

THE LIFE OF JUANITA CASTRO

Written on February 20, 1965

Shot at the Factory

on March 13 or 14, 1965

Premiered March 22, 1965 at The Cinematheque, NYC

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

(restored 1989: 66 minutes)

Sharp focus, stationary camera: a consortium of roughly three rows, with some seated, some standing, all in approximately half-profile

with

On-camera Director:	Ronald Tavel
Juanita Castro:	Marie Menken
Fidel Castro:	Mercedes Ospina
Raul Castro:	Elektrah! (Lobel)
Che Guevera:	Aniram Anipso

The Family:

Harvey Tavel (center, with shades)

Waldo Dias-Balart (middle row, far left)

Isabelle Collin Dufresne ("Ultra Violet," middle row, far right)

Jinny Bern, Amanda Sherrill, Bonny Gaer, Isadora Rose, Elizabeth Staal, Carol Lobravico

On sound and camera: Buddy Wirtschafter

Props: Juanita's gun, Juanita's fan, Fidel's cigar, Fidel's thermometer, Fidel's cord, che's handkerchief

In February of 1965 I was writing poems, essays, promotionals, and dozens of letters as well as the screenplays. But I did not feel as pressured as I often have doing a lot less. I felt receptive. What appeared to be an innocent enough invitation to dinner became thus one of the most important evenings in my life.

Fidel Castro's brother-in-law, Waldo Dias-Balart, was living in exile in the center of the row of beautiful 19th Century town-houses on the north side (10th Street) of Tompkins Square Park. Tall, hirsute, and wealthy, he'd gotten off the island when the getting was good, with most of his fortune intact. I myself had visited Cuba after Castro was in office and before travel there for Americans was banned. I'd written short light verse and serious long poems about Cuba, knew a number of Cuban dancers-in-exile and nightclub entertainers and one celebrated stage and soap star, had several close Cuban friends and a Cuban lover, had been introduced by Andy to two very charming, politically active Cuban sisters, Aniram Anipso and Mercedes Ospina, etc. And I indeed had stood in Havana and watched Fidel deliver one of his eight-hour speeches, in which, riveting my attention, he made extensive, theatrical use of a great white handkerchief. A Havanan standing beside me, dryly observed that their President craved a similar handkerchief so he could have something to stick his nose into.

Some weeks before SUICIDE was lensed, Waldo invited Andy and the immediate protégés to dinner. We sat around a classically extended, elegant table in the splendid home. Basking as I was in the full light of his favor that week, Andy made certain I was the cynosure of the entourage: in a seat from which I at least felt myself to be at a perfect vantage. A few drinks and naturally enough the conversation turned to the Cuban revolution and its political intrigues, particularly the in-fighting on the part of the Castro siblings, and most particularly the prima donna deprecation of the vociferous and flamboyant older sister, Juanita. Andy became fascinated and said we should do the life

story of Juanita Castro - that he had the issue of Life magazine (compulsory reading for him) in which this anti-communist critic of the Prime Minister roundly denounced him. (My Brother Is a Tyrant and He Must Go, August 28, 1964, pp. 22-38.)

But it was the tone of what Waldo said that night, his peculiar indifference, distance, amusement and sang-froid concerning his homeland and the missile crisis of October 25-28, 1962 that nearly had brought this world to an end, that made a permanent impression on me. Unfortunately, I cannot recall a single sentence, thought, bon mot, description, or even idea of what he expressed - and being so mainmast situated among the island's movers and shakers, Waldo knew whereof he spoke. But all of it amazed me in a deep, undramatic way as if, fixed on and mesmerized by Waldo's twisting of his black walrus mustachios, I were at the center of a vast whorl in that room, in all its Samuel Goldwyn sumptuousness, and all of it existed for me, and that all of it, whirling about me with its orbit rapidly shrinking, came to center in my chest.

It (what I beheld/intuited/understood) is what I think of as the political vision, which however abbreviated, elaborated, or attenuated, never would alter essentially throughout all the matter I'd subsequently mine for political themes. To date, that material makes up 20%-25% of my drama production. And that is why, although it so frequently is commented upon in statistics on trivia or even encyclopedias, it was no surprise to me that a script so pre-set and balanced in my mind would be written, on February 20, 1965, in just three hours. Or become the most praise of the movies I wrote and directed, and in its theatrical recycling my most produced play.

Everything works for THE LIFE OF JUANITA CASTRO. Including the unforeseen, the mistakes, the last minute or fortuitous changes. Its purpose is to be a film and to be a film without error, and it is that, no more, no less. It generates idea after idea, literally ceaselessly. It argues that nothing other than itself is a movie and it forecloses refutation. It is exclusive.

As all things come together in this piece, the medium and

its matter, so the collaboration comes together - meaning Warhol's energy and purpose and the whole machinery of the Factory set-up which he places at my disposal. I think not I, nor anyone outside of himself, would ever again make such happy use of it.

I wrote the on-camera director role for Andy himself to play but in a crucial decision, holding the script in his hand and showing no discernable calculation or feeling, he turned it over to me. I wrote the titular role for Mario Montez but in what would be the underground's luckiest declination of duty ("Ronnie, I don't do politics or religion"), we were spared his coy mannerisms and blessed with Marie Menken arriving for what she thought was to be simply a rehearsal of her role as Raul: only to find herself instead starring in the movie's one and only take. The Warhol flash again: ignoring her gender ("Ronnie, what difference does it make?"), he offered Marie a few beers in exchange for her performance. "I'm not an actress," she insisted. "But you are an audience," I responded.

"What does that mean?"

"Sit down. We'll show you."

This work is not so much an example of making the most of one's limitations, as making an asset of one's liabilities. At the time, people thought Andy silk-screened because he couldn't sketch or paint. While we know now that nothing could be further from the truth, this film appeared to be part of that strategy. But actually it wasn't. I read their lines and screen directions to the performers not because they would not have learned them themselves or rehearsed. - during the first half of that year the chances are they would have - but because there was no more intention to have the participants "act" as acting normally is understood, than there was to move the camera. And because Andy wanted to teach me a lesson. And, indirectly, the whole world of filmmakers, film watchers.

There will always be the question of whether or not he grasped what had been accomplished with this film, and I expect that the art theorists and historians who mold the way Andy is interpreted

will answer that according to whatever the current fashion is in perceiving him. It is wrong to believe that every successful aesthetic maneuver or result was intentional and wholly conscious on his part, but it is also wrong to believe for a moment that that is what he was working for.

Clearly, it was more a matter of searching for a process that would make talk, would make accountable, everything sucked into its vortex; a process whose ambition was, as has been art's since men became conscious of it, a search for truth. That is why it was so irksome and puzzling to have commentators at the time claim that Andy was anti-art, and to have subsequent producers of my plays request that I delete from promotional material references to my "stint" at the Factory.

And this filmscript was staged without any changes in its dialogue or mise en scene. The sense of watching people watching in their mind's eye was retained - in their visual imagination as it were, for they are watching the director's performance, who always, crucially, is above and behind them. The major difference between stage and screen, of course, is that the film exploits the advantage of having a script that comes as a surprise to its participants. Single performances at, say, universities, can adopt this procedure easily enough, but no run of the play could afford a nightly change in cast. To be sure, at theatres where large and loose companies were available, there have been weekly changes of cast. Other times, casts developed stylistic approximations of surprise or unities whose resistance and resilience, and/or highly circumscribed improvisations tended to compensate. But performances have been ruined by cutesy, extensive rebelliousness, embellishments, and baroque elaborations.

If good-natured, the piece is affably severe and needs to be kept that way. If political, the subject matter may be more the relation of politics to aesthetics than a particular political situation. The work's life and energy obviously derive from a festering family argument, but the family argument is anything but a mere if central metaphor. It is the frightening point.

INSERT for the Introduction to
THE LIFE OF JUANITA CASTRO

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In the late spring of 2001, the U.S. State Department sponsored a Slavic-nation tour of Warhol's work. The exhibit kicked off in Moscow under the able aegis of Jonathan Flatly, who assembled a dozen city institutions more than willing to become involved. The "Warhol Week Festival" (May-June) was, in effect, the introduction of the artist to the general Russian public. MoMA contributed several-days' worth of films and among the Moscow participants were the Pushkin Museum, the Museum of Film, the Vserossiisky Gosudarstvenny Institut Kinematografii (Russia's only filmmaking school), the TV Gallery, and a number of art galleries and boutiques. The scholar Valery Nikelski and the trilingual American, Hitoshi Hirano, were often my personal guides and the liaisons between officials, students, and myself.

Among the people who detained me after the screening of THE LIFE OF JUANITA CASTRO and its Q & A in the Film Museum, was a young man wearing a heavy, padded vest and the brim-down, thin woolen watch cap then in fashion. His face was about as patient and deadpan as the faces of students get. When I nodded to him, he said: "I have only one question. What did Warhol have to do with this movie?"

"He set up the camera," I answered.

"That's what I thought," the student agreed, "thank you." And he disappeared.

"The creative force behind JUANITA CASTRO is not so much Warhol, actually, as Ronnie Tavel, who wrote the script, and acted the key role of the stage manager, and very good he is in both capacities. What is curious is that Warhol has assumed the role of mere metteur-en-scene...." *

So as writer, and here, quite-visibly-directing director, and lead actor of the film THE LIFE OF JUANITA CASTRO, we may

say I was its directeur and that Andy Warhol was its metteur-en-scene. That is, he chose the subject matter, suggested an approximate title, and arranged the roughly three rows of performers (the composition), myself on a folding chair placed on top of a table and the standing Che next to me making up more or less the top or third row.

My contribution as directeur and Andy's as metteur-en-scene obtained as well in Factory films which immediately preceded and followed JUANITA: SCREEN TEST I, SCREEN TEST II, SUICIDE, HORSE, VINYL, KITCHEN, HEDY, and WITHERING SIGHTS.

* Sarris, Andrew, "Film (column)" The Village Voice
December 9, 1965

films

by Andrew Sarris

The Cinematheque at 434 Lafayette Street is even more way out in front, of course, and I must say that I was stunned to discover an unheralded masterpiece in Andy Warhol's "The Life Story of Juanita Castro," about which I will write at some later time when I have had time to think about it.

films

by Andrew Sarris

The two movies in question are Howard Hawks' "RED LINE 7000" and Andy Warhol's "THE LIFE STORY OF JUANITA CASTRO," and it would be hard to find two directors more diametrically opposed than Howard Hawks and Andy Warhol. Hawks is the Hollywood director par excellence, a man of all genres for all seasons. A director of parts, he has stamped life on adventure, gangster, and private-eye melodramas, westerns, musicals, and screwball comedies, the sort of things Americans do best and appreciate least.

About five or six years ago, I wrote an esoteric magazine article entitled "The World of Howard Hawks," and so I have a proprietary interest in Hawks' reputation. But I'm afraid I've had it with "Red Line 7000." It's as personal and as meaningful as anything Hawks has ever done. He even takes a script credit, something he has disdained doing in the past even when some of his pet dialogue kept following him from picture to picture, but it just doesn't come off. I simply cannot transmute the dross of "Red Line 7000" into the gold of "Only Angels Have Wings" and "Rio Bravo."

If Hawks has represented much of what I like in the cinema, Warhol represents much of what I resist. We live in an era when many people are as pathologically frightened of being put on as of being put down. Magazine articles are written to warn us of the perils of alleged artists who do not take their audience seriously, and Warhol is usually cited as the worst offender. I have found in the past that with me a little Warholian cinema goes a long way, but it suddenly strikes me that I have never seen anything by Warhol entirely lacking in interest. I happened to stumble into the Cinematheque one night in search of his Fire Island opus which is reportedly too salacious even for the American Civil Liberties Union. As a last minute replacement for the mysteriously unavailable Fire Island film, the management reprised "The Life Story of Juanita Castro," which I had never seen, and it shook me up considerably simply by making me laugh for long stretches of time, not so much at it as with it. If it ever plays around, I recommend it.

The creative force behind "Juanita Castro" is not so much Warhol, actually, as Ronnie Tavel, who wrote the script, and acted the key role of the stage manager, and very good he is in both capacities. What is curious is that Warhol has assumed the role of mere metteur-en-scene while Hawks has assumed the role of the auteur, and on this occasion, the metteur-en-scene is more successful. The fact that a Hollywood director should be relatively personal, and a New American film-maker relatively impersonal, is paradoxical enough, but that Warhol should be more satisfying even to a moviemane like me is downright incredible. Warhol's ideas on direction are simple to the point of idiocy—or genius. He puts the camera on a tripod, and it starts turning, sucking in reality like a vacuum cleaner. Warhol doesn't even stand behind it all the time since he is not particularly interested in framing the action, or more precisely, the inaction.

"Juanita Castro" is completely static. A dozen or so figures look away from the real camera at roughly half-profile toward an imaginary camera off in the distance. Tavel reads off lines to be repeated, in turn, by Fidel Castro, Raoul Castro, Juanita Castro, and Che Guevara. Fidel, Raoul, and Che are played by relatively pretty, Latin-looking girls, Juanita Castro by Marie Menken, an independent film-maker, who in this context, comes over like a lady longshoreman. Tavel reads lines like: "Juanita, say to Fidel, you don't care anything about the peasants." And Juanita does say in her inept way, "You don't care anything about the peasants." Then Tavel instructs the group, his Greek chorus, to begin crying about the plight of the poor peasants in Cuba. From time to time, the various members of the Castro family kiss each other decorously upon Tavel's instructions. The girl who plays Fidel makes a long speech in Spanish, and everyone begins snoring sonorously. When Juanita is ordered to stand up to take her close-up (from the imaginary camera) she naturally steps out of the frame of the real camera. The whole thing is outrageous, but it never falters in its inept insistence on making a comment on a revolution that has long since been consigned to camp. The whole show was given away when word got out that Fidel Castro wanted to be played on the screen by Marlon Brando and Raoul by Frank Sinatra. From that point on, Cuba became the property of Andy Warhol and Ronnie Tavel, and they have made the only valid statement I have seen on the subject in the past several years.

ANDY WARHOL'S

THE LIFE OF JUANITA CASTRO

The Cast *Starring*

Mario Montes	Marta Merkan	as	Juanita
Joel Markman	Marta	as	Fidel — Mercedes Ospina
		as	Che — Aníbal Aripso
		as	Raul — Elektra! and
Andy Warhol		as	The Director

Sound by Buddy Winchaffer

Screenplay by Herman & Scenarists: Ronald Tavel

Director ~~Andy Warhol~~

~~CAST~~ The Family

Jimmy Bernick
 Waldo Dias Balant
 Harvey Tavel
 Amanda Sherrill
 Bonny Grier
 Isabelle Collindorrese
 Isadora Rose
 Elizabeth Staal
 Enol Kobravico

props:
 Juanita's gun
 Juanita's fan
 Fidel's cigar
 Fidel's thermometer
 Fidel's cord
 Che's handkerchief

THE LIFE OF JUANITA CASTRO

a one act play by Ronald Tavel

characters:

- Juanita
- Fidel
- Che
- Raul
- Extras
- The Director

props:

- Juanita's gun
- Juanita's fan
- Fidel's cigar
- Fidel's cord
- Che's handkerchief

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THE LIFE OF JUANITA CASTRO

(The Director and Juanita are to be played by male actors. The others, including any extras that are used, by females.

Upon the curtain's rise, or after their entrance, JUANITA should be seated. FIDEL may stand or sit to JUANITA's left. CHE may stand or sit to JUANITA's right. RAUL should stand behind and between JUANITA and CHE. The DIRECTOR may sit where he pleases, either above and behind the group, or in front of it, but at some distance from and facing it.

JUANITA should be dressed in an attractive, perhaps flamboyant dress, gay Latin colors. A wig is not necessary, a tiara or dark mantilla will do. FIDEL, RAUL, and CHE may appear in ordinary every day women's wear, or they may be dressed in white army fatigues. The DIRECTOR should be wearing ordinary rehearsal clothes.

When FIDEL is called upon for her long speech, it is preferred that she improvise one in Spanish, touching upon the subjects in the speech included in the text. Should the actress not be able to improvise in Spanish, she should use the prepared speech, being careful to pick and choose different parts from it at each performance in order to maintain a certain amount of freshness and immediacy. She might even add, in English, comments that occur to her at the moment.

The DIRECTOR is advised that a certain amount of improvisation on his part is expected. It is his duty to surprise the group from time to time and to maintain a growing level of tension between himself and the others. Should their responses not satisfy him, he will ask them to repeat themselves.

This play should never be rehearsed.)

The Director holds the script onstage (and on-camera)
AND READS FROM IT!

DIRECTOR: Fidel, Juanita, Che, Raul, please smile into the camera: you are posing for a family portrait. Hold it.

(They all smile into the camera for a while, CHE very effeminate, FIDEL tough.)

DIRECTOR: Fidel, take out your cigar and light it.
Smoke it a while with great satisfaction.
Now, blow some smoke in Juanita's face.
Juanita say, "Estupido!" and cough violently.
Fidel, laugh uproariously.
Now, Fidel, offer Juanita your cigar.
Juanita, say very annoyed, "Estupido! Estupido!!"
Fidel, offer Juanita your cigar.....
Juanita, take it graciously - graciously Juanita - and smoke it. Continue smoking it peacefully
Juanita, and everybody else smile into the camera.
Juanita, return the cigar to Fidel.
Fidel, say to Juanita, "I discover you apathetic."
Juanita, say, "I am apathetic."
"No soy excitado par el revolucion."
Che, put your arm around Juanita.
Che, say, "You're not excited?"
Juanita: "I said I'm not excited by the revolution."
Che, "Oh, siento."
Juanita, "The revolution has not turned out good for me."
Fidel, "Silencio!"
Juanita, "Shut up yourself. You always were a spoiled brat."
Now, Fidel, pinch Juanita's cheek affectionately.
Juanita, giggle like a little girl.
Now, everyone laugh out loud together: laugh and laugh and laugh.
Stop!!!

(They all laugh wildly and stop suddenly at the command.)

DIRECTOR: Juanita, say to Fidel, "You never really cared for the poor peasants." Get very emotional. Say again, "You never really cared for the poor, starving, freezing peasants." Now think about the poor peasants. It makes you sad to think about the peasants. Juanita, start crying.

Now, everyone cry with her.

Stop!!!

(They all cry out loud and cry and cry and stop suddenly at the command. They compose themselves and smile into the camera, as before, as if for a family portrait.)

Fidel, say, "Si, the guajiros on Padre's finca always got too much money. Padre was too generous with them."

Juanita, "Si, the guajiros got too much dinero."

Che, "The filthy guajiros. Bastante dinero!"

Everyone think hard now about the fate of the guajiros, and stare solemnly into the camera.

(They all stare solemnly into the camera for a long time.)

Now, Juanita, say very cheerfully, "I always felt much closer to my brother Raul than I did to Fidel."

Juanita, "I always loved Raul more than Fidel."

Raul, bend down now and say, "Si, Juanita, I always feel same way about you....."

Juanita, look very sexy.

Now, Raul, kiss Juanita.

Che, you kiss Juanita.

Juanita, turn and smack Fidel's face.

Fidel, squint your eyes, smoke your cigar thoughtfully and stare into the camera.

Juanita, stand up and come forward for a close up. Say, very mysteriously, "...One day I found a note in my house."

"It said, Pablo went to a baptism with Juanita...."

"He is often seen with her....."

"She is often seen with him....."

"I knew the G-2 men were after me....."

"I was very scared."

"But I know how to protect myself!"

Juanita, aim your pistol at the camera. Meaningfully!

Now, Juanita, please take your seat.

(JUANITA goes back to her seat. Everyone stares at the camera. FIDEL smokes.)

Fidel, say with disgust, "What paranoia!"

Juanita, "What you mean, paranoia?"

"How about when povresita Angelita, our good sister was thrown in prison?"

Fidel, "What paranoia."

Che, "What paranoia."

Fidel, "Pure paranoia."

Juanita, "Claro, paranoia."

Che, "Bitch!"

Fidel, "Mierda."

Juanita, "Tu hermana tambien!"

Fidel, "D'accuerdo."

Now, everyone, smile for the camera. Hold it.

Juanita, you are getting an idea in your head. Think very hard..... think hard.....

Now, Juanita, say, "You know, Fidel, you are really very lucky."

Fidel: "Poota!"

Juanita, scream: "If this whole audience wasn't watching, I would empty this pistol into your belly!!"

Fidel, give your cigar to Juanita.

Juanita, smoke the cigar with great satisfaction.

Juanita, give the cigar back to Fidel.

Raul, massage Juanita's neck.

Juanita, look sexy..... you are enjoying it.

Raul, bend down and kiss Juanita.

Now, Raul, kiss Che.....

Juanita, scream out: "All of you are a bunch of dirty filthy communists!"

"You can not get away with this, you pigs!"

Raul, straighten up again.

Che, take out your handkerchief and wipe your lips.

Che, give the handkerchief to Juanita.

Juanita, smile and say, "Gracias!"

Juanita, wipe your lips with the handkerchief.

Juanita, give the handkerchief to Fidel.

Fidel, give your cigar to Juanita.

Fidel, wipe your lips with the handkerchief and Juanita, you smoke the cigar.

Now, Fidel, (stand up and) walk over to Che and give him back his handkerchief, say, "Gracias, Che!", and give him a big kiss.

Now, Fidel, come forward for a close-up. Say, "Esta poota accuses our government of being communist!"

"Que poota grande!"

Juanita, say, "No es mentira! Es verdad!"

Fidel, "Shut your face!"

"When we were little kids and used to play together....."

Fidel, look evil. Smack your lips.

Fidel, "The U.S. has some reason of its own for pushing us. To make us an example to the rest of Latin America."

Everyone scream and yell, "Censored! Censored!! Censored!!" so that we can not hear Fidel.

Fidel, continue talking.

Everyone continue screaming.

(FIDEL talks quickly into the camera, but can not be heard because all the others keep screami 3 "censored!!!")

Now, Fidel, go back (to your seat).

(When FIDEL returns to his position, we see JUANITA and CHE locked in a mad embrace.)

Juanita, say lovingly, "Che, you are the most beautiful hombre in Cuba."

Che, "Ah! Que linda!"

Juanita, "Ah! Que lindo!"

Che, "Ah! Que mujer!"

Juanita, "Aie! Que afeminado! Que maricon!"

Juanita, now rest back, sigh with joy and fan yourself.

Juanita, say, "Aie, it leaves me speechless!!"

Fidel, "Speechless?????????????"

Juanita, swooning, "Aie! It leaves me speechless!!"

Fidel, take out your little paper and sniff it. That's it.

Now come forward and start your speech.

(FIDEL sniffs from the paper his speech is written on and then comes forward and reads or improvises the following. The DIRECTOR and JUANITA fall asleep during the speech. RAUL and CHE kiss madly during the speech.)

FIDEL:

"I feel that those who know and don't squeal are just as guilty as the real finks. Yo pienso que los que saben y no digen son tan malos como los cochones verdaduras. Todos los cochones son rosa clarados. Todo el mundo con barbas es rosa clarado. Los Ruskies piensan que escapan con algo. Los Americanos nos usan como ejemplo. Estamos el mejor ejemplo. Frank Sinatra. Onu y onu son dos, dos y dos son cuatro, cinco le ganaras diez. Con las abejas yo comparo los hombres. Son siempre bussando las muchachitas. Pero algunas de la flores tienen tornas, y le imponen algunos. Mirala, por donde viene la reina del cielos. Ella descenda en Playa Giron. Muchas personas departan cada noche por el Miami Beach. Los afeitores se suspenden comercios. Hemos cogedo todas los maricons y les ensenan a las campas trabajar. Nuestra policia es puritanisma, modesidad, verdad, inocencia y cha cha cha, a menos los jefes. Hay senorita cuanta le quiero. La

noche fria y la mujer caliente. Nuestra especialidad
 son los que vivan in caves. Cuantos angeles caben
 sobre una spinata. Yankee Si! El politico, y el
 religio son sujetos interesantes. China Si!
 Albania, No! No se olviden el alamo. Cien anos
 Pasados..... Pienso quie el Miami Beach es la
 ciudad mas hermosa del todo el mundo. Tan proximo
 y luego tan lejo. Hoy Europa, manana el mundo.
 Russia va a casa! Un hombre tiene que ser politico
 inteligente. Tiene que ser eso, no como la gente.
 Liberamos las playas. Tod el mundo tiene que nadar.
 Todo el mundo tiene que comer un libre de asucar
 cada dia. Que son los botas estrajeros que yo ve
 in Habana. Me llama Cecilia Valdez. Jose Marti
 se invento por los Ruskies. Permita mi gente
 libertad. Nos quiten el papel. Despues de este
 asunto, yo voy a tomar un "job" al UN. Algo ahora
 sobre los demostradores contra la iglesia.
 Numero uno: Nosotros vamos a debuncar los santos.
 El Santo Francis es para los aviones. Eso va a
 obtener una risa de los que hablan espanol - ellos
 tienen un sensa de humor adolescente. La rebellion
 de los adolescentes! El cine mas sensacional en
 la historia del cinema, toda sexy. Ann Margret.
 Le falta exactamente ochos minutas de las nueve.
 Los productos "Goya" son los mejores. Cultivo una
 rosa blanca. Compa el cafe Bustello - not Rhiengold
 Beer! We must be doing something right! Patronesa
 los establismentos del lower east side. Verde, verde,
 te quiero verde. Verde como el viente. Es que el
 home me dijo escribir lo que quiso. Pero estoy
 seguro que yo no puede comprender lo que he escrito
 en el primer sito. Por esa razon, no voy a escribir
 nada solo los palabras, o las palabras - nunce me olvido
 las destinciones entre gendres. Luego: Matan a
 nadie mas que los jefes de todas gobiernamentos.
 Es necessario solamente hacer eso para tomar la
 gente un estado ejitante. Bueno, hagamos lo que
 necesitamos hacer. Si yo muero in la rebellion
 viene, no llueve para mi, porque cuatros muchachas
 me llevan al centario, cada con una lagrima en el
 ojo. Curse sobre Columbus! Americo Vespucci era
 hombre bueno. Dios benedicta al America. Hay dos
 cosas permenantes, El Caballiero de Paris y los
 sharkes en los aguas de Habana. Negro, negro, negro
 es el clon de mi amor. Candy me gustan mucho de
 los libros. Vive Lupe Valez! Uno, dos, tres,
 cuatro, cinco, seis, siete, ocho, nueve, diez!!!!
 Blanco, negro, rojo, azul, verde, amarillo!!!! We
 must use these people. We must be real smart
 politicians. A man must have a left hand, etc. etc. "

(The DIRECTOR wakes up or JUANITA begins to shriek with impatience.)

DIRECTOR: Juanita, wake up!

Juanita, say, "After a while, it seem as if my hermanos Fidel y Raul are chilly to me."

"But me hermana, Enima, is caliente with me."

Fidel, say, "Gusana!"

Juanita, "You want to divide la eglisia!"

Fidel, "Gusana!"

Che, say, "Raul want to divide my legs."

Raul say, "I want to divide Che's legs. Mmmmmmmmm!"

Juanita, "My blood boils - only Enima loves me still

Fidel, "I'll take your temperature."

Fidel, take out your cigar and try to take Juanita's temperature.

Juanita, scream and smack Fidel's face.

Juanita, say, "Mira, Chico, I am getting pretty sick and tired of all of this!!"

Fidel, "Gusana! Puñetta!"

Juanita, come forward for a close-up.

Juanita, say, "By the end of 1960, I begin to help the underground."

Juanita, "I hear mucho bolas -- but some of them is true!!"

"Mens are landing at Playa Girón!"

"Some mens are in Teatro Blanquita."

"I jomp in me coche and drive down theres."

"When I get theres, a soldata revolucionario stops me."

"Get out of my way, I scream, or I keel you!!!!"

"He say, I hope a tree fall on your coche and crush you to death."

"I say to hims, The curses of pigs and communists like you are not heard in paradisio."

"Then I find out that Fidel say, This time I am going to liquidate Juanita!!!!!!"

Fidel, say, "And I am going to liquidate you, Juanita!!"

Fidel, come running up to Juanita and start strangling her with your chord.

(FIDEL rushes up to JUANITA and begins to strangle her with his chord. She screams "Fidel, remember Mama!" and struggles

to free herself. In the background, CHE and RAUL are seen seizing this opportunity to kiss madly. FIDEL and JUANITA move off-stage.)

Che, tell Raul, very effeminately, "Fidel has really won over the rabble with his charisma."

Raul, say, "Si, he has sown the seedlings of loathing contra la eglisia with his winsome demagoguery."

Che: "The youth of la Habana carry him on their shoulders."

Raul: "Si, pero eso es pelagroso!"

Che: "Oh, si, some thugs and roughs usually try to break up the processionists! Oh, querida!"
"They use black jacks and lead pipes!"
"Oh, si, querida!"
"They use tambien brass knuckles and big stick!"
"And they shove and push and kick and elbow and pinch the processionists!!"

Raul: "Do they really pinch the processionists?"

Che: "Oh, si, querida! It scares me to death half the time!"

Raul: "I'll protect you, Che."

Raul and Che, hug each other for comfort.

Juanita, come back please!

(JUANITA re-enters warily and takes her seat. She is very tired and her hair and dress are disordered.)

Juanita, say, "He nearly keeled me!"
"But I defended myself with my .32 automatic."
"An I haf three other guns at home."
"Also, a .45 Thompson submachine gun."
"That I stole from one of me hermano's guards when he wasn't looking."
"I will give all these guns to the underground."

Che, kiss Juanita and call her "Laura."

Juanita, call Che, "Toto."

Kiss again.

Che, call Juanita, "Emilia."

Juanita, call Che, "Dodo."

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Kiss again.

Fidel, come back and tell us: "I was born on August 13th."

(FIDEL re-enters calmly smoking his cigar and says his line.)

Juanita, say, "Who are all these blond foreigners who are coming into our country?"

Fidel: "They are friends of ours."

Fidel, laugh evilly.

Juanita, say, "Listen, the G-2 men are trying to frame me."

Che: "Don't worry, Juanita."

• Juanita: "It's a frame-up, I tell you!"

Raul: "No es importante."

Juanita: "It's a frame-up, I tell you!"

Raul, bend over and kiss Juanita and tell her: "I urge you to forget it."

Juanita: "Afeminado!"

Fidel: "Gusana!!"

Juanita: "My phone is tapped!"

Fidel: "I urge you to forget it."

Juanita, say soulfully, "Oh, forgive me, but I am devoted to me hermano's destruction."

Fidel: "Poota!"

Che, tell Juanita, "Tu save, I think that you are really Puerto Rican....."

Juanita: "Maricon!!"

Raul: "Si, and you are doing all this just for the publicity."

Juanita: "But what do I need the publicity for?"

Fidel: "Because you want to become a famous singer and dancer!"

Juanita: "Bien seguro, claro --- I am a great singer and dancer. Olay!"

Now do your act for us, Juanita.

(JUANITA gets up and sings while dancing to little Latin steps:)

Olay! Olay! Olay! OH! lay!
 Soy contra la revolucion
 Y si muerta manana
 No es importante
 Porque, porque
 Soy contra la revolucion!

Olay! Olay! Olay! Oh! lay me!

Adios me patria!
 Saluto Mexico!
 Gringos americanos!
 Girons todos!
 Girons, girons todos, excepto meo!

Olay! Olay! Olay! Oh! lay!

(JUANITA dances with CHE and finishes by smacking FIDEL's face.

Then JUANITA dances with RAUL and finishes by smacking FIDEL's face again. Then the entire group joins in the dance and fist-fight.

Finally, JUANITA dances alone, wildly, magnificently, and when she is finished, she comes forward to the camera and says:)

"Good bye, Adios! my lovely audience!!
 I love you all! I love you all!
 Adios! Adios! Adios! Adios! Adios!

C U R T A I N .