

THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL

“THE BIGGEST GROSSER SINCE THE WORD GROSS” – A Tribute to The Notes

Notes. Songs are full of them. And words. And notes. And other things. The songs of THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL are especially full of them. And it. Does anybody have a clew what we are talking about here? I don't. But then again I do. We're talking about THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL -- its songs, its humor, its comedy, and its notes. But not necessarily in that order. (That's redro spelled backwards.) Talking of notes we'd better buckle down Winsocki and get these here notes done, otherwise she of the Evil Eye will have a thing or two to say about it. Where was I? Oh yes, the notes. When Bruce Kimmel (that's Lemmik spelled backwards) was but a wee sprig of a twig of a lad, he wrote some notes--many of them--some even on paper--and he arranged them in all kinds of ways; some went up, some went down, some went along in kind of a straight line, but each and every one of them could be adequately described as notes (that's seton spelled backwards). When he had finished writing reams of notes he ended up with something called THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL. A musical that was full of nudies, and on top of that it was the first of its kind. Have I mentioned that THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL was the first nudie musical? Well it was, and to celebrate that, we have released THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL on a device known as a Blu and Ray, also known as a Ray and Blu (that's Ulb and Yar spelled backwards), and this device will contain all the notes that were in the actual film, and those very same notes will be appearing on a CD--this CD--the one you have in your hands right now, for which these notes are being written, which of course are very different notes from all the notes that are in the film. Confused? I am.

Have I mentioned that THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL was the first nudie musical? Well it was. Since the dawn of time many things have come along before other things and those things are said to have come first. That's just the way it is and one of those things that came along first was THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL. Before THE FIRST

NUDIE MUSICAL appeared, though, there were notes, thousands of them, and in various and sundried orders (that's sredro spelled backwards), and when all the multifarious notes had been writ, then there was THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL (a nudie musical that pre-dated all other nudie musicals.) Those thousands of notes (later to manifest themselves as something called THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL), were split up into great big, arbitrary chunks of fish, also known as songs. Songs are comprised of notes and words, and words and notes. For example, if a particular song is three minutes long, the notes and words begin at the beginning and end around the three minute mark. If they didn't end at the three minute point the song would be longer than three minutes, and would contain considerably more notes. What in tarnation am I talking about? Well it's simple, and I'll get straight to it without further ado. (What's ado? Whoever uses a word like that?) THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL is a musical, and as such, it must contain songs. Them is just the rules. And as Bruce Kimmel always follows the rules he had to write some songs and in these songs he had to put notes. And words. But most particularly notes. As many of them as he could lay hands on, and when you are Bruce Kimmel on that kind of mission you go to work. And how. His search began on a Monday in his sock drawer (a space for notes that might come in handy one day), and didn't end until the Friday, whereupon Kimmel had looked high and low, and hither and thither, his hunt for notes bordered on derangement, but that didn't matter a whit (a whit?) to Kimmel who needed notes--a veritable bundle of notes, a bushel of notes, a cartload of notes, a boatload of notes. On the fifth day (one day ahead of God in the quest to have the FIRST nudie musical), Kimmel rested, and studied the notes. They were all over the place. Some notes, in an effort to not be converted into something called THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL, had wriggled and squiggled their way into nooks and cranies, making their escape, but BK was relentless. Not a one got away. Squealing and shrieking, they were stuffed willy nilly into sacks--huge bulging sacks, of notes, and then dragged by a panting and demonic

Kimmel into the music room to be emptied into his patient and waiting piano. In they poured, a veritable tsunami of notes, a tidal wave of notes, and verily I say unto you that those notes did pour forth, and Kimmel ripped them asunder, and tore at their raiments while simultaneously pounding his keys and tickling his ivories.

And on the Sunday there were songs. A lot of songs (well at least the ones that are on this CD), and those songs did sing their notes, and also their words (for songs contain both notes and words, otherwise they are just known as tunes), and Ecurb Lemmik (that's Bruce Kimmel spelled backwards) rejoiced in the notes. All the notes. For not even the smallest and most inconsequential note was either too small or inconsequential to not be a part of something called THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL. And the notes spoke of many things. Pondered some of Humanity's oddities. Got into dodgy areas, touched on things that notes usually keep to themselves, like Orgasms, Lesbians, Butch Dykes, Dancing Dildos, Perversions (in all their various and sundried forms), and in addition to all that, asked the essential, existential question--Where is a Man? And as if this wasn't enough--the stark, soul-searching excavation of Man's hidden desires--Kimmel added another ingredient to his notes. A shocking development that took his detractors (those jealous of this crazed enfant terrible), completely by surprise. The magical extra? Comedy. In a stroke of genius, what could have been mistakenly construed as a musty Freudian thesis on depravity, THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL was transformed into a little thing we like to call entertainment, aka a chucklefest that all the naysayers could just shove up their keesters. Refusing to pander (lesser auteurs would have titled their project THE FIRST HILARIOUSLY FUNNY NUDIE MUSICAL), BK knew that the best plan would be to allow folk to just "discover" that THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL had laughs, and not simply tell them beforehand.

Did it work? Like a charm--like a bat-mitzvah in the Catskills with Mal Z. Lawrence as the officiating rabbi. And those songs, those

notes. Did you ever? There's the "Overture." This isn't all that funny, because firstly there are no words (which makes it a tune), and if you are just listening to the CD and not watching the Blu and Ray, you don't have a clue what is going on. But soon there are laughs—all kinds of laughs—little titters, coy chuckles, full-throated guffaws, and falling-in-the aisles laughs as the songs (and all their inherent notes) come raining down. Stephen Nathan croons the title bit, then Leslie Ackerman belts out the ingenue's set-piece "The Lights and The Smiles" (it isn't really Leslie Ackerman singing but another actress, Annette O'Toole, but when you are watching the Blu and Ray you are seeing Leslie Ackerman so you think it's her). After that some other people come in and they're funny—they pretend to have orgasms ("Orgasm"), and somebody says something about lesbians and dykes ("Lesbian, Butch, Dyke"), still others pretend to be dildos ("Dancing Dildos"), and other characters talk about eating cake, which I gather is a taboo sex-thing ("Let Them Eat Cake"). Ecurb Lemmik (Bruce Kimmel spelled backwards) offers the coup-de-grace, though. At the end of THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL when there are words coming down the screen, he sings a song himself, although it's not very funny. In fact, it's plaintive, wistful, whimsical, sad. "I Don't Have to Hide Anymore," he laments, which roughly translated, means he doesn't have to hide anymore. But from what? Enlightened audience members turn to each other and nod sagely. Notes. He doesn't have to hide from the notes. Not any more. He is their master. They are his slave. The notes know, you know. The CD plays out with some delightful tunes (songs without words) based on the hilariously funny ditties from THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL, as interpreted and performed by Grant Geissman. (They were recorded and arranged after THE FIRST NUDIE MUSICAL was invented. They did not come before. In other words they were not first.)

And so these notes shall end. (Not the notes in the movie, but these here notes.) These notes have ended. These are done. These notes are no more (that's erom on spelled backwards.)

— Kcin Namder

Since my close personal friend, Mr. Kcin Namder (Nick Redman, spelled backwards) wrote his notes in the style of my notes, my notes will now have to be in the style of his notes.

Directed by Sam Peckinpah, *The First Nudie Musical* is a blood-soaked, elegiac tone poem of violence and poetry... No, that doesn't work, does it? Back to my style: I've written more than I ever care to write about *The First Nudie Musical*. For an in-depth look at every conceivable detail about the making of the film, I refer you to my memoir, *There's Mel, There's Woody, and There's You – My Life In The Slow Lane* (available at www.kritzerland.com and all online bookstores). I was twenty-seven when we made the film. We had a blast. We were like kids in a candy store. I used a lot of my Los Angeles City College theatre chums – Cindy Williams, Diana Canova, the late Kathy Hietala, Debbie Shapiro (now Gravitte), Alan Abelew, and many of the supporting players. We shot the film in eighteen days on a budget of \$150,000, in 35mm. The previews were amazing – we previewed in Westwood with Woody Allen's then new film *Love and Death* and got more laughs. Paramount bought the film. They felt that seven minutes in the middle of the film lagged and didn't get laughs (in the days when you had to get laughs in a comedy every two or three minutes) – they gave me \$75,000 and told me I could shoot whatever I wanted as long as it was funny. Thus was born "Dancing Dildos," shot five months after the wrap of principal photography.

The film was released (barely) by Paramount, who suddenly discovered that the star of *The First Nudie Musical* had just premiered in a new TV show called *Laverne and Shirley*, a family-hour smash. Much drama ensued. The film was snuck into towns all over the country because contractually it had to be released in a certain number of theaters in a certain number of theaters. It wasn't shown to critics – so critics paid and, for the most part, wrote love-letter reviews. Oops. A year later we bought the film back and gave it to a new distributor in New York. They turned it into a cult hit. It played exclusively in New York for over fourteen weeks, and the week it went into wide release it was the fourth highest-grossing film in the country, right under *Star Wars* and *The Spy Who Loved Me*. It was

one of the first cable hits, shown constantly all through the 1980s. And somehow, it has developed a very loyal and loving following. Whatever the film's strengths and weaknesses may be, I think the fun we were having practically jumps off the screen. A best-selling DVD was released in 2002 and a new digital restoration of the film was done for Blu-ray, which is being released concurrently with this CD.

The soundtrack to *The First Nudie Musical* has had a lot of releases. There were three on LP – the first two were privately pressed, the first for the Paramount release, the second for the second release, and the third was Varese Sarabande's very first soundtrack release! Varese did a CD release (on their sub-label Colossal) on an album called *The Music Of Bruce Kimmel* (which had a lot of other stuff on it), and we did a release that was included with the first 1000 copies of the DVD – that included the Grant Geissman instrumentals from Nick Redman's documentary about the making of the film. So, this is actually the first standalone CD release. In addition to everything that was on the CD that was included with the DVD we've added the original orchestra tracks for six of the film's songs, just so you can sing-along if you feel like it.

— Bruce Kimmel