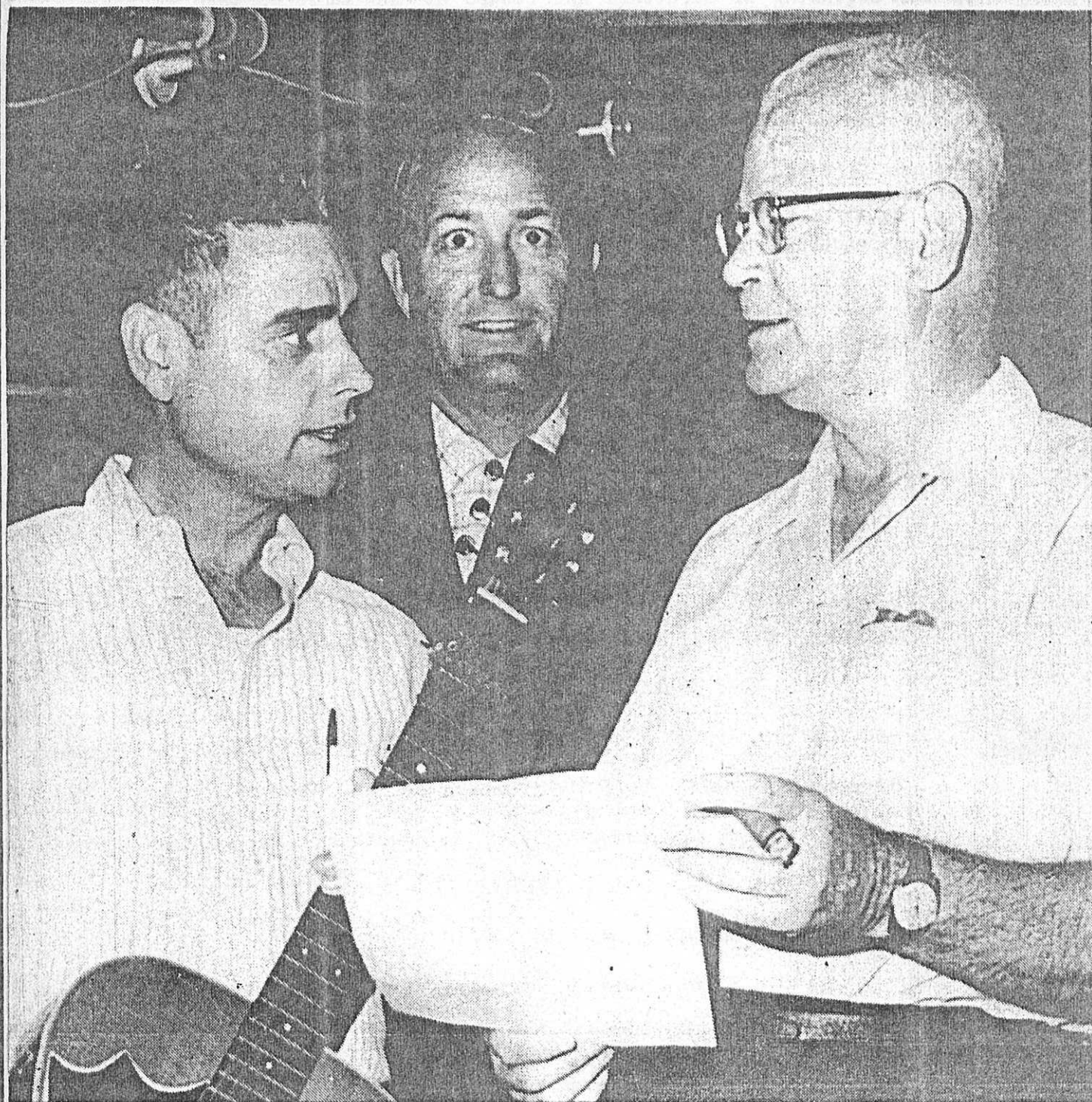


WINTER

£1



**LEAVING
THE EIGHTIES**

In the beginning we scratched and clawed at the surface, then we dug deeper, eventually discovering various wondrous artiseams, since we started this magazine we have been trying to pass some of this excitement on to you. But time is a vicious old banana and the 1980's are nearly over. Next Spring will see our final edition and then pffut: disappearance! During the 'Thatcher Years' imagination, genuine creativity and art have been mocked (or turned towards purely commercial ends), anybody with a soul knows that this tends to defeat the purpose. Sure enough the 'Working-Class Fascism' (in alliance with its bourgeois collaborators) that has dominated Britain for the last ten years will soon vanish, let us merely hope that the replacement understands the meaning of the word 'tolerance'. Happy New Year

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FWMURNAU

Although Murnau (1889-1931) is the most generally admired film-maker in the entire silent period, along with Griffith and Eisenstein, he is probably also the least closely examined. It is as though mere recognition of his importance were enough, and made any further scrutiny unnecessary. At best, thematic forays establish the continuity of his work in Germany and Hollywood; beyond the contingencies, relegated to secondary importance, and beyond any disparities in skill, genres and styles, the same obsessional chain is traced from *Der Gang in die Nacht* (1920) to *Tabu* (1931). Where form is mentioned, it is to credit Murnau (in contrast to Griffith, Eisenstein or Stroheim, whose overall approach is more readily perceived) with qualities that are, if not contradictory, at least divergent and never systematic, and for which he is readily praised. Discussion of *Nosferatu* (1922) involves appraisal of *Stimmung* and plastic effects; of *Der Letzte Mann* (*The Last Laugh*, 1924), the



The 'Mighty' Murnau.

triumphant mobility of the camera, the acme of *Kammerspiel* perfection, the elimination of all titles; of *Tartuff* (*Tartuffe*, 1925), as a rule, what to say is something of a puzzlement; in *Faust* (1926), the painterly compositions are singled out, and the film-maker's culture; in *Sunrise* (1927), the dramaturgy; in *Tabu*, the transposition/transcendence of Expressionism and its tenets, that dazzling natural light in which half-naked bodies disport themselves.

Constantly recurring, however, are two points: Murnau's *oeuvre* emerges as both manifest (no one doubts its historical importance or - and the vacuous term is employed here with polemic intent - its beauty) and mysterious. Few positive reasons, one may say, are adduced in support of this manifest quality and this beauty.

So there remains the mystery. First of all in the taste for mystery revealed by the films themselves (*Nosferatu*) and remaining marked throughout his work. Then in the difficulty immediately apparent, once this has been said, of tracing any unity here other than a crudely and superficially thematic one (the Poet of Mortality, and suchlike evasions). Mysterious in its divergences, with *Nosferatu* and *The Last Laugh* as the two poles, rather too casually labelled 'fantastic' and 'realistic'. Mysterious, above all, in its constant and probably strategic refusal to let itself be defined by any particular aesthetic dogma - Expressionism, *Kammerspiel*, Realism - though borrowing from each in turn in its original integrity, each time in a manner that is entirely irreducible, or at any rate proof against schematization.

About Murnau's name, too, hangs a sort of legend, carefully nurtured, and to some extent sustained by the gaps extant in his work today: of the twenty-one films Murnau made in the ten years between 1919 and 1929, nine (including his first six films) remain unknown quantities today, while *Der brennende Acker* (1922) survives only in a fragmentary, much deteriorated print. And one of the American films, *City Girl* (1930), was mutilated by its producer.

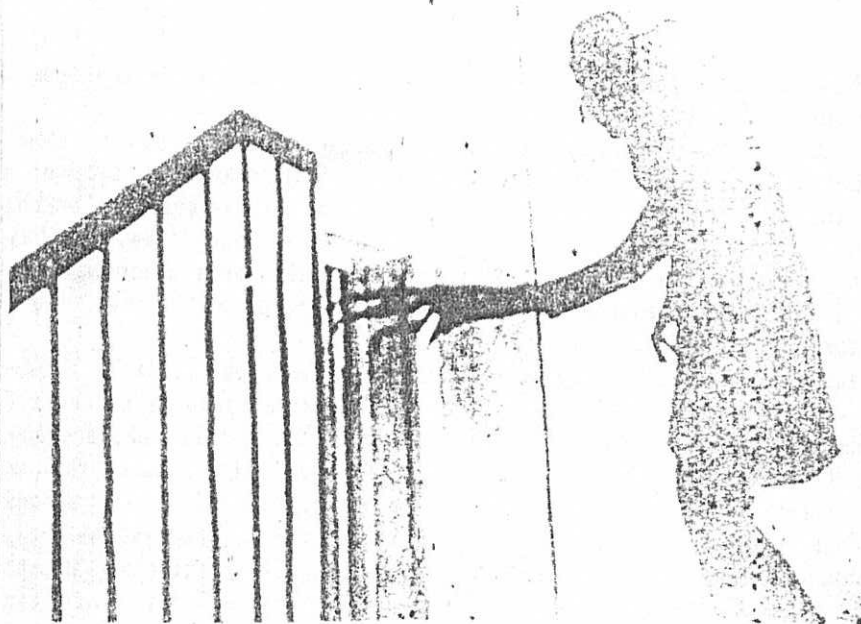
The details of Murnau's life (assembled by Lotte H Eisner in her invaluable book) add considerably to the perplexities aroused by the missing films, and much play is made of enigmatic and unspeakable hints, of anything attesting to parallels, or indeed a fusion, between the man and his work, which may thus be considered as the ghostly reflection of an anguished and unhealthy subjectivity, aristocratic and languishing in exile: 'I am at home nowhere, in no house and in no country.' (Letter written to his mother from Tahiti, quoted in *Murnau* by Lotte H Eisner, 1973).

Murnau's brother relates that he was struck by the revelation that during the seventeenth century two of his ancestors had been burned as witches. Et cetera. Anecdotes like this are eagerly seized upon, uncritically, in most critical studies.

Duly accorded undue prominence, a number of factors tend to make of Murnau's life a heady fiction, and of his films that fiction's fallout. Murnau's sudden death, for instance, in an automobile accident in California that has never really been explained, supposedly happened shortly after he ignored all warnings and defied Tahitian taboo by moving some sacred stones in the spot where he was building a set. To find critics subscribing to superstition like this may well seem surprising; it is in fact a symptom of manifest critical impotence, an anecdotal substitute. One cannot for a moment imagine that the people reporting stories like this are taken in by them, but it doubtless suits them to thicken the positive mystery seemingly inherent in Murnau's films by adding a biographical mystery; a comforting move, all things considered, in that, obviating any need for mediation, it painlessly transforms Murnau into one of his own characters, sharing something of Hutter, something of Faust, something of Matahi (in other words: foolhardy venturer, stealer of fire, Romantic Artist).

Once started on this track, other enigmas spread as though by contagion. There was, for instance, the somewhat shopworn mystery of who played *Nosferatu*. That fantastic make-up supposedly masked the features of an unidentified actor, of Murnau himself, or indeed of *Nosferatu* in person. Max Schreck really did exist, however, and Lotte Eisner notes that he played one of the conspirators in another Murnau film, *Die Finanzen des Grossherzogs* (1923).

Against such fantasies, as well as against facile criticism reducing the films to their thematic concerns, must be set a consideration of Murnau's real importance in the history of forms. Also, if such a thing is possible, of the articulation of these forms with an ideology



(rather than a thematic) steeped in metaphysics and culturally over-determined. And finally, of Murnau's role in laying the foundations for a certain number of codes which, before the arrival of sound (but preparing for that moment), he more than any other film-maker helped to establish.

More generally, his status as a pioneer must be examined. When Murnau made his first films in 1919, it was under the impact of *The Cabinet of Dr Caligari*, a turning point in cinema whose fundamental role should not be underestimated: the rehabilitation of a certain archaism in the use of frontal camera and flat perspectives (Melies, the primitives), but by way of an extremely sophisticated theoretical deviation, which re-established contact with the old theatrical sources only the better to reject a certain realism which was then thought to go essentially hand-in-glove with the motion picture camera, that 'machine for recording life', as Louis Delluc described it. On the contrary, as Kasimir Edschmid, one of the leading Expressionist theorists, peremptorily asserted, one must combat 'the bourgeois decalcomania of naturalism with its mania for recording mere facts, and its paltry aim of photographing nature or daily life. The world is there for all to see; it would be absurd to reproduce it purely and simply as it is.' (Quoted by Lotte H Eisner in *The Haunted Screen*.)

But this influence is balanced by another, contradictory, one: the influence of the Swedish cinema - Sjoström, and above all Stiller - with its photogenic locations and brilliant natural luminosity. With Sjoström's *The Outlaw and His Wife* (1918) a 'masterly' new character was universally hailed: the landscape.

Murnau never really opted firmly for one or other of these aesthetic approaches, with the result that in his art a constant equilibrium is maintained between stylization and transparency, abstraction and incarnation. (The coexistence of Expressionist elements - the acting and make-up of Max Schreck and Alexander Granach as Renfield - and their reverse in the natural landscapes is particularly marked in *Nosferatu*. And of course the audacious admixture has a good deal to do with the film's still unimpaired poetic effect.)

For Murnau, the problem probably never presented itself, consciously or otherwise, in quite these textbook terms. Stills of him at work show him wearing a white overall, looking through the viewfinder, examining a set, giving some stage direction. Not the grey workman's overall affected by Feuillade, but the white overall of a surgeon, an engineer, a chemist. Laboratory, factory or work-bench, the cinema was then testing its materials, searching dimly for the laws governing them. How did Murnau, for his part, explore the possibilities he did more than simply envisage? First, by considering each film, separately, as an arena for formal experiment. Knowing, sensing that a film is a complex formal network, composite and polyphonic, Murnau rarely set out to explore isolated formal elements (as he did with the

process shots in *Phantom*, and as the French avant-garde often did), but rather the foundation assumed by each element within the architecture of the whole.

In attempting to support the foregoing statements (and to be more specific about Murnau's contribution in various areas), I must undertake the rather thankless task of basing my analyses on prints that are sometimes suspect, while only too well aware of the contingencies and hazards that this involves. I shall concentrate chiefly on four films, in that the very differences between them pave the way for certain critical arguments which make no claim to be exhaustive, merely to draw attention to what seem to me to be key points. The four films are *Nosferatu*, *Tartuff*, *Faust* and *Sunrise*.

Despite the very real merits of *Der Gang in die Nacht*, and more particularly *Schloss Vogelöd* (1921), *Nosferatu, eine Symphonie des Grauens* is rightly considered to be Murnau's first work of maturity and one of his (or indeed the cinema's) least contestable masterpieces. As for *Sunrise*, made only five years later, it is generally agreed to be a summation, a point of perfection in the silent cinema and in Murnau's achievement. I shall try to demonstrate the justification for this point of view, and also how it may be taken as equivocal praise.

To begin with I shall be dealing chiefly with formal space, construction and dramaturgy, and then proceeding to a brief thematic recapitulation, since I feel that this can only be productive once the main lines of Murnau's concrete approach to the materials to be organised have been noted.

So in 1922 Murnau made *Nosferatu*, this was the year of *Dr Mabuse, der Spieler* (Lang), *La Femme de nulle part* (Delluc), *Orphans of the Storm* (Griffith), *Nanook of the North* (Flaherty). It was also the year of the first *Kino Pravda* (Dziga Vertov) - but there begins another story with different consequences.

Nosferatu was of course an adaptation of Bram Stoker's *Dracula* by Henrik Galeen (who himself directed a very fine version of *The Student of Prague* in 1926). For reasons of copyright, the names of the leading characters in the novel were changed; Jonathan Harker thus became Hutter; his wife Ellen, Nina; the vampire's associate Renfield, Knock; and Dracula himself became Count Orlock. (Since recent prints have restored the original names, for the sake of convenience I shall also use them here.) The adaptation is extremely ingenious in its pruning and alterations; and Murnau's own copy of the script, published in Lotte Eisner's book, reveals the active role he played in this transformation of the novel. What matters, however, is not the problem of adaptation, but the possibilities this literary material held for Murnau; this epistolary novel, predicated upon shifting



FWM by Richter.

viewpoints, incorporating a great deal of complementary material (diaries, press cuttings, ship's log, telegrams, etc.), justified a fragmentation of the univocal, linear narrative, and the construction, instead of an imaginary space composed of intersections, collisions, analogies, repulsions which Murnau organised, with a skill even now unsurpassed, into a visual and narrative architecture that still astonishes.

These changes of viewpoint therefore support a formal single-voiced narrative, based on the articulation of extremely complex parallel montages. For this multiple narrative cannot be attributed either to an invisible narrator organising the sequence of events from beginning to end, or to the 'subjectivity' of one of the characters involved in the story; on the contrary, it establishes itself in the 'spaces', the ellipses, the gaps between events brought into association with each other, events which compare or contrast a whole series of movements, attitudes, visual rhymes. At a time when specific orientation codes (eyeline matches, matching screen direction, continuity in movement and lighting) were established to support a 'flowing', 'realistic' texture, Murnau was undoubtedly one of the first to use this texture while at the same time perverting it to ensure a screen space no longer reassuring in its settled landmarks, but an imaginary (dynamic) space composed of modifications, metamorphoses, subsidences. The screen space here is a space with several 'inputs':

- narrative space (organising the chain of events and its relay system of scenes);
- formal space (figuration and architecture of each shot, determining the set-up and movement within the frame);
- and lastly, imaginary space, produced by the circulation of signs within the narrative/ formal movement, and their implications; an imaginary space not reducible to the simple sum of its components, or simply to the successful management of some purely 'illustrative' technique; we are, I repeat, a long way from the usual problems of adaptation, of fidelity, etc.

The first impulse to this narrative movement comes from the chronicle of the Great Death by the Bremen historian Johann Cavalus which accompanies the opening images and the first titles ('Nosferatu! The very name freezes my blood! Was it he who brought the plague to Bremen in 1838?' Then, 'I have long sought the causes of that terrible epidemic, and behind both its beginning and its end I have found the innocent figures of Jonathan Harker and his young wife, Ellen'). But very soon the titles, whether carrying dialogue or resuming the action, or indeed anticipating events (for instance the line so disturbing to Surrealist sensibilities at the time; 'And when he reached the other side of the bridge, the phantoms came to meet him'), begin to function with true autonomy in relation to this 'indirect' chronicle. Later, the *Book of Vampires* glanced at by Jonathan and then feverishly read by Ellen once again centres the fiction on a text; a text which reveals the law governing the narrative even as it unfolds, the law which presides over the destinies of the characters (Jonathan is sceptical, but Ellen follows the Book's direction to the letter) and suggests how the tragedy may be ended. Other graphic elements take over the relay, circulating from character to character or gathering information, amplifying it, disseminating it: Jonathan's letters to Ellen ('I have had some terrible dreams, but they were only dreams ...'); the press cutting that tells Renfield of the plague epidemic and the imminent arrival of his Master; the log kept by the captain of the *Demeter* and found on board after his death ('We have passed Gibraltar, Panic on board, Three men are dead, The first mate has lost his reason, There are rats in the hold, PLAGUE? ...').

Like a reducing gear, this system of graphic relays articulates sequences of images or events, engaging the potential narrative movement in often unexpected or intriguing ways. One axis, for instance, is the bestiary prosaically introduced by the kitten Ellen plays with on her balcony at the very beginning of the film, and which produces in turn a hyena, terrified horses, the flies and the spider in Renfield's cell, rats, the carnivorous plant and the polyp, and the cock that finally banishes the night and its parade of terrors.

There is the metaphysical axis, which of course reaches its peak in Professor Van Helsing's lecture at the very heart of the film, an 'aberrant' (non-narrative) episode whose function is to extend the principle of vampirism to the entire universe, first through a vegetable

example, then an animal one. So while *Nosferatu* is aboard the *Daweter* on his way to Bremen, Harker is delirious in a hospital bed ('Coffins ... coffins filled with earth'), Renfield in his cell is eating flies ('Blood ... blood!') and attacks his warder, and Ellen remains frozen in highly romantic poses of anxious expectation ('Often Ellen was to be seen, alone on the dunes, watching the horizon, awaiting her husband's return'), Professor Van Helsing instructs his pupils in the secrets of nature. He tells them of (and shows them; a veritable 'collage' anticipating the celebrated inserts in *L'Age d'Or* and *Land Without Bread*) the existence of a carnivorous plant, 'vampire of the vegetable kingdom', then a polyp, 'translucent, without substance, almost like a phantom'. The narrative movement here, amplified, counterpointed for five voices, provides perhaps the most disturbing moments in the film.

Also gearing down the 'fluidity' of the narration, the series of process shots directly challenges the documentary nature of the images (in a way quite different from both *Caligari* and French avant-garde films like *El Dorado* or *Coeur Fidèle*): the passage projected in negative during the drive through the forest in the Count's carriage, where formal values are reversed in appearance; the speeded-up motion for the careering carriage, or for the scene as the Count prepares to leave the castle and feverishly piles up earth-filled coffins before climbing into the topmost one; and finally the various appearances and disappearances of the Vampire, either superimposed or vanishing through walls; all of them enrolling the Imaginary in support of its representation.

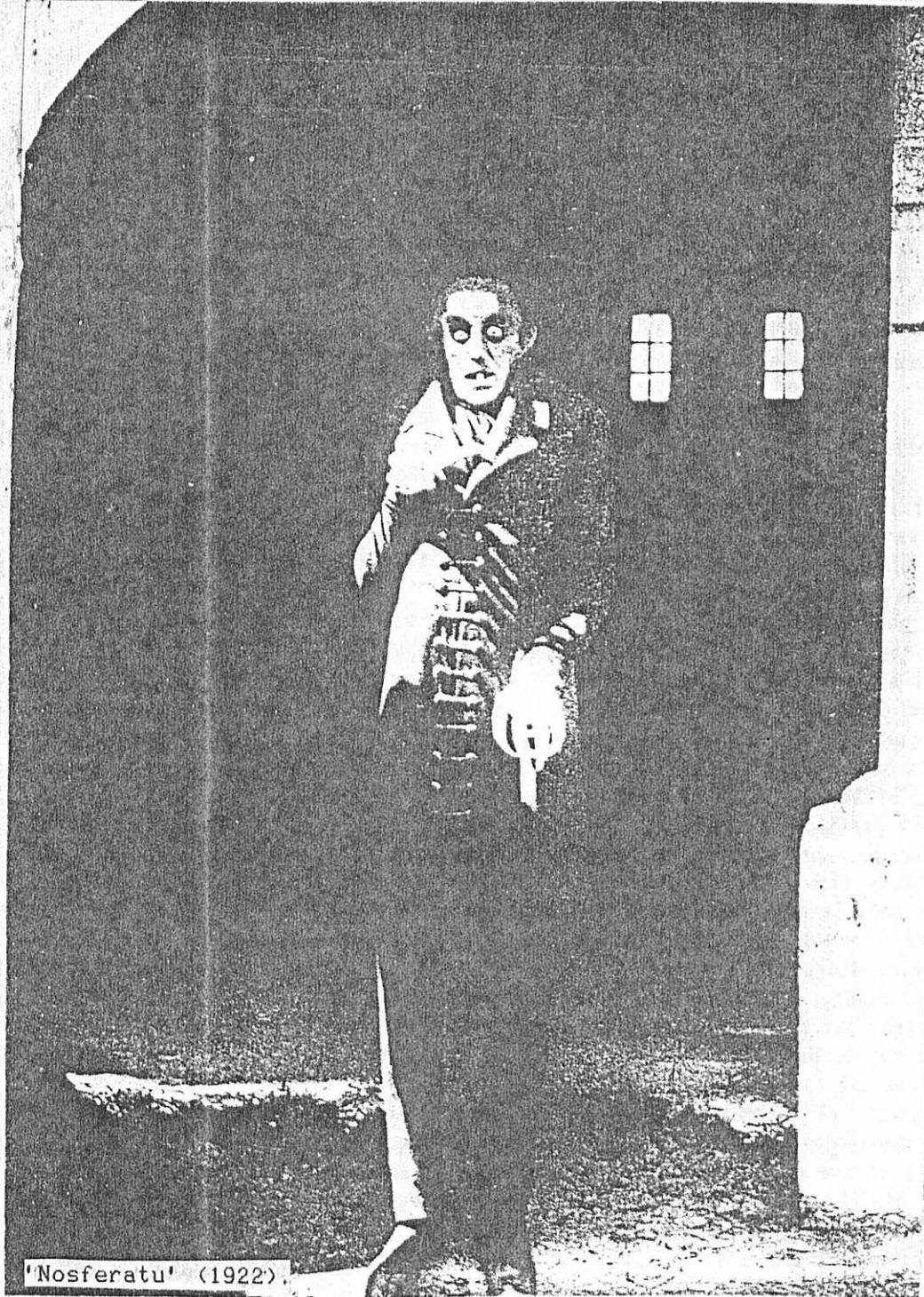
These are only some of the parameters whereby the dramaturgy of *Nosferatu* remains so effective today. Suffice it to say that such mastery in the organisation of narrative signs, forms and techniques was unrivalled in 1922.

This diversification in the narrative relays (and graphic signals), this many-voiced narrative based on varied series of appurtenances (metaphors, process shots, etc.), is also supported by a cellular conception of the shot. Murnau was one of the first systematically to consider the shot - described as a 'tableau' by the early cameramen, and by their descendant Franju as 'a glass to be filled' - as dependent not only on its expressive content and its plastic composition, but as a space negotiable in every way, open to every menace, inviting the most unpredictable courses. Like a stage whose specific (variable) scale induces the precedence of gesture, movement, attitude over plot or decor, Murnau's discoveries on that score in *Nosferatu* were of great importance; here, liberation from the theatre was finally and decisively achieved. After this, instead of imposing its mark on the way scenes were structured, decor would be conceived - or fragmented - in terms of frame composition. (In *Faust*, for instance, the designer Robert Herlth tells us that Faust's study was not conceived as a single room - 'that would be like in the theatre', Murnau said - 'but in accordance with the shots that had been decided on, in four separate parts, built one after the other'. And in *Tartuffe*, 'the hall consisted merely of a wall; its dimensions were suggested by the shape of Jannings walking up and down with his breviary in his hand ...')

What else does this mean but that, in *this* cinema, the notion of *découpage* had taken command? During the 30s, with the arrival of sound, this advance was violently repulsed by the return in force of a shabby, highly regressive theatrical dramaturgy more or less tailored to the reigning fashion.

In most cases, of course, Murnau does not suppress from the scene the reference points which clarify the relationships of the characters to the decor and to each other. Usually (in this anticipating many academic gambits to come) he even takes care to provide a master shot in relation to which the closer shots will pose (in this respect at least) no problems of disorientation. And his construction of each scene even follows, fairly systematically, an almost invariable model: the opening shot shows the decor as a whole; the following, closer shots are a succession of eyeline matches or matching screen directions; the shot ending the scene usually repeats the opening set-up. Murnau even reveals here a very marked taste for symmetry - principles which were to be pushed to extremes in *Tartuffe*.

So it is in his investment of the shot, (in the interplay of camera set-ups and of actors' movements, that Murnau is at his most inventive. Here his efforts take an almost exhaustive



'Nosferatu' (1922)

turn: *Nosferatu* offers a veritable (and dramatically hierarchical) repertory of entries and exits from the frame, of trajectories where the screen space is often explored in extremely unexpected ways. Oblique, diagonal, semi-circular, zigzagging trajectories, coming out of the background or leading into it; retained here, systematically, and applied to different material (to a different aesthetic) is the dynamic lesson of *Caligari*.

Furthermore, it is as though each character in *Nosferatu* had his own rhythm of movement, his own personal (and habitual) way of occupying space, and turning his passage into a tangible trace of joy, terror or menace.

From his first appearance, when he emerges from a dark porchway, the Vampire moves primarily out of or into the background; his silhouette swells or fades away within the frame, disturbingly like an optical illusion; and as the narrative progresses, his presence tends to expand until it contaminates the entire surface of the film. His appropriation of the frame suggests the manoeuvres of some baleful insect, his movements weave spiders' webs between one shot and the next (or within a single shot). For instance, when the captain of the *Demeter*, her sole and terrified survivor, lashes himself to the wheel, suddenly a reverse angle picks

out, against the sky, the ship's mast with its sails and rigging, and the hatchway of the hold. The Vampire appears at the edge of the screen left, slowly describes a semi-circle, and disappears along the right edge of the frame which, because of the angle chosen, he appears to climb.

In contrast to the improprietary structure which has *Nosferatu* at its centre and as its emblem, Harker's movements, feverish or frightened, suggest an instinctive space, fragile and constantly threatened by imbalance. Whether rushing blindly towards Adventure at the beginning ('Wait, young man, you cannot escape destiny by running away,' Professor Van Helsing tells him; and Renfield, 'You will enjoy a marvellous voyage; what matter if it costs you a few drops of sweat ... or even blood'); or whether later succumbing to increasingly specific hallucinatory terrors, Harker is the living token of ambivalence (fear/pleasure) which makes him function as the spectator's imaginary surrogate (identification), and therefore simultaneously as one of the narrative's key motive agents. He is, in a sense, a strictly instrumental character.

All his movements suggest the incarnation of an attraction/repulsion system (attraction /repulsion by the Vampire, or more accurately by what the Vampire represents). So Harker reveals as much tendency to besiege the frame, frequently entering it like a bullet from a gun, as to desert it, often by means of ingenious coverings. One scene reveals this dual attitude particularly clearly, summarising it with perfect symmetry: the discovery of *Nosferatu*'s body in the crypt at the castle. In the master shot of the crypt, Harker appears at the top of the steps, facing camera, crosses down left, and comes to a halt when he sees the coffin, partly masked by the left-hand edge of the frame, his back three-quarters to camera. Then he approaches the coffin quickly (back to camera) and peers down at it. Close-up of *Nosferatu*'s face (tilt shot down) seen through the splintered planks, an eye wide open. The master shot is then repeated; Harker retreats in terror, comes to a halt, then rushes up to the coffin. A continuity cut; Harker suddenly lifts the lid of the coffin, discovering the Vampire lying there with his hands folded on his chest. He retreats again, back three-quarters to camera, again comes to a halt at the left-hand edge of the frame, then retreats backwards (so that he is now facing us) till he crouches down on them, staring at the coffin. Continuity cut to Harker at the foot of the staircase, walking up the stairs backwards until he exits from the frame, upper right.

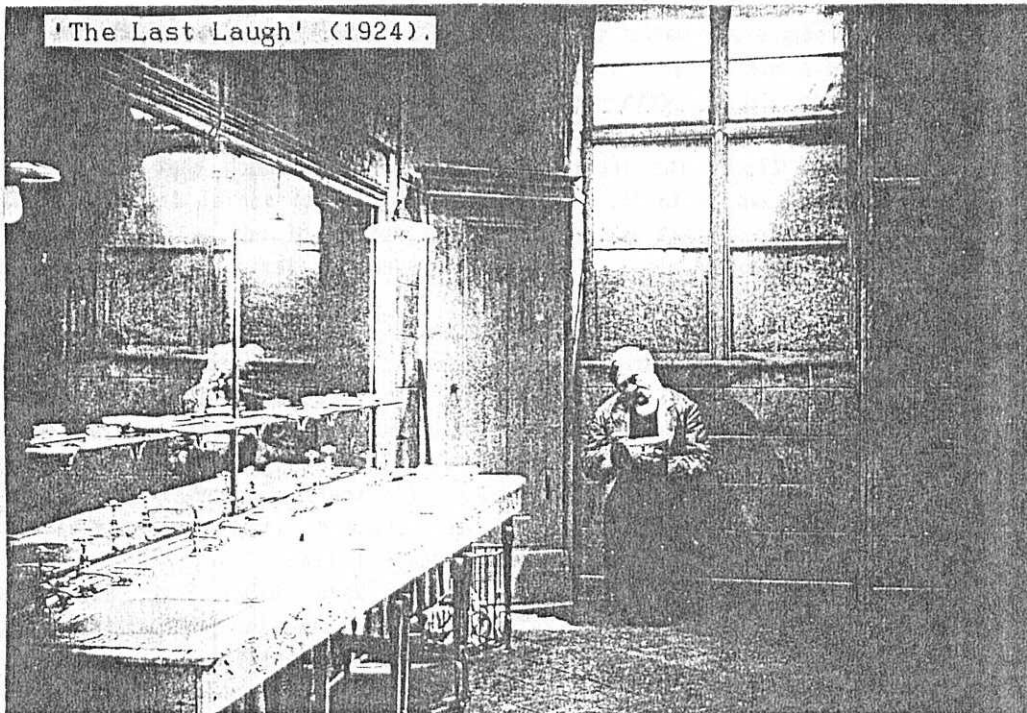
This movement, of diagonals at cross purposes, is like a symbolic reduction of the drama. Another variant appears later when the *Demeter*'s mate goes down into the hold to try to solve the mystery of the epidemic. His terrified flight after discovering the Vampire and his fall backwards off the bridge reiterates the underlying to-and-fro structure on which the aesthetic (the dynamic) of the film is partly based.

The other characters (Ellen, Renfield, etc.) are similarly invested with their individual motivating impulses, conceived in terms of their place in the narrative. For instance, the contortions, convulsive movements and 'gestural explosions' of Alexander Granach (Renfield) derive from a particularly intelligent assimilation of the Expressionist style of which this actor (along with the 'greats' - Jannings, Veidt and Krauss - all three of whom were used by Murnau) was a particularly effective but also moving exponent; because of this, Granach is able to make Renfield's dependence ('primal', 'animal':



sexual) on the Master, whose clownish and pitiful counterpoint he is, credible without recourse to psychological clichés.

But while noting the derivation of these motivating impulses solely from the *logic* of the narrative, I would like to stress the principal factor underlying their organisation. The narrative construction I have outlined, and the visual architecture (already so widely praised that its photogenic qualities need not be repeated here) sustain and are sustained by a particularly innovatory conception of *imaginary* space. What I mean by this is not simply that the film describes a phantasmagoria - which goes without saying - but that it imposes an operational logic which articulates a narrative space-time, then entirely new, in which the signs put into circulation refer back and forth to each other in a circulatory process connected on many levels of the story. An essentially poetic montage is established, comprising multiple attractions and reverberations, fresh networks (networks of the wish, not of the 'real') are woven between the characters beyond the 'realism' of the space autonomous to each scene. What Murnau does here on the scale of the large narrative unit - following Griffith, but using the parallel montage principles of *Intolerance* to less obvious (and less



moralising) effects - is what Eisenstein was to experiment with, using more 'discrete' narrative units, in his equally metaphorical montage, though on different practical and ideological bases (specifically; the criticism and supplanting of the ideological assumptions of Griffith and Lang, if not of Murnau). 'The juxtaposition of two fragments of film looks more like their product than their sum,' Eisenstein wrote in 'Montage 1938'. There is no fragment of *Nosferatu*, entirely devoted to a calculated terror, that does not reach out both backwards and forwards, extracting the substance for some additional turn of the screw and to replenish its poetic energy.

A 'poetic' montage, therefore, supporting - in the wake of Griffith but before Eisenstein, Murnau being in a sense the connecting link - an innovatory notion of attraction, Murnau was probably the first to divert the eyeline match from its 'realistic' function as a liaison in order to articulate a mental or wishful space in this way. An example is the parallel montage between Harker's first night at the Vampire's castle and Ellen's fit of somnambulism at Bremen. While Harker huddles by his bed as the monster approaches towards the left of the frame, *Nosferatu* suddenly and unexpectedly turns to the right, Ellen, according to the (geographical) logic of the narrative, is at this moment in a quite different space; yet when she suddenly gets out of bed and holds out her arms to the left, it is towards ... *Nosferatu*,

Established here, ineluctably and disturbingly, is not only the premonition that warns Ellen of the danger her husband is facing, but also - as the narrative subsequently confirms - one of the keys to the sexual mechanism of the story; Ellen's secret attraction to the Vampire. Later, during another 'troubled night, the suggestion becomes more precise: 'He is coming, I must go to him.' 'He?' Harker or Nosferatu? The title confirms the ambiguity through the deliberate imprecision of the personal pronoun. Here the cinema, using its own specific materials, reveals itself even more than in *Caligari*, which was a forerunner in this area, to be the black ink which traces the dynamic, mutating figures of the unconscious on the dream screen.

Though these are characteristic examples, they have been deliberately isolated; and the overall functioning of the film corresponds to such figures. Similar links connect Renfield to his Master ('The Master is near! ... The Master is here!', then, 'The Master is dead!'), and, if one looks more closely, bind all the characters together within a sweeping metaphorical statement whose emblem is the spider's web.

The genius of Murnau; *Nosferatu* marks the advent of a total cinema in which the plastic, rhythmic and narrative elements are no longer graduated in importance, but in strict interdependence upon each other. With this film the modern cinema was born, and all developments to come, notably those of the Soviet film-makers, became possible.

A few words on *The Last Laugh*. The important point is not so much that the thematic of *Nosferatu* is turned upside down, with the fantastic giving way to social drama, but that the inversion is total, incurring an extreme shift in the notion of movement; movement of the camera (the much-vaunted virtuoso mobility of Karl Freund's camera), movements within the shot.

By courtesy of Jannings, there is now also a monumental way of occupying and dealing with space. There is also a return to novelistic linearity after the complex atomisation of *Nosferatu*. That the influence of Carl Mayer was decisive here is now well enough established to be in little doubt; a remarkable pioneer, he is undoubtedly the only man to have made films by proxy - and what proxies, or at any rate what films: *Caligari*; *Schloss Vogelod*; *The Last Laugh*; *Tartuffe*; *Sunrise* (Murnau); *Hintertreppe* (Jessner); *Scherben*, *Sylvester* (Lupo Pick). And Murnau's sensitivity in his choice of collaborators (script-writers; Mayer, Hans Janowitz, Henrik Galeen, Thea von Harbou; cameramen; Carl Hoffman, Karl Freund, Fritz Arno Wagner, Charles Rosher, Floyd Crosby; designers; Hermann Warm, Albin Grau, Robert Herlth, Walter Rohrig, Rochus Gliese; actors; Conrad Veidt, Werner Krauss, Jannings, Alfred Abel, Lil Dagover, Yvette Guilbert, Janet Gaynor) certainly reveals an acute strategic awareness of the cinema as collective art/personal expression. But the most astonishing thing is the flexibility of the man himself, his disregard for accepted categories, as if all his efforts had tended less towards mining deeper into his own work (towards his brand image, with all that implies of cliché and recurring obsessional patterns; Stroheim, Eisenstein, Welles, Bresson, Jancso, etc.) than to exploring the field of cinema itself with the data available at the time (1920-30) and place (Germany, then America). Murnau's work both completes and pushes beyond these data. Sometimes with a sort of frankly assumed cunning; *The Last Laugh*, a big UFA prestige production, was also a visiting card, a more or less discreet bid for American attention (as Lubitsch had made and Hitchcock was to make later), saying 'see what we can do'.

The Last Laugh contains about 150 shots fewer than *Nosferatu* (which has 540); here the conception of the *decoupage* is radically transformed by modification of the plastic and dramaturgic parameters. Unlike Lang or Lubitsch, film-makers whose work then tended towards systemization, Murnau does not have a style but several, subjected to re-examination with each new film.

Such stylistic variations are intangible proof of a positive determination to experiment, and Murnau was the first to realise the fact that the experiments were primarily formal. Some notes dating from 1923, typed on paper with the Decla-Bioscop letterhead, bear this out: 'What I refer to is the fluid architecture of bodies with blood in their veins moving through mobile space; the interplay of lines rising, falling, disappearing; the encounter of

surfaces, stimulation and its opposite, calm; construction and collapse ... the play of *pure movement*, vigorous and abundant,' (*Murnau* by Lotte H Eisner.)

These lines might have been written by Germaine Dulac. But for Murnau this formal interplay is inseparable from a dramaturgy, even though contradictory elements in that dramaturgy may be given prominence from one film to the next. Thus the swing away from *Nosferatu* is radical in *The Last Laugh*; here everything is centred on Jannings (both as a character in the drama and as a massive physical presence), on the description of a milieu, on the laws of dramatic unity (time, place), on the decisive outcropping of psychology. I have noted the importance of the graphic elements in *Nosferatu*. By suppressing all inter-titles, *The Last Laugh* caused Robert Desnos a good deal of irritation: 'Inter-titles are one of the more pleasing preoccupations of the cinema today. Pleading purity, certain people would like to suppress them.' And: 'Everything that can be projected on the screen is part of cinema, letters just as much as faces.' (*Cinema*, 1966.)



Emil Jannings in 'The Last Laugh' (1924).

But in its intransigence - or arbitrariness - this suppression of titles reveals the provocative taste shared by Murnau and Mayer for adopting stances as productive elements. Murnau may not be a systematic film-maker in the development of his work, but he undoubtedly is within the context of each of his films, foreshadowing the attitude to filmic materials of 'modern' film-makers like Resnais and Oshima.

With *Tartuffe*, perhaps Murnau's masterpiece along with *Nosferatu*, the quest for a controlled, extremely rigorous texture is achieved, based on a very fragmented *decoupage* (over 500 shots), favouring deliberately symmetrical series of shots within each sequence, the regular repetition of identical compositions, a meticulous system of variable shot sizes, and the frequent use of empty frames at the beginning or end of a shot, emphasising a character's entry or exit, and more particularly the space off, which is often where the action is really taking place.

The undertaking here, the venture, was to transpose the original dramaturgy into a visual architecture yielding a sort of essence of pure theatricality; by which I mean that, as in *Nosferatu*, the determining factor is the idea of theatre, but a theatre enacted in each shot, in the sequence of these shots, in the numerous changes of viewpoint that govern them, and in the reiteration of empty frames imposing another stage (imaginary, virtual) either summoned, betokened or rejected by each separate shot. Thus the theatricality entirely banishes any notion of filmed theatre, substituting instead a constantly shifting and changing locus of representation. This is underlined by the very skilful 'placing in abyss' structure comprising the 'contemporary' prologue and epilogue, and the 'seventh-century' story they enclose.

To resume the argument of this double-entry story: an elderly and odious housekeeper is humouring (and slowly poisoning) an old man in the hope of inheriting his money. She keeps away from the house a potential trouble-maker, the old man's nephew, a young actor. The nephew arrives in disguise, however, proposing a home cinematograph show. The film shown is a strange version of *Tartuffe*, and tells how a pious hypocrite, formerly a convict, takes advantage of Orgon's credulity to swindle him and attempt to seduce his wife. Finally unmasked, the crook is thrown out. The epilogue unmasks the female Tartuffe in her turn, opening the foolish old man's eyes.

In general fairly mechanical, this plot serves Murnau as an opportunity to concentrate not on illustration, but on structures. A few of the effects may be noted.

- Method of articulating the two 'stories'. The two 'spectators' (the old man and the housekeeper) are framed full face, expectant, she dwarfing the frail old man with her bulk. The nephew blows out the candle lighting the scene and goes out to the right, moving backwards. Another candle, an enormous one, divides the screen into two equal halves: on the left, the two spectators in the same position as before. On the right, the nephew's face appears in frame. He blows out the second candle. Facing the couple, in the beam from the projector, he pulls the curtain, revealing the screen: empty white frame. A hand then enters the screen, lighting candlesticks. A match cut shows the candlesticks in front of a mirror, Elmire lighting the candles, then pausing in her toilette for a moment before turning round joyfully; the young wife awaiting Orgon's return. The connection at the end is achieved more abruptly by the blank screen again, then the nephew's entry into frame to address the spectators and draw the anticipated moral of the story.

This use of the (blank) screen as a base for the central fable has a distinctly modern look about it today, especially as other signs are addressed - directly - to the real audience; for instance when the nephew, the first time he is thrown out of the house, walks to camera (the edge of the stage, as it seems) to announce his intention of seeing justice done. An interchange is set up between theatricality and projection. Whether the transition is established by substitution (the candles in the prologue/the candlesticks in Elmire's room) or by rupture (the blank screen), the accent is on the methods of articulation; the articulation of a discontinuous chain (prologue/story) or Chinese box narrative. What Murnau had realised was that the discontinuous nature of cinematic material meant that the dramaturgy must be entirely subjected to this basic discontinuity, and not vice versa.

Subjected, but not discarded, Murnau's contribution is crucial in achieving this submission, in the modification of the narrative substance by the edges of the frame and by the shifting camera view-point. The method of articulating the two stories is thus only a particular example of the general articulation of filmic narrative.

- The empty frames. That the shot is the mother cell, the discrete unit from which dynamic space is assembled, modified, intensified, has already been suggested in connection with *Nosferatu*. In *Tartuffe*, this idea becomes a strategic basis for the formal mechanism, notably in the persistent use of the empty frame: a suspension of the scene, interrupting the drama, or despatching it either beyond or this side of the screen and inscribing it within an absence (and elsewhere) that functions quite differently from representation. A dramatic gain, undoubtedly; but also, and more importantly, the integration into cinematography of an expressive register reinvented by its importation from the theatrical stage to the fragmented scene of film-making; assuming a rhythmic, punctuating, respiratory, plastic function. Affirming the palpable importance of the signifier in the process of aesthetic and imaginative conquest.

It is in the second shot of the film (the shrewish housekeeper waking up) that a principle is established which is subjected to variations and used to very different ends throughout the film. The housekeeper gets up. She walks forward, then goes out of frame. Empty frame. Then just the arm reappears to reach for a jacket.

A demonstration, discreet at first but none the less compelling, that no matter how anodyne or how empty of emotion, no matter how little charged with interesting or exciting occurrences, a composition can suddenly be reinvested once its theme is apparently exhausted; here again in non-fantastic territory, is the effect of surprise or menace which in *Nosferatu* might have seemed occasioned by the fact that the main purpose of the exercise was the bizarre. Involved here is the idea of the filmic event itself. The event is what appears in frame, emerging to occupy a space with marked boundaries, irrespective of its intrinsic dramaturgic value, since its value is in fact given to it by the frame (and the camera axis and the relationships between frames).

In general, however, the empty frames in the prologue serve mostly to provide a rhythm, a pulsation, transforming *temps morts* or necessary transitions like the actors' exits and entrances into more or less unpredictable micro-events.

With the *Tartuffe* story this conception is maintained to a point where it becomes one of the stylistic features of the film. But other, more urgent uses of this device make it more of an essential trait. For instance during Elmire's sobering reunion with Orgon. The setting is the top of the staircase with the vast curving banister whose dark arabesque is used for a number of visual effects. Above, to the left, is the door of Orgon's room. Elmire runs up towards her husband's room, opens the door and disappears inside. The frame remains empty for some seconds, long enough for one to feel uncomfortable, almost irritated. Finally the door reopens, Elmire reappears, upset, closes the door by letting her whole body sag against it, remains motionless for a moment, then with her back to camera slowly moves to the stairs.

So perfect are the composition, tempo and expressive quality here that this shot has the relative autonomy of a sequence. Elmire's movement, eager and graceful at first, then slow and heavy, a two-way traffic of unequal speeds and densities enclosing a dramatic expanse of suspension, of emptiness between the opening and closing of a door, retains intact its emotional power and its modernity. Furthermore, the same tactic is used elsewhere to different effect, becoming frankly comic instead of tragic. This time *Tartuffe* is standing in front of a table laden with food, facing the camera. In the background, on a slightly lower level, can be seen the dome of a summerhouse in the garden. Seated on the right in the foreground, Orgon gestures to his mentor and confessor to be seated. With an air of irritation *Tartuffe* declines the invitation, and after sticking his nose into his breviary, walks away with his back to camera (descending towards the lower edge of the frame; a few steps, one imagines, lead down to the garden). Orgon immediately follows the reverend gentleman, though not without first producing his own breviary. One behind the other, identical automata, they go off left. Empty frame. Then *Tartuffe* reappears from the left in

profile, nose in breviary and still followed of course by his faithful shadow. Both cross the screen laterally, and go off right. Another empty frame, then the same manoeuvre in reverse, until Tartuffe goes off right. As in the previous example, the empty frame takes all its weight from the contrasting movements, but functions as a gag (a token of comedy) rather than augmenting the pathos. Murnau excels in these ruptures in tone, all the more effective in that they derive from identical figures, though they are rarely used univocally.

- Constructions. Some of the construction methods used in *Tartuffe* are demonstrated by the scene - one among several - in which Elmire lays a trap for Tartuffe by inviting him to an intimate collation at which Orgon is to be present hidden behind the curtains.

Relatively simple in its dramatic intent, the sequence describes the stages of an unsuccessful plot imagined by the innocent girl to trap the impostor under the gull's very eyes. It takes Murnau some seventy shots to elaborate this scene. The opening is, literally, exposition; of Elmire's room. In the foreground, the tea table is set. To the right, a window lights the scene. In the background, the door opens, Elmire enters, followed by Orgon. She indicates the curtain behind which he is to hide. In a few closer shots; the last protests of Orgon. Then comes the reprise, systematic throughout the film, of a shot that has already punctuated the narrative several times; the one of the top of the staircase, particularly associated with the first appearance of Tartuffe a few hundred shots earlier. Here he is once again, breviary in hand, standing still, then moving towards the stairs. The room again. The maid announces that 'he' is arriving, Orgon dithers, finally hides, and Tartuffe enters. Elmire, facing camera, arms held out against the curtain that hides Orgon, looks left; a slow pan turns away from Elmire, following what she is looking at, passes the fireplace, and finally discovers Tartuffe with his back to the door, facing the camera, eye raised to heaven and book in hand. An exchange of glances in close-up, then an insert, an angled shot down on the table ready laid. A few shots later, on the table to the left, there is the enormous teapot. The frame is crossed diagonally by Elmire's white arm - towards a cup. Everything is set.

The sequence is exemplary both in its coherence and in the ways whereby it is linked to the overall fiction. The following points may be noted:

- The setting of the mechanism which, as so often with Murnau, permits a twofold division of the scene: at one pole the spectator's view (of the film), and at the other Orgon's (the voyeur) - not to mention the two spectators of the film-within-the-film. This structure is further complicated by the reverse angle shots of Elmire and Tartuffe; a space in constant destruction/reconstruction.

The enclave principle has been mentioned earlier (the repetition of set-ups already used elsewhere). But the scene is also reinforced in specific ways; for instance, the seduction of Tartuffe by Elmire triggers a series of close-ups doubly privileged in that they exhibit erotic mobile objects (parts of the body; throat, arms, ankles, shoulders); loci of carnal provocation. The eroticism is not so much presented to view; rather it occupies the locus, transforms it; an eroticised space.

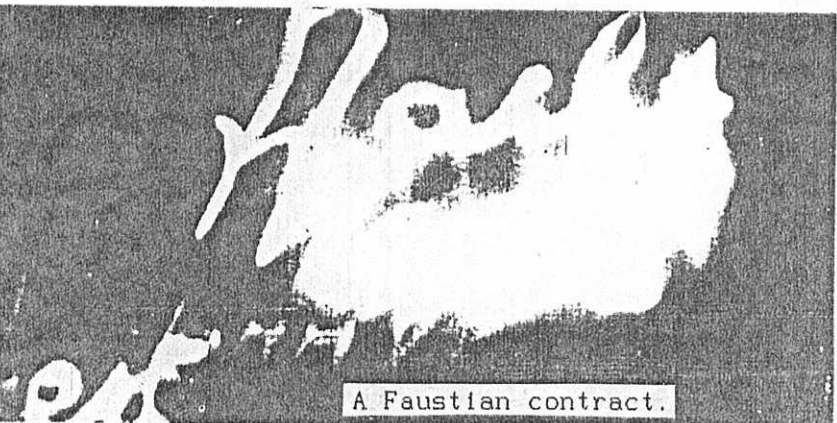
This would be little enough, but this scene does not function solely on these premises. It is additionally articulated, as it were, to an object which is perceived from the outset to be strictly functional, but whose role evolves throughout the scene, revealing its functions only at the end; the teapot.

At first, on the table, the teapot appears to be merely a prop, an object of no significance to the action. Then, gradually another function, a visual one, begins to emerge; the teapot serves as a reference point for the changes of viewpoint between Elmire and Tartuffe, occupying varying positions in the different set-ups, sometimes in the foreground, sometimes dividing the frame in two, sometimes restored to its purely utilitarian role. Thus it becomes both the pivot on which space is articulated, and the particular figurative element used as a shot gauge.

It is only at the end of the scene that a close-up adds a third significance, making up for the other two. For it is on the polished surface of the teapot, acting as a distorting mirror, that Tartuffe sees Orgon's reflection watching him from the other side of the room

as he draws closer to Elmore.

Prop, visual reference, and finally dramatic object; in this evolution, in these different levels of meaning, one can see how Murnau works by down-gearing significances. Here again narrative space, plastic space and dramatic space do not express each other, but trigger a specifically cinematic system of forms and meanings whose components - all of them - are used dialectically.



Reputedly a mysterious, ineffable film-maker, surrounded by an almost religious aura (touched, in other words, by grace, which is the exact opposite of *work*), Murnau thus seems to me, if not exhaustible, at least legible. He is open, in other words, to textual analysis; and one may well wonder why it has taken so long for a start to be made.

A film like *Faust* alone would warrant a detailed critical approach (dramaturgy, plastic effects, *decoupage*, ruptures in tone, etc.). Here again I shall merely note one or two features in the course of a brief analytical summary:

- The Prologue in heaven poses an abstract opposition, against a background of clouds, between Angel and Demon, White and Black, Heaven and Hell, and states the film's ambition (its metaphysical anchorage) from the outset.

- The little town, the Doctor's study, his researches and disappointments; the Plague spilling out from the Demon's mantle in a cloud of black smoke; at the fair, the mountebanks are struck down, and their acrobatics become the grimaces or contortions of death. A storm rises. The city is thronged by processions, of mourning and carousal, of a dying world.

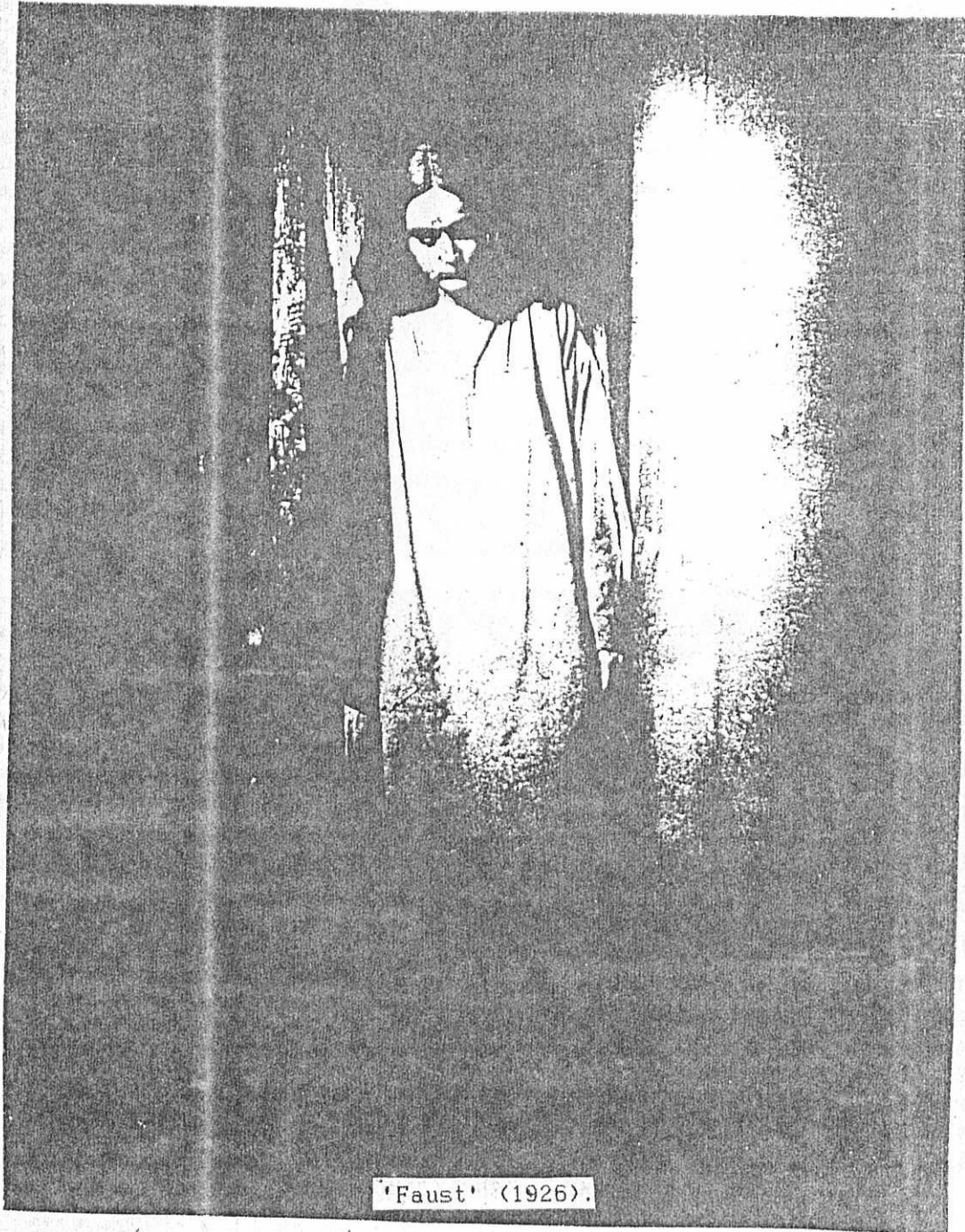
Wonderful imagery full of pictorial references (Rembrandt, Altdorfer, Mantegna) is traced in the chiaroscuro of Carl Hoffmann's camerawork. Very different, of course, from the recreation of old master paintings that is so caricatural in Laurence Olivier's work, or even Cocteau or the Dreyer of *Day of Wrath*.

No sooner is it established than the pictorial quality is undermined, then reasserted by movement or sudden pauses. Fluctuations in depth and multifarious lateral sweeps describe a non-static pictorial quality in which the lines, volumes and shades shift only to find new

symmetries that are undermined in their turn; here again a plastic narrative redoubles the dramaturgy.

- The meeting between Faust and Mephistopheles in the night, the wonders, the circles of fire, the black trees writhing up towards the moon; this time it is classical romantic imagery (Caspar David Friedrich), taking over from the old Dutch, German and Italian masters, that achieves poetic conviction and a truly amazing power of suggestion.

- Then comes the Pact, and the extraordinary aerial voyage, a fabulous flight over models whose beauty still takes the breath away; the rooftops of the town, plains, palaces, mountains, grottoes, rivers and waterfalls, forests, and finally rocks, the sea, boats in the distance ... rarely has any effect been so in keeping with the myth; and the images here come close to the full stretch of their powers. Before this there had been the still somewhat lame phantasmagorias of Melies. Afterwards, only animation could compete (Alexeiff, or the Kubrick of *2001: A Space Odyssey*.)



'Faust' (1926).

- The second part is dominated from the outset by the counterpoint between Faust/Marguerite and Mephisto/Dame Marthe. The latter pair get the best of it, chiefly because of the *dimension* of the actors (Jannings and Yvette Guilbert); a comic ballet (even grotesque in the manner of Lubitsch, that 'Murnau of comedy', as Claude Ollier pleasingly describes him) defuses and amplifies the tragedy in a welter of face-pulling, obscene innuendo and parodic antics. A sudden reversal (and confirmation) of the poetic quality, an extremely audacious tragi-comic seesaw in which the pictorial splendours are keyed to the point of self-derision.

- After this the whole last part of the film is subjected to a new and distinctly progressive reversal; white begins to dominate settings and scenes (lighting, costumes, interiors) until the final sequences are enveloped in snow. A total purification of signs takes place until the obverse of Expressionism is achieved; a different sort of abstraction, no longer realised through a surcharge of signification, but through its depletion.

If the term 'exercise in style' had not currently acquired a pejorative (formalist) connotation, it might have been employed here with absolute confidence. *Faust* shows how Murnau uses (simultaneously subverting and perfecting it) a prestigious dramatic and symbolic prop (the myth, Marlowe, Goethe) in a series of formal metamorphoses; the utilization of a heteroclitic plastic material (borrowings from various schools, countries and eras) justifies a course, a *voyage through forms* (and themes) in which the differences, divergences and contrasts tend to be grounded in a new coherence. In other words, here again a fundamental discontinuity is risked in order to establish the deceptive fact of cinematic flow.

Sunrise, according to Lotte Eisner, who echoes a widespread view, is 'Murnau's most powerful and advanced film'. In a *Cahiers du Cinema* poll in 1958, it was voted 'the most beautiful film in the world'. And as we all know, along with Sjöström's *The Wind* and Vidor's *The Crowd*, *Sunrise* marked the summit (the end) of the silent period's achievements and was a portent of the cinema to come (the dominant cinema to come, one should always specify). The question - as always when a point of rupture, of transformation, can be determined in retrospect so distinctly and so unanimously - is therefore: what was it, in the history of cinematic forms, that reached completion with *Sunrise*, and what was it that then began?

Here a historical and economic point opens the question up again (and is sometimes used to evade it). *Sunrise* is an American film. So there is a way the question can be posed in other terms: is *Sunrise* more American than German, or vice versa? A variant of this question: what did Murnau give up, or in what way did he use the Hollywood system to bring his work to fruition?

The same question might be asked of Lubitsch, and after him, of Lang and Hitchcock. But with Murnau the question does not simply involve the enrolment of a personal body of work, no matter how prestigious, into another production system (into another culture with different aims and means). It cuts across a critical moment: the imminent arrival of sound, with the many upheavals (economic, ideological, formal) that were to follow.

Here it should be stressed that the silent cinema (not the general run but its crestline: in no special order, Porter, Griffith, Feuillade, Jean Durand, Christensen, Gance, Epstein, *Caligari*, Lubitsch, Lang, Lupu Pick, Carl Mayer, the slapstick comedians, Kuleshov, Eisenstein, Vertov, Renoir, Browning, Dreyer ... and Murnau) was in no way handicapped - talking pictures without the dialogue, or something like that - but was a *different kind of cinema* which, technically and structurally prevented from being simply a filter or counterpart to reality, had achieved in its major films a considerable amount of work on the nature of representation between 1915 and the late 20s. With *Sunrise*, the conquest of narrative (novelistic) fluidity is achieved at the expense of abandoning the attainments specific to the silent period (in a sense, liquidating the tradition). Dramaturgy was now firmly in the driver's seat; and for decades cinema was chiefly to mean well-told stories. But could one so describe *Caligari*, *La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc*, *October*, *Nosferatu* or *Tartuffe*? The aim in preparing a shooting script now became transparency (with the articulations concealed, tending to create the illusion of spatiotemporal continuity); that transparency which can be seen as a dual symptom, ideological and formal, of Hollywood films from the 30s until the 60s. So *Sunrise*, universally praised, occupies a somewhat equivocal



position. Today, to an extent shared by few other silent films, its story, *decoupage* and imagery have an air of familiarity about them; one feels like saying that only sound is missing.

Sunrise was to create its own tradition in which the 'sentimental (and psychologizing) virus' would dominate. Of course *Sunrise* can in no way be reduced to these terms, nor can it be retrospectively discredited because of a bastard progeny. One might just as well hold Mahler responsible for Dimitri Tiomkin. What concerns us here is the reading of *Sunrise* which was to be disseminated through films into the cinema to come; what was retained by this reading, and what it omitted.

There is a frequently quoted shot in *Sunrise*; the scene in the marshes where the young peasant meets the city vamp. Marcel Carne, among the first to be bowled over by it, noted at the time in an article called 'The camera, a character in the drama': 'Here the mobile camera gives the impression that a second person was following the hero through the fields'. I want to try to describe this shot, the thirty-third in the film.

On the right of the frame, seen from the back, the man moves forward ponderously. High up on the left, in the background, is the moon. Followed by the camera, the man walks towards a

little bridge (the moon goes out of frame). He crosses the bridge, veers to the right - he is then in profile - towards some low branches - and again has his back to the camera. He ducks to pass under the branches, and the camera, avoiding the tree, veers left; the man comes through the branches, also towards the left, now in profile, up to a gate which he steps over, facing the camera. The camera comes to a halt; the man advances towards it, until he is in a waist shot. The camera then leaves him, turns obliquely left towards a dark, overgrown thicket and plunges rapidly into the foliage. There, on the right, seen in profile and wearing black, the woman is waiting. The moon is again visible, with its reflections in the water. The woman turns her head to the right, then resumes the profile position. Suddenly she looks left, checks her make-up, stands still again, smiles. Several seconds go by. Finally the man enters the frame from the left, and halts. She goes to him, and they embrace.

There is something here which cannot be reduced simply to an exercise in virtuosity, or even to the identification of the camera with invisible pseudo-character. There is here, within this single take (and sequels to that were a long time coming; Dreyer's *Vampyr*, Hitchcock's *Rope*, Skolimowski's *Walkover*, Rouch's *Gare du Nord*), a radical autonomization of the camera in relation to the scene; and at the same time, with the invention of a sort of ellipsis within the shot, there is also the creation of a literally impossible space, emerging from the interplay of movements, durations, and from the autonomy of this camera seemingly endowed with its own momentum. The camera is no longer merely a filter (or an instrument of transmission); it no longer moves in imitation of the subject within the frame, following, preceding or indeed replacing the subject; it is one of the poles of the representation, a privileged pole; the point of view, within the narrative, of the narrative as it evolves, capable of decision and of anticipation, endowed with a motor function that is no longer merely functional but promotional; the selector-head of a space-time to be explored, realised, inventoried, which Murnau was again one of the first to survey.

The metaphysical residuum of *Sunrise*; the signification operates here on the basis of a series of pairs of opposites very strongly invested as fictional motors. Town/Country, Nature/Culture, Man/Woman, Night/Day, Earth/Water, Wish/Real, Good/Evil, etc. Murnau works within the framework of an ideology of duality, where the forms and structures are polarised and developed through a dynamic of opposites (fiction here is the dynamic product of the clash of opposites; in this respect Murnau, like the romantics and most of the Expressionists, virtually bathes in the fallout from classical German philosophy).

These opposite poles therefore organise the signifying chain; the difference between the sexes, the aberrations of the soul, the social distinctions, even the cycle of days and seasons seem to correlate to this metaphysical bipartition; and the whole film evolves from this matrix. Following these lines, one could probably arrive at a sort of seminal model for Murnau fictions, based on his philosophical (idealist) presuppositions.

What we know of his first films, now lost, tends to confirm the preponderance of some such generative mechanism. *Der Januskopf* (1920), for instance, adopted by Hans Janowitz from Stevenson's *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, apparently concerns a bust with two faces, one godlike, the other demonic. And like *Faust*, *Satanas* (1919) featured a celestial prologue in which, according to Lotte Eisner: 'Lucifer, the fallen angel, deploras his lost halo. God promises him salvation if he can find a single human being capable of bringing good out of evil.'

What happens in *Sunrise* is, on the basis of the same ideology, the deflection of metaphysics into psychology. The possibility of this step was of course hinted at by *The Last Laugh* and the Kammerspiel in general. But *The Last Laugh* adapted the metaphysics to social man in a fable about the Fall where, in the guise of a grotesque hall porter, the destiny of man himself, torn between obscure and opposing forces that are beyond his understanding, seemed to be pressing its claims to attention. Here the prologue to *Faust* serves as a veritable heraldic figure; in the heaven of ideas, where everything is devised and decided, Angel and Demon are in conflict over a soul. The second prologue to *Faust* (Goethe's version) probably offers the key by postulating less a rivalry between the Angel and the Demon than their former complicity; after all, it is this that makes the world go round, and these allegorical figures in fact emerge as two sides of the same coin, as a duality (positive and negative);

contradictory and complementary figures, identical in their difference.

Basically, an ideological landscape like this would be little more than a cultural commonplace had Murnau - more or less intuitively? or if premeditated, to what extent? - not brought it into play, having extracted from it a whole series of formal inferences, as an immense potential reservoir of forms, images and narratives (through a dual process: formalisation of the thematic, thematisation of the forms and structures).

Mephistopheles, Tartuffe, Nosferatu, the vamp in *Sunrise* and the priest in *Tabu* have in common, in their status as evil characters, that they are (like Lang's Mabuse) machinators, manipulators, *metteurs en scene*; they are the representatives, within the friction, of its own laws. On them devolve the dangerous powers of expropriation, of possession (of sexuality). Around them are woven webs of attraction and repulsion, of wish and dread. They are those without whom no fiction could unfold; bringers of the law, of taboo, of retribution; they are the guardians, the guarantors of turbulence in the drama. Nosferatu, the Living Dead who feeds on life ('This blood ... this precious blood'), grotesque and terrifying form of the Wish towards whom Ellen feverishly holds out her white arms in the dark Bremen night, is the mythical epitome of this aesthetic. And the ideas (metaphysical, moral) are expressed in light and shadow, movement and repose, overture and withdrawal. The frame is the stage (the other, imaginary, stage) on which impulses are revealed, brought into play, represented.

All Murnau's films should be read primarily as voyages into the imaginary. Each time a point of transit is featured in the story, denoting the symbolic space where the fiction divides into two. The bridge in *Nosferatu*, the revolving door in *The Last Laugh*, the blank screen in *Tartuffe*, the circles of fire in *Faust*, the lake in *Sunrise*.

To retrace these journeys, examining their various stages and interconnecting their landmarks, is to consider the cinema in the course which turned it into a classical art - master of its means and its aims - and to consider also what remains seminal for the cinema of the future in the hazardous campaigns of an imagination cut short by death in 1931 and forever bearing a name that also belongs to the imagination; Friedrich Wilhelm Murnau.

This essay was written by Jean-Andre Fieschi and originally published in 'Cinema: A Critical Dictionary' (edited by Richard Roud), 1980.

In Germany:

1919 - Der Knabe in Blau (Der Todessmaragd), Lost! // Satanas, Lost!
1920 - Sehnsucht (Bajazzo), Lost! // Der Bucklige und die Tanzerin, Lost! // Der Januskopf (Schrecken), Lost! // Abend ... Nacht ... Morgen, Lost! // Der Gang in die Nacht, 1921 - Marizza, genannt die Schuggler-Madonna, Lost! // Schloss Vogelod, 1922 - Nosferatu (Eine Symphonie des Grauens), // Der Brennende Acker, Lost! // Phantom, 1923 - Die Austreibung, Lost! // Die Finanzen des Grossherzogs, 1924 - Der Letzte Mann, [The Last Laugh], 1925 - Tartuff, 1926 - Faust,

In United States:

1927 - Sunrise, 1928 - The Four Devils, Lost! 1929 - Our Daily Bread [City Girl], // Tabu, (with Robert Flaherty),



Books/Essays on Murnau: 'Murnau' & 'The Haulted Screen' by Lotte Eisner, 'From Caligari to Hitler' by Siegfried Kracauer, 'Friedrich Wilhelm Murnau: A Centenary Tribute' (in Sight & Sound) by Thomas Elsaesser.

WORLD CINEMA

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KENJI MIZOGUCHI (1898-1956)

By any standard Kenji Mizoguchi must be considered among the world's greatest directors. Known in the West for the final half-dozen films which crowned his career, Mizoguchi considered himself a popular as well as a serious artist. Having made 85 films is evidence of that popularity and makes him, like John Ford, one of the few directorial geniuses to play a key role in a major film industry. In fact, Mizoguchi once headed the vast union governing all production personnel in Japan, and was awarded more than once the industry's most coveted citations. But it is as a meticulous, passionate artist that Mizoguchi will be remembered. His temperament drove him to astounding lengths of research, rehearsal and execution. Decade after decade he refined his approach while energising the industry with both his consistency and his innovations.

Mizoguchi's obsessive concern with ill-treated women, as well as his maniacal pursuit of a lofty notion of art, stems from his upbringing. His obstinate father, unsuccessful in business, refused to send his older son beyond primary school. With the help of his sister, a onetime geisha who had become the mistress of a wealthy nobleman, Mizoguchi managed to enroll in a western-style art school. For a short time he did layout work and wrote reviews for a newspaper, but his real education came through the countless books he read and the theatre he attended almost daily. In 1920 he presented himself as an actor at Nikkatsu studio, where a number of his friends worked. He moved quickly into scriptwriting, then became an assistant director, and finally a director. Between 1922 and 1935, he made 55 films, mostly melodramas, detective stories, and adaptations. Only six of these are known to exist today.

Though these lost films might show the influences on his development of other Japanese films, of German expressionism, and of American dramatic filmmaking (not to mention Japanese theatrical style and western painting and fiction), Mizoguchi himself dismissed his early efforts, claiming that his first real achievement as an artist came in

1936. Working for the first time with scriptwriter Yoshikata Yoda, who would be his collaborator on nearly all his subsequent films, he produced *Osaka Elegy* and *Sisters of the Gion*, stories of exploited women in contemporary Japan. Funded by Daiichi, a tiny independent company he helped set up to bypass big-studio strictures, these films were poorly distributed and had trouble with the censors on account of their dark realism and touchy subject. While effectively bankrupting Daiichi, these films caused a sensation among the critics and further secured Mizoguchi's reputation as a powerful, if renegade, force in the industry.

Acknowledged by the wartime culture as Japan's chief director, Mizoguchi busied himself during the war mainly with historical dramas which were ostensibly non-political, thus acceptable to the wartime government. Under the Allied occupation Mizoguchi was encouraged to make films about women, in both modern and historical settings, as part of America's effort to democratise Japanese society. With Yoda as scriptwriter and with actress Kinuyo Tanaka as star, the next years were busy but debilitating for Mizoguchi. He was beginning to be considered old-fashioned in technique even if his subjects were volatile. Ironically it was the West which resuscitated this most oriental director, with his critical and box-office reputation on the decline, Mizoguchi decided to invest everything in *The Life of Oharu*, a classic seventeenth-century Japanese picaresque story, and in 1951 he finally secured sufficient financing to produce it himself. Expensive, long and complex, *Oharu* was not a particular success in Japan, but it gained an international reputation for Mizoguchi when it won grand prize at Venice. Daiei Films, a young company aimed at the export market recently opened for Japanese films, then gave Mizoguchi virtual carte blanche, under which he was able to create his final string of masterpieces, beginning with his most famous film *Ugetsu*.

Mizoguchi's fanatic attention to detail, his insistence on multiple rewritings of Yoda's scripts, and his calculated tyranny over

actors are legendary, as he sought perfection demanded by few other film artists. He saw his later films as the culmination of many years work, his style evolving from one in which a set of tableaux were photographed from an imperial distance and then cut together (one scene/one shot) to one in which the camera moves between two moments of balance, beginning with the movements of a character, then coming to rest at its own proper point.

It was this later style which hypnotised the French critics and through them the West in

general. The most striking oppositions in his themes and dramas (innocence vs. guilt, good vs. bad) unroll like a seamless scroll until in the final camera flourish one feels the achievement of a majestic, stoic contemplation of life.

More recently Mizoguchi's early films have come under scrutiny, both for their radical stylistic innovations such as the shared flashbacks of the 1935 *Downfall of Osen*, and for the radical political position which they virtually shriek (the final close-ups of



Kenji Mizoguchi.

Sisters of the Gion and *Osaka Elegy*). When charges of mysticism are levelled at Mizoguchi, it is good to recall that his final film, *Street of Shame*, certainly helped bring about the ban on prostitution in Japan in 1957.

A profound influence on the New Wave directors, Mizoguchi continues to fascinate those in the forefront of the art (Godard, Straub, Rivette). Complete retrospectives of his 31 extant films in Venice, London and New York resulted in voluminous publications about Mizoguchi in the 1980s. A passionate but contemplative artist, struggling with issues crucial to cinema and society, Mizoguchi will continue to reward anyone who looks closely at his films. His awesome talent, self-discipline, and productivity guarantee this. - (Dudley Andrew).

AKIRA KUROSAWA (1910 -)

Unquestionably Japan's best-known film director, Akira Kurosawa introduced his country's cinema to the world with his 1951 Venice Festival Grand Prize winner, *Rashomon*. His international reputation has broadened over the years with numerous citations, including an Academy Award for Best Foreign-Language Film for his 1975 Siberian epic *Dersu Uzala*. When 20th Century-Fox distributed his 1980 Cannes Grand Prize winner, *Kagemusha*, it was the first time a Japanese film achieved world-wide circulation through a Hollywood major.

At the time *Rashomon* took the world by surprise, Kurosawa was already a well-established director in his own country. He had received his six-year assistant director's training at the Toho Studios under the redoubtable Kajiro Yamamoto, director of both low-budget comedies and vast war epics such as *The War at Sea from Hawaii to Malaya*. Yamamoto described Kurosawa as more than fully prepared to direct when he first grasped the megaphone for his own screenplay *Sanshiro Sugata* in 1943. This film based on a best-selling novel about the founding of judo launched lead actor Susumu Fujita as a star and director Kurosawa as a powerful new force in the film world. Despite numerous battles with wartime censors, Kurosawa managed to get approval on three more of his scripts for production before the Pacific War ended in 1945. He was already fully established with his studio and his

audience as a writer-director. His films were so successful commercially that he would, until late in his career, receive a free creative hand from his producers, ever-increasing budgets and extended schedules, and never would he be subjected to a project that was not of his own initiation and his own writing.

In the pro-documentary, female emancipation atmosphere that reigned briefly under the Allied Occupation of Japan, Kurosawa created his strongest woman protagonist and produced his most explicit pro-left message in *No Regrets for Our Youth*. But internal political struggles at Toho left bitterness and creative disarray in the wake of a series of strikes, and Kurosawa's 1947 *One Wonderful Sunday* is as a result perhaps his weakest film, an innocuous and sentimental story of a young couple who are too poor to get married.

The mature Kurosawa appears in the 1948 *Drunken Angel*. Here he displays not only a full command of black-and-white filmmaking techniques with his characteristic variety of pacing, lighting and camera angles for maximum editorial effect, but his first use of sound-image counterpoints in the "Cuckoo Waltz" scene where the lively music contrasts with the dying gangster's dark mood. Here too is the full-blown appearance of the typical Kurosawan master-disciple relationship first suggested in *Sanshiro Sugata*, and here is the overriding humanitarian message despite a tragic outcome to the story. The master-disciple roles assume great depth in the blustery alcoholic doctor played by Takashi Shimura opposite the vain, hotheaded young gangster played by Toshiro Mifune, through the tension generated by Shimura's questionable worthiness as a mentor and Mifune's violent unwillingness as a pupil. These two actors would recreate similar testy relationships in numerous Kurosawa films from the late 1940s through the mid-1950s, including the noir police drama *Stray Dog*, the doctor dilemma film *Quiet Duel*, and the all-time classic *Seven Samurai*. In the 1960s Yuzo Kayama would assume the disciple role to Mifune's master in the feudal comedy *Sanjuro* and in *Red Beard*, about humanity's struggle to modernise.

Part of Kurosawa's characteristic technique is the typical Japanese studio practice of using the same crew or "group" on each production. He consistently worked with



Akira Kurosawa.

cinematographer Asakazu Nakai and composer Fumio Hayasaka, for example, Kurosawa's group became a kind of family that extended to actors as well. Mifune and Shimura were the most prominent names of the virtual private repertory company that through lifetime studio contracts could survive protracted months of production on a Kurosawa film and fill in with more normal four-to-eight-week shoots in between. Kurosawa was thus assured of getting the performance he wanted every time.

Kurosawa's own studio contract and consistent box-office record enabled him to exercise

creativity never permitted lesser talents in Japan. He was responsible for numerous technical innovations as a result. He pioneered the use of long lenses and multiple cameras in the famous final battle scenes in the driving rain and splashing mud of *Seven Samurai*. His was the first use of widescreen in Japan in the 1958 samurai entertainment classic *Hidden Fortress*. To the dismay of the leftist critics and the delight of audiences, he invented realistic swordfighting and serious portrayals of violence in such extravagant confrontations as those of

Yojimbo, which spawned the entire Clint Eastwood spaghetti western genre in Italy. Kurosawa further experimented with long lenses on the set in *Red Beard*, and accomplished breathtaking work with his first colour film *Dodeskaden*, now no longer restorable. A firm believer in the importance of motion picture science, Kurosawa pioneered the use of panavision and multi-track Dolby sound in Japan with *Kagemusha*. His only reactionary practice is his editing, which he does entirely himself on an antique Moviola, better and faster than anyone else in the world.

Western critics have most often chastised Kurosawa for using symphonic music in his films. His reply to this is to point out that he and his entire generation grew up on more Western music than native Japanese, which to a contemporary audience sounds artificially exotic. Nevertheless, he has succeeded in his films in adapting not only boleros and elements of Beethoven, but snatches of Japanese popular songs and musical instrumentation from Noh theatre and folk song.

Perhaps most startling of Kurosawa's achievements in a Japanese context, however, have been his innate grasp of a story-telling technique that is not culture bound, and his flair for adapting Western classical literature to the screen. No other Japanese director would have dared to set Dostoyevski's *Idiot*, Gorki's *Lower Depths*, or Shakespeare's *Macbeth (Throne of Blood)* and *King Lear (Ran)* in Japan. But he also adapted works from the Japanese Kabuki theatre (*Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail*) and using Noh staging techniques and music in both *Throne of Blood* and *Kagemusha*. Like his counterparts and most admired models, Jean Renoir, John Ford and Kenji Mizoguchi, Kurosawa has taken his cinematic inspirations from the full store of world film, literature and music. And yet the completely original screenplays of his two greatest film, *Ikiru*, the story of a bureaucrat dying of cancer who at last finds a purpose in life, and *Seven Samurai*, the saga of seven hungry warriors who pit their wits and lives against marauding bandits in the defence of a poor farming village, reveal that his natural story-telling ability and humanistic convictions transcend all limitations of genre, period and nationality. - (Audie Bock).

YASUJIRO OZU (1903-63)

Throughout his career, Yasujiro Ozu worked in the mainstream film industry. Obedient to his role, loyal to his studio (the mighty Shochiku), he often compared himself to the tofu salesman, offering nourishing but supremely ordinary wares. For some critics, his greatness inheres in his resulting closeness to the everyday realities of Japanese life. Yet since his death another critical perspective has emerged. This modest conservative has come to be recognised as one of the most formally intriguing filmmakers in the world, extending the genre he worked within and developing a rich and unique cinematic style.

Ozu started his career within a well-established genre system, and he quickly proved himself versatile, handling college comedies, wistful tales of office workers, even gangster films. By 1936, however, he had started to specialise. The "home drama", a Shochiku speciality, focused on the trials and joys of middle-class or working-class life - raising children, finding a job, marrying off sons and daughters, settling marital disputes, making grandparents comfortable. It was this genre in which Ozu created his most famous films and to which he is said to have paid tribute on his deathbed: "After all, Mr President, the home drama."

Ozu enriched this genre in several ways. He strengthened the pathos of family crisis by suggesting that many of them arose from causes beyond the control of the individual. In the 1930s works, this often leads to strong criticism of social forces like industrialisation, bureaucratisation, and Japanese "paternalistic" capitalism. In later films, causes of domestic strife tend to be assigned to a mystical super-nature. This "metaphysical" slant ennobles the characters' tribulations by placing even the most trivial action in a grand scheme. The melancholy resignation that is so pronounced in *Tokyo Story* and *An Autumn Afternoon* constitutes a recognition of a cycle of nature that society can never control.

To some extent, the grandiose implications of this process are qualified by a homely virtue: comedy. Few Ozu films wholly lack humour, and many involve outrageous sight gags. As a genre, the home drama invited a light touch, but Ozu proved able to extend it into fresh

regions, there is an often unabashed vulgarity, running to jokes about eating, bodily functions, and sex. Even the generally sombre *Autumn Afternoon* can spare time for a gag about an elderly man run ragged by the sexual demands of a young wife. *Ohayo* is based upon equating talk, especially polite vacuities, with farting. Ozu risks breathtaking shifts in tone; in *Passing Fancy*, after a tearful scene at a boy's sickbed, the father pettishly says that he wishes his son had died. The boy responds that the father was

create dizzying permutations of comparisons. The sense is again of a vast cycle of life in which an individual occupies many positions at different times.

Ozu has one of the most distinctive visual styles in the cinema. Although critics have commonly attributed this to the influence of other directors or to traditions of Japanese art, these are insufficient to account for the rigor and precision of Ozu's technique. No other Japanese director exhibits Ozu's particular style, and the connections to



singly looking forward to a good meal at the funeral.

Ozu also developed many narrative tendencies of the home drama. He exploited the family-plus-friends-and-neighbours cast by creating strict parallels among characters. If family A has a son of a certain type, family B will have a daughter of that type, or a son of a different sort. The father may encounter a younger or older man, whom he sees as representing himself at another point in his life. The extended-family format allows Ozu to

Japanese aesthetics are general and often tenuous. (Ozu once remarked: "Whenever Westerners don't understand something, they simply think it's Zen.") There is, however, substantial evidence that Ozu built his unique style out of deliberate imitation of and action against Western cinema (especially the work of Chaplin and Lubitsch).

Ozu limited his use of certain technical variables, such as camera movement and variety of camera position. This can seem a wilful asceticism, but it is perhaps best considered

a ground-clearing that let him concentrate on exploring minute stylistic possibilities. For instance, it is commonly claimed that every Ozu shot places the camera about three feet off the ground, but this is false. What Ozu keeps constant is the perceived ratio of camera height to the subject. This permits a narrow but nuanced range of camera positions, making every subject occupy the same sector of each shot. Similarly, most of Ozu's films employ camera movements, but these are also systematised to a rare degree. Far from being an ascetic director, Ozu is quite virtuosic, but within self-imposed limits. His style reveals vast possibilities within a narrow compass.

Ozu's compositions rely on the fixed camera-subject relation, adopting angles that stand at multiples of 45 degrees. He employs sharp perspectival depth; the view down a corridor or street is common. Ozu enjoyed playing with the positions of objects within the frame, often rearranging props from shot to shot for the sake of minute shifts. In the colour films, a shot will be enhanced by a fleck of bright and deep colour, often red; this accent will migrate around the film, returning as an abstract motif in scene after scene.

Ozu's use of editing is no less idiosyncratic. In opposition to the 180-degree space of Hollywood cinema, Ozu employed a 360-degree approach to filming a scene. This "circular" shooting space yields a series of what Western cinema would consider incorrect matches of actions and eyelines. While such devices crop up in the work of other Japanese filmmakers, only Ozu used them so rigorously - to undermine our understanding of total space, to liken characters, and to create abstract graphic patterns. Ozu's shots of objects or empty locales extend the concept of the Western "cutaway"; he will use them not for narrative information but for symbolic purposes or for temporal prolongation. Since Ozu early abjured the use of fades and dissolves, cutaways often stand in for such punctuations. And because of the unusually precise compositions and cutting, Ozu is able to create a sheerly graphic play with the screen surface, "matching" contours and regions of one shot with those of the next.

Ozu's work remains significant not only for its extraordinary richness and emotional power but also because it suggests the extent to

which a filmmaker working in popular mass-production filmmaking can cultivate a highly individual approach to film form and style. - (David Bordwell).

OTHER JAPANESE FILM-MAKERS:

Teinosuke Kinugasa (1896-1982): Kinugasa ran away from home at the age of seventeen and found employment in the theatre. He started work in the movies in 1918 as an *oyama* actor (playing female roles). He graduated to writing and directing by 1921 and began a career that would last 46 years! Two of his silent films are extant and both are interesting: *Page of Madness* and *Jujiro (Crossroads)* are both 'experimental' works, steeped in a Japanese version of expressionism. Neither were well received at the time! During 1928 he travelled to Russia, where he met Eisenstein, and Germany where UFA screened his film. Returning to Japan he struck gold in 1935 with the three-part *Revenge of Yukinaja*. Towards the end of his career he was recognised again, this time by the Western world for his 1954 *Gate of Hell*, a picture which won the Hollywood Oscar for Best Foreign Film and stunned the Americans with its use of colour. Not a vital film director but certainly a useful one!

Kon Ichikawa (1915 -): Ichikawa began his directorial career at the end of the 2nd World War, after the customary extended Japanese apprenticeship in the film industry. He is noted for his wry humour (verging on black comedy), his grim psychological studies and his portrayals of misfits and outsiders. He is the master of the wide screen, possessing a strong sense of composition, as he said himself: "I began as a painter and I think like one." *Harp of Burma* and *Fires on the Plain* are his most important films, both deal with the tragedies of war. The former concerning a soldier who adopts Buddhist robes and dedicates himself to burying the countless Japanese dead in Burma; the latter a study of a group of demoralised soldiers who turn to cannibalism. Between 1958 and 1966 Ichikawa concentrated on work for television but has since returned to the cinema. Always worth watching, if only for his use of colour.

Masaki Kobayashi (1916 -): More than any other film director Masaki Kobayashi is

obsessed with the 'dilemma of the dissident': the individual who finds himself irrevocably at odds with society. This is understandable when we consider Kobayashi's own life. In 1941 he began work at Shochiku studios, eight months later he was drafted and sent to Manchuria. He refused promotion from the rank of private as an expression of his opposition to the war, for this he was interned in a detention camp! This interest in social justice led to filmic investigations of

war criminals, corruption in sport and the organised crime and prostitution rampant in the Japanese US bases. Between 1959 and 1961 he worked on the massive (9 hours) *Ningen no Joken (The Human Condition)*, a powerful and moving indictment of the systematised brutality inherent in a militaristic society. In two of his other movies: *Seppuku* and *Joiuchi*, heroes revolt, make their stand and die, to no apparent avail. From 1962 onwards Kobayashi has made only eight films and formal



Nagisa Oshima.

beauty (as seen in the four-part ghost story: *Kwaiden*) has become an increasing concern.

Nagisa Oshima (1932 -): In many ways Nagisa Oshima is a Japanese version of Jean-Luc Godard. He graduated from Kyoto University in 1954 with a degree in political history and became an assistant director at Shochiku studios. Mixing both film criticism with various left-wing activities he learnt his trade and in 1959 was promoted to direction. His fourth film: *Night and Fog in Japan*, following a series of pictures on volatile social issues, was pulled from circulation within three days of release (probably as a result of political pressure). After failing to change the system from within, Oshima set up his own production company, Sozosha. His first classic movie, *Death by Hanging* (1968) investigates the problem of racism in Japan, especially with regard to the immigrant Korean community. Brechtian methods merge with symbolic and almost surreal elements to shock the viewer into understanding the real 'state of things'. In 1969 Oshima made *Shonen (Boy)*, a picture that deals with crime (a favourite subject); a family travel the country, collecting out-of-court settlements for automobile accident scams. At no time does the viewer feel sympathy for the family, the father is cast as lazy and self-indulgent (perhaps reflecting what Oshima sees as the post-war Japanese mentality), the soundtrack re-inforces this distrust by using abstract music. The insertion of black-and-white footage (a la *It*) is also successful in turning 'realistic' scenes into 'fantasy'. Perhaps, Nagisa Oshima's most famous (or infamous) movie is *Ai No Corrida (In the Realm of the Senses)* (1976). A complex exploration of the limits of sexuality, the film was also the first to break down the barriers between the commercial art film and hard-core pornography. Financed by a French producer, the movie was shot in Japan but processed in Paris (due to the ridiculously strict Japanese anti-obscenity laws), at the 1976 Cannes International Film Festival Oshima won the prize for Best Director, but was prosecuted for obscenity in Japan (the published screenplay), after a four-year court case he was found innocent but failed to overturn the legal concept of obscenity. *Corrida* is based on a true story; a relationship between two

lovers gets progressively more out-of-control (seeking the ultimate in sexual pleasure), Sada's (de Sade?) increasing domination over Kichizo eventually leads to his death. The use of Kabuki theatre's formulas, the mocking of the Japanese wedding ceremony and the raking up of the sexual violence of feudal Japan all contribute to make this a most fascinating (and disturbing) film. Since 1976 Oshima has only made three pictures, financial backing and distribution has been increasingly rare!

INDIA

SATYAJIT RAY (1921 -)

From the beginning of his career as a filmmaker, Ray has been interested in finding ways to reveal the mind and thoughts of his characters. Because the range of his sympathy is wide, he has been accused of softening the presence of evil in his cinematic world; it has been observed that bad characters are seen in his films to be confused rather than malign. But a director who aims to represent the currents and cross-currents of feeling within people is likely to disclose to viewers the humanness even in reprehensible figures. In any case, from the first films of his early period, Ray devises strategies for rendering inner lives; he simplifies the surface action of the film so that the viewer's attention travels to (1) the reaction of people to one another, or to their environments, (2) the mood expressed by natural scenery or objects, and (3) music as a clue to the state of mind of a character. In the *Apu Trilogy* the camera often stays with one of two characters after the other character exits the frame. The viewer watches the character who remains in the frame to see what silent response to the departed personage wells up from within this character. Or else, after some significant event in the narrative, Ray presents correlatives of that event in the natural world. When the impoverished wife in *Pather Panchali* receives a postcard bearing happy news from her husband, the scene dissolves to water skates dancing on a pond. As for music, in his films Ray commissioned compositions from India's best classical musicians - Ravi Shankar, Vilayat Khan, Ali Akbar Khan - and constructed his sound track, to allow full weight to these evocative compositions, but since *Teen Kanya* Ray has been composing his own music and has progressed towards quieter

indication through music of the emotional experience of his characters.

Ray's work can be divided into three periods on the basis of his cinematic practice: the early period, 1955-66, from *Pather Panchali* through *Nayak*; the middle period, 1969-77, from *Googy Gyne Bagha Byne* through *Shatranj Ke Khilari*; and the recent period, 1978-89, from *Joy Baba Felunath* and through *Sadgati* and *Ghare Bahire*. The early period is characterised by thoroughgoing realism; the mise-en-scene is rendered in deep focus; long takes and slow camera movements prevail. The editing is subtle, following shifts of narrative interest and cutting on action in the Hollywood style. Ray's emphasis in the early period on capturing reality is obvious in *Kanchanjanga*, in which a hundred minutes in the lives of characters is rendered in a hundred minutes of film time. *The Apu Trilogy*, *Parish Pather*, *Jalsaghar* and *Devi* all exemplify what Ray had learned from Hollywood's studio era, from Renoir's mise-en-scene and from the use of classical music in Indian cinema. *Charulata* affords the archetypal example of Ray's early style, the decor, the music, the long takes, the activation of various planes of depth within a composition, the reaction shots, all contributing significantly to a representation of the lonely wife's inner conflicts. The power of Ray's early films comes from his ability to suggest deep feeling by arranging the surface elements of his films unemphatically.

Ray's middle period is characterised by increasing complexity of style; to his skills at understatement Ray adds a sharp use of montage. The difference in effect between an early film and a middle film becomes apparent if one compares the early *Mahanagar* with the middle *Jana Aranya*, both films pertaining to life in Calcutta. In *Mahanagar*, the protagonist chooses to resign her job in order to protest the unjust dismissal of a colleague. The film affirms the rightness of her decision. In the closing sequence, the protagonist looks up at the tall towers of Calcutta and says to her husband so that we believe her, "What a big city! Full of jobs! There must be something somewhere for one of us!" Ten years later, in *Jana Aranya*, it is clear that there are no jobs and that there is precious little room to worry about niceties

of justice and injustice. The darkness running under the pleasant facade of many of the middle films seems to derive from the turn in Indian politics after the death of Nehru. Within Bengal, many ardent young people joined a Maoist movement to destroy existing institutions, and more were themselves destroyed by a ruthless police. Across India, politicians abandoned Nehru's commitment to a socialist democracy in favour of a scramble for personal power. In *Seemabaddha* or *Aranyer Din Ratri* Ray's editing is sharp but not startling. In *Shatranj Ke Khilari*, on the other hand, Ray's irony is barely restrained; he cuts from the blue haze of a Nawab's music room to a gambling scene in the city. In harsh daylight, commoners lay bets on fighting rams, as intent on their gambling as the Nawab was on his music.

Audiences in India who have responded warmly to Ray's early films have sometimes been troubled by the complexity of his middle films. A film like *Shatranj Ke Khilari* was expected by many viewers to reconstruct the splendours of Moghul India as the early *Jalsaghar* had reconstructed the sensitivity of Bengali feudal landlords and *Charulata* the decency of upper class Victorian Bengal. What the audience found instead was a stern examination of the sources of Indian decadence. According to Ray, the British seemed less to blame for their role than the Indians who demeaned themselves by colluding with the British or by ignoring the public good and plunging into private pleasures. Ray's point of view in *Shatranj* was not popular with distributors and so his first Hindi film was denied fair exhibition in many cities in India.

Ray's recent style, most evident in the short features *Pikoo* and *Sadgat*, pays less attention than earlier to building a stable geography and a firm time scheme. The exposition of characters and situations is swift; the effect is of great concision. In *Pikoo*, a young boy is sent outside to sketch flowers so that his mother and her lover can pursue their affair indoors. The lover has brought along a drawing pad and coloured pens in his packet with which he must represent on paper the wealth of colours in nature. In a key scene (lasting ten seconds) the boy looks at a flower, then down at his packet for a matching colour. Through that action of the boy's looking to match the



Satyajit Ray directs...

world with his means, Ray suggests the striving in his own work to render the depth and range of human experience.

In focussing on inner lives and on human relations as the ground of social and political systems, Ray continues the humanist tradition of Rabindranath Tagore. Ray studied at Santiniketan, the university founded by Tagore, and was close to the poet during the poet's last years. Ray has acknowledged his debt in a lyrical documentary about Tagore, and through the Tagore stories on which he has based his films, *Teen Kanya*, *Charulata*, and the recent *Ghare Bahare*. As the poet Tagore was his example, Ray has become an example to important younger filmmakers (such as Shyam Benegal, MS Sathyu, G Aravindan), who have learned from him how to reveal in small domestic situations the working of larger political and cultural forces. - (*Satti Khanna*).

LATIN AMERICA

ARGENTINA

Fernando Birri (1925 -); After growing up in Argentina, Birri attended university in Italy, going on to become assistant to Vittorio De Sica. In 1956

he returned home and founded the first documentary film school in South America. In many ways Birri could be considered the father of radical South American film. His philosophy was in favour of technical imperfection rather than meaningless perfection; *un sentido imperfecto a una perfeccion sin sentido*. After making 4 films (including the classic neo-realist 33-minute documentary, *Toss Me A Day*, he was forced to leave Argentina for political reasons. During 1964 he helped inspire the new film movements in Brazil, Mexico and Cuba before returning to Italy. After 15 years in the wilderness he managed to return to Latin America where he taught film theory at universities in Mexico and Venezuela.

Fernando Solanos (1936 -); Along with Octavio Gettino, Solanos developed the 'third cinema' theory. The late 1960s were an extremely active time in revolutionary politics and the 'third cinema' concept contrasted the 'first cinema' of the Hollywood industry and the 'second cinema' of the auteur to the new 'third cinema', dedicated to anti-imperialism and the struggle towards socialism. In this new cinema the film's role was as a 'detonator' or a 'pretext' for the audience; "Our time is one of hypothesis rather than thesis, a time of works in

process - unfinished, unordered, violent works made with the cinema in one hand and a rock in the other." Of their work only the 1968 documentary *La Hora de Los Hornos* is of interest. Their ideas will, however, live for much longer; "... the third cinema above all counters the film industry of a cinema of characters with one of themes, that of individuals with that of masses, that of the author with that of the operative group, one of neocolonial misinformation with one of information, one of escape with one that recaptures the truth, that of passivity with that of aggressions. To an institutionalised cinema, it counterposes a guerilla cinema; to movies as shows, it opposes a film act ... to a cinema made for the old kind of human being, it proposes a *cinema fit for a new kind of human being, for what each one of us has the possibility of becoming.*"

BRAZIL

Ruy Guerra (1931 -); Guerra arrived in Brazil in 1958 after growing up in Mozambique and working as an assistant director in France. During the early 1960s he became the leader of the Brazilian "Cinema Novo" movement. His most famous film is the 1964 feature *Os Fusis (The Guns)*; the story of a sergeant and four soldiers guarding a harvest destined for town (to profit the landowner mayor) and the covetous desires of the hungry peasants. Guerra's style is rarely 'modern', but he does however use a virtually Japanese form of rhythm/tempo. In 1967 he returned to France, since when he has been trying to establish a new film industry in post-revolutionary Mozambique.

Glauber Rocha (1938-1981); If there is one film that can be called the peak of the Cinema Novo movement it is Rocha's 1969 classic *Antonio Das Morta*. A lyric-mythic epic the picture is seeped in Brazilian popular religious culture, politics, folklore, social history, music, literature and dance. It is in fact the St George and the Dragon story transposed in terms of Brazil's mythical consciousness. The shooting style favours a stage-like approach with a rejection of cross-cutting or shot-reverse shot in favour of capturing the scene's significant elements within the shot and the frame. The use of Brazilian colour codes; the bright colours of buildings and costumes, is in context both natural and 'different'. In 1970 Rocha was forced into exile. After 6 years working in Italy, France and Spain, he returned home but died in 1981 at the age of 43 from pulmonary disease.

Nelson Pereira Dos Santos (1928 -); After entering the Brazilian film industry in 1951, Dos Santos has made more than 22 pictures (many shorts!), taught film at various South American universities and participated in the founding of a filmmakers cooperative, which owns cinemas in major cities. In 1971 he turned in his most well-known film, *Como Eta Gostoso O Meu Frances (How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman)*. Shot in a cinema verite style (long uninterrupted hand-held shots, quick zooms and use of natural light), more than anything this movie represents history shot as if it was last night's news. The story revolves around a Frenchman captured by the Tupinamba Indians in 1557 Brazil, the Indians attempt to take him into the tribe but after he tries to escape he is eaten. The cannibalism represents the assimilation of foreigners (in this case the French and the Portuguese) into Brazilian culture! Interestingly the dialogue in the film is spoken in French and Tupi-Guarani, significantly not Portuguese.

CUBA

Humberto Solas (1942 -); Like many of the new Cuban directors, Solas got the chance to make films after the collapse of the Batista government. His first film was made in 1961 under the supervision of Dutch documentarist Joris Ivens. At the age of 26 he made *Lucia*, the movie which brought him international recognition. Solas calls his film-style: "historical melodrama" (ie: a marxist perspective that provides a materialistic explanation for events and personal psychology). He often uses women as 'reflectors' in his pictures. "The sad masquerade of limited, archetyped, and suffocating human relations in defence of private property is most transparent in the case of women - half of humanity. The pathetic carnival of economic exploitation begins there." As with most South American film, Solas uses an exhilarating mix of music, dance, documentary footage, primitive painting and the re-enactment of historical events in an operatic style.

Tomas Gutierrez Alea (1928 -); Alea began his career in the pre-revolutionary era but soon adapted to the new filmic subject matter that served Cuba post-Castro. As with most Cuban directors, his early work is mainly documentary and collaboration (and advice) on younger film-makers work. His masterpiece *Memorias del subdesarrollo (Memories of Underdevelopment)* is a critique of the mentality of the colonized bourgeois; a middle-aged bourgeois intellectual who refuses to flee the country but who is unable to integrate himself into the new Cuba.

Directors such as Alea are concerned with decolonising their people, who have for years been 'brain-washed' by Hollywood. This decolonisation can often lead to fascinating film-making methods. To summarise Gutierrez Alea has earned his place in the canon of World Cinema because of his ability to mould widely different structural and stylistic approaches to a variety of significant revolutionary themes.

Manuel Octavio Gomez (1934 -): In his own words: "being a filmmaker seemed like an impossible dream in pre-revolutionary Cuba." But after the revolution Gomez became a member of the ICAIC (Instituto Cubano del Arte e Industria Cinematograficos). He "learned to make films by making them", starting with documentaries, a form that he considers essential; "The documentary medium constitutes one of the most efficient ways to understand and portray a problem - and to put the idea into practice that art shouldn't just reflect reality, but should be one of the conscious factors that assists in its transformation." Since the early 1960's Gomez has proved himself to be a master at re-working traditional and popular film forms into exciting, innovative, revolutionary cinema. His best-known work *La primera carga al machete (First Charge of the Machete)* (1969), redefines the historical genre, linking past and present through several devices, the formal contrast of modern and archaic film styles, the role of the machete; tool of war and tool of work and the similarities between Maximo Gomez (Dominican rebel leader in the 1868 uprising) and Che Guevara, two foreigners who aided Cubans in the move towards liberation. In the opinion of Gomez the role of the historical film is "to rescue, to revise, to de-alienate our true history - a thousand times falsified, twisted and hidden ... in order to feel ourselves more deeply rooted in our nationality and with a greater consciousness of our present."

Sara Gomez (1943-1974): Sara Gomez only made one feature film (her earlier work was in the documentary field); *De cierta manera (One Way or Another)* is quite different from previous revolutionary Cuban cinema, perhaps because Gomez is the first important Cuban director to have reached her maturity in the post-revolutionary period. Where a film like *Memories of Underdevelopment* could be described as 'critical bourgeois realism' (Alea's artistic abilities having developed during the bourgeois era), Gomez's picture is redoubtably 'critical socialist realism'. Shot in 16mm (on a very low budget), the movie was damaged in the processing stage, Gomez died of chronic asthma and

the film was not restored until 1977. None of these disasters stopped the picture from being a fascinating, analytic and truly dialectical work.

CHILE

Miguel Littin (1942 -): Littin came to film after ten years of writing screenplays, working in television, acting and being involved with stage-direction. In 1969 he was a founding member of The Committee of the Popular Unity Film-makers, in 1970 he was made a director with Chile Films (the national production company). His most famous work is *La tierra prometida (The Promised Land)*. Never released inside Chile (the Marxist-Socialist government of Salvador Allende had been overthrown by the time it was finished), the movie deals with issues that were crucial at the time: the role of the army, the need to arm the people, the role of the Catholic church, the need to educate and politicize the people and the necessity of expropriating powerful landowners and businessmen. Although much of this is disguised in a folk epic tied to historical events in the early 1930's, history and legend, realism and symbolism are blended to create a dialectical masterpiece. Marxist revolution is favoured but the shortcomings are detailed. The film is given the feeling of an old folk tale by the use of a commentary (on the visual narrative) by a narrator, and the use of folk ballads. The viewer is forced into criticism by a multitude of devices including deconstruction of the usual codes relating to sound, space and perspective. Littin emigrated to Mexico following the 1973 coup d'etat where he has been working ever since.

Patricio Guzman (1941 -): After a brief career as a novelist, Guzman attended Film-school in Madrid, he returned to Chile in 1970 and during the radical climate of Allende's government joined Chile-Films where he headed the Documentary Film Workshops. During these years (1970-73) he was making his major work; *La batalla de Chile (The Battle of Chile)*, unfortunately Allende's government fell while he was at work on this project and Guzman was imprisoned by the victorious Fascists. In 1974 he left Chile and went to live in Cuba where he completed his three (feature-length) part epic. As a committed Marxist Guzman read the situation in Chile upon his arrival in 1970 and determined to make a documentary about what was happening. His equipment stretched no further than one 16mm Eclair camera and one Nagra tape-recorder. (Film stock was sent from abroad!) Parts one and two document the military's



drift to the right amidst the anti-Allende activities of the opposition parties, the 'battleground' is a strike at a copper mine! The third part shows the workers organising in order to achieve self-emanicipation and transform the nightmare world that the bourgeoisie have created. Employing Marxist analysis the 'struggle' in Chile is seen as totally class-based. The extensive use of the sequence shot (rare in documentaries) maximises the visual impact of the struggle as it happens. This is the closest that Lenin's *State and Revolution* has ever got to appearing on the screen. The movie has never been screened in Chile!

could not read his books. His first important movie *La Noire de ...* (*The Black Girl from ...*) (1965) was the first feature film to have been made in sub-Saharan Africa, the story tells of a young African woman who goes to France to work for a French couple who have employed her. Originally excited by the prospect of travel she grows increasingly more depressed at the isolation from her own community and imprisonment in a Western society. Utterly disillusioned she kills herself. Much like the Italian neo-realists, Sembene uses non-professionals to play the Africans. If there are places where the technique is slightly flawed, the whole makes up for it and proves that ideas can be better transmitted (in the modern period) in the filmic medium. Only one major colonial element remained; *La Noire de ...* was in French! Sembene made his next film in Wolof, a language spoken by 90% of his fellow Senegalese. In the last twenty five years he has made six or seven other movies of which the most important is *Xala* (*Impotence*) (1974); As with the majority of his work the story is based on one of his own novels, in this case he denounces the neo-colonial deformities that result from the collaboration between European businessmen and the ruling African elite. The central character El Hadji is a Senegalese businessman who is struck down by *xala* (a temporary sexual impotence) on the marriage to his third wife. He visits witch doctors and eventually (after his

SENEGAL

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Ousmane Sembene (1923. -); After working as a mechanic in Senegal, Sembene joined the forces of Free France in 1942 and fought with them to liberate Africa from the Nazis. Between 1946 and 1955 he lived and worked in France (Paris & Marseilles), due to his experiences on the docks he was elected Secretary General of black workers in France and was inspired to write his first novel in 1955. After a handful of successful novels he returned to Senegal but decided in 1962 to travel to Moscow to study cinematic theory. In 1963 he made his first picture *L'Empire Sonrai* (16mm documentary - never released). Sembene turned towards cinema because he was well aware that his countrymen (many of them illiterate)

business interests start to fail realises that he has been cursed by a beggar whose land he expropriated, El Hadji's manhood is restored after he submits himself to the beggar's cure; to be stripped and spat upon by the poor - repulsive but significant! The *xala* in the film serves as a truth-teller; (a) the revenge of women on polygamous men (b) the revenge of the poor underclass [ie; the beggar] on the new African exploiter (c) the impotence of the new African independent nations. On the other hand the film is extremely amusing especially in its treatment of the *nouveau riche* Senegalese businessmen and their slavish adoration of everything European. They pour imported mineral water into the radiators of their Mercedes and one even complains that he no longer holidays in Spain because there are "too many blacks!" Sembene is the first vital African director and ultimately his use of African narrative devices (the *griot*) make his films of world importance.

The credited extracts in this essay were culled from 'The International Dictionary of Films and Filmmakers: Volume II - Directors'.

CLASSIC WORLD CINEMA:

- 1928 - *Juuro* (Kinugasa), Japan,
- 1936 - *Sisters of the Gion*, / *Osaka Elegy*, (Mizoguchi), Japan,
- 1944 - *Maria Candelaria*, (Fernandez), Mexico,
- 1950 - *Rashomon*, (Kurosawa), Japan,
- 1952 - *The Life of Oharu*, (Mizoguchi), / *Ikiru*, (Kurosawa), Japan,
- 1953 - *Ugetsu Monogatari*, (Mizoguchi), / *Gate of Hell*, (Kinugasa), / *Tokyo Monogatari*, (Ozu), / *Where Chimneys Are Seen*, (Gusho), Japan, / *Two Acres of Land*, (Roy), India,
- 1954 - *Sansho the Bailiff*, / *A Story from Chikanatsu*, (Mizoguchi), *The Seven Samurai*, (Kurosawa), Japan,
- 1956 - *Pather Panchali*, (Ray), India, // *Harp of Burma*, (Ichikawa), Japan,
- 1957 - *Aparajito*, (Ray), India,
- 1959 - *Apur Sansar*, (Ray), India, // *Floating Weeds*, (Ozu), / *Fires on the Plains*, (Ichikawa), / *Ningen No Joken I*, / *Ningen No Joken II*, (Kobayashi), Japan,
- 1960 - *Toss Me A Dice*, (Birri), Argentina,
- 1961 - *Ningen No Joken III*, (Kobayashi), / *Hadaka No Shina*, (Shindo), Japan,
- 1962 - *An Autumn Afternoon*, (Ozu), / *Seppuku*, (Kobayashi), Japan,
- 1963 - *Woman of the Dunes*, (Teshigahara), Japan,

- 1964 - *Charulata*, (Ray), India, // *Kwaiden*, (Kobayashi), Japan, // *The Guns*, (Guerra), Brazil,
- 1966 - *La Noire de ...*, (Sembene), Senegal,
- 1968 - *Lucia*, (Solaz), / *Memories of Underdevelopment*, (Alea), Cuba, // *Death by Hanging*, (Oshima), Japan, // *La Hora de Los Hornos*, (Solano), Argentina,
- 1969 - *Shonen*, (Oshima), Japan, // *The First Charge of the Machete*, (Gomez), Cuba, // *Antonio Das Mortes*, (Rocha), Brazil, // *Blood of the Condor*, (Sanjines), Bolivia,
- 1971 - *How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman*, (Dos Santos), Brazil,
- 1973 - *The Promised Land*, (Littin), Chile,
- 1975 - *El Otro Francisco*, (Giral), Cuba, // *The Battle of Chile I*, (Guzman), Chile, // *Xala*, (Sembene), Senegal, // *Chronicle of the Year of Embers*, (Hamina), Algeria,
- 1976 - *The Battle of Chile II*, (Guzman), Chile, // *Ai No Corrida*, (Oshima), Japan,
- 1977 - *One way or Another*, (Gomez), Cuba,
- 1979 - *Portrait of Theresa*, (Pastor Vega), Cuba, // *Vengeance is Mine*, (Imamura), Japan,
- 1980 - *Kagewusha*, (Kurosawa), Japan,

Further Reading: Audie Bock - 'Japanese Film Directors', Ritchie - 'Kurosawa' & any good Film Encyclopedias (sadly there are still very few books on South American and African Film!)



PERFORMANCE



R EXAMINED 1970

Rapid-Editing / Violent Sex / Tinted Windows / Frank Sinatra / The Legal System / Intimidation / "Business is Business and Progress is Progress" / Harry's Horse / Spanking Movies / "British Justice?" / Old Pals / "Do you follow me Boy!" / Acid Burns / Trend-setting Hair Shave / Just a "little nudge" / Boxers / Double-Personal / "At the Death, who's left holding the sodding baby? ...; Me, me, me!" / Order / Allegations / "I'll give a grand ..." / South African Developments Ltd / Merged / Tactless / "You're Jack the Lad"; a Real Performer / Cogs / "An out-of-date Boy" / Spray-Paint / Blood is Red / Feathers / The Sexuality of Flagellation / In Britain a Gun = Death / "I am a Bullet" / Muscles / Gangsters / Seperate Beds / Mad Dogs / "I'd put him to Sleep" / Keep Wandsworth Tidy / Dye yer Hair / Aunt Mary / BR sandwiches - 11p / Back-Rent £41 / 81 Powys Square, Notting Hill Gate / Funny Peculiar / Mushrooms Growing / Show-Business / "Goodbye the Ferrari" / The Big Horn / Extortion / Juggling / A-1 Venues / Super-8 Film / Androgyny / Troilism / False Moustaches / Patterned Tiling / "I just wanna get my skull completely empty" / Spittalfields / Needles / Passports / "What a Freak-Show" / Long Hair, Beatniks / The Last Poets; 'Wake Up Niggers' / Mirror-Madness / Bohemian Atmosphere / Natural Magick / 14 Balls / "I don't like Music" / Growth / Water / How Big is Big? / Retirement / Why? A fly in my Eye / Weights & Punch-Bags / New York all-included / Disguise / "He's blown it" / Image / Old-Fashioned / Polaroid / "Time for a Change" / "I'll try anything, once" / Narcissism or Publicity? / Dodgy / Wounds / 2nd Hand Robert Johnson; 'Come on in my Kitchen', 'Me and the Devil' / The Bogey-Man / Virgin Trip / "I've never seen that sort, before!" / Boring a Hole / Pressure / "The only performance that make it is the one that achieves Madness" / 'Nothing is True: Everything is Permitted' (the last words of the Old Mountain of the Mountains) / Bisexuality / Old Showmen are old Wankers / Pectoral / "A Man's Man's World" / Normality or Perversion? / Degeneracy / Stuck / Light / Would you lick a Policeman's Buttons clean? / Old England / "You all work for Me" / "Are you alright?" "No, No, No I'm alright!" / The Mountains of Persia / "I feel like I've been through a cement-mixer" / Underdeveloped / Amethyst; the stone being supposed to prevent intoxication / Visas / "Right here" / "Shoot away" / "I wanna come with you then" / Marriage; "I Do" / Paranoia / Claustrophobia / Doubt / Chaos / White-Black-Colour / Immolation Blues / THE END OF THE PERFORMANCE IS DEATH!



as Silent Director: (as Jack Ford) 1917 - *The Tornado*, / *The Scrapper*, / *The Soul Herder*, / *Cheyenne's Pal*, / *Straight Shooting*, / *The Secret Man*, / *A Marked Man*, / *Bucking Broadway*, / 1918 - *The Phantom Riders*, / *Wild Women*, / *Thieves' Gold*, / *The Scarlet Drop*, / *Hell Bent*, / *A Woman's Fool*, / *3 Mounted Men*, / 1919 - *Roped*, / *The Fighting Brothers*, / *A Fight For Love*, / *By Indian Post*, / *The Rustlers*, / *Bare Fists*, / *Gun Law*, / *The Gun Packer (The Gun Pusher)*, / *Riders Of Vengeance*, / *The Last Outlaw*, / *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*, / *The Ace of the Saddle*, / *The Rider of the Law*, / *A Gun Fightin' Gentleman*, / *Marked Men*, / 1920 - *The Prince of Avenue A*, / *The Girl in Number 29*, / *Hitchin' Posts*, / *Just Pals*, / *The Big Punch*, / 1921 - *The Freeze Out*, / *Desperate Trails*, / *Action*, / *Sure Fire*, / *Jackie*, / 1922 - *The Wallop*, / *Little Miss Smiles*, / *The Village Blacksmith*, / 1923 - *The Face on the Barroom Floor*, / *3 Jumps Ahead*, / *Cameo Kirby*, / (as John Ford) *North of Hudson Bay*, / *Hoodman Blind*, / 1924 - *The Iron Horse*, / *Hearts of Oak*, / 1925 - *Lightnin'*, / *Kentucky Pride*, / *The Fighting Heart*, / *Thank You*, / 1926 - *The Shamrock Handicap*, / *3 Bad Men*, / *The Blue Eagle*, / 1927 - *Upstream*, / 1928 - *Mother Machree*, / *4 Sons*, / *Hangman's House*, / *Napoleon's Barber*, / *Riley the Cop*, / 1929 - *Strong Boy*.

as Sound Director: 1929 - *Salute*, / *The Black Watch*, 1930 - *Men Without Women*, / *Born Reckless*, / *Up the River*, / 1931 - *Seas Beneath*, / *The Brat*, / *Arrowsmith*, / *Flesh*, / 1933 - *Pilgrimage*, / *Dr Bull*, / 1934 - *The Lost Patrol*, / *The World Moves On*, / *Judge Priest*, / 1935 - *The Whole Town's Talking*, / *The Informer*, / *Steamboat Round the Bend*, / 1936 - *The Prisoner of Shark Island*, / *Mary of Scotland*, / *The Plough and The Stars*, / 1937 - *Wee Willie Winkie*, / *The Hurricane*, / 1938 - *4 Men and a Prayer*, / *Submarine Patrol*, / 1939 - *Stagecoach*, / *Drums Along the Mohawk*, / *Young Mr Lincoln*, / 1940 - *The Grapes of Wrath*, / *The Long Voyage Home*, / 1941 - *Tobacco Road*, / *How Green Was My Valley*, 1945 - *They Were Expendable*, / 1946 - *My Darling Clementine*, / 1947 - *The Fugitive*, / 1948 - *Fort Apache*, / *3 Godfathers*, / 1949 - *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*, / 1950 - *When Willie Comes Marching Home*, / *Wagonmaster*, / *Rio Grande*, / 1952 - *What Price Glory*, / *The Quiet Man*, / 1953 - *The Sun Shines Bright*, / *Mogambo*, / 1955 - *The Long Gray Line*, / *Mister Roberts*, / 1956 - *The Searchers*, / 1957 - *The Wings of Eagles*, / *The Rising of the Moon*, / 1958 - *So Alone*, / *The Last Hurrah*, / 1959 - *Gideon of Scotland Yard (Gideon's Day)*, / *The Horse Soldiers*, / 1960 - *Sergeant Rutledge*, / 1961 - *Two Rode Together*, / 1962 - *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, / 1963 - *Donovan's Reef*, / 1964 - *Cheyenne Autumn*, / 1966 - *7 Women*.

Other Filmic Work: 1914-17 - Work as an actor, stunt-man, / 1917 - *The Trail of Hate* (maybe directed with brother, Francis Ford), / 1922 - *Silver Wings [Carewe]* (directed prologue only), / 1962 - *How The West Was Won*, (The Civil War segment), / 1965 - *Young Cassidy* (co-directed), / *Propaganda & War Documentaries:* 1941 - *Sex Hygiene*, / 1942 - *The Battle of Midway / Torpedo Squadron*, / 1943 - *December 7th / We Sail at Midnight*, / 1951 - *This is Korea!* / 1959 - *Korea*, / 1970 - *Chesty: A Tribute to a Legend*, / 1971 - *Vietnam! Vietnam!* (ex producer only), / *TV Productions:* *Rookie of the Year* (episode for Screen Directors Playhouse), / *The Bamboo Cross* (episode for Fireside Theater), / *The Colter Craven Story* (episode for Wagon Train), / *Flashing Spikes* (episode for Alcoa Premiere).

THE - JAZZMEN

Jazz: What can I say? The single most perfect form, at least the improvisatory element Everyone from Beethoven to Buckley, Czukay to Reed, Chance to Sager, have attempted to raise the spectre inside their own 'modern' musics. This guide to jazz from the '50s to the '80s was originally published in the New Musical Express in June 1981. Written by Richard Cook and Roy Carr, it seems a suitable introductory piece. I have merely updated it. Suffice it to say that many of the musicians and records referred to within helped to keep me both sane and alive. Dig and learn

1941

In the back-rooms and dives of America, an after-hours insurrection was brewing, a desperate, exhilarating gamble that was to change the very shape and sound of jazz. Frustrated by the stodginess of the atrophying big band scene, hot cats like swing king Benny Goodman's guitarist Charlie Christian and mysterious unknowns like Thelonious Monk, trumpet player Dizzy Gillespie and drummer Kenny Clarke would meet at exhausting post-gig jams at clubs such as Monroe's Uptown House and Minton's in Harlem to hammer out the blueprints of a new, harder, faster music. After near-suffocation under the belly of white big (band) business, jazz was about to become a rebel music again; and out of the rebellion came giant talents like Charlie Parker, Miles Davis and Bud Powell, who were to take their jazz to the farthest limits of skill, ingenuity and human emotion.

LESTER YOUNG

Young's shadow looms large over all modern jazz. The first new age saxophonist, at his debut session in 1936 he was already at his peak - his tenor playing fluid, skipping lines with a certain detachment that posed a revolutionary alternative to the standard bull-necked sound of the day. His association with Count Basie and Billie Holiday (who dubbed him 'Pres') brought forth a welter of outstanding sides but his time in the army in 1944-45 - involving court martial and racist humiliation - broke his spirit. Post-army recordings show a genius under a cloud, a deal of brilliance too often soured by laconic indifference; ironically, both boppers and (especially) the white cool sax players hailed him as a primo inspiration. He died in 1959, his last years a wasteland of alcohol and apathy.



CHARLIE PARKER

If any one man holds the throne of jazz improvisation it is Charlie 'Yardbird' Parker. His arrival in New York after early experiences in the South-West coincided with the burgeoning activity of Young Turks - Monk, Gillespie, Powell - who were working on harmonic ideas and blazingly fast tempos alien to swing era musicians. The mid-1940s saw Bird become the torch-bearer of the new music; his alto playing, spoken in a hard-edged tone of scything clarity, built in spurting chromatic rushes of notes held together by an unrivalled sense of adventure and logic and a wildly innovative rhythmic imagination, attained a consistent level of inspiration that duff recording (many of his broadcast and club recording) or unsuitable string-laden settings (the latter Verve sessions) couldn't mask. His concurrent reading of the book of excess led to incidents like the nightmarish 'Loverman' session of 1946, where he

broke down in the studio, and strange trips to Europe in 1949-50. Burnt out at 34 and with no worlds left to conquer, Charlie Parker died in 1955. New musicians still look to him for inspiration: *Bird still lives!*



The Bird!

DIZZY GILLESPIE

If Parker was the beacon light of bop, Gillespie was its PR man and arbiter of style. His own incandescent trumpet was the ideal foil for Bird in titanic performances like 'Groovin' High' and 'Night in Tunisia'; but Diz wanted to do more than just play. His beret and goatee beard became bop's trademarks; his fascination with Afro-Cuban rhythms pre-dated all others; his attempts to translate bop to a big band approach made a large group swing like never before; and his taste for clowning and scat vocals was bop's counterweight of humour to the dark passion in Bird's music. A survivor, Dizzy's reputation has declined as he refused to die tragically but he's probably the greatest jazz trumpeter after Louis Armstrong.



THELONIOUS MONK

Thelonious Sphere Monk is strictly a one-off. A technically crude self-taught pianist who, without ever reflecting any known influences, invented his very own highly-personalised music and, oblivious to outside events, continuously sought to explore the impregnable game-plan he'd set himself. Simultaneously revered and reviled by taste-makers, many preferred to tag Monk as an eccentric with a quirk for strange headware and even stranger behaviour - it was common for him to fall asleep at the piano mid-performance only to wake up for a grand stand finish. Monk's skeletal style, like that of so many inspired primitives, has always been probing and so utterly unpredictable that aside from brief encounters with saxists Charlie Parker, Sonny Rollins, John Coltrane, Harold Land,

Steve Lacy and Charlie Rouse, few hornplayers have been capable of matching Monk's humourously angular music. Having probably spent more years out of favour than in, Monk died in 1982, but such was the uniqueness of the man's abstract vision that he has managed to transcend both style and fashion to challenge, irritate and perplex each new generation's bold adventurers.

BUD POWELL

Pianist Earl 'Bud' Powell is both one of the most important and most tragic figures of the music of which he was a prime architect. Plagued with a lengthy history of mental illness, his hopeless condition was further aggravated by a severe police blackjacking when he was 21, by barbarous hospital treatment, racial prejudice, the death of a younger piano-playing brother Richie in the same auto smash that killed trumpet star Clifford Brown), by the bottle and by self-neglect. Brilliantly imaginative, Powell's raw emotional music comprises the extremes of high and low one expects from such a troubled talent, flitting between doubt and confidence, hope and failure, joy and terror. Not only did Powell successfully translate the bop characteristics of the horn to a pianist's right hand, but in doing so also devised a style which freed the left hand from its traditional rhythmic functions of laying down a steady beat (which role was transferred to the drummer's ride cymbal). One anecdote vividly illustrates Powell's commitment to music. A visitor to the hospital in which Powell was confined came across his friend furiously banging away at a piano keyboard he'd drawn on the ward wall. "Listen", Powell said to the well-wisher, "what do you think of these chords?" When he died in 1966 aged 41, the cause of death was attributed to a combination of tuberculosis, alcoholism and malnutrition. In retrospect, these had been amongst the very least of the complex problems of the man who perfected modern jazz piano.

DEXTER GORDON

Dex spent his early years on the West Coast working in Billy Eckstine's band, which was to fill to overflowing with new boppers. He worked 52nd Street awhile in the mid-'40s and returned to LA as the premier bop tenorman and hat-wearer where he frequently locked horns on Central Avenue with fellow tenorists Wardell Gray ('The Chase') and Teddy Edwards ('The Duel'). But he fell out of fashion in the '50s and it was not until the magnificent series of Blue Note albums in the early '60s that Dex's synthesis of monumental bop-derived swing and

forward-looking legato lines relayed through his huge sound found favour again. Living in Europe for nearly 15 years, his return to New York in 1976 was captured on a classic hard bop blowing session 'Homecoming'. (CBS).

FATS NAVARRO

In contrast to fellow trumpeters Dizzy Gillespie, who exuded show-biz panache, and Miles Davis, with his youthful good looks, Theodore 'Fats' Navarro was encumbered with a squeaky, high-pitched voice which earned him the cruel nickname 'Fat Girl'. Nevertheless, many would argue that Navarro had the edge over his contemporaries, citing his Blue Note, Prestige and Savoy recordings as hard evidence. There are also the fabulous 1948-49 Royal Roost airshots that have Navarro in tandem with gifted pianist-arranger Todd Dameron and enigmatic tenor saxist Allen Eager (also a jet setting sports car racer), which proves the Royal Roost quintet to be the most undervalued combo of the era. Often wilfully self-destructive, Navarro died in 1950 - at the age of 26 - from a combination of TB, drugs and disillusionment; though the recordings made with Bird ('One Night At Birdland' - CBS) just one week prior to his death show him in peak form, betraying nothing of the severity of his condition. In retrospect, Dizzy may have been the formative influence of the time but Navarro's individualistic approach was to exert a more lasting and profound alternative which continued to live on after his death in the work of Clifford Brown (his heir apparent), Kenny Dorham, Booker Little, Lee Morgan and Freddie Hubbard.

MACHITO

Referred to as the Basie of latin music, bandleader 'mucho macho' Machito (Frank Raul Grillo) was the first person to shake a Cuban maraca to a Bop beat; *Cu-Bop* - a hot spicy combination of stratospheric trumpets and frenzied percussion - was the hybrid kid popularised in the late '40s by the Dizzy Gillespie Big Band and the orchestras of Stan Kenton and Machito himself, these risque rhythms attracted the attention of leading jazzers like Charlie Parker, trumpet star Howard McGhee and the demon drummer Buddy Rich. In its original guise, Cu-Bop was a passing fad, quickly giving way to the more superficial Cha Cha and Mambo crazes. But it left its permanent mark on jazz. Percussionists became commonplace in a rhythm section, while the music was reborn again as Salsa.

OOP-BOP-SH' BAM!

The furious rhythms that be-bop demanded led to a revolution in drumming. Kenny Clarke, Max Roach, Art Blakey and Roy Hayes switched the beat to the (ride) cymbals and used the rest of the kit for punctuation, different rhythms and bass drum 'bomb-dropping'. This simultaneously uncaged a greater rhythmic potential for the soloist and brought the drums parallel status with the horns - no longer was it a case of a group containing musicians and a drummer! Roach, in particular, has proved one of jazz's most innovative and adventurous drummers, leading - with Clifford Brown - the classic hard bop quartet of the early '50s, exploring the music's African roots in the outspoken and excellent 'Freedom Now Suite' (Atlantic) and, more recently, working out with heavyweight avant garde improvisers like Archie Shepp and Anthony Braxton.

OO-SHOO-BE-DOO-BE MEANS I LOVE YOU!

The brand of gung-ho big band Be-Boppin' that first alienated all but the most fanatical zoot-suiters instantly attracted that very same fickle audience when translated into a novelty scat vocal. Scatting - employing the human voice as a wordless instrument - is as old as jazz itself but when, in 1945, Dave Lambert and Buddy Stewart waxed the unison vocal, 'What's This?' the bop vocal was beeped! King Pleasure (Clarence Beeks) often grabs the glory for being the originator of this particular genre, but although Pleasure was the first to popularise the bop vocal, in actual fact he'd copped the licks and lyrics for his famous 'Moody's Mood For Love' from singer-dancer Eddie Jefferson, who'd first written the 'vocalese' (adding lyrics to ad-lib solos) to tenor player James Moody's 'I'm In The Mood For

Love'. Later, the baggy-suited, bow-tied and beret'd, Babs Gonzales (a former Errol Flynn chauffeur) and Dizzy's roly-poly sidekick, Joe 'Be-Bop' Carroll, became the leading exponents with such nonsensical ditties as 'Cool Whalin' and 'School Days' whilst British-born Annie Ross further popularised vocalese with translations of two Wardell Gray tenor solos, 'Farmer's Market' and the neurotic 'Twisted'. Though still an integral part of any Dizzy Gillespie or Ella Fitzgerald performance, the bop vocal formula became overworked and lost its appeal, though Babs Gonzales and Joe Carroll can be seen as kindred spirits to punk-funk rappers Kurtis Blow and Grandmaster Flash.

WEST COAST JAZZ

In the years immediately following the Second World War, Hollywood's movie and TV studios offered more work than even the most ambitious musicians could handle. The money was plentiful, the climate fabulous; a demi-paradise for those skilled arranger-composer-musicians fatigued with working the road with the big bands of Stan Kenton, Woody Herman and Claude Thornhill. Sight-reading studio sessions by day took care of all the bills whilst late-night club residencies and as many jazz record dates one could accommodate paid for those madly-expensive imported suits, the beach house and the sports car(s). By the beginning of the '50s, a highly incestuous closed shop of around 50 constantly permuted players was established; brassmen Pete & Conte Candoli, Jack Sheldon, Stu Williamson, Shorty Rogers,

Frank Rosolino, Milt Bernhart; saxists Art Pepper, Bud Shank, Bob Cooper, Bill Perkins, Bob Gordon, Richie Kamuca, Jimmy Guiffre, Lennie Niehaus; pianists Russ Freeman, Claude Williamson, Pete Jolly, Marty Paich, Hampton Hawes, whilst ubiquitous bassists Curtis Counce and Joe Mondragon and drummers Shelly Manne and Stan Levey appeared to seldom sleep! Three units dominated the entire fraternity; The Lighthouse All-Stars directed by bassist Howard Rumsey - the resident combo at the Lighthouse Cafe (Hermosa Beach) Shorty Rogers & The Giants and Shelly Manne & His Men. All three bands had a constantly interchangeable personnel, recorded prolifically and employed colourful tightly-knit scores redolent of Miles Davis' innovative Birth-Of-The-Cool Nonette. The premise of such arrangements was to remodel big band music for small groups using a particular instrument to represent a particular horn section. Though each employed similar stylistic devices, overall, West Coast Jazz was more a geographical definition rather than a characterization. Nevertheless, this penchant for arrangements and the faultless expertise with which they were performed often got them castigated as cold and calculated whilst Kenton and Herman continued to get critically applauded for doing precisely the same on a grand scale.



Gerry Mulligan

GERRY MULLIGAN

Gerry Mulligan already had years of big band writing behind him when, at 21, he wrote charts and played baritone sax in the 1949 Miles Davis 'Birth Of The Cool' band that set most of the trends for the '50s Cool School. In 1952, Mulligan shook the West Coast by introducing a pianoless quartet with Chet Baker on trumpet; their records overflow with seamless melodic counterpoint and tracks like 'Knights At The Turntable' and 'Walking Shoes' define the first wave of cool. Mulligan remained a leader throughout the '50s, since when he's pursued his interest in large group writing. No longer much of an influence but a reliably gruff swinger.

GIL EVANS

Orchestrator and elder statesman (born 1912), Evans tried to match the spontaneity of the new music in the '50s with his own slant on impressionism, working with featured soloists like Miles Davis ('Miles Ahead', 'Sketches Of Spain') and Cannonball Adderley ('Pacific Standard Time'). 'Out Of The Cool' may be his classic, made up of shifting tone colours but trading swing for texture. Never one to stand still he later attempted to arrange Jimi Hendrix tunes, with mixed success.

ART PEPPER

Pepper's heroic renaissance is one of the marvels of recent jazz. He moved from Stan Kenton's orchestra to become a key figure in the '50s West Coast movement, working extensively with the Rogers-Manne crowd and becoming the most in-demand alto on the scene. Snack had already tarnished his career, but the late '50s saw a series of Contemporary albums that set the state of the art in post-Parker alto playing. His return in 1975 after 15 years in a limbo of prison and illness found his playing - the golden tones, shy phrases gaining sudden confidence with flurries of notes - strengthened by a deeper maturity. Read the autobiography *Straight Life*. Pepper died in 1982.

CHET BAKER

Shy, fragile, introspective; like man, like horn. Baker's affecting version of 'My Funny Valentine' with Gerry Mulligan set up his career. Lauded as the new genius of trumpet in 1952-53, his subsequent course was sundered by backlash, narcotics and the innate frailty of his playing. The 1955 Paris sessions, some with the semi-legendary Dick Twardzik (another heroin casualty) on piano, and the quartet sides with Russ Freeman are still small hours classics. A flood of '70s albums saw Baker in the ascendant again - inconsistent, but at his best a deeply moving player. Baker died in 1988.

STAN GETZ

The major cool tenor and the principal exponent of Lester Young's style, Getz was in the sax section of Woody Herman's Second Herd alongside Zoot Sims, Herbie Steward and Serge Chaloff before working independently in the '50s.

Renowned as a sensual but unsentimental ballad player, his lush-toned playing is toughened by a quicksilver imagination and an ability to dig hard when the occasion demands. In the '60s, on the Verve label, he recorded with strings ('Focus') and helped to instigate a world-wide fad for the bossa-nova ('Jazz Samba'); in the '70s, Getz investigated electric sax but has returned to straight-ahead playing to general relief.



MILES DAVIS --- IN THE BEGINNING

Whilst still in his early '20s trumpeter Miles Davis - when not Bird's apprehensive frontline partner - was furthering his musical education with arranger Gil Evans and swapping subversive ideas with the equally restless Leâ Konitz, Gerry Mulligan and John Lewis. After two years in the planning, the smoke cleared and in the first month of '49, the Miles Davis experimental Nonette produced the first four Birth-Of-The-Cool sides for Capitol ('Move', 'Jeru', 'Godchild' and 'Budo'). Only two more record dates and a two week Royal Roost engagement followed before the project disbanded, but it was sufficient to do all the spade work for the soon-come West Coast Jazz movement as personified by Shorty Rogers & The Giants and Shelly Manne & His Men. Like so many innovations, the Miles Davis Nonette was ahead of its time and the full impact took years to permulate. Forty years later these 12 sides still sound risk taking.

BLUE NOTE RECORDS

No one record company has ever dominated a particular era in jazz with such passion and influence as New York's Blue Note label. Founded in 1939 by Alfred Lion and Francis Wolff, Blue Note-began calling the shots in the early '50s when - as an antidote to neo-academic cool - Hard Bop caused a stampede in the direction of basic red-blooded blowin' sessions and minimal orchestration. Whilst jubilantly flying the Hard Bop colours, drummer Art Blakey and his one-time sidekick, pianist Horace Silver, made a slight detour back to their roots and christened the result, *funk*. Blakey called his combo The Jazz Messengers whilst Silver went off to form an identical unit under his own name. They both became very famous. Meanwhile, a young Philly-Town bop pianist named Jimmy Smith switched to Hammond organ and reinvented the electric beast's use as a major jazz voice. He lugged it around America in a hearse, became an international celebrity and gave the impression that he released a new album regularly each Friday! Between them, Blakey, Silver, Smith and their innumerable soulful sideman were to inaugurate the Jazz-funk movement. But it was the seemingly endless crocodile of heavyweight hornmen that spilled out of Blue Note that left one breathless and light in the wallet: saxmen Hank Mobley, John Coltrane, Johnny Griffin, Jackie McLean, Stanley Turrentine, Wayne Shorter, Sam Rivers, Cliff Jordan, John Gilmore, the grossly underrated Tina Brooks. Then there were the trumpet players: Clifford Brown, Thad Jones, Freddie Hubbard, Lee Morgan, Donald Byrd, Blue Mitchell and Kenny Dorham. The subject of a number of takeovers, Blue Note is now part of the EMI multinational complex.

ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS

Having already - alongside Roach and Clarke - wholly changed the style of jazz drumming, Blakey then built the Jazz Messengers to bring an altered emphasis to small group playing. The 'hard bop' unit as exemplified by the Messengers was designed to present a unified clout, bop's headlong tempos slowed to maximise the overall punch, the horns shoulder-charging out of the thunderous piano-drums heartland. Though dominant solo voices were effectively discouraged, Blakey ironically towered over all from the rear by dint of his colossally powerful drumming. More recent records feature lesser players than in the '50s heyday, but as a unit the JM's remain committed preachers driven by the ageless Blakey.

HORACE SILVER

The pianist must be credited as a leader in the development of the hard bop and soul-jazz movements. As co-founder of the Jazz Messengers with Art Blakey in 1954 he set up the options for the hard bop rhythm section - a steaming, percussive taunting of the horns - and went on to lead his own group in 1956. His piano, a pared-down, rootsy reappraisal of bop and boogie, remained the constant, and 'Home Cooking', the title and track from 'The Stylings Of Silver', sums up his appeal.

CHARLES MINGUS

Be-Bop may have smashed more icons than when Hannibal sacked Rome, but whereas the



Charlie Mingus

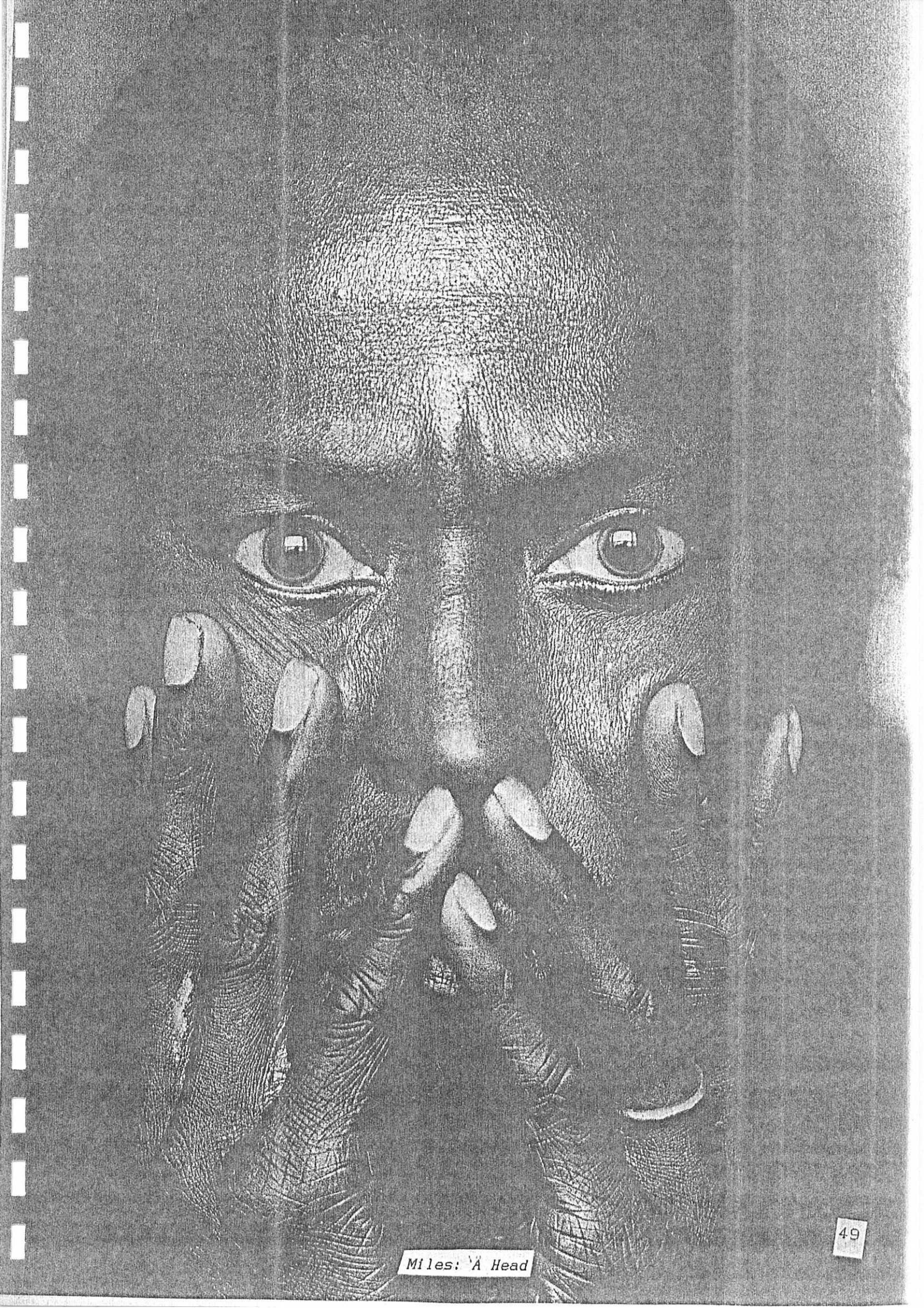
frontrunners succumbed to their own hand, Charles Mingus continued to wilfully upset convention through a highly tempestuous career of 30 years. Bassist Mingus - invariably with drummer Dannie Richmond kicking up the dust - readapted his seminal influences (the most notable being Duke Ellington), devising a unique system whereby his Jazz Workshop band allowed for soloists of the calibre of Eric Dolphy, Booker Ervin, Roland Kirk, Jimmy Knepper, Clifford Jordan or Clarence Shaw to spontaneously expand his highly-emotive and often politically vitriolic compositions in any direction they chose. In doing so, they produced some of the most organic music ever made. Mingus died in January 1979 after a crippling protracted illness. The man's autobiography, *Beneath The Underdog*, makes for compulsive reading.

SONNY ROLLINS

For many, Rollins is still the man. As a gangly youth he played bop tenor alongside peers like Parker and Powell, but by his first sessions as leader in the early '50s he'd already assimilated bop and swing modes into a hugely powerful, personal style that began to nudge the barriers of chord-change playing. His time with Max Roach forged an enthralling partnership with the drummer that led eventually to 'Blue 7' from 'Saxophone Colossus', one of the most astounding exhibitions of sax playing you'll ever hear. At the peak of his powers he amazingly retired for two years (1959-61) just as the New Thing was about to explode, repeating the sabbatical in the mid-'60s; his return on each occasion showed a greater interest in tone variation, but he's remained essentially the same. More mellow now but palpably a survivor.

MILES DAVIS

The influence of Miles Davis pervades every phase of jazz in the last forty years. As a youngster he played opposite Bird on the Savoy sessions, his nervous, flighty trumpet a strange adjunct to the leader's soaring passion. By 1949 he was stalwart enough to organise the 'Birth Of The Cool' band, a commercial failure but its forward-looking charts helped set the course of the cool players. The '50s saw Miles honing down his style; a silvery, vibratoless tone and tightly incisive phrasing were used to forge a new kind of funky excitement, sudden stops and unexpected changes instead of bop's overwhelming rush. Two sets for Blue Note and the famous Christmas 1954 needle match with Monk were followed by the formation of the classic quintet with Coltrane, Red Garland, Paul Chambers and Philly Joe Jones. Their bag of Lps set new standards for small group modernism; Miles' cool, lynx-eyed lines trading off Trane's urgent attack and the intuitive genius of the rhythm section. At the same time he was exploring a role as soloist against the richly etched orchestrations of Gil Evans ('Sketches Of Spain', 'Miles Ahead'). In 1959, with a larger group including Trane and Bill Evans, Miles recorded the masterpiece 'Kind Of Blue'. He wanted to try and release the players from the prison of a set chord pattern and instead turned the tunes on a particular scale of sequence of notes, the music shares the same timeless quality of Ornette Coleman's first albums. With Coltrane's departure, Miles moved to a more mainstream view of hard bop until the arrival of Herbie Hancock, Tony Williams and (later) Wayne Shorter moved the group into a mysterious Sargasso Sea of stillness and spatial elegance. With the addition of electric piano and guitar it was a small step to jazz-rock, heralded in the luminous modality of 'In A Silent Way', Miles paring the horns to the bone over rippling tides of keyboards. 'Bitches Brew' and 'Live/Evil' also brooded over marathon work-outs on the slimmest of themes with John McLaughlin's guitar as the pagan roar. 'On The Corner' saw an almost impenetrable jungle-funk take-over; the 'Agharta' concert swept out the ornamentation but only pointed up the limelight given to the guitarist over the face-down trumpet. The riffs were suitably wired but plain for all that. After a barren period in the late '70s, Miles Davis returned in the mid-'80s interpreting pop tunes and relishing his role as the most famous horn-man in the world.



Miles: A Head

The King: Trane



JOHN COLTRANE

Listeners and players alike bestowed messianic adulation on John Coltrane. In Trane they had the colossus who bestrode the older music and the new; he was essentially a hard bop player who took note of certain elements of the New Thing - the modal experiments of 'Kind Of Blue', the concern for rhythmic freedom and the expressive possibilities of pure sound - and used them to colour a vocabulary that remained rooted in harmony. Tied to an unfaltering spiritual purpose and a repression of arrogant rhetoric the impact was/is spellbinding. With years in jazz already behind him the tenorman joined Miles Davis in 1955, his playing often garrulously intense with the great conception *almost* at his fingertips. The first classic quartet albums with McCoy Tyner and drummer Elvin Jones - 'Giant Steps', 'Coltrane Jazz' - see the flowering of the sheets of sound and magisterial tone and a uniquely tender approach to ballads like 'Naima'. He progressed to help revitalise the forlorn soprano sax on 'My Favourite Things', cut marathon club recordings like 'Chasin' The Trane', worked on towering conceptual dates like 'Africa/Brass' and 'Ascension' and produced his clearest devotional statement in 'A Love Supreme'. Looking for another

step beyond he brought in the raggedly charged second horn of Pharaoh Sanders and sought a new resolution in a turbulent freedom. With this last phase inconclusive, jazz was numbed by his death in 1967, aged 41.

ALBERT AYLER

Ayler burst out of nowhere to either enrapture or appal jazz audiences. His first 'proper' album, 1964's 'Spiritual Unity', remains an overwhelming charge of unadorned energy and emotive playing, the unfettered wildness of the tenor paced by Sunny Murray's dramatic tides of cymbals. As the '60s progressed, Ayler scoured the deepest roots of the music, even going back to the New Orleans march form, but when the New Thing took stock he sought fresh areas of communication - the notorious rock'n'roll of 'New Grass' resulted, which seemed a complete sellout of freedom but was probably just confusion. With his enormous sound cavernous roars railing off into high register screams coloured by the wildest of vibratos, Albert was at once the most basic and the most far out of black musicians. His simple themes were the vehicles for a unique imagination and an appeal to the emotions so uncompromising it is impossible not to react. His body was found in the Hudson River in 1970.

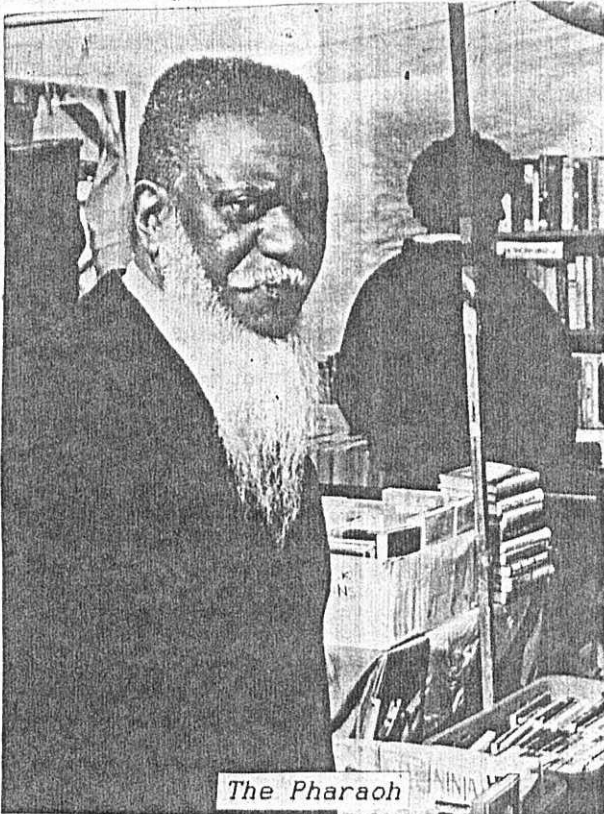


ROLAND KIRK

Kirk was a blind man brimming over with music, starting out in R&B bands and joining Mingus in the late '50s. His own albums feature a maelstrom of runaway horns playing on saxes, flutes and whatever else he found to blow; he soon mastered playing three horns at once. Disabled by a stroke in 1976 he fought back to carry on playing but the strain killed him the next year. If his records suggest he was never *quite* as good as people remembered they still show an enthusiastic vision of the ways to harness black music's legacy.

ERIC DOLPHY

In any context Dolphy would have sounded exciting; in the sometimes reserved hard bop units, he often played with the sounds like a wildcat breaking loose. Though he played sweet-toned flute and brooding bass clarinet it's as an altoist that he's remembered; that crying, piercing tone matched to scatter-gun lines of hurricane velocity is unforgettable once heard. He made New York audiences sit up in 1960, played with Mingus, Coleman, Roach and Booker Little before joining John Coltrane, who took him to Europe.



The Pharaoh



Disillusioned with the apathy of the US scene, Dolphy stayed - but his European records show an untamed spirit turning in on itself with the inadequate support of other players. He died in Berlin, aged 36, in 1964, some say of a broken heart. For all its intensity there is no rage in Eric's music. He was the most gentle of men.

NOT ONLY NEW THING

With musicians growing less and less baggale in the '60s, anyone who sounded weird tended to get labelled 'New Thing'. With tenorist *Archie Shepp* this was hardly accurate; he played with John Coltrane and Don Cherry but his roots lay in the Harlem jump bands of the '40s - for all the tonal blurts and exaggerations in his sound he remained an accessible driving bluesy player. *Pharaoh Sanders*, on the other hand, was totally committed to extremes of sound, energy and freedom. The inchoate savagery of much of his playing soon saps its impact but at his best (with Coltrane and Cherry again) the force does connect. *Sam Rivers* avoided the trap altogether by retaining an insistent logic; his reed and piano playing, delivered with a

shredding power, is disciplined by a tough intelligence. He's become something of a father figure to the newest wave, with his Studio Rivbea as a centre for New York's hottest cats in the late '70s. Like *Sunny Murray*, the chief progenitor of free drumming - forget the time, fix on metre and flow. - the backburner behind Ayler and Taylor and a great group leader in his own right.

CECIL TAYLOR

The pianists concept of musical freedom ran chronologically parallel with Ornette Coleman's and must be accounted of equal importance; but Taylor was less lucky with recording. It was not really until the monumental 1962 Cafe Montmartre set ('Nerfertiti The Beautiful One Has Come') with altoist Jimmy Lyons and drummer Sunny Murray that his ideas received proper exposure. Taylor's music intensifies at bar one and stays there; the great spreadeagled runs, multi-layered slabs of chording and disregard for conventional patterns of rhythm and harmony are placed at the service of a rapacious imagination and seemingly endless reserves of stamina - Taylor can play for literally hours. His groups are powerhouses of invention but the less draining solo records are a good place for new ears to start. Intellect, poet and another connoisseur of hats, Taylor's deep belief in the African basis of his music lets feeling triumph over music school artiness.

ORNETTE COLEMAN

With players like Rollins and Coltrane pushing the barriers of chord-based jazz as far as they would go, the late '50s were a ripe time for revolution. When the Texan alto sax player made his first records in 1958 it was realised, Ornette chose to direct his ideas away from harmony altogether and instead tunes were based on melodic or rhythmic notions. With his own heartfelt, organically swinging alto and Don Cherry's puckish trumpet as front line, Coleman's Atlantic Lps remain, alongside Louis Armstrong's 'Hot 5 & 7' and Parker's Savoy records, the most durable, exciting and time-less jazz recordings. They flow as easy as breathing, courtesy usually of Charlie Haden on bass and Ed Blackwell's drums, prancing on the sunniest of melodies.



or drifting through the most elemental of blues. The series culminated in 'Free Jazz', a 38 minute unrehearsed improvisation which astounded the jazz world. Subsequent progress has been fascinating if uneven. A memorable mid-'60s trio (captured on 'Golden Circle'), then a wayward run to the '70s with various groups followed by a semi-retirement. His early '80s immersion in Prime Time's funk density distressed some but his drive to keep up is in itself an inspiration.



Ornette

DON CHERRY

Cherry's pocket trumpet was a marvellously effective foil to Ornette Coleman, his impish exuberance spilling out in spiky floods of notes on faster tunes. His own Blue Notes cast him as a fine leader and are an object lesson in controlling unruly players like Gato Barbieri. A long stint in Europe has fed his interest in Indian and other folk forms and produced some enchanting patchwork music. He's also played with Ian Dury and Rip Rig & Panic.

SUN RA

Sun Ra fits nowhere, covers every base and ends up ... well, probably on Saturn - after all, that's where he claims to come from. Shadowy beginnings as a big band arranger led to his own large group in the late '50s. The Solar Arkestra cocked a snoot at conventions like straightforward composing and lounge suit presentation, their concerts saw the players decked out in outlandish robes, giant ensembles with massive percussion sections carousing through Ra's interstellar musings. Disaster was always averted by the leader/pianist's reserve of swirling melodies and magicians's touch with a big band - wild free passages will suddenly gell into focus and hey! There's the time! Ra's always been 'ahead of his time' - DIY albums, early use of synths, film and musicians marching through the audience - but face it, we're never going to catch up.

ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO

The last three decades have seen the most significant and innovative jazz - or Great Black Music, as they prefer to call it - emerge from Chicago's Association of Creative Musicians, founded in 1965 by pianist Muhal Richard Abrams and basically a musicians' workshop operating to a communal ethic - self-sufficiency and mutual respect, the key group to appear from this conglomerate of highly accomplished players - you aint got the chops, you don't get no gravy - is the Art Ensemble Of Chicago; Roscoe Mitchell, Joseph Jarman, Lester Bowie, Malachi Favors and Don Moye. AEC gigs are a staggering experience. Playing a giant arsenal of instruments they assimilate the entire language of black music and channel it through a collective vision of pride, elegance and inspiration; the music delivers on every level. Together and seperately they've made scores of recordings and there's hardly a duff one amongst them. Jazzers moan about no new Coltrane or Davis appearing to lead the way, but the real reason is that the music has come full circle and returned to the group emphasis of its New Orleans origins. If any group ever carried the torch it was the Art Ensemble.

BE-BOP SPOKEN HERE!

(A Glossary of hip speak, man).

apple - New York City, The Big Apple, // *axe* - A reference to one's instrument; invariably a saxophone, // *bad* - Good (exceedingly) ie: "Ba'ad mutha" etc etc, // *ball* - No sexual connotations - just enjoyment of the good old fashioned variety, // *bean* - A dollar, // *blow* - Again, no sexual connotations, To blow; to play one's instrument, // *boogie* - Definitive sexual connotations, // *bread* - Money, // *bug* - To get on one's tits! // *cabbage* - Money, Pickin' the cabbage; Earning money, // *cat* - A musician (male), // *chase* - An ad-lib musical dogfight between two or more musicians epitomised by the legendary Dexter Gordon - Wardell Grey tenor sax battles ('The Chase' and 'The Steeplechase'), // *chick* - A girl, Definitely sexist, // *chops* - Lips ie: "Dizzy has a solid pair of chops", // *clinker* - A duff note, // *comp* - Usually a piano vaup behind an instrumental soloist, // *cook* - Soulful, Inspiration of the highest order, // *cool* - Self-explanatory, // *crazy* - The opposite of cool, // *cut* - To play better than one's adversary, ie: "I really cut that mutha", // *daddyo* - An endearing form of greeting, ie: "Slip me some skin, daddyo", (Shake a hand), // *dig* - To understand fully, // *drag* - See *bug*, // *eyes* - To be ambitious, // *fake* - To improvise, // *fracture* - To greatly impress and/or amuse, ie: "I was really fractured by Bird's latest waxing", // *fly* - An ol' smoothie, // *flip* - To go apeshit, // *funky* - (a) as in snelly ie: "That cat's really funky!" (b) Gospel-inspired player, ie: "That cat's really funky!" // *gas* - To be over-awed, To be knocked out, ie: "A real gasser," // *gate* - An endearing form of address, Substitute in place of *daddyo* or *man*, // *gone* - A real gone guy, A person who has been sent, // *goof* - To fuck up, // *groovy* - Self-explanatory, // *hep* - An obsolete expression, // *hip* - Substitute for *hep*, To be aware, "I'm hip, yeah," // *horn* - No sexual connotations, One's instrument, // *jack* - Not the "I'm alright" variety, more of the "Hit the Road" kind, // *jam* - An improvised session, // *jive* - To con, // *kicks* - To sate one's desires, // *kill* - To impress, // *longhair* - A classical musician, // *Mickey Mouse music* - Music of a most inferior kind, // *moldy fig* - Traditional jazz purist, // *nutty* - Applied only to peer musicians, // *pops* - An endearing form of address, See *daddyo* and *gate*, ie: "Your flies are undone Pops!" // *scat* - Scat singing, A form of senseless, nonsense phrasing popularised by Babs Gonzales and Joe 'Be-Bop' Carroll, // *send* - See *gone*, To overexcite, // *salty* - Angry, Lionel Hampton used it to effect when he retitled 'Don't Ya Go Away Mad' as 'Don't Flee The Scene, Salty', // *sharp* - Ultra smart, ie: "Mah man's wearin' real sharp Y-fronts!" // *solid* - A good egg, // *split* - To split the scene - depart in haste, // *square* - A bozo, // *too much* - Absolutely wonderful, "Too fuckin' much, Gate," // *wail* - An inspired performer, // *walk* - A steady finger-poppin' four beats-to-the-bar rhythm put down by a bass player, A perfect example; bassist LeRoy Vinegar's album 'LeRoy Walks!' (Contemporary), // *weird-o* - A nutter, // *wig* - To flip one's wig, Cerebral excitement, // *wild* - Self-explanatory, // *zoot* - A zoot suit, An exaggerated ostentatious style of dress (male).



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The following NME cassettes are also of interest: 'Stompin' At The Savoy' (1983), 'Night People' (1984), 'Straight No Chaser' (1985), 'Low Light And Trick Mirrors' (1986), 'Blow-up UK' (1987) & the double Lp: 'Bird Lives: The Complete Dial Masters' (1988),

Books: Val Wilmer - *As Serious As Your Life*, / AB Spellman - *Four Lives In The Be-Bop Business*, / Boris Vian - *Around Midnight: The Jazz Writings*, / Roy Carr, Brian Case & Fred Dellar - *The Hip*,

Movies: 'Young Man With A Horn' (1950), / 'Pete Kelly's Blues' (1955), / 'The Man With The Golden Arm' (1956), / 'Jazz On A Summer's Day' (1959), / 'SHadows' (1960), / 'Paris Blues' (1961), / 'New York New York' (1977), / 'Round Midnight' (1987), / 'Bird' (1988), / 'Straight No Chaser' (1989), / 'Let's Get Lost' (1989) & various shorts and documentaries that appear on television quite regularly,

Magazines: 'The Wire' & 'Straight No Chaser',

Shops: Ray's Jazz Shop [near Covent Garden] & Mola Jazz [King's Cross],

"That brings me to today, and to the third item in my education, my university, you might say, and that's the jazz clubs. Now, you can think what you like about the art of jazz - quite frankly, I don't care what you think, because jazz is a thing so wonderful that if anybody doesn't rave about it, all you can feel for them is pity; not that I'm making out I really understand it all - I mean, certain Lps leave me speechless. But the great thing about the jazz world and all the kids that enter it, is that no one, not a soul, cares what your class is, or what your race is, or what your income, or if you're a boy, or girl, or bent, or versatile, or what you are - so long as you dig the scene and behave yourself, and have left all that crap behind you; too, when you come in the jazz club door, The result of all that, in the jazz world, you meet all kinds of cats, on absolutely equal terms, who can clue you up in all kinds of directions - in social directions, in culture directions, and in racial directions ... in fact, almost anywhere, really, you want to go to learn." (Colin MacInnes - 'Absolute Beginners'),

"And finally the tenorman decided to blow his top and crouched down and held a note in High C for a long time as everybody else crashed along and the cries increased and I thought the cops would come swarming from the nearest precinct; Dean was in a trance. The tenorman's eyes were fixed straight on him; he had a madman who not only understood but cared and wanted to understand more and much more than there was, and they began duelling for this; everything came out of the horn, no more phrases, just cries, cries, 'Baugh' and down to 'Beep!' and up to 'EEEEEE!' and down to clinkets and over to sideways-echoing horn-sounds, he tried everything, up, down, sideways, upside down, horizontal, thirty degrees, and finally he fell back in somebody's arms and gave up and everybody pushed around and yelled, 'Yes! Yes! He blowed that one!' Dean wiped himself with his handkerchief." (Jack Kerouac - 'On The Road'),

BOLAN=KING

Magic. There was magic around much of what Bolan achieved or attempted, a magic in the relationships he established with his followers. Bolan's whole art was formed around a singular integration of his belief in 'magic' (myth, mystery, exotica) and an obsession with the magic of the most fundamental rock'n'roll essentials. He considered the pop single to be a 'spell', and although it took him some time to articulate that potently, and it was only achieved for three or four years, when he did he determined the commitment and direction of what turned out to be third generation of rock fans. Bolan was a considerable catalyst; most of his effect was outside magic.

Some fans have never been able to shake off the Marc magic - and that has nothing to do with his death - and have become Bolan obsessed. Bolan was the kind of entertainer who inspires a deep faith. Years after the heights of his success he had a large cult following, and since his death that following hasn't diminished.

Bolan's pop music was impermanent (although some songs transcended that); he made it so because he recognised that the pop song was a moment, a mark in time, at most a period. He knew that The Pop Star, through the very nature of the phenomenon, faded away. He always said he would have three or four years at the very top - as far back as 1965 he was claiming that he would be an idol for four years and that the idea appealed to him, and in 1972 he was aware, the Rex impact would burn away quickly.

But, for moments Bolan's elemental and elusive uniqueness could always be spotted. His sense of camp could never desert him. His imperfectly perfect miming was classic. There was the way he held and caressed his meticulously positioned guitar - never a great guitarist, he was a great *user* of the guitar, often using it to emphasise the absurdity of it all. Most of all there was the wide grin that let everyone into the secret: look what I'm getting away with! It was simple but outrageous gestures such as these, supported by a fierce belief in his own destiny, that profound love for the rock'n'roll spirit, an

androgynous sensuality, enormous self-confidence, that helped win him his fame.

He was no artist, but artisan. He was actor, sometimes forgetting his lines, having to bluff his way through. He was cartoonist. He caricatured the rock'n'roll dream. He lived the dream and he suffered through it.

But that Bolan caricature, the years when Bolan was on top, in control and loving every minute, should never be underestimated. Whether by design or accident - a mixture of both ultimately - Bolan rediscovered pop's potency and value. He was an exaggeratedly bright light in the early '70s darkness. He invented what was termed glam-rock - it was cosmic pop, teenage music, at a time when rock was drifting into a late twenties slumber.

Marc Bolan introduced more people to the wonders of pop than almost anyone. He didn't let anyone down. He was offering nothing more than excitement. Bolan personified vitality in life. He was a believer in the magic of life as well as the magic in life. Live it to the full, laughed at and with it, live it to the end.



From the early '60s Mark Feld was pledged to emulating the life-giving song and dance men who showed off for the sake of showing off, who were inventing new ways of life. Cliff Richard, Eddie Cochrane, Bill Haley, Elvis Presley - their brand new rock was what Bolan grew up surrounded by. It hooked him. He wanted in. To belong.

It was either fate making it tough for the young Mark Feld, or the kid realising that the time wasn't right, that meant it was six years after his first records before fulfilment - almost two eras on from Presley and Holly. But he was always assertive and determined, and whatever he did he could relate to the essential spirit of his rock heroes.

Teenage exuberance ushered him into an early '60s skiffle group, Susie and the Hoolahoops, along with Helen Shapiro. A love for clothes - initially stimulated by reading at an early age *The Life of Beau Brummel*, and a love that eventually exploded into momentous proportions

- led to him mixing with a group of sharp kids from London's Stamford Hill for whom clothes had become a way of life. Bolan became part of the mod explosion, and his precocious views and wardrobe got featured in *Town* magazine. He was 15 and already receiving attention. He couldn't do without it.

In the early '60s he was a wanderer. He did bit-part acting, modelling, worked in cafes and on market stalls, learnt guitar via Bert Weedon, read a lot, wrote poetry. In this early period fact and fiction spill into each other. Certainly part of his wandering included a trip to Paris and a meeting with a man he called 'The Wizard', who introduced him to the magic and folklore that would permeate Bolan's music. The Wizard, who ever he was - Bolan was always very vague about his experiences during the month he spent staying with the magician - was as important in moulding Bolan's music as Eddie Cochrane or Elvis Presley.



In 1964, still Mark Feld, he began to take a musical career seriously. He failed a recording test at EMI, singing Betty Everett's 'You're No Good'. As Toby Tyler, newly swayed by Dylan, he recorded some demos, including versions of 'Gloria' and 'Blowing In The Wind', (sounding like a funky Donovan), and through this was signed by Decca. He was 17. His first single was 'The Wizard', with the name Mark Bowland on the acetate, but Marc Bolan on the label. It was a very odd record. Chris Welch thought: "he sang rather like a wary woodland elf, trying out the escalator at Piccadilly tube station, having lost his way in the big city." *Disc* reckoned that with this "strange young man's look and background, we will hear more of him".

To promote the record he appeared on *Ready Steady Go*. "I had no idea how to sing." The band behind him started late and played in the wrong key. It was a shambles. As he left the stage he made a silent vow to "really work at being a musician from now on".

He withdrew "to learn the art of songwriting". His second Decca single was 'The Third Degree' - even then the Bolan warble was acute, his melodic sense strong, and not even the acoustic guitars could diffuse his energy. In 1967 he met The Yardbirds manager Simon Napier-Bell, who produced his third single 'Hippy Gumbo'. Again promoted, on *Ready Steady Go*, this one marked by the debut appearance of Jimi Hendrix - who legend has it selected Bolan for a few inspiring words of the 'you'll make it' type. The record sold 200 copies.

More importantly John Peel, then doing Radio Caroline's *Perfumed Garden* show, liked the record and played it continually, continuing to do so when he moved to Radio One. His enthusiasm for the Bolan charm and strangeness was the start of a partnership that would stretch years ahead.

Through Napier-Bell, Bolan was recruited by John's Children (formerly Silence - a mod group Clockwork Onions) who were looking for a Townshend figure. John's Children were a primitive forerunner of T-Rex; they were the flower pop men. By now Bolan was already being sucked into the 'underground', his passion for poetry and fantasy fitting in well.

He wrote the BBC-banned 'Desdemona' (despised because of the cutesy-sensual line 'lift up your skirt and fly'), left disillusioned with the group's attitude and

was afterwards dismayed with the way the group handled his songs.

Somewhere along the line he became infatuated with Tolkien (Bolan fell for fakes like Tolkien and Gibran as well as for heroes like Rimbaud and Blake). Tolkienism was to be another forceful influence. But even as Bolan succumbed to the sickly sweet scent of flower power, as he started writing songs with words like 'thee' in them, he could still link his action to his rock heroes. Even then he was still faithful to the power of the single, at a time when the single was losing its importance and earning from the unmerciful progressives a tag of irrelevance.

There's a patchy but intriguing compilation of songs from this period, 'The Beginning of Doves' - songs Bolan was preparing for John's Children. Through all the misty imagery and grey acoustic textures can be sensed the spirit of Eddie Cochran. It was a spirit that was biding its time.

Bolan left John's Children with no money and after quickly forming a shambolic five piece rock group had all his equipment repossessed by Track Records. He, with cheap acoustic guitar, and Steve Peregrin(e) Took, with borrowed bongos, survived from the five piece, and became Tyrannosaurus Rex, lords of the underground to be. They contacted Peel and together played peace and love shows at the hippy home Middle Earth.

Tyrannosaurus Rex, their acoustic sound especially, were more an accident than anything else, but Bolan, intensely idealistic by now, felt comfortable with its small time feel. The group became heavily identified with the murky underground and the whole almost hallucinatory fallacy of the hippy 'revolution'. Living for the flowers and flowing with the vibrations, this period sucked the fairy stories out of Bolan's erratic head. Bolan jangled acoustic guitar, Peregrin Took pattered stretched skins.

Prophetically Bolan described the Tyrannosaurus Rex simplicity and spontaneity as opposed to the excesses of the over-produced and cluttered 'progressive' rock school, a fresh respite from the imbecilic management and record industry scheme of things. It was all very 'nice'. But any musical fascination is at most its quaint queerness.

Even when playing free concerts at Hyde Park, singing songs that seemed like mythological riddles, sitting cross legged on the stage, dedicating records to Aslan and the Old Narnians, Bolan could still relate the underlying feel to his ideal. The aim was still to boogie. And although acoustic instruments lent the songs a trilling folk flavour - Tyrannosaurus Rex were bracketed with Incredible String Band, Roy Harper and Donovan - their first single 'Debra' was rousing acoustic boogie, not as archly whimsical as most of their material. Thanks to Peel it was a minor hit.

But Bolan's faith in the single had momentarily slipped. He fell in for the progressive idea. Tyrannosaurus were an 'album band', adult, elitist, sensible and all that. Their first two LP's 'My People Were Fair And Had Sky In Their Hair But Now They're Content To Wear Stars On Their Brows' and 'Prophets, Seers And Sages, Angels Of The Ages' were steeped in the tranced and pseudo-idiotic images of harlequins, fawns, eagles, golden cats, Persian beggars, satyrs and knights. Andrew Weiner called it "second hand Tolkien set to third hand Buddy Holly, Del Shannon's greatest mantras". Richard Meltzer encapsulated Bolan's now extreme yocalese by noting that Bolan sang the words as if "they were Polish or Hiberno-Northumbrian or something backwards or something."

Tyrannosaurus Rex were a long way from Cliff Richard, smart clothes and the pop dream; this hippy dream was rhapsodic and idle. Events overtook Bolan. Perhaps he was seduced by the group's medium success, felt he was contributing to a movement. Perhaps he thought he was the star child of Dylan, Blake and Merlin rather than the bastard child of CS Lewis, Donovan and a passing satyr. I don't suppose it felt like it at the time, but it's kitsch.

The single 'One Inch Rock' showed that Bolan wasn't totally trapped in a Persian past. The third Tyrannosaurus Rex Lp 'Unicorn' hinted that Bolan's lost rock spirit was burrowing its way past the fairies and gnomes, looking for a way out.

Almost religiously sticking to the acoustic - and by now his cult following were taking this as gospel just as pre-Newport Dylan fans did, which just goes to show how serious some people take things - Bolan still elevated his

almost grotesque folk-art into something remarkably sophisticated. Bolan developed the solecistic brute into something relatively attractive. He unexpectedly re-introduced his clever pop sensibility. 'Unicorn' is Rex's aberrant folk-rock done up with big-production, expansive instrumental scope, an almost Spectorish cavernous feel.

The words were still featuring doves, gypsies, horned dogs, pilgrims of summer, but the music had a wide surreal quality. Bolan's pop sensibility, long dormant, was maturing. Even his hold over his 'trip the hobbit fantastic' images was tightening up, the emphasis on rhythm and sound much more in evidence. Written down as poetry, his words were meticulously obscure, pseudo-literary and archaic. 'Warlock Of Love' is moderately unreadable and during Bolan's teen heyday became a best seller.

'Unicorn' is a freak isolated instant, belonging to no musical tradition. From that period it stands alongside such as Family's 'Music In A Dolls House' and Fairport Convention's 'Unhalfbricking', not for its technological innovation or its masterly interpretation of folk-rock, but because of its peculiarities. Marc Bolan had inadvertently stumbled on a music all his own. It wasn't much use to him or anyone else.

Took and Bolan attempted an electric song, 'King Of The Rumbling Spires'. It sounded like they recorded it in a sleeping bag. Took complained that the end of it was cut off. No one noticed it.

Bolan had done all he could expanding the pure Tyrannosaurus Rex aesthetic. A disastrous American tour ended with Bolan and Took parting company in October 1969 (a few months earlier, hinting at what was to come, a Tyrannosaurus Rex fan club was formed). The split at the time was apparently amicable. Later there were some slightly sour consequences.

Tyrannosaurus Rex was essentially all Bolan, but with Took gone the more obvious hippy orientation dropped away. Bolan's cosmic inclinations never faded, but combined with the peace and love, as they were during the late '60s, the balance was cloying. Artist Mickey Finn replaced Took and, at last, Bolan began to electrify his folk'n'roll. That 'spirit' was close to the surface. In January

1970, the first Bolan-Finn record was released, 'By The Light Of The Magical Moon'. It was gentle pop-fantasy, nothing like the extreme, raw original Tyrannosaurus Rex; The single was the first part of Bolan's triumphant transition from underground pet to public icon.

Deliberate, spindly electric guitar was featured, toughening the acoustic framework almost as an afterthought, and Bolan had begun to stretch his syllables, play around with his heavily stylised vocals. Towards the end of the record, strangely and cheekily predicting what was to come, Bolan inserted the fake screaming of teenage girls. It wasn't so much that he thought his time had come; more that it probably wouldn't.



'Beard Of Stars' applies a fresher pop perspective to the acoustic music than 'Unicorn'. As with 'Magical Moon', elegantly melodic songs have their acoustic core decorated with uncomplicated, refreshingly light handed electric guitar. Bolan's guitar playing turned out to be as distinctive as his vocals, it was an optimistic distillation of Clapton, Holly and Hendrix though not in the same class as those Bolan heroes just as his voice wasn't in the same class as Neil Young, but entertaining and very clever. The LP finished with a drummerless rave, 'Elemental Child', a careering guitar/bass drum, the noisiest and least restrained thing Bolan had done for years. The LP finished with sub-Hendrix fervour. The spirit had broken

through.

Even so Bolan was on the verge of quitting. There was nothing profoundly different between 'Magical Moon' and 'Ride A White Swan' (nor to most other Tyrannosaurus Rex singles) but 'Swan' was all electric, more mysterious and a maxi-single. Radio One started to play it; Bolan had shortened the name by now, and maybe the mouldy old hippy connotations disappeared along with the 'Tyrannosaurus'.

The introduction of electric guitar during 1970 was no shock, merely inevitable. You still couldn't understand what Bolan was singing and lyrically there was no shift in direction. But as Andrew Weiner pointed out, Bolan had discovered his spell, and it was electricity. Bolan was playing rock'n'roll!

Bolan claimed that he'd always wanted to play rock'n'roll, that he had always played rock'n'roll. In a sense maybe. But now he began to pose and preen. He hadn't forgotten the essentials he'd absorbed in the early '60s. He began to go to people, instead of expecting them to come to him. The change came very quickly.

The 'T-Rex' LP released at the end of the year didn't complete the transition, although in Bolan's head it was already made. "I wish this LP was more heavy," he said after he'd recorded it, as 'Swan' invaded the charts, when he intuitively realised what was happening.

'T-Rex' is a fine record. It retained the light whimsy of 'Unicorn' and 'Beard Of Stars'



and set the way for his bright teenybop work. The acoustic songs sound less venerable. It contains an electric version of 'One Inch Rock' - once electrified those Tyrannosaurus Rex songs could just about fit into a T-Rex song, with only the lyrics seeming out of place - an eight minute transformation of 'The Wizard', and the words made no attempt to disguise their amorality with flamboyant time-worn imagery. 'T-Rex' is almost like a debut Lp. This was the music Bolan could have been playing following John's Children if he hadn't crawled into the underground. Now the time was right.

'Ride A White Swan' stayed in the charts for 16 weeks, hopping up and down as more and more people responded to its alluring magic, to what, abruptly, was *their* music. For Bolan this was a massive vote of confidence. He wasted no time. The floodgates were open. It all came out in a rush - the pent up posing, energy, flirting, style, the love of noise and glamour. Denied for so long, Bolan's true passion poured out with beautifully exaggerated force.

Bolan got back to where he'd always belonged. Bolan had arrived. Recovered his zeal for rock'n'roll immediacy, the single, commercialism, and there were hundreds of

thousands of third generation teenagers with no music of their own. It's not as simple as to say it could have happened to anyone. Bolan reached them first, with his magic and his rampant dream pop. He gave pop music the kiss of life, and left a little lipstick on its face.

Bolan went electric and it was deemed, astoundingly, that he'd 'sold out'. For wanting to reach young people with vibrant pop music at a time when rock music was sinking into a clandestine mud, Bolan was consistently attacked.

Rock criticism was a young craft but already taking itself incredibly seriously. Bolan's best and most complete music undeniably coincided with his teen success. It wasn't as if during the days of Tyrannosaurus Rex his songs were complex, revealing autobiographical gems (Bolan was rarely autobiographical, and when he was could hardly bear to take himself seriously) or scintillating insights into the wracked mind of an outsider.

Critics felt - vaguely, but they made it seem like an unforgivable crime - that Bolan's electrifying, popularising and lyrical shift undermined the values of the '60s, that Bolan had ruptured all that was good and wholesome about dropping out and dribbling and whingeing. They must have been frail values if just by bopping into a few million homes with a different form of fantasy Bolan bought a fraught reality crashing in on the hippy do gooders.

Horrified ex-fans poured scorn on Bolan's new fame, felt his electric guitar playing was sacrilege. Critics patronised Bolan for the very things that five years later would be greeted as revolutionary - immediacy, noise, intimacy. The attitude highlighted rock's inherent, insidious snobbery at the time, but Bolan had a ball. I started to buy records, and so did all my friends.

I bought T-Rex singles, they bought Led Zeppelin Lp's. (Today I'm still in love with singles and I owe that to Bolan). I was classed a teenybopper. I knew deep down that the frowning Lp buyers were boring and, in retrospect, rather a teenybopper than a 'progressive' fan. At the time Zeppelin and the like were 'serious' music, T-Rex was 'trivial'. These standards were obviously flabby. Led Zep inspired their fans into a

lazy narrow mindedness, T-Rex inspired their fans into a curiosity - a Rex fan would end up in Buzzcocks or Positive Noise, a Zep fan in Def Leppard.

Accused of selling out, Bolan was in fact performing one hell of a service. He proceeded to establish a dialogue between himself and a previously neglected audience, reaffirmed that for better or worse pop music was about mass popularity, stripped away the pointless self-consciousness of progressive rock, brought up to date the communicative properties of rock'n'roll, dragged the balance away from instrumental virtuosity to instrumental effectiveness. He played to thrill, not to airily impress.

All this sprouted rapidly from Bolan's simple realisation that he wanted people to hear his music. He'd come to the conclusion that maintaining his cosiness as underground attraction was the real sell out. Not only did Bolan show up how dumb those progressive ideas were becoming, he was also starting something his precious fans - now ageing old and set in their ways - were missing. Cruel! No wonder they whined.

Inspirationally, Bolan planned a tour at the same time as 'White Swan' charted (and charted) that stipulated the price of tickets should be no more than 50p. Bolan, pulling the practical idealism out from the collapsing '70s revolution, put his music within the range of teenage pocket money. Curious kids wandered along, many to see their first concert, mixing warily with the hairies, affected by the weirdness of Bolan and Finn. The tour was a sell out. Bolan began to move, he got up off the floor, remembered the things Presley and Richard did to raise the temperature. To kids born in the '60s, this was something new. Young girls began to scream at the pretty, mysterious Bolan and his soft partner.

By sensing that he could offer something that was missing - simple rock excitement, it was so obvious no one noticed - he quickly and shrewdly cashed in on the miraculous success of 'Ride A White Swan', aiming squarely at those teenage girls. T-Rex became a group. Joining up were Steve Currie on bass (leaving in 1976, "I didn't make a fortune, but what price can you put on job satisfaction?") and Bill Legend on drums (leaving in 1973). Mickey Finn was to stay on congas, a weird hangover

from those early days, a flamboyant decoration, seen (hard to miss) but rarely heard. (As well as retaining hand percussion, Bolan was for a long while to insert an awkward acoustic section into the rock set, as if he'd been conned by the critics into accepting that this was his 'serious' side).

Bolan planned another cheap tour, rushed out the follow up whilst 'Swan' was still unsure whether to leave the charts, and had adapted totally. Whilst B-sides 'Woodland Rock' and 'King Of The Mountain Cometh' (14 minutes of music, Bolan boasted, remembering to offer vital value for money) showed what Bolan was doing before he realised the effect he was having, A-side 'Hot Love' was confident, cavorting rock'n'roll, heavier and fuller than 'Swan', a generous echo from a '50s past. It was carefully repetitive, featured a cunning, contagious chorus up to the fade. Bolan's lyrics were unsanctimoniously crafted in proper sensual and faintly immoral response to his new popularity. The imp played innocent and grinned wickedly. 'Hot Love' was a pop classic. In the words of *NME*, all hell broke loose.

If it was half-accident that Bolan discovered his fans, and was discovered by them, 'Hot Love' was all intent. It was brilliantly, not cruelly, contrived for those new fans unaware of the phrases and riffs it 'borrowed' from. 'Hot Love' was number one for six weeks.

Within months Bolan was Britain's number one rock'n'roll superstar. It began to get hysterical, it began to get statistical, and it was very historical. The average Bolan fan, it was decided, was 14, and it was the first hint that as rock grew up there was a generation gap developing *within* the culture.

The act of buying a T-Rex record, noted Michael Watts in a *Melody Maker Special Souvenir*, was a reaction against the tastes of older brothers and sisters. I didn't notice that at the time. It was just one long fidgety wait for the next single, a rush of feelings when Stuart Henry previewed the new one on his Saturday morning Radio One show. It was an escape outwards. At the time it just seemed like nothing else mattered. Elvis Presley established the first generation rock fan, The Beatles the second and Bolan the third - after that it just got in a mess.



In 1971, Bolan and T-Rex toured twice, inspiring incidents that provoked mainstream and musical press to breathlessly recall the battlefield days of Beatlemania. "Rextasy" bawled the headlines, and print accepted its role of shaping legend. "If you are much over 20", reported Michael Watts, "the chances are you won't have brushed with T-Rextasy." Bolan had simply to trot on stage, in newly acquired, finely glamorous satin and glitter - dandyism coming into its own - and "the whole place exploded into a riot" (*Weekly News*). The shows immediately shattered the distance Zeppelin and Deep Purple were setting up. They were raving, sensational fantasies. Musically, they were probably dire; Currie and Legend were a plain rhythm section, Finn heartily smashed congas but in floppy hat, tight jeans,

long scarfs was merely a secondary visual attraction, and Bolan found it tough to concentrate on guitar as he posed and teased to bursting point and grinned inside out.

The peculiar ritual of mass adulation was at its most acute during a T-Rex show: a mystic devotion focussing on a small boy-girl-man in ballet shoes, sinfully shaking tumbling curls, defiantly incanting simplistic pop poetry over a stumbling rock backing that usually degenerated into an erratic directionless jam. A T-Rex show was supernatural, shaw, frightening, fascinating.

• A T-Rex show was surprise. There was no pretence from Bolan to mystery or originality; the fans made that bit up. On stage Bolan was necromancer and in a way necrophiliac. It was wish fulfilment; these days I doubt anyone

could get away with what was mostly frailly maintained illusion. But Bolan inspired imitation and intense identification (I was a Mickey Finn lookalike). He was both fantasy lover and androgynous icon. "T-Rex shows tend to give the appearance of a giant puppet show," said Andrew Weiner, "Marc Bolan is the living doll." It was the extension to entertainment that occurs when sex first intrudes, when something seems yours for the first time; pop adulation is a feeble first forming of rebellion and individuality. Bolan exploited these emergent tendencies at a time when things were simple enough for an individual to carry the weight alone. He was the last great solo star. He did more good than harm.

'Get It On' followed 'Hot Love' to number one. It was his finest single song, indicating his great talent for permutation and synthesis, his immensely sensitive and selective collaging of Great Moments in Rock. He was ace historian. 'Get It On' was the best possible transformation of Chuck Berry's sense of sex and poetry. It gave him a top ten hit in America - he went after success in America with desperate zeal, but 'Get It On' was his only hit there. Bolan's new conspicuous pop poetry, where sound, rhythm, colour, shape and flow were more important than direct sense, was at its most incisive. The simple fact that Bolan had poetical fancies meant his teenybop language had a glaring and neat allusiveness. Somewhere in there was the loner, a friend. His explicatory pop words made his pre T-Rex lyrics seem gibberish. Cars replaced elves, fittingly, as a prime source of Bolan symbolism.

'Electric Warrior' confirmed the transition. was total and irrevocable. Title and cover were blatant symbols of the metamorphosis. 'Warrior' could have been weaker and still backed up his singles success. As it was, although the music was beginning to matter less and less (when it finally began to matter again, Bolan had lost his grip) Bolan's creative peak certainly coincided with Rex-Mania. 'Warrior' was and is an enduring pop masterpiece outside the protective T-Rex effect context. Its strengths - artistic and stylistic - made the jibes of sell-out especially stupid. Bolan called it a true beginning. It was the closest he got to his

purser dreams. It is his most rewarding and resourceful Lp; all his influences stunningly focussed into one place.

With 'Warrior' Bolan achieved uniqueness. If he had developed away from it in a more open minded manner, he could have achieved the respect and acceptance of those he idolised. But even as Nick Logan's *NME* review was recognising the artfulness of Bolan's pop fusion on 'Electric Warrior', he sensed that Bolan was beginning to trust his own head too much. After 'Electric Warrior' Bolan began to be influenced by his own work. All the songs from then on used the essence of 'Warrior' as 75% of their blueprint. The magic systematically faded.

At the time he was becoming too self conscious about the extra dimension that made music magical. His ability to talk was being given free reign by a grateful press; he started to relish his role with a slight ruthlessness. "I want a reaction from people even if they think I'm some kind of dreadful little freak," he told *Petticoat* magazine (sales of teenybop magazines were tripling thanks to Bolan) "at least it's a reaction. I mean I am my own fantasy. I am the 'Cosmic Dancer' who dances his way out of the womb and into the tomb on my 'Electric Warrior' Lp. I'm not frightened to get up there and groove in front of six million people on *Top Of The Pop*. I'm a rock'n'roll poet man who is just bopping around on the side. I'm not about to jump into the Englebert Humperdinck bag but what I do is what I believe in ... the people I've always admired most in this business like Jimi Hendrix and Eric Clapton had the ability to put something extra into their music which gave it an extra dimension. A kind of personal soulfulness that made them unique. Don't misunderstand me because I'm not trying to say that I'm a Clapton or a Hendrix ... what I'm saying is that I'm getting through something of my own identity now and even respect for myself as a musician."

With 'Electric Warrior' he achieved that 'extra dimension' without really worrying about it. He then strove to achieve it, and missed the march. Critics placed him alongside the Osmonds and Cassidy. Bolan placed himself alongside Dylan and Townsend. At best he was somewhere in between, but far too aware of the extremes. In a way he knew too much

Bolan's success was his destruction. The whole point of this period was that it was a revelation; by its very nature it couldn't be sustained. But throughout '71 and the first months of '72 Marc Bolan and T-Rex totally dominated the British music scene. Bolan had mastered the new market. 'Jeepster' was pulled off 'Warrior' and was the fourth top 3 hit within a year; during 1971 T-Rex captured three and a half per cent of all the singles market. His contract with Fly came to an end. He was in the best possible position to negotiate a new contract; EMI, who had Bolan through Regal Zonophone, were anxious to resign him. With typical shrewdness, looking for independence, Bolan formed his own label T-Rex Wax Company, and leased it to EMI.

The first single on his own label 'Telegram Sam' hinted already that the magic was waning. "If 'Get It On' fed off Chuck Berry", wrote Andrew Weiner, "'Telegram Sam' fed off 'Get It On'." 'T.Sam' was still a superior pop song. During these months Bolan remained a considerable singles craftsman. With the follow-up 'Metal Guru' layers of fantasy started to get tangled, Bolan started to slyly parody his role and the unreality. The ramifications of stardom and the pressures of business, things that never occurred in the dream, were starting to suffocate Bolan.

But for now he deftly rode the tidal wave. Weeks before the release of 'Metal Guru', Bolan arranged the first British T-Rex date for six months. (T-Rex actually played few dates during their prime success.) Two performances at Wembley Empire Pool on Saturday March 18th were the pinnacle of Bolan's success, the final confirmation of his startling fame and control.

It was the biggest pop music happening since the mid-'60s. The two concerts were riotous, religious experiences. *NME*, commercial instincts overriding cynical critical pride, went mad. 'Bolan's Triumph', announced the front page of its March 25th issue, 'The incredible concert that changed the face of British rock'. Love him or loathe him, *NME* said, the truth is plain to see. Bolan's 'mesmeric' power over his audience, the way his fans imitated him, screamed, surged, adored.

Ringo Starr developed a film out of the Wembley concerts - initially the film was to purely document the T-Rex phenomenon, but

finally raw footage of the Wembley concert was set within fragments of spontaneous silliness and Bolan jamming with friends. Critics slammed it for its naivety, summing up the dichotomy between their personal expectations and, in this case, the unpretentious actuality. In his free-talking moments Bolan demanded serious attention; in his saner moments he understood the falseness and quickness of what he created. 'Born To Boogie' is the most complete and natural film Bolan could have made at that time, when he was trapped by a complex of expectations.

"The film was made purely as a piece of rock'n'roll entertainment. I feel it documents the phenomenon that has been T-Rex through the



past years ... we made the film strictly for a teenage audience who demand youthful excitement of the cinema - as well as on television and in the theatre - I think the film does that - no more, no less."

Bolan made himself - which set him apart from David Cassidy - and then he lost control - an inevitability that placed him with Cassidy. Bolan's greatest importance was during 1971, '72 and '73. After that he was no longer 'needed'. He was discarded, left behind to deal with the success monster. It ruined him; became a new dead end. 'The Children Of The Revolution', 'Solid Gold Easy Action', 'Twentieth Century Boy' and 'The Groover' fed more and more on his own transparent mythology, but still retained enough of the

magic to sustain the mania with minimal embarrassment. 'Truck On Tyke' was the end. Bolan claimed it was intentionally bad. He wanted to separate himself from the glam rock strain he had half-invented but now saw splitting at the seams. He needed to show that he too knew that the clamour had died away. 'Tyke' failed to reach the top 10.

Reality overtook Bolan's fantasy, he never adapted conclusively. Lp's following the 'Electric Warrior' shadow 'Slider' featured an entertainment that became progressively more shallow as time ripped away context. There was no re-direction; the riffs got weaker, the words more expected. He split from Tony



Visconti in 1974, severing the last remaining link with an outside musical world. The sound of Bolan's songs noticeably deteriorated. T-Rex, as they were known were really no more after '74.

Bolan was pure song and dance man. There was nothing of interest in him pumping out Lp's of boogie songs - he kept applying different labels, 'intergalactic psychedelia' or 'teenage funk', but it was all the same - like there was something of interest in a new Iggy or Bowie Lp. Bolan's songs were all mirages; there was little sign of any personal struggle. Bolan remained an enigma to all but his closest friends, he put on happy faces. He hid behind the clumsy facade of being a 'poet'. He began to drink a lot. In early '75

he suffered a mild heart attack. Earlier, in '74, he had split from his wife June, who he had known since the '60s. "We just grew apart. We couldn't relate anymore, and I was away so much. I guess it's hard being the wife of a rock star. You tend to live in the shadow of someone else. I'm a lunatic anyway. All artists are lunatics."

1974 and 1975 were Bolan's darkest times. It had been up all the way until then. "I was nearly over the edge. I'd had eight nervous breakdowns and gone crazy about five times. You couldn't do what I did and remain sane. I was a near alcoholic for a while. I spent six months in the South of France just sitting in the sun all day and drinking brandy. I put on two stone. I was doing my share of drug taking. I filled up my nose. Drink and drugs are the crutches of the rock world. There's nothing more destructive than being a success in the entertainment industry. It's a killer, no two ways about it."

"At 14 or 15 you get your guitars and start dreaming your dream about becoming the biggest rock star in the world. On the way up people are only too pleased to give you advice, but nobody ever tells you what to do after you've made it. That's when the dream can turn into a nightmare. Once you've had that first big hit that's it; everybody knows you, failure would be an embarrassment so you've got to keep it up. That's how the pressure starts and the more famous and successful you get the greater the pressure gets."

Pride kept him going, and a fear of loss of attention. His self-produced pop had spasmodic freak attraction, but was separated from where rock was developing. In 1973 he had met Gloria Jones, who was singing backing vocals on 'Truck On Tyke', and a year later they were living together. They had a baby in 1975 - Roland Seymour. This gave him a sense of responsibility, he said.

Towards the end of his life he was finding a certain stability. A tour with The Damned in '77 was the brightest thing he'd done in years. He began to showcase himself as the Godfather Of Punk, and he was not far wrong. The fundamentals of T-Rex were an important influence in shaping punk aesthetic, and the mood and colour of the music. Bolan's influence on new groups was indirect but noticeable. As elder statesman he publicised the Banshees, Boomtown Rats, Jam, Gen X,

Damned through a zestful column he dictated for *Record Mirror*. Bolan did in the early '70s what punk did more beneficially in the mid-'70s. He was never labelled a BOF.

He briefly worked for London's *Today* programme, interviewing Stan Lee, John Mayall, Angie Bowie and Keith Moon. And finally there was the *Marc* show: perhaps the beginning of Bolan moving away from T-Rex and a pretence to musical relevance - as a sound and style in '77, T-Rex were perilously close to revivalism. He had begun to do another series.

On 16th September he died in a car crash in London, just four weeks to the day after the death of Presley, two weeks before his 30th birthday.

There was nothing tidy about Bolan's death. It was no romantic conclusion, it created no instant glamour. It brutally cut him off when he was at last beginning to compromise, seek out attention in new ways. It left behind a jagged legend. A legend wrapped around three mad years.

A piece like this fails to communicate Marc Bolan's quintessential charm, enthusiasm, enchanting arrogance, acceptable conceit. Bolan struggled more than he didn't. But he knew that he was different and he knew he would succeed. He staked everything on that success. And when he was a star, typically, he

went way over the top. At the time his impact was largely misjudged. He was irrelevant soon afterwards. And these days the T-Rex effect is such a distant alien thing. But Marc Bolan was the ideal pop idol. For three important years he maintained whatever it was that needed to be maintained with his own special genius. He was never properly thanked for what he did. So

.....
Thanks.

This essay was written by Paul Morley and originally published in the New Musical Express in 1980.

Gallic Productions Recommends:

- Singles:* Oct '70 - *Ride A White Swan*,
Feb '71 - *Hot Love*,
Jul '71 - *Get It On*,
Nov '71 - *Jeepster*,
Jan '72 - *Telegram Sam*,
May '72 - *Metal Guru*,
Sep '72 - *The Children Of The Revolution*,
Dec '72 - *Solid Gold Easy Action*,
Mar '73 - *Twentieth Century Boy*,
Jun '73 - *The Groover*,
Lps: Dec '70 - *T-Rex*,
Sep '71 - *Electric Warrior*,
Jul '72 - *The Slider*.



Charlie Patton.



THE BLUES

'Here in my Pocket I've got the story of the Blues' said Pete - and I for one believed him. As far as my romantic notions tell me the Blues began down some Mississippi delta country over-crowded shack where the evenings were spent mind-doodling on acoustic gee-tars coming to terms with the extreme reality of Southern fried living. (I think that's why the music has a lazy, laid-back feel - who's going to invent Punk after a day working in the fields of some bigotted, red-necked Klan member). But enough of romantic notions - the truth is that I don't know how it all started for sure - just that Blues is black music whether it's roots are in Africa or the New World is something that eludes me - suffice it to say that Blues music is 'Soul' music, music born in the despair of a downtrodden people or maybe in their hope - but enough, this essay is not intended as a sentimental human rights rant but as some kind of celebration. So continue: The Blues did not become a popular/widespread music until white musicians began to play it. So Southern, white, usually 'Country & Western' musicians began to emulate the black originators of the form. George Jones, Hank Williams, Elvis Presley - extreme examples? Maybe but all definitely Blues influenced perhaps by Howling Wolf or Muddy Waters or any of the hundred other, lesser known Blues 'artists'.

Purely by imitating a form of music (or any other art) you are bound to alter it and make it something else and so the Blues changed from it's original simple beginnings to ever more complicated 'Modern' Blues until what people claim to be 'Blues' today bears as much resemblance to the original as a Pollock does to a Constable. so ignore, no deplore, the Eric Claptons and Mark Knopflers whose bastardised versions of a once virgin article is to be considered a crime especially when they are hailed as 'Great Blues Men' - don't make me sick. What I want to know is "What are they going to say about me when they tell the story of the Blues." Tell it like it is Pete! (optional).



Muddy Waters.

DISCOGRAPHY

Robert Johnson - 'King of the Delta Blues Singers'. 1936/37.
Muddy Waters - 'Chicago Golden Years'. 1948-64.
Howling Wolf - 'Chicago Golden Years'. 1951-65.
John Lee Hooker - 'This is Hip'. 1955-64.
Sun Records - 'The Blues Years' (box). 1950-56. includes Pat Hare - 'I'm
Gonna Murder My Baby'. 1954.
and various others including: Blind Lemon Jefferson & Leadbelly.

RELATED MUSICS

The Rolling Stones - 1962-72, The Doors, Little Feat.
T-Mob - 'STP' ('Immolation Blues') 1987. // FEKM - 'Bruitism' ('In the Market
Place') 1988. // MethodRhythm - 'Perversion Street' ('Cuckold Blues') 1989.

READING

Paul Oliver is probably the best writer on the Blues. Greil Marcus' masterpiece
'Mystery Train' has a good chapter on Robert Johnson. Robert Palmer (no, not
him) - 'Deep Blues', Peter Guralnick - 'Lost Highway' & 'Feel Like Going Home' and
Giles Oakley - 'The Devil's Music' are also worth a glance.



Howling Wolf.

what's

GOING

ON

1971



REMEMBERED

*'Love your Brother
Love your Sister.'*

Cut in 1971, 'What's Going On' stands as a testimony to one man's vision and humility. The compassion Marvin Gaye feels for common humanity is coupled with disgust at our present self-orientated society. This Lp is a search for a way forward, a point to stop and look at the state of the world and actually do something to create the fundamental right of each and every individual to happiness, or at least contentment.

*'Live ---
Live for Life.'*

Marvin Gaye looked to religion or rather to that core of religion that can bring people of all walks of life together, as a way towards a common aim; An indirect form of socialism, togetherness, runs through the entire Lp; those of us in a position to help others should hold out the hand, care about 'What's Going on' around us and if need be change it.

*'Everybody thinks we're wrong
Who are they to judge us simply because we wear our hair long.'*

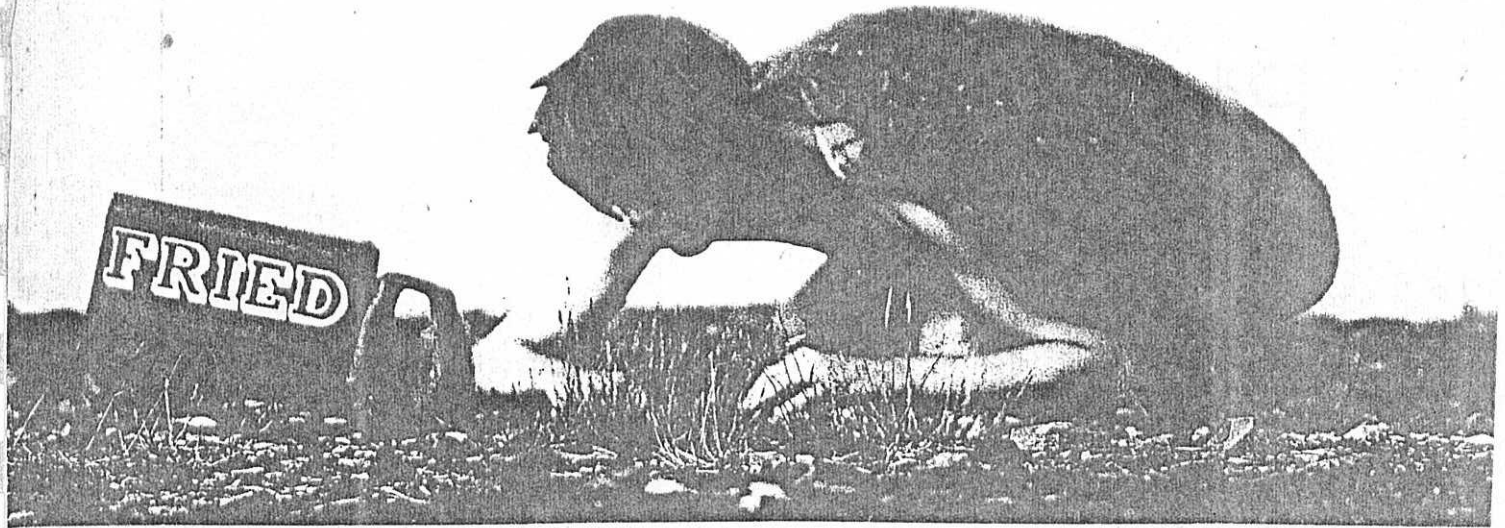
In a framework of Soul/Funk, Gaye brings his poignant message of the evils of this 'our' world, 'our' epoch. He fore-sees that *'There will come a time when the world won't be singing, flowers won't grow, bells won't be ringing.'* War, even in supposedly 'civilised' societies still happens, if it is not our own it is somebody else's which we help to prolong. Although we can all see what we are doing to ourselves and our environment individually, on mass, humanity acts like an infant, even that is an unfair comparison, an infant has more natural feeling.

*'You know we've got to find a way
To bring some loving here today.'*

Marvin Gaye could see that this individual caring brought together in a cohesive force, has the potential to create a better world. The Lp has the effect of giving a moment of reflection, guilt and belief, it is up to each of us to take heed of the message for it is the message which embodies the music beautiful in it's own right.

Free-form bass traverses within a frame-work of Motown pop that is moving towards a heavier soul feel. Gaye's voice floats across the weightless groove, giving a dream-like quality to the whole Lp. He is quoted as having taught himself to *'Relax, just relax'* while singing, this creates the same easiness within the listener. Jazz formation would seem apparent, especially with regard to the bass, thus allowing you to drift, each song merges with the next creating a timeless effect, usually very rare to capture, I am always shocked when the side finishes since my mind is usually somewhere else.

Although the Lp preaches against War, notably the Vietnam War, and constantly refers to late-60s culture, it will never be dated because the overriding feel is LOVE.



J TEARDROP EXPLODES: SINGLES.

Feb 1979 - *Sleeping Gas/Camera Camera/Kirkby Workers' Dream Fades*,..... Zoo Cage 003

Jun 1979 - *Bouncing Babies/All I Am Is Loving You*,..... Zoo Cage 005

Feb 1980 - *Treason/Read It In Books*,..... Zoo Cage 008

Sep 1980 - *When I Dream/Kilimanjaro*,..... Mercury TEAR 1

Jan 1981 - *Reward/Strange House In The Snow*,..... Mercury TEAR 2

Apr 1981 - *Treason/Use Me/Traison*,..... 12" Mercury TEAR 3

Sep 1981 - *Passionate Friend/Christ Versus Warhol*,..... 12" Mercury TEAR 5

Nov 1981 - *Colours Fly Away/Window Shopping For A New Crown Of Thorns/
East Of The Equator*,..... 12" Mercury TEAR 6

Jun 1982 - *Tiny Children/Rachel Built A Steamboat/Sleeping Gas (Live)*,..... 12" Mercury TEAR 7

Feb 1983 - *You Disappear From View/Suffocate/Ouch Monkeys/Soft Enough For You/
The In-Psychlopedia*,..... 12" Mercury TEAR 8

C ALBUMS,

Oct 1980 - *Kilimanjaro*
*Ha Ha I'm Drowning in Your Love/Sleeping Gas/Treason/Second Head/Poppies In
The Field/Went Crazy/Brave Boys Keep Their Promises/Bouncing Babies/Books/
Thief Of Baghdad/When I Dream*,..... Mercury 6359 035

Nov 1981 - *Vilder*
*Bent Out Of Shape/Colours Fly Away/Seven Views Of Jerusalem/Pure Joy/Falling
Down Around Me/The Culture Bunker/Passionate Friend/Tiny Children/Like Leila
Khaled Said/... And The Fighting Takes Over/The Great Dominions*,..... Mercury 6359 056

Mar 1982 - *To The Shores Of Lake Placid (Zoo Compilation Lp)*
demos of When I Dream/Take A Chance & Whopper - Kwalo Klobinski's Lullaby, Zoo ZOO 4

O JULIAN COPE: SINGLES.

Nov 1983 - *Sunshine Playroom/Hey High Class Butcher/Eat The Poor/Wreck My Car*,..... 12" Mercury COPE 1

Mar 1984 - *The Greatness and Perfection Of Love/Velocity Crescent/Pussyface*,..... 12" Mercury MER 155

Sep 1985 - *Rabbi Joseph Gordon - Competition/Belief In Him*,..... Bam Caruso NRICO 30

Feb 1985 - *Sunspots/I Went On A Chourney/ Mik Mak Mok/Land Of Fear*,..... 2x7" Mercury MER 1822

P ALBUMS,

Feb 1984 - *World Shut Your Mouth*
*Bandy's First Jump/Metranil Vavin/Strasbourg/An Elegant Chaos/Quizmaster
Kolly Kibber's Birthday/Sunshine Playroom/Head Hang Low/Pussyface/The
Greatness And Perfection Of Love/Lunatic And Fire-Pistol*,..... Mercury MERL 37

Nov 1984 - *Fried*
*Reynard The Fox/Bill Drummond Said/Laughing Boy/He Singing/Sunspots/The
Bloody Assizes/Search Party/O King Of Chaos/Holy Love/Torpedo*,..... Mercury MERL 48

Cope released two Lps and accompanying singles in 1987 & 1988; 'Saint Julian' & 'My Nation Underground'.

Performance

Anti-Art

'The Modern artist does not paint but creates directly ... Life and Art makes one.' (Tristan Tzara).

Performance Art is an integral part of twentieth century culture and society, breaking down the boundaries of what Art is or can be. As society has developed over the centuries, performance has been used to express the attitudes and values of various cultures, in this country today we still use 'ceremony' and 'procession' to evoke tradition and ancient ideals while simultaneously creating youth cultures, such as Punk, that rival past values and try to break the chains of tradition in order to look forward, not back. Performance has existed all through the ages from Medieval Pageantry, to the 'dandies' of the nineteenth century but the use of performance by the avant-garde can firstly be traced to the Italian Futurist Movement.

The brain-child of Marinetti, Futurism formed the blue-print for subsequent movements in its manipulation of performance as a way to obtain publicity. On the 12th January 1910, the first Futurist evening was held. The Futurists turned to 'performance' as the most direct means of forcing an audience to take note of ideas, to disrupt a complacent public, no distinctions were made between Art as poetry, painting or performance. Marinetti incited painters in his Manifestoes to:

'Go out into the streets, launch assaults from theatres, introduce fisticuffs into the artistic battle'.

Audience participation was no less hectic, missiles of potatoes and oranges were a regular occurrence, but this at least showed that they were alive to the performance. The Futurists used to actually heat up the audience by glueing their seats or double-booking the auditorium. In October 1913 the Variety Theatre Manifesto was published, it stated Futurist theatre should be:

'The whole gamut of stupidity, imbecility, doltishness, and absurdity, insensibility pushing the intelligence to the very border of madness.'

No story line existed, actors and authors had only one reason for existence:

'Incessantly to invent new elements of astonishment.'

Marinetti believed that the Variety Theatre should be anti-academic, it's primitive and naive qualities helped:

'Destroy the Solemn, the Sacred, the Serious and the Sublime in Art with a capital A.'

The 'Synthetic Theatre' Manifesto of 1915 stated:

'Synthetic, That is very brief. To compress into a few minutes, into a few words and gestures, innumerable situations, sensibilities, ideas, sensations, facts and symbols.'

An example of such theatre was Marinetti's 'They're Coming' of 1915. The scene is set in a luxury room lit by extravagant chandeliers, the major domo enters announcing 'They're coming', servants hurriedly arrange eight chairs in a horseshoe beside a large arm chair during which the major domo runs through the room crying 'Briccatiratanetana'. The servants promptly rearrange the furniture, turn the lights off and:

'wedged' into a corner, wait trembling with evident agony, while the chairs leave the room'.

Yet another example is the play 'There is no Dog' which consisted of no action or image



apart from the brief walk of a dog across the stage.

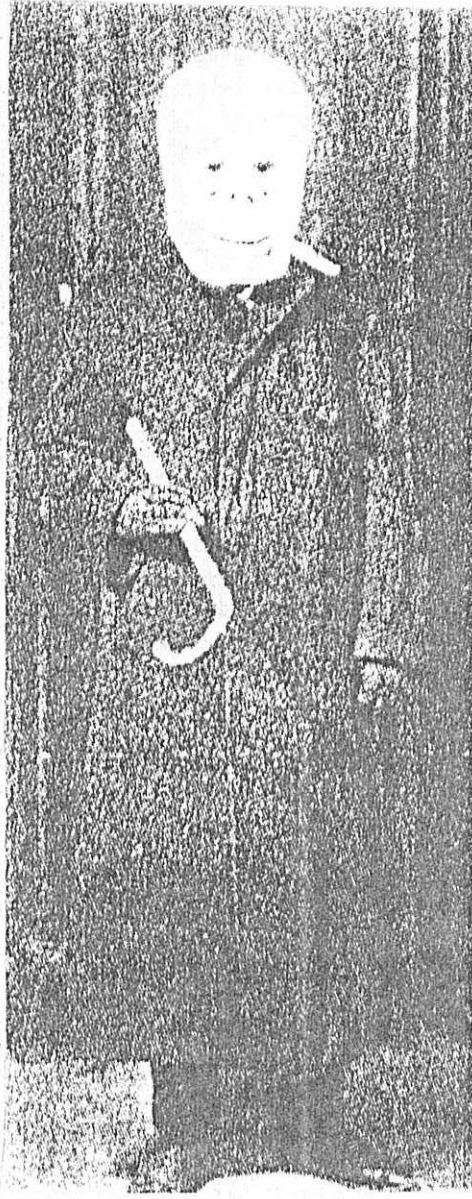
These performances were designed to attack the orthodox opinions of Art, making the audience confused and very uncomfortable.

By 1916 Futurist ideas had spread over Europe due to the massive publicity their actions obtained. One group of young radicals picked up on the various implication of performance, forming the dADA movement which centred it's activities at the Cabaret Voltaire run by Hugo Ball and Emmy Hennings. Tzara, Huelsenbeck and Janco recited simultaneous verse in the late evenings to a bemused audience;

'a contrapunctal recitative in which three or more voices speak, sing, whistle etc at the same time.'

Arp recounts the atmosphere at the Cabaret Voltaire on one such occasion;

'The people around us are shouting, laughing and gesticulating. Our replies are sighs of love, volleys of hiccups, poems, moos and miaowing of medieval Bruitists. Tzara is wiggling his behind like the belly of an oriental dancer, Janco is playing an invisible violin and bowing and scraping.'



54 George Grosz dressed as Dada Death, a costume in which he walked the Kurfürstendamm in Berlin in 1918

Performances were often staged in bizarre costumes such as George Grosz's 'dada Death' outfit in which he walked around Berlin in 1918 or Hugo Ball's cardboard costume used for his 'sound poems'. This outfit was so stiff that he had to be carried onto the platform in order to recite his 'verse without words', a sample of which follows:

'Gadji beri bimba'

glandridi lauli lonni cadori',... etc'.

Ball would often be left upon the stage unable to escape from the audience's abuse. These evenings at the Cabaret Voltaire were essentially meant to represent a protest against a society, ruled by logic, that allowed mass carnage to occur, as in World War I. The dAdAist Movement was anti-art, anti-establishment, anti-bourgeois, as Tzara stated on the 28 July 1918:

'Let us destroy, let us be good. Let us create a new force of gravity. No = Yes. DaDA means nothing.'

dada performances show frustration in a form of consciousness that denies man freedom of spirit. They rebelled against conformity, the pre-ordained way of thinking set to the rules of logic.

Surrealism was closely linked to Dada through Tristan Tzara's influence. After the break between Tzara and the Surrealists, Andre Breton emerged as the new leader of a movement committed to developing another stream of thought, that of the sub-conscious, the dream state. Performance played a large role in bringing this 'other state' into countless ordinary people's lives. Philip Soupault would roam Paris ringing door-bells to ask concierges if he lived there, Robert Denos would enter into a trance state and recite 'automatic' poetry, literally the first thing that came into his mind, Georges Limbour would get down on all fours, bark, and eat dog's food, while Dali, whose moustache was still young, would give lectures with his right foot soaking in a pan of milk.

These bizarre situations were meant to attack the rational to become a;

'persecution of the real world', (Andre Breton),

Via performance one could express the sub-conscious, the other-reality of the dream, the 'sur-reality', and obtain that state of vision advocated by Arthur Rimbaud:

'One must be a seer, make oneself a seer.'

The Surrealists were to an extent political but the short liaison between communism and various members demonstrated that the dialectic and the sub-conscious did not mix!

After World War II a Rumanian; Jean-Isidore Goldstein (b.1925) who called himself Isidore Isou and Gabriel Pomer formed the 'Lettristes'. In 1946 Isou interrupted a lecture on dAdA at the Vieux-Columbier Theatre in order to read his own poetry and distribute copies of the first and only issue of 'The Lettriste Dictatorship'. By 1947 in his Manifesto; '*Introduction a une Nouvelle Poesie et a une Nouvelle Musique*' Isou publicly claimed a break with Breton with his statement; '*Surrealism is dead!*' Isou believed in a more just society and recognised that religion, especially that of the Catholic church had suppressed man into subservience and fettered him to the past. One of the ultimate performances of the Lettristes occurred at 11.10am on the 9 April 1950 - '*The Assault on Notre Dame*'. Four young men entered the cathedral, one dressed as a Dominican monk; Easter High Mass was in progress and 10,000 people from all over the world were gathered inside. Michel Mourre ('the false Dominican') stood up at the pulpit and began to read a sermon written by his co-conspirator, Serge Berna;

'Today Easter day of the Holy Year

here

under the emblem of Notre-Dame of Paris

I accuse

The universal Catholic Church of the lethal diversion of our

Living strength towards an empty heaven

I accuse

The Catholic church of infecting the world with it's funereal morality

Of being the running sore on the decomposed body of the West

Verily I say unto you; God is Dead.'

The assault was then drowned out by the organist who began to frantically play in order to prevent any more blasphemy at which point the Cathedral Swiss guards, with drawn swords, charged the conspirators attempting to kill them; escaping to the Seine, one badly cut across the face, they were saved by the police from a crowd ready to lynch them. The act was hushed up by the world press, the *New York Times* devoted four pages to reporting Easter around the world. In Paris one paper headline asked of the three Lettristes; '*Three mental cases? Three boors? Three heroes?*' Much of Surrealist Paris rallied in defence seeing the act as an outcome of Surrealist beliefs, but within their joy was a hidden shame over their own twenty years of waiting in cafes and galleries, theorising but never accomplishing. Although the Surrealists claimed patrimony over the great public event the Lettristes did not acknowledge their influence.

As well as actually carrying out their convictions the Lettristes performed sound-poetry, painted and made films. The last of these arts stretched the boundaries and possibilities of what film could do in a performance setting. '*Has the Film already started?*' (1951) by Lemaitre consisted of drawing letters, numbers and signs directly onto processed stock; during the showing of the film the screen was draped with various objects, manipulated during the performance, the movements and spoken thoughts of the spectators were introduced into the film's soundtrack, creating a finished piece that was only completed during it's running, since the audience were an integral part of the process. Debord's '*Screams in favour of De Sade*' had no image at all, feature length it consisted of blackened film stock using only the click of the projector for a soundtrack with occasional bursts of white light and random dialogue.

On the 28 July 1957 the Lettriste International formed with the 'International Movement for an Imaginist Bauhaus' to create the Situationist International. Intellectual terrorists with substantial financial and organisational backing, the Situationists presented a coherent and interwoven attack on the whole of contemporary life and culture. The central theme was that

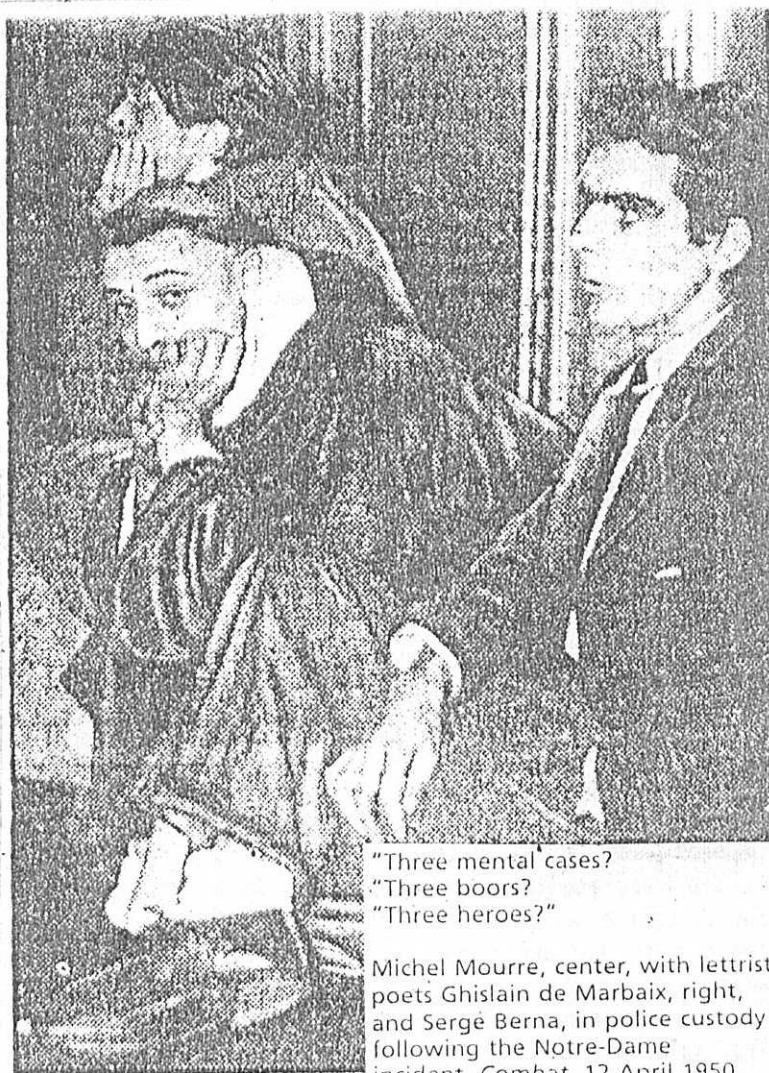
art, in all its traditional forms, was completely played out, DadA marked the end of Western culture, no self-regeneration was possible. At the same time technology allowed unprecedented leisure for Western civilisation, and the Situationists argued that this leisure could only be filled by a new type of creativity, that continued where Art folded, imagination should be used to transform reality itself, not simply to provide symbols in the form of philosophy, literature, painting etc. Everybody should make this new reality into a normal everyday life that was passionate, dramatic and rational.

Deriving evolved out of the belief that in order to live life one has to experience it. It comprised of going out into the city environment without any preconceived notion of what was going to happen, or where to go, instead you handed yourself over to chance in order to experience, discover situations. This is Performance Art of a most deeply private nature. The Situationist movement led by Guy Debord published writings but these only reached the hands of a select few hundred. By the end of the movement only Debord and two colleagues were left as actual members, all the others had been sacked or had left of their own free will.

The Lettristes and Situationists were 'performing' for a whole new way of life, of thinking, for a 'Revolution in Everyday Life!' During the same period there were other less politically radical performists who tried to open up the boundaries of Art.

The Fluxus group was formed in 1958 by John Cage and its original aim was to break down the boundaries that restrict music. By 1962 the manifestations were chiefly of action music to which performance compositions were acted. Each composition focused on a single event isolated from all other action and was presented as an insight into nature and reality itself. Theoretically anyone should have been able to perform Fluxus works, for example Chieko Shiomi's 'Disappearing Music For Face' for which instructions read 'change gradually from smile to no smile'. Fluxus performances could also be violent such as Robin Page's 'Guitar Piece' at the ICA:

'Wearing a shining silver crash helmet and holding his guitar ready to play, Robin waited a few moments before flinging it into the audience, along the aisle and down the steps into Dover Street. The



"Three mental cases?
"Three boors?
"Three heroes?"

Michel Mourre, center, with lettrist poets Ghislain de Marbaix, right, and Serge Berna, in police custody following the Notre-Dame incident, *Combat*, 12 April 1950

Trois malades?

Trois goujats?

Trois héros?

Cette page est faite pour vous permettre de fixer votre opinion sur le geste de Michel Mourre, 21 ans (faux dominicain), Serge Bernard et Ghislain Desnoyers de Marbaix, que l'on voit ici réunis après le « scandale » sur le banc du commissariat du quartier Saint-Gervais.

effect was dramatic, the spectators arose and rushed after him as he ran around the block aiming frantic kicks at the disintegrating guitar.'

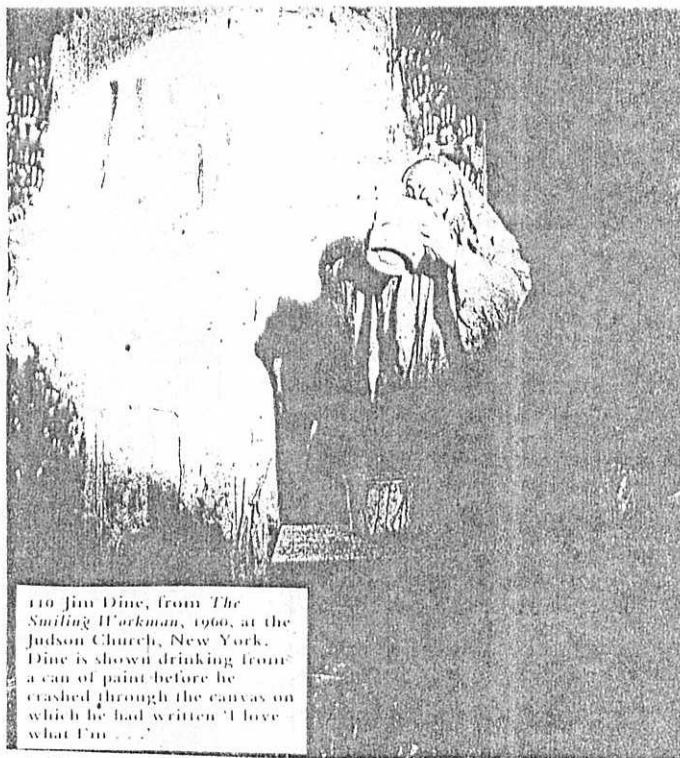
The Fluxus movement was aesthetically unpretentious simplicity and was therefore by implication an assault on serious culture and Art with a capital 'A'. In February 1963 H. Flynt set up a public demonstration outside the Lincoln Centre and Museum of Modern Art in New York as an action against cultural imperialism. Although unusually political for the Fluxus group he recognised, as did others in the group, that American high culture, due to its bourgeois European ancestry, was both racist and classicist and its falsely assumed superiority was simply one aspect of its imperialistic nature.

There were various Performance artists directly or indirectly involved in Fluxus whose activities were changing the meaning of Art and the nature of performance.

Allan Kaprow's *'18 Happenings in 6 Parts'* in 1966 at the Rauben Gallery forced the observer to participate in the creation of Art via the final completion of the happening. The audience was subjected to a series of six rooms each housing a different image sensation either in the form of slides or performing women. The spectators were to start in room 'one' and at the ring of a bell proceed into the adjacent room 'two'. Audience participation was intended to indicate:

'something spontaneous, something that just happens to happen.'

This led to the press coining the event and those that followed in New York during the 1960s as 'Happenings'. These 'happenings' were intended to awaken latent consciousness through the bizarre and the absurd. Certain of these events were distinctly strange experiences for the spectators. Jim Dine's 1960 *'The Smiling Workman'* involved Dine dressed in a red smock, crouching on a chair, his hands and head painted red with a large black mouth. He proceeded to drink paint from jars while scrawling *'I Love what I'm ...'* on a large canvas behind him. The show concluded with Dine leaping through the canvas while a friend Dick Higgins counted in German until everybody left.



110 Jim Dine, from *The Smiling Workman*, 1960, at the Judson Church, New York. Dine is shown drinking from a can of paint before he crashed through the canvas on which he had written 'I love what I'm ...'

In April 1964 Vostell presented a 'decollage' happening called *'You'* which took place in and around the swimming pool of Robert and Rhett Delford-Brown. The whole area was scattered with four hundred pounds of beef bones with a narrow path, littered with coloured advertisements from *Life* magazine and punctuated by loudspeakers greeting each passerby with *'You, You, You!'*, winding from location to location. In the deep end of the swimming pool there was water, several typewriters as well as plastic socks and waterpistols filled with brilliant yellow, red, green and blue dye. The participants were instructed to:

'Lie down on the bottom of the pool and build a mass grave. While lying there, decide whether or not you will shoot other people with the colour.'

On the pool edges were three colour television sets on a hospital bed each showing a distorted image. On the first set lay a woman on a trampoline between two inflatable cow's lungs, the second; baseball images, the last; a naked woman embracing a vacuum cleaner tank. The instructions continued:

'Allow yourself to be tied to the beds where the TV's are playing ... Free yourself ... Put on a gas mask when the TV burns and try to be as friendly as possible to everyone.'

Vostell explained later that 'You' was intended to bring the public;

'Face to face, in satire, with the unreasonable demands of life in the form of chaos.'

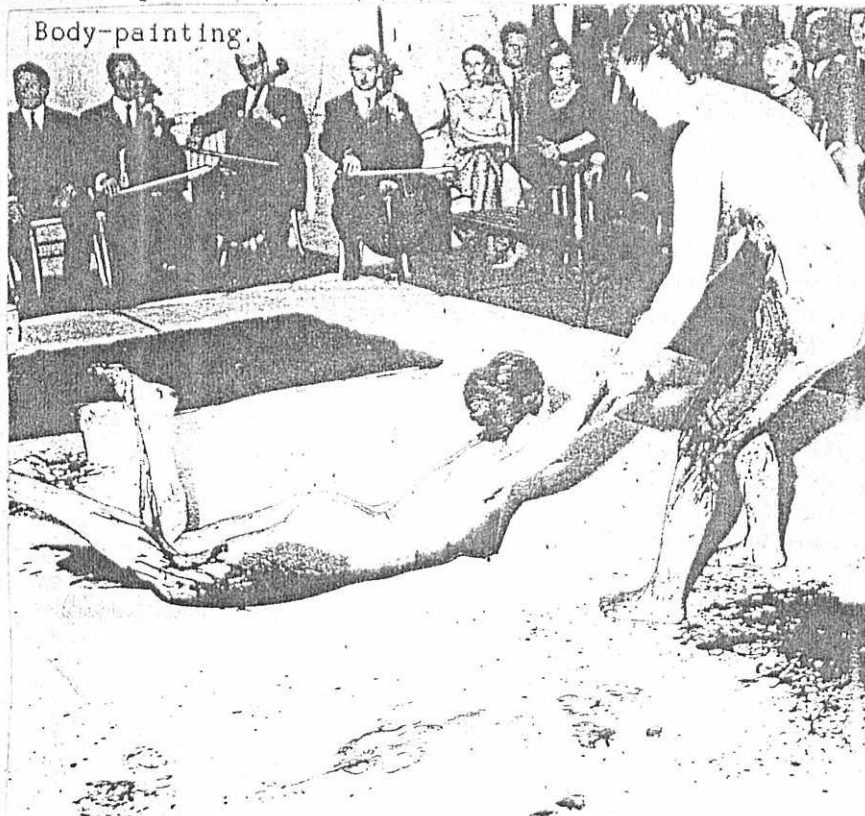
These meetings were, intended to shake the spectator out of his complacency and force acknowledgement of the unlogical in reality.

In Europe during the '50's and '60's artists began to feel against being unpolitical, simply sitting in their studio away from everyday life instead they chose to bring art to the people rather than leaving Art to a small cult of bourgeoisie.

To Yves Klien painting on the canvas frame was:

'like the window of a prison, where the lines, contours, form and composition are determined by the bars.'

Klien began to rebel against the limiting image of the artist. His models became, *'the effective atmosphere of the flesh itself'*, he decided that instead of painting from models he would start painting with them. He would roll his nude models in blue paint and then have them press themselves against a specially prepared canvas:



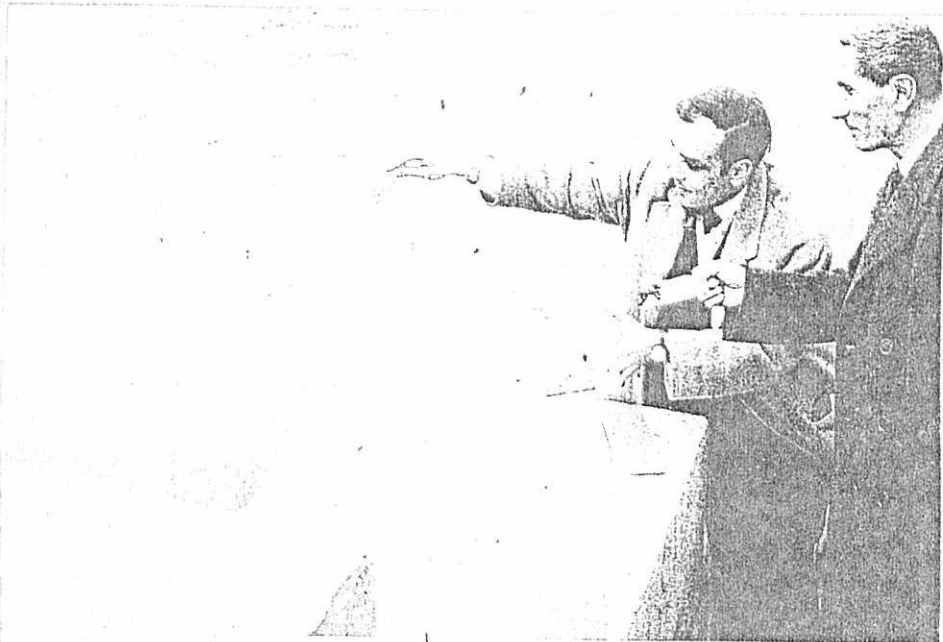
'They became living brushes ... at my direction the flesh itself applied the colour to the surface and with perfect exactness.'

These monochromes created the *'immediate experience'* and considered these *'spiritual marks of captured moments'* as being capable of:

'Tearing down the temple veil of the studio ... to keep nothing of the process hidden.'

In Klien's *'Sale Ceremonies'* a declaration of the experience coupled with an attack on old Art values was executed. Seven patrons bought the gold leaf which Klien subsequently threw into the Seine on the 10 February 1962, no record was kept of the purchase, the Art was in the momentary, transient experience.

Piero Manzoni also believed in the body itself as a valid Art material, believing, as well, in revealing the process of art, demystifying pictorial sensitivity in order to prevent his art becoming relics in museums. On 22 April 1961 Manzoni held an exhibition of *'Living Sculpture'*. Each person being exhibited received his signature on some part of the anatomy and a coloured stamp of authorisation, indicating the designated area of artwork; red indicated that the person was a complete work of art and would remain so until death; yellow



121 Klein throwing 20g of gold leaf into the Seine for *Immaterial Pictorial Sensitivity Zone 5*, 26 January 1962. The buyer is burning his cheque

that only the part of the body signed would qualify as art; green imposed a condition and limitation on the attitude of pose involved (sleeping, singing in the bath etc); and mauve had the same function as red, except that it had been obtained by payment.

Manzoni in the early '60s turned his activities to his own body, its functions and its forms as an expression of personality. Exhibits such as *'Artist's Breath'* and even in May 1961 *'Artist's Shit'* which Manzoni produced and packaged at 30 grams each with *'made in Italy'* stamped on the containers. They were sold at the current price of gold and soon were considered 'rare' art specimens.

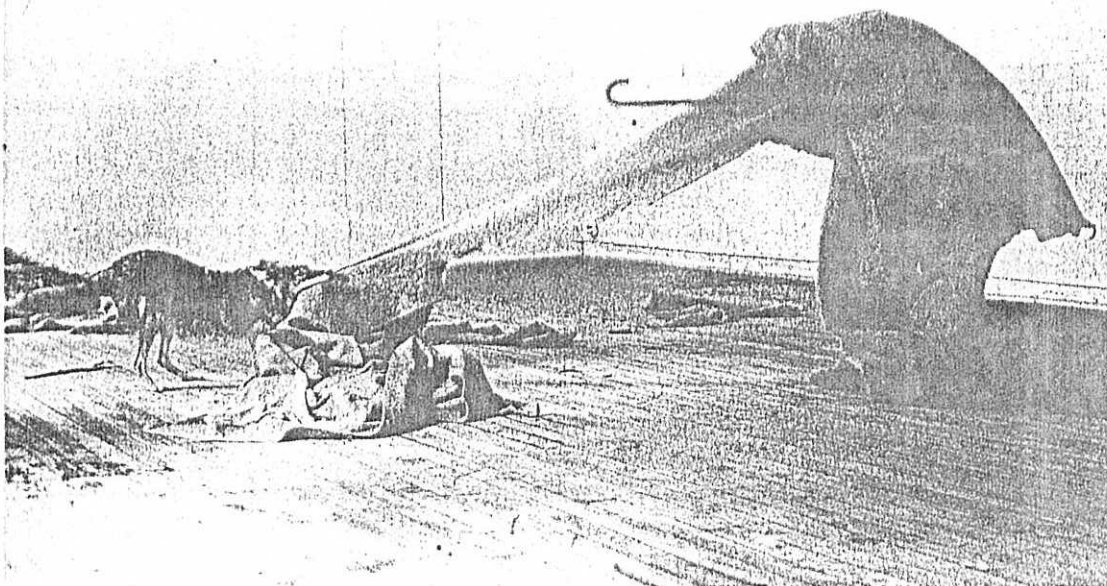
Joseph Beuys was the Professor of Sculpture at the Dusseldorf Academy in 1961. He believed in effectively transforming people's everyday lives:

'We have to revolutionise human thought.'

'First of all revolution takes place within man, when man is really a free, creative being who can produce something new and original, he can revolutionise time.'

His work is full of stark symbolism and complex iconography. In 1965 on the 26 November Beuys held a show of his art at the Galerie Schmela in Dusseldorf, Beuys whose head was

124 Joseph Beuys, *Coyote*, 1974, at the René Block gallery in New York



covered in honey and gold leaf took to the opening a dead hare which he explained his art to quietly and even let it 'paw the pictures'. He explained that:

'Even in death a hare has more sensitivity and instinctive understanding than some men with their stubborn rationality.'

Beuys had close contacts with the Fluxus movement in New York and this did have influence upon his teaching methods and work:

'Coyote; I like America and America likes me', 1974. Beuys spent one week locked up with a wild coyote, he was simply dressed in felt and had a walking stick. During the course of a week he introduced the animal to various objects including the *Wall Street Journal* which it promptly used as a latrine.

During the sixties Performance Art was not only seen as breaking up the boundaries of Art and culture. The Ritual was far more emotive and expressionistic in nature, in contrast to performances which dealt with formal properties of the body in space and time.

In 1962 the Austrian artist Herman Nitsch began involving blood in his rituals which helped to create:

'an aesthetic way of praying'.

His *'Orgies, Mysteries, Theatre'* projects were repeated at regular intervals, during the seventies. A typical action would begin *'to the ecstasy created by the loudest possible created noise'*. A slaughtered lamb would be brought on stage by assistants, fastened head looking like it had been crucified. The animal would be disembowelled; entrails and blood poured over a naked man or woman. Nitsch believed that humankind's aggressive instincts had been repressed and muted by the media. The ritual of killing animals, so natural in primitive man, had been removed by modern life. These rituals acted as a means of releasing repressed energy as well as an act of purification and redemption through suffering;



133 Hermann Nitsch, (Aktion) 48th Action, presented at the Munich Modernes Theater, 1974

In Paris, Gina Pane's self-inflicted cuts to her back, face and hands were ritualised pain that had a purifying effect, the dramatic nature of her work was necessary:

'in order to reach an anaesthetized society.'

Pain became 'elements' of her performance, her body and it's limits her artistic medium. A

typical work was *'The Conditioning'* which consisted of Pane lying on an iron bed with a few crossbars, below which fifteen long candles burnt.

Even more disturbing is Marina Abramovic's 1974 performance of *'Rhythm 0'* in Naples. Seeking to understand the ritualised pain of self-abuse, she permitted a room of spectators to abuse her at will for six hours, using instruments of pain or pleasure. By the third hour her clothes and body had been slashed by razor blades and a loaded gun held to her head caused a fight between the tormentors bringing the Performance to an unnerving halt.

A contemporary 'Ritualist' of interest is Fakir Musafar who through 'primitive' ritual, the reshaping of his limbs and genitals in the ancient warrior fashion of Indian, Sadhu, and African tribes;

'The art of doing this slow piercing and surrendering to the experience is a transcendent spiritual event. But people in this culture have few precedents for such an exercise in self-transformation.'

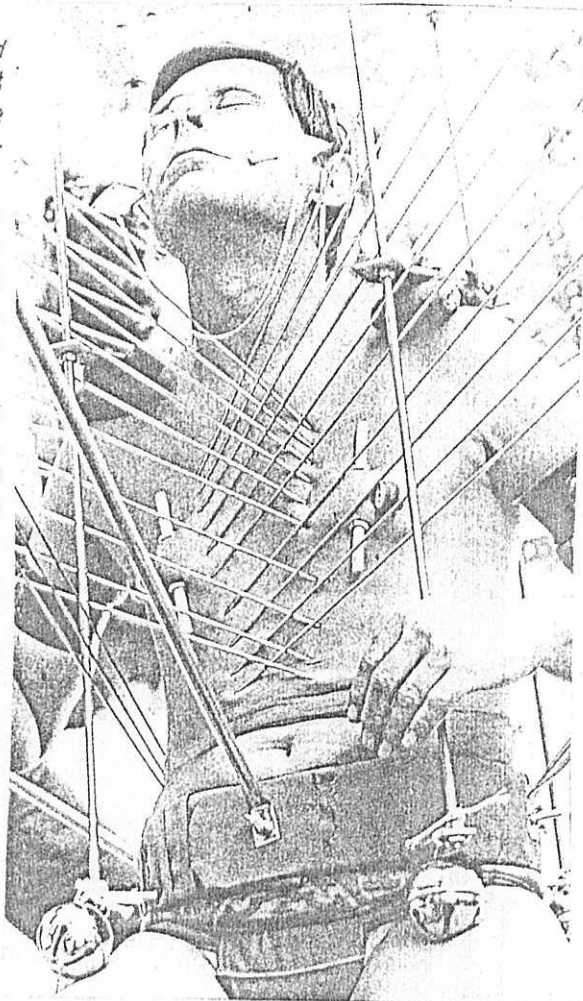
Mustafar is a successful business man to the tune of over \$1,000,000, he uses these body rituals to obtain a state beyond orgasm. At times Fakir has experienced the sensation of actually leaving his body, allowing pain to become separate from the soul and it's case, the body:

'One of the first altered states you can learn is to separate your consciousness from your body. That makes it possible for you to push a needle through. You don't feel the pain; the body feels the pain.'

Hanging by flesh-hooks is important for it's spiritual value, an altered state it must not turn into sexual release, if so the energy is lost. This is why the extension of the penis or testicles gives the practitioner more than an orgasm, they are always in a state of euphoria which unlike orgasm does not come to a climax and finish but stays at the ecstatic high point.

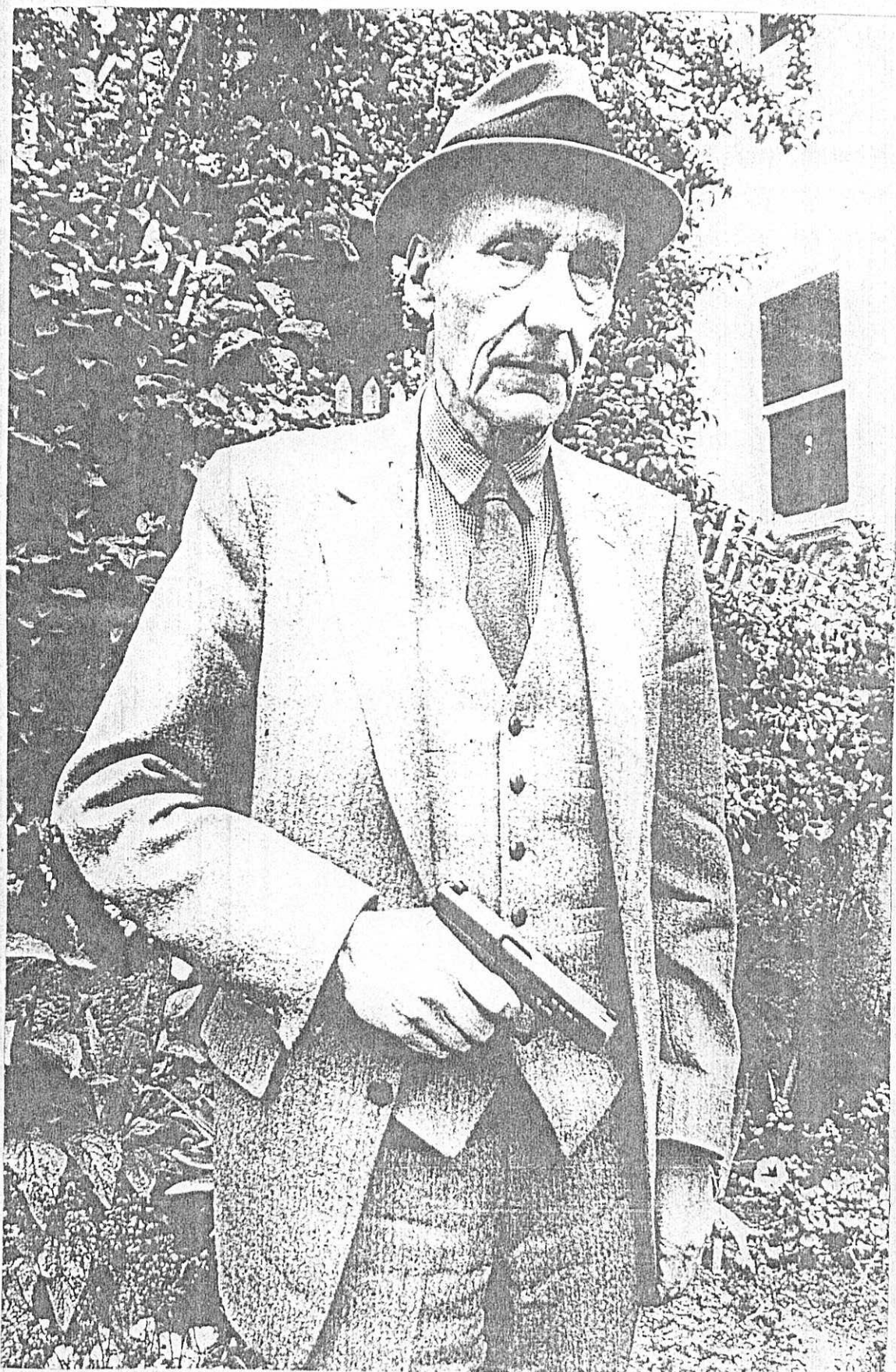
It would seem that modern 'civilised' Western man has lost some integral part of being which the 'primitive' holds onto.

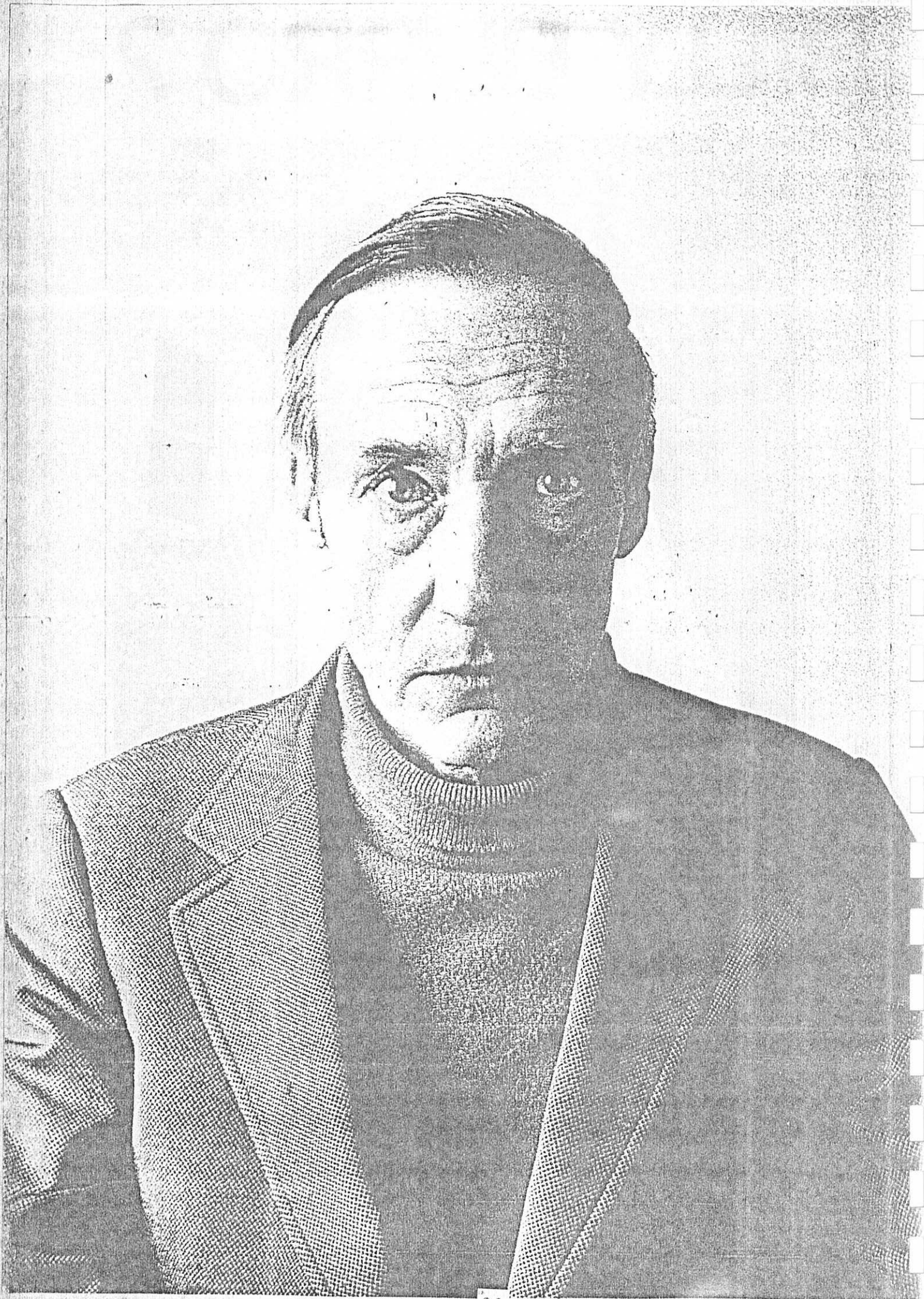
To conclude, this collection of Performance Artists and their origins are selected from a wide range of individuals. Performance can stretch over the whole field of culture and society; the musical cult of pop stardom for instance. The result is that we live in an environment where we are surrounded by performances that enclose us yet the vast majority still conform, not allowing their natural desires to breathe. The true nature of performance is that it allows freedom to the individual, a chance to regain his individuality in a world of clones.

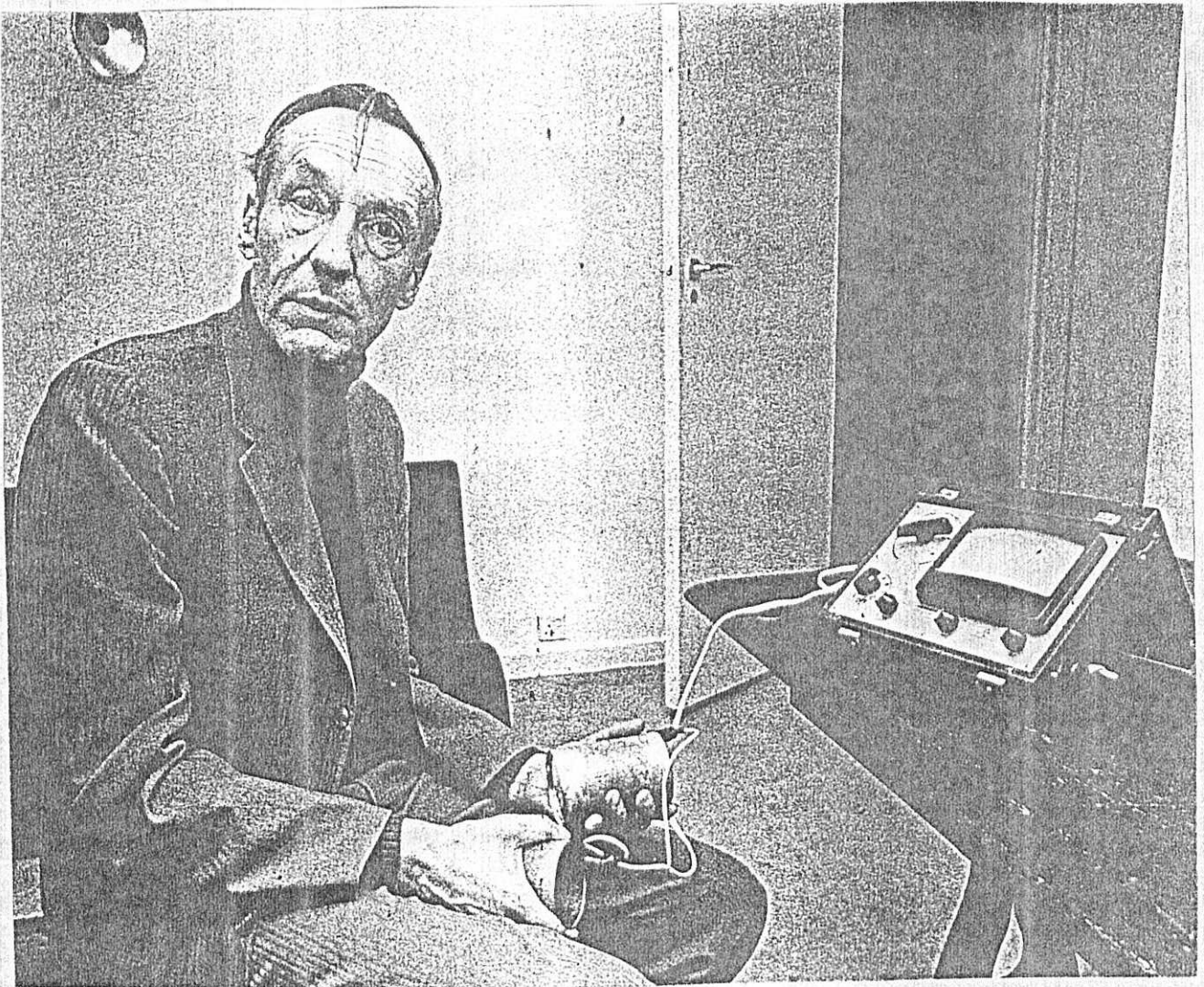


Fakir Mustafar.

BILLY BURRO ?







William Burroughs was born in 1914 to a wealthy family, he graduated from Harvard in 1936, became a heroin addict during the 1940's and has been travelling the underbelly of the world ever since. He chose as the subject matter for his novels; the forbidden, the obscene and the ignored. As a homosexual and a heroin addict he found himself at the centre of his material. After the publication of *Junky* under an assumed name, he met and was inspired by Brion Gysin. Gysin showed him the *cut-up* method and Burroughs put it to devastating effect in the work that many people consider to be his masterpiece; *The Naked Lunch*. Always very much the outsider in the beatniks, William Burroughs has steadily ploughed his own furrow for the last thirty years. He has experimented with films, sound, thought and of course the mighty word. Last year an exhibition of his *shot-gun* paintings was held in London. He is a weapons obsessive and actually killed his own wife while playing a variation of the William Tell game with a loaded gun. During recent years he has given regular readings of his work all around the world. Often ignored by the literary establishment, (his friend Gysin barely received any obituaries after his death in 1986), Burroughs is the ultimate 'lone wolf' preaching his fascinating message to a tiny audience. The man is either a genius or a lunatic but for all that his early works are required reading for anyone who remotely cares what has been going on in radical literature since the War. In my humble opinion he is no Ducasse but he does follow that strain of violently imaginative writing, JG Ballard has described him as "the first mythographer of the mid-20th century the lineal successor to James Joyce." Hope you like the photos! [Sorry, I haven't written a massive analysis, if you read the books you'll understand, some things are too big to be torn apart!]

Gallic Productions Recommends:

Junky, 1953, The Naked Lunch, 1959, The Soft Machine, 1961, The Wild Boys, 1969, David Cronenberg is supposedly working on an adaption of 'Naked Lunch' to be filmed soon! William S Burroughs is alive (and still kicking) somewhere in the USA.

MR HUYSMANS

*'I must rejoice beyond the bounds
of time ... though the world may shudder at
my joy, and in its coarseness know
not what I mean?' (Jan. Van Ruysbroeck).*

Joris-Kral Huysmans was born in Paris on the 5th February 1848, the only son of a French mother and Dutch father. The majority of his working life was at the Ministry of the Interior, where he held the post of Junior Clerk and remained for thirty-two years. The novels that he wrote during his lifetime reveal, among other things, a battle of conscience with regard to religion and the catholic church. In *'A Reboours' (Against Nature)* published in 1884, Huysmans fought against Realist or Nationalist tendencies in contemporary writing, championed by authors such as Emile Zola. He attempted to:

'shake off preconceived ideas, to extend the scope of the novel, to introduce into it art, science, history.'

Des Esseintes is the refined, eccentric aristocrat who features as the character around whose principles the novel *'Against Nature'* are entwined. Disgusted by the worries of life and the American manner of his time he seeks refuge in extravagant illusions, living alone and apart, far from the present day world, in an atmosphere suggestive of more cordial epochs and less odious surroundings. Des Esseintes' character was based upon various 'dandies' living at the same time as Huysmans was writing, for instance 'mad' Ludwig II of Bavaria who had built a bizarre artificial forest inhabited by mechanical animals, or one Montesquiou-Fezensac (Compte de) whose eccentricities were related to Huysmans by his friend, the symbolist poet, Stephen Mallarme. Features such as Montesquiou's habit of wearing a bunch of Parma violets instead of a cravat, having his silken socks displayed in a glass case or having a gilded tortoise to embellish his room, all found themselves suitably adapted for *'Against Nature'*. The similarity between the fictitious Des Esseintes and Montesquiou were so pronounced that after the publication in 1884 Montesquiou was often mistaken for Des Esseintes in public.

In both *'Against Nature'* and *'La Bas' (Down There)* Huysmans is expressing a need to escape from crass materialism and rank commercial values, both novels are an attempt to gain a more 'spiritual' awareness whether by solitude as in *'Against Nature'* or through Satanism with its various implications in *'La Bas'*. The feel of some other age is always constant throughout, a harkening back to the Middle Ages, to an epoch more in tune with Huysmans' needs. In *'Against Nature'* Des Esseintes seeks satisfaction in the artificial and the exotic, the symbolist poetry of Mallarme and the pictures of Gustave Moreau, he indulges his body in:

'unnatural loves and perverse pleasures'.

In one particularly vivid scene a recollection of his previous carnal adventures while still in Paris, before obtaining solitude from society, Des Esseintes obtains a mistress, who has the unusual talent of being a ventriloquist. The sexual appeal of this bizarre mate is in her ability to excite certain perverse fantasies. One night he has a miniature sphinx brought in, carved in black marble, together with a chimera in coloured terra-cotta. Placing one of these mythical beasts at either end of the bedroom the lights are turned out leaving only the red embers glowing in the hearth, the supposition being to shed a dim light that will exaggerate the size of the objects submerged in the semi-darkness. His mistress utters strange intonations, that give life and voice to the monsters, he also derives pleasure from her casting a deep male voice, husky and drunken to roar from behind the door:

'Open up, damn you! I know you've got a cully in there with you! But just you wait a minute, you slut, and you'll get what's coming to you!'

These cries would stimulate Des Esseintes, by fear of being caught and he could temporarily recover his prowess and hurl himself upon the ventriloquist:

'He derived extraordinary pleasure from this panic-stricken hurry of a man running a risk, interrupted and hustled in his fornication.'

The main character in Huysman's novel are often little more than a thin veil of himself. In *'La Bas'* Durtal is the young writer compiling a history of the infamous medieval Marshall Gilles de Rais who was burnt at the stake for his Satanic practices. The legendary crimes, trial and confession of this grotesque fifteenth century child murderer, sadist, necrophile and practitioner of the Black Arts unfold during the novel. Coupled to this is Durtal's own hermit-like existence cloistered from all his contemporaries apart from a few other equally cut off people who share a longing for the Middle Ages. The simply-religious bell-ringer, learned astrologer and medical doctor, Durtal begins to become passionately interested in Satanic practices, witch cults and the whole of the Occult underworld thriving in late-nineteenth century Paris. The novel shows Huysman's ability to capture the reader with the bizarre images of an abominable and depraved nature, such as the description of the child-murders. Huysmans searches relentlessly for the divine in the depths of evil. He discusses the fact that those who become Satanic Priests or worshippers are usually deeply religious. At closer analysis it would seem correct that in order to believe in Satan one must believe in God, if one is an atheist it would hold no fascination to be a Satanist simply because you would have no sense of wrong or fear. Therefore a large majority of the Satanist faith were priests or nuns from the church who could obtain an almost sexual excitement out of blasphemy and destruction of moral codes. It would seem that Huysmans himself went down this path for a long period, he eventually was allowed to rejoin the Catholic Church and even tried a short stint at being a priest.

Huysmans, in his novels and life examined the furthest reaches of human experience, his was a long search for peace but his inquisitive nature never allowed him to rest or be satisfied! As Oscar Wilde wrote in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, of the yellow-backed novel leant to

his hero by Lord Henry Wotton which was in fact *'A Rebours'* (*Against Nature*): *'It was the strangest book that he had ever read. It seemed to him that in exquisite raiment and to the delicate sound of flutes, the sins of the world were passing, in dumb show before him. Things that he had dimly dreamed of were suddenly made real to him. Things of which he had never dreamed were gradually revealed.'*

This account would apply just as well to *'La Bas'* since both novels connect to a certain side of human nature to make them both personal and embodying.

The Writings of JK Huysmans (1848-1907).
'Le Drageoir a epices' (1874), [Prose Poems], // *'Marthe'* (1876), [Novel], // *'Les Soeurs Vatard'* (1879), [Novel], // *'En Menage'* (1881), [Novel], // *'A Vau-l'Eau'* (1882), [Novellette], // *'A Rebours'* (1884), [Novel], // *'En Rade'* (1887), [Novel], // *'La-Bas'* (1891), [Novel], // *'En Route'* (1895), [Novel], // *'La Cathedrale'* (1898), [Novel], // *'L'Oblat'* (1903), [Novel], Tragically only *'Rebours'* & *'La-Bas'* are available in English!



Des Esseintes by Odilon Redon.

PAUL



S
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- 1905 21 June - Jean-Paul Sartre born in Paris.
- 1928 - Fails *agrégation* at University.
- 1929 - Comes top in *agrégation*, Simone de Beauvoir comes second.
- 1929-31 - 18 months military service.
- 1931-42 Teaches philosophy in provincial *lycees*.
- 1938 - Publishes first novel; *La Nausee*.
- 1939 - Publishes short stories; *Le Mur*.
- 1939-45 - During the War serves in the army until capture then with the Resistance.
- 1943 - Completes *Being and Nothingness* (the work which establishes his reputation as an existential philosopher). The play; *Les Mouches* is staged and he meets Albert Camus.
- 1944 - *Huis clos* is premiered and he meets Jean Genet.
- 1945 - Finds the socialist journal *Les Temps Modernes*.
- Finishes The 'Road to Freedom' trilogy; *L'Age de raison / Le Sursis / La Mort dans l'ame*.
- 1946 - *Mort sans sepulture* and *La Puritan respectueuse* are premiered.
- 1947 - Publishes *Baudelaire, Que'est-ce que c'est que la littérature?* and *Situations I*. *Les jeux sont faits* screened at Cannes Film Festival and Sartre presents a series of radio programmes; *La Tribune des Temps modernes*.
- 1948 - Premiere of the play *Les Mains sales*. *Situations II* published.
- 1949 - Publishes *Situations III* and meets Hemingway in Cuba.
- 1951 - Premiere of the play *Le Diable et le Bon Dieu*.
- 1952 - Publishes *Saint Genet; Actor & Martyr* (an enormous study of Jean Genet).
- 1953 - *Kean* (play) premieres.
- 1954-57 - Meets Bertolt Brecht, travels the world, writes various political essays, *Nekrassov* is premiered.
- 1958-59 - Works with John Huston on the original screenplay (later abandoned) for the motion picture; *Freud; The Secret Passion*, Premieres the play *Les Sequestres d'Altona*.
- 1960 - Publishes *Critique of Dialectical Reason* (his second basic philosophical work).
- 1961 - Bomb attack on Sartre's flat, Sartre takes part in pro-Algerian demonstrations.
- 1962 - Second Bomb attack on his flat.
- 1963 - *Les Mots* (an account of his childhood) is published, Sartre is awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature - he refuses it!
- 1965 - Premiere of *Les Troyennes*.
- 1966-67 Serves on Bertrand Russell's tribunal to investigate American war crimes in Vietnam.
- 1968 - Supports student rebellion in Paris, condemns Soviet intervention in Czechslovakia.
- 1970 - Becomes nominal editor of *La cause du peuple*.
- 1971 - Publishes the first three volumes of his massive study of Gustave Flaubert; *L'Idiot de la famille*. Demonstrates against racism in Paris.
- 1973 - Organises publication of left-wing paper; *Liberation*. Condemns the imprisonment of the Baader-Meinhof gang.
- 1974 - Meets Andreas Baader in Stammheim prison.
- 1976 - film; *Sartre par lui-meme* released in Paris.
- 1977 - Declares he is no longer a 'Marxist'! Protests against the 'assassination' of Baader and comrades.
- 1980 15 April - Sartre dies in Paris, (cremated at Pere Lachaise / ashes buried at Montparnasse).

COLIN INVESTIGATES DANCE!

You are in a room. Your heart is beating blood. It makes the foot at the end of your crossed right leg pulse in its shoe - you can hear the to and fro of your breath. The clock, ticking around circle is just starting to tease you with its da dit dit daa dit - da dit dit daa dit - da dit dit daa dit, and through the walls throb man making rhythm. They meet and drift apart in the city at night and day human legs shunt back and forth, forth and back and back, back, forth and forth back and forth - back, back.

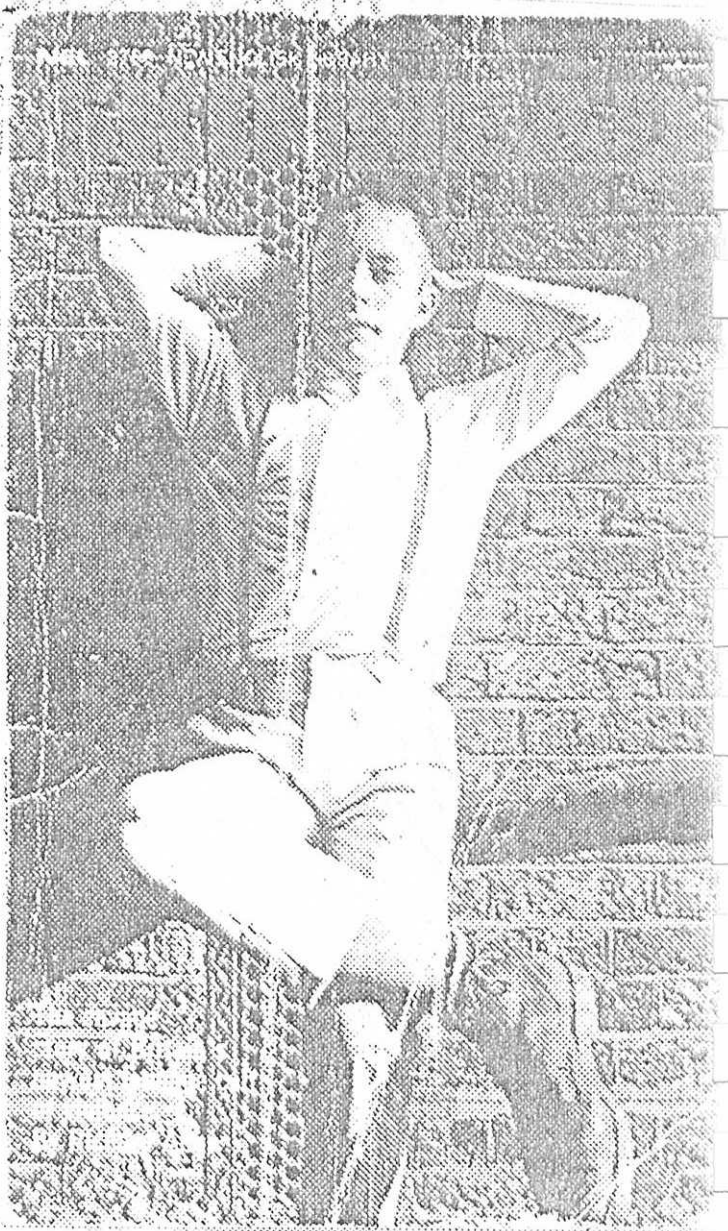
Dance as an expression to usually external sources, the Beat in the forms of sound. Primitive man didn't need anything of the sort, like a modern day tube crazy cobble-streeted will wreck the trusty ball of chaos, tramp culture, prince of the derive, "their expression was in random impulsive movements, unorganised except as they followed the natural laws of his functioning body structure".

In the NEW BARBARIC AGE the dance form of freaking out where madness reigns; supposedly unleashing natural energy which is straining to get out. This is a direct reaction to Christian denial of our 'body in motion' as a pleasure preferring the salvation of the soul far from the temptations the devil presents the body. This, in turn was a direct reaction to Roman orgiastic indulgence, in attempted mimesis of lovely Greek civilisation: beauty of form and beauty of thought never straying to excess (although many are tempted to read Dionysian ecstasy as an excuse for less than human barbaric behaviour).

Ways to dance? Do you rid yourself of the evils, the poison of existence in an ecstatic rite of catharsis? Is dance your enema, journeying through the pain and eccentric zone to emerge shiny and clean, like a car wash? Or are you aiming at that higher plane of ecstasy, dancing rites for your deities, and perform sexual rituals spiralling, thrusting to turn on the air you dance with like a shimmering peacock or jub-jub bird. Yet there is another way, the way of the wanderer, digression is the mode you are set to - derive without obvious rhythm around a field. Stopping like a Tuesday afternoon in the city streets or tinkering on a piano or doodling therapeutically on space outside time without extension.

—SKINS—

Richard Allen (born James Moffatt 1922) wrote 13 books between 1970 and 1980, they were published by the New English Library and more than anything else (bar Ballard) available in that decade summed up the violence, fashion-sense and impending neo-Fascism that so characterised life in 'young' England. *'Skinhead'* (1971) was the beginning, *'Demo'* (1971) featured the immortal lines: *"But what about Mai Lai? If those GIs ... murdered because they'd been taking pot then ... the sooner we have global control of drugs with stiffer than stiff penalties ... the better!"* *'Suedehead'* (1971) followed (remember Morrissey's 1988 single), *'Root Boys'* opened 1972 and the violence continued: *"Rolling in the aisles of degradation ... the mob needed no verbal communication in order to manifest their base lusts, it was satanism at its worst - the worship of flesh in all its glorious of climaxes ..."* Next up was a trio of skinhead follow-ups: *'Skinhead Escapes'*, *'Skinhead Girls'* and *'Trouble for Skinhead'* (1972/3). An example of the attention to fashion detail: *"... Squires, mohair trousers and a colourful pair of braces, he wore a Ben Sherman with round collar and a sheepskin coat. He felt right in the groove standing next to Ginger in her check shirt down to her knees, her suede jacket with zip, her flat heeled shoes with crepe soles ..."* During 1973 in the midst of the 'pop' era Allen knocked out *'Teeny Bopper Idol'* and *'Glam'* (in which the hit single is titled: *'Aggro Addict'*). By now the racism (verging on the Enoch Powell) was really extreme. *'Smoothies'* (1973) continues this merging of various (invented?) skinhead cults with violent racial attacks. Allen's racism came to a head in *'Sorts'* and *'Top Gear Skin'* (both 1974), he defends his portrayal of youth cults in his foreward to *'Sorts'*: *"How can anyone condemn the skinhead books, when, according to the letters received from countless thousand fans, the concensus of opinion is that they - and they alone - present skinheads, suedeheads, boot boys and ... smooths as they really are? What would their value be if every 'terrace terror' spoke and acted like an undergraduate of a theological college?"* *'Skinhead Farewell'* (1974) witnessed the death of skinhead 'hero' Joe Hawkins, while *'Terrace Terrors'* (same year) exploited the horror of the moment: football hooliganism: *"These thugs are not exuberant youth running wild during their formative years, They're savages, Animals, Mad dogs to be put down, Vicious sadistic louts without an iota of common decency."* By this point his subject matter was beginning to become less and less relevant. His final four books were terrible (he'd lost touch with street-trends), *'Dragon Skins'* (1975) casts skinheads obsessed with Kung Fu. *'Knuckle Girls'* (1977) was his third and final attempt to write for a female readership. *'Punk Rock'* was ridiculous, positing decent Teds against violent, insane Punks. He ended his reign of madness during the Mod craze of the late '70s; *'Mod Rule'* was not a good epitaph. Although these books were written in a tabloid-expose style, they sum up elements of the 70s better than virtually anything else. If you were at school in the mid-70s you will probably remember them, if you weren't you can easily pick up second-hand copies, cheaply.





SWEIVER

'The Cook, The Thief, His Wife And Her Lover' (Peter Greenaway).

Food; from the kitchen through the belly to the toilet. Sex; from desire through action to retribution. A Jacobean drama dragged up to date through the themes/ideas of Jarry, Artaud, Bataille (Theatre of Cruelty/Absurdity) and Luis Bunuel. A 'contained' story, only seven settings, four are part of a whole. A feeling of claustrophobia, a total lack of normal humanity, at times I felt (the Gaultier clothes only made it more extreme) that I was watching some sort of sick nightmare. Peter Greenaway has described his movie as *'a violent and erotic love-story set in a kitchen and dining-room of a smart restaurant'*. One could just as easily envision the picture as an examination of the (Thatcherite) Tory evil that has for too long been the mobster in the 'cafe' that is Great Britain! To summarise the story briefly: The villain, Albert Spica (Gambon) arrives at the same restaurant to dine every evening. His maltreated wife, Georgina (Helen Mirren) is attracted to a lone patron (the Lover) and they begin a passionate affair under the nose of the psychopathic Albert, sexual encounters take place in the ladies toilets, the kitchen and in various store-rooms. The Cook oversees all of this with an air of exhausted langour. The Thief discovers the cuckoldery and murders the Lover. The Cook and the Wife prepare the dead body for the Thief to eat and the Wife shoots him.

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Inside this dining-place force is king, Michael Gambon is perfect as a cross between a gangster and the central character of a revenge-tragedy. His constant ranting a fascinating (if not perfectly worded) commentary on his decline. Classic gangster violence is demonstrated by the feeding/smearing of a victim in excrement (the opening sequence) and the puncturing of a girl's face with a fork. (Nice update of Cagney's grape-fruit!) Greenaway has merged many elements superbly: the imitation of a total genre of Art; the table-painting (from Da Vinci to Van Gogh), the creation of a genuinely evil character (the greed and the sadism are complementary), the examination of corporeality. In *'Belly of an Architect'* the man is either cast against large spaces or is shown as enormous in small settings, in this movie the viewer sees the 'whole' in a constrained, artificially-created interior. Artistic licence is cast aside in the examination of everything that is taboo, resulting in the repulsion of the cannibalistic ending. Sitting like on cherry on top of all this consumption, the tiny piece of the Lover that is eaten is perhaps the hardest bit to swallow!

If the ending is too 'moral', (it just aint that easy!), the filming makes up for it. The use of colour in Greenaway's pictures has now reached magnificent proportions, the pitches

and tonings bring back delightful memories, the hospital scene set in yellow is a perfect example. As is the change in colour of the clothing when characters enter the 'bath-room'. I must be honest I have never been crazy about Peter Greenaway (or any other Brit film-makers for that matter), I have always thought his scripts weak and his ideas a bit too big for their boots. This film has made me drastically re-think. Without doubt my favourite movie of the year.

'How To Get Ahead In Advertising?' (Bruce Robinson).

In 1986 Bruce Robinson made *'Withnail And I'* (one of the few British movies after Hitchcock, Powell & Pressburger and Anderson to take my fancy) I was thus quite excited to see how he would follow it up ... *'Advertising'* is by no means the greatest movie ever made, it does however contain some superb dialogue and some excellent ideas. (Imagine if you could put Greenaway's pictorial sense together with Robinson's word-play ... ah! Perfection). The premise of the movie is that Dennis Dimpleby Bagley (advertising Thatcherite con-man) is taken over by a rush of conscience, he begins to see through the lies and madness that keep women on potential diets while encouraging them to eat boxes of chocolates. During his period of doubt a boil forms on his neck, it starts talking to him, it takes him over and it grows a moustache (a bit like Hitler!) Eventually it alienates his wife and the picture ends with the boil/advertising executive standing on top of a hill ranting about how he can sell anything (all set to the tune; *'Jerusalem'*). I can't help but think this is a direct attack on the Conservative Party ('It's our Party and you're not invited') and their massive privatisation programme.

Richard E Grant is a talented actor but I do hope that Robinson doesn't use him in his next project, a version of JG Ballard's *'High Rise'* (this actor-director relationship can be taken too far). Some people have claimed

that this movie is inaccurate about advertising, they should grow-up, it's a black comedy, however I do think Robinson could have hit his target more effectively if he hadn't chosen to fire his arrows (a metaphor, what he really fires are high-powered virulent rants) at an apple the size of capitalism. He does have a point though; *"Throw a brick through their window and then knock on their door to sell them burglar alarms; create a crime wave and sell the police; destroy the water and sell 'em greens; plant fear and then flog atom bombs."*

Rachel Ward is good as the suffering wife, but there really are no other characters in this movie apart from the Bagley/boil thing. I really do hope that Robinson 'does the business' on his next project because although 'amusing' this film really wasn't up to scratch. (And I wanted it to be, honestly!)

Some Notes Towards Improving British Films:

1. Make films with class-less characterisations, movies about the middle-class are boring!
2. Write the screenplays (originals!!) simply but strongly, viewers want to watch British stories.
3. Use the camera. For too long our movies ('cept Greenaway) have looked like they were shot and designed by dead fishes.



Music

Tackhead - 'Friendly as a Hand Grenade' (World Lp/Cassette).

During 1988 my favourite records were 'Tackhead Tape Time' and 'Introspection' (Pet Shop Boys), I was therefore very excited to see how both units would follow up their excellent work. To discuss Tackhead I am forced to see their music as a lexicon:

A - Artifice; Device, contrivance; Address, skill; Making, make.

B - Bass; the Final Frontier, With Adrian Sherwood the bass is always thrust right up front with the drums, in many places on this Lp the wailing guitar is slammed way back. I particularly enjoyed 'Airborn Ranger' where the bass is used to back up the rhythm guitar in a way no orthodox rocker would ever think of!

C - Chant: "I wanna be an Airborn Ranger - I wanna be an Airborn Ranger - I wanna be an Airborn Ranger - I wanna go to Iran." 'Full Metal Jacket', USA military style and it works...

D - Demolition; Which is exactly what they do to the House genre. The track is so fast, pulsating and assaultive it demonstrates what could be coming out of Manchester/Chicago.

E - Epic; In certain places, most notably, the soul/pop attempt: 'Tell Me The Hurt', Tackhead achieve something approaching the semi-classical in their scope. Roll over Wagner.

F - Fear; There is no need to be scared, You can do anything! Music is still potentially free!

G - Guitar; Now I've listened to Vernon Reid and I've never been fully convinced, he tends to sound like just another rock-wanker. The use of the 'axe' by Tackhead is made interesting, powerful, even enjoyable by the surroundings not by it's own limited originality. Mind you Skip McDonald's 'use of noise' is exceptional.

H - Healing = Stealing. Do Fundamentalist preachers actually get results? Sampling sure does. Ask the right Revd Tack.

I - Imagination; Vital to anybody who wants to create.

J - Jimi; - On the aforesaid 'Airborn Ranger' the geetar picks out 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home' in a Hendrixian manner. The keyboard later does the same, orchestral-style. The personal vs the state?

K - Kinky; Why does kinky sound sexual where perversion doesn't? Anyway, it's blatantly obvious that the future of modern music is going to be dominated by the use of one element slam up against another.

L - Lassus; These guys aint.

M - 'Mind & Movement'; features a swinging funk rhythm, later the drums enter into a weird time while the guitars literally surge. Ecstasy, ie: the surge! (Watch out for someone to make the connection between E-tabs and surf music, Acid Pipeline - Get on it!)

N - Necessary (By all Means); Free South Africa, words are no good, action is.

O - Oral; No I meant Aural sex; Hypnosis, an almost drug-induced state. These lads have really learnt the lessons of the Germans; Can, Faust & Neu not Kraftwerk.

P - Percussion; As always the drums (and drum-programmes) are utterly orgasmic.

Q - Questions? I had many before this record now I have many more!

R - Rhythm; The God that we all follow, Don't you realise it has the ability to do anything. Rhythm is Religion, Time, Sex, Life, Change, Anger, Groove, Dreams. From 'Rappers Delight' to 'Friendly as a Hand Grenade' that's what rhythm can do.

S - Ska; A Prince Buster track/trek opens and closes this collection. The Sherwood interest in Reggae is well-known but this 'adaption' of something so 'old' is probably more radical than the various dub theories that are constantly being re-examined in this work.

T - Tension; is the King (as of course is Threat).

U - Unique; A large boast, they may well be.

V - Volume; Play it loud. Try and decipher all those voices constantly speaking in tongues. This is the proof that 'layering' can be an extra-sensory experience.

W - Why? Because it's there! (Sir Edmond Hilary on dancing!)

X, Y & Z - The End of the Century. (Gary Clail). Check it out!

A major label must give a large amount of money to On-U-sound, they are the people working towards an end result that might actually mean something, one day. Congratulations!

Liza Minnelli - 'Results' (Epic Lp/Cassette).

Liza Minnelli, the 'Result' of a union between Judy Garland (singer, actress; 'A Star Is Born') and Vincente Minnelli (film director of various classic musicals; 'Cabin In The Sky' etc). This particular 'Result' is the product of a union between Liza (with a Zee) and the Pet Shop Boys (probably the greatest pop creators of the late 1980s!) Does it work? Yes! Seven of the ten tunes are Tennant/Lowe originals and thus in many ways this is the latest Pet Shop Boys Lp. Neil Tennant has intelligently provided Minnelli with songs that in no way suit his own style, I imagine he's had them for some time and been unable to use them. Various images abound, the circus, sailors and the ever-present analysis of 'romance'. Some people claim that Neil Tennant's lyrics are similar to those of Morrissey, I disagree, I see a much closer alliance between the Pet Shop Boys and Pete Shelley's Buzzcocks ... that ancient European sadness. Liza Minnelli's voice is splendid, genuine depth. On three separate songs the music is bathed in strings, this works on every occasion except the re-vamped 'Rent' (which I didn't like!) Most of you will already know their treatment of Stephen Sondheim's 'Losing My Mind' (one of the singles of the year for my money), the Lp contains other such treasures: 'Don't Drop Bombs' (a song that posits nuclear war against romantic crisis: "When you've erupted - You're totally destructive," The re-reading of Tanita Tikarem's 'Twist in my Sobriety', which when held against Minnelli's own alcoholic difficulties becomes quite profound. Although the music is by no means perfect (some horrible lead guitar on the final track), the majority of the 'rhythms' are delightful. I'm sure Tennant and Lowe were utterly thrilled to try out their ideas on such a perfect show-biz camp icon as Liza Minnelli, the star (in her own right) of 'Cabaret'. All-in-all a Result!

George Clinton - 'The Cinderella Theory' (Paisley Park Lp/Cassette).

Parliament, Funkadelic, Bootsy's Rubber Band etc - Who was the man behind all of this wizardry? George Clinton. He's weird, he's wise and he's sure slamin' wonderful. During the 1980s Clinton's had a hard time of it, the art of getting 'Up for the Downstroke' hasn't been too financially viable of late (there was a gem of a single some years ago: 'Do Fries go with that Shake?'). After JB and Sly this man is the crown Prince of Funk. Thank God, that theother Prince (Rogers Nelson) remembers, knows and acknowledges debts. (Paisley Park put this collection out ... thought: every Cinderella has her Prince!) To the record itself, Funk in all it's shapes and sizes, (only nine numbers), Public Enemy guest and various perverse stealings: "Hey diddle-diddle - This cat on the fiddle", "Eenie meenie minie mo - Be serious or you gotta go." 1950s joke numbers: "How much is that doggy in the window?" and the 1955 'Banana Boat Song' also make appearances (musically exceptional, whether you think it's funny or not depends on your state of mind!) In context with the dance-crazed 1980s this Lp understands that the feet are for groovin', Prince's drum-machine is used to maximum potential, a flute pops up (didn't like it) and various freaky jazz ideas yell out at you. To be honest it's nigh on impossible to review Clinton's work, it defies orthodox criticism. Take for instance the final song: 'French Kiss' where over a cookin' rhythm the lyrics investigates the 'tongue tendency' with a virtual hedonistic feel until ... "Like Henry Fonda said to Katherine Hepburn in the movies - 'Let's go Suck Face'". Defeated! Sadly there are no odd sleeve notes, but there is a credit to vocalist 'Robert Johnson'. Summary: the surreal is alive and Clinton has (almost) cut his version of 'Shiny Beast'!

Zeke Manyika - 'Mastercrime' (Parlophone Lp/Cassette).

Rhythm-Grind (reminiscent of The The's 'Infected', they've got the same manager), Manyika was the drummer with Orange Juice mk2, this is his first solo Lp. The music is pretty standard electronic pop, African (he comes from Zimbabwe) chanting and instrumental licks brighten up some of the songs. The fourth track urges 'Turn it Over; More Music', I could be cruel and say why bother. It just aint exciting, revolutionary, mind-warping etc etc. 'Bible Belt' is moderately successful, it sorta leaps out of this sludge at yer; the moral is correct. Did like the Botha tapes. The Lp ends in a blurr of tedium. Sorry to be so vicious but this record just is not worth you spending your hard-earned(?) cash on. Buy something old instead.

literature

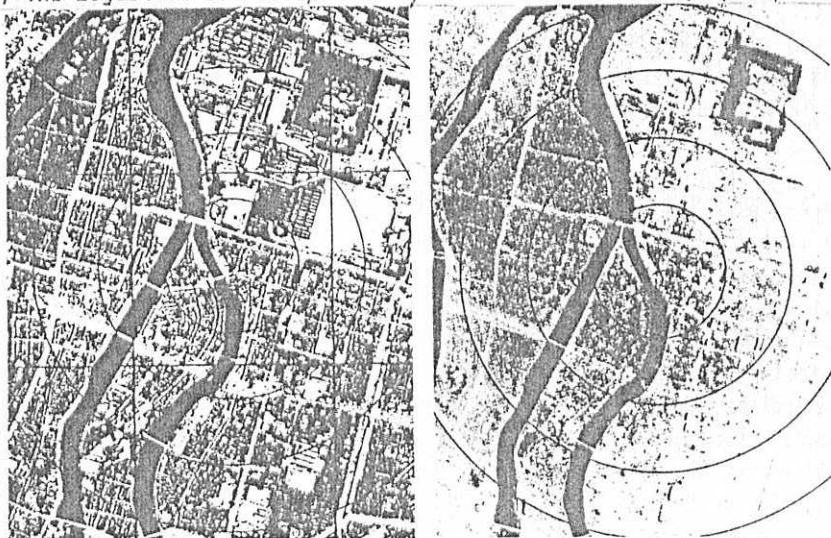
'The Heart of Rock and Soul; The 1001 Greatest Singles Ever Made'

by Dave Marsh (Penguin £9.99).

Dave Marsh, ex-friend of Lester Bangs has finally staked his place among the serious rock writers (his previous work included neglectable items on The Who, Bruce Springsteen and Michael Jackson). This book (all 717 pages of it) serves a very important purpose: the realisation that the single is king. During the late 1960s various serious Rockers ushered in the 'Album' era (Christ I hate that word!) these fools were mainly Americans and often critics. Reducing the analysis of Rock and Soul to the single (7", 12", even cassingle, it doesn't matter) allows the brilliance of Black, female and 'one-hit wonders' to shine through. To adopt the methods of Andrew Sarris, Marsh's Pantheon includes: Phil Spector (17 approx) Marvin Gaye (17), Aretha Franklin (17), Leiber & Stoller (15 approx), Elvis (14), Chuck Berry (14), Otis (13), The Beatles (12), JB (12), The Temptations (11), Little Richard (10), Smokey Robinson (10), The Rolling Stones (10) and Ray Charles (10). Not exactly my choice, but justifiable all the same, I was very pleased to see that someone remembers the mighty 'Wall of Sound'. Being an American, Marsh fails to include the key (British) Punk singles 'Ambition', 'Life', 'Spiral Scratch Ep', 'Orgasm Addict', 'Totally Wired', 'Jacques Derrida' and 'The Look of Love' (there are so many more ...). He also forgets Public Enemy's 'Rebel Without a Pause' & 'Bring the Noise' (classic singles if there ever was such a thing!) But apart from a glut of Doo-Wop and some bad Yankee Rock he doesn't do a bad job. Of the handful of songs that I'd never heard I did want to check them out, therefore he must be doing his job properly. I'm not going to say what he thinks are the best singles; you should be able to guess. One thought; where are the new Anglo-American rock/soul analysts? Greil Marcus, Nik Tosches, Dave Marsh, Nik Cohn, Peter Guralnick, Charlie Gillet and Nelson George are all rapidly entering middle-age!

'War and Cinema: The Logistics of Perception' by Paul Virilio (Verso £8.95)

Paul Virilio is a visionary, (previous English translations have been 'Pure War' (1983), 'Speed & Politics' (1986)). As a cultural historian this Parisian intellectual re-invents the accepted history of cinema, claiming that the birth of Cinema was in 1880, when Etienne-Jules Marey invented his photographic gun. Virilio carries this 'war' theory further when he points out the improvements in cinematic theory during



44. Photographs of Hiroshima before and after the first nuclear bombing in history, 6 August 1945.

WWI (remember DW Griffith was disappointed by the 'real' War when he was shooting his WWI feature: 'Hearts of the World'). The rapid development of colour film in WWII is pinpointed for what it really was, a desire to record more and more perfectly, troop movements, reconnaissance etc. (The USA won the technicolour struggle!) He links the 1930s Picture Palace to the cenataph and significantly shows the A-Bomb as a light-weapon that photographs its victims by etching their shadows onto the walls of Nagasaki and Hiroshima. The most modern cameras are sitting in satellites preparing the earth for War. This is not paranoia it's fact, don't for god's sake think we're talking fantasy (like the movies)!

'And the Ass saw the Angel' by Nick Cave (Black Spring Press £12.95).

The long-awaited novel by Mr Cave is a bit of a puzzle, reeking of the Biblical, set in a fictional Deep South and submerged in 'meaning', I really find it very hard to recommend. For one thing, none of the characters are remotely made real, by this, I mean the reader 'feels' nothing for anyone apart from Euchrid' Eucrow, the narrator. Sure enough, the detailed descriptions of the traps, the birth and the hate of this central character are handled with some talent. What bugs me is that Flannery O'Connor and William Faulkner have done this Southern slang thang much better (and made all their characters leap out of the page!) Nick Cave is an interesting character, as a musician he's always been a bit of a plagiarist (for all those who don't understand, the Birthday Party had their 'imitation' element, I know, I saw them play!) His literature isn't all that different, I almost feel he was trying to re-write *'Les Chants de Maldoror'*, problem is he only had a handful of ideas where Isidore Ducasse had unlimited funds (metaphorically speaking). Some moments 'groove' but the majority is just one enormous ego-wank. Bet he can't publish anything better in his entire life!

'Standing in the Shadows of Motown: The Life & Music of Legendary Bassist; James Jamerson'

by Dr Licks (Hal Leonard Publishing Co [Import], USA \$29.95).

This is a typical American muso publication. In this case however it serves a useful end. James Jamerson was the man laying down those (almost free-form) bass-lines on virtually every classic Motown number you can think of. The Book (Magazine?) includes two one-hour cassettes wherein various famous bassmen rebuild Jamerson lines (the song is in one channel, the bass in the other.) These tapes are quite fascinating and successfully demonstrate just what a crackin' groove merchant this fella was. Even if the book does give off an air of 'back-slapping', it is worth persevering with; the fact that the majority of 'invisible' Motown musicians were Jazz fiends is of no surprise to me. One day someone is going to write a real history of Rock and Soul from the viewpoint of the application of Jazz methods and theory to boring old R&B. In the words of James Jamerson (who died in 1983, aged 47); *"Sometimes I'd just look at a flower and the way it would sway would make me feel like playing a certain way ..."* Right on!

'ZONE 3/4/5; Fragments for a History of the Human Body'

edited by M Feher, R Naddaff, & N Tazi (distributed by the MIT Press £12.95/£48.85 complete). The return of Zone (the first issue on the City was in 1986) was excitedly awaited. Although these books are expensive, there is 1610 pages of information (working out at 3p a page). The pictures are as always delicious and there is a massive bibliography. Rather than decipher this work I think it more useful to inform you what is within; 50 essays dealing with subjects as diverse as Kabbalah, Gnosticism, separation between male/female bodies, communion, similarities between man/animal, nudity, limits to the body?, physical gesture (in the Middle Ages), physical uprightness, mental illness, chimeras, automatons, lycanthropy, sacrifice, metamorphosis, matriarchy, the corpse and face of Christ, mechanical marionettes, the mixing of semen and blood, the immolation of the King, prostitution and social vices, Emperor-Gods, the Body-of-power, bio-economics (with regard to 'Our Mutual Friend!'), status & sexual practice in the Roman Empire, body-mapping, the clitoris, body metaphors in the Middle Ages, dentistry (from 17th-19th centuries), celestial bodies, courtly love, the soul (Socrates/Plotinus), semen and virginity and various anthropological examinations of culture in Japan, India, Melanasia, China, Niger and South America. Phew!

'RE-SEARCH #12; Modern Primatives; An Investigation of Contemporary Adornment & Ritual'

edited by V Vale & A Juno (Re/Search Publications £11.95).

This is the book that caused such intense havok in the Gallic World with it's hideous pictures of 'adapted' genitals, cutting yer dick in half, for God's sake! Some of the piercing, tattooing, self-mutilation(!) referred to, within is of immense fascination to me (although I wouldn't do it for all the mice in China). Re/Search put excellent 'ideas' books together and this is better than the last two; *Pranks* and *Strange Films*. I just want to know why they have to keep on interviewing that moron Genesis P.Orridge. Stop it NOW!

A**R****T**

'The Art of Photography 1839-1989' at the Royal Academy,

The exhibition traces the Art of Photography from its early discovery almost simultaneously by the French painter, Jacques-Mande Daguerre and William Henry Fox Talbot. The basis of photographic theory was evolved from the drawing aid, the camera-obscure, which had been used since the Renaissance. Instead of having to trace the image by hand a process was devised to capture the camera's image by photographic chemical means. By the 1850s the process was refined by use of a lens system that maximised the amount of light on to the photo-sensitive paper. The amount of exhibits on show at the RA is quite enormous and an entire day should be set aside to take in all the material. All the major figures of photography are included and a large amount of American work is on show, perhaps most interestingly the Photo-Secession led by Stieglitz who fought for photography to be accepted as a Fine Art in its own right. It is this theme that the RA have commendably reinforced in this show, the majority of the work being in the Fine Art mode rather than of the Scientific variety. This exhibition boasts the largest photographic collection to be held in Great Britain and I hope it's the first of many.



'Andy Warhol Retrospective' at the Haywood Gallery.

This was the perfect show incorporating a large amount of Warhol's work including some of his last pieces before his death in 1987. Brillo boxes, Campbells Soup cans, Marilyn Monroe, all were present, even the inflatable silver balloons and cow wall-paper. Warhol's work holds up our society of consumer values as a product of Art in its own right but his ability to de-personalise everything has a chilling edge to it. His 'Death & Disaster' series is a poignant example, it reflects, by it's multi-image show of death, how the horror, through repetition is repressed. We live in a society where we are surrounded by death, in the paper, on the TV news, in films; we have become so used to it that unless we actually experience first hand, someone dying, it ceases to have any effect upon us. Walking through the Gallery, I could not help but remember that Marilyn Monroe, smiling at me from all sides was in fact a sad, lonely, distraught woman who came to a tragic end. I was face to face with what the consumer society had portrayed her as, she was a creation, a product, a facade, exactly the same as the Brillo boxes or Coca-Cola bottles. Lastly, I would just like to mention Warhol's quip with regard to his money paintings such as '192 One Dollar Bills' (1962). These types of silk-screen works were regarded as anti-Art in the vein of Duchamp and DADA; when one realises their significance it is easy to understand why. Warhol is laughing at the Art World and especially the Abstract Expressionists of the 50s who had tried to find spiritual understanding through their Art. The silk-screen represents money hung on the wall, which is how the consumer society views Art, in it's most capitalist form.

'Meret Oppenheim' at the ICA.

A female Swiss artist involved in the Surrealist movement of the 30s, Meret Oppenheim is most famous for her fur-lined cup and saucer. The exhibition traces her work up to the present day showing material which blends Surrealism, erotic fantasy and autobiography to produce interesting (but not great) results. Given good press, I feel that it's worth a peek. The most fascinating aspect of her work was her dream diaries, to be published next year, I look forward to reading them.

a DORATION **t** ELEVISION
(BananaFishFace).

Television has the potential to be the greatest force for change the world has ever known, of course it never comes anywhere near that lofty height. Why? Because it's all about money! Recently the BBC have been re-running *Dad's Army*, more people are watching it now, than did at the time it was released. The reason for this is simple; modern 1980s sit-coms are not funny. Soap-operas and situation comedies reflect the era they exist in, thus in the Labour dominated 60s/70s we had countless working-class comedies (*Steptoe & Son*, *Please Sir* etc) now we are forced to view a glut of middle-class pap: the bastard offspring of *Terry & June* (which did at least possess the mighty Terry Scott!) *Bread* is an utterly false portrayal of normal people, written by the bourgeois, reinforcing bourgeois prejudices. On a different matter: there have been some good Film seasons this quarter: Channel 4's batch of *Hitch*, BBC 2's American Lang and Preston Sturges on the Film Club (why only one movie a week!) *After Dark* has only been a shadow of it's former self, the 'fat' debate being the most amusing: wasn't that woman monstrous? *Arena* on Slim Gaillard was an example of excellent television, there was more humour (and imagination) in the four separate episodes than in virtually anything else, bar *Prisoner Cell Block H*, around at the moment. Why is *Donaghue* always about something sexual; they have utterly perverse guests and then proceed to come on all moral; it's just cheap thrills for repressed Yanks. Returning to comedy, *Black Adder Goes Forth* was good, the final episode, in particular, being splendid. We can only hope they make another series. The repeats of *Brass* were also deeply appreciated. This very morning I awoke to watch Jerry Lee Lewis' battling with the insane 'wetness' of TV AM (still scabs if you had forgotten). Oh how I prayed that the Killer would live up to his name and slaughter the scum that stand for interviewers on that programme. No such luck. If this is entertainment - HELP!

OBITS

Bette Davis died on October 6. A hardened smoker, she was 81 years old. During her career she was nominated for an Academy Award, ten times, she won twice! In film history she will be remembered as one of the revolutionary actresses of the 1930s (others included Katherine Hepburn and Joan Crawford). Her stage debut was with George Cukor's company in 1928, by the early 30s she had arrived in the 'Dream Factory'. The early movies were not successful and in 1932 she signed a long-term contract with Warners. Her first critical success was *Of Human Bondage* (1934); the realistic death make-up and hateful character were recognised as the work of a true talent. She won her first Oscar for *Dangerous* in 1936 and immediately began a battle for the right to choose her own roles. This sort of one-minded approach to acting was virtually unheard of in Hollywood. Davis's real cycle of achievement started with *Jezebel* (Wyler), her second Oscar in 1938, moved through *Dark Victory* 1939, *In This Our Life* (Huston) 1942. The climax came with William Wyler's mise-en-scene masterpiece: *The Little Foxes* 1941 and the gorgeous *Now Voyager* 1942. Bette Davis had created a monster, her speciality was emotional women, tortured and self-torturing; the fans love was won by playing against their sympathies. From this point on (parallel with the decline in the Hollywood star-system) her career took a dive. She terminated her contract with Warners in 1949 and as if to celebrate made the classic *All About Eve* in 1950. Unlike many other female stars she was not scared to appear on screen in her later years, it was almost as if she revelled in her deteriorating features. This was brought to a perverse climax in 1962 in Robert Aldrich's *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane*, the horrific tale of two aged stars and the nightmare relationship in which they are trapped, amazingly she played opposite Joan Crawford, thus making the portrayal virtually true-to-life. Her final film was Lindsay Anderson's *The Whales of August* last year. Truly Bette Davis was an original!

Cesare Zavattini, the Neo-Realist Italian writer died in Rome during October, he was 87. With Vittorio De Sica in the 1940s Zavattini was responsible for four of the greatest films of the post-war period. To anyone who has ever seen them, *Shoeshine* (1946), *Bicycle Thieves* (1948), *Miracle in Milan* (1951) and *Umberto D* (1952) are a quartet of unrivalled perfection. Embracing, analysing and despairing at the state of post-war Italy, Zavattini and De Sica made movies that summed it all up, made valid socialist comment and left the viewer feeling happy to be alive! The influence of these pictures on later directors, for instance the French nouvelle vague is inestimable. Zavattini once wrote that all he wanted was to live in a world where "Good Morning means Good Morning". In my humble opinion he did as much as he could to create such a place.

Irving Berlin died on September 22, he was 101 years old. One of the biggest song-writers of the century he will be remembered for the multitude of famous songs that litter the Western World. (3000 songs, 30 Broadway shows & 17 Hollywood musicals!) He was born in Russia in 1888 and arrived in New York in 1892, by 1912 he was earning \$100,000 a year, songs such as *Alexander's Ragtime Band* (made famous by Al Jolson), *Everybody's Doin' It* and *When I Lost You* (about the death of his young wife) cemented his fame. During both Wars he wrote famous musicals, the 1941 hit *This is the Army* being the best-known. My favourite Berlin Hollywood movie is *Top Hat*, the excellent Fred and Ginger feature. It seems unbelievable but he also wrote *God Bless America* (his own favourite) and *White Christmas* (for Bing Crosby). Cole Porter referred to him in the song *Anything Goes*: "You're the top - You're a Waldorf salad; You're the top - You're a Berlin ballad." Can't really argue. N.B Irving Berlin could not read music, he did all his composing on a one-key piano (F sharp).

Graham Chapman, the Pythonian lunatic, died of cancer during October, he was 48. Chapman attended Cambridge (medicine) and went on to the BBC to write comedy sketches. In the early days his partner was John Cleese. In 1969 he got together with Palin, Jones, Cleese, Gillian and Idle to create the insane and wonderful Monty Python. His contribution tended to be the weird idea that infected the often bland gag. In the movies he played King Arthur (in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*) and Brian (in *The Life of Brian*). His post-Python career was not successful but his mad antics were; he once collected an award from the Sun newspaper by leaping into the air, squawking and crawling back to his table with the award in his mouth. Lord Mountbatten was very confused. "Eeeeeeeekkkkkk".

Huey Newton, co-founder of the militant Black Panthers was found gunned down during the summer in San Francisco. He had spent many years in prison and certainly deserves more GP attention. He was 47.

MICHEL SIMON & JEAN GABIN: CLASSIC FRENCH ACTORS OF THE '30S.

Michel Simon was born in Geneva in 1895, after work as a photographer, boxer and music-hall acrobat-clown-dancer, he made his stage debut in 1920 (*Measure for Measure*) and between 1920 and 1925 became a big success on the Paris boards. His progression in films was slow, he can be glimpsed in the silent classics; *Fau Mathias Pascal* (L'Herbier) and *La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc* (Dreyer). His stardom was achieved with the arrival of sound (much like Charles Laughton, Simon was not good-looking), sound allowed him to manipulate his massive bulk, twisted-up face and rough voice to maximum comic effect. He appeared in three classic Renoir pictures in the early '30s; *Un Purge Bebe*, *La Chienne* and *Boudu sauve des eaux*, Renoir wrote of him; "He was reputed to be particularly interested in unorthodox sexual practices, He did not deny it, and indeed I think these rumours amused him ... If any mention was made of his so-called perversity he would reply, 'There's only one thing on earth that has a little life in it, and that's a woman's clitoris.' He loved animals, especially monkeys; he was even said to have had a love-affair with a she-monkey, but I personally doubt the truth of the tales that were told about him." His next key role was in Jean Vigo's swansong; *L'Atalante*, Simon played Pere Jules, the good-natured mate of a barge travelling the Seine. His pre-War work climaxed with two important performances in Marcel Carne's *Drole de drame* and *Quai des brumes*. His financial pulling power was now guaranteed; during the War he stayed in France, appearing in various costume dramas. His predominantly working-class roles of the 1930's now gave way to more and more personal choices.



Stage acting continued apace, Simon appeared in *Hamlet*, *Siegfried* and *Pygmalion* and also became popular as a singer, he was the consummate entertainer! His post-war film roles were often amusing but rarely important. High-points were *Panique* (Duvivier) (1946), *Fabiola* (Blasetti) (1948), *La Beauté de diable* (Clair) (1949) and *Il mercante de Venezia* (Billon) (1952). He acted in more than another twenty-five movies before his death in 1975 (at the age of 80) and was recipient of the Best Actor award at the 1967 Berlin Festival for his touching portrait of a French peasant who conquers his anti-semitism by caring for a small Jewish boy during the occupation; *Le vieil Homme et l'enfant*. A virtual recluse in his private life, Michel Simon was the rarest of all screen actors; an individual!

Jean Gabin was born in Paris in 1904, his original name was Jean-Alexis Moncourge (his father, a cafe entertainer had performed under the name 'Gabin'). After leaving school at the age of 15, Gabin worked as an auto mechanic and for a construction company. Through his father's friendship with the impresario, Frejol, he was engaged to work at the Folies

Bergere. Between 1924-25 Gabin completed his military service in the French navy. Upon his return to Paris he worked in theatre, cabaret and vaudeville, in 1930 he signed a film contract with Pathe-Natan and began making films in Germany. His career picked up after making *Maria Chapdelaine* with Julian Duvivier; they were to make another four films together in the next two years climaxing with the classic; *Pepe le Moko*. His trademark as an actor was as the noble man of humble origins; he was the ultimate working-class hero! In 1936 Gabin appeared in *Les Bas-Fonds* (his first Renoir picture) and bagged his place in history by starring in two more; *La Grande Illusion* and *La Bete Humaine*. Gabin's third and perhaps most important actor-director relationship of the 1930s was with Marcel Carne. *Quai des Brumes* (1938) showed him as a cynical army deserter involved with an idealistic young woman dominated by her vicious guardian. The doomed romanticism so significant in these (pre-WW2) French films persists into the movie that I consider to be his greatest; *Le Jour se leve* (1939). Central to this film is the portrayal of Gabin as a hardened working-class man, who though moral and upright, finds himself an outsider with regard to the law! In this particular case he takes his own life after murdering the seducer of an innocent flower seller. Gabin's box-office success was tied to these splendid portraits of unassuming, vulnerable (but fundamentally pure and noble) heroes facing a dark and menacing world.

In 1939, in the face of the German enemy he re-joined the French navy and served until their defeat in 1940. In 1941 Gabin left for Hollywood where he only managed to make two unmemorable pictures. He did, however 'get it on' with the legendary Marlene Dietrich! Renoir wrote of them; *"He and Marlene had heated arguments. He called her 'my Prussian', and she would reply to this by tapping his forehead and saying in a languishing voice; 'That's what I like about you - it's quite empty. You haven't a single idea in your head, not one, and that's what I like.' The insult left this most subtle of actors quite unmoved."* In 1943 Gabin joined the forces of Free France and participated in the Normandy landings, he was later awarded the Croix de Guerre and the Medaille Militaire. None of this stopped his career from taking a nose-dive, it didn't recover until 1954 with his superb portrayal of a retired gangster (lured back into action); *Touchez pas au Grisbi*. After discovering his new niche, playing respectable middle-class professionals; doctors, industrialists, bankers, lawyers, detectives and a judge, his career revived. In his later years he appeared in a handful of comedies and was a regular 'co-star' in various productions starring contemporaries and younger performers. Between 1950 and 1972 he won the Berlin and Venice Best Actor awards twice. Jean Gabin died of a heart attack in 1976 (aged 72) but no-one who ever saw his masterly 1930s performances will ever forget him!



KILL CITY

JOHN WAYNE GACY

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Gacy was born on 17 March 1942 in Chicago; his mother was Danish, his father Polish. At the age of eleven he was struck on the head by a swing, blackouts followed and at the age of sixteen, he was diagnosed as having a blood clot on the brain. Medical treatment cured this condition. After attending business school, he became a shoe salesman, married a co-worker and they managed a fried chicken business together. To all intents and purposes he was a model citizen (a member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce no less). In 1968 he was arrested for handcuffing an employee, trying to sodomise him, paying a youth to perform fellatio and hiring someone to beat up the same youth when he gave evidence to the police. He was sentenced to serve ten years in a 'correctional institution' in Iowa. His wife divorced him and gained custody of their two children. Inside prison Gacy worked hard, avoided homosexuals and quickly earned parole. (He only served eighteen months!)

A year after being released from prison Gacy was arrested for picking up a teenager and trying to force him to indulge in sex. The teenager failed to appear in court and the case was dropped. In 1972 he married for a second time and started in business as a contractor. They got divorced in 1976 by which time Gacy had started on his murderous career. His wife claimed that he was prone to violent moods and that his sexual performance was infrequent, she also cited the peculiar smell that hung about the house ... By this time Gacy had got involved with the local Democrat party, he was utterly obsessed with impressing people.

He met his victims through his work. The first was probably John Butkovich, he vanished on 1 August 1975 after an argument with Gacy about pay. During May 1976 three other boys: Randall Reffett, Samuel Stapleton and Michael Bonnin went missing. Billy Carrol disappeared on 13 June, Rick Johnston was dropped at a rock concert on 6 August and never seen again. Greg Godzik (another Gacy employee) disappeared on 11 December 1976. Five weeks later, one of Godzik's friends, John Szyk, vanished. After his wife left him, Gacy was able to murder virtually at will. It later transpired (from the testament of a young male prostitute) that Gacy liked to take his victims back to his house, handcuff them and then indulge in violent sodomy. Those who resisted were killed. In Jaimie's (the young prostitute) case he was paid and allowed to go. John Wayne Gacy 'cruised' the Newtown district of Chicago (homosexual pick-up area) selecting his victims; a nine-year old boy known in the area as a procurer was driven off in Gacy's familiar black Oldsmobile.

It all came to an end in December 1978. Elizabeth Piest drove into Des Plaines to pick up her fifteen-year old son Robert. He asked his mother to wait a few minutes while he talked to a man about a summer job. Two and a half hours later, the boy had still not returned. His parents phoned the police, it transpired that Robert had talked to Mr Gacy, the man who had recently been renovating the local drug store. The police already knew about Gacy, a couple of years earlier he had been accused of trying to force a man to indulge in sex at gunpoint and of boasting of already killing someone. Perhaps most damning of all was the evidence of Jeffrey Rignall (a 27 year-old Chicagoan), he had got into conversation with Gacy and accepted an invitation to share a joint in his car. Gacy had chloroformed Rignall, driven to a nearby house and repeatedly raped and flogged him. Rignall had woken the next day by the lake in Lincoln Park. In hospital it was discovered that the chloroform had irreparably damaged his liver, he was also bleeding from the rectum. The police had been able to do very little because he didn't know who his attacker was. (Some months later Rignall actually spotted Gacy, but the police still would not press charges, they believed that because Rignall had been chloroformed he might be mistaken about his attacker!)

After the Piest incident in December 1978 the police did call at Gacy's house (8213 West Summerdale Avenue, Des Plaines), upon searching the building they raised a trapdoor leading to a small space under the house. The smell of decaying flesh proved that this man was the killer! In police custody John Wayne Gacy admitted to having killed thirty-two teenagers while having sex with them. Twenty-eight were found buried or disposed of in his house, the remainder had been dumped in the river. In 1980 he was sentenced to life imprisonment, like many other homosexual murderers Gacy has been reluctant to talk about his victims and methods.

ZODIAC

On 20 December 1968, a woman driving near San Francisco discovered two bodies near a parked station-wagon. The boy was identified as David Farraday (high school student), he had been shot behind the left ear. The girl, Bettilou Jensen had been shot some distance from the car, she was probably trying to run away. No motive could be established; the boy's wallet was in his pocket, the girl was not sexually assaulted.

Seven months later the Vallejo police department received a bizarre telephone call; *'I want to report a double murder. If you go one mile east on Columbus Parkway to a public park, you will find the kids in a brown car. They are shot with a 9mm Luger, I also killed those kids last year, Goodbye'*. The police found the car in the place referred to, the girl, Darlene Ferrin was dead. The man, however, was only wounded (albeit severely), he was later able to tell them what had happened. Apparently they had just parked when another car drew up next to them. It drove away but returned ten minutes later ... a searchlight was shone in their faces and then the shooting started. The killer was described as stocky, five foot eight, round-faced with wavy light-brown hair, aged 25-30. Witnesses saw a car being driven away quickly.

On 1 August 1969 the Vallejo *Times-Herald* and two San Francisco papers received letters signed with a cross over a circle: the sign of the Zodiac (thus the name.) The letters contained details that only the killer could have known. Several lines were in code, the murderer claimed that if the code was deciphered his identity would be known. He threatened to *'go on the rampage'* if the letters were not published. The secret message was decoded and read: *'I like killing people because it is so much fun - it is more fun than killing wild game in the forest because man is the most dangerous animal of all - to kill something gives me the most thrilling experience it is even better than getting your rocks off with a girl - the best part of it is when I die I will be reborn in paradise and all I have killed will become my slaves - I will not give you my name because you will try to slow down or stop my collecting of slaves for my afterlife'*.

Two months later the police received another telephone call informing them of a double murder on the shores of Lake Berryessa. They rushed there and found a man and woman bleeding from stab-wounds. Cecilia Shepard and Bryan Hartnell were both students at Pacific Union College. Shepard died but Hartnell was able to give the police a description. The killer had worn a hood painted with the sign of the zodiac and with eyes cut into it. He had bound the two students, asked for money and then told them: *'I am going to stab you people'*. Whereupon he did so ... Hartnell described him as 'paunchy', wearing spectacles and with light-brown hair. In a sports car nearby the police found scrawls that included the murderers trademark: the sign of the zodiac. The fingerprints failed to lead anywhere.

On October 11, a taxi driver, Paul Stine, was shot in the back of the head in San Francisco, his driver's wallet and a fragment torn from his shirt were taken. (The bullet came from the same gun that had killed Darlene Ferrin!) The next day a letter was sent to the San Francisco *Chronicle* containing a shred of the blood-stained shirt. The killer stated that the police were inefficient and concluded: *'Schoolchildren make nice targets, I think I shall wipe out a school bus some morning. Just shoot out the tyres, then pick off the kiddies as they come bouncing out'*.

Since October 1969 there have been no more proven Zodiac murders, however, on 21 October a man claiming to be Zodiac called the Oakland police department asking for time on early morning television and claiming that he would give himself up if he could be represented by a famous lawyer. Thousands of people watched the next day's Jim Dunbar Show, at 7.41 am a caller identified himself as Zodiac. He talked of the murders and of his headaches and agreed to turn up at a store in Daly City. He never showed! All the people who had previously talked to Zodiac on the telephone claimed that this was not the voice of the original caller. In December 1969 another letter arrived (in the same handwriting as previous notes), it claimed that he had killed eight people so far and would soon make it nine. No comment was made on the Jim Dunbar show, the letter was, however, sent to lawyer Melvin Belli, who had talked to Zodiac on that particular television exchange.

In March 1971 the Los Angeles *Times* received a letter that said: *'If the blue meanises*

[menaces] are ever going to catch me, they had best get off their fat asses and do something'. It was signed with the sign of the Zodiac and the number 17 with a plus sign. Three years later the San Francisco police department were sent another letter claiming that Zodiac had now killed thirty-seven people and would do 'something nasty' unless he received more newspaper publicity. Since that day nothing else has ever been heard of/from him!

EARLE NELSON

Born on May 12 1897, nine months later his mother died of venereal disease contracted from his father. Nelson grew up 'strange', at the age of ten he was knocked down by a street car which gave him concussion of the brain and caused a hole to appear near his temple. To the end of his life he suffered from pains in the head and severe dizzy fits. As a child he talked a lot of 'smut', walked on his hands and picked up heavy chairs with his teeth. Discharged as insane by the Navy Recruiting Board his first brush with the law was in 1918 when he was charged with the assault of a small child in a basement. For this he was committed to an asylum. He escaped several times from protective custody actually managing to get married during 1919. He was often caught and reconfined, his final escape was in November 1923. From then until 1926 very little is known of his movements and whether he committed any crimes.

His known murderous spree took place between February 1926 and June 1927; the first victim was a 60-year old woman who ran a boarding house in San Francisco, Miss Clara Newman's body was found raped and strangled. On 2 March Mrs Laura E Beale (60) of San Jose was found in identical circumstances. On June 10 (in San Francisco) Mrs Lilian St Mary (63) was strangled, raped and thrust under a bed. Two weeks later in Santa Barbara, Mrs George Russell got the same treatment. In August Mrs Mary Nesbit (of Oakland, CA) was raped and strangled. During October 1926 'The Gorilla Murderer' (as Nelson had become known) stepped up his violence; on the 19th he killed Beata Withers (35) and stuffed her body in a trunk, on the 20th he strangled Mrs Virginia Grant (59) and hid her body behind the furnace of a house she had advertised to let (jewellery and a coat were stolen) and on the 21st he strangled Mrs Mable Fluke in the attic of her house. Returning to San Francisco he next struck on November 18, strangling and raping Mrs William Edmonds (56), six days later he slaughtered Mrs Florence Monks of Seattle, Victim 11 was Mrs Blanche Myers (48) of Oregon City. The police were now on his tail having traced some of the jewellery which he regularly stole from the victims and then sold. Two days before Christmas he raped and strangled Mrs John Beard (49) of Council Bluffs, Iowa. Over the festive season he killed 23 year-old Mrs Bonnie Pace, in Kansas City. On the 27 December he bagged his first double-murder Mrs Germania Harpin (28) and her 8-month-old baby (throttled with a piece of rag).

He paused four months before nailing his 16th victim; Mrs Mary McConnell (60) of Philadelphia. On May 30 in Buffalo he killed Mrs Jenny Randolph (35). In Detroit two days later he again committed a double-murder; Landlady Mrs Minnie May (53) and her tenant Mrs Atorthy were both strangled. On June 3 27-year-old Mrs Mary Sietsema was raped and strangled in Chicago. Nelson then crossed into Canada, he hitched to Winnipeg and took a room with a Mrs Catherine Hill. She later stated that he did not appear obviously insane or moronic and had expressed a deep interest in religion, the same day he murdered the daughter of a couple who lived at Mrs Hill's, Lola Cowan (14) was horrifically slaughtered and her body was pushed under a bed. The next morning he broke into a house nearby and butchered Mrs William Patterson, she had been raped and repeatedly battered with a hammer. Her husband found her body under the bed when he knelt down to pray!

Nelson travelled on to Regina before he was apprehended on 13 June. After his capture he escaped by picking the lock with a nail file but was recaptured after only 12 hours of freedom. He pleaded insanity in court (his wife of six months and aunt were his witnesses) but was found guilty and hanged in January 1928. The 22 murders cited above are only the known victims there is evidence that he could have been the perpetrator of a triple-murder in Newark, NJ in 1926. Photographs of Earle Nelson show a man with ape-like face, projecting lips and totally vacant eyes!

Basic Banalities

1

Bureaucratic capitalism has found its legitimation in Marx. I am not referring here to orthodox Marxism's dubious merit of having reinforced the neocapitalist structures whose present reorganisation is an implicit homage to Soviet totalitarianism; I am emphasising the extent to which Marx's most profound analyses of alienation have been vulgarised in the most commonplace facts, which, stripped of their magical veil and materialised in each gesture, have become the sole substance, day after day, of the lives of an increasing number of people. In a word, bureaucratic capitalism contains the palpable reality of alienation; it has brought it home to everybody far more successfully than Marx could ever have hoped to do, it has banalised it as the diminishing of material poverty has been accompanied by a spreading mediocrity of existence. As poverty had been reduced in terms of our way of life - this is at least one widespread feeling that exonerates Marx from all the interpretations a degenerate Bolshevism has derived from. The 'theory' of peaceful coexistence has accelerated such an awareness and revealed, to those who were still confused, that exploiters can get along quite well with each other despite their spectacular divergences.

2

"Any act" writes Mircea Eliade, "can become a religious act. Human existence is realised simultaneously on two parallel planes, that of temporality, becoming, illusion, and that of eternity, substance, reality." In the nineteenth century the brutal divorce of these two planes demonstrated that power would have done better to have maintained reality in a mist of divine transcendence. But we must give reformism credit for succeeding where Bonaparte had failed, in dissolving becoming in eternity and reality in illusion; this union may not be as solid as the sacraments of religious marriage, but it is *lasting*, which is the most the managers of coexistence and social peace can ask of it. This is also what leads us to define ourselves - in the illusory but inescapable perspective of duration - as the end of abstract temporality, as the end of the reified time of our acts; to define ourselves - does it have to be spelled out? - at the positive pole of alienation, as the end of humanity's term of social alienation.

3

The socialisation of primitive human groups reveals a will to struggle more effectively against the mysterious and terrifying forces of nature. But struggling in the natural environment, at once with it and against it, submitting to its most inhuman laws in order to wrest from it an increased chance of survival - doing this could only engender a more evolved form of aggressive defence, a more complex and less primitive attitude, manifesting on a higher level the contradictions that the uncontrolled and yet influenceable forces of nature never ceased to impose. In becoming socialised, the struggle against the blind domination of nature triumphed inasmuch as it gradually assimilated primitive, natural alienation, but in another form. Alienation became social in the fight against natural alienation. Is it by chance that a technological civilisation has developed to such a point that social alienation has been revealed by its conflict with the last areas of natural resistance that technological power hadn't managed (and for good reasons) to subjugate? Today the technocrats propose to put an end to primitive alienation; with a stirring humanitarianism they exhort us to perfect the technical means that "in themselves" would enable us to conquer death, suffering, discomfort and boredom. But to get rid of death would be less of a miracle than to get rid of suicide and the desire to die. There are ways of abolishing the death penalty than can make one miss it. Until now the specific use of technology - or more generally the socioeconomic context in which human activity is confined - while quantitatively reducing

the number of occasions of pain and death, has allowed death itself to eat like a cancer into the heart of each person's life.

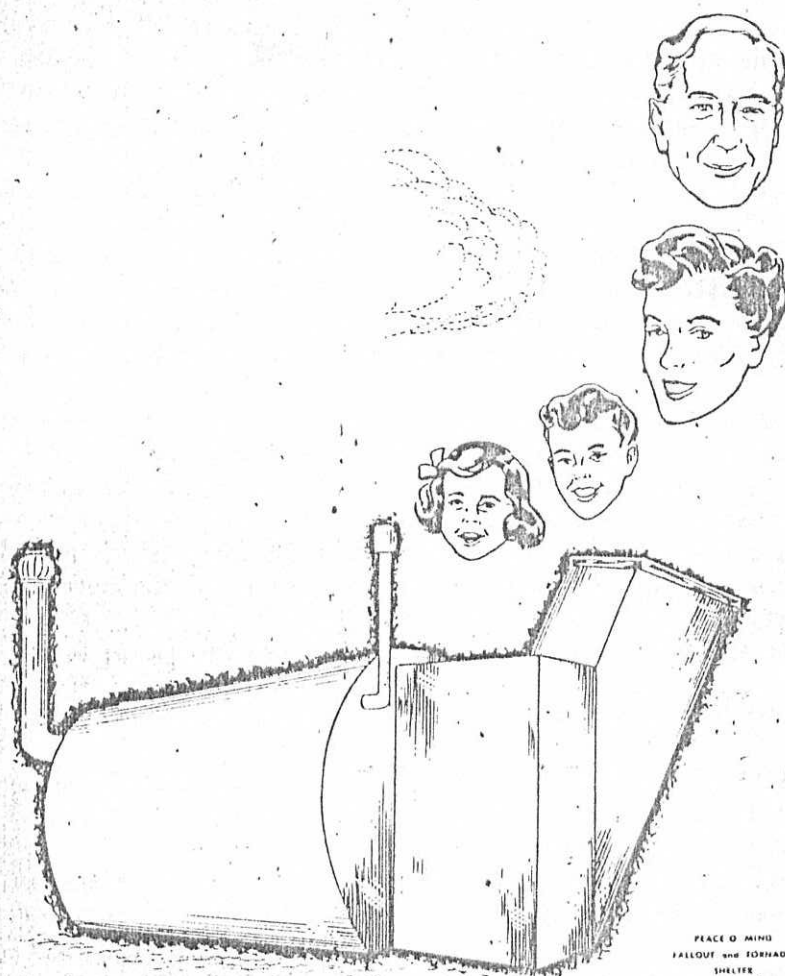
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The prehistoric food-gathering age was succeeded by the hunting age during which clans formed and strove to increase their chances of survival. Hunting grounds and reserves were staked out from which outsiders were absolutely excluded since the welfare of the whole clan depended on its maintaining its territory. As a result, the freedom gained by settling down more comfortably in the natural environment, and by more effective protection against its rigors, engendered its own negation outside the boundaries laid down by the clan and forced the group to moderate its customary rules in organising its relations with excluded and threatening groups. From the moment it appeared, socially constituted economic survival implied the existence of boundaries, restrictions, conflicting rights. It should never be forgotten that until now both history and our own nature have developed in accordance with the movement of privative appropriation; the seizing of control by a class, group, caste or individual of a general power over socioeconomic survival whose form remains complex - from ownership of land, territory, factories or capital, all the way to the "pure" exercise of power over people (hierarchy). Beyond the struggle against regimes whose vision of paradise is a cybernetic welfare state lies the necessity of a still vaster struggle against a fundamental and initially natural state of things, in the development of which capitalism plays only an incidental, transitory role; a state of things which will only disappear when the last traces of hierarchical power disappear - along with the "swine of humanity", of course.

5

To be an owner is to arrogate a good from whose enjoyment one excludes other people - while at the same time recognising everyone's abstract right to possession. By excluding people from the real right of ownership, the owner extends his dominion over those he has excluded (absolutely over nonowners, relatively over other owners), without whom he has nothing. The nonowners have no choice in the matter. The owner appropriates and alienates them as producers of his own power, while the necessity of ensuring their own physical existence forces them in spite of themselves to collaborate in producing their own exclusion and to survive without ever being able to live. Excluded, they participate through the mediation of the owner, a mystical participation characterising from the outset all the clan and social relationships that gradually replaced the principle of obligatory cohesion in which each member was an integral part of the group ("organic interdependence"). Their guarantee of survival depends on their activity within the framework of privative appropriation. They reinforce a right to property from which they are excluded. Due to this ambiguity each of them sees himself as participating in ownership, as a living fragment of the right to possess, and this belief in turn reinforces his condition as excluded and possessed. (Extreme cases of this alienation: the faithful slave, the cop, the bodyguard, the centurion - creatures who, through a sort of union with their own death, confer on death a power equal to the forces of life and identify in a destructive energy the negative and positive poles of alienation, the absolutely submissive slave and the absolute master.) It is of vital importance to the exploiter that this appearance is maintained and made more sophisticated; not because he is especially machiavellian, but simply because he wants to stay alive. The organisation of appearance is bound to the survival of his privileges and to the physical survival of the nonowner, who can thus remain alive while being exploited and excluded from being a person. Privative appropriation and domination are thus originally imposed and felt as a positive right, but in the form of a negative universality. Valid for everyone, justified in everyone's eyes by divine or natural law, the right of privative appropriation is objectified in a general illusion, in a universal transcendence, in an essential law under which everyone individually manages to tolerate the more or less narrow limits assigned to his right to live and to the conditions of life in general.

Man's First and Last Thought... SURVIVAL!



PEACE O MIND
FALLOUT and BOMBARD
SHELTER

6

In this social context the function of alienation must be understood as a *condition of survival*. The labour of the nonowners is subject to the same contradictions as the right of the privative appropriation. It transforms them into possessed beings, into producers of their own expropriation and exclusion, but it represents the only chance of survival for slaves, for serfs, for workers - so much so that the activity that allows their existence to continue by emptying it of all content ends up, through a natural and sinister reversal of perspective, by taking on a positive sense. Not only has value been attributed to work (in its form of sacrifice in the *ancien regime*, in its brutalising aspects in bourgeois ideology and in the so-called People's Democracies), but very early on to work for a master, to alienate oneself willingly, became the honourable and scarcely questioned price of survival. The satisfaction of basic needs remains the best safeguard of alienation; it is best dissimulated by being justified on the grounds of undeniable necessities. Alienation multiplies needs because it can satisfy none of them; nowadays lack of satisfaction is measured in the number of cars, refrigerators, TVs; the alienating objects have lost the ruse and mystery of transcendence, they are there in their concrete poverty. To be rich today is to possess the greatest *number* of poor objects.

Up to now surviving has prevented us from living. This is why much is to be expected of the increasingly evident impossibility of survival, an impossibility which will become all the more evident as the glut of conveniences and elements of survival reduces life to a single choice; suicide or revolution.

The sacred presides even over the struggle against alienation. As soon as the relations of exploitation and the violence that underlies them are no longer concealed by the mystical veil, there is a breakthrough, a moment of clarity, the struggle against alienation is suddenly revealed as a ruthless hand-to-hand fight with a naked power, power exposed in its brute force and its weakness, a vulnerable giant whose slightest wound confers on the attacker the infamous notoriety of an Erostratus, since power survives, the event remains ambiguous. Praxis of destruction, sublime moment when the complexity of the world becomes tangible, transparent, within everyone's grasp; inexpiable revolts - those of the slaves, the Jacques, the iconoclasts, the Enrages, the Communards, Kronstadt, the Asturias, and - promises of things to come - the hooligans of Stockholm and the wildcat strikes ... only the destruction of all hierarchical power will allow us to forget these. We aim to make sure it does.

The deterioration of mythical structures and their slowness in regenerating themselves, which makes possible the awakening of consciousness and the critical penetration of insurrection, are also responsible for the fact that once the "excesses" of revolution are past, the struggle against alienation is grasped on a theoretical plane, subjected to an "analysis" that is a carryover from the demystification preparatory to revolt. It is at this point that the truest and most authentic aspects of a revolt are reexamined and repudiated by the "we didn't really mean to do that" of the theoreticians charged with explaining the meaning of an insurrection to those who made it - to those who aim to demystify by acts, not just by words.

All acts contesting power call for analysis and tactical development. Much can be expected of:

(a) the new proletariat, which is discovering its destitution amidst consumer abundance (see the development of the workers' struggles presently beginning in England, and the attitudes of rebellious youth in all the modern countries);

(b) countries that have had enough of their partial, sham revolutions and are consigning their past and present theorists to the museums (see the role of the intelligensia in the Eastern bloc);

(c) the Third World, whose mistrust of technological myths has been kept alive by the colonial cops and mercenaries, the last, over-zealous militants of a transcendence against which they are the best possible vaccination;

(d) the force of the SI ("our ideas are in everyone's mind"), capable of forestalling remote-controlled revolts, "crystal nights" and sheepish resistance.

Private appropriation is bound to the dialectic of particular and general. In the mystical realm where the contradictions of the slave and feudal systems are resolved, the nonowner, excluded as a particular individual from the right of possession, strives to ensure his survival through his labour; the more he identifies with the interests of the master, the more successful he is. He knows the other nonowners only through their plight; the compulsory surrender of their labour power (Christianity recommended voluntary surrender; once the slave "willingly" offered his labour power, he ceased to be a slave), the search for the optimum conditions of survival, and mystical identification. Struggle, though born of a universal will to survive, takes place on the level of appearance where it brings into play identification with the desires of the master and thus introduces a certain individual rivalry that reflects the rivalry between the masters. Competition develops on this plane as long as the relations of exploitation remain dissimulated behind a mystical opacity and as long as the conditions producing this opacity continue to exist; as long as the degree of slavery determines the slave's consciousness of the degree of lived reality. (We are still at the stage of calling "objective consciousness" what is in reality the consciousness of being an object.) The owner, for his part, depends on the general acknowledgement of a right from which he alone is not excluded, but which is seen on the plane of appearance as a right

accessible to each of the excluded taken individually. His privileged position depends on such a belief, and this belief is also the basis for the strength that is essential if he is to hold his own among the other owners; it is his strength, if, in his turn, he seems to renounce exclusive appropriation of everything and everybody, if he poses less as a master than as a servant of public good and defender of collective security, then his power is crowned with glory and to his other privileges he adds that of denying, on the level of appearance (which is the only level of reference in unilateral communication), the very notion of personal appropriation; he denies that anyone has this right, he repudiates the other owners. In the feudal perspective the owner is not integrated into appearances in the same way as the nonowners, slaves, soldiers, functionaries, servants of all kinds. The lives of the latter are so squalid that the majority can live only as a caricature of the Master (the feudal lord, the prince, the major-domo, the taskmaster, the high priest, God, Satan ...). But the master himself is also forced to play one of these caricatural roles. He can do so without much effort since his pretension to total life is already so caricatural, isolated as he is among those who can only survive. He is already one of our own kind (with the added grandeur of a past epoch, which adds an exquisite savor to his sadness); he, like each of us, was anxiously seeking the adventure where he could find himself on the road to his total perdition. Could the master, at the very moment he alienates the others, see that he reduces them to dispossessed and excluded beings, and thus realise that he is only an exploiter, a purely negative being? Such an awareness is unlikely and would be dangerous. By extending his dominion over the greatest possible number of subjects, isn't he enabling them to survive, giving them their only chance of salvation? ("Whatever would happen to the workers if the capitalists weren't kind enough to employ them?" the high-minded souls of the nineteenth century liked to ask.) In fact, the owner officially excludes himself from all claim to privative appropriation. To the sacrifice of the non-owner, who through his labour exchanges his real life for an apparent one (thus avoiding immediate death by allowing the master to determine his variety of living death), the owner replies by appearing to sacrifice his nature as owner and exploiter; he excludes himself mythically, he puts himself at the service of everyone and of myth (at the service of God and his people, for example). With an additional gesture, with an act whose gratuitousness bathes him in an otherworldly radiance, he gives renunciation its pure form of mythical reality; renouncing common life, he is the poor man amidst illusory wealth, he who sacrifices himself for everyone while all the other people only sacrifice themselves for their own sake, for the sake of their survival. He turns his predicament into prestige. The more powerful he is, the greater his sacrifice. He becomes the living reference point of the whole illusory life, the highest attainable point in the scale of mythical values. "Voluntarily" withdrawn from common mortals, he is drawn towards the world of the gods, and his more or less established participation in divinity, on the level of appearance (the only generally acknowledged frame of reference), consecrates his rank in the hierarchy of the other owners. In the organisation of transcendence the feudal lord - and through osmosis, the owners of some power or production materials, in varying degrees - is led to play the principal role, the role that he really does play in the economic organisation of the group's survival. As a result, the existence of the group is bound on every level to the existence of the owners as such, to those who, owning everything because they own everybody, also force everyone to renounce their lives on the pretext of the owner's unique, absolute and divine renunciation. (From the god Prometheus punished by the gods to the god Christ punished by men, the sacrifice of the Owner becomes vulgarised, it loses its sacred aura, is humanised.) Myth thus unites owner and nonowner, it envelops them in a common form in which the necessity of survival, whether merely physical or as a privileged being, forces them to live on the level of appearance and of the inversion of real life, the inversion of the life of everyday praxis. We are still there, waiting to live a life less than or beyond a mystique against which our every gesture protests while submitting to it.

Myth, the unitary absolute in which the contradictions of the world find an illusory resolution, the harmonious and constantly harmonised vision that reflects and reinforces order - this is the sphere of the sacred, the extrahuman zone where an abundance of revelations are manifested but where the revelation of the process of privative appropriation is carefully suppressed. Nietzsche saw this when he wrote, "All becoming is a criminal revolt from eternal being, and its price is death." When the bourgeoisie claimed to replace the pure Being of feudalism with Becoming, all it really did was to desacralise Being and resacralise Becoming to its own profit; it elevated its own Becoming to the status of Being, no longer that of absolute ownership but rather that of relative appropriation; a petty democratic and mechanical Becoming, with its notions of progress, merit and casual succession. The owner's life hides him from himself; bound to myth by a life and death pact, he cannot see himself in the positive and exclusive enjoyment of any good except through the lived experience of his own exclusion. (And isn't it through the mythical exclusion that the nonowners will come to grasp the reality of their own exclusion?) He bears the responsibility for a group, he takes on the burden of a god. Submitting himself to its benediction and its retribution, he swathes himself in austerity and wastes away. Model of gods and heroes, the master, the owner, is the true reality of Prometheus, of Christ, of all those whose spectacular sacrifice has made it possible for "the vast majority of people" to continue to sacrifice themselves to the extreme minority, to the masters. (Analysis of the owner's sacrifice should be worked out more subtly; isn't the case of Christ really the sacrifice of the owner's son? If the owner can never sacrifice himself except on the level of appearance, then Christ stands for the real immolation of the owner's son when circumstances leave no other alternative. As a son he is only an owner at a very early stage of development, an embryo, little more than a dream of future ownership. In this mythic dimension belongs Barres's well-known remark in 1914 when war had arrived and made his dreams come true at last: "Our youth, as is proper, has gone to shed torrents of *our blood*") This rather distasteful little game, before it became transformed into a symbolic rite, knew a heroic period when kings and tribal chiefs were ritually put to death according to their "will." Historians assure us that these august martyrs were soon replaced by prisoners, slaves or criminals. They may not get hurt any more, but they've kept the halo.

The concept of a common fate is based on the sacrifice of the owner and the nonowner. Put another way, the notion of a human condition is based on an ideal and tormented image whose function is to resolve the irresolvable opposition between the mythical sacrifice of the minority and the really sacrificed life of everyone else. The function of myth is to unify and eternalise, in a succession of static moments, the dialectic of "will-to-live" and its opposite. This universally dominant factitious unity attains its most tangible and concrete representation in communication, particularly in language. Ambiguity is most manifest at this level, it leads to an absence of real communication, it puts the analyst at the mercy of ridiculous phantoms, at the mercy of words - eternal and changing instants - whose content varies according to who pronounces them, as does the notion of sacrifice. When language is put to the test, it can no longer dissimulate the misrepresentation and thus it provokes the crisis of participation. In the language of an era one can follow the traces of total revolution, unfulfilled but always imminent. They are the exalting and terrifying signs of the upheavals they foreshadow, but who takes them seriously? The discredit striking language is as deeply rooted and instinctive as the suspicion with which myths are viewed by people who at the same time remain firmly attached to them. How can key words be defined by other words? How can phrases be used to point out the signs that refute the phraseological organisation of appearance? The best texts still await their justification. When a poem by Mallarmé becomes the sole explanation for an act of revolt, then poetry and revolution will have overcome their ambiguity. To await and prepare for this moment is to manipulate

information not as the last shock wave whose significance escapes everyone, but as the first repercussion of an act still to come.

1.1

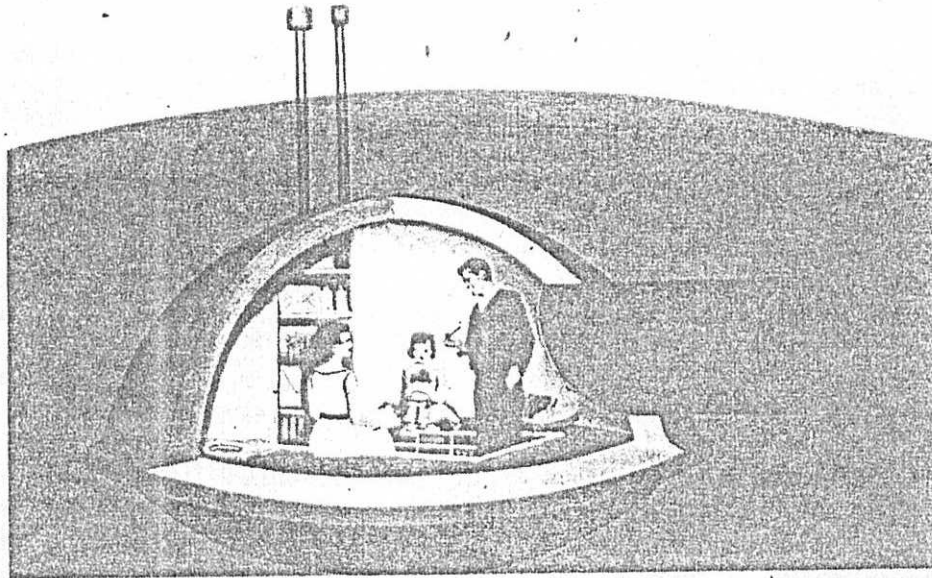
Born of man's will to survive the uncontrollable forces of nature, myth is a public welfare policy that has outlived its necessity. It has consolidated its tyrannical force by reducing life to the sole dimension of survival, by negating it as movement and totality.

When contested, myth homogenises the diverse attacks on it; sooner or later it engulfs and assimilates them. Nothing can withstand it, no image or concept that attempts to destroy the dominant spiritual structures. It reigns over the expression of facts and lived experience, on which it imposes its own interpretive structure (dramatisation). Private consciousness is the consciousness of lived experience that finds its expression on the level of organised appearance.

Myth is sustained by rewarded sacrifice. Since every individual life is based on its own renunciation, lived experience must be defined as sacrifice and recompense. As a reward for his asceticism, the initiate (the promoted worker, the specialist, the manager - new martyrs canonised democratically) is granted a niche in the organisation of appearance; he is made to feel at home in alienation. But collective shelters disappeared with unitary societies, all that's left is their later concrete embodiments for the benefit of the public: temples, churches, palaces . . . memories of a universal protection. Shelters are private nowadays, and even if their protection is far from certain there can be no mistaking their price.

12

"Private" life is defined primarily in a formal context. It is, to be sure, born out of the social relations created by privative appropriation, but its essential form is determined by the expression of those relations. Universal, incontestable but constantly contested, this form makes appropriation a right belonging to everyone and from which everyone is excluded, *a right one can obtain only by renouncing it*. As long as it fails to break free of the context imprisoning it (a break that is called revolution), the most authentic experience can be grasped, expressed and communicated only by way of an inversion through which its fundamental contradiction is dissimulated. In other words, if a positive project fails to sustain a praxis of radically overthrowing the conditions of life - which are nothing other than the conditions of privative appropriation - it does not have the slightest chance of escaping being taken over by the negativity that reigns over the expression of social relationships; it is recuperated like the image in a mirror, in inverse perspective. In the totalising perspective in which it conditions the whole of everyone's life, and in which its real and its mythic power can no longer be distinguished (both being real and mythical), the process of privative appropriation has made it impossible to express life in any way except negatively. Life in its entirety is suspended in a negativity that corrodes it and formally defines it. To talk of life today is like talking of rope in the house of a hanged man. Since the key of will-to-live has been lost we have been wandering in the corridors of an endless mausoleum. The dialogue of chance and the throw of the dice no longer suffices to justify our lassitude; those who still accept living in well-furnished weariness picture themselves as leading an indolent existence while failing to notice in each of their daily gestures a living denial of their despair, a denial that should rather make them despair only of the poverty of their imagination. Forgetting life, one can identify with a range of images, from the brutish conqueror and brutish slave at one pole to the saint and the pure hero at the other. The air in this shithouse has been unbreathable for a long time. The world and man as representation stink like carrion and there's no longer any god around to turn the charnel houses into beds of lillies. After all the ages men have died while accepting without notable change the explanations of gods, of nature and of biological laws, it wouldn't seem unreasonable to ask if we don't die because so much death enters - and for very specific reasons - into every moment of our lives.



13

Privative appropriation can be defined potably as the appropriation of things by means of the appropriation of people. It is the spring and the troubled waters where all reflections mingle and blur. Its field of action and influence, spanning the whole of history, seems to have been characterised until now by a fundamental double behavioural determination; an ontology based on sacrifice and negation of self (its subjective and objective aspects respectively) and a fundamental duality, a division between particular and general, individual and collective, private and public, theoretical and practical, spiritual and material, intellectual and manual, etc. The contradiction between universal appropriation and universal expropriation implies that the master has been seen for what he is and isolated. This mythical image of terror, want and renunciation presents itself to slaves, to servants, to all those who can't stand living as they do; it is the illusory reflection of their participation in property, a natural illusion since they really do participate in it through the daily sacrifice of their energy (what the ancients called pain or torture and we call labour or work) since they themselves produce this property in a way that excludes them. The master can only cling to the notion of work-as-sacrifice, like Christ to his cross and his nails; it is up to him to authenticate sacrifice, to apparently renounce his right to exclusive enjoyment and to cease to expropriate with purely *human* violence (that is, violence without mediation). The sublimity of the gesture obscures the initial violence, the nobility of the sacrifice absolves the commando, the brutality of the conqueror is bathed in the light of a transcendence whose reign is internalised, the gods are the intransigent guardians of rights, the irascible shepherds of a peaceful and law-abiding flock of "Being and Wanting-To-Be Owner." The gamble on transcendence and the sacrifice it implies are the masters' greatest conquest, their most accomplished submission to the necessity of conquest. Anyone who intrigues for power while refusing the purification of renunciation (the brigand or the tyrant) will sooner or later be tracked down and killed like a mad dog, or worse; as someone who only pursues his own ends and whose blunt conception of "work" lacks any tact towards others' feelings; Tröppmann, Landru, Petiot, murdering people without justifying it in the name of defending the Free World, the Christian West, the State or Human Dignity, were doomed to eventual defeat. By refusing to play the rules of the game, pirates, gangsters and outlaws disturb those with good consciences (whose consciences are a reflection of myth), but the masters, by killing the encroacher or enrolling him as a cop, reestablish the omnipotence of "eternal truth"; those who don't sell themselves lose their right to survive and those who do sell themselves lose their right to live. The sacrifice of the master is the matrix of humanism, which is what makes humanism - and let this be understood once and for all - the miserable negation of everything human. Humanism is the master taken seriously at his own game, acclaimed by those who see in his apparent sacrifice - that caricatural reflection of their real sacrifice - a reason to hope for salvation. Justice, dignity, nobility, freedom

.... these words that yap and howl, are they anything other than household pets whose masters have calmly awaited their homecoming since the time when heroic lackeys won the right to walk them on the streets? To use them is to forget that they are the ballast that enables power to rise out of reach. And if we imagine a regime deciding that the mythical sacrifice of the masters should not be promoted in such universal forms, and setting about tracking down these word-concepts and wiping them out, we could well expect the Left to be incapable of combating it with anything more than a plaintive battle of words whose every phrase, invoking the "sacrifice" of a previous master, calls for an equally mythical sacrifice of a new one (a leftist master, a power mowing down workers in the name of the proletariat). Bound to the notion of sacrifice, humanism is born of the common fear of masters and slaves; it is nothing but the solidarity of a shit-scared humanity. But those who reject all hierarchical power can use any word as a weapon to punctuate their action. Lautreamont and the illegal anarchists were already aware of this; so were the dadaists.

The appropriator thus becomes an owner from the moment he puts the ownership of people and things in the hands of God or of some universal transcendence whose omnipotence is reflected back on him as a grace sanctifying his slightest gesture; to oppose an owner thus consecrated is to oppose God, nature, the fatherland, the people. In short, to exclude oneself from the physical and spiritual world. "We must neither govern nor be governed," writes Marcel Havrenne so neatly. For those who add an appropriate violence to his humour, there is no longer any salvation or damnation, no place in the universal order, neither with Satan, the great recuperator of the faithful, nor in any form of myth, since they are the living proof of the uselessness of all that. They were born for a life yet to be invented; insofar as they lived, it was on this hope that they finally came to grief.

Two corollaries of singularisation in transcendence:

(a) If ontology implies transcendence, it is clear that any ontology automatically justifies the being of the master and the hierarchical power wherein the master is reflected in degraded, more or less faithful images.

(b) Over the distinction between manual and intellectual work, between practice and theory, is superimposed the distinction between work-as-real-sacrifice and the organisation of work in the form of apparent sacrifice.

It would be tempting to explain fascism - among other reasons for it - as an act of faith, the auto-da-fe of a bourgeoisie haunted by the murder of God and the destruction of the great sacred spectacle, dedicating itself to the devil, to an inverted mysticism, a black mysticism with its rituals and its holocausts. Mysticism and high finance.

It should not be forgotten that hierarchical power is inconceivable without transcendence, without ideologies, without myths. Demystification itself can always be turned into a myth; it suffices to "omit," most philosophically, demystification so neutralised, with the sting taken out of it, becomes painless, euthanasic, in a word, humanitarian. Except that the movement of demystification will ultimately demystify the demystifiers.

Raoul VANEIGEM.

(concluded in the next issue.)

- * What will become of the totally inherent in unitary society when it comes up against the bourgeois demolition of that society?*
- * Will an artificial reconstruction of unity succeed in hoodwinking the worker alienated in consumption?*
- * But what can be the future of totality in a fragmented society?*
- * What unexpected supersession of this society and its whole organisation of appearance will finally bring us to a happy ending?*

If you don't already know, find out in part two!

THE GEMSTONE FILE

The once-popular illusion of American presidential integrity, honour and respectability now seems long gone. In the run-up to the 1988 election, the inclusion in the parade of potential candidates of so many proven cheats, fakes, frauds and liars came as no surprise to anyone. Yet, as recently as the early Sixties, that picture of a God-fearing and truly democratic liberal President whose moral and ethical honesty was beyond question still held its own with most white, and many black Americans. Indeed, it did so for the majority of people in the western world.

That illusion died at 12.30pm on Friday November 22, 1963 between the Dal-Tax Building, The Texas School Book Depository and Dealy Plaza in the centre of Dallas.

In the passing motorcade was the 35th US President. A look of puzzlement had just passed across his face and he'd started to raise his right hand towards the top of his head. But the hand never got there and there was no top to the head. As he slumped forward, chunks of skull, some brain and vast quantities of blood were already splattering across himself, his wife, the upholstery and everyone and everything within blood-pressure shot.

The blood on Governor John B. Connally Jr, however, was mostly his own. He'd taken two bullets and would soon be convinced, wrongly, that he was also about to die.

Police Officer J.D. Tippit, on the other hand, had no idea that he'd only got 45 minutes to live. He too was to be shot down.

And one more person was soon to die. Lee Harvey Oswald, an employee of The Texas School Book Depository, would have his shooting televised on NBC in a little under 48 hours. But none of that mattered to him now. His concern was to slip out of the Depository and get away from the area. He'd just fired at least some of the shots. He probably knew that people in the car had been hit, but had no idea who, if anyone, was dead or dying.

The assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy gave rise to numerous questions and hatched a plethora of conspiracy theories. And the rushed and often inaccurate Warren Commission Report that constituted the official

investigation did nothing to allay these worries.

Thus the spectre of cover-up crawled across the White House lawn and took up permanent residence indoors. Not only did the subsequent incumbents fail completely in their repeated attempts to have it exorcised, but they actually induced its regular reappearances in a succession of guises. From the bombing of Cambodia, through the undignified US withdrawal from Vietnam, to Watergate, and on through Irangate, the cover-ups and lies multiplied under increasingly intense public scrutiny.

As the news of Kennedy's death flashed across the globe many people openly wept. He'd championed civil rights. He'd been a figure of hope and faith to so many. He'd been painted as America's Mr Clean and the one bright hope for world peace and freedom in the face of a daunting future. If that's hard to believe now it is an indication of the discredit that has been brought to the post by the subsequent presidents; Johnson, Nixon, Ford, Carter, Reagan and Bush.

In the welter of post-assassination investigations, some unsavoury light was shed on the life and deeds of JFK, but much more began to be focused on some of the more clandestine machinery of American political and financial life. In particular, the work of members of the FBI and CIA was called into question. Likewise, the power of the Mafia and of big business, not just over local politicians or particular senators and governors, but over international politics, Congress and even the President himself.

All of this and much more is covered by an extraordinary document called *The Gemstone File*. As far as can be established this work has never been published before - a fact that is all the more surprising considering that its author names those who actually killed Kennedy.

Bruce Roberts studied journalism and physics at the University of Wisconsin in the mid-Thirties. Here too he first started to take an interest in the business activities of a Greek ship owner called Aristotle Onassis. But Roberts' special field of work - through

physics - was crystallography. He applied himself to the creation of synthetic rubies and eventually came up with what he felt were viable artificial gemstones. In 1960, the year that saw JFK elected President, he approached Hughes Aircraft, the company founded by millionaire Howard Hughes, and tried to sell them his gemstones for use in their laser beam research. As far as he was concerned, they simply stole his invention.

Meanwhile, he reckoned to stumble on an Onassis-Hughes link that is, to say the least, bizarre in the extreme. Driven by his grudge against Hughes Aircraft, he began, in 1969, to secretly release sections of his findings to certain Americans. In all, *The Gemstone File* eventually came to well over a thousand pages.

What follow, then, are some of the allegations made by Bruce Roberts. Subsequent research into material by other writers involved suggests that a lot of his claims are provable and that they fit. There are also intriguing points highlighted for the first time.

Aristotle Onassis was undoubtedly ruthless, cunning, calculating and, above all, insatiable in his greed for money and power. Roberts began his account in 1932 when Onassis, already a millionaire by way of selling opium in Argentina, set up a lucrative deal with Joseph Kennedy (JFK's father), Eugene Meyer (later to buy *The Washington Post*) and Meyer Lanski. The four of them made a fortune by importing bootleg liquor into the USA.

Then we're told of an agreement two years later between Onassis, Rockefeller and the Seven Sisters (the world's major oil companies). This pact resulted in Onassis getting still richer by transporting cheap Arab oil on his ships.

During World War II, Onassis amassed an even bigger fortune by selling oil and arms to both the Allies and the Germans and survived the entire war without losing a ship or even a single crewman.

Then, in 1949, with the help of lawyer Burke Marshall, he bought US war surplus 'Liberty Ships' (cheaply assembled, mass-produced boats that became redundant soon after their useful wartime work) in a deal of questionable legality.

Now comes the first of the amazing

allegations. It concerns Texas millionaire Howard Hughes and forms the Onassis-Hughes connection.

Up to and during 1956, Hughes had been 'buying up' various US political figures such as senators and governors. Finally, he elicited the support of newly-elected Vice-President Nixon by way of a quarter-million dollar non-repayable loan to Nixon's brother, Donald. Nixon then repaid the favour by having the Internal Revenue Service and Treasury grant him tax-free status (refused twice before to the Hughes Medical Foundation, sole owner of Hughes Aircraft). This created a tax-free non-accountable money funnel or 'laundry' for Hughes' various projects; Nixon also saw to it that anti-trust suits against Hughes TWA and other enterprises were dropped.

Then, according to Bruce Roberts, Onassis moved into action in March 1957. He had Hughes kidnapped from his Beverly Hills Hotel bungalow by some of his own employees, the main conspirator being Chester Davis (a Sicilian whose real name is Cesare). A few days after this, with the rest of the Hughes staff either ousted or taken into the new Hughes-Onassis organisation, he had Mayor Cannon (later to become senator) of Nevada arrange a fake marriage to Jean Peters. This serves to explain away Hughes' sudden loss of interest in chasing movie stars.

Hughes, battered and brain-damaged by Mafia treatment, was taken to The Emerald Isles Hotel in the Bahamas, where the entire top floor had been rented for the Hughes party. Here, Hughes was shot full of heroin for thirty days and then taken off to a cell on Onassis' island, Skorpios. Here he spent the rest of his life, finally dying there on April 18, 1971. L. Wayne Rector, who had been employed by Hughes since 1955 to act as his double, took on the job full-time. He now became 'Hughes'. Thus Onassis had a much larger power base in the United States that included the entire Hughes empire as well as control over Nixon and all the other Hughes-purchased politicians.

Later that year, Onassis called the Apalachian meeting at which he informed US Mafia leaders of his control of the Hughes empire and of his aim to continue the Hughes method of purchasing high-ranking politicians *en masse* in order to gain control of the US government 'legally'.

The same year, Joseph Kennedy took JFK and wife Jackie to see Onassis on his yacht. This introduction was to remind Onassis of an old Mafia promise to deliver the Presidency to a Kennedy. Onassis agreed to it (and, significantly, according to Peter Evans' book *Ari*, developed more than a passing interest in fostering a friendship with Jackie).

During 1958, hordes of Mafia-selected, purchased and supporting candidates swept into office.

1959 was the year of the Cuban revolution when in one sweep, Castro's government wiped out the island's lucrative Mafia gambling empire being run for Onassis by his 1932 partner, Meyer Lanski. Aside from the steady returns, Mafia losses included an immediate eight million dollars in unbanked casino receipts. Onassis was far from happy. Vice-President Nixon became operations chief for the CIA-planned Bay Of Pigs invasion. Howard Hunt, James McCord and other CIA men teamed up with Cubans who were once members of former incumbent Batista's much-feared secret police. These men were then referred to by the US authorities as 'Cuban Freedom Fighters'. (Obvious parallels are to be drawn here between Cuba and current events in Nicaragua, where large US investments were similarly threatened by the revolution.)

Meanwhile, 1959 was also the run-up to the US presidential election.

Onassis could sit back and watch. The race was between Kennedy and Nixon. He controlled both candidates.

JFK's election seemed to make everybody happy. However, things didn't go according to plan. For Kennedy, his 'thousand days' in office were to prove more than a little difficult. Apart from making numerous dangerous enemies in the right-wing establishment by his open support for the black civil rights movement, he'd got the war in Vietnam to contend with, a missile crisis in Cuba that brought the world to the brink of war, and he made a series of moves that outraged the Mafia.

April 1961 was a disaster. The Bay Of Pigs invasion of Cuba to overthrow Castro failed completely. The CIA and the Mafia placed the blame squarely on JFK. (In Lucien Vandenbroucke's book *The Confessions of Allen Dulles*, the then Director of the CIA is quoted as blaming Kennedy's "lack of determination to

succeed" as the prime cause of the defeat.)

Onassis had his right-hand man, Robert Maheu, hire and train a Mafia assassination team to kill Castro. To do this, the former FBI and CIA man who was Hughes' (ie Wayne Rector's) top aide, used a dozen Mafia hitmen including John Rosselli and Jimmy (The Veasel) Frattiano and working with Hunt and McCord formed a CIA-Mafia team who tried five times to kill Castro using everything from long-range rifles to sodium morphate pellets to induce a heart attack. Castro, however, survived.

If the above seems far-fetched, it's all corroborated in John Raneleigh's book *The Agency: The Rise And Decline Of The CIA*. Maheu was indeed ex-CIA and FBI. He first worked for Onassis in Rome after the CIA had him 'bug' Onassis' room. And, in this account, he approached John Rosselli, Santos Trafficante and Sam Giancana, all three long-term high ranking mafiosi, with a deal to kill Castro for £150,000. (Interestingly, Giancana was Rosselli's boss and one of Giancana's mistresses was Judith Campbell. On February 7, 1960 at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, Frank Sinatra introduced her to JFK - dining at a nearby table, incidentally, was John Rosselli. Within four weeks, she became JFK's mistress. That affair was still going in the winter of 1962 when she turned down Giancana's proposal of marriage. Raneleigh suggests this arrangement might have been seen as useful by Giancana but it would also have given him a good reason to loathe JFK, remembering the fact that he was Rosselli's boss. A point that proves important later.)

Around this time, Joseph Kennedy had a stroke, leaving sons John and Bobby (by then US Attorney General) free of his firm control. More importantly, however, they rebelled against Onassis' influence. It's hard to tell if they were motivated by idealism or their own ambition. It might also have been part of some inter-Mafia rivalry. Whatever the reason, the result was a series of actions that would threaten their wellbeing.

Firstly, they arrested Wally Bird, owner of Air Thailand who'd been shipping Onassis' heroin out of the Golden Triangle (Laos, Cambodia, Vietnam) under a CIA 'Air Opium' contract. Then they arrested Mafia man Jimmy Hoffa, leader of the Teamsters' (US truck drivers) Union - and jailed him. They declared

the \$73,000,000 in forged 'Hughes' land loans (which had been deposited with the San Francisco Bank of America as 'security' for the TWA judgement against Hughes) to be what they were - forgeries.

By 1963, Mafia attention, under Onassis, shifted from Castro to JFK. According to Roberts, two particular killings are noteworthy. Senator Estes Kefauver, whose crime commission investigation uncovered the 1932 Onassis-Kennedy-Meyer-Lanski deal, was murdered by way of a sodium morphate induced heart-attack which occurred on the floor of the Senate prior to a planned speech denouncing Mafia operations. Likewise Philip Graham, editor of *The Washington Post* and husband to Eugene Meyer's daughter, Katherine, whose sin was to side with Kennedy against Onassis. Roberts claims that Katherine bribed psychiatrists to certify her husband insane. He was later found dead from shotgun wounds to the head during a weekend visit home from the asylum and was subsequently ruled to have committed suicide. Roberts thinks otherwise.

The climax to all this, though, is the killing of a president ... well, two, in fact. On November 1, 1963, the Mafia plan was to mount a triple execution. Those targeted were JFK in a Chicago football stadium (Sam Giancana was Mafia boss of Chicago and, by this time, the most powerful figure in the US Mafia) and South Vietnamese president Ngo Dinh Diem together with his powerful brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu.

(The latter pair did in fact die after a coup that was carried out with the full knowledge and approval of the CIA, according to Raneleigh.)

But JFK was tipped off that Onassis planned to kill him and cancelled the stadium appearance. Ironically, at this point Jackie Kennedy was to be found on a cruise ... with Onassis; and an enraged JFK phoned the yacht from the White House and told Jackie to "Get off that boat if you have to swim". No sooner said than done. Several days later, Jackie disembarked in Turkey, walking down the gangway on the arm of Onassis.

Onassis was using Maheu for the killing. The job was scheduled for November 22 in Dallas. This time they were going to do it right. Maheu enlisted the Mafia-CIA team he assembled for Castro. He added Mafia hitman Eugene Brading and a CIA man called Lee Harvey Oswald

who was an oddball with carefully planned links with both the ultra-right and the Communists. He was set up as the 'patsy' and given the job of shooting Governor Connally. Brading, Frattiano and Rosselli were the three who'd got the JFK job. Hunt and McCord were also there to help.

The plan would work like this: Each of the four hitmen would be accompanied by two assistants; a back-up man (to pick up the shells and get rid of the gun) and a timer (to signal when to shoot).

Frattiano was an excellent shot. From a second-storey window of the Dal-Tex Building, using a hand-gun, he hit Kennedy twice, once in the back and once in the head. The Dallas Police Department was also in that building. Hitman and his back-up man were 'arrested', driven away in a police car, and later released without being charged.

Rosselli, from behind a fence in the grassy knoll area, hit Kennedy once on the right side of his head with a rifle bullet, blowing his brains out. (Remember, his boss was Sam Giancana, whose marriage proposal to Judith Campbell got turned down less than a year ago. Could we put this shot down to revenge?)

Brading, on Kennedy's left, and shooting from a small bogoda across the street from the grassy knoll, missed because of almost simultaneous hits by Rosselli and Frattiano. He got away by wearing a hat marked with an 'X'. Police had been previously instructed to let anyone through who was thus identifiable. It was used to indicate those who were secret service men.

Oswald left the Texas School Book Depository through the front door, unaware that his back-up man had 'hidden' his rifle behind some boxes instead of getting rid of it. And, of course, the ruse worked. Ask anyone to name Kennedy's killer.

Three men dressed as tramps picked up shells from Dealey Plaza. One of them was Howard Hunt. They wandered over to an empty boxcar on the railway spur behind the grassy knoll area and waited. The police took them in and held them until the alarm went out to pick up Oswald. They too were released without being charged.

In all, ten men were arrested after the shooting. All were released without being charged. Not a word of their existence is mentioned in the Warren Report.

So what about the shooting of Officer Tippit? According to the Warren Report, at least 12 people saw Tippit stop, talk to a man and then get out of his car and walk round the front towards the man. At this point, the man shot him four times. However, it only presents the evidence of two witnesses - Domingo Benavides and Helen Markham.

Mark Lane, a lawyer who was dissatisfied with the Warren Commission's work, spent three years re-examining the evidence in painstaking detail. His book, *Rush To Judgement*, undermines many of the Commission's conclusions. When he comes to the Tippit murder, he demolishes Helen Markham's evidence, puts question marks against most of the corroboration offered by the other 11 witnesses and proves that two guns were used to shoot Tippit. He then comes up with several important witnesses that were never called up, suggesting they were ignored because they didn't 'fit', and finally comes up with one Aquilla Clemmons (see Sylvan Fox's book *The Unanswered Questions About President Kennedy's Assassination*) who states she saw two gunmen.

But what does Bruce Roberts claim? He says that Tippit was dispatched in his police car to the Oak Cliff section (all versions of the radio messages back this up), where Oswald had rented a room. Tippit was supposed to kill Oswald, but something went wrong. (Here, Mark Lane adds credence to the assertion by proving that the radio transcripts presented to The Warren Commission were deliberately falsified and questions their claim that any calls from Tippit, if they existed, were too indistinct to reproduce.) Roberts goes on to say that Tippit was shot by two men using two revolvers and suggests that the witness Domingo Benavides, who used Tippit's car radio to report that "we've had a shooting here" may have been one of the men who shot him. (Significantly, a 'Domingo Benavides', according to Roberts, also crops up in relation to the Martin Luther King shooting.)

Jack Ruby then shot Oswald. Mark Lane points out that both Oswald and Ruby had visited Cuba and established strong Cuban connections. Sylvan Fox points out that the Tippit murder occurred only two blocks from Ruby's home on Marsalis Street. William Manchester in his book *The Death Of A President* shows how Jack Ruby was a non-too bright small-time hoodlum who got his kicks out of having a lot of cops

as his personal friends. He set off to kill Oswald, was so confident of his success that he stopped to mail some money to an employee (Ruby ran two seedy clubs) and walked into the police station about a minute-and-a-half before delivering a .38 bullet through Oswald's liver, spleen and aorta. The odd fact is that the police brought Oswald out of the cells an hour later than planned, suggesting that Ruby knew this was going to happen. When cross-examined on this point, Ruby eventually shrugged and replied that the only way he could've known was if the police had told him. That's true. Ruby was a patriot and made much of his anger about the deaths of Kennedy and Oswald. So, was there an Oswald-Ruby connection, perhaps via Cuba? Or was Ruby just another 'patsy' set up by the police to finish off the first or just nail a cop-killer? The possibilities multiply. Roberts adds an extra dimension by saying that Brading stayed at the Teamster-Mafia-Hoffa financed Cubana Motel in Dallas. Ruby was there the night before.

Roberts also says that the inadequacies of the Warren Commission Report were far from accidental (Mark Lane says the same). He points the finger at Gerald Ford who, at Nixon's recommendation, was one of the top six figures, after Warren, presiding on the Commission. (John Raneleigh emphasises Ford's close relationship with the CIA that dated back to the early 1950s).

Of the other five, three - Senator J.S Cooper, Representative Hale Boggs and John J McCoy - were easy-going and were unlikely to rock the boat. For some reason, Roberts fails to mention the other two. One was CIA chief Allen Dulles. The other was Senator Richard D Russell who, to quote Raneleigh, was "an important Senate power" and "one of the key people involved with the CIA on Capitol Hill. From the 1950s until his death in 1971, Russell was a friend of the agency and defined his role in the Senate as a protector of the security and position of the CIA." In other words, the CIA had nothing to fear from the Warren Commission, and by reason of their connections neither did the Mafia ... nor did Onassis, if there's any truth in what Robert has been telling us.

So what happened to the three JFK hitmen? Here's what Roberts offers.

Johnny Rosselli got \$250,000 as a 'finder's fee' for bringing Onassis (by way of L.Wayne

Rector as 'Howard Hughes') to Las Vegas in 1967. The take-over of the city was handled for Onassis by Maheu. And Rosselli's quarter million was just part of his pay-off for the JFK head-shot. From Brian Freemantle's book *CIA: The 'Honourable' Company* comes this information. On 24 June, 1975 and again on 23 April, 1976 Rosselli (reluctantly because he feared the Mafia might kill him) testified to the Church Committee. On 7 August, 1976 his trussed up body was found in an oil drum floating in Dumfoundling Bay, North Miami Beach. He'd been shot.

Jimmy Frattiano's pay-off included \$109,000 in 'non-repayable loans' from the San Francisco National Bank (president Joe Alioto). Credit authorisation for the series of loans, from 1964 through 1965, came directly from Alioto and a high ranking Teamster official. Dun and Bradstreet noted this transaction with amazement and listed the loans in their 1964-65 monthly reports, wondering how Frattiano could obtain so much 'credit' when his only known occupation (and the one with which they actually credit him in their listings) was 'Mafia executioner'. This official recognition of his occupation must have amused him. Roberts says he went round for years boasting about it. He'd introduce himself with the words, "Hi there, I'm Jimmy Frattiano, Mafia executioner." A bank vice-president later told the whole story to the California Crime Commission before it was carefully buried in a file. Later, Frattiano testified before a San Francisco Grand Jury with regard to his participation in the Sunrol Golf swindle. East Coast Mafia man Tony Romero was also involved and, according to Roberts, so was Mayor Joe Alioto. It cost the city of San Francisco between \$100,000 and \$500,000. In between, Frattiano had used his \$109,000 to start a trucking company in the Imperial Valley, where he engaged in more swindling involving US government construction contracts. As one Californian Crime Commission member put it: "The Mafia is now doing business directly with the US government."

Brading, despite his x-marked hat, was arrested briefly outside the Dal-Tax building, but was immediately released. Two months later, he was questioned by the FBI for The Warren Commission. Despite being a known criminal with an arrest record going back over 20 years (he was out on parole for a series of

crimes when Roberts tells us he fired at JFK) the FBI simply reported that Brading knew nothing whatsoever about the assassination. Brading went on to become a charter member of the La Costa Country Club, a known Mafia haven, near San Clemente. He also became a runner for 'skim money' from the Onassis-Hughes Las Vegas casinos to Onassis' Swiss bank.

Brian Freemantle tells us: "Sam Giancana went four times before Grand Jury investigations into organised crime in 1974 after unsuccessfully seeking help from the CIA to avoid appearing. On Thursday 19 July, 1975 staff from the Church Committee arrived in Chicago to arrange Giancana's appearance before their assassination sessions. That night Giancana was shot to death in the basement of his home."

And that's how to kill a president. This is how you cover it up.

Virtually no limits, in terms of money or human life, were set on the cost of concealing the real facts behind the murder in 1963 of John F Kennedy.

The CIA, the Mafia and (via the Onassis-Hughes connection) multi-national business interests were among those involved in the massive cover-up.

It's in this light that we now look at the increasingly bizarre string of events over the decade following JFK's death. As we'll see, behind each lies the fear that the real truth will emerge.

Oddly, perhaps, it hardly matters that the official story of Oswald as the lone-wolf motivated single assassin is hardly credited by anyone. On the contrary, the plethora of conspiracy theories that results from all the unanswered questions and the glaring inconsistencies help to cloud the issue.

It would be hard to believe that Aristotle Onassis, having bought control over Nixon and Kennedy prior to the 1960 election and then having set up the JFK killing, didn't make sure he had Lyndon B Johnson in his pocket. Bruce Roberts in his *Gemstone File*, says that this was done by threat. And there's the implication that LBJ had prior knowledge of the Dallas shooting.

JFK's death was confirmed 30 minutes after the shooting. One and a half hours later, LBJ was sworn in as the 36th President of the United States of America. Later, as he flew

back to Washington, Johnson was warned over the plane's radio, in a message relayed from an airforce base, that "there was no conspiracy. Get it, Lyndon?"

And how's this for a neat dirty twist with which to post script the JFK killing? It concerns a painter called Mary Pinchot-Meyer. She was the ex-wife of Cord Meyer (a co-founder of the CIA) and also the sister-in-law of journalist Ben Bradlee, a buddy of JFK, who was then a *Newsweek* correspondent, and later became editor of the *Washington Post* at the time of Watergate.

Mary was one of JFK's seemingly innumerable bed-mates. (Two others were Danish journalist and suspected Nazi spy, Inga Arvad, and English 'vice-girl' Mariella Novotny, whose suspected KGB connections emerged when she grabbed headlines as an active figure in the 1963 Profumo Affair in Britain.) However, like Judith Campbell, she was a regular partner rather than one of his usual brief flings. Not only did she sleep with JFK in the White House itself, she actually got him stoned on marijuana, and even persuaded him to think about tripping!!! He later wrote her love letters and she kept a detailed diary of their affair right up until his death. Eleven months later, in October '64, Mary Pinchot-Meyer was murdered in the street by "a crazed black youth", a young black man was arrested, charged, tried and found completely innocent. No-one's ever been caught for her murder. Her diary and the JFK love letters disappeared from her home at this time. The CIA admitted one of their men "accidentally burned them".

For his years in office, LBJ diverted attention from internal politics. He greatly expanded the war in South East Asia. The old-style US urban Mafia started to show signs of weakening. The CIA faced growing Senate opposition to its 'unofficial' operations in the field of US internal politics. Such work was contrary to the CIA's charter. Onassis, meanwhile, was filling important US government posts with his own men, manipulating government agencies to his own financial ends, and opening up more lucrative operations in South America via Rockefeller and his own man Kissinger. It was this duo who took over the running of Kennedy's 'Group of 40' big business think-tank.

Now we come to the killing of another Kennedy brother. Robert Kennedy had already

been implicated in a famous death. It's now fairly well established that he'd had an affair with Marilyn Monroe, as had brother JFK before him. What she knew as a result of these relationships, coupled with the fear that she'd spill the beans, especially with the rate at which she was pill popping and drinking, is often cited as the reason for her death. Certainly, some of the circumstances surrounding her supposed suicide on the night of August 4th, 1962, were inconsistent with self-inflicted death. Robert Slatzer in his book *The Life And Curious Death Of Marilyn Monroe* says that Robert and Marilyn were actually briefly married (an informal ceremony in Mexico). He goes on to establish that RFK was at least nearby on the night of Marilyn's death, if not actually in her house. And the Mafia link crops up too. In the months before her death, Marilyn's social life had centred on Sinatra's Mafia-riddled ratpack parties.

Bruce Roberts says that RFK knew who actually killed his brother in Dallas, adding that there was a full account of the events in RFK's unpublished book *The Enemy Within*. That alone should have been enough to get him killed. Add to this the fact that both Johnson and Onassis hated him with a vengeance equalled only by his dislike for the two of them. As US Attorney General he'd implicated (and often been the driving force behind) most of JFK's moves and policies which brought about the Dallas death. RFK was the one obstacle between Aristotle and his plans to marry JFK's widow, Jackie. Finally, he made the ultimate gaffe of deciding to run for president. They'd got rid of one Kennedy and weren't about to let another one into the White House. Anyway, the Onassis-Mafia-CIA axis had their own special candidate - Richard Milhous Nixon.

The method used to kill RFK, according to Roberts, was a new one. Sirhan B. Sirhan, who took the blame for the killing, was the 'patsy', working under hypnosis. He was seen to fire his shots from in front of RFK. All those bullets in fact missed their target. The actual killer, a 'security guard' from Lockheed Aircraft called Thane Cesar, fired from behind at a distance of two or three inches. He couldn't miss.

Hypnosis may seem far fetched but, in fact since the early Fifties, the CIA has been

running experiments on hypnosis, drugs and mind control, Project Bluebird looked at the application of psychology, drugs and hypnosis in interrogation of techniques. Out of this work arose Project Artichoke which applied the same methods to making agents and other operatives function reliably, efficiently and without the interference of emotions. This work is well documented and formed the basis of such films as *The Manchurian Candidate* and *Telefan* - though both films attributed such methods exclusively to the KGB, not the CIA!

RFK was shot on June 5, 1968, at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. Frank Mankiewicz announced his death around 10am next morning. Onassis, six thousand miles away in London, phoned his closest friend and longtime confidant, Constantine Gratos, just after 10am. He said: "She's free of the Kennedys. The last link just broke." According to Peter Evans in his book *Ari*, Onassis showed no hint of regret, no trace of surprise. According to a London aide, he merely displayed "a sort of satisfaction that his biggest headache had been eliminated". Whether this is just another of the many examples of Onassis being heartless or the reaction of a much more ruthless man who knew full well, in advance, what would happen to RFK in LA is open to speculation. Four months later, on Skorpis, Aristotle Socrates Onassis married Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy. He who kills that man who welves on a deal gets his wife - an old Mafia rule.

According to Roberts, Thane Cesar's work was covered up by the LA District Attorney bearing the wonderful name of Evelle Younger. This not only earned him the post of California Attorney General, but also secured a judgeship for his son, Eric Younger, at the age of thirty.

Roberts cites a documentary film, *The Second Gun*, based on the RFK murder. Made by LA author and director, Ted Charach, it was brought up and suppressed by Mafia-owned Warner Brothers. It seems that the movie included too many accurate details.

By 1968, LBJ had had enough. He announced that he wouldn't be standing for re-election. Teddy Kennedy, last of the three brothers, was faced with a choice between candidacy and longevity. He opted for the latter. That left 'Tricky Dicky' Nixon with a clear path to the post he had been chasing for years. No-hoper

Hubert Humphries was the token opposition fielded by the Democrats. It was a one-horse race, but of course it would be. Nixon was the man whom US big business wanted up there. It's said that his political career began when he answered a newspaper advertisement placed by a consortium of business bosses looking for their own presidential candidate. And as we've seen, Onassis found him an easy fish to hook. In November 1968, Nixon became US President No 37.

The small island of Chappaquiddick was secluded, it had only twelve permanent residents, no shops, no restaurants, no hotels, not even a church. In mid-July 1969, Senator Edward Kennedy, Joseph Gargun, Paul Markham, Ray La Rosa, John Crimmins and Charles Tretter arrived at a cottage on the island to spend the weekend partying. All were married men in their thirties and forties. None brought his wife. With them were six women in their twenties whom they referred to as Boiler Room Gals. They were Kennedy campaign workers. One of them was Mary Jo Kopechne. At 11.30pm on Friday, July 18, she stepped into Teddy's black Oldsmobile. He would later claim he was just driving her back to her hotel room on the mainland. Strangely, under the circumstances, she left her handbag and room key back at the party.

He said he made a wrong turning on the way to the ferry. To do so, he had to turn sharply right off the paved road and travel three-quarters of a mile down a dirt track called Dike Road, before reaching Dike Bridge, beyond which lay a beautiful little beach. The route was well-known as a popular spot for late-night lovers. His mistake was even stranger given the fact that Teddy had regularly holidayed on Chappaquiddick since the age of seven.

The car didn't skid, it just went straight off the bridge and settled upside down on the bed of the pond. Teddy got out. Mary Jo didn't. He said he went back to the cottage for help, returning with Markham and Gargan who watched while Teddy then dived in, over two hours after the accident, to attempt a rescue.

In order to walk back to the cottage, according to Stephen Dunleavy and Peter Brown, in the carefully researched chapter on the drowning in their book *Those Wild, Wild Kennedy Boys!* (which is nothing like as

superficial as its lurid title suggests), Teddy had to pass six houses, all occupied, four with lights on all night. And would two men let a senator, a man shaken up and shocked, dive into cold murky water while they stood by and watched? This seems especially unlikely considering Teddy still wore a surgical brace as a result of a '64 plane crash. That Teddy then went to the Shiretown Inn and slept through till 8am seems extraordinary. Markham and Gargan, having spent the night in the cottage, called for him and the three took the ferry to the mainland. Only then, eight and a half hours after the incident, did Teddy inform the police!

Meanwhile, the car had been found by a couple of fishermen. Mary Jo's body was in it. She had lived for some time, breathing in an air pocket. Doctors estimate that she'd lived for at least two hours after the accident. Ironically, only two weeks before, there had been a couple of similar accidents. In both cases, the people were pulled out alive, two hours later in the case of one passenger in an upside down Volkswagen. So why was Mary Jo allowed to die?

Bruce Roberts says that Mary Jo's supposed affair with Teddy and his clumsily denying it, is part of a clever cover-up of the real facts. Mary Jo had been a devoted JFK aide, who later worked for Bobby and finally for Teddy. She had the job of packing up Bobby's files after his assassination. She read too much, learned about the Kennedy Mafia involvement, and began telling her friends. An honest and idealistic Catholic American, she was shocked by the double standards. On Chappaquiddick, she overheard Teddy's telephone conversations with Joe Alioto (of whom we'll learn more soon) and with other Mafia politicians. She died trying to get off the island after Teddy caught her attempting to contact Ralph Nader, the citizens' right campaigner.

During the two and a half hours that Roberts reckons Mary Jo was drowning, he says Teddy was on the 'phone. He spoke to Jackie, to Onassis himself, to Katherine Meyer Graham (daughter of Eugene Meyer and inheritor of her father's *Washington Post*) and to several lawyers. Jackie 'phoned the Pope on Teddy's behalf. He assigned Cardinal Cushing (who'd handled the recent Jackie-Aristotle marriage) to help. It was Cushing's priests who later

persuaded Mary Jo's parents not to push for an autopsy. When Teddy eventually decided, next day, to be seen to take the blame as driver of the car, he'd phoned lawyer Burke Marshall who had helped Onassis buy up Liberty ships in the 1940s and was designated custodian of JFK's brains after Dallas (they've since disappeared).

Before ending this episode let's look at a footnote to *The Gemstone File's* account of the events. It offers a few more bizarre details as a gory postscript.

During the Chappaquiddick cover-up arrangements Joan Tunney, sister of the senator, John Tunney, heard the end of a 'phone call to her brother made on the night of the drowning from her house in Tiburon. It concerned the Senate's part in the cover-up, in which it was agreed they would not ask to see the existing log of 'phone calls made by Teddy that night. Likewise, they wouldn't ask to hear the recordings of the calls. The next day, after hearing of Mary Jo's death, Joan ran away to Norway. From there, she was kidnapped by two Mafia hoods named Mari and Adams who locked her up in a Marseilles heroin factory for sixty days. Heroin fumes were used to make her a junkie (no needle marks) before they eventually turned her loose. She went home. Her husband complained of her strange behaviour. Her reaction was to behead him with an axe. She was subsequently locked up in an asylum belonging to the Marquis of Blandford who, at the time, was the husband of Tina Livanos Onassis - Ari's daughter.

There's no gratitude in this world. Mari and Adams got pressed into scrap metal in a New Jersey auto junkyard. In the panic of trying to cover up all the facts behind Mary Jo's drowning, many skeletons started to rattle. In particular, the JFK murder details began to re-emerge. Black Panthers Hampton and Clark got shot dead by the Chicago cops because of what they knew about the JFK murder squad at Chicago (which was where Kennedy was originally going to be killed, three weeks before they finally assassinated him in Dallas).

Daniel Ellsberg had been responsible, while working for the Rand Corporation, for designing the missile ring around the Iron Curtain countries. Describing him as 'a well-known hawk', Roberts is cynical about the 'folk hero' image he gained from leaking the

Pentagon Papers to the *New York Times* in May/June 1971. These papers purported to be the official and top-secret history of the US role in Indo-China. But Roberts says they were simply another piece of cover-up work; this time to make the Vietnamese war look like 'just one of those incredibly dumb mistakes' rather than the calculated money-spinner that it was.

Unsure of its continued power in the US and deprived of its Cuban casino empire, the Mafia was looking to the world drugs trade. There was now a huge Western youth drugs culture to be milked, and the Vietnam war was helping to wean kids and young soldiers off pot and onto heroin. South East Asia (and South America) beckoned. For the CIA, involvement in the trade helped them to finance 'suitable' governments. Also, imported drugs gave them another excuse to maintain their operations within US borders. The 'international student plot' that centred on opposition to the Vietnam war also gave them cause to operate inside the USA. In fact, student internationalism was almost entirely CIA funded and organised. It's catalogued in *Student Power* by Cockburn and Blackburn (Penguin Books). Onassis, as we have seen, made his first million out of drugs deal.

The CIA scheduled planes to fly opium/heroin out of the Golden Triangle. The Onassis-Mafia gang handled the distribution and marketing. And there were other methods of getting it out. As Roberts explains, heroin was sometimes brought into the US in the bodies of dead GI's. One corpse with the guts removed can hold up to forty pounds of heroin.

A lot of the heroin, Roberts claims, was processed in a Pepsi-Cola plant in Laos which never produced a single bottle of Pepsi.

And he goes on to tell of one dope bust in San Francisco (under Mafia mayor Joe Alioto) that yielded six billion dollars worth of heroin. The story was hushed up and the stuff was stored for a while in the SF police department before being quietly removed by FBI men. From there, it vanished, probably into American veins.

Nixon conducted a noisy campaign against dope smuggling over the Mexican border. However, the numerous dope arrests and murders were of independent dealers and smugglers trying to compete with the massive Mafia-run operation. Nixon's agent in charge of

protecting Mafia dope interests was none other than Howard Hunt, encountered last in various CIA escapades.

Ellsberg's boss at the Rand Corporation had been McNamara. Roberts says these two faked the Pentagon Papers and the 'leaking' of them.

He says McNamara went on to become head of the World Bank through which American money for 'starving nations' actually went into the private accounts of various dictators. These accounts were in Swiss banks controlled by Onassis. For example, eight billion dollars in World Bank funds for 'starving Ethiopians' would end up in Emperor Haile Selassie's personal Swiss bank accounts. We've since seen similar examples such as Iran's former Shah and The Philippine's former leader, Marcos.

On June 28, 1971, Ellsberg was indicted for 'leaking' the papers. On September 3, 1971, there was a burglary at the Los Angeles offices of a Dr Lewis Fielding, Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Later it would transpire that this was the first of the series of break-ins carried out by Nixon's team of 'plumbers'; the most famous of which were the two Watergate break-ins. Two key figures in this White House burglary team were the ubiquitous duo Howard Hunt and James McCord who, as we have seen, were in the Castro/JFK death squads.

It wouldn't be until April 27, 1973, during the trial of Ellsberg, that presiding judge Matthew Byrne would reveal to the public that Watergate conspirators Howard Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy had done the Fielding break-in. The judge continued on May 11, 1973 to declare a mistrial and to dismiss all charges against Ellsberg. In doing so, he also revealed that Watergate burglar John Ehrlichman, then the domestic affairs assistant to President Nixon, had offered him the post of Director of the FBI in exchange for another cover-up.

Why the Fielding break-in? The Pentagon Papers were very damaging to the CIA. Hunt and McCord had both 'left' the CIA in 1970. However an indication of the real situation is given by the fact that throughout his career as a White House burglar, Hunt was supplied with necessary equipment directly from CIA stores. That first burglary was to get hold of Ellsberg's psychiatric records. These could be used initially to secure his full co-operation and, later, to discredit him.

Hunt was appointed a White House 'security consultant' in July 1971, although he'd

already been there a while by that time. Throughout June and July of that year, Nixon set up his 'plumber's unit'. Its official job description was 'to stop security leaks and to investigate other security matters'. As this work expanded, more and more members of the White House staff became directly involved in its highly illegal activities. And the CIA, desperate to create a few successes that would improve their flagging standing in the White House, was right in there with them. John Raneleigh backs this up in his book *The Agency: The Rise & Decline Of The CIA*.

1972 would be election year. Nixon wanted a second term. To ensure Nixon's re-election, some anti-Democratic Party smears would be used. On September 23, 1971, according to Roberts, Howard Hunt spliced up phoney cables implicating the JFK administration in the assassination on November 2, 1963, of President Diem and his brother Nhu in South Vietnam. For more dirt, more burgling was planned.

The Watergate complex is a plush mixture of office, apartment and hotel facilities on the bank of the Potomac river in downtown Washington. A Republican stronghold, it surprisingly also acted at this time as home to the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee. The successful bugging of these premises would obviously have greatly helped Nixon in his campaign to retain the presidency for another four-year term. However, direct CIA involvement in one side of a party political struggle would have been completely contrary to the agency's charter. It was a non-political body, allowed no role at all in US politics. It's easy to see why Hunt and McCord 'quit'.

The team that eventually tackled the first Watergate break-in in the early morning of May 28, 1972 consisted of McCord, Barker, Martinez, Garcia, Gonzalez and Sturgis. De Diego and Dico stood guard outside. Hunt, along with the evil Gordon Liddy, directed operations from a short distance. Martinez, incidentally, was another 'former' CIA man. The plumbers set up their bugging equipment.

Bruce Roberts knew some of the plumbers. Even before the Watergate break-in, he socialised with several of them. Here's how he fills in some details that are missing from the standard accounts.

In January 1972, the Watergate team were in

San Francisco to plan tactics. They showed up at the Drift Inn, a CIA-FBI hangout bar also frequented by Roberts. The Drift Inn bartender, Al Strom, recorded their conversations. He was being paid to do so by Katherine Meyer Graham. So, her paper's reporters, Bernstein and Woodward, didn't just stumble upon the Watergate break-in facts to create the subsequent *Washington Post* expose. Their editors knew all about the plumbers and their plans well in advance. At least, that has to be the case if we believe *The Genstone File*. Roberts says that Al Strom, a close friend, passed the details on to him too, adding that the bar was also wired for sound by Russians, Arabs and Chinese.

On January 27, Roberts tells us, Gordon Liddy and John Dean (counsel to the President) met in the office of former Attorney General John Mitchell. Here Liddy outlined his plan for a million dollar spy and kidnap operation. Central to this was breaking into the Las Vegas office of Hank Greenspun (Herman Greenspun, editor of the Las Vegas *Sun* Newspaper). The aim was to recover Greenspun's files on the Howard Hughes kidnapping and the Onassis Las Vegas operations. Apparently, Greenspun had used these to blackmail Onassis out of over four million dollars. A getaway plane would stand by to take the White House burglars to Mexico.

Around this time, Liddy and Hunt were travelling round a lot under aliases, often names used by Hunt in his spy novels. And they used Hughes Tool Co. (a Howard Hughes company) cards as their business front. If all this seems a bit over the top, it was. Hunt liked to dress up, using wigs and other accessories to disguise his appearance. Such items were among the equipment supplied to him by the CIA. It all smacks of the novelist trying to live out fictional roles. If it weren't so sinister, it would be funny.

Most of the photos of Liddy, Hunt and the other plumbers which later appeared in *The Washington Post* were taken for Katherine Graham by Al Strom. He was able to do the job without them noticing whenever one of them dropped into the Drift Inn for a beer.

Al Strom was killed on July 9, 1973. Roberts reckons he died by order of Katherine Graham for having shared her information with Roberts.

In April 1972, Liddy gave McCord \$76,000. He

spent \$58,000 of this on bugging equipment and cameras.

The first Watergate break-in on May 28, 1972 seemed to go without a hitch. In fact, they were being observed by Hal Lipset, Katherine Graham's detective, who had been following two of the plumbers. He reported back to his boss and the two of them set up a trap for the team when they returned to remove the bugs and other equipment they had installed.

On June 17 Hal Lipset, disguised as a mailman, taped the door at Watergate. Frank Wills, the security guard, discovered the tape and became suspicious. He called the police who caught the team red-handed. Only Liddy and Hunt avoided arrest.

Liddy immediately telephoned Magruder (deputy director of White House communications) who was in California at the time. He notified Mitchell and the others. There was plenty of time to burn files and destroy incriminating evidence. Another cover-up was under way.

On June 20, Larry O'Brien, chairman of the Democratic National Party, filed a million dollar suit for the burglary and bugging. He filed it against the Committee for the Re-election of the President (usually referred to as CRP, but Roberts calls it CREEP). In doing so, he named Francis L. Dale as head of CREEP.

Roberts points out that this was a big Mafia mistake, as Dale led directly back to Onassis. Indeed this is one of the only times that the name of Francis L. Dale crops up. It seems that everyone conspired in ensuring that he's omitted from all records of Watergate and surrounding events. And this is strange indeed. CREEP was the organisation behind the break-ins. Liddy, Magruder and Mitchell were all key figures in the management structure of CREEP, as were many others whose names crop up in reference to the role of the White House in Watergate.

Roberts first mentioned Dale and CREEP with reference to the pay-offs for the JFK cover-up. He says that CIA's Dallas chief John McCone was rewarded for his co-operation by being given a seat on the board of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation (ITT), sitting right next to Francis L. Dale.

Next mention comes in February 1972 when, Roberts tells us, Dale pressurised Magruder to push Liddy into Watergate. Adding that, by

April, money was pouring into CREEP. Roberts claims that Gulf Resources and Chemicals Corporation of Houston contributed \$100,000 illegally (laundered through Mexico, coming back through Liedke of Penzoil Corporation, Houston). He says Robert Vesco gave \$200,000 in campaign contributions to Maurice Stans was finance chairman of CREEP and former US secretary of commerce. Bernstein and Woodward confirm this in *All The President's Men*: "International financier and accused swindler Robert L. Vesco's gift of \$200,000 in \$100 bills was delivered to the committee in a black attache case. It had been added to the cash fund in Stans' safe, and had helped finance the Watergate operation and other under-cover activities." The \$76,000 that Liddy gave McCord came from this fund.

Roberts tells us that on May 10, 1973, the first witness at the Watergate hearing running down the names on the CREEP organisational chart, mentioned one named at the top; Francis L. Dale, chairman. His name was never mentioned again during the rest of the trial. Indeed, his name never occurs in the book by Bernstein and Woodward, who won a Pulitzer prize for their *Washington Post* expose of the whole Watergate scandal. The suggestion is that multi-national ITT was powerful enough to buy their man out of the whole mess.

The Gwastone File offers an interesting postscript to underline the power of ITT. Roberts says that in August 1973, Rockefeller, Kissinger and the CIA joined forces with ITT to bring down the Allende government in Chile. This accusation would seem to be fairly well founded. McCone, former CIA head, was now on the ITT board. His former second-in-command at the CIA, Richard Helms, was now head of CIA. John Raneleigh, in his book on the CIA, says that McCone approached Helms and proposed a joint CIA-ITT effort to prevent an Allende victory in that year's election. ITT offered the CIA a million dollars up front to fund such an operation. Helms gave ITT the contracts to the job themselves. Allende got in and did exactly what ITT feared. He nationalised their holdings in Chile. ITT lost \$8,000,000. Roberts tells us after Allende was toppled in August 1973, Rockefeller got back his lost investment (in copper mines) and ITT got a return of \$125,000,000.

Another scandal, in early 1972, supposedly involved ITT, Hunt, Mitchell and Nixon. It

seems ITT merged with the Hartford Insurance Group rather too easily after they funded a Republican Convention in San Diego for Nixon.

Back in the USA, on August 6, 1974, Richard Nixon and Gerry Ford met at the White House and agreed that Ford would become President, Nixon would burn his tapes and files and Ford would assist in any way necessary to cover it all up. Two days later, Nixon resigned.

On August 30, Ford hired, in Roberts' words, "mafia lawyer Becker to work out a pardon deal for Nixon". Then on 8th September, Ford pardoned Nixon for "all crimes committed from 20th June 1969 through August 1974". In October, the Watergate trial began, Roberts describes it as "the cover-up of the cover-up."

Previously we learned that Howard Hughes, kidnapped by Onassis in 1957, was pumped full of heroin and reduced to a vegetable. Onassis kept him locked up on the island of Skorpis until his death in April 1971. L. Wayne Rector, whom Hughes had taken on as his double, in 1955, got the stand-in job full-time from 1957 onwards.

The death of the real Hughes hardly mattered to Onassis. His hand writing could be duplicated by a computer and all known facts about his life had been compiled, with a computerised biography having gone out to top 'Hughes' executives.

Then, Roberts tells us, Clifford Irving, a writer who wanted to do a book on Hughes approached the 'Hughes' Mormon Mafia (the six 'nursemaids') for information. He persuaded one of them, Merryman, to give him a copy of the computerised biography. Irving used this to produce the book that became the centre of much controversy.

Onassis was furious. He mistakenly thought that Robert Maheu had leaked the information and fired him in November 1970. On Thanksgiving Eve, the 'Hughes' entourage made a well-publicised 'secret departure' from Las Vegas (where they'd been living for the past three years, with Maheu running the 'Hughes' casino business for Onassis). In December, discovering his mistake, Onassis had Merryman killed.

On April 18, 1971, the very day that the real Hughes died, Clifford Irving's wife, according to Roberts, presented her husband's cheque for the writing of the book to Onassis' Swiss bank. It was made by 'Hughes'. Onassis

paid up.

Three years later, in January 1974, Robert Maheu won a damages suit that he'd filed against 'Hughes' for the loss of his half millions dollars salary and, as Roberts puts it, "had his blackmail carefully hedged." Maheu knew enough to incriminate everyone, Onassis included, Onassis paid again.

The 'Hughes' party (Rector, his nursemaid guards, etc.) first stopped off in the Bahamas. Here, they murdered the governor and a police chief who noticed there was no 'Hughes', just Mafia. They then moved to Nicaragua and on to Canada. Here, Roberts says, they worked a Canadian Stock Exchange fiddle before moving to England, holing up at what Roberts terms "Rothschild's Inn of the Park, London". Here, around the end of 1972 they killed L. Wayne Rector, but maintained the pretence of caring for an ageing and eccentric Hughes.

If you saw the film *Howard and Melvin*, based on an allegedly true encounter, you'll realise that Melvin actually met Rector, presumably on the run from his nursemaids. The money left by 'Hughes' to Melvin in his will would then have been the pay-off from Onassis for keeping quiet on that aspect of the story.

And if Hughes died in '71 and Rector died in '72, then whose body became the official Hughes corpse in Houston, Texas on 4th April '76? The FBI must have wondered. They took the singularly unusual step of fingerprinting the body! They 'positively identified' the corpse as Hughes and Dr Henry MacIntosh described the death as being "just like any other". Cause: chronic renal failure.

Roberts says that G. Gordon Liddy arranged Rector's death, along with those of Lyndon Johnson (by sodium morphate induced heart attack), Eugene Lyman (Californian Democratic Party Chairman and JFK Mafia bagman, also by sodium morphate), and Alexander Onassis, Alexander, only son of Aristotle, died when his plane crashed a few seconds after take-off from Athens International Airport on the afternoon of January 22, 1973, Roberts says this was engineered by fixing the altimeter "at the 1000-foot Walter Reuter level."

Roberts himself had by now become deeply enmeshed in the corrupt business. He wanted to see this foursome killed and claims that he offered Liddy 'the Chinese stock market in ears' (ie, a lot of money) if he would rid the

world of them adding that "Quoting the prices to Liddy at the Drift Inn (in February 1972) made their deaths a mortal cinch. Liddy's like that, and that's why the murdering slob was picked by the Mafia."

Nixon and others had been receiving each section of *The Gemstone File* since 1969 which is when Roberts first started to make copies of his revelations available to certain Americans. Roberts claims that the eighteen and a half minutes of 'accidentally erased' White House tapes were of Nixon cursing and swearing in a fit of rage at those who'd taped the door at the Watergate building. In part, not knowing about Hal Lipset, he blamed "that asshole Roberts" whom he suspected simply because he'd been doing so much nosing about to compile his file. Nixon also named Onassis, Hughes and Dale. The tape couldn't be released.

According to Roberts, a secretary called Beverly Kaye later heard the 'erased' tape, having found it stored in a locked room in the White House. It upset her. She sent some depressed letters to friends. She became a problem. She too died of a sodium morphate heart attack in a White House elevator.

Sodium morphate, says Roberts, has been a favourite Mafia poison for centuries. It smells like apple pie, and causes lethargy, sleep and sometimes vomiting, followed by a heart attack. It leaves no traces in the body.

In May 1972, J. Edgar Hoover, right-wing boss of the FBI, had just such a heart attack after eating apple pie. He'd had a copy of *The Gemstone File* and, Roberts tells us, intended to expose the Dallas-JFK story in his book entitled *The Texas Mafia*. All his files were burned after his death.

Meanwhile, Aristotle Onassis, maker and breaker of Presidents, had thrown in the towel. Having lost his only son, to whom he had intended to hand over his entire global empire, he died on Saturday, March 15, 1974, a wreck of a man. Jackie was in New York at the time.

Bruce Roberts' book has never been published! This essay was written by Nick Toczec and originally published in Rapid Eye magazine. Toczec is currently working on both a book and film on the subject of The Gemstone File. Apologies for the lack of pictures, this magazine just aint big enough!

LEAVING THE 80'S #4 (APRIL)

WILL CONTAIN:

60 Of The Best - Details regarding the literature, music and films referred to in the 'Whaling' series.
The Voice - Barney Hoskyns' exemplary piece on the 'purest' vocal chords.

Brian Jones - Nick Kent's essay on the instigator (and victim) of The Rolling Stones.

Louis Feuillade & The Serial Movie - An often ignored (and vital) section of French film-history.

Nouvelle Vague - From Godard to Fassbinder; the last significant filmic revolution.

Country & Western - question: Can black boys sing like a hill-billy? answer: Who.

Art Now - Three 'modern' artists investigated and incarcerated.

The Structuralists - Derrida, Barthes, Foucault, Lacan & Levi-Strauss signified!

Disco 45 - Classic Lyrics; 'The Murder Mystery', 'Niggers Are Scared Of Revolution', 'Ambition' & something by the mighty Smokey Robinson.

Africa & South America - A guide to the politics of these two (neglected) continents.

Teddy Boys - Are they just silly?

Burt Reynolds - The most undervalued of all 'modern' actors! He's got the weirdest laff!

Kill City No4: The Two Rippers and Lorraine Clarke.

Howl - Allen Ginsberg's ultimate beatnik poem.

The Abolition Of Work - Bob Black's imaginative and hilarious 'anarchist' text.

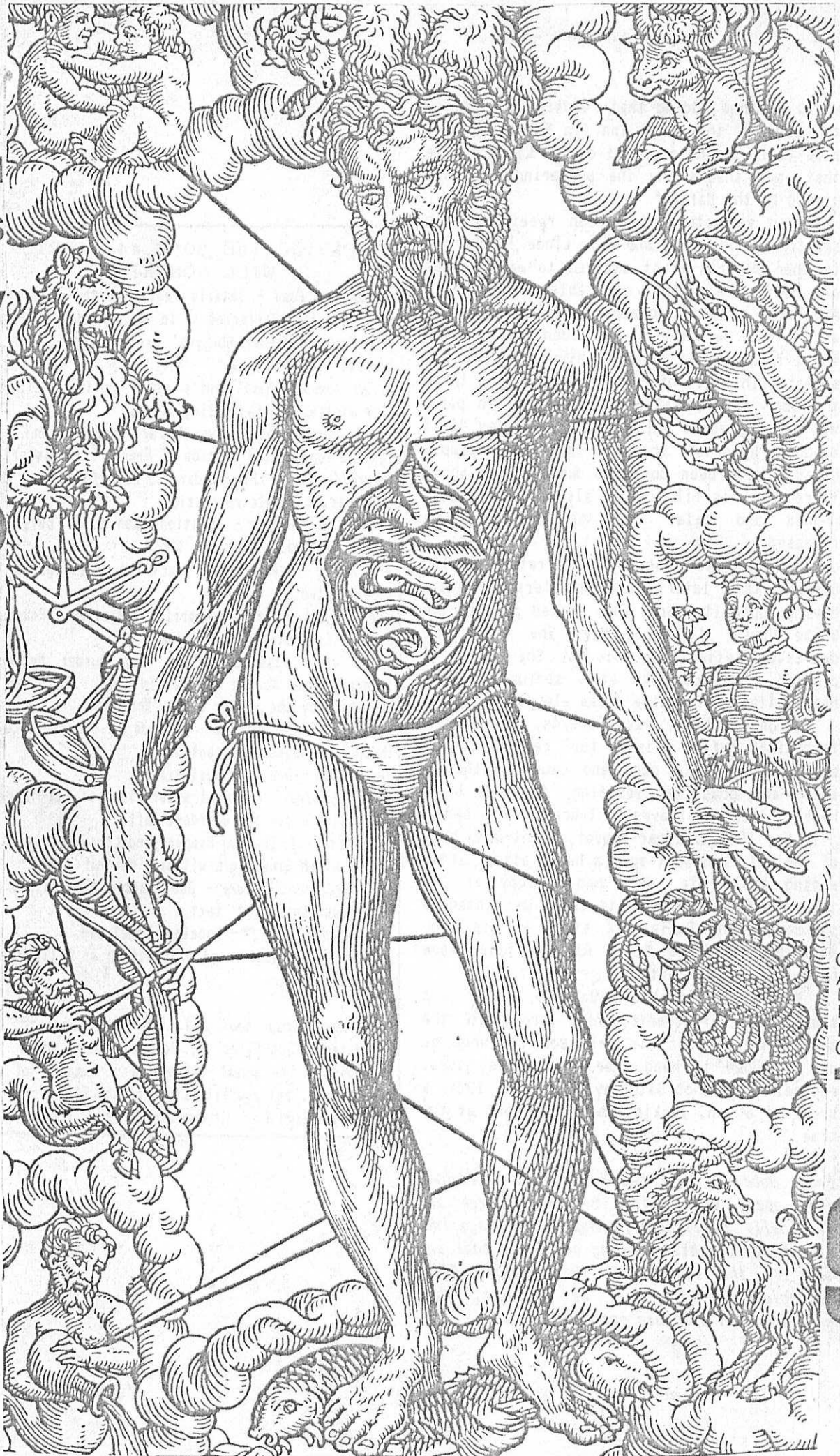
Basic Banalities II - Vaneigem concluded.

Update - Additional information on Billy Wilder & Gareth Sager.

+++ 'Apocalypse Now' and 'The Sun Sessions' re-evaluated, fact-files on Howard Hawks, Green and Mayakovsky. The usual reviews & a summary of the music, film, art and literature of the 1980's +++

This will then be the End!!

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