavel

CHARACTER SEVEN

The president is pausing now: his eyes are watery and his voice is choking up.

See Naples and die. See Rome and LIVE!!

Don't flush for everything.

You know, the floor around here is so clean, you could not ~~eat, drink, or walk~~ only eat off it, you could practically walk on it.

You need a hotter climate.

I like to make use of everyday conceptions.

Get double everything rolled into one. Get one.

They don't give me much to say. You see, I'm still being groomed for stardom.

Andy Warhol's

S P A C E

Scenario by Ronald Tavel

CHARACTER

SIGHT

Would you like to come backstage now? It will not be made public for 48 hours.

All persons with genital lesions should have a darkfield examination to rule out mixed infections. Nothing is so necessary in proper society as a pure contamination.

It's main manifestation in tropical areas is yaws. What's yaws is mine.

When the king rides, so, too, ride all his men.

Now listen carefully: you are to be fairly forward with the maid, but with good taste, you understand? Sometimes you share a pleasanterie with her, sometimes you pinch her cheek.

It is best to be sure. If you can't be sure, at least you can be uncertain. It is best to be uncertain. Yes, I am certain.

You better watch your step: I would remember the alamo, if I were you!

If what you say is true, I think we're out of danger.

"I don't like to steal"
"Well, we don't have to
call it that."

CHARACTER ONE

Well, when she was alive, all you heard was Marilyn Monroe this and Marilyn Monroe that, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe Dimag and Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller and Marilyn Monroe this and Marilyn Monroe that. But now that she's dead you never hear anything about her.

Rudolph Valentino was called the most perfect man in the world. But he wasn't a man. He was a woman.

I got lots of problems, you know. I go to my mother with my problems. But she is old. She don't give me the right answers.

I wish I didn't cut off my hair. You should see me when my hair is long. Wow!! You should see me when my hair is long.

Sabu died when he was only 39. Aie!! What a shame.....
What a shame.....

Sometimes I think creative people should never die. Whenever they die, they die too young. They have so much in them. They could go on and on giving us things and giving us things. Whatever their age is when creative people die, they die too young.

I have a place in the country. So beautiful. Not like here in the city. There isn't even a tree in the city. But the city is building a highway thru my land in the country. They are taking my place in the country away.

No, thank you, I don't smoke. I'm a singer. I'm a singer, that's why I don't smoke.

(CHARACTER ONE sings a song.)

CHARACTER TWO

~~1) X I wanted to be a playboy Bunny. I wanted to be a Bunny that boys play with. A hundred times I filled out applications. But the P.R. men said I didn't fill them out, and failed to hire me.~~

5) X I can tell you in very few words what I think about men: they are adults hunting a hare.

~~2) X These days I really can't say I've been doing much except despairing. I know that's very nineteen fiftyish of me, but -
(very suggestive)
you should have seen what I was doing in the nineteen fifties!!~~

~~3) X You have nothing to lose being a bunny, except tail.~~

~~4) X I'm a two-time loser. What's your pitch, honey?~~

I remember certain autumn evenings. The maid always cleaned up in those days and I could never find anything. That's why I remember certain autumn evenings.

~~6) X I'm selling subscriptions..... Anybody want to subscribe? There's the Saturday evening post..... There's the post on Tuesday evenings..... The most expensive is the daily post..... the corner of St. Mark's 3~~

~~7) X I need a new nuance. Subtleties are O.K. in their place, but there's nothing like a nuance..... A really new one or to everything. Go to hell.~~

I'm Reggie & you're edgie.

Andy Warhol's S P A C E Scenario by Ronald Tavel
meadow

The new young teacher at Central Birk H.S. story

CHARACTER THREE

artists & models - whole model story.

~~So what's gonna be in 30 years?..... I look at you and I say to myself, what's gonna be in 30 years? I mean, if you don't get married soon and have kids, what's gonna be with you in 30 years? You know what I mean, what's gonna be with us in 30 years?~~

~~You see, they used to think the bomb was gonna solve everything. So everybody got lazy. But now they don't know how to make atomic bombs anymore. All the taxes that used to go into military operations are now being sunk into peace projects. So I say, what's gonna be in 30 years?~~

~~30 years hath September, April, June, and November. All the rest have 31 thousand millenniums, except February that doesn't have any days at all -- and, baby, it never will!!!~~

I used to be a calendar model. After the scandal broke about the calendars, the public clammered to see more of me. Though, to speak a truth, there was very little more of me to see.

~~I remember, I remember, the house where I was born..... And, believe me, I've done everything possible to forget it.~~

~~I know I ain't so smart. But brains aren't everything. A good pair of walking shoes can get you just as far in life.~~

~~Some people like bottom candy, & bunny cottontail
Some a frilly dandy.
Some of the people can be fooled with the time
and some just when it suits the time.~~

~~I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy, and Yankee Doodles often die.
A real live nephew of my uncle Lamb, scorned on the truth of
you're.~~

Some (lovers) went away from me
and some
I went away from....

Andy Warhol's

S P A C E

Scenario by Ronald Tavel

CHARACTER FIVE

~~The U.S. department of health, education, and welfare wishes to inform you all of lymphogranuloma Venereum. A venerable disease, to be sure.~~

Because of him or someone like him, someone, somewhere will live.

X I cried throughout the whole movie..... dreadful film, dreadful.

And, then, you see, this wine — this wine represents the single long thin red line between us and the enemy.

~~② X Dinner~~

I'm sorry, I don't feel like talking - I've just seen an Antennari. Harry Smith.

Tomorrow's papers will carry the announcement. What's it like where he is now - keeping watch for you. USO is a choice of conduct. Choose to support it.

R I'm going to marry a girl I don't love. I don't think her father even loves her.

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All I can remember is that at that very moment, she excused herself and stepped into the bushes for an occasion.

The point is that since I started working for him, strangers have been rude to me.

~~He dropped his hands in the rear of the beauty parlor, that is.~~

It's hard to comprehend how in a democratic country you have to be a southerner or a Republican to get anywhere.

It was written by William Shakespeare - yes - with additional dialogue by Lamarr Trotti.

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CHARACTER SEVEN

The president is pausing now: his eyes are watery and his voice is choking up.

~~11 See Naples and die. See Rome and live!~~

Don't flush for everything.

You know, the floor around here is so clean, you could not ~~eat~~ only eat off it, you could practically walk on it.

~~You need a better climate~~

I like to make use of everyday conceptions.

Get double everything rolled into one. Get one.

~~They don't give me much to say. You see, I'm still being groomed for stardom.~~

Andy Warhol's

S P A C E

Scenario by Ronald Tavel

CHARACTER NIGHT

Would you like to come backstage now? It will not be made public for 48 hours.

~~(A) X All persons with genital lesions should have a darkfield examination to rule out mixed infections. Nothing is so necessary in proper society as a pure contamination.~~
blue blood

~~(E) X It's main manifestation in tropical areas is yaws. What's yaws is mine.~~

~~(S) X When the king rides, so, too, ride all his men.~~

~~(H) X Now listen carefully: you are to be fairly forward with the maid, but with good taste, you understand? Sometimes you share a pleasanterie with her, sometimes you pinch her cheek.~~

~~(S) X It is best to be sure. If you can't be sure, at least you can be uncertain. It is best to be uncertain. Yes, I am certain.~~

~~X You better watch your step. I would remember the name, if I were you!~~

If what you say is true, I think we're out of danger.