

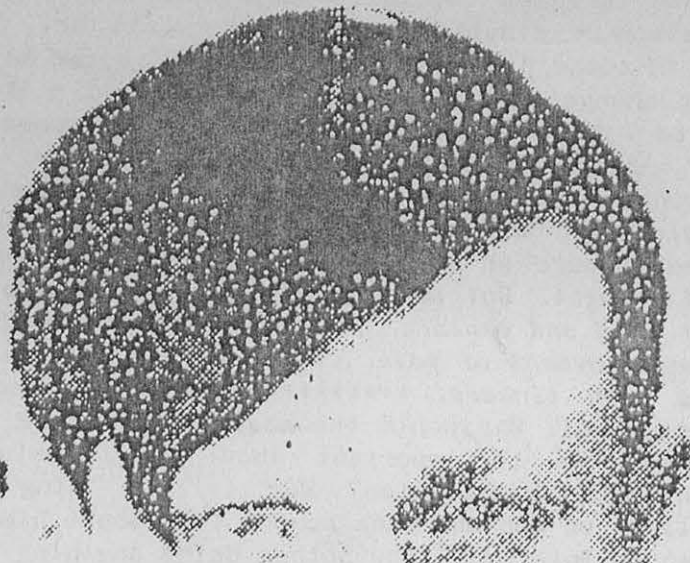
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Why would anybody publish a magazine of this type - with no chance of economic profit - in these capitalist days? Why should anybody decide that now is/was the time to tally up the influences/ideas/idiocy that inspired destruction and creation - simultaneously!! Why would any gathering of young people believe that the distribution of thought is the key - partying is good but it don't change nothing! Why bother to read - Why bother to learn - Why bother to rebel? ***** Because money is not the only 'reason to be'. Because hard work can be productive. Because the violence that surrounds us demands retribution. Because a moral debt exercises a passionate wage. Because teamwork = challenge. Because ideas yearn to be dissected. Beware of work it has an evil tail. Drugs and Sex oppose Terrorism and Thought. But we still believe in them all! Come on, undress, open up your mind and explore It aint that complex! Dream of sadism - conceive the enjoyment of pain. Celebrate yourself and ignore the others. Trade themes with tinkers. ***** Why should anybody make their own entertainment? Why would the modern individual retreat into unknown pleasures? What is so important about the absolutely insane creativity of silence/secretcy/privation? Why is the 'King of Madness' hidden deep inside all of us and why does no-one talk about him/her/it? Why translate when you can re-interpret? Why bother doing anything at all - Why hate? - Why love? ***** Because (to a certain extent) the artifacts you 'make' are you every split second you live is you and therefore deserves to be treated with interest/respect/discussion. Because instinct demands that a required proportion of life is improvised and fundamentally 'automatic', the indescribable is always the most perfectly immediate of all pursuits, the fearful always the most exhilarating and nerve-wracking. Because 'Madness' is the universal terror: Thomas loves to doubt - The fear that the madness will set in and eat away at our imitations of life: our attempts to be 'normal', our efforts to survive and tackle the boredom of modern (emasculated) life. Because art now demands immediate osmosis, better to be the 'fountain of pleasure' than the 'pen of mediocrity'!. Because only by fighting back, by trying to decipher, by penetrating reason can we learn to 'control' this hideous mess: that oligarchy of rape and prostitution. Because hate provides the anger, venom, speed and vision needed to survive. Love opens the door to desire, hope, sensuality and unification. ***** Why does this society force inertness into all our lives? Why should we care about the vageries of belief? Why don't people stand up and scream that it is all wrong? Why fake life when you can really live it? Why go to work in the morning merely to eke out a half-life? Why not take up random, surreal terrorism? Why enjoy the cake when you can have the fucking bakery? Why do the 'imaginative' object to being told what to do? Why not just give up now? Why don't we explode and be done finished with it? ***** Because they prefer xeroxed subjects to walking, thinking, radical young terrorists. Because power comes to those who re-search the minutae of every element of thought, lassitude is the most monstrous of all demons. Because they believe the abstract lies offer ed 'them' that everyone has a chance - the real wealth is inside all of us. Because the realisation of 'the real' is an extremely neurotic concept. Because the imagination involved in 're-invention' has tragically disappeared. Because it would be too much fun and anyway the order is there for a reason and that reason is to 'repress' us. Because yeast (when eaten to excess) makes you fat! Because the old get stupid and obnoxious and don't have the answers anyway. Because we have to hope that under the rainbow lies the pot of gold. Ciao. *****

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- cover illustration - Tristan Tzara's Likeable Biro.
back-page illustration - Robert Johnson (maybe).

90+90 DIAMOND

60 TEXTS

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- 1 THE BIBLE.
- 2 KING LEAR (1605) WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
- 3 GULLIVER'S TRAVELS (1726) JONATHAN SWIFT.
- 4 120 DAYS OF SODOM (1785) DE SADE.
- 5 DEAD SOULS (1842) NIKOLAI GOGOL.
- 6 WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1847) EMILY BRONTE.
- 7 THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO (1848) KARL MARX & FREIDRICH ENGELS.
- 8 MOBY DICK (1851) HERMAN MELVILLE.
- 9 MADAME BOVARY (1857) GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.
- 10 LES FLEURS DU MAL (1857) CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.
- 11 CRIME AND PUNISHMENT (1866) FYODOR DOSTOYEVSKY.
- 12 LES CHANTS DE MALDOROR (1868) LAUTREAMONT.
- 13 THE REVOLUTIONARY'S CATECHISM (1869) SERGEI NECHEYEV.
- 14 A SEASON IN HELL (1873) ARTHUR RIMBAUD.
- 15 THE GAY SCIENCE (1882) FREIDRICH NIETZSCHE.
- 16 AGAINST NATURE (1884) JK HUYSMANS.
- 17 HUNGER (1890) KNUT HAMSUN.
- 18 THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (1891) OSCAR WILDE.
- 19 UBU ROI (1896) ALFRED JARRY.
- 20 INFERNO (1898) AUGUST STRINDBERG.
- 21 THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS (1900) SIGMUND FREUD.
- 22 HEART OF DARKNESS (1902) JOSEPH CONRAD.
- 23 A LA RECHERCHE DU TEMPS PERDU (1907-22) MARCEL PROUST.
- 24 FUTURIST, dada & SURREALIST MANIFESTOES (1909-24).
- 25 METAMORPHOSIS (1916) FRANZ KAFKA.
- 26 ULYSSES (1922) JAMES JOYCE.
- 27 YOU CAN'T WIN (1926) JACK BLACK.
- 28 STORY OF THE EYE (1928) GEORGES BATAILLE.
- 29 THE MAN WITHOUT QUALITIES (in three parts) (1930-42) ROBERT MUSIL.
- 30 AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS (1930) HP LOVECRAFT.
- 31 JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT (1932) LOUIS-FERDINAND CELINE.
- 32 ANTONIN ARTAUD ON THE THEATRE.
- 33 ARCHETYPES OF THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS (1934) CARL JUNG.
- 34 THE IDEAS OF WILHELM REICH.
- 35 NAUSEA (1938) JEAN-PAUL SARTRE.
- 36 LIFE OF GALILEO (1938) BERTOLT BRECHT.
- 37 THE OUTSIDER (1942) ALBERT CAMUS.
- 38 WISEBLOOD (1948) FLANNERY O'CONNOR.
- 39 THE SHELTERING SKY (1949) PAUL BOWLES.
- 40 JEAN GENET THE MAN.
- 41 ANDRE BAZIN ON FILM.
- 42 THE CATCHER IN THE RYE (1951) JD SALINGER.
- 43 WAITING FOR GODOT (1955) SAMUEL BECKETT.
- 44 MYTHOLOGIES (1956) ROLAND BARTHES.
- 45 ON THE ROAD (1957) JACK KEROUAC.
- 46 THE PURSUIT OF THE MILLENNIUM (1957) NORMAN COHN.
- 47 INTERNATIONAL SITUATIONISTE (1958-72) magazine.
- 48 THE NAKED LUNCH (1959) WILLIAM BURROUGHS.

- 49 THE SHORT-STORIES OF JORGE LUIS BORGES.
 50 THE REVOLUTION OF EVERYDAY LIFE (1967) RAOUL VANEIGEM.
 51 SCUM MANIFESTO (1967) VALERIE SOLONAS.
 52 OF GRAMMATOLOGY (1968) JACQUES DERRIDA.
 53 ERECTIONS, EJACULTIONS, EXHIBITIONS AND GENERAL TALES OF ORDINARY
 MADNESS (1970) CHARLES BUKOWSKI.
 54 LESTER BANGS ON MUSIC.
 55 FEAR AND LOATHING IN LAS VEGAS (1971) HUNTER THOMPSON.
 56 MUMBO JUMBO (1972) ISHMAEL REED.
 57 CRASH (1973) JG BALLARD.
 58 GRAVITY'S RAINBOW (1973) THOMAS PYNCHON.
 59 MICHEL FOUCAULT'S BRAIN.
 60 IAN PENMAN ON FILM, MUSIC, TV ETC.

- (1) When it's words/stories/themes that we're discussing, the intelligent young person will always consult his/her Bible: first of all there's some splendid imagery confined within these pages, secondly it's the greatest weapon of all to turn on any God-fearing authoritarian (it's always unnerves them if you 'pretend' you 'understand' the good book.)
- (2) All of Shakespeare's tragedies are worthy of attention, 'King L' happens to be my fave. The ranting at nature, the madness (in the King's head) and then carried outside (in the storm). The symbolic castration, the blinding of Gloucester, the gags of the Fool, Yeah!
- (3) 'Gulliver's Travels' is one of those books from (what Terry Gilliam might call) the edge of reason. Often thrust at children, this is an adult book from an imaginative but deeply embittered mind. Dr Johnson: 'Criticism was for a while lost in wonder; no rules of judgement were applied to a book written in open defiance of truth and regularity.'
- (4) De Sade has been heavily 'stigmatised' through history, to some more hideous in himself than the very works he created. 'Sodom' is, perhaps, the most extreme work of fiction ever written, certainly he drags the idea of sexual (animal) experience to it's most extreme ends: ie: death. I always found it quite amusing that he was locked up by the ruling class in pre-revolutionary France, released in 1789 and then locked up again by the revolutionaries!
- (5) Of all the Russians I find Gogol the most exciting, his short stories are deliciously surreal and this, his only major novel is a hideous examination of surfaces and pretence. He went crazy during the writing of the third part and so we never get to know how the book would have ended.
- (6) 'Wuthering Heights' is the perfect example of what the Surrealists described as 'L'amour fou' (mad love). The depths of the passion shared by Heathcliffe and Cathy are beyond all human understanding and thus are bound to cause immense misery. Where the young Emily Bronte discovered this level of intensity, I shall never understand.
- (7) Karl and Fred got together to bang this pamphlet out during 1848: the year of European crisis. (Like 1968, everywhere came close but very little actually happened!) The differences between the manifesto and how it was interpreted are unbelievable.
- (8) If you can imagine a book that contains Man V Animal / Man V Nature / Revenge / Madness / a school-teacher on holiday / a tattooed native king / Religion / a documentary about whale-hunting, uses of the parts of the whale etc. Then 'Moby Dick' is for you. (If Hemingway had ever had a good story he might have got somewhere close!) Andreas Baader's fave novel!
- (9) 'Oh Emma you're so bored, you're so bourgeoisie - Oh Emma you don't know just what you're doing to me - Oh Emma you're imprisoned, imprisoned, not free - Oh Emma all the things that we could be'. A standard realist text and the greatest portrayal of a woman in 19th Century French literature. Flaubert was tried for offending public morals.
- (10) Baudelaire is a deeply fascinating character; mother-fixated, clinging to his half-caste mistress, wasted on various drugs and potions. As with Flaubert, he was also tried because of 'Fleurs du Mal'. (Anarchist gag: Get a job in a book-seller, when a customer asks for 'The Flowers of Evil' send them to the florist!)
- (11) Raskolnikov is one of the most modern of all 19th Century characters, the murder, the guilt, the despair, the confession, the punishment; all add up to create an impelling read, Nb:

Dostoevsky's four major novels all revolve around murders - was he the first crime fiction writer? Or just a crazed Russian who needed money to pay off his gambling debts?

(12) Of all the books in all the world 'Les Chants de Maldoror' is the most perfect. Composed by a sick young man, Isidore Ducasse, who died at the age of 24, the book manages to capture (in it's songs(!)), the sheer 'madness' of everyday life and everyday fantasy. Loved by the Surrealists and every sensible culture since, this work has never received it's proper recognition. Vive Lautreamont! Ps: Was he gay? He's buried in an unmarked grave.

(13) Necheyev was a Russian nihilist anarchist, involved with Bakunin, this brief text details the 'purpose' of the revolutionary. It has never been bettered.

(14) Arthur Rimbaud abandoned the pen at the age of 21 for a life of madness. He died at the age of 37 from syphilis. 'Season in Hell' details the battle that Rimbaud fought with the concept of rebellion, a concept that he abandoned soon afterwards. 'I am sent back to the soil, to seek some obligation ...'

(15) Hated by the left, abused by the Nazis, misunderstood by the majority, Nietzsche's progress in the 20th Century has not been a happy one. In 'The Gay Science' he declared that God is dead and tore into (and apart) the following: morality, art, truth, knowledge, intellectual conscience and the purpose (origin) of logic. The only really important question is how he pronounced his name!

(16) Des Esseintes' jaded life-style is one of the most beautiful creations in the history of literature. His despair is complete, his search for a 'thrill', insane. Huysmans worked for 30 years as a civil servant while writing perfect symbolist/realist novels. Luckily, they have recently started publishing some of his others.

(17) What does a young writer feel when no-one will publish his work and he hasn't got enough food to feed his belly? Find out in 'Hunger', a novel by Nazi-sympathist Knut Hamsun (who amazingly cured himself of a hideous disease by riding on the roof of a train!)

(18) For all his ostentation, and ego-games with the legal system of Great Britain, Oscar Wilde was at times one of the greatest writers these Isles have produced. The sheer decadance of the subject matter of 'Gray' links him forever with Huysmans and Mirabeau. Check out Richard Ellmann's excellent biography.

(19) Yeats considered Jarry, the first of the savage gods. 'Ubu Roi' caused a riot in the theatre where it was first performed. Alfred Jarry was a bourgeois-hating anarchist who died from the drink at 34. 'Ubu' is both a mix of Shakespearean burlesque and a prophecy of dictatorship. Merde!

(20) Between 1896 and 1908, the Swedish dramatist August Strindberg suffered a crazed and horrific break-down. 'Inferno' is his adaption of his own diaries.

(21) When Freud published 'Dreams' in 1900, an enormous number of minds all over Europe were swayed by his 'justification' of the imagination. If (in modern times) he appears to read like the witch-finder General (everyone's doing it!), that's only because he was so excited by his discovery. He was (and still is in some places) considered a lunatic.

(22) Joseph Conrad was fundamentally a writer of 'sea-books', in 'Heart of Darkness' he managed to merge the fear that all Europeans have of Africa (the dark continent) with a superb understanding of the deterioration of the 'Superman'. Heavily influenced by Nietzsche and the decadents of the 1890s.

(23) When I think of Marcel Proust my brain conjures up images of torture, the cork-lined room, the ever-pervading sickness, the bed-writing, but most of all the first of those mega-novels that the early 20th Century seemed to spew forth. 'Remembrances' has the ability to suck you in, eat you up and spit you out. Surrender to the madelaines!

(24) Marinetti, Tzara and Breton's 'ideas' for a new form of creation are all crucial reading to anyone who wants to understand the 'cutting edge' of the first quarter of the century. My personal favourite is Tzara who seems to find it easy to laugh at the futility of it all.

(25) To understand 'Metamorphosis' one must climb inside the mind of man who wanted his entire work burnt after his death and who (literally) wallowed in the 'pornography of life'.

(26) After Proust, we have Joyce and the glorious 'interior monologue'. If occasionally Joyce's snobbery - language over people - does tend to get irritating, the achievement makes it worthwhile. Certain elements: early Dedalus, the orgy, Molly at the end, stand out.

(27) Burroughs: 'I first read 'You Can't Win' in 1926 ... Stultified and confined by middle-class St Louis mores, I was fascinated by this glimpse of an underworld of seedy rooming-houses, pool

parlours, cat houses and opium dens, of bull pens and cat burglars and hobo jungles, I learned about the Johnson Family of good bums and thieves.' And much more.

(28) Lord Auch (Georges Bataille) was a major mind, check his other more 'serious' works. 'Story of the Eye' is splendid pornography. You will never look at eggs the same way again!

(29) 'Qualities' is the third (on this list) of the 'great' novels. In 1985 it dominated my life. 2000 (unfinished) pages - a work of humour and detail. The funny can be serious and the serious can be funny. This one's for Ulrich.

(30) HP Lovecraft was a descendent of Poe (metaphorically). 'Mountains' was his second full-length work. At the time it did not find favour, it might seem almost cartoonish but there is real terror buried within these pages.

(31) If someone said to me you could make a film of any book I would choose Celine's classic. The story is autobiographical; an anarchic Rabelaisian much-travelled doctor journeys from WWI to Africa, America and ends in a shoot-out in the back of a car. Hollywood stuff!

(32) Antonin Artaud was a genius. A great actor, a surrealist, a clever writer and a superb theorist; The Theatre of Cruelty Manifestos still remain the most radical texts on performance ever written. Together with Brecht this fella designed modern (smart) theatre.

(33) Jung provides a fascinating complement to Freud, his studies in astrology, alchemy and the telepathy of life somehow make his theories more believable.

(34) Reich was Freud's most brilliant pupil, his texts on Fascism and the use of the orgasm are important and vital to anybody who believes there is more to all this than meets the eye. Hunted/hated by the Nazis and persecuted by the Americans. Reich was shot by both sides.

(35) If you've ever experienced severe depression read Sartre's 'Nausea'. Never has the isolation of madness (I particularly remember the musical bit) been so beautifully and eloquently laid out. Roquentin is the everyman of reclusion.

(36) Brecht had more than most human beings when he set out to 'create'. His ideas re theatre, the song, performance and poetry are all well documented. His plays, the climax, 'Galileo' (freedom against government/religious domination) reflects Brecht's own problems with the Nazis and the Americans.

(37) 'I, a stranger and afraid - In a world I never made'; the (existential) despair of Meursault is described in an 'out-of-control' manner. He even feels as if he isn't there, he doesn't kill anyone - his hand does. Camus died in a car-crash.

(38) Flannery O'Connor's 'Wiseblood' is a fascinating work, a veritable dissection of the extremes of Protestantism (by a Roman Catholic!) The grotesqueries add up to create an intense but fundamentalist work that paints a hideous picture of the Deep South.

(39) Bowles lives in Tangiers. He has for years stood out from the norm. 'Sheltering Sky' boasts a story of madness, violence, nihilism, sexual perversion and spiritual bankruptcy. Bertolucci is currently filming a screen-version. It won't match the book, trust me!

(40) When I think of Genet I remember his words: 'I was hot for crime'. A male whore, a degraded faggot, a tortured thief but one who can write. No wonder the artists of France petitioned for his release. Genet's life was his art and his anarchistic attitude his ink.

(41) Truffaut; 'More than a critic, Bazin was a 'writer of the cinema', striving to describe films rather than judge them.' Bazin fathered the French New Wave through the film magazine 'Cahiers du Cinema'. Mise-en-scene, neo-realism, Welles & Renoir were consumed.

(42) Youthful rebellion through the eyes of an adolescent. A sick mind redeemed through innocence. A pre-beat novel by a writer who is virtually invisible (Salinger = Pynchon?)

(43) With nothing to say, Beckett devours our minds. 'Waiting For Godot' expresses an almost religious edge to isolation, despair, futility and hope. The play brought him fame and money but apparently he disliked it on a technical level.

(44) Barthes was an individual, a descendent of Sartre and Brecht, in 'Mythologies' he rips modern life apart, exhibiting the deceptions, detailing the humour and parading the insanity. Suddenly writing itself was being taken apart.

(45) Kerouac was the most visible of the Beat writers, together with Burroughs and Ginsberg, he created the most exciting youth-writing of the 1950s. 'On The Road' is the bible of the modern wanderer. The drugs, the Jazz, the 'attitude', Dean Moriarty (actually Neal Cassidy) and the endless

road. Just get into that car and go....

(46) 'The Pursuit of the Millennium' is one of the most important 'history' books ever written. Professor Cohn's research makes all the (supposedly) 20th Century themes of religious extremism, sex and 'the madness' seem logical. The realisation that medieval man laboured under the same illusions/visions is somehow quite soothing.

(47) The Situationists were crazy. They had ideas on every facet of life and they fitted their ambitions to a tradition that stretched back a thousand years. Sometimes infantile, sometimes brilliant, their magazine stands up to constant analysis. Gallic Productions is merely the latest rung on the ladder.

(48) 'Naked Lunch' (Burroughs' classic text) creates a monstrous vision of life by 'cutting up' the horrors of modern science, the extremes of sex and drug (ab)use, comic vignettes of biting wit and a genuine understanding of fear (in all its shapes and sizes). TLS: 'If the publishers had deliberately set out to discredit the cause of literary freedom and innovation they could hardly have done it more effectively.'

(49) Borges is the father of 'Ultraismo' (Spanish expressionism), he lived in Argentina until his death (in the mid '80s). His short-stories and the originality of his style force the reader to surrender to a dream-world of philology, legend and the meaning of questions. His knowledge of it all (ie; world lit) and his phenomenal 'tightness' make him un-ignorable.

(50) Of all the Situationist writers Vaneigem was the most fluent, precise and enjoyable. What attracted me to the Situationists was their impeccable taste in political and cultural heroes. 'Revolution' is laden with quoteable phrases: 'People who talk about revolution and class struggle without referring explicitly to everyday life, without understanding what is subversive about love and what is positive in the refusal of constraints, such people have a corpse in their mouth.'

(51) Valerie Solonias wrote her 'SCUM' Manifesto in 1967 and one year later she shot and wounded Andy Warhol. The venom/wisdom? was in the text, the bullet was in the gun. Futility.

(52) Green; 'I'm in love with Jacques Derrida - Read a page and I know what I need to take apart my baby's heart - I'm in love'. 'Grammatology' is (to quote Ambie) 'a V Hard book', it is also a very important one. I consumed it in Paris and began immediately to apply the lessons I'd learnt. Makes writing an exploration in itself.

(53) A 50 year-old drunk, a man who worked for 14 years in the Post Office. He wrote a novel about the experience and has since been knocking out short stories of a perversely 'real' type. Deep in the sickness of day-to-day life there is a tiny splash of colour.

(54) Bangs on Bangs; 'In the five years he worked at 'Creem' magazine, he defined a style of critical-journalism based on the sound and language of rock'n'roll which ended up influencing a whole generation of younger writers and perhaps musicians as well.' Monstrous ego. Dead from drug-abuse at the age of 33. But still the greatest writer on 'freedom' music ever.

(55) In the midst of the drugs and the politics and the sport and the paranoia lies the beating heart of Dr Hunter S Thompson. He invented 'Gonzo' journalism, a driving crazed form of expression that seems to say everything and still mean nothing. 'Fear & Loathing' is his drug text.

(56) Ishmael Reed is what could be called a 'funky' writer; 'Mumbo Jumbo' is my favourite of his novels. Surrealist detection - visionary, satirical, farcical - Hoodoo mixed with

(57) Ballard is ostensibly a sci-fi writer, but one who deals with perversions of reality. His mid-70s trilogy; 'Crash'/'Concrete Jungle'/'High Rise' is deliciously British (and delightfully pre-punk). 'Crash' examines the future obsessive love of crash victims for each other. If you can just picture the creation of new orifices then you're half way there.

(58) A war book about the building of the V-2 missiles. Pynchon's attention to detail (he's a recluse like Salinger) provides the edge that cuts the mind to the quick. The obscenity of war is married to the extremes of pornography and there is a link.

(59) When Foucault died of AIDS in 1984 the world lost one of it's most original minds. His ideas update Nietzsche without the hope. His texts dissect the horrors of our time; madness, sex, punishment, sickness etc etc. Always challenging, always developing, always provocative.

(60) Between 1978 and 1982 the circulation of the 'New Musical Express' crashed. Why? Because of the semiotic excesses of Ian Penman and the Warwick the Kingmaker(ness) of Paul Morley. Personally I loved it, Penman is okay on music, good on film and excellent on television. He should write a book!

60 MOVIES

- 1 LES VAMPIRES. (1915-16) LOUIS FEUILLADE [France].
- 2 INTOLERANCE (1916) DW GRIFFITH [USA].
- 3 THE CABINET OF DR CALAGARI (1920) ROBERT WEINE [Germany].
- 4 GREED (1924) ERICH VON STROHEIM [USA].
- 5 THE EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF MR WEST IN THE LAND OF THE BOLSHEVIKS.
(1924) LEV KULESHOV [USSR].
- 6 SUNRISE (1927) FW MURNAU [USA].
- 7. NAPOLEON (1927) ABEL GANCE [France].
- 8 THE WIND. (1927) VICTOR SJOSTROM [USA].
- 9 THE PASSION OF JOAN OF ARC. (1928) CARL DREYER [France].
- 10 THE NEW BABYLON. (1929) KOZINTSEV & TRAUBERG [USSR].
- 11 THE BLUE ANGEL. (1930) JOSEF VON STERNBERG [Germany].
- 12 M. (1931) FRITZ LANG [Germany].
- 13 A NOUS LA LIBERTE. (1931) RENE CLAIR [France].
- 14 SCARFACE: SHAME OF A NATION. (1932) HOWARD HAWKS [USA].
- 15 BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING. (1932) JEAN RENOIR [France].
- 16 L'ATALANTE. (1934) JEAN VIGO [France].
- 17 LA FEMME DU BOULANGER. (1938) MARCEL PAGNOL [France].
- 18 YOUNG MR LINCOLN. (1939) JOHN FORD [USA].
- 19 MR SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON. (1939) FRANK CAPRA [USA].
- 20 LE JOUR SE LEVE. (1939) MARCEL CARNE [France].
- 21 CITIZEN KANE. (1941) ORSON WELLES [USA].
- 22 SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS. (1942) PRESTON STURGES [USA].
- 23 OSSESSIONE. (1942) LUCHINO VISCONTI [Italy].
- 24 THE LIFE & DEATH OF COLONEL BLIMP. (1943) POWELL & PRESSBURGER [UK].
- 25 IVAN THE TERRIBLE (parts one & two). (1943-48) SERGEI EISENSTEIN [USSR].
- 26 BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. (1946) JEAN COCTEAU [France].
- 27 OUT OF THE PAST (aka BUILD MY GALLOWS HIGH).
(1947) JACQUES TOURNEUR [USA].
- 28 THEY LIVE BY NIGHT. (1948-49) NICK RAY [USA].
- 29 DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST. (1950) ROBERT BRESSON [France].
- 30 ACE IN THE HOLE. (1951) BILLY WILDER [USA].
- 31 UGETSU MONOGATARI. (1953) KENJI MIZOGUCHI [Japan].
- 32 TOKYO STORY. (1953) YASUJIRO OZU [Japan].
- 33 REAR WINDOW. (1954) ALFRED HITCHCOCK [USA].
- 34 THE SEVEN SAMURAI. (1954) AKIRA KUROSAWA [Japan].
- 35 LA STRADA. (1954) FEDERICO FELLINI [Italy].
- 36 THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER. (1955) CHARLES LAUGHTON [USA].
- 37 THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM. (1955) OTTO PREMINGER [USA].
- 38 THE APU TRILOGY (PATHER PANCHALI / APARAJITO / APUR SANSAR). (1956-59)
SATYAJIT RAY [India].
- 39 THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS. (1957) ALEXANDER MACKENDRICK [USA].
- 40 IMITATION OF LIFE. (1959) DOUGLAS SIRK [USA].
- 41 A BOUT DE SOUFFLE. (1960) JEAN LUC GODARD [France].
- 42 THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET. (1965) KADAR & KLOS [Czech].
- 43 REPULSION. (1965) ROMAN POLANSKI [UK].
- 44 CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS. (1966) JIRI MENZEL [Czech].
- 45 BONNIE AND CLYDE. (1967) ARTHUR PENN [USA].
- 46 THE WILD BUNCH. (1969) SAM PECKINPAH [USA].
- 47 CLOCKWORK ORANGE. (1971) STANLEY KUBRICK [UK].
- 48 MCCABE AND MRS MILLER. (1971) ROBERT ALTMAN [USA].
- 49 THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE. (1972) LUIS BUNUEL [France].
- 50 CABARET. (1972) BOB FOSSE [USA].
- 51 LAST TANGO IN PARIS. (1972) BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI [Italy].

- 52 AGUIRRE. THE WRATH OF GOD. (1973) WERNER HERZOG [Germany].
- 53 ALI;FEAR EATS THE SOUL. (1973) RW FASSBINDER [Germany].
- 54 SHAMPOO. (1975) HAL ASHBEE [USA].
- 55 TAXI DRIVER. (1976) MARTIN SCORSESE [USA].
- 56 THE AMERICAN FRIEND. (1977) WIM WENDERS [Germany].
- 57 VIDEODROME. (1983) DAVID CRONENBERG [USA].
- 58 ONCE UPON A TIME IN AMERICA. (1984) SERGIO LEONE [USA].
- 59 BLUE VELVET. (1986) DAVID LYNCH [USA].
- 60 WITHNAIL AND I. (1986) BRUCE ROBINSON [UK].

(1) A classic surreal soap-opera. The 'baddies' are more appealing than the 'goodies'. The method is insane. Feuillade sired an alternative history of film. Parallel with the Swedes' creation: naturalistic mysticism, he was inventing genuine anarcho-entertainment.

(2) Inspired the Russian montage revolution. Attempted to develop the possibilities of film. Boasted the greatest sets of all time and lost a fortune at the box-office. Griffith was the equivalent of Elvis, he invented the rules and was of course treated like shit by the industry. 'First you take a drink, then the drink takes a drink, then the drink takes you'.

(3) German Expressionism: shadows, doppelgangers, murder, madness: the psyche of the Weimar Republic. Carl Mayer was a cracking screen-play writer. Take care you don't bash it on the way up the stairs.

(4) Originally ten hours long, butchered by the small minds of Hollywood to less than two, will the original print ever be discovered, we can but fantasise. Stroheim was the king of Perversion, in this particular movie he also demonstrated his amazing talent for grotesque realism. Death Valley here I come.

(5) Deepest Soviet.Russia: the Kuleshov Workshop, an education for Pudovkin, Eisenstein etc. This is the first blast of Cold War rhetoric and it's innovative and funny.

(6) The Swedish/Germanic sensibility transported to the Dream Factory. As my uncle says this is the reason why silent pictures were so incredible. Movement, texture, the country/city, love and despair. If you need a street-scene build it yourself!

(7) Was Gance a fascist, does anyone care? Immense length, the snowball fight, 'Mort au Tyrans', the triple-screen effect. God knows why they ever introduced sound, as this movie shows they could achieve so much more without it.

(8) Sjostrom was the original (with Stiller) Swedish wizard. Lillian Gish was the original girl-child (victim). Herein lies the naturalism of the fjords transported to America and forced to reflect the insanity inside the minds of the players.

(9) Whiteness, that is the key. Close-ups of sacrifice. Antonin Artaud acting. Godard's revelation. The curing faculty of pain. Dreyer is the first (on this list) of the second-generation filmic auteurs; his oeuvre: religion (often puritan), sacrifice and insanity.

(10) FECKs were the young Kozintsev and Trauberg, Russian genius in action. The circus, speed, and other such Futurist pursuits are chased and caught. 'Babylon' tells the story of the 1871 Paris Commune and is a valuable anarchist document. Unward with the Factory of the Eccentric Actor.

(11) Von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich provided one of the most exciting partnerships in screen (svengali) history. Sternberg's desire to cross the line is married to his lust to display the power of Dietrich's sexuality. Camera above - camera below. 'The Blue Angel' is one of the last great (pre-Hitler) German pictures.

(12) Lang is one of the major minds in filmic history. Many of his pictures are masterpieces. 'M' (the fictionalised tale of a child-killer, actually based on Peter Kurten) is merely my personal fave. Others worth checking are: 'Dr Mabuse der Spieler parts 1&2' (1922), 'Fury' (1936), 'The Big Heat' (1953) and 'Human Desire' (1954).

(13) Rene Clair was a minor character in the history of film. 'Liberte' is yet another classic anarchist text; money does not matter. And a hilarious story too. (The remainder of his work also stands up to a [detailed] glance!)

(14) Hawks is a perverse figure in Hollywood: a real man or a woman-hating faggot? 'Scarface' is

the original hardcore gangster picture, shadows-death-revenge-retribution. Other crucial movies include: 'Bringing Up Baby' (1938), 'His Girl Friday' (1940), 'The Big Sleep' (1946) and 'Red River' (1947).

(15) The perfection of 'Boudu' is hard to state. Genuinely anarchic, the film was later picked up on by Paul Schrader and the West Coast hippies as a masterpiece of 'attitude'. Jean Renoir is an enigma as a director, he appears to have it all: methods, meanings, answers and artistry. All his movies deserve the attention of anyone interested in the medium.

(16) Vigo died young. His talent, however will live for ever. Only four short pictures, no more than four hours complete. It is not enough but it will do. Vigo will live for ever.

(17) A weird choice. I saw this picture without subtitles and was amazed that the humour, sadness and pathos carried over the language barrier. The tale of a Baker cuckolded and how he refuses to bake bread for the village until his wife returns. Serious stuff.

(18) After Griffith there is Ford and then ... John Ford carried forward the tradition of Victorian morals tied to filmic imagination. In 'Young Mr Lincoln' he actually made me feel proud to be an American (and that's quite an achievement). Others worth a gaze are: 'Stagecoach' (1939), 'Grapes of Wrath' (1940), 'My Darling Clementine' (1946) and 'The Searchers' (1956).

(19) Like Renoir, the '30s belonged to Capra. And when he got together with Jimmy Stewart the creative sparks flew. 'Mr Smith' is one of the great liberal-democrat American pictures. And we all really believe that the USA would be paradise if it wasn't for the corruption and the graft, (don't we?). * For me Stewart is the greatest actor ever because he is 'everyman' (as is Henry Fonda).

(20) Marcel Carne had a splendid run in the '30s/40s with the writer Jacques Prevert. Their greatest achievement was 'Les Enfants du Paradis', my favourite is this tale of l'amour fou and murder. Gabin portrays the despair of the inter-war period with a working-class beauty rarely seen in the movies. And oh! when he dies ... so dies the hope of inter-war France!

(21) 'Citizen Kane' is now accepted as the greatest film ever made. Orson, as we all know was the greatest talent ever to grace Hollywood. In the words of Jean-Luc Godard: 'All of us will always owe him everything'. Other key Welles pictures: 'The Magnificent Ambersons' (1942), 'The Lady from Shanghai' (1948), 'Touch of Evil' (1958) and 'Chimes at Midnight' (1966).

(22) A comic comment on Hollywood and the film-making medium. Preston Sturges was an eccentric inventor and after Wilder the most talented of the speed-screwball comedy writer-directors. His peak period 1940-44 was short but the work (7 movies) demands constant examination.

(23) Of all the Italians, I always found Visconti the most fascinating. He was (for one thing) a homosexual Marxist aristocrat and also a shit-hot filmmaker. 'Osessione' was the original 'The Postman Always Rings Twice' and the sex, madness, opera(!) and fear are best displayed here. As is the birth of Neo-realism.

(24) Partnerships in film are rare. Powell (utterly British) and the Hungarian writer Pressburger had one such relationship. 'The Red Shoes' is tragic, 'A Canterbury Tale' extremely British, 'Peeping Tom' genuinely disturbing, but it was here with 'Blimp' where the real secrets to the failures of the British cinema lie. Reviled by Churchill, the picture is a classic.

(25) Eisenstein contributed a massive amount to film development but his films could on occasion (if you aren't a Communist) be slightly boring. This historical epic counters these problems with some gorgeous film-art and a stunning sequence shot on captured German Agfa colour film-stock. It could all have been so different.

(26) Fantasy and mystery are rarely dealt effectively with in the motion picture. The dilettante Jean Cocteau had no problem in expressing both the beautiful and the animal in man. This was an area in which he was well-versed. A movie for the kids. Hands out of walls.

(27) When Mitch says 'Build My Gallows High, Baby', the essence of film noir, masculinity and the inheritance of the German Expressionists is perfectly expressed. I'm not that interested in Tourneur what I am obsessed with is the meaning behind the image and once just for a short time Mitchum ran with that ball.

(28) Nick Ray was a rebel-filmmaker in the '40s/50s who along with Sam Fuller helped inspire the French New Wave. 'They Live By Night' was his debut feature and a splendid fore-runner to his later classic 'Rebel Without a Cause'.

(29) 'Transcendental style' was Schrader's description of that great original Robert Bresson. I'm not exactly a Bressonite but 'Priest' is such a gem I couldn't overlook it. Separation, isolation: the sickness unto death. This movie is both of the senses and of the mind, much like it's subject matter.

(30) I have devoted countless pages in this magazine to Billy Wilder, suffice it to say that this is my personal fave. Cynical moi?

(31) When I first attended a Mizoguchi screening I was stunned, here was the Japanese version of Renoir: long shots etc. The obsession with the mystical and the lot of the peasant are also encouraging diversions. I must agree with Godard on this one, Kenji Mizoguchi is worth a thousand Akira Kurosawa's.

(32) With Ozu the low camera angle is always the key, the Japanese view-point. The lower-middle class drama is played out, the examination (despair) of human relationships, Ozu is a classic outsider in the development of the motion picture.

(33) Hitchcock is a King, in 'Window' he examines voyeurism, using the perfect casket of Jimmy Stewart as his protagonist. The control is immense, the imagination deliberate. Other useful Hitch movies include: 'The Lady Vanishes' (1938), 'Vertigo' (1958), 'North by Northwest' (1959) and 'Psycho' (1960).

(34) 'Seven Samurai' provides the link between the Fordian Western and the Peckinpah blood-bath. The battle in the rain, the editing methods, the performance of Toshiro Mifune, the dignity of the Samurai, the despair of the peasants, all are utilised to create a genuine filmic masterpiece.

(35) Fellini's films can often be too flamboyant; visual wanking. 'La Strada' is from his early neo-realist period. Investigations of the circus/fair-ground have never been better.

(36) Charles Laughton only directed one picture, but what a film. Mitchum as the 'hard-core' puritan hedonist (Love and Hate on either fist!) The chase, the aerial photography, even the weak, (almost Griffithian silent) ending. It's a genuine tragedy that he didn't get the chance to make any more.

(37) Certain movies strike a chord, some people are just so hip it hurts. Frank Sinatra as a heroin addicted, jazz drumming, card dealing, loser, makes for one hell of an entertaining two hours. If all 'exploitation' was like this

(38) Indian film rarely 'emotes', Satyajit Ray learnt the film art working with Jean Renoir on 'The River'. 'The Apu Trilogy' demonstrates perfectly superb filmic osmosis. All modern filmmakers should be forced to sit at the feet of a great master in order to learn (at least) some of their methods.

(39) Genuine cynicism in Hollywood is rare, in 'The Sweet Smell' the relationship between Tony Curtis and Burt Lancaster (even if it painful) sums up with great mastery how so much of the 'business' works. Ass-kissing. Great soundtrack too - loads of jazz.

(40) Douglas Sirk was a director of women's pictures!! (a forgotten genre) He 'invented' Rock Hudson and created melodramas of almost vomit-inducing intensity. (Amazingly Fassbinder loved his work). 'Imitation of Life' and it's pathos-bathed approach to racism had me in tears, the viewers in the row next to me were laughing (monsters!!).

(41) Jean-Luc Godard was the last great link in the filmic chain. He dragged the motion picture screaming into the late twentieth century, sadly no-one has managed to go any further (in a commercial sense). 'Breathless' is a weird but wonderful mix of the gangster genre, the 'jump cut', 'mise-en-scene' and analysis of actors/actresses. Vive la difference!

(42) In the mid-60s during the 'Prague Spring', Czech filmmaking reached a peak; two films stand out; 'Shop' and 'Trains'. 'Shop' is a deeply moving story of the Fascist (Nazi) policy of expulsion of Jews. The pain, (natural) racism and madness of the era is displayed in a humane and tragic way.

(43) Roman Polanski is almost a successor to Stroheim as key investigator of perversion. 'Repulsion' manages to merge 'swinging London', the insanity of the interior monologue and rotting meat. Decay always persists

(44) The second classic Czech picture 'Closely Watched Trains' is once again set during the German occupation of Czechoslovakia. Menzel achieves an almost Bunuelian feel in his tale of

discovery of manhood, resistance fighting and death,

(45) 'Bonnie & Clyde' was one of the first of the 'New Wave' American 'action-pictures', Arthur Penn is an interesting director and Warren Beatty a drastically underrated actor/creator. The sound of the weapons was virtually revolutionary as was the impotence and the working-class outsider rebel angle.

(46) Sam Peckinpah picked up the baton from Kurosawa to lead the final stage of the Western to its conclusion. The rapid editing, slow-motion and weird incuts make the battle sequences appear far more 'real' (acidic!) In 'The Wild Bunch' William Holden, Ernest Borgnine and Warren Oates perfectly personify that 'genuine machismo' that is now so sadly lacking in modern Hollywood pictures. Peckinpah died in 1984. A certain fascist analysis died with him.

(47) Personally I believe that Kubrick's 'interpretation' of Burgess's novel is better than the novel itself. I like the victory of 'sin' against authority. I enjoy the 'truths' about good ole Blighty. I love Malcolm McDowell's 'Little Alex'. Re-release it Now!

(48) Warren Beatty (again) in Altman's classic anti-Western. The frontier was not built on machismo. It was built on money (sex/construction). The shoot-out in the snow is fantastic.

(49) Luis Bunuel is another of those key film directors. 'Discreet Charm' is a hilarious gem from the master's mature period. Dreams merge into neo-Fascist bourgeois greed. Other important pictures include: 'Un Chien Andalou' (1929), 'L'Age D'Or' (1930), 'Los Olvidados' (1950) and 'Viridiana' (1961).

(50) 'Cabaret' is probably my favourite Musical. It manages to employ the decadence of Berlin in the early '30s, the rise of Fascism, Isherwood, Sally Bowles and the wondrous Liza M.

(51) Pauline Kael: 'This 'Last Tango' must be the most powerfully erotic movie ever made, and it may turn out to be the most liberating movie ever made ... Bertolucci and Brando have altered the face of an art form.' Primitivism is King!

(52) Herzog's filmic genius lies in an almost naturalistic surrealism. His adventures into the most extreme places on earth to film stories of human madness were one of the first aspects of New Wave German cinema to truly excite me. Klaus Kinski is wild too!

(53) 'Fear Eats The Soul' may well be Fassbinder's 'realistic' version of 'Imitation of Life', suffice it to say that the pain, pleasure, insanity, separation, joy and horror of multi-racial love is examined and the people in society who consider it so shocking are found severely wanting.

(54) The third Beatty picture in this list is 'Shampoo'. Hal Ashby's splendidly funny examination of West Coast despair. The '70s are zoomed into and trashed. A horny male hair-dresser, big money, violence and as always Warren B (can anybody be that vain?) as a beautiful loser.

(55) Scorsese and De Niro provided the greatest actor-director relationship of the '70s/80s. In 'Taxi Driver' we get to watch the post-decadent madness of hedonism and how one psychotic attempts to deal with it. Neat hair-cut, fabulous Schrader script and that scene with Scorsese in the back of his cab; naughty but nice!

(56) In 'The American Friend' Wenders manages to tie up a tribute to Hitchcock (check the train sequence), utilises the magnificent Dennis Hopper and even involves Fuller and Ray. Here more than anywhere is seen the new 'quote'/list/mathematical approach to modern film-making.

(57) After five or six horror-flics David Cronenberg turned out this ode to the madness, power and sexuality of television, film, video etc. The idea alone makes it worthwhile!

(58) Somehow Sergio Leone managed to create an epic of a gangster film (with the obvious connections to the Western) in 'Once Upon a Time'. De Niro is excellent as usual, the violence is provoking and the opium scenes 'there'. Sure enough some elements are weak (especially the ending) but you have to give him full marks for effort alone.

(59) David Lynch was a very talented film-maker who had never quite found his niche until 'Blue Velvet'. Most of us thought we would never see surrealism in Hollywood again but it appeared with a superb commentary on what happens to the aged rebel; Hopper deserved an Oscar.

(60) I certainly never even dreamt that an Englishman could make a film that dealt truly with the realities of drugs, despair, 'getting it together in the country', etc etc. But obviously Bruce Robinson knows what he's talking about. He appears to be a writer/director to watch out for.

60 SOUNDS

- 1 TB BLUES. (1932) JIMMY RODGERS.
- 2 ME AND THE DEVIL BLUES. (1937) ROBERT JOHNSON.
- 3 SLIM GAILLARD'S LINGUISTIC RHYTHMS.
- 4 CHARLIE PARKER'S SAVOY SESSIONS.
- 5 THELONIOUS MONK'S PIANO.
- 6 MILES DAVIS (GOES ON FOR EVER ... ALMOST).
- 7 LOVESICK BLUES. (1949) HANK WILLIAMS.
- 8 CHARLIE MINGUS.
- 9 GEORGE JONES' VOICE.
- 10 HOWLIN' WOLF'S BACKDOOR MIND.
- 11 I'M GONNA MURDER MY BABY. (1954) PAT HARE.
- 12 THE SUN SIDES (1954-55) ELVIS PRESLEY.
- 13 JERRY LEE LEWIS IS DIONYSIUS.
- 14 JOHN COLTRANE'S HORN.
- 15 JAMES' BROWN (ALWAYS).
- 16 FREE JAZZ. (1960) ORNETTE COLEMAN.
- 17 SMOKEY ROBINSON'S WORDSMITHERY.
- 18 SUN RA LIVE.
- 19 SPIRITUAL UNITY. (1964) ALBERT AYLER.
- 20 THIS OLE HEART OF MINE. (1966) THE ISLEY BROTHERS.
- 21 THE COUNTRY SOULERS (CARR, SLEDGE, TEX etc).
- 22 WHITE LIGHT / WHITE HEAT. (1967) THE VELVET UNDERGROUND.
- 23 THE DOORS. (1967) THE DOORS.
- 24 I SAY A LITTLE PRAYER. (1968) ARETHA FRANKLIN.
- 25 KICK OUT THE JAMS. (1968) THE MC5.
- 26 CAN I CHANGE MY MIND. (1968) TYRONE DAVIS.
- 27 ASTRAL WEEKS. (1968) VAN MORRISON.
- 28 TROUT MASK REPLICA. (1969) CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & THE MAGIC BAND.
- 29 TIM BUCKLEY'S VOICE.
- 30 LEE 'SCRATCH' PERRY'S REGGAE PRODUCTIONS.
- 31 CAN'S RHYTHM PIECES.
- 32 GRAM PARSON'S HAT.
- 33 SYD BARRETT'S TRIP.
- 34 FAUST.
- 35 THE LAST POETS.
- 36 MARC BOLAN ON 'TOP OF THE POPS'.
- 37 WHAT'S GOING ON. (1971) MARVIN GAYE.
- 38 THERE'S A RIOT GOIN' ON. (1971) SLY & THE FAMILY STONE.
- 39 MOVE ON UP. (1971) CURTIS MAYFIELD.
- 40 SAILIN SHOES. side 1. (1972) LITTLE FEAT.
- 41 EXILE ON MAIN STREET. (1972) THE ROLLING STONES.
- 42 ROXY MUSIC (WITH ENO).
- 43 GEORGE CLINTON'S PARLYFUNKYBOOTSY THANG.
- 44 THE BOY'S OWN ELEMENT OF THE FACES.
- 45 TELEVISION (WITH RICHARD HELL).
- 46 HAMILTON BOHANNON'S DISCO.
- 47 THE MODERN DANCE. (1977) PERE UBU.
- 48 BUZZCOCKS (WITH HOWARD DEVOTO).
- 49 BORN FOR A PURPOSE. (1977) DOC ALIMANTADO.
- 50 AMBITION. (1978) THE SUBWAY SECT.
- 51 THE FALL (WITH MARTIN BRAMAH).
- 52 THE POP GROUP.
- 53 AIN'T NO STOPPIN' US NOW. (1979) McFADDON & WHITEHEAD.
- 54 THE FIRE ENGINES.

- 55 TEARDROP EXPLODES ACID B-SIDES. (1981-82).
 56 THE LEXICON OF LOVE. (1982) ABC.
 57 MR GARETH SAGER.
 58 PRINCE'S SINGLES & THE GODLIKE BLACK ALBUM. (1987).
 59 REBEL WITHOUT A PAUSE. (1987) PUBLIC ENEMY.
 60 ON-U-SOUND (esp TACKHEAD).

- (1) Jimmy Rodgers was the father of Country music, 'the singing brakeman' of depression mythology. 'TB Blues' is a classic of yodeling, pain and fatalism. Rodgers died of the disease some years later: 'When it rained down sorrow - it rained all over me'.
- (2) 'Me & the Devil' is by Rodgers' black equivalent, Robert Johnson, a strange character in the history of the blues. Legend has it that he sold his soul to the devil in order to become the greatest blues singer in the world. 'Devil' demonstrates the splendid improvisatory skills of what can only be called the King of the Delta Blues Singers. Johnson was murdered before he reached his early 20s by a jealous girlfriend.
- (3) Anybody who watched Arena's excellent four-part special on Slim Gaillard last year will realise that he is far more than a mere hoax. Purely on a linguistic level he is worthy of the severest analysis. Now living in London.
- (4) Charlie Parker died at the age of 34, finished with this world. Nearly all of his work (bar the final stuff with the strings) is special. For me he was at his best on the Savoy sessions, often being backed up by the young Miles Davis on trumpet. 'Blow, baby, blow!'
- (5) If one could understand the madness, the method might become more clear. Thelonious felt the pressure of the world weighing down on his shoulders and that's why he didn't care for petty (musical) rules and regulations. If you walk around in a circle eventually you begin to understand what he was trying to say/where he was trying to go.
- (6) There are always survivors and the world tends to pay more attention to them than the 'ones that got away'. Miles Davis is such a figure, personally I would never put him up with Coltrane or Parker but nonetheless his work has always been provoking, imaginative and only occasionally poor. Check out Lester Bangs' essay.
- (7) Hank Williams knew more about pain than most people discover in a lifetime. Dead at 29, the songs he recorded capture for ever a certain hill-billy 'attitude'. One could cite the nasal whine, the damaged back, the car he died in but for me 'Lovesick Blues' says it all.
- (8) Mingus was of course the most 'imaginative' bass-player to work in the jazz field. His life and music are a testament to what can be achieved: virtually anything.
- (9) Oh George, you're such a fool and people love you so much. Why? Because you have the most unbelievable voice - it's as if all the pain I have ever suffered just rolls off your tongue and transforms itself into happiness. Don't ever go ...
- (10) Howlin' Wolf and Muddy Waters led the Blues into the post-War era, electrified and dynamic. It's a tragedy that so many white people have bastardised the medium. Still, the Wolf is here because of that scream and 'Backdoor Man': the greatest ode to natural peasant birth-control: anal sex.
- (11) This is one of the starkest, most brutal blues ever laid down (in this case in Sam Phillip's Sun Studio). Pat Hare, who was actually a pre-rock'n'roll psychotic guitarist, composed the number and some years later lived the whole thing out. He died in prison.
- (12) The idea to do a blues number country-style and vice versa was what made Elvis Presley a world star. The germ of the idea is why I still listen to them 36 years later.
- (13) For me, Jerry Lee was always the king of rock'n'roll, his own Louisiana sins (if marrying yer 14 year-old cousin is a sin) dragging him down into the dirt and destroying a career that was rapidly overtaking Elvis's. But Old Man Lewis's grandson is a survivor and in years to come people will talk about how Dionysius came to earth in the 20th Century.
- (14) Coltrane had it all, the addiction, the ghosts, the vision and the sheer blowing power/speed. The breadth of his career and ability are far too great to sum up in three lines, suffice it to say that Jazz was never the same after his premature death in 1966.
- (15) When they pick the ten most important performers/creators of this century, JB's name will have to be amongst them, from the R'n'B of 'Try Me', through the funk of 'Sex Machine' to the message of 'King

Heroin' and the drive of 'Bring It On', he has seen it all, done it all and now he's locked up in prison for mucking about with PCP.

(16) Charlie Haden: 'The first time we played at Ornette's house, the music startled me; I'd never heard anything like it before ... I never learned more about listening (from) playing with Ornette than I ever learned in my life from anyone, because to play with him you have to listen completely to everything he plays.'

(17) Bob Dylan once called Smokey Robinson: 'America's greatest living poet'. He was right - Smokey writes the most perfect love songs, he seems to speak directly to his listener. Martin Fry got it correct when he sang: 'When Smokey sings I hear violins.'

(18) Sun Ra is completely mad, he claims to come from Saturn, but is in fact an aged big-band leader ... Live he whips up a three-ring circus of insanity, undefinable arrangements, exhilarating performance, orgasmic imagination, I hope he lives for ever.

(19) Of all the great hornmen, my personal favourite is Albert Ayler, after his visionary experience in the early-60s (I just imagine that he had one!) He created the nigh-on-perfect 'Spiritual Unity'. The way Albert plays the saxophone virtually disseminates the music that embodies it. His body was dragged out of the Hudson river in 1970.

(20) Some people think that pop (commercial) music cannot by implication ever achieve greatness - Motown, Stax & Philadelphia expose the lie in this moronic view. Every time I listen to 'This Ole Heart' I feel both soothed and torn apart. Thus is the magick of the spell (sorry, song).

(21) In the Deep South (in the '40s) the only music available to black kids on the radio was the 'Grand Ole Opry'; thus we get a fascinating hybrid: soul singers with country inflections. James Carr cut the perfect version of 'Dark End of the Street', and later went mad, Percy Sledge achieved greatness with 'Out of Left Field' and 'It Tears Me Up'. Joe Tex is merely a fabulous entertainer. Check Barney Hoskyn's excellent book: 'Say It One Time For The Broken-Hearted: The Country Side of Southern Soul.'

(22) If Noise is the currency of the real modern improviser, then, 'Sister Ray' is the theme-tune. Lou, Cale and the Velvets recorded a diary of an alternate 1960s; while proving that white boys didn't just have to sound like cheap imitations of black artists.

(23) After Jim Morrison finished his film course at UCLA, he recorded one of the most important Lps of the '60s: 'The Doors' manages to comment on Vietnam, 'dropping out' and West coast 'attitude'. However, for me, the high-points are the interpretations of Brecht & Weill's 'Alabama Song' and Howling Wolf's 'Backdoor Man'.

(24) As everyone knows Aretha has a voice that enters into 'unknown territories' (she doesn't even try!), 'Prayer' exhibits a cross between (almost) cabaret and real pain. 'My darling, believe me, for me there is no-one but you.' Classic Baccarach & David.

(25) John Sinclair: 'The MC5 was a musical unit with roots in classic rock'n'roll from Chuck Berry to The Beatles, big ears for the 'freedom jazz' of the period (John Coltrane - Albert Ayler - Sun Ra), and a hard-hitting attack featuring all-amps-on-10, a wall of sound and leaping, twisting, no-holds-barred stage show worthy of their main musical man, James Brown'.

(26) Chicago 'Deep Soul', Tyrone drags my heart out from my chest and wipes the floor with it. The horns, the slightly funky guitar, the tears, the realisation that this time is the last time, I feel it brother, I really do ...

(27) Van Morrison was only 22 when he cut 'Astral Weeks': the result is an Lp transfixed between rapture and anguish, fact (but not truth), mysticism, sleaze and grotesquerie. The song 'Madame George' is the whirlpool at the centre, there's almost a religious feeling here.

(28) Don Van Vliet (Captain Beefheart) is a major quirk in the history of modern music, he manipulates the best bits of blues, rock, free jazz, soul, and just about anything else he can lay his hands on. 'Trout Mask' details his faith in the re-invention of his life.

(29) Buckley trained his voice by screaming at buses, he trained his libido by 'experimentation', on 'Song to the Siren' he does for the voice what Coltrane did for the sax. On 'Greetings From LA', he tells the truth about what 'real' hetero-sexual sex is like.

(30) Reggae is not really my area of expertise, but even so it is impossible to ignore the achievements of the crazed Mr Scratch. He revolutionised studio techniques and cut some of the greatest sides ever to exit Jamaica. Totally mad (does he use voodoo?)

(31) Classically trained, Can understood the 'hypnotic' quality of repetition. The art of groove is to break at that key moment, thus releasing the mind (& body) from torment. 'Sometimes you don't hear the things you're not expecting to hear.'

(32) Gram Parsons was my education/introduction to the wondrous joys of Country music. He formed the first Country-Rock band, perverted the Byrds, taught Keef and Mick and died in a motel in the middle of the desert. He had it all and threw it away while still in his mid-20s. No amount of ice cubes would ever bring him back. The 'Hickory Wind' still blows.

(33) 'Rats, Rats laid out flat - We don't need you we act like that - If you think you're unloved then we know about that!' Barrett appeared and disappeared during the heyday of 'freedom' in popular music, he self-destructed in the Pink Floyd and then recorded two vital Lps of gibberish before going into a permanently catatonic state. (At his mum's!)

(34) Faust were extremely advanced in their experimentation. Historically lumped together with Can, Kraftwerk and Neu as 'Kraut Rock', they deserve serious re-evaluation.

(35) The whole concept of 'de-meaning' a word was crucial to The Last Poets' violent assault on the ears of black listeners. The hard-line, Moslem, reactionary revolutionary stance is now dated, the genuine rage and rhythmic imagination is not.

(36) I was 8 years old. I was gazing at my parent's TV. I was 'entranced/enchanted' by what I saw. I bought some glitter and put it on my face. I realised that I was both a boy and a girl, I knew why he spelt his name with a 'C'. I wept when he died. Pop music was never the same again.

(37) 'What's Going On' was the moment when Motown died and black music grew up. Marvin Gaye (always selling himself short before) went for the big 'feel' and achieved it. Jamerson's 'free' bass, the anger, the serious interpretation of emotion. It's all here.

(38) After James Brown there was Sly Stone. the new developments included white/black band, male/female, an almost Marc Bolan 'spell' element to the songs and serious grooves. On 'Riot' the cocaine and paranoia mix to create a classic of drug-induced madness. Now wasted!

(39) The music is soft, with an almost latin tempo, Curtis pushes his voice (with zero effort), freedom is the desire (in every sense), the message is strong (but subtle). All the forgotten work in the '60s is manipulated to a climax of 'correct' emotion. If anyone can listen to this and still be a racist, they deserve to be shot.

(40) Lowell George's Little Feat were in fact an enormous one. Much like the MCS (but quite different) they had learnt all the lessons and proceeded to create music of a stunning intensity. I can listen to side 1 of 'Sailin' Shoes' and never get bored.

(41) When we were boys, and used to wake up wrecked from another night's indulgence, my dead friend posited the theory that Keef and Mick had mixed this Lp as a cure for hang-overs. Whether or not this is true, I can't say, what I do know is that the bourgeois elegance of the Rolling Stones' experimentation peaks on this double Lp collection. To be both the King and to be in exile, there lies pain. What really happened at those mid-70s parties?

(42) The key to early Roxy Music is that Brian Ferry was acting (later he began to believe it himself). the mixture of (self-taught) piano, '50s Horns, rock guitar, science-fiction noise (the Eno element) and those oh! so intelligent songs meshed to create a real work of art. This is what can be done if you merge art-school avant-garde theory (science) with pop-trash (sex). A synthesis of sound.

(43) Clinton picked up the baton from Sly Stone in 1974 with 'Up For the Down-Stroke'. he persisted through the mid-70s belting out classic surreal groove thangs with a variety of bands (and a whole chunk of record-company advances.) This is one guy who was not going to be exploited! 'One Nation Under a Groove' is probably his classic; unification and benevolence: 'Here's our chance to dance our way out of our constrictions.'

(44) The Faces were a working-class version of the Rolling Stones. Rod's singing a constant (glue) hook, the haircuts a visual attraction. But there's something enticing about all that 'lad's together' stuff. And when they get emotive, man, you feel it. 'U Can Make me Dance' is (in Ralph's words) a council-house love-song. Could they boogie or what?

(45) Verlaine had that 'extreme' guitar style. Hell the hair-cut, the t-shirts and the 'attitude'. Together they inspired McLaren (well Hell did), if you check 'The Hollywood Sessions' bootleg (74) produced by Eno (no less!) you begin to understand what the Noo Yawk scene could have been like. If only people had wanted to marry trash with innovation ...

- (46) When Bohannon grooves the whole fuckin' world moves! If disco is a dirty word to you then sit on this. This (and the Fatbacks) was the peak of an era. When the pulse comes together with the scratch then you know that your feet will never fail you. When he uses strings (75/76) it's indescribable.
- (47) Pere Ubu weren't music they were a soundtrack to 'Erasorhead'. no, that's being childish, they were the revenge of the Savage Gods. 'Cloud 149' is my favourite and Peter Laughner also provides the linking factor (with Verlaine and Sager) to my own guitar style.
- (48) Shelley & Devoto together, pop music (albeit scratchy) with genuine cynical/emotional lyrics. The nihilism is perfect. 12 gigs, one Ep, one demo, Starway guitar, the cheapness of it all. The Manchesteriness of it all. 'Just tell me who are you trying to arouse - Get your hands out of my trousers.' And to think one ad saying 'Do you wanna work out a version of 'Sister Ray'?' led to this. The new world beckons.
- (49) Up there with King Tubby and Culture is this killer Dr Alimantado track. It's teaches as it preaches as it reaches ... Being born for a purpose I understood immediately (tacky!)
- (50) Yeah, Vic I know you were robbed, I know you appeared at the '76 Punk festival, I know you recorded 'Ambition', I know you moved faster than they could. I know you're a postman now, and I remember you even if they don't. Lots of love.
- (51) Paul Morley: 'Science Fiction. Music of structure and insight. Tantalising. Accusing. Compelling.' In reality one psychopathic Mancunian speed-freak, a left-handed scratch guitar wizard and a 'stance'. And people appreciated it (even if it was full of holes) until Mark E started 'thinking'. He still interviews well though!
- (52) As with Wilder, I have devoted enough room in this paper to the exploits of the Pop Group, suffice it to say that they had it all. 'We Are All Prostitutes' is my favourite song of all time. Period.
- (53) Philadelphia's last great moment and disco's last stand. 'Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now' catches an entire genre of hope (incorporating women's songs, black civil right numbers and the whole gay 'coming out' thing that was going down at the time), something that appears to be sadly lacking in music now. The synth punctuates in a most peculiar way and the 'Huhs' drive the point in.
- (54) After the Pop Group, The Fire Engines, Scotland's most serious offering to the great Punk debate. By this point the guitars had turned into 'slivers of glass', the frenetic scratching creating a dischord of noise that only a fool could refuse. Their version of 'Fascist Groove Thang' is immense. Davey Henderson later went on to lead Win, a band that offered skilful and subtle musical (trash-pop) respite in the barren wilderness of the late 1980s. Thanks, anyway.
- (55) When Cope was bashing out moderate pop singles in the early '80s ('Reward', 'Passionate Friend' etc) he was cramming the b-sides with some crazed acid experimentation. 'Christ versus Warhol' & 'Use Me' are my favourites, both offer a maelstrom of emotion, studio dubbing and sheer enthusiasm. 'I'm so happy because I can see so much to explore.'
- (56) Punk came to an end during 1982: the summer of the lovesong. Scritti, The Associates and Dexys were belting them out but for me ABC tore at the heart strings. We were young, we were in love, oh how we wept. (A parody of Morley!) Martin Fry's cheap attempts at re-writing Smokey Robinson numbers, the Horn (as in Trevor) arrangements. The sadness of it all. To be 19 again.
- (57) As for No 52, Best Lps: 'Kill Me In The Morning' & 'Tales Of Ordinary Madness'.
- (58) Prince is overrated, you know that, I know that and I bet he knows it. But he has knocked out some killer singles: 'Raspberry Beret' (Bolan), 'Kiss' & 'Sign of the Times' (Stones) and 'Batdance' (probably himself). The only time he cut something that was close to a successful Lp; 'The Black Album' his record company wouldn't release it. Shame on them.
- (59) Public Enemy were actually quite exciting until one realised it was all a sham. Little boys pretending to be big men. Still, the venom, the pace and the rhythm did thrill. To be honest, the secret was with the noise, most of the kids nowadays just don't understand that what scares the oldies is uncontrolled random noise. I don't know what this world is coming to either.
- (60) Adrian Sherwood is a clever muthafucker! He understands that drums are there to be manipulated, that rhythm is there to be perverted (played with), that conceptions are only understandings that have become normalised. His best work is on the first Tackhead Lp, there and only there can you hear what rap musicians (they are the rhythm section of The Sugarhill Gang) could do if they wanted to. 'In a free country everybody has to choose!' Fuck that!

BRIAN JONES

More than twenty years ago, shortly after the midnight hour, Lew Brian Jones was pulled unconscious from the bottom of the swimming pool situated in the grounds of his Sussex home.

The facts of Jones' death have, even after the passing of two full decades, remained strangely unclear. The 'official' story claims that, on the night of this supposed accident, Jones was sharing his abode with one Anna Wohlin, a 21-year-old nurse and apparently the victim's then-current girlfriend, who immediately attempted to revive her lover by means of artificial respiration, whilst another two figures present, Frank Thorogood, a 44-year-old builder, and 22-year-old nurse Jenny Lawson, hastily called a local doctor.

One fact, however, remains clear. Brian Jones was dead by the time the doctor and/or ambulance had arrived.

"Early this morning you knocked upon my door / I said 'Good Morning, Satan, I do believe it's time to go'."

The couplet comes from a classic blues number, 'Me And The Devil' written by legendary "enigma of the blues" Robert Johnson sometime in the late '30s. Johnson's actual history is so warped, so blighted by mystery that precise dates are nigh impossible to ascertain. In the place of historical fact has been constructed a sinister and unsettling wall of anecdotes and 'embellished truths' that, coupled with the songs of his own composing that have survived the blight and approximately 30 of which have formed the contents of two admirable CBS collections still readily available, portray Johnson as a young blood deeply ensnared in a tormented lifestyle of part-hedonism and part hand of fate, psychotic and misery that would rob him of his life before he reached his mid-twenties. More to the point Johnson, fanciful legend declares, was a figure who sold his soul to the devil in order to become undisputed 'king of the blues' and who consequently was dogged by demons intent on driving him down six feet under the ground.

All very colourful mythology and as spooky as you want it to be - this image of the musician as hell-bent hedonist forever living on the edge and constantly chased by demonic forces

intent on marking out a short life-line for their victim was instigated by Johnson but has, with the advent of rock'n'roll, been utilised to explain the blighted lives and deaths of the likes of Jimi Hendrix (all too often regarded as Johnson's spiritual heir), Gram Parsons ... and Brian Jones.

Ironically, in the early autumn of 1968 Mick Jagger, lead singer of the Rolling Stones, the band that Brian Jones, along with Jagger and one Keith Richards had pioneered into action in the early '60s, would sing those very lines from 'Me And The Devil' in a specially prepared sequence for *Performance*, a film that would finally be released three years and much wrangling after its completion.

Jagger played the part of Turner, a recluse rock star who'd lost his 'demon' and the consequent 'bottle' he needed to put on a performance. Many have claimed that Jagger in order to find the persona for this part - a persona that would avoid the need for the singer to get too 'autobiographical' - used cohort Brian Jones as the prime source for his characterisation.

In his biography of Jagger, Anthony Scaduto quotes Marianne Faithful as substantiating this claim while Amanda Lear, (in a recent interview, claims that *Performance* producer Donald Cammell told her that 'Turner' and the females, primarily the character played by Anita Pallenberg, ensconced with him were principally based on Ms Lear's brief liaison in 1967 with Jones. The facts that a) Scaduto's book was loaded with inaccuracies, with Ms Faithful's reminiscences in particular being a touch 'fanciful' and b) Ms Lear will say *anything*, however mischievously based on pure fiction, in order to increase her notoriety, should not however be discounted here.

Another film, made in 1968, and prominently featuring Jagger and the Stones, however captured the state Brian Jones was really in just a year before his death. In *1 + 1* Jean-Luc Godard chose to juxtapose his own often-obtuse little vignettes dealing with the politics of 'revolution' (1968, you may recall, was the year of mass student unrest with the Chicago riots over in the USA and also much closer to home, the Paris riots instigated by French



His Royal Highness, The King of Madness.

students but exploding with the workers lending their support and nearly toppling the government with brash displays of mass discontent) with the Stones in the studio, slowly but surely constructing 'Sympathy For The Devil' into a shape it would *not* take when 'Beggar's Banquet' was later released.

Jagger and Richards were in fine fettle, experimenting with the song's structure while Mrs. Watts, Wyman and Nicky Hopkins dutifully followed orders. Brian Jones however was stuck away to one side, alone in a booth where he strummed an acoustic guitar which, unbeknownst to the hapless Jones, was unmiked. Overweight and drugged out into a state of miserable numbness, he looked pathetic, particularly in contrast to Jagger and Richards who at this point were looking the sharp, elegant dandies of which Jones himself was once the very epitome.

Jones' demeanour, warped and badly shaken by the culmination of events of which he'd been part instigator / part victim, was further demoralised by the continued presence of Anita Pallenberg, a tough, vicarious beauty whom, many insiders claim, was the only woman Jones had ever really loved. Their affair - tempestuous, wild and very, very intense - had collapsed in the summer of '67 when Pallenberg, purportedly disgusted by Jones' bestial behaviour in Morocco, had turned to fellow traveller Keith Richards for comfort.

The relationship between Keef and Anita blossomed overnight into romance and the pair left Jones abroad under circumstances that, once again, have caused a plethora of rumours of double-crossing and devious hanky-panky. But, whatever the fact or fiction may be, Jones, however 'gross' his behaviour had been whilst inebriated, was shattered by Ms Pallenberg's departure alongside Richards.

Now, it's 1968. Jagger and Richards are really 'hitting the note' with the music that'll make 'Beggar's Banquet' the Stones' strongest album to date and a stunning return to form after the 'Satanic Majesties' snafu. Meanwhile Brian Jones is falling apart, as close to a broken man as can be found. His 'demons' are innumerable and are constantly dogging the hazy vision directing his actions. Heart-broken, psychologically addicted to poly-drug abuse, pursued by the police to the point where his state of mind - at its strongest indelibly streaked with a sensitivity that in time of

stress reverted to a form of paranoia that could well be classed as a form of clinical insanity - is severely unbalanced. Jones, once so buoyant, so cock-sure, so secure behind that exquisite Siamese-cat smirk of a grin, the ultimate Beau Brummel, has degenerated into an uncontrollable, brain-scrambled wreck.

In a year's time, after hitting the abyss, he will duly state that he has left the Rolling Stones. Even though many observers claim that, at the time of his choosing to sever a bond that had been causing immeasurable grief to both parties, Jones was in better health than he'd been in for at least two years and that he was beginning to formulate a musical vision and get his often wretched lifestyle into some decent perspective, it took less than a month from June 9, when his departure from the Stones was 'officially' declared, to the fateful early hours of July 3 to consummate the final open verdict of his death by misadventure.

Brian Jones' life was full of highs and lows, many of them instigated by his own penchant for a hedonism that could be vicious, nay sadistic, at times. For every overly sympathetic portrayal of Jones in which the ex-Stone inevitably ends up playing the hapless and over-sensitive victim, there is another abrasively antithetical portrayal of the man as a self-centred narcissistic, talentless sadist revelling in an ugly, unsettling pleasure at the mayhem and misery he all too often caused those who crossed his path. Both sides have their convincing tales to tell, but ultimately Jones' story needs a third party - someone to grant the man's story an angle it has thus far never received. What follows is an attempt at just that.

The only way in which to outline a responsibly accurate view of Brian Jones' life inevitably leads one to checking through the facts and ephemera so far published on the man, and to talk with those people who really did have close contact with Jones - from those who knew him during his early years as teenage reprobate and sullen rebel living in all-too-sedate Cheltenham, through the inevitable move to London where, adopting the pseudonym "Elmo Lewis", he set about making a name for himself as a promising young blues guitarist on the small, incestuous London circuit (where blues obsessives were considered by and large a suspect, worrisome breed right at the time when trad jazz and skiffle were considered



Rolling Stones (L-R) Ian Stewart, Keith
Charlie, Brian [above], Mick [above], Bill.

respectable, safe forms of musical entertainment, a state of affairs more than consummated by a stringent quasi-mafia of London club owners who made sure the latter, orthodox, spineless forms ruled to the gutsier, more vibrant form's detriment) and then directly on to the consummation of the Rolling Stones, the 1963-66 period of culminative super-notoriety, musical progress, world-wide success and a gruelling, unceasing workload mainly involving endless touring with recording sessions set up, more often than not, on convenient days off.

And then, beginning with late '66 and the Stones' spurning of such debilitating schedules, one has to note Jones' slow, sordid, downbound spiral into debauchery, a traumatic love affair, drug abuse, drug busts instigated by an arguably ruthless conspiracy on the part of certain policemen bent on playing havoc with Jones' psychological weaknesses. Finally one follows Jones' last months as a Rolling Stone and sees something of what seemed to some to be the beginnings of revitalisation - spiritual, psychological and physical - suddenly cut short by his death under circumstances that still remain hazy and open-ended.

A few years ago I set about attempting to draw together an often bewildering and confused set of statements from a number of key-informants who had known Jones well at different times in his life. Although I failed to contact several obvious key figures, principally Jones' parents, Anita Pallenberg, and other former lovers like Anna Wohlin and Pat Andrews (mother

of his second illegitimate child and the girl he took with him when he left Cheltenham for London), I managed to interview an old Cheltenham croney and flat-mate of Jones during the most heated period of Stones activity in the mid-'60s, and also a shady character, a part-time drug dealer with unsettling connections with the East End gangster world who'd become a member of the Stones' entourage during '66, cultivating a relationship mainly with Jones and then Keith Richards, becoming the former's unofficial nurse-maid and the latter's 'right hand man' of sorts until in late 1974 he was unceremoniously fired for purportedly taking too many liberties with Richards' generosity.

The two most prestigious people I talked about Jones with were Richards himself - albeit informally - and Alexis Korner, whose candour and insight on the subject of a man whom he had certainly known extremely well, made him the most important witness.

Korner, vividly recalls the first time he encountered Jones. Korner, well-known amongst the albeit small brigade of ethnic blues obsessives dotted haphazardly around the length and the breadth of the British Isles, was, irrespective of his actual talents in said capacity, the pioneer, a much revered maverick who along with harp player Cyril Davies constituted the vanguard of the British Blues movement.

As a struggling professional, Korner in 1961 found himself billed alongside the more orthodox Chris Barber's Jazz Band at a suitably miniscule club in Cheltenham, a sedate, timidly conservative town perversely at odds with the style of music he was playing. Once offstage he was accosted by an intense young man, inebriated but charged up with a bravado and aggressive 'Dutch-courage' style of self-expression.

"It was Brian, of course. He was accompanied by a mate of his, I seem to recall, who said nothing. Not that anyone else could, because Brian was this pent-up ball of obsessive energy, talking away ten-to-the-dozen in an incredibly intense manner."

Korner remembers Jones boasting of his abilities as a blues guitarist, quizzing him about possible outlets for his talent, throwing in obviously concocted 'tall tales' about his past, at once desperate to communicate with a fellow blues obsessive but mostly talking at

Korner, Jones' intensity, the manic obsessiveness of his whole manner - these were the traits Korner recalls most dramatically.

Jones' encounter with Korner was not without its measure of subsequent momentum, but at the time it served only to temporarily satiate an overbearing restlessness and misery caused through Jones' Cheltenham background. That fate should place a spirit as temperamental, rebellious, and prone to bouts of chronic depression as Jones' in a sluggish antiquated environment like Cheltenham could easily be regarded as a blight he could never quite overcome and thus an essential factor in the reasons for his all-too brief lifespan. The rest of the Stones were all born within an agreeable proximity to London - Jagger and Richards being schoolchums raised from birth in Dartford, Bill Wyman hailing from exotic Penge, and Charlie Watts, closest of all, born in Islington.

Certainly Keith Richards, in his mammoth interview for *Rolling Stone* conducted in 1971, by Robert Greenfield believed this to be true. As Richards informed Greenfield; "Brian was from Cheltenham, a very genteel town full of old ladies, where it used to be very fashionable to take the baths once a year at Cheltenham Spa. It's a Regency thing, you know,

Beau Brummel and all that. Turn of the twentieth century vibe .. but just a seedy place full of aspirations to be an aristocratic town. It rubs off on anyone who comes from there."

"... He (Brian) had to conquer London first, that was his big thing. He felt happy when we'd made it in London, when we the hip band in London. For me and Mick, it didn't mean a thing, because it was just our town."

A pertinent issue indeed, then, was Cheltenham. Certainly Jones' sojourn there, once he'd reached his teens, was a miserable if volatile, one for all parties involved. The 'olde worlde' style of the town repelled him to the point where his frustrations and depressions led to resentment against any and all forms of authority. He instigated a riot at his school, despite having proved himself a potential academic wonderkid. From then on, Jones and the academic world never gelled. Furthermore, he openly scandalised the family name by siring two illegitimate children before he was 17. Music was the only outlet for his frustrations, although his first ventures into the realms of semi-pro musicianship saw him being kicked out of several trad jazz groups who all considered his self taught attempts at playing alto saxophone and clarinet as abysmal.



Live at The Belle-Vue, Manchester, 1964.



Jones was far more successful at playing guitar, anyway, having upturned trad for the infinitely more invigorating blues of Elmore James. After an anguished stint busking around Scandinavia, he returned to Cheltenham and played with a straight-ahead instrumental rock combo, The Ramrods, until his burgeoning restlessness and repulsion at having to play one Duane Eddy number after another forced him to make the big move to London.

After a number of menial jobs (amongst them, Whiteley's departmental store in Queensway, then the Civil Service store in the Strand - he was sacked from both for till-pilfering), his bravado, plus the change of name to 'Elmo Lewis', (inspired by his key influence Elmore James), got him in with the small blues movement of the time. He learnt harmonica from Cyril Davies and sometimes guested with Korner's Blues Band Incorporated, but secretly wishes to lead his own R&B band. An advert placed in *Jazz News* got the nucleus of the self-named Blues by Five motivating with an ever-changing roster including Ian Stewart, Charlie Watts (very briefly), guitarist Geoff Bradford and vocalist PP Pond (later to be known as Manfred Mann's Paul Jones).

Versions of Jones' first meeting with Mick Jagger and Keith Richards are hazy. Richards

claims he saw Jones playing 'Dust My Blues' as a guest spot with Alexis Korner. Both he and Jagger were highly impressed and a rapport began. Anyway, Blues by Five broke up when Jones, enraged by the apathy of punters sequestered in the top room of the Bricklayer's Arms, stormed the makeshift stage shouting "fuck you bastards", and immediately joined up with Jagger and Richards.

This is where we start to clash with the all-too-well documented history. The name 'Rollin' Stones' was taken from a Muddy Waters song, Brian Jones showing his compatriots the Elmore James style, Jagger tossing in his Jimmy Reed influence, Richards the Chuck Berry fanatic. Enter Messrs Wyman and Watts, plus of course, poor old Ian Stewart. A residency at the Station Hotel in Kew Road follows, and in one month the audience rises from 50 to an ecstatic 500.

Enter Andrew Oldham, 19-year-old publicist for Brian Epstein and all-round sharp hustler, plus partner Eric Eastern. They became the official Stones managers, thus crudely ousting Georgio Gomelsky, the previous benefactor. After first attempting to smarten them up, Oldham realises the potential of the band's habitual sloppy style of dress and unkempt appearance. Barbers are peeved, parents shocked, their off-spring

mesmerised 'Would You Let Your Daughter Marry A Rolling Stone?'

A long-term Decca contract sires two minor-league chart entries, then it's third time lucky with 'Not Fade Away'. A stunning first album is released. In June 1964, a pungent, snarling version of the Valentino's 'It's All Over Now', bulls-eyes to No.1. The follow-up, Howlin' Wolf's 'Little Red Rooster', the Stones' most ethnic blues work-out to date, hits that bullseye again, this time on its first week of release. A second album is similarly successful.

Then, in 1965, after one hideous attempt to break the States, the summer of that year sees 'Satisfaction' lodged at No.1 in the US charts. The Stones are by now a world-wide success. The pace is fever pitch fast, but the output somehow holds up, through 'Get Off My Cloud', 'Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown', 'Paint It Black', etc.

By now, a songwriting team matching Richards' tunes and riffs with Jagger's sneering lyrics, has been long established. 1966's album 'Aftermath' breaks more ground. The Stones bow out of touring with 'Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby' and a Royal Albert gig reaching new heights of audience mayhem.

In this current era of one album a year with one or two singles more often than not taken from said album being the required output for a successful band, the days of two albums a year and four singles not destined for album registration appear long forgotten. However, in the three years - 1963-66 - the Rolling Stones delivered and toured ceaselessly, and the turmoil caused by a frankly inhuman workload, one long hideous blur of "hotel and too many dumb chicks" as Keith Richards recalls it (the latter of course providing Jagger with the subject for his vicious misogynist treatises, most notably on 'Aftermath') had shaken up the Stones badly.

No-one was more destroyed by the brutal routine than Brian Jones. His dream was always to have led a band, and indeed in the beginning - at those marginal Station Hotel gigs - he was probably the leader. The bill-posters initially read "Mick Jagger, Brian Jones and the Rolling Stones". However, two vital destructive factors had occurred, the first being that it was Jagger and Richards who were writing the songs and thus had considerably more say in the form the music took, the second being that Andrew

Oldham didn't get along with Jones, even suggesting to the other members in clandestine conferences that he be removed from the line-up. After all, his guitar playing had deteriorated, plus his good looks were drawing the spotlight away from Jagger, whom Oldham saw as the key member.

Jones' flatmate of the time prefers some semblance of anonymity. A nervy, intense type, he asks to be referred to simply as "Dave". "They'll know who I am," he remarks. And they do indeed, they being old Stones aides-de-camp and former fan club secretaries. Yes, they reply, Dave was very close to Brian. One of his few close friends in fact.

Dave affectionately shuffles through old photos of Jones he took in 1965. He is very concerned that "the real story" be told. Dave recalls Brian, by this time a successful Rolling Stone, literally quaking and claiming that he'd accidentally overheard Oldham 'plotting' his removal from the band. Dave, knowing Jones to be prone to fits of paranoia, went to the door of the hotel room "and-sure enough I could hear him (Oldham) trying to convince Mick and Keith."

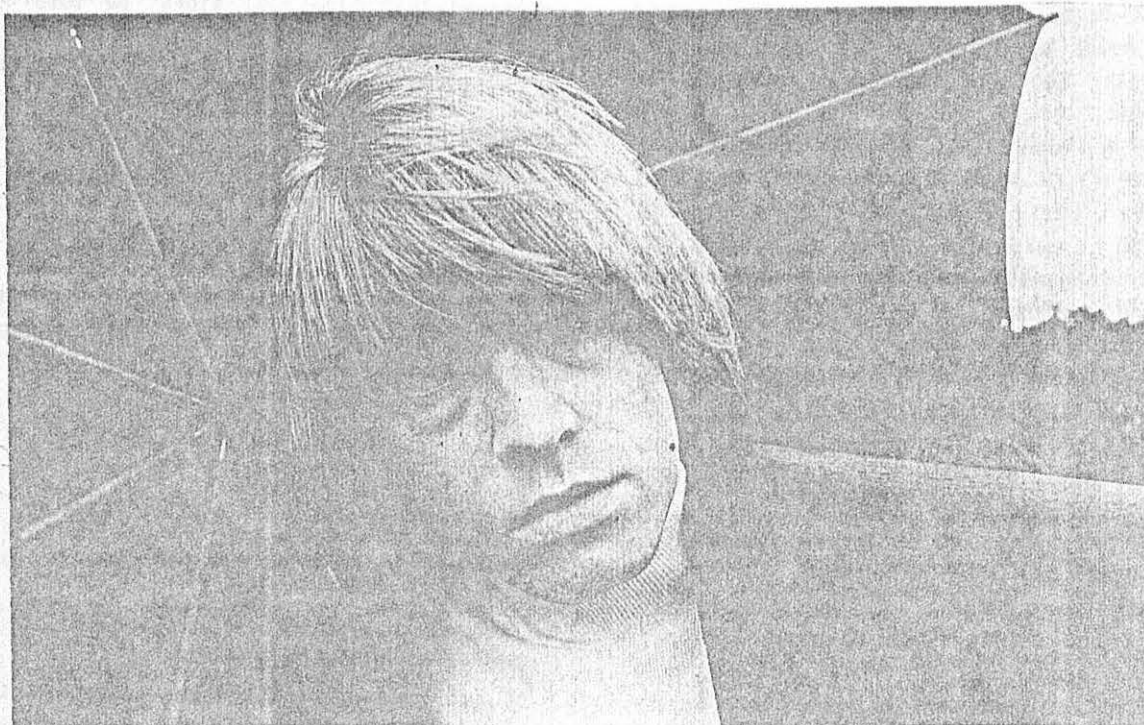
Jones' paranoia would immediately turn to a boastful petulance. Was it not a fact that he, Brian Jones, was the one the girls craved for most? He was the best-looking, the sharpest dresser, the hippest member of the band. He was the one that picked up on things first, the most daring. He'd smoked dope first, dropped acid first. They were jealous of him, because he got the best-looking girlfriends, because he was the most outrageous. Without him the Rolling Stones were nothing - or so he convinced himself over and over again.

The fact is that the Stones possessed three strong figures who somehow never gelled socially, certainly not after success had struck. It would be Mick and Brian, thick as thieves - for a while, or Keith and Brian hanging out as close as twins. But as a threesome the chemistry never meshed. Someone was always left out and it was a situation as much to do with Brian's own plotting as with any natural human imbalances.

The frightening thing for Jones was that Mick and Keith were tied together by their songwriting partnership, not to mention that they came from the same area and knew each other at the age of six. A veritable Romulus and Remus coupling were the two Dartford jive

boys, raised in an environment fundamentally alien to Cheltenham and Jones with his constant, fidgety neuroses and caprices.

As the Stones' success grew virtually week by week, so Jones' once urgent desire to be "the undisputed leader" of the band became a feeble pipedream. Realising this, he worked adamantly on areas where his presence would be an indisputable necessity. When onstage, as Jagger strutted imperiously in a cleverly personalised pastiche of James Brown's classic moves, and Richards dipped and dived thrusting his guitar forward like a bayonet, Jones would attempt to upstage them both by posturing, his face a mask of mischief complementing the effete gestures.



Jones didn't get physically caught up in the pulse of the music so much. Instead he coasted along in a display of serenity, as if the very casualness of his stance was positive proof of his superior stature.

In other words, he'd decided that if he couldn't be the creative leader of the Stones, he'd be the most elegant, stylish teen dream pop star of the group, of any group.

As a musician, Jones' manner also manifested itself. So Mick and Keith wrote the songs - well, then he, Jones, would compensate by constantly dabbling with other more exotic instruments. There was the sitar he guachely picked at, cross-legged, on 'Paint It Black', the dulcimer he played rudely on 'Lady Jane'.

Jones was in fact the quintessential dabbler - the king of rock dilettantes, enshrined in an area where style not expertise was the be-all and end-all. The only instrument he could really play with any extensive ability was the harmonica. By 1965 he'd virtually forsaken guitar, bowing out with the spookily evocative (and innovative in terms of the white R&B context) slide embellishments featured on 'Little Red Rooster', the number that Jones was to eventually nominate as his favourite Rolling Stones track.

As far as live gigs went, this was no great problem at the time. This was, after all, the heyday of Stones mania - when, as Richards was

to reminisce to Robert Greenfield, "no-one could hear a thing, what with that weird sound that thousands of chicks make when they're lettin' it all out. They couldn't hear the music, and, because there were never any monitors, neither could we". Jones simply maintained his mischievous air, whilst Richards alone kept up "the crude wall of frantic strumming" that constituted the band's live guitar sound.

Jones' boredom with the guitar and onstage ritual was only a minor problem, however. Jones' flatmate Dave would sometimes travel with the Stones and it was on one such occasion that a concerned Charlie Watts took him to one side.

"Charlie had noticed that Brian was drinking very heavily. He was concerned about Brian's well-being, his health. He thought that Brian was fast becoming an alcoholic."

This was to be the first manifestation of Jones' addictive personality. Soon enough, the shadow of alcoholism was nothing compared to the mind-scrambling quantities of drugs Jones was pouring into his system day and night for literally years.

Perhaps Dave's most interesting story is the one he tells about Jones' encounter with Bob Dylan.

The mid '60s were a period of intense competition for major rock acts, with everyone who was anyone feverishly experimenting, dabbling with new sounds - The Byrds, Brian Wilson, The Yardbirds, The Stones and, most importantly, The Beatles and Bob Dylan. Dylan was the king, the bard, and those two years would see him at his most mercurial and daring, pushing himself so fast and so hard that, by the autumn of '66, the lunatic pace he was maintaining left him straddled unconscious in the middle of a dusty road, either symbolically (the unofficial story tells of a breakdown and a lengthy detoxification from heroin and amphetamine addiction) or actually (the motorbike accident). Dylan, himself was a fizzing, walking time-bomb of vicious ego-mania, bursting with vengeful ardour and twisted malice. He had the sharpest tongue, the wittiest turn of phrase and a hypersardonic penchant for put-ons and put-downs. His was an awesome and frightening presence and, like a legendary youngblood gunfighter, he'd check out the opposition, making sure the latter knew who was boss - him.

Dylan and his entourage made bee-lines, first for The Beatles, then for The Stones. As far as The Beatles were concerned, Dylan struck up a relationship with John Lennon, a liason that Lennon was later to admit made him feel constantly uptight. Dylan evidently took an immediate liking to Brian Jones, possibly out of admiration for his contemporary Beau Brummel style, a style that the folkie turned speed-freak rocker was interested in cultivating himself.

New York Post writer Al Aranowitz, an accepted member of both Dylan's and the Stones' inner sanctums, wrote of Dylan and Robbie Robertson turning up to a party at a 500 dollars-a-day penthouse suite in some grand New York hotel in

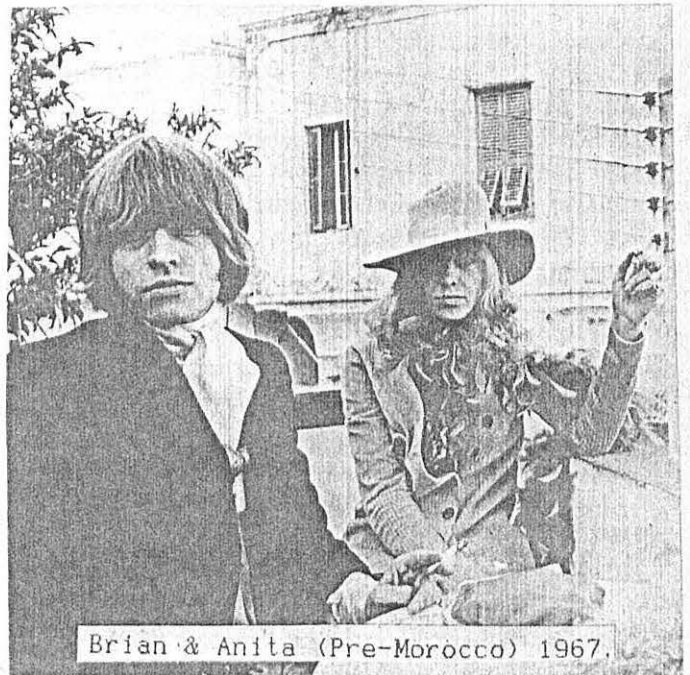
order to coerce Jones into jamming with them. The ensuing jam was so intense, Jones' harp playing so abrasive that his lips were bleeding profusely. "Don't be so paranoid Brian," Dylan would slyly but affectionately admonish. Later, Dylan turned up again, with the sole intention of seeing Jones, at 1 am in Manhattan's Lincoln Square Hotel.

Dave puts the capper on these Dylan-Jones liasons when he claims that one night in '65 Brian received a phone-call from Dylan asking him to join his back-up band; "Brian was frightened of Dylan, though. He refused to go into great detail about the encounters and the phone call but he did say that he thought Dylan was a fraud."

To top even this, just as Dylan had mercilessly lampooned John Lennon by writing '4th Time Around' as a cliqueish retort to Lennon's 'Norwegian Wood', Brian Jones firmly believed that 'Ballad Of A Thin Man' was written as a put-down of himself, the line "Something is going on here but you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones?" used to pinprick his insecurity.

Dylan however was still mooted to be best man at a wedding for Brian Jones. In 1965, a press report stated that rumours were sweeping London that Jones was set to marry German-born Anita Pallenberg. A Chelsea party was apparently a hot-bed of gossip about this with Jones, probably in a stoned stupour, dropping Dylan's name as best man.

Although no wedding took place, the fact



Brian & Anita (Pre-Morocco) 1967.

remains that Anita Pallenberg was a true, kindred spirit, not like all the dumb 'dolly birds' and Cathy McGowan clones he'd relentlessly gone through one after the other tossing them aside like so much debris. An ex-model turned actress, Pallenberg was not merely a striking beauty but a powerful, ruthlessly amoral woman of the world who fed on new pleasures, on outrage, on taking life to the limits of endurance. She had a fearsome presence and she saw in the Stones that essence of danger and amoral toughness that Brian Jones, more than any other member of the band, personified.

The two principal films she appeared in - first *Barbarella* (1967) where her role as evil haridan-beauty was perfectly complemented by the voice of Fenella Fielding and then *Performance* (in a part that required the minimum of acting, so close was it to her own personality) - grant one an excellent insight into her character.

Dave blames Pallenberg more than anyone for causing his beloved friend's downfall, though it's a charge weighted with bias since her arrival at the flat he and Jones shared virtually forced him to vacate the premises. Anita wanted privacy for herself and Brian. After that, Dave and Brian never met.

To detail the relationship Jones and Pallenberg enjoyed would perhaps drag this piece into squalid sensationalism. Suffice to say that all avenues of experience, be they sexual, chemical or otherwise, were explored. Certainly Pallenberg had a striking effect on Jones visually. His hair cut in a French bouffant, his face embellished with make-up, Brian Jones never looked more exquisite before or after. The Brunel heritage of Cheltenham that Richards referred to was more than accurate, as Jones' style moved from a sharp mod look and the matelot sweaters and white jeans of '65 into a fullblown display of Edwardian velvet jackets in gauche colours and patterns, swathes of scarves, jewellery and a white floppy hat coquettishly perched on his exquisite bouffant. Jagger and Richards tried to emulate the look but they couldn't touch Jones.

In January '67 the band lined up in Hyde Park for a photo session to celebrate the release of 'Between The Buttons', a session that was to be Jones' last and finest hour as rock'n'roll dilettante and the Stones most photogenic

member.

Just prior to this, Jones had issued a photo of himself decked out in full Nazi regalia, his jackboot stamped down on a doll. The idea was Pallenberg's. Jones' only comment on the shot was "The point of it is that there is no point." *Kave* magazine, a '60's monthly for 'dolly birds' ran the photo with a grave tut-tut of a caption. Ironically, the same magazine had just run an inconclusive piece on Jones' strange behaviour of late, noting that the once-gregarious Brian had become insular and uncommunicative. No overt references were made, but the between-the-lines read-out hinted at hard drug-taking and Brian Jones in far-from-healthy fettle.

Which was true. The Pallenberg-Jones relationship was based on who could take things to the furthest limit. The essential difference was that whereas Pallenberg had a real strength of character, a quasi-ruthlessness that held her together, Jones was an unstable personality unable to cope with the come-downs whilst at the same time discovering sides to himself - very ugly sides - that he couldn't contain. The writing was already on the wall with the fateful holiday to Morocco when Pallenberg left with Keith Richards. Richards addressed the subject of this Moroccan sojourn to Pete Erskine in an *NME* interview circa August 1974.

"The thing that blew it was when we went down to Morocco and he was pulling this hard-man number knocking off Moroccan whores - uh - being absolutely disgustin' ... so I said 'C'mon baby, I'm takin' you home.' So we left and that was the end of Brian and me as friends."

Of all the Stones, Keith Richards has been the only member willing to be expansive about Brian Jones (Jagger finds the subject very touchy while Watts and Wyman never really got close enough to Jones, despite being in the same group, to be truly informative). Richards' quotes and views on Jones have often been contradictory. To Robert Greenfield, Richards eulogised at length on Jones' abilities as a fine and versatile musician. To Erskine, Keith claimed "Brian wasn't a great musician" before detailing Jones' problems, his animosity towards the Stones, the fact that "he always needed an enemy - an imaginary foe. Brian would always manipulate people into situations of proving your friendship to him by doing something dastardly to the other person."

As regards the ructions of the Jones-Pallenberg break-up, Jones' body-guard/nursemaid - we'll refer to him as Mr D for convenience sake - claims: "It's certain that Anita was the only woman Brian ever loved. But then again, I don't think Brian was really capable of 'love' as most people feel it."

'Returning from Morocco, Jones continued on his fearsomely self-destructive course of poly-drug abuse. Mr D describes a typical Jones day: "He'd wake up in the morning, take leapers, cocaine, some morphine, a few tabs of acid and maybe some Mandrax. Then he'd try and get dressed and end up with, like, a lizard-skin boot on one foot and a pink shoe on the other. He could barely stand up."



Brian & Anita - Cannes Film Festival 1967.

And then there were the busts, the first was a fair cop, the second evidently a 'plant' since Jones had been warned of the event two hours before it took place. By now, the mixture of drugs, misery and extreme stress had played such havoc with Jones' paranoia that, according to Mr D "He was too scared to go out to buy a pack of fags because he believed the guy behind the counter was a plain-clothes cop."

The stress caused him to adopt a disturbing series of mannerisms; a bleary glazed stare, a voice so soft it was a ghostly whisper. A stay at a mental hospital didn't help matters, simply because Jones took all his drugs in with him.

Alexis Korner remembers seeing Jones in late '67: "He looked like some debauched vision of Louis XIV. Seeing him there suddenly made me realise that acid could cause brain damage. It was hideous to see him in such a wretched

condition."

'Satanic Majesties' was the last album Jones contributed to. Zonked on hallucinogenics, he would tinker around with sounds - that is, if he was capable of attaching the tape spool to the Revox. Many times Mr D went round to see him, Jones would be passed out in yards of twisted tape.

And then there were all the threats Mr D had to deal with, "Like the brothers of some girl he'd made pregnant would be after him with rifles - things like that. Or some heavy friends of a girl he'd beaten up 'cos Brian liked to ... y'know ... he could be vicious."

In 1968 the Stones were eager to revitalise their forces. 'Satanic Majesties' had been a mistake but 'Beggars Banquet' was a return to rock and roll and what they did best. Jones, however, was so far gone he couldn't hold himself together.

As Mr D recalls - "Brian would work out his parts for a track in readiness for the session on the night. When he got there, he just couldn't play a note. He just fell to pieces. I just recall Brian always breaking down in tears, pleading with me 'You heard me playing it before, You know I could do it, You heard me'."

After 'Beggars Banquet' was long completed, Brian Jones went to court for the second time and on September 28th, 1968, he was fined and freed. A photo taken outside the building has Jones virtually propped up by Richards and Jagger, both wide-eyes and grinning, arms around Jones whose face has the look of doomed bemusement.





Rock'n'Roll Circus, 1967.

The announcement the following June of Brian Jones' quitting was 'official' but the band had been severed long before that. Even with the busts out of the way, the Stones as they were couldn't tour because, physically, Jones just couldn't have taken the strain.

By this time he'd found a sort of solace living in the house where AA Milne had lived and written 'Winnie The Pooh'. Alexis Korner recalls Brian, the retired pop star, opening up old trunks of his pompadour clothes - the finest velvets, silks and satins and stroking the material like some starry-eyed child. Korner was also involved in Jones' tentative plans for a new career away from the Stones. He wanted to tour with Korner's newly-formed Electric Church but was still physically too weak to go on the road.

As far as musical ideas were concerned, Jones was inspired by the first two Creedence Clearwater Revival albums, yet at the same time, he was interested in getting back into playing saxophone and was listening to modern jazz. As usual Jones could never firmly get to grips with a sound, vision. It was all glimpses, splintered, incoherent, often at odds with each other, and though his mood had stabilised considerably, the elation of possibly, beginning a new cycle was always at odds with the dreadful fear of just being a "has been ... branded an ex-Rolling Stone for the rest of my life."

Not long before his death, he drove down to Cheltenham to see his parents. Whilst his chauffeur, Brian Palantanga, was out in the gardens talking with Jones' father, he espied

Brian "looking at us from his bedroom window, just staring in a strange way. When we got back inside I asked him why he'd been looking like that. He just said 'I wish I could be back here'."

It's claimed that Jones also confessed to his parents that he wished he'd never gone through his whole Stones career. The plea of "Please don't judge me too harshly" came from the same talk with his father. These can only be construed as the words of a man who knew his time was running out, a man who could see all the horrors of his life - many of them purely of his own instigation. - flashing by in nightmarish glimpses.

When his death was announced it instigated a flurry of tributes. Pete Townshend wrote a song, 'The Man Who Died Every Day', although whether it was recorded is unknown. Manfred Mann composed a piece dedicated to Jones' death using a radio broadcast repeated over and over again juxtaposed against an emotive, funeral instrumentation. Most ironic of all was a poem Jim Morrison wrote, 'On The Death Of Brian Jones'. Two years later to the day, Morrison himself was found dead in a bath. Like Jones, he'd announced in relation to his time with The Doors, "If I had to do it again, I wouldn't."

Yet all the tributes to Jones' seem somehow to ring with an overwrought knell. Because Jones' life and death don't even seem truly apposite when tied to a quote from a Robert Johnson song - they're both more fanciful than anything else. Two songs stick out as definitive paeans to Jones' star-crossed existence: Bryan Ferry's 'Casanova' and The Byrds 'So You Wanna Be A

Rock'n'Roll Star'.

All the tears and blithe and bitter memories should be left behind to those who actually knew him (as Sally Arnold, the Stones' fan club secretary stated when refusing to be interviewed in depth on the subject of Jones - "When Brian would come into the office he was like Mr Sunshine. His personal life, though, was a whole other grief-ridden matter.")

All that Jones lived for, lived through, created, destroyed and died for don't account for much. And yet a moral is in there somewhere - a moral that needs stating even today because, death has not abandoned popular music. Young men live out images until it is too late to turn back from the chaos that has been caused. I feel nothing when I hear that another star has died, just as I distinctly recall feeling nothing when I heard the news of Brian Jones' death. Just a numbing sensation because guys like Jones numb themselves through excess and forfeit their life for some bogus myth some facile twerp will always refer to as 'rock'n'roll'.

And, God knows, rock'n'roll is the last thing in the world worth dying for.

*This essay was written by Nick Kent
and originally published
in the New Musical Express in 1979.*

A ROLLING STONES DISCOGRAPHY 1962-72.

*Come On/I Want To Be Loved, Jun 63,
I Wanna Be Your Man/Stoned, Nov 63,*

*The Rolling Stones, Ep, Jan 64,
Not Fade Away/Little By Little, Feb 64,
The Rolling Stones, Lp, Apr 64,
Its All Over Now/Good Times Bad Times, Jun 64,
Five By Five, Ep, Aug 64,
Little Red Rooster/Off The Hook, Nov 64,
The Rolling Stones No2, Lp, Jan 65,
The Last Time/Play With Fire, Feb 65,
Got Live If You Want It, Live Ep, Jun 65,
(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction/The Spider and
The Fly, Aug 65,
Out Of Our Heads, Lp, Sep 65,
Get Off Of My Cloud/The Singer Not The
Song, Oct 65,
19th Nervous Breakdown/As Tears Go By, Feb 66,
Aftermath, Lp, Apr 66,
Paint It Black/Long Long While, May 66,
Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In
The Shadows/Driving Your Plane, Sep 66,
Lets Spend The Night Together/Ruby
Tuesday, Jan 67,
Between The Buttons, Lp, Jan 67,
We Love You/Dandelion, Aug 67,
Their Satanic Majesties Request, Lp, Dec 67,
Jumpin Jack Flash/Child Of The Moon, May 68,
Beggars Banquet, Lp, Dec 68,
Honky Tonk Women/You Cant Always Get What You
Want, Jul 69,
Let It Bleed, Lp, Dec 69,
Get Yer Ya-Yas Out, Live Lp, Sep 70,
Brown Sugar/Bitch/Let It Rock, Apr 71,
Sticky Fingers, Lp, Apr 71,
Tumbling Dice/Sweet Black Angel, Apr 72,
Exile On Main Street, Double Lp, May 72,*

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The last photo of the original line-up:
(L-R) Mick, Keef, Charlie, Bill, Brian.

THE VOICE

The idea for this piece came of a growing frustration with attempts to "describe" voices which moved me. What was it in/about/of those voices that offered such pleasure? What was it of their very substance, regardless of song-selection or production, that magnetised, pulled me into them? And how could I touch it, how could thought find a way into it?

Yet why try to get to it anyway - why force language to torture itself for what might be said of this voice's "melancholy" or that one's "frenzy"? How could one not be, simply, wholly subjective in one's claims on the *objective*?

Well, because it's there. "It". Because language points us there. (And because words aren't everything, and that has to be said.)

A voice is just a sound, a timbre, which I've come to know, which I know is always there: something I can call on, something like "an old friend". Of course it exists in interdependent relation to the other components of a music/style/song, and yet there must be something that is delivered, offered, through that voice which makes it work.

What excites me is how we digest a voice, how we receive it. What we make of it once it's running in the blood and its paralinguistic messages have been fed into the heart. What is the private moment of the voice as it is enveloped/shrouded by the public act of "expression"?

Can we detach from what (as pop consumers, archivists, etc.) we already "know" of these voices/bodies/images - dissociate those images? Almost certainly not, and yet we might try. Roland Barthes raged at the way we say only "what can be said" about music; what there is about it that makes us feel safe and whole as human individuals.

Barthes could not abide the notion that we merely match a singer's "sadness" to our own comprehension of *what is sad*. Instead he nagged about "the voluptuousness of sound-signifiers", "something which is directly the cantor's body"

"Isn't it the truth of the voice to be hallucinated?" he asked.

Voices "tell" us something beyond the words they mould, tell of infinite potentialities of sensation which are perhaps quite inaccessible to language. After all, why would a man sing if he could speak what was on his mind?

As the anthropologist/zoologist/psychiatrist Gregory Bateson put it, "I am concerned with what important psychic information is in the art object quite apart from what it may 'represent'."

The following are just some noises (one might as well say 'flavours') which have affected (infected?) me as the listener. I would hope they suggest the many kinds of pleasure obtainable from the human voice.

It is a more or less arbitrary selection constricted by time, space, disorder. Most are black, since black people generally can sing and whites can't, but many of my favourites are missing: Sam Cooke is not here, nor are Aretha, Wowack, Gladys Knight, Or; Jerry Butler, Etta James, Russell Tompkins of The Stylistics, Bunny Wailer, Jackie Wilson, Betty Lavette, Solomon Burke, and Howlin' Wolf. (Then again, nor are the three voices of The Band.) Some are there who I'm hardly certain of anymore, voices which if anything have become, like over-ripe fruit, slightly nauseating: Otis Redding, Van Morrison, but here they are, these voices, shades, ghosts

VAN MORRISON

"Yevvery yevvery t-t-t-tam ah t-t-t-try to speak" Van Morrison, now here's a sticky starter. Very probably he'd be here if he'd never recorded anything except 'Ballerina' off 'Astral Weeks', perhaps even if there was nothing in his entire *oeuvre* besides the five whimpering, gibbering, dizzying seconds of "the writings on the wall" in that song.

If much of 'Weeks' feels like wandering in a hippy-jazz sanctuary, 'Ballerina' draws us into a lair; there's more space in this track than any other for Morrison to tear the lining out

of words, to wring all logic from them; what Lester Bangs called his "whole set of verbal tics". Rarely has the human voice come so close to choking, swallowing on itself.

And of what is this regurgitative sensuality born if not, surely, a violence; a kind of Heathcliffian uncouthness that starts into sound just where the throat opens into his mouth, tremors of which violence exist in Them, in the savage, snarled echo of 'You Just Can't Win' (Ben E King possessed by a demon of cuban-heel angst), but only brought into the light by 'Astral Weeks'.

It's my conviction, moreover, that this voice is born of self-disgust, that Morrison's greatest moments are ones of repelling himself and going too grotesquely far.

There aren't many of them after 'Astral Weeks'. At best a fleeting thrill - the long 'I's of 'Into the Mystic', the "hush ABAAAAHT it" in 'These Dreams Of You', the "here it comes right NAAAAAH!" of 'Brand New Day' - that keeps us hanging on. That's about all the rest of the gypsy jazz-soul caboodle is good for. Stuff like 'Almost Independence Day' superficially echoes 'Astral Weeks' but is simply, like Jim Buckley, too jazzed, too studiously introjected. Today the voice is bloated like a mystic Elvis; nothing more clogged, costive, congested exists in adult pop.

FRANK SINATRA

*"Hey kids, dig the first takes,
Ain't that some interpretation,
When Sinatra sings against Nelson Riddle strings
Then takes a vacation."*

(Van Morrison - 'Hard Nose The Highway')



John Rockwell, recently wrote a whole tome on the Sinatra pipes, so I'll limit myself to a few scattered impressions.

This is the sound of a man drifting through a hushed tinseltown space when all the world is wombed indoors and every Riddle string chart is 'comfortingly synched to tracking shots of endless rainy backlot *film noir* night ... thus speaks lazy impressionism. Can't we get any farther inside these repeated laments for the girl who "went away", these solemn meditations on loneliness?

Let's put another nickle in the machine another 'One For My Baby': "*Feelin' so bad / Can't you make the music easy and sad?*" Isn't Frank's voice exactly the place where elegance meets emptiness?

The resonance is never too ripe; vibrato whirrs but never wavers from a taut reining. Sinatra is not histrionic. Notes dilate, coil and uncoil within phrases, but he always holds back, breezes through, breast-strokes it. This is the very leisureliness of American crooning, the panache of the gravity he breathes into phrases like 'The Night We Called It A Day'. It's the handsome dignity of his "love", the giveaway phrasing of "matter" and "little" and "gentle", where consonants are all but elided and what remains is the great nasal bell of his vowels.

Easy and sad; the comfort of melancholy, the hush of the mystery of loss. Isn't this a solitude that goes beyond the lover's phantasmic absence?

BETTYE SWANN

The Georgian sylph of soul. Not much to go on by this girl - a few priceless pearls of Muscle Shoal balladry, no more. And yet no more fragile purity exists in all the recorded pain of womankind.

It's a voice that nestles in your neck, a trembling vibrato of masochism. She sounds like she had a permanent cold from sniffing. Her 'Rather Go Blind', for instance, is coy and secretive against Etta James' brooding, and the "*crying time*" of 'Today I Started Loving You Again' is plunged into with a kind of elation.

This is the least hammy of broken-hearted nymphs, suffering what Simone Weil called "affliction", when the spirit is bewildered and numb. It's impossible not to enjoy, to feast on, this abjection; a cleansing inversion of self-pity, perhaps. Is there any more perfect evocation of heartbreak than "*every time you take her in your arms / I feel your touch all over me again?*"

BOBBY BLAND

Memphis blues-balladeer. Early Duke blues sides showcase him belting in a hard but quite stylised way, punctuated by sudden and frightening high shrieks (eg: 'Lost Lover Blues' 1955, 'Woke Up Screaming' 1956).

The mellower, more stoical soul in the voice came to the fore at the end of the '50s, exploding in the outrageous squawking of eg: 'Cry, Cry, Cry', but more often just gliding by on wiser-with-hindsight weariness.

Two impulses seem to inhabit this voice: one gentle and bittersweet-sad, the other bursting like a volcano. The sound fills out round the whole front of the skull, a long sustain slightly frayed at the edges.



On stage, Boston, 1970s. STEVEN STONE

The secret is that it has only the faintest crack in it - it never splits too coarsely.

There is nothing else in soul like the withering resignation of 'Too Far Gone' (1966), 'Since I Fell For You' (1969), or 'This Time I'm Gone For Good' (1973). The love this voice bespeaks is an illness that can no longer be arrested.

Strictly speaking, it should be reaching its peak, but recent material has been tired and stretched like crows feet. On the revisited 'Queen For A Day' (1983), he is clearly straining.

GEORGE JONES

A sick man with the richest, fruitiest voice in all male country, Jones' pitiful life makes him the perfect channel for that music's staple sob stories.

Notwithstanding the disasters, the voice has grown richer - more eccentric and hillbilly-inflective - through the years. His moods don't vary tremendously; there's usually a kind of clowning element in the vocal path; a swaying unsteadiness that curves clumsily to find its proper pitch. What's beautiful is how you can never predict if he's going to bawl or whisper. The voice burrows into itself - his 'I' sounds like a swallowing - oscillating between open-throat indulgence (a "sleepy ache" as Mark Rose had it in a *Village Voice* piece) and sharp iteration of consonants at the front of the mouth. The accents are quirky, almost schizoid, but the way he'll hold and resonate a word like "free" or "dream" (or the final anguished "her" in 'He Stopped Loving Her Today') is staggering. It must be more than coincidence that his "way" is always a long "why".

BILLIE HOLLIDAY

John Martyn says Lady Day has the last word in matters of the murmuring and hurt heart, which is not to say she sings the last note.

"It's a small voice, and it still makes demands," wrote Brian Case in a superb *Time Out* piece in 1984; "*its weird symmetry resists easy infatuation*".

What it is like is a little old dame, slightly tipsy and whimsied, and so very bright even as she sucks herself down. It is, I'm afraid, stoned, and free to flirt around pain, not harsh but hardly sweet - a tiny voicebox warbling; the phrasing playful and totally instinctual. "*Shall I go up or down?*" you can almost sense it pondering, and down an octave it slips.

I have no special Billie numbers I swoon to. I find she just slows the world down a minute, gives one calm and a sense of (Simone Weil again) "holy indifference". Of course she is dangerously close to drifting away from life altogether. "*My heart has no sense of humour / Dear, as far as you're concerned*", she trills on 'I'm In A Low Down Groove', but it's a heart that's drifted beyond self-pity, a flow of notes abandoned to the breeze of rhythm.

WINSTON RODNEY

Boxed neatly away with the usual "intensely spiritual" tag, but part of the make-up of the Spear's holy fool abandon is a trancelike excess as perverse and playful as any of the voices here; that mad and harsh sobbing we wait on throughout his songs.

I love it earliest with the crackling, fluid-electric guitars on Studio One, eg: 'Them A Come', where from the start it opts against rhythmic intonation in favour of declaiming across the beat, the nasality is extreme; the quick draw of breath before each phrase, the little soul quiver at its end, the complete immersion in a song's movement. He flows with the song, caught in its very warp, and more is made of a split-second gap, with less palpable effort, than most voices make of whole songs. *Jah no dead Jah no dead Jah no dead Jah no dead.*



TYRONE DAVIS

This Chicago soul man started in the Bobby Bland school but the Mighty Sam squall of 'A Woman Needs To Be Loved' wasn't quite implosive enough,

Thenceforth the voice became a hovering flame, dancing at words, skating on tops of chords; gentle, even gingerly, and gracious without Bland's southern cummerbund deportment. In the early days he jostled with uptown Windy City brass, vibes and strings and choirs, but even here he wove and flickered, breezing through phrases with an undulant warmth.

The timbre is softly nasal. Syllables slide into each other, honey-gold runs over crude crevices like 'I Wish It Was Me' (1974), Tyrone won't shout, won't turn Bland-style guttural at the end of a phrase. The floating sustain of "pleeeeeeease" and "maaaaaaaaahnd" and "taaaaaaaaahme" is always close, intimate, the nasality warm and urging.

It's still immaculate on slow, fluted funk like the glossy candlelight 'Be With Me' (1979) or 'In The Mood' (1978), with its great dense spaces and little hair-trigger guitar, and the smooching dude is still serenading Ms Lonesome at the bar in 'Be Honest With Me' (1983).



JANIS JOPLIN

This little Texan Girl Blue had a voice and don't let no-one tell you different. The straight open-throat bawling I can take or leave, but there was another kind of rasp, from the roof of the mouth, which was like a sandstorm howling over bones, and it was inimitably hers.

She was a white Etta James, born to pour every ounce of her lust to be black through the "mama" of 'Tell Mama'. Like Etta's, her haughty low notes were tough, not big-mama tough but mannish-boy tough; this was the especially harsh slant she gave to "mam" or "more".

Janis is one of a small handful of white voices (Tom Jones, John Fogerty etc) I wish had been gotten into some Southern shack of a studio. Ok, so she worked too hard at filling every available space in Berns & Ragovoy chestnuts like 'Cry Baby' and 'Piece Of My Heart' - always one too many "honeychile" - but somewhere between the endless fuzz guitar-breaks of whatever-they-were-called, there's still a raw and uncut pain.

ROBERT JOHNSON

Perhaps the most cold-blooded voice on vinyl.

So much has been said of the horror at its heart etc, I don't really need to go over all those "requisite qualities of the blues myth" (Peter Guralnick). If we can get past our plantation fantasies of the Deep South, what we have is an extreme rawness of timbre and a noise without hope or even interest in the world.

Son House didn't like it, but its cruelty, its unpredictable and sloppy arrogance, slowly sink in and clamp you like a vice. High-pitched joker-screches are offset by lowdown dirty moans: the playful psycho-tease of "ahoooo, bebbe weer you stay last night" ("a distracted comic determination", as Greil Marcus saw it) followed by the eerie puzzling of "I mistreated mah baby, but I can't see no reason why."

Robert had mean things on his mind.

AL GREEN

Green is always two inches from your ear and less wrapped-up in you than in the little flights, curls and ripples of himself.

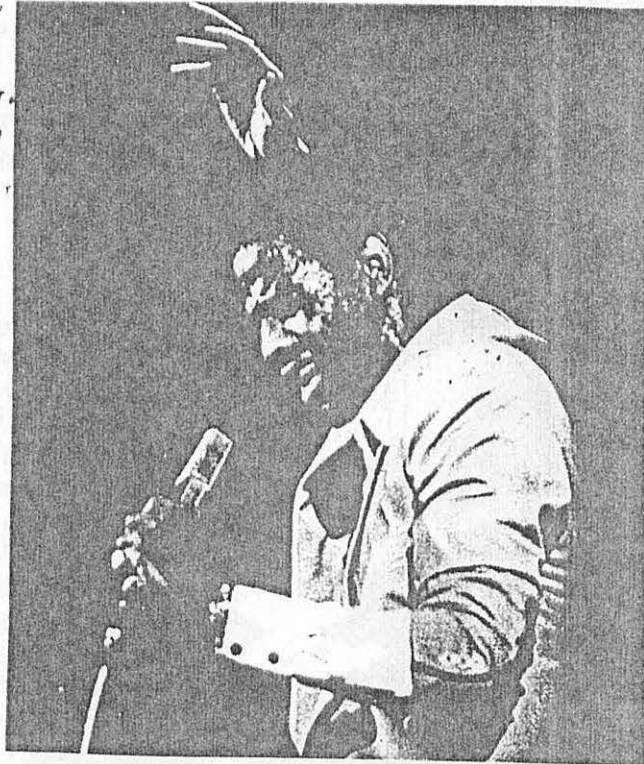
Really it's a freak sound, one that pulls elastically out of Southern roots and pushes gospel fervour over the brink of credible black earthiness.

Clearly Willie Mitchell's designs around him were crucial, as pre-Hi sides with the Soul Mates (1968/9) show him straining uncomfortably against more orthodox soul arrangements. The Hi house band's crude small-combo funk, with its downhome beat and sleepy underbelly or organ, was his perfect platform.

And yet there's a narcissism like that of a cat chasing its own tail, especially when vocal tracks are laid over each other and the voice rubs up against itself as though in a mirror. On the tensest takes, 'I Don't Know', 'For The Good Times', you can feel Green edging and flinching around the mike, stuttering through regret and disbelief and dropping into slurred mumbling, madness, delirium. It's a total self-absorption, oscillating between mock-tearfulness in the lower register and ecstasis, dissipation-of-self in the falsetto. Little has changed with the dog-collar, if the acapella 'Amazing Grace' at the Albert Hall was anything to go by.

NINA SIMONE

A real *nostril* voice! There's something almost matronly in her 1959 live recording of Irving Berlin's 'You Can Have Him', with its domestic inventory of iceboxes and slippers and buttered toast. Nina managed to work up the most murkily languorous passion from such supper-club torchings; working around phrases like "enchants her clothes with French perfume" in 'The Other Woman' with a precision that prises open each word on its journey up to the nose. There's an almost masculine quality to the voice, something that troubled me when I listened to these songs as a child.



Funny thing, but she can't really "sing the blues", as one Lp claims - the voice is too rich and dark, Blues needs something more pinched and contracted, something *beaten*.

IAN CURTIS

Strange choice, perhaps, but what a strange sound this was - is, I made some notes at the time of 'Closer' which seem valid today: "The sheer alienness of the voice / Coldness of Northern England but with parodic American inflection" / A voice only implying, never embodying passion / Depth yet sparseness, hollow vocals and bitter consonants falling flat with despair at a line's end / Granted one cannot *but* sing rock in a mannered style, Curtis' voice nonetheless attempts to rethink itself, to become a meta-voice."

Curtis, so old and grave and shadowy, a voice straining to get across to its mate, its female Other; the eternal "weeeeeeee".

He was David Byrne without the neurotic twitch, unlearned on the classical rock sneer, despite the horrific neutrality/nothingness of pieces like 'Candidate', 'Insight', 'Passover', he could "croon" 'Love Will Tear', proclaim "it was weeeeeeee" with mock-operatic chest expansion on the falling waves of 'New Dawn Fades'. Invariably he was mixed too far back for us to get really involved with the language. There was little pleasure in it. Such determinedly humourless music is spooky, far more than any human sound what this voice

intimates is silence itself.

OTIS REDDING

I love you more than words can say, and words, as Rilke said, "always melt into something beyond their embrace".

Otis tried to embrace too much with his big, barking words. The voice, trumpeting its needs like a mutant hybrid of Little Richard and Solomon Burke, had none of the shadings of a Bland. Should it, after all, have been confined to the stomp of 'Security', 'Respect' etc? On the Chuck Willis song 'It's Too Late' (covered also by Ted Taylor) he is like an elephant tiptoeing on eggshells, a big lunk maddened by a "I'll pain". "You were so sweet in everything you did / And oh darling, you made me feel so big," he sang on 'I Want To Thank You' (1965).

I'm not sure I wasn't affected by the way Otis was presented to me as Mr Soul, so that all I hear is this, gruff marked "soul". The truth is that he never did very much with that growl besides stretch up to the horns in 'Loving You Too Long', there are successes in slow guitar-triplet ballads like 'Good To Me' and 'My Lover's Prayer' but trickier stuff like Cooke's 'Change Is Gonna Come' tends to make him overdo things. The little sub-Cookeian flutters - quick,



short descents at the end of a phrase - are clumsy. He has his own kind of delicacy within the phrasing but it feels like he's trying to compensate for the basic coarseness of his timbre. There was no ambivalence in this humble and honourable chap, and thus not much to "say".

AARON NEVILLE

Perhaps the freakiest voice in my gallery of tracheae, brother Aaron is the Crown Prince of Melisma; his fluid, florid tone floats and flutters like a butterfly, climbing to doo-woppy falsetto as sweet and tender as a violin. Once he's up there, soaring and tumbling, anything can happen; the accents are quirky and darting.

The finest moments are 'Arianne' and 'Mona Lisa', kitsch trinkets worked into baroque hymns of longing.

In the slow-dance *menage a trois* heartache of 'I Love Her Too' (from the soundtrack of *Heart Beat*), there's a passage of double-tracking as detained and dovetailed as a sequence of team gymnastics, the voice somersaulting, winding in and out of itself in a way Al Green never even dreamed of.

TED TAYLOR

A far chillier kind of falsetto than Aaron's, a fragile and unearthly wail rooted in gospel and blues.

Gospel haunts 'You've Been Crying', a comforting that, with its restless, rootless organ and siren-like girl chorus, sounds like a lamentation. His best blues is the box-beat, crawling-guitar misery of 'If I Don't See You Again'. Later it turned into the paranoid funk of 'Troubled World' and 'Who's Doing It To Who', as coldly feverish as 'I Feel A Chill' or 'I Got The Chills'.

Really this voice is beyond sexuality, neither male nor female. There's no lust or guilt in his 'Steal Away' (1976), just fear. 'Only The Lonely Knows', as his best record had it.

LITTLE ANTHONY

Anthony Gourdine's highest moments with The Imperials are the missing link between doo-wop and The Delfronics. His camped-up Smokey stratospherics boast the most literal and labial phrasing in pop; he melodramatised every last breath drawn.

'Hurt So Bad' (1965) is epic teen anguish, a huge arrangement of tympani and strings and Anthony, a little dynamo of grief, erupting in a chorus of hangdog juvenile agony. Now a born-again gospel singer.

HORACE ANDY

Like Little Anthony's this is an exaggeratedly high tenor of clear and tremulous diction, more "proper", more controlled than American counterparts like Smokey Robinson.

"She says I'm just a little boy", he sings on the Studip One cut 'Love Of A Woman', and she had a point. The sexual ambiguity of the schoolboy voice derives from the detail and enunciation of the great doo-wop leads. The full Andy quiver, a magically piercing sound, is formed by 'You Are My Angel' (1974) and has only improved with age.

The 1984 records - 'Fight Fight', 'Curfew', 'Confusion' and 'Conquer Me' - are especially strong; slabs of militant passion and shuddering incantation on which he squeezes himself out, pinches vowels into pain and, on 'Curfew', shivers through a strafing of dub bullets. Has many imitators.

LINDA JONES

Linda was the polar opposite of the earth soul mama. She was hard and brittle and the voice frequently splintered:

Dave Godin found it, "in the nicest possible way, strangely disturbing", and one knows what he meant. Her way of bearing down on the short "o" vowel made it seem as though she couldn't impress her love strongly enough. Constantly she strives to push the chalkily guttural point

further home, heaping (on eg: 'Give My Love A Try') assurance upon beleaguered assurance.

Then she'll take off on high runs built on a long "heh", eruptions that reach a climax in her cataclysmic rendering of 'For Your Precious Love' (1972). Even given the string of classic performances that timeless song has inspired, she wrings almost every possible tragic nuance out of every possible syllable, and the shriek return after the second rap-passage is more or less unbearable.

Natural successors timbre-wise are Sharon Redd and the white teana Marie, who ain't exactly using their pipes to much purpose these days.

OV WRIGHT

The late Overden Verdis Wright's sandpapered and anguished gospel croak is one of the great soul sounds. In the '60s a thinner, higher Bland - a Bland crossed with Sam Cooke - in the '70s he became prey to "some undefined, debilitating illness" (to quote a Cliff White liner-note.) (The man singing on late 70s Hi Lps sounds like he's had a coupla teeth dislodged by hard drugs, but I may be slurring his memory unpardonably.)

The voice got more hobgoblin as it went on, which didn't detract from its beauty - rather the reverse, as whatever dental hassles he endured lent a distinctly poignant hiss to his 's' consonants. Earlier triumphs like 'This Hurt Is Real' and Brook Benton's 'I'll Take Care Of You' (with their eerily echoing girl choruses) are the very meaning of brooding blues-soul, and 'Eight Men, Four Women' is as aching a 'jury of love' saga as Randy Crawford's version of 'I Stand Accused'.

On the 'Memphis Unlimited' album (1973), the Willie Mitchell sound didn't suit OV as it did Al Green; the boxed-in effect was oppressive to Hi artists who were not (like Green) the vocal equivalent of a Houdini. By 'The Bottom Line' (1978), he was back to less stylised arrangements. "Soon I will be done with the trouble of this world", he moaned on the gospel traditional 'I'm Going Home (To Live With God)', and he sounded like he was busting to get out of it.



MICHAEL McDONALD

You'll hear him at the back of Steely Dan songs, but the first time the voice hit me was on the big Doobie Brothers hit 'What A Fool Believes' (1978), a masterful miniature of tragicomic relief: "anybody else would surely know / He's watching her go".

This was the voice of a Big Chill, but more West-Coast-spiritual than East-Coast-social. It was also the most that a soft white AOR aspiration to soul power could achieve without innate nasal resonance. The baleful throatiness carries haunting conviction.

An eponymous solo album (1982) was characterised by mawkish sincerity and born-again Beverly Hills bathos but it works; Steely Dan without the irony or sense of pop history. Imagine a UCLA professor who's had to break it off with one of his students, imagine the face of a bleached and weary Christ. (I'm being very underhand here.) The sundown loneliness of 'Losin' End' will stay with me for life.

RUDY LEWIS

I always found Rudy a more exciting, arrogant Drifters lead than Ben E King - a real young turk. His timing is so cool he's like a rough Sam Cooke, vain and flip and offhand and casually rolling one line of 'Some Kind Of Wonderful' into the next.

Doubtless if he'd lived he'd have been a pimp or a pusher. 'On Broadway' was a fitting song

for his badass lounge lizard larynx; you wouldn't pity this vagrant because he'd never admit he was beat. Then again the voice is so perfectly suited to the escapism of 'Up On The Roof', as innocent a metaphor for getting high as I know, and one of the great Manhattan records, I wonder what his 'Under The Boardwalk' would have sounded like.



JAMES BROWN

James Brown couldn't have sung the blues because he was too operatic. The apex of his mock-gospel cry is the pomp excess of 'Prisoner Of Love', the hysteria of Ivory Joe Hunter's 'Waiting In Vain'. In these an absurdly refined diction is mated to blistering screeches; the throat is hoarse but words are delicately chewed over, rolled around the mouth like bits of gum. Consonants are worn away and vocals are all.

"Archie had a beautiful scream" was Bobby Womack's oxymoronic observation of Archie Brownlee, and the same must be said of James' febrile gasps.

SMOKEY ROBINSON

Smokey's strength is precisely the charisma he lacks. The voice is so fey and courtly as to be outside love's playpen altogether. So what is the thing in his falsetto that sets it apart the thing we can't prod with epithet-tongs? What is that little ring inside, that tiny vibration in the mucous passages? This uncanny

ingenuousness? Where do the elegant 'ee's of "me" and "feel" come from, the pure long 'oo's of "true" and the "do" of 'Being With You'?

"I'll gather melodies from birdies that fly", he says "and compose a toon for you." So now you know.

This essay was written by Barney Hoskyns and originally published in the New Musical Express in 1985. Although we don't agree with all his 24 choices, we do believe that examinations of this detail are important.

Georgia Department of Human Resources		STATE FILE NO. _____
VITAL RECORDS UNIT		COUNTY NO. 9 498
CERTIFIED COPY		
Marriage License		
To any Judge, Justice of the Peace, Minister of the Gospel, or any other person authorized to solemnize. You are hereby authorized and permitted to join in the Holy State of Matrimony		
GEORGE G. JONES	and	VIRGINIA W. BYRD
according to The Constitution and Laws of this State, and for doing so this shall be your sufficient license.		
Given Under My Hand and Seal, this 25th day of FEBRUARY, 19 69.		
		BOB ROLLINS Ordinary <small>Ordinary Probate Judge</small>
I hereby Certify, That		
GEORGE G. JONES	and	VIRGINIA W. BYRD
were joined together in the Holy State of Matrimony on this 25th day of FEBRUARY, 19 69, by me in the City of RINGOLD	County of	CATOOSA, Georgia.
Recorded MARCH 3, 19 69	Signature of Officiant	BOB ROLLINS
Book No. 25 Page 195	Title	ORDINARY
BOB ROLLINS, ORDINARY	Address	RINGOLD, GEORGIA
Judge of the Probate Court		
I hereby certify that the above is a true and correct copy of Marriage Record as it appears in my office.		
Witness my hand and seal this 12th day of APRIL, 19 88.		
		Lois T. Green
		LOIS T. GREEN, CLERK

COUNTRY & WESTERN

'What sort of music do you have here?' 'Oh we got both types of music: Country & Western!' - so runs the joke in 'The Blues Brothers'. To be quite honest I grew up thinking Country music was the sort of thing my dad listened to, you know like Glen Campbell, but I wised up, and how! It must have been about five years ago now, I was played a record by Gram Parsons and it all began to make sense. This was 'sad' music, this was 'tragic' stuff, this was 'real' pain. I remember weeping as I went home to Crouch End on the bus. And then like many others before us we began to dig further back, through Gram we discovered Jimmie Rodgers, Hank Williams, George Jones and Merle Haggard. It might seem strange but I'd always associated Country music with fat, beer-swilling red-neck Klan members, which of course is total rubbish. This is the music of a forgotten group of poor whites in the Deep South. People who have been labeled right-wing when of course anybody with an iota of common sense knows that they are still being punished for losing the Civil War. (But halt I never intended this to become a rant against the fascist capitalism of the Yankees.) Country music can trace it's roots back to the folk musics of old Europe, from whence the peasants emigrated in the 19th Century. It has grown throughout this





From Hello, I'm Johnny Cash, a Spire Christian Comic by Johnny Cash with Billy Zeoli and Al Hartley. Copyright © 1976 by House of Cash. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company. Used by permission.

DISCOGRAPHY

Jimmie Rodgers - '20 of the Best'. // Hank Williams - '40 Greatest Hits'; 'Me & My Guitar'. // George Jones - 'White Lightning'; 'The King of Country Music'; 'Tenth Anniversary Album'. // Merle Haggard - 'I'm a Lonesome Fugitive'; 'Swinging Doors'; 'Capital Country Classics'. // Johnny Cash - '... With His Hot Blue Guitar'; '1958-1986 The CBS Years'. // 'Okeh Western Swing' compilation. // Bill Monroe - 'The Original Bluegrass Band'. // Kenny Rogers & The First Edition - 'Ruby Don't Send Your Love To Town' and various others including: Bob Wills & his Texas Playboys, Patsy Cline, Tammy Wynette & Dolly Parton.

RELATED MUSICS

Gram Parsons (The International Submarine Band, The Byrds, The Flying Burrito Brothers and with The Fallen Angels), The Rolling Stones - 1968-72 and Little Feat. T-Mob - 'STP' ('Pandamonium') 1987. / FEKM - 'Bruitism' ('HIV Positive Blues' & 'Taggin' Along') 1988. / Methodrhythm - 'Mumbo Jumbo' ('Simple Souls').

READING

Bill C Malone - 'Country Music USA', Chet Flippo - 'Your Cheatin' Heart', Nick Tosches - 'Hellfire', 'Country' & 'Unsung Heroes of Rock'n'Roll'.

century, sometimes stealing an idea or two from the Blues, sometimes becoming horribly 'pop'. For such a specialised form it creates enormous amounts of money, some would call it the national music of America (Ronald Reagan to be precise). It's also amusing to note that after Rugby Football, it's the favourite entertainment of the white Afrikaaner of South Africa.

Nowadays the majority of Country music is poor, to say the least, Jones, Cash and Haggard have all become pillars of society and poor old Gram is dead. What the music papers call 'New Country' is no more than a cheap imitation of it's predecessor. And when you get fools like Hank Wangford professing to be England's educator/entertainer in the Country field then you know something has gone hideously wrong. It's all so sad because Country music is actually white Soul and should be discussed as such. Still nothing beats John Belushi doing 'Stand By Your Man'. Sing it boy!

THE SUN SESSIONS

REMEMBERED

Why is Elvis an icon? Why do people *still* go crazy for 'The King'? What makes a southern truck-driver metamorphosise into a heavenly angel? Why are 'The Sun Sessions' still crucial listening.

'Hold it fellas, that don't move, let's get real, real gone for a change'

For one thing he uses the (not so great) top part of his register on these numbers (perhaps RCA later told him to cut the hillbilly angle?) For another Uncle Sam got him to play country songs, up-tempo blues style and vice versa. Elvis didn't write any of the tunes but he *re-interpreted* them and that part's vital. 36 years on, these songs leap clean outta the vinyl and inspire a million questions. What was the Sun sound? A perverse form of echo. Scotty Moore *uses* it like a genius. What were those perfect seconds that changed the world (and they did even if you're so blind you haven't seen it yet!) This aint entertainment - this is mythology!

July 6 1954 *That's All Right (Mama) / Blue Moon of Kentucky,*
Sept 1954 *I Don't Care if the Sun don't Shine / Good Rockin' Tonight,*
Dec 1954 *Milkcow Blues Boogie / You're a Heartbreaker,*
Dec 1954/Jan 1955 *I'm Left You're Right She's Gone / Baby, Let's Play House,*
Feb/July 1955 *Mystery Train / I Forgot To Remember To Forget,*

Sam Phillip's had said that if he could find a white boy who could sound and feel like a negro, he would make a million dollars. (So legend has it!) The truth is that Elvis Presley was a talented but stoopid kid who's idol was Dean Martin! And it's Sam who we should be thanking for these tracks, don't forget he also discovered Howling Wolf, Ike Turner, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Johnny Cash and Roy Orbison. Big names all! (And that's why Sam Phillips' photo graces these words!)

They castrated him, they ruined his magick, they drugged him out of his mind, they eventually killed him but none of that stopped Elvis Aaron Presley from changing the course of the 20th Century as surely and certainly as the invention of the television. If you go anywhere in the world, they will know who 'The King' was, they will have forgotten Hitler, Churchill, Roosevelt etc but Elvis will still live and these tracks are the artistic reason for that! Rock on.....

GREEN



SCRITTI POLITTI: SINGLES.

- Nov 1978 - Skank Bloc/Bologna/Is And Ought The Western World..... St Pancras SCRIT 1
- Oct 1979 - Four A Sides EP; Doubt Beat/Bibbly D Tek/PA'S/Confidences.....12" Rough Trade RT027
- Nov 1979 - Work In Progress EP; Scritlocks Door/Opac-Immac/Messthetics/Hegemony,, St Pancras SCRIT 2 (RT034)
- Jan 1981 - The Sweetest Girl on NME cassette C-81.....NME/Rough Tapes COPY 1

ALBUMS.

- Sep 1982 - Songs To Remember
 - Asylums In Jerusalem/A Slow Soul/Jacques Derrida/Lions After Slumber/
 - Faithless/Sex/Rock A Boy Blue/Gettin' Havin' And Holdin'/The
 - Sweetest Girl.....Rough Trade ROUGH 20
- Jun 1985 - Cupid & Psyche 85
 - Hypnotize/Don't Work That Hard/Absolute/Perfect Way/The Word Girl
 - (Flesh And Blood)/A Little Knowledge/Lover To Fall/Small Talk/
 - Vood Beez (Pray Like Aretha Franklin).....Virgin V2350
- Jun 1988 - Provision
 - Boom There She Was/Overnite/First Boy In This Town/All That We Are
 - Best Thing Ever/Oh Patti (Don't Feel Sorry For Loverboy)/Bam Saluta/
 - Suger And Spice/Philosophy Now.....Virgin V2515

all the singles Green has released since 1981 have either been backed-up by Lp tracks or remixes

LOUIS FEUILLADE & THE SERIAL

Given the mechanically reproducible nature of film as a medium, the enormous popularity of Louis Feuillade's films in their time, and what now seems their indisputable greatness, it hardly seems possible that a director of the stature of Feuillade could so totally have disappeared from the history of the cinema for so many years. In France he was remembered as the director of *Judex* (1916) and a few other serials, but until the first-Cinematheque revival of *Fantomas* (1913) in 1944, he was never considered one of the great figures of the French cinema.

In Great Britain Feuillade was completely unknown; his name does not appear in Roger Manvell's *Penguin Film* nor in Paul Rotha's *The Film Till Now*. And it was not until the National Film Theatre revival of *Fantomas* and especially *Les Vampires* (1915) in 1963 that British critics had seen any of his films. The same is true in America; Louis Feuillade's name does not appear in the *New York Times*' *Index to Film Reviews* until 1965, when *Les Vampires* was screened at the New York Film Festival.

There are many reasons for this eclipse. First of all, Feuillade was a victim of his very popularity; the enormous success of his films militated against his being taken seriously as an artist. Secondly, his career did suffer a decline after 1919, and in the six remaining years of his life he was never able to equal either the success or the genius of *Les Vampires*, *Tih Minh* (1918) and *Barrabas* (1919). Furthermore, the cinema was undergoing great changes at this period; by the early 20s the French had discovered Griffith, and his mobile camerawork and dynamic montage - both of which are totally absent from the films of Feuillade - became the touchstones for a new generation of film critics.

It is no accident, I think, that the Feuillade revival of the mid-40s coincided both with the rediscovery of location shooting in the Italian neo-realist cinema and also with the new interest - sparked off by the European release of Orson Welles' first two films - in composition in depth, and the concomitant critical downgrading of montage.

The first French avant-garde movement looked upon Feuillade as precisely the sort of commercial film-maker they were fighting against. Louis Delluc's judgement was unconditional: '*Judex* and *The New Mission of Judex* are more serious crimes than those condemned by courts-martial.' And the distinguished critic Andre Antoine decreed that Feuillade 'was certainly the man who has contributed the most to make those people with a spark of good sense and of reason disgusted with the cinema.'

The opinion of these critics and film-makers prevailed for many years. The only voices raised in defence of Feuillade during the 20s were those of a few surrealist writers - and the young Bunuel. Georges Sadoul remembered (*Etudes Cinematographiques*, 38-39) Bunuel telling him how much he loathed the films of the 'avant-garde movement' and all the techniques that were fashionable in the 20s - rapid cutting, super-impositions and photographic effects. His models, he told Sadoul, were *Fantomas* and *Les Vampires*, direct translations without any *chichi*, of '*une realite insolite*'. But the irony, Sadoul tells us, was 'like all of us, he didn't even know the name of the director of those films'. There was to have been a gala, organised by the surrealists, to render homage to Rene Creste (*Judex*) and to Musidora (Irma Vep of *Les Vampires*) but not to Feuillade who was an anonymous figure. In any case, the gala never took place, but a play, *The Treasure of the Jesuits*, was written by Louis Aragon and Andre Breton in which the following lines appear: 'Since you're interested in the cinematograph, I am going to introduce you to the apotheosis of a forgotten genre. Soon it will be generally understood that there is nothing more realistic and at the same time more poetic than those serials which the intellectuals used to make fun of. It is in *The Perils of Pauline*, it is in *Les Vampires* that one must look for the great reality of this century - beyond fashion, beyond taste.'

As Henri Langlois put it, the surrealists had to admire Feuillade, since surrealism already existed in the cinema before the actual surrealist movement began; 'One only has to take *Les*

Vampires to see that the cinema, because it was an expression of the twentieth century and of its universal subconscious, bore the essence of surrealism within it.'

In fact, the surrealists were able to appreciate the very elements in Feuillade's work that others reproached him with: his use of the serial format and his taste for melodrama. Indeed, Feuillade cannot be defended without at the same time making out a case for melodrama. But before tackling that problem, we should first see how Feuillade came to the cinema.

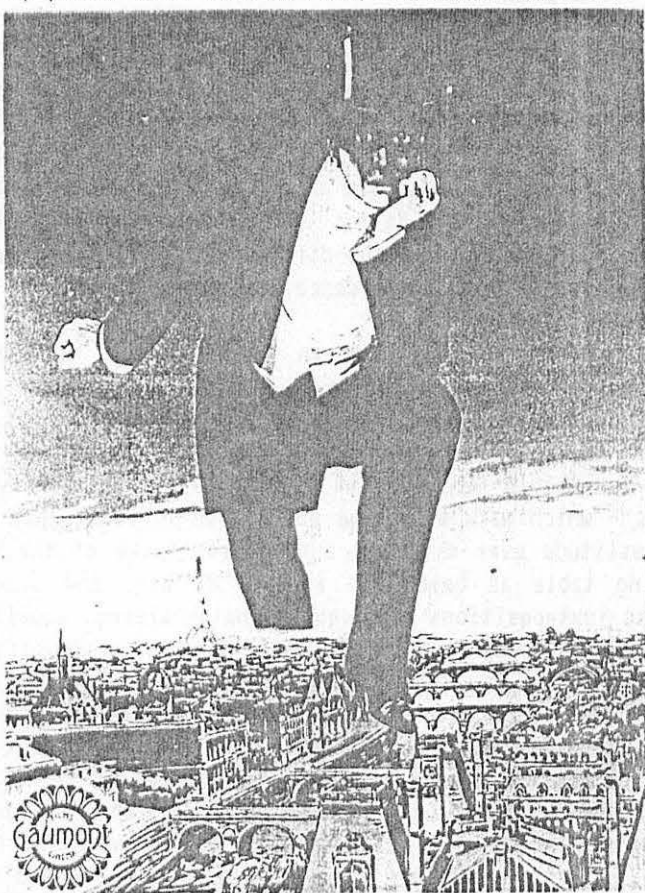
He was born in 1873 in southern France, and grew up in a very religious family who insisted on his attending church-supported schools. Once he got his *baccalaureat*, he enlisted in a cavalry regiment without waiting to be called up for military service, and spent four years in the army. On leaving, he married and followed his father and brothers into the wine trade. In his spare time, however, he enjoyed amateur theatricals and was an *aficionado* of bullfights. After the deaths of his parents, he decided to leave for Paris, where a friend found him a job in a newspaper office. His journalistic career ended in 1905; a friend had introduced him to the artistic director of Pathe, and he began to write scenarios. The Pathe connection didn't work out, however, so Feuillade went directly to Gaumont, where he was received by the legendary Alice Guy-Blache. Initially Leon Gaumont's secretary, she had become the first woman director in the history of the cinema, and was the artistic director of Gaumont.

She liked Feuillade's scripts, and one of them, *Le Coup de Vent*, was filmed by Etienne Arnaud in 1905. Two years later, she left Paris to follow her husband, who had just taken over the Berlin office of Gaumont, and she persuaded Gaumont to let Feuillade replace her. From 1907 he was in charge of hiring directors, buying scripts, choosing stars and at the same time directing his own films. Francis Lacassin tells us that at the end of his life, Feuillade reckoned he had written at least 800 scripts, of which he had directed 700. One must remember that his earlier films were very short; one- or two-reelers. Still, the total is impressive. Gaumont still preserves the negatives of about 500 of these films. No one alive, I dare say, has seen them all. The early years, from 1905 to 1908, saw Feuillade

turning out comedies. The historical series began in 1909, and the *Film Esthetique* in 1910, but he continued to make comedies, in particular the series devoted to Bebe, a child actor. Some of them are still quite funny, but Feuillade first became famous through his series of films under the high-sounding general title *La Vie telle qu'elle est* (*Life as It is*).

This laudable effort at neo-realism, we are told, came about largely through the need for economy; Pathe, as always, was Gaumont's great competitor, and Feuillade always wanted to turn out better films more cheaply than they could. And when Gaumont told him that a Danish company (Nordisk) was making films for no more than 6.50 francs a metre negative costs, he declared that he could do it for only 6 francs a metre.

And he did, and some of them are very good, although they have more to do with melodrama than with realism - at least in so far as their plots are concerned. One of the earliest and most beautiful is *La Tare* (1911). The story is pure corn; a kind doctor gives a young woman in Paris



"Fantomas" de Louis Feuillade (1912) - Affiche

attached to a wastrel a chance of redeeming herself through hard work in an orphanage. Alas, her Parisian friend tracks her down, and when it is revealed to the trustees of the institution that her earlier life had not been blameless, she is thrown out. She cannot find work, and is close to suicide. In an extraordinary shot, Feuillade shows her in her attic room, with a bright shaft of light cutting the room in two; she goes to the window, climbs onto the sill and is poised there ready to jump when her despairing face is illuminated by the bright sunshine. She hesitates, and then falls back into the semi-dark room. The film leaves her there, her head bowed in misery. Although the plot is melodramatic, the treatment is restrained, and one can already see in this early work that extraordinary combination of realistic treatment and melodramatic subject that was to be the hallmark of Feuillade's *oeuvre*.

There is one tiny, tentative camera movement in the film (which only runs for 900 metres) - a lateral pan from the waiting room of an employment agency to the office. One can almost see Feuillade, having done it once, thinking, well, let's do it again, haltingly we go back from right to left. But Feuillade's compositions were and remained almost exclusively in depth. One could call it a theatrical point of view, if it were not for the fact that there has seldom been a director who could so escape theatrical perspective through the use of light and the movements of his characters.


The comic series continued, however, throughout the period of *Life as It is* - the only differences being that the films got longer and that Bebe (Rene Dary) was replaced by Bout de Zan, who stayed with Feuillade for the rest of the director's career, appearing in both *Les Vampires* and *Judex*.

In the same year as *La Tare*, 1911, two authors, Marcel Allain and Pierre Souvestre, wrote the first instalments of the story of the master-criminal *Fantomas*. 'In 32 volumes,' as Lacassin put it, 'and in 32 months, they thrilled a whole generation.' And in 1913 Feuillade captured the imagination of the world with the first three parts of his five-part film of *Fantomas*.

'It is to be hoped,' wrote TS Eliot, 'that some scholarly and philosophic critic of the present generation may be inspired to write a book on the history and aesthetic of melodrama ... Those who have lived before such terms as 'high-brow fiction', 'thrillers' and 'detective fiction' were invented realise that melodrama is perennial, and the craving for it is perennial and must be satisfied ... the frontier of drama and melodrama is vague; the difference is largely a matter of emphasis; permanently successful without a large melodramatic element. What is the difference between *The Frozen Deep* and *Oedipus the King*? It is the difference between coincidence, set without shame or pretence, and fate - which merges into character.'

Eliot wrote this in 1927, in an essay called 'Wilkie Collins and Dickens'. But the surrealists already saw the matter in a different light - as, I think, do most of us today. The main objection to melodramatic novels was that they depended too much on chance and coincidence. On the other hand, both the surrealists and we who have been exposed to the Theatre of the Absurd feel that it is precisely the aleatory nature of the plots - the chance occurrences - which make melodrama more 'true to life' than the classical canons of character and verisimilitude ever did. The surrealists spoke of the encounter of a sewing-machine and an operating table as being the essence of art, and some of Feuillade's (and Allain and Souvestre's) juxtapositions were equally hair-raising, equally absurd, equally meaningful.

The roots of *Fantomas* were double; both literary and political. The nineteenth century was, in Western Europe, at least, the century of universal literacy. But when the illiterate learned to read, they did not want to read Racine or Corneille, and a whole new genre of literature appeared. At its grandest, it was Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables* and *Notre Dame de Paris*. But underneath the lyricism the principles of melodrama were present. An even greater success was Eugene Sue's *Les Mysteres de Paris* (and the connection between the three-volume shocker and the cinema was clearly made when *The Exploits of Elaine* was retitled by the French as *Les Mysteres de New York*). These were the world's first great best-sellers. (When it is said that great literature was popular with the ten per cent of the population who knew



'The great sequence in *Fantomas* of the shoot-out on the Quai de Bercy with Juve and Fantomas darting between the huge wine-barrels is not merely picturesque. Somehow those barrels take on as much importance as the protagonists; indeed from the way they are shot, they become as mysteriously threatening as some of Magritte's renderings of ordinary objects.'

how to read. These authors - Hugo, Sue and Dickens, of course - were really read by the masses.)

The *Fantomas* novels clearly belong to this tradition, but they were different in content. The earlier works were what was called 'improving' - by and large, the wicked were punished and the good triumphed - even if only on their death-beds (or even after). *Fantomas* was the first anti-hero, the first evil hero. To be sure, he had an opponent - Juve - who stood for 'good', but there was no doubt in any reader's mind as to which was the more interesting, the more fascinating character. Both the novel and the film of *Fantomas* are glorifications of evil, and one can only speculate as to the reasons why such a hero should appear in 1911 and why he should have been so popular. There is a connection, I think, with the exploits of the various anarchist gangs that were terrorizing - and fascinating - France at the time.

In a chapter (significantly entitled 'Further than "Fantomas"') from his book on the anarchist movement *La Terreur Noire*, Andre Salmon describes the French reaction to the Bonnot gang: 'Newspaper readers were thrilled. Certainly, they trembled a little; the more sensitive were horror-struck. But a great many people nevertheless found themselves won over by a kind of admiration. The cinema was not yet fully developed; the *Serie Noire* was still to be invented. But they already had a real-life cinema. Were these men scourges of God, tragic bandits? Something like that ...'

The Bande a Bonnet was the most famous, but there were others, and this eruption into the bourgeois life of its victims, this rising up of underground forces, this attack on the *status quo*, is closely connected with the popularity of *Fantomas* and, later, of *Les Vampires*. The cover of the first volume of the book-of-the-film of *Les Vampires* significantly shows a group of black figures - masked - crawling up a staircase. Towards what?

The middle classes were terrified of these men, who indeed constituted a threat to authority and even more to property; at the same time, there was a kind of *Schadenfreude*; a thrill at the thought of the retribution which they perhaps felt they deserved. The reaction of the working classes must have been different; they had less to lose and therefore they could simply enjoy the sight of the rich being terrorized. Whatever the reasons, both the books and the films captured the imagination of all France at a time when the anarchist gangs were at their most active.

But today the books seem almost unreadable; whereas the film remains eminently viewable, for the obvious reason that Feuillade was a master of images and Allain and Souvestre were not great prose-writers. However, I don't think that one can separate Feuillade's visual style from his material, and say that the one was great and the other lamentable. If you like the one, you have to take the other. This was not true, as we have seen, with early films like *La Tare*. But it is the sudden introduction of evil into Feuillade's work that provided the stimulus for his talent. All his best films - *Fantomas*, *Les Vampires*, *Tih Minh* and *Barrabas* - are involved with it. Whenever he tried to be moralistic, the films lost much of their force. The reason for this lies in the tensions set up in Feuillade between his consciously held views (we know that he was both a Catholic and a monarchist) and the fascination he found in women like Irma Vep and men like *Fantomas*.

This is not the only example in the cinema of a film succeeding because of a tension between the author's material and his personality. *Kiss Me Deadly*, which remains a greater film than anything Robert Aldrich did before or after, owes its peculiar grandeur to the fact that the director strongly disapproved of the characters and subject-matter with which he was forced to deal, and the resulting tension made for an electrifying film.

Obviously Feuillade could not consciously either approve of or identify with a master-thief like *Fantomas*, and yet the film can only be seen as a glorification of this evil figure - this omnipotent, ubiquitous master of disguise. Surely it is significant that whenever *Fantomas* appears to us in action, he is covered from head to foot, with black tights and with a Ku-Klux-Klan slitted hood over his face, this is his disguise; it is also Feuillade's own disguise. And in the film's most famous shot, when *Fantomas* is seen as he blows up a house, it is with both arms raised in triumph and silhouetted against the smoke from the apocalyptic explosion.



What makes the film so believable is the all-important fact that it is shot in real exteriors. Or, as Annette Michelson aptly remarked about *Les Vampires*, this film, which is all about dislocation, is all shot on location; 'Haussmann's pre-1914 Paris, the city of massive stone structures, of quiet avenues and squares, is suddenly revealed as everywhere dangerous, the scene and subject of secret designs. The trap-door, secret compartment, false tunnel, false bottom, false ceiling, form an architectural complex with the architectural structure of a middle-class culture. The perpetually recurring ritual of identification and self-justification is the presentation of the visiting card; it is, as well, the signal, the formal prelude to the fateful encounter, the swindle, hold-up, abduction or murder.'

This constant interplay between reassuring everyday appearance and the frightening realities which lie just below is the key to the fascination of all Feuillade's best work. He had a genius for location; the great sequence in *Fantomas* of the shoot-out on the Quai de

Bercy with Juve and Fantomas darting between the huge wine-barrels is not merely picturesque. Somehow those barrels take on as much importance as the protagonists; indeed, from the way in which they are shot, they become as mysteriously threatening as some of Magritte's renderings of ordinary objects. And Feuillade's compositions in depth help because on their many levels he can best orchestrate the many levels of significance, disguise and treachery.

What makes *Les Vampires* a greater work than *Fantomas* is the fact that it was written by Feuillade himself, and thus conceived entirely in cinematic terms. But there is still another reason, and that is the very presence of the female character - Irma Vep (Musidora). Once again the subject of the film is a gang of jewel-thieves; the nominal hero is not a policeman as in *Fantomas*, but a more ambiguous representative of law and order, a journalist who is determined to capture the gang. But in the first sequence of the film, a painting of a sphinx is pushed back from the wall of an apartment to reveal in the hole cut behind it the black-tighted Irma Vep - and suddenly we realise that the battle is going to be not only political or social, but sexual as well.

It soon becomes clear that this gang of jewel-thieves is being pursued by Philippe Guerande with somewhat mixed motives. It is important that they are jewel thieves, that they prey only on the rich. But their method is not haphazard; they have organised a plot against constituted society; they are a potential revolutionary force, an underworld which is rising up to take over the 'real' world. Whether Feuillade totally understood all this is unlikely, but his audiences did; a great wave of protest arose against what was termed his glamorization of crime. The fact that the gang was ultimately vanquished by the police did not deceive anyone. Audiences knew this was only a gesture or a kind of auto-censorship on the part of Feuillade. And it is significant, for example, that the high priestess of the Vampires is killed neither by the police nor by Guerande. It is the reporter's wife who guns her down, and in a giveaway shot the hero lingers longingly over her dead body in a vivid expression of the sexual attraction exercised by this dominating woman. It could also be an unconscious recognition of a society in love with its own destruction. When a large party of rich people are gassed by the Vampires, it is significant that the gas is sweet-smelling and that the guests at first think it must be some new kind of incense or perfume. And in the penultimate scenes of the film, when the Vampires think they have triumphed, Feuillade films their celebration, their witches' sabbath, with an enthusiasm and a conviction that more than border on the ambiguous.

Seeing *Les Vampires* today is quite a different experience from what it would have been when it first appeared. Now it is shown in one go - six one-hour episodes strung together, rather

than six episodes seen at varying intervals. Furthermore, and I think this is important, the inter-titles for the film have long ago vanished, so that we are obliged to figure out the action without any help. With no help, that is, except for Feuillade's narrative genius which, as the current state of the film proves, is more than adequate for an understanding of the film - without our reading the letters that are constantly being handed to characters and to which they react with surprise, horror and amazement. But the fact that the titles are missing makes the film go much faster, and this is all to the good since present-day audiences are more sophisticated as to film narrative than audiences in 1915. We really don't need a titles to say 'the Next Day' - we can figure that out for ourselves.

And there is another difference between our appreciation of the film and that of Feuillade's audience. For us, the film recaptures the mystery and charm of a Paris long since gone; all the urban poetry of deserted streets, *terrain vagues*, half-finished buildings. This of course would not have had the same appeal to the earlier audience. But they got something else from the film - the thrill of seeing all these extraordinary and terrifying things happening in the streets they knew, that they walked down every day. For them (and in some measure for us, too) there was a conjugation of a naturalistic rendering of Paris with the evocation of strange and frightening happenings. This was Feuillade's great discovery: nothing can be more frightening than extraordinary events against normal, everyday background. (Hitchcock has of course used this principle in many of his films, eg: the gunning at the crossroads by the 'crop-duster' in *North by Northwest*.) Fantasy is grounded in everyday reality, thus making it both more credible and more frightening. In a perfectly ordinary room, a bishop presses a button, and a cannon comes out of the fireplace, all set to destroy a night-club next door. Before the cannon is fired, however, the window curtains are carefully pulled and the window is opened. After the cannon goes off, the window is closed, and the curtains are methodically drawn.

As Alain Resnais puts it, 'People say there is a Melies tradition in the cinema, and a Lumiere tradition: I believe there is also a Feuillade current, one which marvellously links the fantastic side of Melies with the realism of Lumiere, a current which creates mystery and evokes dreams by the use of the most banal elements of daily life.' The surrealistic method, in fact - the method of a painter like Magritte.

If *Les Vampires* was the greatest of Feuillade's films, there were two others, almost as good, to follow. But not immediately. The fact that one of the episodes of *Les Vampires* had been (temporarily) banned by the chief of police was enough to frighten Feuillade - and Gaumont. So the successor to *Les Vampires* was very carefully worked on to avoid offence. *Judex* was the result, and it turned out to be Feuillade's greatest success - perhaps because of its enlightening moral tone, but also because of its star, Rene Creste. As Bardeche and Bracillach so neatly put it: 'Creste's cape; that was *Judex* ... that majestic cape which he threw back over his shoulder in such a noble gesture. The rest was of little importance: the kidnapped girls, the highwaymen ... there was nothing in *Judex* that was not already in *The Exploits of Elaine*, *The Perils of Pauline*, and even more in *Fantomas*. But there was that cape. Because of that cape, because of that fatal beauty, that smile, every young man in France dreamed of *Judex*.' Seen today, *Judex* almost founders in its self-imposed sentimental morality. And *La Nouvelle Mission de Judex* (1917) is unwatchable; Louis Delluc's strictures on Feuillade are justified by this film.

But Feuillade had not completely gone over to respectability; for the two *Judex*-films were almost immediately followed by two serial films which almost equal (and some believe, even surpass) *Les Vampires*: *Tih Minh* and *Barrabas*. *Tih Minh*, as Francis Lacassin puts it, 'leaves the grey streets of Paris for the Riviera, where the bright Mediterranean sun seems to efface the differences between good and evil. The Vampire gang are now bent on world conquest; the film is about their revenge for the death of Irma Vep, and their victim is Tih Minh, a beautiful Oriental maiden. Scenes like the fight on the roof of the Hotel Negresco possess that dreamlike evil magnificence which no one was ever able to achieve so completely as Louis Feuillade.'

And in this context it is illuminating to compare *Tih Minh* with Leonce Perret's masterpiece



Musidora in *Les Vampires*: 'This was Feuillade's great discovery: nothing can be more frightening than extraordinary events against a normal everyday background; a conjugation of a naturalistic rendering of Paris with the evocation of strange and frightening happenings.'

L'Enfant de Paris. Both are largely set on the Riviera, and both make magnificent use of their locations. But while Perret - and properly so, for his purposes - simply makes the Riviera look beautiful, Feuillade makes it sinister - or rather the sinister proceeds from the combination of the landscape and the 'evil magnificence' of the subject. And there are strokes of pure genius - like the 'rest home', the Villa Circe (Irma Vep is dead, but the name of the villa may be a reference to her powers) with its gardens haunted by ghostly forms in white, wandering phantoms, the 'living dead': victims of the gang.

True, the film has an 'improving' end; crime is punished; virtue has its reward. But the criminals are not all killed; Dolores de Santa Fe is taken alive, and the good doctor Clauzel takes her back to Paris to undertake the difficult mission of converting this adventuress and delivering her from the evil spirits. But she outsmarts him - somehow she had managed to procure poison from the wicked Asiatic doctor Kistna, and she escapes conversion through death.

Between *Tih Minh* and *Barrabas* came *Vendemiaire* (1918) - but discussion of that film must be postponed, since it belongs to the beginning of Feuillade's decline, whereas *Barrabas* is the last of the great films. In many ways it is the best, except for its rather slow beginning. The plot of the film is so complex that it necessitated a great deal of exposition, in fact almost two hours of it. There are so many things we have to learn, to register, so that when Feuillade springs his trap, bottomless chasms can open metaphorically beneath the feet of his characters. But once the trap opens - and it is actually the fall of the blade of a guillotine which sets the infernal machine working - the pace never slackens. *Barrabas*, too was largely shot on the Riviera, in the hills overlooking Nice. It achieves an even greater plastic beauty than *Tih Minh*; and it is also more powerful. The aim of the criminals in *Tih Minh* was 'God Save England'; in *Barrabas*, it is the whole world they are after, and the very title of the film, with its Biblical resonance, seems to suggest the eternal existence of an underworld, of the forces of evil.

Unfortunately, little as *Les Vampires* and *Fantomas* have been seen in recent years, *Tih Minh* and *Barrabas* are even less known. The negatives still exist at Gaumont, and there are prints in both the Cinematheque Francais and the Cinematheque Royale de Belgique. But their length militates against their being shown; furthermore, legends die hard. Feuillade was for so long unknown

that opinion-makers (writers of film histories and teachers of film) are reluctant to revise their notions. Feuillade has been swept away by Griffith and a different school of film-making.

Had his career ended with *Barrabas*, he might have had a greater chance of survival; unfortunately his later films did little to enhance his reputation. *Vendemiaire* is about the only one that looks good today. Photographically, indeed, it is extremely beautiful, particularly the opening scenes of refugees from the north going down the river Rhone by ship. But the patriotic plot (German soldiers disguised as Belgians) is not terribly interesting, and already the signs of the series of tear-jerkers that Feuillade was to make from 1919 until his death in 1925 are there.

But this being said, and although Feuillade sank into obscurity, he nevertheless did have an influence on the history of the cinema - even if it was a very delayed one. With the exception of Bunuel who, as we have seen, admired his work, and in *L'Age d'Or* and some of his other films continued the Feuillade revival of the 40s to see a direct influence of his work. It is most obvious in the work of Georges Franju and that of Alain Resnais. 'Of course,' Resnais has said, 'I haven't sought systematically to imitate Feuillade. If you try to do it that way, it doesn't work.' (And I, for one, think that this is the reason why Franju's *Judex* is much less authentically Feuilladesque than his *Les Yeux sans Visage*.)

But there are other ways in which Feuillade's influence was felt. One doesn't know, of course, and there is no way of finding out, whether Fritz Lang ever saw any of Feuillade's



Musidora
en souris
d'Hôtel
dans "Les
Vampires"
de Louis
Feuillade
(1915)
carte
postale

films. But his serial film *The Spiders* (1922) looks to me very much as if he had seen and admired Feuillade. And from *The Spiders* there is an apocalyptic thread which leads through the *Dr Mabuse* films straight to Alfred Hitchcock. This cannot of course be proved. It is entirely possible that Lang had been influenced by other, similar films. For Feuillade was not the creator of the serial, nor its only exponent. The first serial is generally considered to have been Victorin Jasset's *Nick Carter*, which came out in 1908 and was followed by *The New Exploits of Nick Carter* and a whole series of films about Zigomar. In 1913 there was *Protea*; the antecedent of Irma Vep, *Protea* was a hotel thief dressed in black tights.

The first American serial was *The Adventures of a Girl Spy*, which ran from 1910 to 1913. But this and its successors were all eclipsed by Pearl White and her French director, Louis Gasnier, who were responsible for *The Exploits of Elaine* and *The Perils of Pauline*. And we should remember that it was precisely the forthcoming release of *Les Mysteres de New York* (the French title of *The Exploits of Elaine*) that urged Feuillade on to finish the first episode of *Les Vampires*. (Confusingly enough, the French title of *The Perils of Pauline* was *Les Exploits d'Elaine*!) And successful as was *Les Vampires*, it never became a universal craze like the Pearl White films. Their episodes were shorter, they came out regularly and most important, they were backed up by newspaper serialisations.

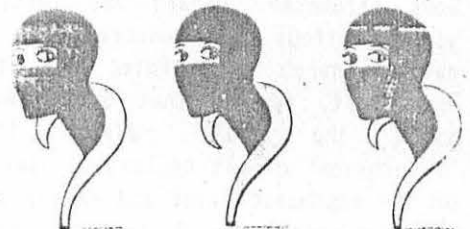
These films were nowhere near such accomplished works of art as the Feuillade films, but they did participate in the same climate of catastrophe, the same melodramatic poetry - however uninteresting they were plastically - and therefore one cannot be sure if the idea of a line going from Feuillade to Lang to Hitchcock is tenable. In any case, that line exists, whether or not it actually started with Feuillade; and it continues on to the films of Jacques Rivette, particularly *Out One; Spectre* where the shots of the Place d'Italie surely must have been inspired by visions of Feuillade - and we know Rivette has seen his work. And some of the Montmartre locations in *Celine and Julie* are reminiscent of Feuillade's use of Montmartre in *Les Vampires*.

The serial as a form continued long after the death of Feuillade, only coming to an official end in the late 40s, the most accomplished American practitioner was William Whitney, and his *G-Men versus Black Dragon*, grotesque though it is, might have amused Feuillade as it does us. The serial was killed by the end of regular weekly cinema attendance - as well as by a greater degree of sophistication on the part of audiences. But of course it never really died, for it continues on television to this day, particularly in those American afternoon dramas, and in such parodies as *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, just as it persevered all through the great years of radio in the 'soap operas'.

We might indeed have had a great television serial if Rivette's original idea for *Out One* had ever been carried out; this film was designed as a series of thirteen one-hour films - which takes us straight back to Feuillade. But the past, as Resnais noted, can never be recaptured directly, and although I have not seen the thirteen-hour version of *Out One*, those who have say that fascinating though it is, it is inferior to *Out One; Spectre*, in which Rivette took his Feuilladesque notion of a thirteen-episode film and transformed it into something else. 'No voice is wholly lost,' and Feuillade the commercial craftsman, Feuillade the fabricator of films, still lives. 'Please believe me,' wrote Feuillade, 'when I tell you that it's not the experimenters who will finally obtain for film its rightful recognition, but rather the makers of melodrama - and I count myself among the most devoted of their number ... I believe I come closer to the truth than they do.' And, looking back, there can only be one answer to the question as to whose films come closer to the truth (whatever that may be), Delluc's or Feuillade's.

Musidora dans "Les Vampires"

This essay was written by Richard Roud, and originally published in 'Cinema: A Critical Dictionary'. 1980. There are no books in English on Louis Feuillade and the movies referred to are only occasionally screened. It's a Tragedy!



THE NOT-SO NEW WAVE

JEAN-LUC GODARD (1930 -)

If influence on the development of world cinema be the criterion, Godard is certainly the most important filmmaker of the past 30 years; he is also one of the most problematic.

His career so far falls roughly into three periods: the early works from *A bout de souffle* to *Weekend* (1959-68), a period whose end is marked decisively by the latter film's final caption, "Fin de Cinema"; the period of intense politicization, during which Godard collaborated (mainly though not exclusively) with Jean-Pierre Gorin and the Dziga Vertov group (1968-1972); and the recent work, divided between attempts to renew communication with a wider, more "mainstream" cinema audience and explorations of the potentialities of video (in collaboration with Anne-Marie Mieville). (One might separate off the films from *Masculin-Feminin* to *Weekend* inclusive as representing a transitional phase from the first to the Dziga Vertov period; though in a sense all Godard's work is transitional.) What marks the middle period off from its neighbours is above all the difference in intended audience: the Dziga Vertov films were never meant to reach a general public, being aimed at already committed Marxist or leftist groups, campus student groups, and so on, to stimulate discussion of revolutionary politics and aesthetics, and, crucially, the relationship between the two.

Godard's importance lies in his development of an authentic modernist cinema in opposition to (though, during the early period, at the same time *within*) mainstream cinema; it is with his work that film becomes central to our century's major aesthetic debate, the controversy developed through such figures as Lukacs, Brecht, Benjamin and Adorno as to whether realism or modernism is the more progressive form. As ex-*Cahiers du cinema* critic and New Wave filmmaker, Godard was initially linked with Truffaut and Chabrol in a kind of revolutionary triumvirate; it is easy, in retrospect, to see that Godard was from the start the truly radical figure, the "revolution" of his colleagues operating purely on the aesthetic level and easily assimilatable into the mainstream. A simple way of

demonstrating the essential thrust of Godard's work is to juxtapose his first feature, *Breathless*, with the excellent American remake, Jim McBride's film follows the original fairly closely, with the fundamental difference that in it all other elements are subordinated to the narrative and the characters. In Godard's film, on the contrary, this traditional relationship between signifier and signified shows a continuous tendency to come adrift, so that the *process of narration* (which mainstream cinema strives everywhere to conceal) becomes foregrounded; *A bout de souffle* is "about" a story and characters, certainly, but it is also about the cinema, about film techniques, about Jean Seberg, etc.

This foregrounding of the process - and the means - of narration is developed much further in subsequent films, in which Godard systematically breaks down the traditional barrier between fiction/documentary, actor/character, narrative film/experimental film to create freer, "open" forms. Persons appear as themselves in works of fiction, actors address the camera/audience in monologues or as if being interviewed, materiality of film is made explicit (the switches from positive to negative in *Une Femme mariee*, the turning on and off of the soundtrack in *Deux ou trois choses que je sais d'elle*, the showing of the clapper-board in *La Chinoise*). The initial motivation for this seems to have been the assertion of personal freedom; the film-maker shatters the bonds of traditional realism in order to be able to say and do whatever he wants, creating films spontaneously. (*Pierrot le fou* - significantly, one of Godard's most popular films - is the most extreme expression of this impulse.) Gradually, however, a political motivation (connected especially with the influence of Brecht) takes over. There is a marked sociological interest in the early films (especially *Vivre sa vie* and *Une Femme mariee*), but the turning-point is *Masculin, feminin* with its two male protagonists, one seeking fulfilment through personal relations, the other a political activist. The former's suicide at the end of the film can be read as marking a decisive choice; from here on, Godard



increasingly listens to the voice of revolutionary politics and eventually (in the Dziga Vertov films) adopts it as his own voice.

The films of the Dziga Vertov group (named after the great Russian documentarist who anticipated their work in making films that foreground the means of production and are continuously self-reflexive) were the direct consequences of the events of May 1968. More than ever before the films are directly concerned with their own process, so that the ostensible subjects - the political scene in Czechoslovakia (*Pravda*) or Italy (*Lotte in Italia*), the trial of the Chicago Eight (*Vladimir and Rosa*) - become secondary to the urgent, actual subject: how does one make a revolutionary film? It was at this time that Godard distinguished between making political films (ie: films on political subjects; Costa-Gravas's *Z* is a typical example) and making films politically, the basic assumption being that one cannot put radical content into traditional form without seriously compromising, perhaps negating, it. Hence the attack on Realism initiated at the outset of Godard's career manifests its full political significance; realism is a bourgeois art form, the means whereby the bourgeoisie endlessly reassures itself, validating its own ideology as "true", "natural", "real"; its power must be destroyed. Of the films from this period, *Vent d'est* (the occasion for Peter Woolen's seminal essay on "Counter-Cinema" in *After Image*) most fully realised this aesthetic; the original

pretext (the pastiche of a Western) recedes into the background, and the film becomes a discussion about itself - about the relationship between sound and image, the materiality of film, the destruction of bourgeois forms, the necessity for continuous self-criticism and self-awareness.

The assumption behind the Dziga Vertov films is clearly that the revolutionary impetus of May '68 would be sustained, and it has not been easy for Godard to adjust to its collapse. That difficulty is the subject of one of his finest works, *Tout va bien* (again in collaboration with Gorin), an attempt to return to commercial filmmaking without abandoning the principles (both aesthetic and political) of the preceding years. Beginning by foregrounding Godard's own problem (how does a radical make a film within the capitalist production system?), the film is strongest in its complex use of Yves Montand and Jane Fonda (simultaneously fictional characters/personalities/star images) and its exploration of the issues to which they are central: the relationship of intellectuals to the class struggle; the relationship between professional work, personal commitment, and political position; the problem of sustaining a radical impulse in a non-revolutionary age. *Tout va bien* is Godard's most authentically Brechtian film, achieving radical force and analytical clarity without sacrificing pleasure and a degree of emotional involvement. Godard's relationship to Brecht has not always been so clear-cut. While the justification for

Brecht's distancing principles was always the communication of clarity, Godard's films often leave the spectator in a state of confusion and frustration. He continues to seem by temperament more anarchist than Marxist. One is troubled by the continuity (pointed out by Peter Harcourt in *Six European Directors*) between the criminal drop-outs of the earlier films and the political activists of the later. The insistent intellectualism of the films is often offset by a wilful abeyance of systematic thinking, the abeyance, precisely, of that self-awareness and self-criticism the political works advocate. Even in *Tout va bien*, what emerges from the political analysis as the film's own position is an irresponsible and ultimately desperate belief in spontaneity. Desperation, indeed, is never far from the Godardian surface, and seems closely related to the treatment of heterosexual relations: even though the apparent feminist awareness of the recent work runs a strain of unwitting misogyny (most evident, perhaps, in *Sauve qui peut*). The central task of Godard criticism, in fact, is to sort out the remarkable and salutary nature of the positive achievement from the temperamental limitations that flaw it.

- (Robin Wood).

During the remainder of the 1980s Godard has continued to experiment with 'cinematic language', most successfully in 'Hail Mary' (83) & 'King Lear' (87). Even at the age of 60, and completely eccentric, Jean Luc Godard remains the King of Modern Cinema!

FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT (1932-84)

Francois Truffaut was one of five young French film critics, writing for Andre Bazin's *Cahiers du cinema* in the early 1950s, who became one of the leading French filmmakers of his generation. It was Truffaut who first formulated the *politique des auteurs*, a view of film history and film art that defended those directors who were "true men of the cinema" - Renoir, Vigo, Tati in France; Hawks, Ford, Welles in America - rather than those more literary, script-oriented film directors and writers associated with the French "tradition of quality." Truffaut's original term and distinctions were subsequently borrowed and translated by later generations of Anglo-American film critics, including Andrew Sarris, Robin Wood, VF Perkins and Dave Kehr. When

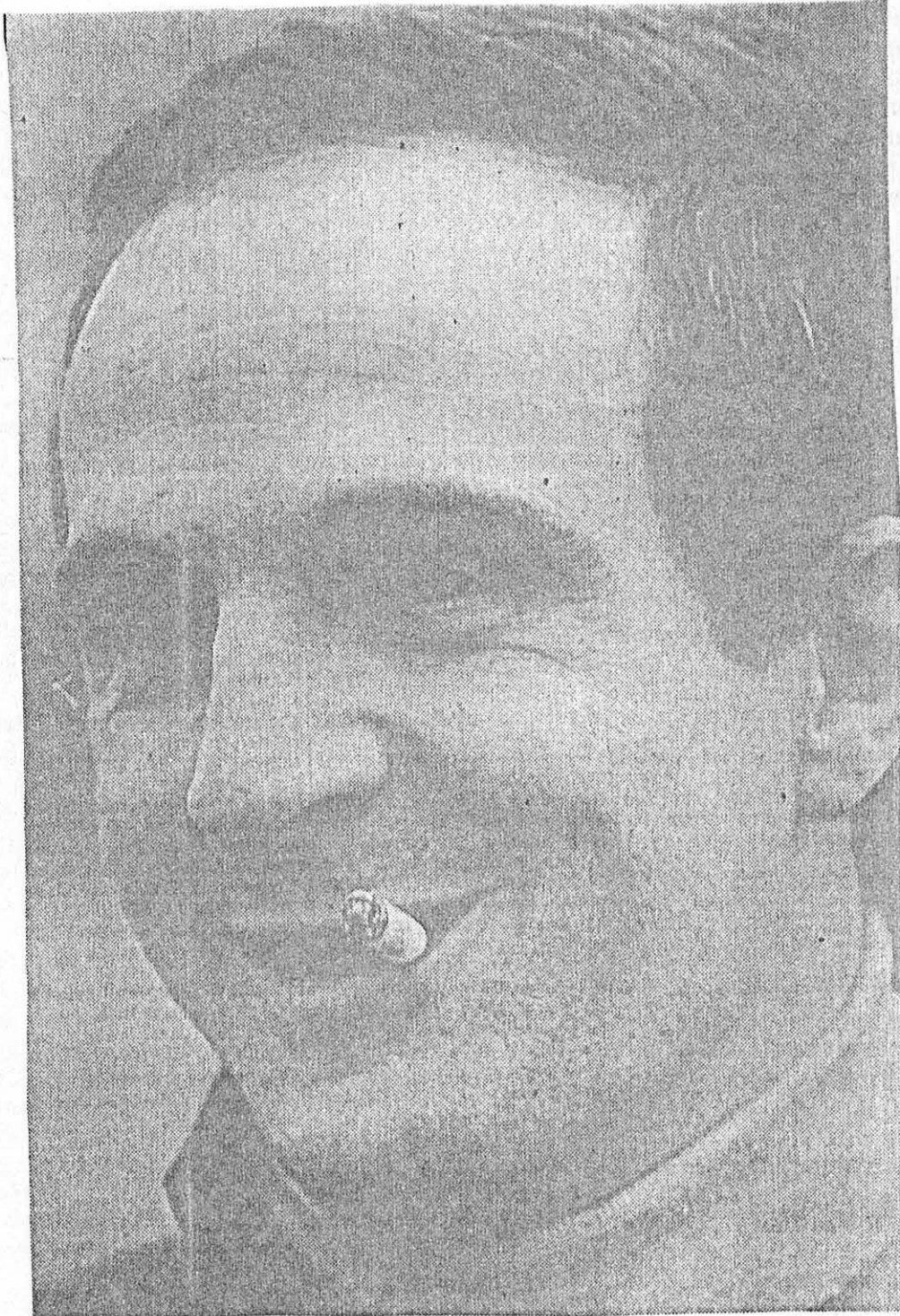
Truffaut made his first feature in 1959, *Les quatre cent coups*, he put his ideas of cinema spontaneity into practice with the study of an adolescent, Antoine Doinel, who breaks free from the constrictions of French society to face an uncertain but open future. Since that debut, Truffaut's career has been dominated by an exploration of the Doinel character's future (five films) and by the actor (Jean-Pierre Leaud) whom Truffaut discovered to play Antoine. In Truffaut's 25 years of making films, the director, the Doinel character, and Leaud all grew up together.

The rebellious teenager of *Le quatre cent coups* becomes a tentative, shy, sexually clumsy suitor in the "Antoine et Colette" episode of *Love at Twenty*. In *Baiser volez*, Antoine is older but not much wiser at either love or money making. In *Domicile conjugal* Antoine has married but is still on the run toward something else - the exotic lure of other sexual adventures. And in *L'Amour en fuite*, Antoine is still running (running became the essential metaphor for the Doinel character's existence, beginning with the lengthy running sequence that concludes *Les quatre cent coups*). Although Antoine is now divorced, the novel which he has finally completed has made his literary reputation. That novel, it turns out, is his life itself, the entire Doinel saga as filmed by Truffaut, and Truffaut fills his films with film clips that are both visual and mental recollections of the entire Doinel cycle. Truffaut deliberately collapses the distinction between written fiction and filmed fiction, between the real life of humans and the fictional life of characters. The collapse seems warranted by the personal and professional connections between Truffaut the director, Doinel the character, and Leaud the actor.

Many of Truffaut's non-Doinel films are style pieces that similarly explore the boundaries between art and life, film and fiction. The main character of *Tirez sur le pianiste* tries to turn himself into a fictional character, as does Catherine in *Jules et Jim*. Both find it difficult to maintain the consistency of fictional characters when faced with the demanding exigencies of real life. *La Mariee etait en noir* was Truffaut's elegy to Hitchcock, a deliberate style piece in the Hitchcock manner, while *Fahrenheit 451*, his adaptation of Ray Bradbury's novel, explores the

lack of freedom in a society in which books - especially works of fiction - are burned, Adele H in *L'Histoire d'Adele H*, attempts to convert her passion into a book, her diary, but life can neither requite nor equal her passion, driving her to madness and a total withdrawal from life into the fantasy of her romantic fiction. In *L'Homme qui aimait les femmes*, an incurable womanizer translates his desire into a successful novel, but the existence of that work in no way diffuses, alleviates, or sublimates the desire that vivified it. *The Green Room* is Truffaut's homage to fiction and

the novelist's craft - a careful, stylish adaptation of a Henry James story. Given his conscious commitment to film and fiction, it was not surprising that Truffaut devoted one of his films to the subject of filmmaking itself. *La Nuit americaine* is one of the most loving and revealing films about the business of making films, an exuberant illustration of the ways in which films use artifice to capture and convey the illusion of life. This film, in which Truffaut himself plays a film director, is a comically energetic defence of the joys and pains of filmmaking, in deliberate response



to the more tortured visions of Fellini's *8½* or Bergman's *Persona*.

Those Truffaut films not concerned with the subject of art are frequently about education. *L'Enfant sauvage* explores the beneficial power and effects of civilisation on the savage passions of a child who grew up in the forest, apparently raised by beasts. Truffaut again plays a major role in the film (dedicated to Jean-Pierre Leaud), the patient scientist who effects the boy's conversion from savagery to humanity. Like the director he played in *La Nuit américaine*, Truffaut is the wise and dedicated patriarch, responsible for the well-being of a much larger enterprise. *L'Argent de Poche* examines the child's life at school and the child's relationships both to adults and other children. As opposed to the imprisoning restrictions which confined children in the world of *Les quatre cent coups*, the now adult Truffaut realises that adults - parents and teachers - treat children with far more care, love and devotion than the children (like the younger, rebellious Truffaut himself) are able to see.

Unlike his friend and contemporary, Jean-Luc Godard, Truffaut remained consistently committed to his highly formal themes of art and life, film and fiction, youth and education, art and education, rather than venturing into radical political critiques of film forms and film imagery. Truffaut seems to state his position in *Le Dernier Metro*, his most political film, examining a theatre troupe in Nazified Paris. The film director seems to confess that, like those actors in that period, he can only continue to make art the way he knows how, that his commitment to formal artistic excellence will eventually serve the political purposes that powerful art always serves, and that for him to betray his own artistic powers for political, programmatic purposes would perhaps lead to his making bad art and bad political statements. In this rededication to artistic form, Truffaut is probably restating his affinity with the Jean Renoir he wrote about for *Cahiers du cinema*. Renoir, like Truffaut, progressed from making more rebellious black-and-white films in his youth to more accepting colour films in his maturity; Renoir, like Truffaut, played major roles in several of his own films; Renoir, like Truffaut, believed that conflicting human choices could not be condemned according to

facile moral or political formulae; and Renoir, like Truffaut, saw the creation of art (and film art) as a genuinely humane and meaningful response to the potentially chaotic disorder of formless reality. Renoir, however, lived much longer than Truffaut, who died of cancer in 1984 at the height of his powers.

- (Gerald Mast).

RAINER WERNER FASSBINDER (1946-82)

Rainer Werner Fassbinder was the leading member of a group of second-generation, alternative filmmakers in West Germany, the first consisting of Alexander Kluge and others who in 1962 drafted the Oberhausen Manifesto, initiating what has come to be called the "New German Cinema." Fassbinder's most distinguishing trait within the tradition of "counter-cinema," aside from his reputation for rendering filmically fragments of the new left ideology of the sixties, was his modification of the conventions of political cinema initiated in the twenties, and subsequently tailored to modern conditions of Hollywood cinema, to a greater degree than Godard, who is credited with using these principles as content for filmic essays on narrative.

In an interview in 1971 Fassbinder asserted what has come to represent his most convincing justification for his innovative attachment to story: "The American cinema is the only one I can take really seriously, because it's the only one that has really reached an audience. German cinema used to do so, before 1933, and of course there are individual directors in other countries who are in touch with their audiences. But American cinema has generally had the happiest relationship with its audience, and that is because it doesn't try to be 'art'. Its narrative style is not so complicated or artificial. Well, of course, it's artificial, but not 'artistic'."

This concern with narrative and popular expression (some of his productions recall the good storytelling habits of Renoir) was evident early in the theatrical beginnings of his career, when he forged an aesthetic that could safely be labeled a creative synthesis of Brecht and Artaud oriented toward the persuasion of larger audiences. This began with a turn to the stage in 1967, having finished his secondary school training in 1964 in Augsburg and Munich, he joined the Action-

Theatre in Munich, with Hanna Schygulla whom he had met in acting school. After producing his first original play in 1968, the Action-Theatre was closed by the police in May of that year, where upon he founded the "anti-teater", a venture loosely organised around the tenets of Brechtian theatre translated into terms alluring for contemporary audiences. Though the 1969 *Liebe ist kalter als der Tod* marks the effective beginning of his feature film career (*Der Stadtreicher* and *Das kleine Chaos* constituting minor efforts), he was to maintain an intermittent foothold in the theatre all the way until his premature death, working in various productions throughout Germany as well as producing a number of radio plays in the early seventies. The stint with "anti-theatre" was followed by the assuming of directorial control, with Kurt Raab and Roland Petri, over the Theatre am Turm (TAT) of Frankfurt in 1974, and the founding of Albatross Productions for coproductions in 1975.

When TAT failed, Fassbinder became less involved in the theatre, but a trace of his interest always remained in the form of his frequent appearances in his own films. In fact, out of the more than forty feature films produced during his lifetime there have only been a handful or so where Fassbinder has not appeared in one way or another, and he has had a major role in at least ten of them.

Fassbinder's mixing together of Hollywood and avantgarde forms took a variety of turns throughout his brief career. In the films made during the time of the peak of sixties activism in Germany - specifically *Katzelmacher*, *Liebe ist kalter als der Tod*, *Götter der Pest*, and *Warum läuft Herr R. Amok?* - theatrical conventions, principally those derived from his Brechtian training, join forces with a "minimalist" aesthetic and the indigenous energies of the *Heimatfilm* to portray such sensitive issues as the foreign worker problem, contradictions within supposedly revolutionary youth culture, and concerns of national identity. These early "filmed theatre" pieces, inevitably conforming to a static, long-take style because of a dearth of funding, tended to resemble parables or fables in their brevity and moral, didactic structuring. As funding from the Government increased proportionate to his success, the popular forms associated with Hollywood became his models. His output from 1970 through the apocalyptic events of October

1977 (the culmination of a series of terrorists actions in Hans-Martin Schleyer's death, etc) is an exploration of the forms of melodrama and the family romance as a way to place social issues within the frame of sexual politics. *Whity*, *Der Handler der vier Jahreszeiten*, *Die bitteren Tränen der Petra von Kant*, *Martha*, *Faustrecht der Freiheit* and *Frauen in New York* are perhaps the most prominent examples. A self-reflexive pastiche of the gangster film is evident as well in *Der amerikanische Soldat*. This attention to the mediation of other forms ultimately began to assume the direction of a critique of the "art film": *Warnung vor einer heiligen Nutte*, an update of *Skizzen Satansbraten*, a comment on aesthetics and politics around the figure of Stephen George; and *Chinesisches Roulette*, a parody concerning an inbred aristocracy.

The concern with the continuation of fascism into the present day receives some attention in this period (specifically in *Wildwechsel*,



Despair and *Bolwieser*), but it becomes the dominant structuring motivation in the final period, 1977-82. Here there is some kind of epic recombination of all earlier innovations in service of an understanding of fascism and its implications for the immediate postwar generation. Fassbinder's segment in *Deutschland im Herbst* (a collective endeavor of many German intellectuals and filmmakers) inaugurates this period. It and *Die Ehe der Maria Braun*, *Lili Marleen*, *Lola* and *Die Sehnsucht der Veronika Voss* may be seen as a portrayal of the consolidation of German society to conform to the "American Model" of social and economic development. *In einem Jahr mit 13 Monden*, *Berlin Alexanderplatz* and *Querelle* are depictions of the crisis in sexual identity, and the criminal and counter-cultural worlds associated with that process, in relation to "capitalism in crisis." *Die dritte Generation* is a kind of cynical summation of the German new left in the wake of a decade of terrorist activities. This final phase, perhaps Fassbinder's most brilliant cinematically, will be the one given the greatest critical attention in future years. It is the one which evinces the keenest awareness of the intellectual spaces traversed in Germany since the years of fascism (and especially since the mid-sixties), and the one as well which reveals the most effective assimilation of the heritage of forms associated with art and political cinema.

- (John O'Kane).

WERNER HERZOG (1942 -)

The nature of Herzog's talents is hard to define because they are still evolving, and because his often contradictory qualities can only be encompassed within paradoxes. "Grotesque" presents itself as a useful term to define Herzog's work. His use of an actor like Klaus Kinski, whose singularly ugly face is sublimated by Herzog's camera, can best be described by such a term. Persons with physical defects like deafness and blindness and dwarves are given a type of grandeur in Herzog's artistic vision. Herzog, as a contemporary German living in the shadow of remembered Nazi atrocities, demonstrates a penchant for probing the darker aspects of human behaviour. His characters run the gamut from a harmlessly insane man (played by a mentally-ill actor) who is murdered for no apparent reason, to a

Spanish conquistador lusting after gold, power and blood. Herzog's vision renders the ugly and horrible sublime, while the beautiful is omitted or destroyed.

Closely related to the grotesque in Herzog's films is the influence of German expressionism on him. Two of Herzog's favourite actors, Klaus Kinski and Bruno S have been compared to Conrad Veidt and Fritz Korner, prototypical actors of German expressionistic dramas and films during the teens and twenties. Herzog's actors make highly stylised, indeed even stock, gestures; in close-ups, their faces are set in exaggerated grimaces.

The characters of Herzog's films often seem deprived of free will, merely reacting to an absurd universe. Any exertion of free will in action leads ineluctably to destruction and death. He is a satirist who demonstrates what is wrong with the world but, as yet, seems unable or unwilling to articulate the ways to make it right; indeed, one is at a loss to find in his world view any hope, let alone prescription, for improvement.

Herzog's mode of presentation has been termed by some critics as romantic and by others as realistic. This seeming contradiction can be resolved by an approach that compares him with those romantic artists who first articulated elements of the later realistic approach. The scientific objectivity with which Gericault renders his series of portraits treating inmates of an insane asylum offers an art-historical parallel to the style and content of Herzog's films. A similar disinterestedness coupled with abnormal subject matter in the novels of Balzac offers itself for comparison with Herzog's approach. Critics have found in the quasi-photographic paintings of Caspar David Friedrich an analogue for Herzog's super-realism, as with these artists, there is an aura of unreality in Herzog's realism. Everything is seen through a camera that rarely goes out of intense, hard focus. Often it is as if his camera is deprived of the normal range of human vision, able only to perceive part of the whole through a telescope or a microscope.

In this strange blend of romanticism and realism lies the paradoxical quality of Herzog's talent; he, unlike Godard, Resnais or Altman has not made great innovations in film language; if his style is to be defined at all it is an eclectic one; and yet, his films do have a distinctive stylistic quality. He

renders the surface reality of things with such an intensity that the viewer has an uncanny sense of seeing the essence beyond. *Aguirre*, for example is unrelenting in its concentration on filth, disease and brutality; and yet it is an allegory which can be read on several levels; in terms of Germany under the Nazis, America in Vietnam, and more generally on the bestiality that lingers beneath the facade of civilised conventions. In one of Herzog's romantic tricks within his otherwise realistic vision, he shows a young Spanish noblewoman - accompanying and eventually becoming a prisoner of the band of conquistadors - wearing an ever-pristine velvet dress amid mud and squalor; further, only she of all the rest is not shown dying through the violence and is allowed to disappear almost mystically into the dense vegetation of the forest; clearly, she represents that transcendent quality in human nature that incorruptably endures. This figure is dropped like a hint to remind us to look beyond mere surface.

These films are not made for the German public but for export to international film festivals and, above all, for themselves. Herzog's films, with their almost morbid sense of aesthetic closure, are examples. His films have developed their own uncanny structures, like forms of rare hothouse plants. As he says himself, his films will only come to be appreciated "in the next fifty years." For the most part, he avoids making films in Germany; indeed, he delights in going to strange locations, like the South American rain forests of *Aguirre*. This film however demonstrates an important recent development in German cinema; it was a TV-cinema coproduction. During the seventies, German TV set out to make New German Cinema available to Germans and, judging from his later films, Herzog seems to have profited by this change.

- (Rodney Farnsworth).

Sadly, it hasn't worked out like that, Herzog has only made two pictures since 'Fitzcarraldo' and neither were particularly good. The fact that (a) he is completely mad, check the Lotte Eisner story/Klaus Kinski death threats & (b) that he was (with Polanski) the man who turned me onto European art-cinema are reason enough to carry on watching this man's movies.

The first thing that everyone says about him is that he belongs to the "new German cinema"; the second is that he has mastered very well a film language orientated toward the American cinema. The lightning-quick career he's made, the rapidity of his recognition, is due to his ability to couple his films to various highly contemporary trends. He has supplied the audience with what it already knows and likes - American pictures. To young filmgoers he offers pretentious attitudes and restless, empty human figures, full of doubt; to post-industrial society sad and pretty films without social or political significance, a kind of film that reaches the eyes and the heart without disturbing the mind.

The German critic Peter Buchke writes about Wenders's aesthetic, "Wenders had from the beginning a boundless faith in film, more than any other medium or art form. The most transient impressions could be preserved for all time. He has scarcely concerned himself about meaning and purpose; significance would be derived solely from such images."

This characteristic accounts for the essential fascination of these films. The films of Wenders live by static, perfectly composed, arresting and strong imagery. The story of a film plays no important role for him. On account of this his films have very disparate sources; from his first effort, *The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick* from Peter Handke, through *Wrong Movement*, inspired by Goethe's *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* and again written by Handke, through *The American Friend*, a filming of Patricia Highsmith's thriller *Ripley's Game*, to *Hammett*, a biographical essay on the famous author.

All these works are stamped, through rich, impressive imagery, with the unmistakable Wenders style. Although content is unimportant to him, his more personal films like *Alice in the Cities*, *Im Lauf der Zeit*, *Lightning Over Water (Nick's Film)* or *Der Stand der Dinge*, are better and more fully realised than the rest. The amazement of a girl confronted by the skyscrapers of America (*Alice*), the hopeless journey of two cinema mechanics in a dying region, the border area between the two Germanies, and especially his look at the last days before Nicholas Ray's death (*Nick's Film*), communicate real feeling and the perplexity of the director who in these cases is humanity

engaged.

Thus Wim Wenders, both to his advantage and his detriment, belongs to the modern film, to cinema at the end of the seventies. He is the typical representative of filmmakers who find their creative inspiration not in reality, but ultimately in the cinema itself. His world had been the old Hollywood films, where he learned to compose his images: he doesn't shoot everything that comes in front of his camera, but only those snippets of reality that correspond with something in his filmic memory.

After the foundations of his filmmaking were laid, and having received remarkably rapid recognition, Wenders sought to advance his career in the U.S and was invited by Francis Ford Coppola to make a film at Zoetrope studio. Thus began a painful time for Wenders, a series of disillusioning experiences, which he immediately knew to note down, and later, with his own resources, used to make *Der Stand der Dinge*; a film about the realisations of a filmmaker who is forced to give up his belief in the magic film land of America. The sincerity we feel in the truthful experiences worked out in the film brought Wenders the Golden Lion at Venice in 1982, a confirmation of his European identity as an artist. Hopefully he has finally grasped this,

- (Maria Racheva).

Almost a total reverse of the Herzog story, Wenders has appeared to burst forth in the 1980s, 'Paris Texas' (83) was a masterpiece of



cinematic ideas and filmic/novelistic ability. 'Wings of Desire' (87) built on this excellent foundation to create another superb 'text'. Keep watching, this one will run and run.

ROMAN POLANSKI (1933 -)

As a student at the Polish State Film School and later as a director working under government sponsorship, Roman Polanski learned to make films with few resources. Using only a few trained actors (there are but three characters in his first feature) and a hand-held camera (due to the unavailability of sophisticated equipment) Polanski managed to create several films which contributed to the international reputation of the burgeoning Polish cinema. These same limitations contributed to the development of a visual style which was so well suited to the director's perspective on modern life: one which emphasised the sort of precarious, unstable world suggested by a hand-held camera, and the sense of isolation or removal from a larger society which follows the use of only small groupings of characters. In fact, Polanski's work might be seen as an attempt to map out the precise relationship between the contemporary world's instability to overcome his isolation and locate some realm of meaning or value beyond himself.

What makes this concern with the individual and his psyche especially remarkable is Polanski's cultural background. As a product of a socialist state and its official film school at Lodz, he was expected to use his filmmaking skills to advance the appropriate social consciousness and ideology sanctioned by the government. However, Polanski's first feature, *Knife in the Water*, drew the ire of the Communist Party and was denounced at the Party Congress in 1964 for showing the negative aspects of Polish life. Although less an ideological statement than an examination of the various ways in which individual desires and powers determine our lives, *Knife in the Water* and the response it received seem to have precipitated Polanski's subsequent development into a truly international filmmaker. In a career that has taken him to France, England, Italy and finally the United States in search of opportunities to write, direct and act, he has consistently shown more interest in holding up a mirror to the individual impulses, unconscious urges and the personal psychoses of

human life than in dissecting the different social and political forces he has observed.

The various landscapes and geographies of Polanski's films certainly seem designed to enhance this focus, for they pointedly remove his characters from most of the normal structures of social life as well as from other people. The boat at sea in *Knife in the Water*, the oppressive flat and adjoining convent in *Repulsion*, the isolated castle and flooded causeway of *Cul-de-Sac*, the prison-like apartments of *Rosemary's Baby* and *The Tenant*, and the empty fields and deserted manor house in *Tess* form a geography of isolation that is often symbolically transformed into a geography of the mind, haunted by doubts, fears, desires, or even madness. The very titles of films like *Cul-de-Sac* and *Chinatown* are especially telling in this regard, for they point to the essential strangeness and isolation of Polanski's locales, as well as to the sense of alienation and entrapment which consequently afflicts his characters. Brought to such strange and oppressive environments by the conditions of their culture (*Chinatown*), their own misunderstood urges (*Repulsion*), or some inexplicable fate (*Macbeth*), Polanski's protagonists struggle to make the unnatural seem natural, to turn entrapment into an abode,

although the result is typically tragic, as in the case of *Macbeth*, or absurd, as in *Cul-de-Sac*.

Such situations have prompted numerous comparisons, especially of Polanski's early films, to the absurdist dramas of Samuel Beckett. As in many of Beckett's plays, language and its inadequacy play a significant role in Polanski's works, usually forming a commentary on the absence or failure of communication in modern society. The dramatic use of silence in *Knife in the Water* actually "speaks" more eloquently than much of the film's dialogue of the tensions and desires which drive its characters and operate just beneath the personalities they try to project. In the conversational clichés and banality which mark much of the dialogue in *Cul-de-Sac*, we can discern how language often serves to cloak rather than communicate meaning. The problem, as the director most clearly shows in *Chinatown*, is that language often simply proves inadequate for capturing and conveying the complex and enigmatic nature of the human situation. Detective Jake Gittes's consternation when Evelyn Mulwray tries to explain that the girl he has been seeking is both her daughter and her sister - the result of an incestuous affair with her father -



points out this linguistic inadequacy for communicating the most discomfiting truths. It is a point driven home at the film's end when, after Mrs Mulwray is killed, Gittes is advised not to try to "say anything." His inability to articulate the horrors he has witnessed ultimately translates into the symptomatic lapse into silence also exhibited by the protagonists of *The Tenant* and *Tess*, as they find themselves increasingly bewildered by the powerful driving forces of their own psyches and the worlds they inhabit.

Prompting this tendency to silence, and often cloaked by a proclivity for a banal language, is a disturbing force of violence which all of Polanski's films seek to analyse - and for which they have frequently been criticised. Certainly, his own life has brought him all too close to his most disturbing impulse, for when he was only eight years old Polanski and his parents were interned in a German concentration camp where his mother died. In 1969 his wife, Sharon Tate, and several friends were brutally murdered by Charles Manson's followers. The cataclysmic violence in the decidedly bloody adaptation of *Macbeth*, which closely followed his wife's death, can be traced through all of the director's features, as Polanski has repeatedly tried to depict the various ways in which violence erupts from the human personality, and to confront in this spectre the problem of evil in the world. The basic event of *Rosemary's Baby*, Rosemary's bearing the offspring of the devil, a baby whom she fears yet, because of the natural love of a mother for her own child, nurtures, might be seen as a paradigm of Polanski's vision of evil or violence he most fears. The protagonist of *The Fearless Vampire Killers*, for example, sets about destroying the local vampire and saving his beloved from its unnatural hold. In the process, however, he himself becomes a vampire's prey and, as a concluding voice-over solemnly intones, assists in spreading this curse throughout the world.

It is a sombre conclusion for a comedy, but a telling indication of the complex tone and perspective which mark Polanski's films. He is able to assume an ironic, even highly comic attitude towards the ultimate and, as he sees it, inevitable human problem - an abiding violence and evil nurtured even as we individually struggle against these forces. The absurdist stance of Polanski's short films, especially *Two Men and a Wardrobe* and *The Fat*

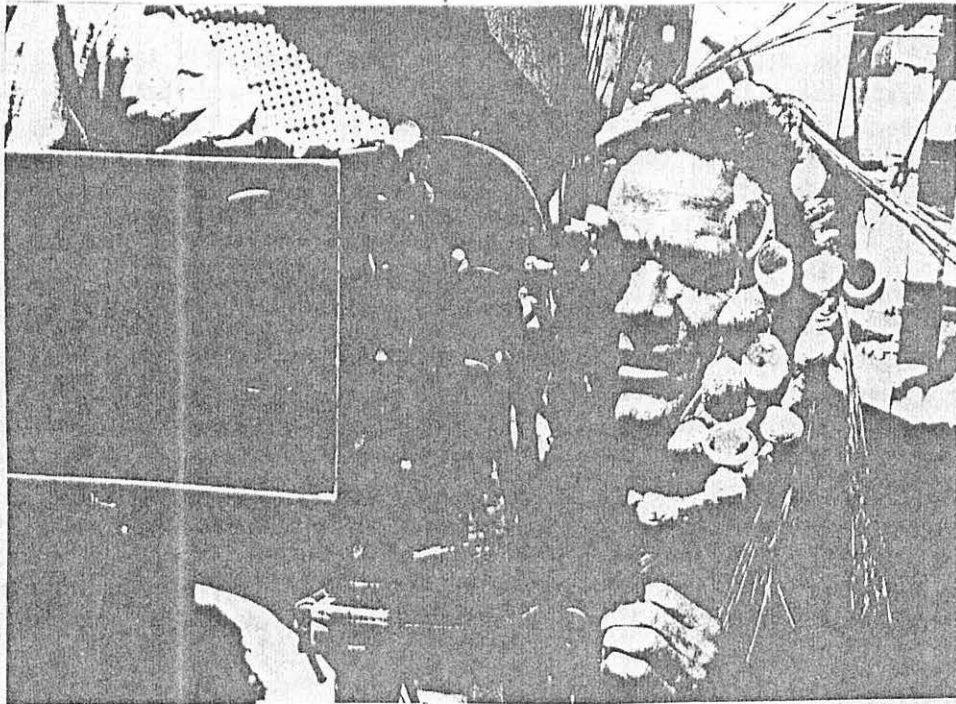
and *the Lean*, represents one logical response to this paradox. That his narratives have grown richer, more complicated, and also more discomfiting in their examination of this situation attests to Polanski's ultimate commitment to understanding the human predicament and to rendering articulate that which seems to defy articulation. From his own isolated position - as a man effectively without a country - Polanski tries to confront the problems of isolation, violence and evil and to speak of them for an audience prone to their sway. - (JP Telotte).

Due to the fact that he is a wanted man in the USA (he had sexual intercourse/drugs with a minor in 1977), Polanski has found funding for his films hard to come by. 'Pirates' (86) was a commercial flop, surrealist comedy. While 'Frantic' (88) was an excellent Hitchcock-style thriller. At present he is working on a sequel to the 'designer sex' classic '9½ Weeks'.

PIER PAOLO PASOLINI (1922-75)

Pier Paolo Pasolini, poet, novelist, philosopher and film-maker, came of age during the reign of Italian Fascism. His art is inextricably bound to his politics, which continued to grow and embody a criticism, even a contradiction of itself, throughout his life. Pasolini's films, like those of his early apprentice Bernardo Bertolucci, began under the influence of neorealism. He also did early scriptwriting with Bolognini and Fellini. Besides these roots in neorealism, Pasolini's works show a unique blend of linguistic theory and Italian Marxism. But Pasolini began transcending the neorealist tradition even in his first film *Accattone* (which means "beggar").

The relationship between Pasolini's literary work and his films has often been observed, and indeed Pasolini himself has said (in an introduction to a paperback selection of his poetry) "I made all these films as a poet." Pasolini was a great champion of modern linguistic theory and often pointed to Roland Barthes and Erich Auerbach in discussing the films many years before semiotics and structuralism became fashionable. His theories on the semiotics of cinema centred on the idea that film was a kind of "real poetry" because it expressed reality with reality itself and not with other semiotic codes, signs or



systems.

Pasolini's interest in linguistics can also be traced to his first book of poetry "Poems of Casarsa" which is written in his native Friuli dialect. This early interest in native nationalism and agrarian culture is also a central element in Pasolini's politics. His first major poem "The Ashes of Gramsci" (1954) pays tribute to the Italian Marxist and founder of the Italian Communist Party, Antonio Gramsci. It created an uproar unknown in Italy since the time of D'Annunzio's poetry and was read by artists, politicians and the general public.

The ideas of Gramsci coincided with Pasolini's own feelings, especially concerning that part of the working class known as the sub-proletariat, which Pasolini described as a prehistorical, pre-Christian, and pre-bourgeois phenomenon; a phenomenon which occurs for him in the South of Italy (the Sud) and in the Third World.

This concern with "the little homelands", the indigenous cultures of specific regions, is a theme linking all of Pasolini's films from *Accattone* to his final black vision, *Salo*. These marginal classes, known as *cafoni* (hicks or hillbillies), are among the main characters in Pasolini's novels *Ragazzi de vita* (1955) and *A Violent Life* (1959) and appears as protagonists in many of his films, notably *Accattone*, *Mamma Roma*, *Hawks and Sparrows* and *The Gospel According to Saint Matthew*. To quote

Pasolini: "my view of the world is always at bottom of an epical-religious nature; therefore even, in fact above all, in misery-ridden characters, characters who live outside of a historical consciousness, these epical-religious elements play a very important part."

In *Accattone* and *The Gospel*, images of official culture are juxtaposed against those of a more humble origin. The pimp of *Accattone* and the Christ of *The Gospel* are similar figures. When *Accattone* is killed at the end of the film, a fellow thief is seen crossing himself in a strange backward way, it is Pasolini's indictment of how Christianity has "contaminated" the sub-proletarian world of Rome. Marxism is never far away in *The Gospel*, as in the scene where Satan, dressed as a priest, tempts Christ. In *The Gospel*, Pasolini has put his special brand of Marxism even into camera angles and has, not ironically, created one of the most moving and literal interpretations of the story of Christ. A recurrent motif in Pasolini's filmmaking, and especially prominent in *Accattone* and *The Gospel*, is the treatment of individual camera shots as autonomous units; the cinematic equivalent of the poetic image. It should also be noted that *The Gospel According to Saint Matthew* was filmed entirely in southern Italy.

In the 1960s Pasolini's films became more concerned with ideology and myth, while continuing to develop his epical-religious theories. *Oedipus Rex* (which has never been

distributed in the United States) and *Nedea* reaffirm Pasolini's attachment to the marginal and pre-industrial peasant cultures. These two films indict capitalism as well as communism for the destruction of these cultures, and the creation of a world which has lost its sense of myth.

In *Teorama* ("theorem" in Italian), perhaps Pasolini's most experimental film, a mysterious stranger visits a typical middle-class family, sexually seduces mother, father, daughter and son and destroys them. The peasant maid is the only character who is transformed because she is still attuned to the numinous quality of life which the middle-class has lost. Pasolini has said about this film: "a member of the bourgeoisie, whatever he does, is always wrong."

Pigpen, which shares with *Teorama* the sulphurous volcanic location of Mount Etna, is a double film. The first half is the story of parable of a 15th-century cult of cannibals and their eventual destruction by the Church. The second half concerns two former Nazis-turned-industrialists in a black comedy of rank perversion. It is the film closest in spirit to the dark vision of *Salo*.

In the 1970s Pasolini turned against his elite international audience of intellectuals and embraced the mass market with his "Trilogy of Life": *Decameron*, *Canterbury Tales* and *Arabian Nights*. The *Decameron* was his first major European box-office hit, due mainly to its explicit sexual content. All three films are a celebration of Pasolini's philosophy of "the ontology of reality, whose naked symbol is sex." Pasolini, an avowed homosexual, in *Decameron*, and especially *Arabian Nights*, celebrates the triumph of female heterosexuality as the epitome of the life principle. Pasolini himself appears in two of these films, most memorably in the *Decameron* as Giotto's best pupil, who on completion of a fresco for a small town cathedral says, "Why produce a work of art, when it's so much better just to dream about it."

As a result of his growing political pessimism Pasolini disowned the "Trilogy" and rejected most of its ideas. His final film *Salo* is an utterly clinical examination of the nature of fascism, which for Pasolini is synonymous with consumerism. Using a classical, unmoving camera, Pasolini explores the ultimate in human perversions in a static, repressive style.

Salo, almost impossible to watch, is one of the most horrifying and beautiful visions ever created on film. Pasolini's tragic, if not ironic, death in 1975 ended a visionary career that almost certainly would have continued to evolve.
- (Tony D'Arpina).

BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI (1940 -)

At the age of 21, Bernardo Bertolucci established himself as a major artist in two distinct art forms, winning a prestigious award in poetry and receiving high critical acclaim for his initial film, *La commare secca*. This combination of talents is evident in all of his films, which have a lyric but exceptionally concrete style. As a poet, Bertolucci obtained the Italian Premio Viareggio prize in 1962 for the collection entitled *in cerca del mistero*; he has been publishing poetry since childhood, benefiting from an early immersion in a literary milieu. His father, Attilio Bertolucci, was famous in his own right as a critic, professor and poet, and in 1961 introduced Bernardo to Pier Paolo Pasolini, an esteemed literary figure. This friendship led both writers, ironically, away from poetry and into the cinema. Serving as the assistant director on Pasolini's inaugural film, *Accattone*, Bertolucci's next project, *La commare secca*, based on a story by the writer. Considering the youth and inexperience of the young artist, the decision by the producer, Antonio Cervi, to place Bertolucci in charge was a bold and prescient move.

La commare secca is an auspicious debut; as both screenwriter and director, Bertolucci found at once the high visual style and narrative complexity which distinguish his later films, the sex murder of a prostitute is its central narrative event; as the probable witnesses and suspects are brought in for questioning, a series of lives are unraveled, with each sad story winding toward the city park where the murder occurred. Formally, the film is an ambitious amalgam of a film noir atmosphere and narrative style with a neorealist concentration on behavioral detail and realistic settings.

In *Before the Revolution*, which won a prize at the Cannes Film Festival of 1964, Bertolucci first presents the theme which will become foremost in his work: the conflict between freedom and conformity. Fabrizio, the leading character, is obliged to decide between radical

political commitment and an alluring marriage into the bourgeoisie, drifting into an incestuous affair with his aunt, he in effect stacks the deck against an authentic life, giving himself no alternative but to reform - and to live in a conventional manner. In this reworking of Stendhal's *The Charterhouse of Parma*, Bertolucci expressly delineates the connection between politics and sexuality. The film also establishes the Freudian theme of the totemic father, which will recur throughout Bertolucci's work, here emblemized in the figure of Fabrizio's communist mentor, whom Fabrizio must renounce as a precondition to his entry into moneyed society.

Bertolucci diverged from the style of his first two critically successful films with *The Partner*, a complex, experimental work based on Dostoyevsky's *The Double*. Heavily influenced by the films of Godard and the events of May '68, it eschews narrative exposition, developing instead a critique of literary consumerism, academic pacifism, and the student left, through a series of polemical debates between a bookish student and his radical double. The film marks Bertolucci's first use of colour in a theatrical film, heralding what will soon become a major stylistic feature. For the most part, however, *The Partner* is an anomalous film, which conveys very little of the heightened lyricism of his major works.

With *The Spider's Stratagem*, originally made for television in 1969, and *The Conformist*, Bertolucci combines an experimental narrative technique with lavish visual design, achieving in *The Conformist* an unprecedented commercial and critical triumph. Sexuality is here explicitly posited as the motor of political allegiance, as Marcello, the lead character in *The Conformist*, becomes a fascist in order to suppress his growing recognition of his homosexuality. The character performs an outlandishly deviant act - killing his former professor, now a member of the Resistance, in order to declare his own conventionality and membership in the Fascist order. Conformity and rebellion are thus folded together, not only in the psyche of Marcello, but in the culture as a whole, as Bertolucci examines the interpenetrating structures, the twin pathologies, of family and politics. Bertolucci here unveils the full range of stylistic features - the elaborate tracking shots, the opulent colour photography (realised by the



virtuosu cinematographer Vittorio Storara); the odd, surrealistic visual incongruities - that give his work such a distinctive surface. It is here, also, that Bertolucci connects most directly with the general evolution of the postwar Italian cinema. Beginning with Visconti, and continuing with Antonioni and Bellochio, an increasing emphasis is placed on the psychology of transgression, a motif which links politics and the libido. The inner life of the alienated protagonist becomes the lens displaying the spectrum of social forces, as the politics of the state are viewed in the mimetic behaviour of disturbed individuals.

In *Last Tango in Paris* a similar study is carried out, and rendered in a classical style that conforms to Aristotle's definition of the three dramatic unities. The film depicts the last week in the life of Paul, played by Marlon Brando, as a man who is both geographically and spiritually in exile. His orbit crosses that of "the girl," played by Maria Schneider. The raw sexual encounters which ensue serve as a kind of purgation for the Brando character, who retaliates against the hypocrisy of cultural institutions such as family, church and state through the medium of Jeanne's body. Sex is used as a weapon and symbolic cure, as the libidinal rage of the character is focused on the entire apparatus of social constraints. Bertolucci writes: "At the base of modern sex

you will find sadomasochism, that means, automatically, that you will find a dialectic of violence and aggression in all human relationships." The outsized human passion Bertolucci depicts, chiefly through the threatening figure of Marlon Brando, seems to literalise the filmmaker's comment that "films are animal events." *Last Tango* combines the talents of several artists noted for the emotional temperature of their work. In addition to the players, the music by Gatto Barbieri and the cinematography of Vittorio Storaro contribute to the febrile intensity of the work.

The world acclaim brought by *Last Tango* assured Bertolucci of the financial resources, to complete the long-planned Marxian epic, *1900*. Setting the film in the rural areas of Parma, a few miles from his childhood home, Bertolucci set out to compose a paean to a way of life that was passing - the "culture of the land" of the peasant farmers, seen as a native and pure form of communism. The film depicts the cruel historical awakening of the farmers of the region, part of an entire class that has been brutalised, first by aristocratic landowners, and then by the Fascist regime. Bertolucci localises this conflict in the twin destinies of two characters born on the same day in 1900 - Olmo, who becomes a peasant leader, and Alfredo, the scion of the feudal estate. The whole of the film takes place in the environs of the estate, and such elements of landscape as the road, the railroad tracks, and the courtyard become poeticized internal frames enclosing the movement of History.

The controversial work was released in a six-hour form in Europe, and shortened to three hours for American release. Bertolucci had complete control of the cutting of the film, and considers the shorter version a more finished work. The epic sweep remains, as do the contradictions - for the film amalgamates the most divergent elements; a Marxian epic, it is furnished with an international star cast; a portrait of the indigenous peasantry, its principle language is English. Intentionally fashioned for wide commercial appeal, it nonetheless broaches untried subject matter. The film keeps these elements in suspension, never dissolving these differences into an ideological portrait of life "after the revolution." The film's ending seems instead to return to the customary balance and tension

between historical forces and class interests.

In *Luna*, Bertolucci turns to a much more intimate subject: the relation between mother and son, the work has a diminutive scale but a passionate focus, a quality crystallised in the opera scenes in which the mother, Caterina, performs. The reconciliation of mother, son and father occurs during a rehearsal in which the mother reveals, through song, the identity of father and son. This cathartic and bravura scene plays in high relief the characteristic patterns of Bertolucci's cinema, in which the family drama is played against the backdrop of a ritualised art form, opera in this case, dance in *Last Tango*, and theatre (the *Macbeth* scene in *Before the Revolution*).

With *Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man*, Bertolucci continues his inquiry into the relations between politics and family life, here framing the ambivalent bond between father and son with the correlative conflict between capitalism and political terror. As of this writing, Bertolucci is seeking financing for a film based on the Dashiell Hammett story *Red Harvest*, which essays a similar family conflict. In general, Bertolucci's oeuvre must be considered the most original and accomplished cinema of the period, for it combines an extremely vivid and distinctive visual style with unique and challenging subject matter.

- (Robert Burgoyne).

Bertolucci's work suffered a thousand setbacks during the 1980s, 'Red Harvest' was never made. Luck is a funny old devil though, and 'The Last Emperor' (88) won the Oscars and made Bertolucci into a bankable director. At present he is shooting a version of Paul Bowles' classic 'The Sheltering Sky' which should be on exhibition by 1991.

LINDSAY ANDERSON (1923 -)

In a 1958 essay entitled "Get Out and Push," Lindsay Anderson expressed his approach to working in the cinema and at the same time the world view which permeates his feature films: "I have learned that it is impossible to work in the cinema, or usefully discuss it, without reference to the system within which films are produced; and once that reference is made, it is impossible not to consider the basis of the system, the way it has grown, the motives which sustain it and the interests that it serves."

This examination of the cinema parallels the

position Anderson puts forth in his films concerning an individual's relationship to his environment. If the system is not serving the interests of the creative growth of the individual, it is the responsibility of the individual to actively seek a new self-definition beyond the confines of the established system. This individualistic approach is especially well developed in *This Sporting Life*, *If...*, and *O Lucky Man!*

In *This Sporting Life*, Anderson approaches the repression of a traditionally structured society through the personal, subjective story of Frank Machin and Margaret Hammond. The social system is evident in the film, but the focus is on the emotional conflicts of the two main characters. The setting of *This Sporting Life*, an industrial northern city, is an environment divided into economic classes. The division of classes serves to emphasise the central problem of the film - the division within Frank Machin. Machin finds himself limited to the realm of the physical, and constantly attempts to connect with others on an emotional level. Despite his attempts, he is seen in terms of his physical qualities; he is referred to as a "big cat" and a "great ape" and is valued only when he is participating in the physical act of playing rugby.

In contrast to Machin is his landlady, Margaret Hammond, a deeply emotional person; however, her emotions are hidden and suppressed. Although Mrs Hammond has no desire to make connections outside herself, Machin sees her as his complement, as the key to his personal happiness and completeness. Machin, though, not knowing how to reach people on an emotional level, is often clumsy and coarse, and Mrs Hammond, not wishing to be reached, does not attempt to aid or encourage him. Instead of sharing with each other and complementing each other, the two are in constant conflict.

Frank Machin is aware of his limitations but does not know how to change, he lacks direction. At one point in the film Mrs Hammond states that "Some people have their lives made for them," and Machin quickly replies, "Some people make their own lives." But Machin tries to make others responsible for his happiness: Margaret Hammond, the rugby team, and even the elites of society who populate the world of Mr and Mrs Weaver, owners of the rugby team. Instead of acting upon his environment, Machin

constantly attempts to break into the established system, seemingly unaware that it is this same system which controls and restrains him. Margaret's death leaves Machin alone, still trapped within himself and within the society which makes it so difficult for him to connect with others.

Mick Travis, the protagonist of Anderson's second feature film *If...*, also struggles to make connections outside himself; however, unlike Frank Machin, Mick struggles to break out of the established system. Mick takes on the responsibility of action, and although his revolution is not complete, he does not remain trapped like Frank Machin.

As in *This Sporting Life*, the principal purpose of the environment of *If...* is not solely to present authentic physical surroundings, but to contribute to the understanding of the central problem of the film. The English public school system is not the focus of the film, but a metaphor for, as Elizabeth Sussex states, the "separation of intellect from imagination." The environment of College House does not allow for the creative development of the individual; it encourages separation and fragmentation of the self. The students of College House are told to, "Work - play, but don't mix the two."

Film technique in *If...* also serves to reveal the narrative theme of the division of the self. The chapter headings physically divide the film into rigidly ordered sections, reflecting the separation of intellect and imagination encouraged by the nature of the tradition of College House. These chapter headings, along with the alternation between black and white and colour film, function as distancing devices, making the viewer aware of the medium.

A narrative technique which Anderson uses to illuminate the process that leads to Mick's eventual break from the system is the establishment of verbal language as an essential part of the structure of College House. When Mick first expresses his disdain for College House through words, they are simply absorbed by the system. Even when Mick turns from insulting the Whips to making revolutionary statements his words remain empty and meaningless for lack of a concrete conviction. There is no change in Mick's situation until he initiates action by bayoneting the college chaplain. After this



point in the film Mick no longer recites revolutionary rhetoric; in fact, he rarely speaks. He is no longer existing within the structure of College House. Totally free of the system, Mick launches into his final action of the destruction of the established order. Mick is no longer acted upon but is the creator of action; in this respect, he triumphs where Frank Machin fails. It is in Anderson's next feature *O Lucky Man!*, that the character Mick Travis will go beyond the revolution in *If...* to achieve a new self-definition.

In *O Lucky Man!*, the thematic sequel to *If...*, the medium of film itself becomes one of the narrative themes, and self-reflexive film techniques serve to reveal not only the narrative theme of self-definition, but also the process of filmmaking. The titles used in *O Lucky Man!* announce different sections of the film but do not impose order; in fact, because of their abrupt appearance and their brevity these titles tend to interrupt the order of the narrative. It is as if the medium of film itself occasionally breaks through to remind the viewer of its existence.

The recording sessions with Alan Price provide the major interruptions of the narrative structure of the film. the reality of the process of filmmaking constantly breaks into the fantasy of the story. Again, as with the film *If...*, Anderson is using the Brechtian

principle of distancing so the audience may view the film objectively. In this film, however, Anderson is not just making the viewer aware of the existence of the medium to clarify other narrative themes. the medium, specifically the energy the medium generates, is one of the themes of *O Lucky Man!* The process of creation in the medium far exceeds anything Mick accomplishes in the narrative until the two meet in the final sequence.

Mick Travis, the character, confronts Lindsay Anderson, the director, at an audition for the film *O Lucky Man!* Mick obediently projects the different emotions Anderson demands of him until he is asked to smile. It is at this point in the film that Mick finally takes action and rejects a direct order: "What is there to smile about?" he asks. Mick is looking outside himself for motivation, as he has done throughout the film, before he will take action. Anderson, exasperated, strikes Mick with a script. After receiving the blow, Mick is able to smile. He soon finds that he is one of the actors in the film; he too is capable of creating action.

Anderson's first two features, *This Sporting Life* and *If...* were well received. Critics were impressed with Anderson's individual style of poetic realism. Each film was praised for transcending the popular genre of its time. The release of *O Lucky Man!* once again brought praise for an individual style; critics applauded the film as Anderson's best and approved highly of his Brechtian techniques. Some reviewers, however, had reservations about the technique and were disturbed by the film's ending. The film was either admired or criticised, depending upon the reviewer, for its reflexive qualities, its lack of identification with the hero, and its tendency to move the viewer to think rather than feel.

All three of these films are audience pleasers, and overall Anderson is admired for his humour, his eye for detail, and his unique style. Anderson's subsequent films, *In Celebration* (1975) and *Brittania Hospital* (1982), have continued to explore the same themes as his previous work.

- (Marie Saeji).

Anderson has created very little work in the remainder of the 1980s, one picture 'The Whales Of August' stands testament to his existence.

Rumour has it that he is at work on the fourth segment of the Mick Travis saga.

ROBERT ALTMAN (1925 -)

The American seventies may have been dominated by a "New Wave" of younger, auteur-inspired filmmakers including George Lucas, Peter Bogdanovich, Steven Spielberg, Martin Scorsese and Francis Ford Coppola, all contemporaries as well as sometime colleagues. It is, however, an outsider to this group, the older Robert Altman, perhaps the decade's most consistent chronicler of human behaviour, who could be characterised as the artistic rebel most committed to an unswerving personal vision. If the generation of whiz kids tends to admire the American cinema as well as its structures of production, Altman tends to regard the American cinema critically and to view the production establishment more as an adversary to be cunningly exploited.

Although Altman has worked consistently within American genres, his work can instructively be seen as anti-genre: *McCabe and Mrs Miller* is a kind of anti-western, exposing the myth of the heroic western (as described by Robert Warshaw and executed by John Wayne and John Ford) and replacing it with an almost Marxist view of the Westerner as financier, spreading capitalism and corruption, with opportunism and good cheer. *The Long Goodbye* sets itself in opposition to certain aspects of the hard-boiled detective genre, as Elliott Gould's Philip Marlowe reflects a moral stance decidedly more ambiguous than that of Raymond Chandler's conventional lonely moralist. Similarly, *Countdown* can be seen in relationship to the science-fiction film, *Thieves Like Us* (based on *They Live By Night*) in relationship to the bandit-gangster film; *That Cold Day in the Park* in relationship to the psychological horror film inaugurated by Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* and *California Split* in relationship to that generic phenomenon so common to the seventies, the "buddy film". Even *Nashville*, Altman's complex bicentennial musical released in 1975, can be seen in relationship to a generic tradition with roots in *Grand Hotel*.

Aside from his generic preoccupations, Altman seems especially interested in people. His films characteristically contain perceptive observations, telling exchanges, moments of crystal clear revelation of human folly,

perhaps most persuasively in relationship to a grand social organisation; that of the upper classes and *nouveaux riches* in *A Wedding*; health faddists and, metaphorically, the American political process, in *Health* and so forth. Certainly Altman's films offer a continuous critique of American society; people are constantly using and exploiting others, though often with the tacit permission of those being exploited. One thinks of the country-western singers' exploitation by the politician's p.r. man in *Nashville*, for instance; or the spinster in *That Cold Day in the Park*. Violence is often the climax of an Altman film - almost as if the tensions among the characters must ultimately explode. Notable examples include the fiery deaths and subsequent "surprise ending" in *A Wedding*, or the climactic assassination in *Nashville*.

Another recurring interest for Altman in his preoccupation with the psychopathology of women; one thinks of the subtly encroaching madness of Sandy Dennis's sexually repressed spinster in *That Cold Day in the Park*; an underrated, early Altman film; the disturbing instability of Ronee Blakley in *Nashville*; the relationships among the unbalanced subjects of *Three Women*, based on one of Altman's own dreams; and the real/surreal visions of Susannah York in the virtual horror film, *Images*. Because almost all of Altman's characters tend to be hypocritical, psychotic, weak or morally flawed in some way, with very few coming to a happy end, Altman has often been attacked for a kind of trendy cynicism, yet this cynicism seems not a mannerism of the director as much as his genuine attempt to avoid the conventional myth-making of the American cinema by imbuing as many of his characters as possible with that sloppy imperfection associated with human beings as they are.

Performers enjoy working with Altman in part because of the freedom he allows them to develop their characters and often alter the script through improvisation and collaboration. Like Bergman, Altman has worked often with a stock company of performers who appear in one role after another, among them Elliott Gould, Sally Kellerman, Rene Auberjonois, Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, Michael Murphy, Bert Remson and Henry Gibson.

Altman's distinctive style transforms whatever subject he approaches. He often takes advantage

of widescreen compositions in which the frame is filled with a number of subjects and details competing for the spectator's attention. Working with cinematographer, Vilmos Zsigmond, he has achieved films that are visually distinguished and tend toward the atmospheric; especially notable are the use of the zoom lens in the smoky cinematography of *McCabe and Mrs Miller*; the reds, whites and blues of *Nashville*; the constantly mobile camera, specially mounted, of *The Long Goodbye*, which so effortlessly reflects the hazy moral center of the world the film presents; and the pastel prettiness of *A Wedding*, particularly the first appearance of that icon of the American cinema, Lillian Gish.

work, is a panoramic view of the American experience and society, following the interrelated experiences of 24 characters in the country-western capital. In its almost three-hour length, *Nashville* accumulates a power of the whole even greater than the vivid individual parts which themselves resonate in the memory; the incredibly controlled debut performance of Lily Tomlin and the sensitive performances of at least a dozen others; the lesson on sexual politics Altman delivers when he photographs several women listening to a song by Keith Carradine; the vulnerability of Ronee Blakley who suffers a painful breakdown in front of her surprisingly fickle fans; the expressions on the faces of the men who watch Gwen Welles's painfully humiliating striptease;



Altman's use of multi-track sound is also incredibly complex; sounds are layered upon one another, often emanating from different speakers in such a way that the audience member must also decide what to listen for. Indeed, watching and listening to an Altman film inevitably requires an active participant; events unroll with a Bazinian ambiguity. Altman's Korean War comedy *MASH* was the director's first public success with this kind of soundtrack. One of his most extreme uses of this technique can be found in *McCabe and Mrs Miller*, generally thought to be among the director's two or three finest achievements.

Nashville, Altman's most universally acclaimed

the final cathartic song of Barbara Harris, as Altman suddenly reveals the conventional "Star is Born" myth in his apparent anti-musical like a magician stunning us with an unexpected trick.

Overall, Altman's career - itself has been rather weird. His output since the 1971 *MASH* has been prodigious indeed, especially in light of the fact that a great number of his films have been financial and/or critical failures. In fact, several of his films, among them *A Perfect Couple* and *Quintet* (with Paul Newman) barely got a national release; and *Health* (which starred Glenda Jackson, Carol Burnett, James Garner and Lauren Bacall) languished on

the shelf for years before achieving even a limited release in New York City. The most amazing thing about Altman's *Popeye*, which was relatively successful with critics and the public, was that Altman managed to secure the assignment at all, not that the film emerged as one of the most cynical and ultimately disturbing of children's films, in line with Altman's consistent vision of human beings and social organisation. The direction Altman's theatre-inspired films - *Come Back to the Five and Dime*, *Jimmy Dean*, *Jimmy Dean*, *Streamers* and *The Diviners* - will lead his increasingly curious and unique career remains to be seen.

- (Charles Derry)

Altman's career in the mid-late 1980s has not been very encouraging. Sure enough he has turned out quite a handful of movies, but none have carried the same power that his work of the '70s demonstrated. Unless a miracle occurs, this director is off the 'ones to check out' list.

The various chapters in this essay are culled from 'The International Dictionary of Films and Filmmakers: Volume II - Directors'.

SELECTED FILMOGRAPHY:

GODARD: *Breathless* (60) / *A Woman is a Woman* (61) / *My Life To Live* (62) / *Le Petit Soldat* (63) / *Les Carabiniers* (63) / *Contempt* (63) / *Band of Outsiders* (64) / *The Married Woman* (64) / *Alphaville* (65) / *Pierrot Le Fou* (65) / *Masculin-Feminin* (66) / *Made in the USA* (66) / *Two or Three Things I Know About Her* (67) / *La Chinoise* (67) / *Week-End* (68) / *Tout Va Bien* (72) / *Hail Mary* (83) / *King Lear* (87).

TRUFFAUT: *The 400 Blows* (59) / *Shoot The Piano Player* (60) / *Jules and Jim* (61) / *Day For Night* (73).

FASSBINDER: *Love is Colder Than Death* (69) / *Fear Eats the Soul* (73) / *Fox and his Friends* (74) / *Despair* (77) / *Berlin Alexanderplatz* [14 episodes] (80) / *Lili Marleen* (80) / *Lola* (81) / *Veronica Voss* (81) / *Querelle* (82).

HERZOG: *Signs of Life* (68) / *Aguirre, the Wrath of God* (72) / *The Enigma of Kaspar Hauser* (73).

WENDERS: *Kings of The Road* (76) / *The American Friend* (77) / *Lightning Over Water* (81) / *Hammett* (82)

/ *The State of Things* (82) / *Paris Texas* (83) / *Wings Of Desire* (87).

POLANSKI: *Knife In Water* (62) / *Repulsion* (65) / *Cul de Sac* (66) / *Rosemarys Baby* (68) / *Macbeth* (71) / *Chinatown* (74) / *The Tenant* (76) / *Tess* (79) / *Frantic* (83).

PASOLINI: *Accattone* (61) / *Mama Rona* (62) / *The Gospel According to St Matthew* (64) / *The Hawks and The Sparrows* (66) / *Oedipus Rex* (67) / *Theorem* (68) / *Pigpen* (69) / *Medea* (70) / *The Decameron* (71) / *The Canterbury Tales* (72) / *The Arabian Nights* (74) / *Salò: The 120 Days of Sodom* (75).

BERTOLUCCI: *The Grim Reaper* (62) / *Before the Revolution* (64) / *Partner* (68) / *The Spider's Strategem* (70) / *The Conformist* (70) / *Last Tango in Paris* (72) / *1900* (76) / *La Luna* (79) / *Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man* (81) / *The Last Emperor* (87).

ANDERSON: *This Sporting Life* (63) / *If* (68) / *O Lucky Man* (73) / *Brittania Hospital* (82).

ALTMAN: *Countdown* (68) / *That Cold Day In the Park* (69) / *M*A*S*H* (70) / *Brewster McCcloud* (70) / *McCabe & Mrs Miller* (71) / *Images* (72) / *The Long Goodbye* (73) / *Thieves Like Us* (74) / *California Split* (74) / *Nashville* (75) / *Buffalo Bill & The Indians* (76) / *Three Women* (77) / *A Wedding* (78) / *A Perfect Couple* (79) / *Quintet* (79) / *Health* (80) / *Popeye* (80) / *Come Back To The Five & Dime*, *Jimmy Dean*, *Jimmy Dean*.

SUGGESTED READING:

Bazin - *What is Cinema Vol 1 & 2*.

Truffaut - *Hitchcock*.

The Films in My Life,

Anderson - *About John Ford*,

Cahiers du Cinema: The 1950s,

Nichols - *Movies & Methods*,

Leaming - *Polanski*,

Hayman - *Fassbinder: Film Maker*,

Milne - *Godard on Godard*,

Pier Paolo Pasolini (BFI),

Stack - *Pasolini*,

Roud - *Godard*,

Sussex - *Lindsay Anderson*,

Monaco - *American Film Now*,

Sarris - *The American Cinema*,

Graham - *The New Wave*,

Woolen - *Signs and Meanings in the Cinema*,

Harvey - *May 68 and Film Culture*,

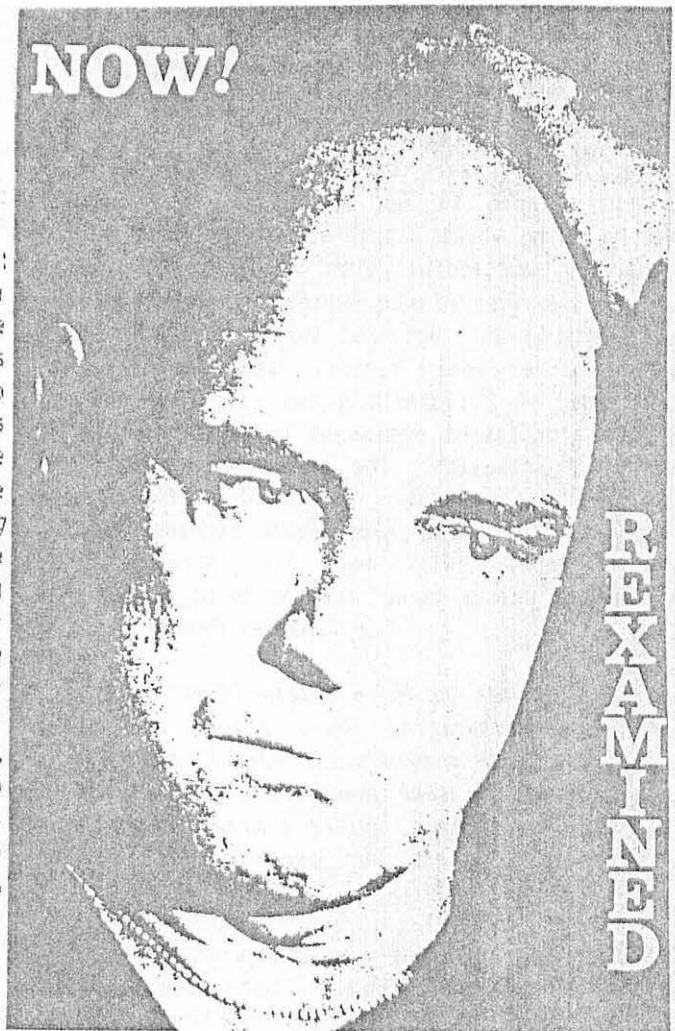
Pauline Kael's film criticism.

APOCALYPSE

'Apocalypse Now' (1979) was Francis Ford Coppola's modernisation of Joseph Conrad's classic novel: 'Heart of Darkness'. The portrayal of the Vietnam war as the end of human sanity is interesting, the bathing of entire areas of land in napalm is horrific, the use of violent imagery to investigate Hemingway-style masculinity provides the film with a vibrant sub-text. The picture opens with Willard 'withdrawing' from the violence in a stark hotel room; *'Everyone gets everything he wants.'* Willard gets a mission to 'search & destroy' Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando recreating his father-figure role to the younger method-actors!) One of the earliest action parts of the movie features Coppola as a TV director 'directing' war footage (very funny, reminds me of the UCLA porno director in Schrader's 'Hardcore'). As the story continues we get a Hawksian scenario where five men are confined on the boat that must go to 'The End of the World'. (It's interesting to note that of the five characters, two are black, three are white; both blacks die, only one of the whites!) Much of the film merges into a maelstrom of 'glimpses' which I'm sure is Coppola's commentary on what 'life under fire' is like (Nb;

His advisor on the picture was Michael Herr who wrote the best book on 'Nam'; *'Despatches'*.) Glimpses: The surfing-crazy commander of the Air Cav, a man who understands the connection between Wagner and Destruction, The Playboy bunnies bringing (untouchable) sex to the unsexed! Lance's sun-tan, Arab fashion look and camouflaged make-up (what a 'nice' boy), The last line of defence; *'The asshole of the World.'* An acid-hell, (the equivalent of the trenches in 1917), there is no-one in charge! Welcome to Disneyland (ie; Cambodia), Most of the journey is successful, the random slaughter of an entire boat load of Vietnamese does feel a bit set-up though. The obsession with Brando/Kurtz is growing; *'He could have gone for general but he went for himself instead.'* The insane letter from the last person to go after him; *'Sell the house - Sell the car - Sell the kids - Find someone else! - Forget it - I'm never coming back - Forget it!!!'* The tension increases between the boat-chief and Captain Willard as we get closer, simultaneously the natives become less threatening (elements of anthropology here). Dennis Hopper is splendid as a wasted hippie photographer (witness), his description of Kurtz as a 'warrior-poet' sums up the hideous figure. When Brando appears on the screen the movie is thrown into another cosmos altogether. He only occupies the screen for 8½ minutes but this is an epic (the baldness) period. From being submerged in mud to the expressionistic filming (the shadows complement the pastiched mumbling!); *'Totally insane - Methods unsound, I don't see any method at all.'* By the time he cages Willard in bamboo, we know that he is *'clear in his mind (but his) soul is mad.'* Kurtz is a primitive king at ease (sort of) with his animalism, he believes in trial by brutality. Are horror and mortal terror a friend or an enemy? What is compassion? What is judgement? Is it possible to control our primordial instinct to kill? Two books rest by him on the table, both tell us a lot about the film; *'From Ritual to Romance'* & *'The Golden Bough'*. What has driven Kurtz to this extreme? The insane hypocrisy of the US Army/Air Force; *'They train young men to drop fire on people but their commanders won't let them write 'Fuck' on their aeroplanes because it's obscene!'* Profound stuff. Kurtz's execution/death/ritual slaughter is cross-cut with the killing of a cow. Since Willard has killed the king he now becomes the king! The ending is a bit weak, they depart in classic Hollywood, 'job done' style. I favour the line: *'Drop the bomb - exterminate them all!'*

NOW!



REXAMINED



HAWKS

as Silent Director: 1926 - *The Road to Glory*, (+story) / *Fig Leaves*, (+story) / 1927 - *The Cradle Snatchers*, / *Paid to Love*, / *Fazil*, / 1928 - *A Girl in Every Port*, (+co-sc) / 1929 - *Trent's Last Case*,

as Sound Director: 1930 - *The Dawn Patrol*, / 1931 - *The Criminal Code*, / 1932 - *The Crowd Roars*, (+story) / *Tiger Shark*, / *Scarface*; *Shame of a Nation*, (+production, bit role) / 1933 - *Today We Live*, / 1934 - *20th Century*, / 1935 - *Barbary Coast*, / *Ceiling Zero*, / 1936 - *The Road To Glory*, / 1938 - *Bringing Up Baby*, / 1939 - *Only Angels Have Wings*, / 1940 - *His Girl Friday*, / 1941 - *Sergeant York*, / *Ball Of Fire*, / 1943 - *Air Force*, / 1944 - *To Have And Have Not*, / 1946 - *The Big Sleep*, / 1947 - *A Song Is Born*, / *Red River*, (+prod) / 1949 - *I Was A Male War Bride (You Can't Sleep Here)*, (+prod) / 1952 - *The Big Sky*, (+prod) / *Monkey Business*, / 1953 - *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, / 1955 - *Land Of The Pharaohs*, (+prod) / 1959 - *Rio Bravo*, (+prod) / 1962 - *Hatari*, (+prod) / 1963 - *Man's Favourite Sport*, (+prod) / 1965 - *Red Line 7000*, (+prod, story) / 1966 - *El Dorado*, (+prod) / 1970 - *Rio Lobo* (+prod),

Other Filmic Work: 1916-17 Works as prop boy, / 1917 - *A Little Princess*, [Neilan] (directed some scenes uncredited) / *As Scriptwriter:* 1923 - *Quicksands*, [Conway] (+story, prod) / 1924 - *Tiger Love*, [Melford] / 1925 - *The Dressmaker From Paris*, [Barn] (+co-story) / 1926 - *Honesty - The Best Policy*, [Bennett & Neil] (+story) / *Etcetera:* 1926 - *Underworld*, [Von Sternberg] (co-sc uncredited) / 1928 - *The Air Circus*, (co-directed with Lewis B Seiler) / 1932 - *The Red Dust*, [Fleming] (co-sc only, uncredited) / 1933 - *The Prizefighter And The Lady (Everywoman's Man)*, [Van Dyke] (directed parts of the film - claim disputed) / 1934 - *Viva Villa*, [Conway] (direction begun by Hawks) / 1936 - *Come And Get It*, (co-directed with William Wyler) / *Sutter's Gold*, [Cruze] (co-sc uncredited) / 1938 - *Test Pilot*, [Fleming] (co-sc uncredited) / 1939 - *Gone With The Wind*, [Fleming] (additional dialogue, uncredited) / *Gunga Din*, [Stevens] (co-sc uncredited) / 1941 - *The Outlaw*, [Hughes] (direction begun by Hawks) / 1943 - *Corvette K-225 (The Nelson Touch)*, [Rossen] (production) / 1951 - *The Thing*, [Nyby] (production) / 1952 - *O Henry's Full House*, compilation movie ('The Ransom of Red Chief' episode),

ARTISTIC VISION

ODILON REDON (1840-1916).

2 Odilon Redon was born at Bordeaux on the 20th April 1840 and spent his childhood at Peyrebade, his family's estate in the Medoc. His father had made a small fortune in New Orleans, America, where he had gone to escape the poverty of the Napoleonic Wars and this ensured that he could provide a comfortable, bourgeois upbringing for his son yet Redon developed the habit of inactive, solitary introspection;

'I lived only within myself, with a loathing for any physical effort.'

Due to ill health he did not go to school until the age of eleven and even then he was wretchedly unhappy.

His early experiences of painting were definitely influenced by the Romantic movement of the 1830's. At the age of seven, he spent a year in Paris visiting art museums where he distinctly remembered seeing violently dramatic paintings which were certainly Delacroix's. At fifteen, he began to have lessons from an artist called Stanislas Gorin, a minor but stimulating painter who passionately believed in Romantic values and that the prime function of the artist was to express his individuality above all other theoretical concerns. This attitude became deeply rooted in the young Redon, who continued to respond to Romanticism with an extreme intensity even at a period when the progressive art of the age, Realism, was in no way pursuing the course of the individual sensibility. But Redon was not simply unaware of the latest developments from Paris, through his friend and mentor, Armand Clavaud, he knew *'Les Fleurs du Mal'*, *'Madame Bovary'* and translations of Edgar Allan Poe at the time of their publications.

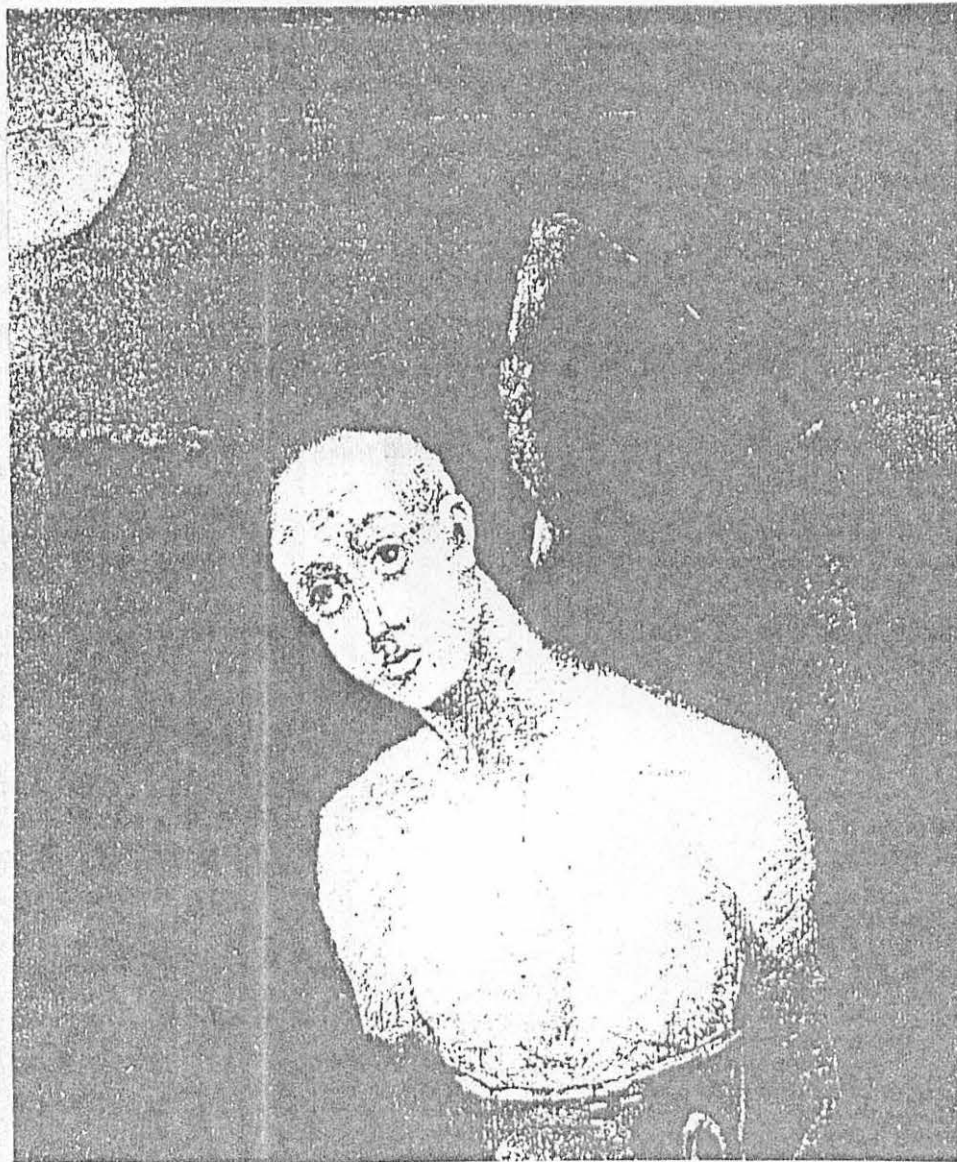
His position in his late teens was not without contradictions. The Romanticism of his background complicated by a consciousness of the artistic changes prevalent in Paris led him to briefly explore another angle for employment, in architecture but he failed the examinations at 17 and therefore decided to embark upon a professional artistic career.

His father arranged for Odilon to enter into the studio of a well-established salon painter, Jean Leon Gerome but the project was doomed to failure. Gerome's technique of painstaking attention to detail was diametrically opposed to Redon's drawing which depended on atmosphere and spirituality. Therefore at twenty four he left to return to Bordeaux to join the studio of Rodolphe-Bresdin a Parisian painter who had not had much public success, but whose reputation was bound up with the Bohemian legend ever since Champfleury had used him in his tale *'Chien-Caillou'*. Redon was profoundly influenced by Bresdin's attitude to art and the artist, just as he was by the painter's work. Bresdin produced a large quantity of black and white lithographs which although small contained the expression of a highly original imagination. Within these plates one sees a visionary world unfold which is separate from our reality but linked through features of the natural world.

It was through Bresdin's influence that Redon began to distinguish between two ways of life and a notion of success, that of the bourgeois respectability of his background and bohemian individualism. By the mid-1860s Redon was able to turn his attention away from Parisian fame like Gerome towards the poverty and obscurity of Bresin who continued to practice artistic freedom. He therefore came to terms with his own lack of recognition.

After a brief involvement in the 1870s Franco-Prussian War, Redon embarked upon a series of works in a medium that became known as his 'noirs', such works explore the cult of the inexplicable and ambiguous. *'The Fallen Angel'* 1871 takes its subject mainly from the realms of religion and mythology and this enables Redon to evoke a visionary world from which time and space are absent. This world is not biblical or allegorical in theme, the angel is fallen but for no definable reason, the image is used rather to express personal suffering and pessimism.

The observation of nature is an indispensable aspect of Redon's 'noirs' throughout his career but their quality relies rather on the ability to transform these sources into potent



works of the imagination. His aim was to obtain a visible link with the natural world while exploring the visionary;

'All my originality consists then of making the improbable beings come to life humanly according to the laws of the probable, putting, as far as possible, the logic of the visible at the service of the invisible.'

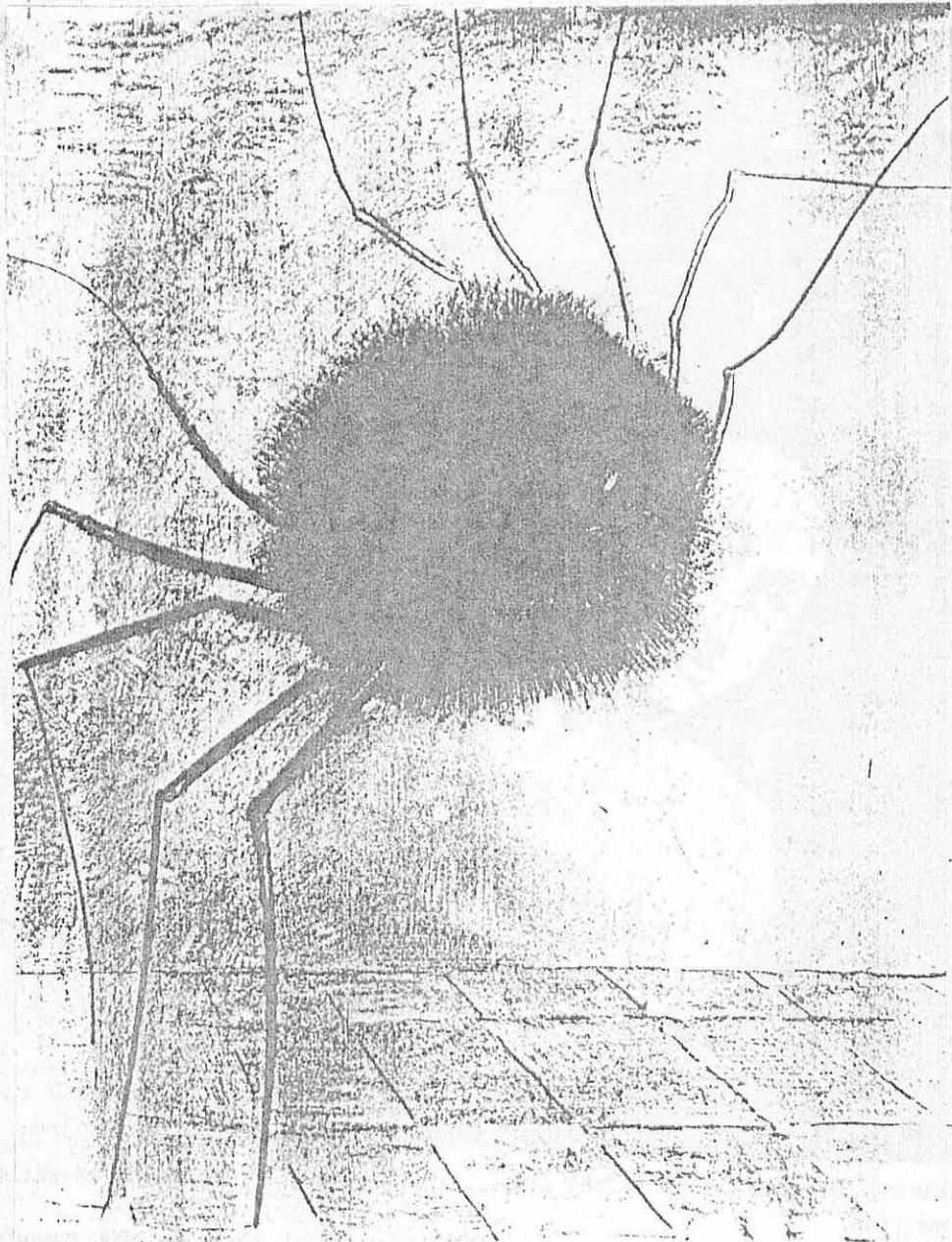
'The Smiling Spider' 1881 or 'The Cactus Man' 1881 are examples of the above. Both take either human or plant qualities and characteristics which make them disturbing to the viewer since they can not be categorised as simply mythology or undefinable creatures, instead they are hybrids of species already known to us. The jeering spider has obtained a personality through human features giving it an eerie feel.

The evolution of Redon's subject matter was accompanied by the development of his understanding of the black and white media. Black and white served well the melancholy and pessimism that was ingrained in his work, for Redon it was an agent of the mind;

'Black must be respected, Nothing adulterates it, It does not give pleasure to the eyes and awakens no sensuality. It is an agent of the mind far more than the fine colour of the palette or prism.'

By confining himself to charcoal drawings, he was able to concentrate his style on states of the mind and direct the spectator away from the objective world.

The hesitant manner of the 1860s gave way to a mature style yet a major problem remained, that of recognition, the problem of exhibiting himself and getting known was becoming increasingly urgent.



One Parisian circle into which Redon did become involved in the 1870s was the Salon of Mme de Rayssac, the widow of a minor now forgotten poet. The values of Romantic art were predominant at the Salon and it was here that he managed to get first hand accounts about Delacroix, Baudelaire and Rossini by the painter Chenavard who had been their companion. Redon also associated with younger artists such as the painter and future Salon success Fentin-Latour and it was he who gave Redon the advice to work in lithography in order to increase his output and therefore make the public more aware of his imagination.

Redon's first album of lithographs was based mostly on earlier drawings and appeared in 1879 under the title *'The Dream'*. Lithography was not the only alternative route to success that he took, in 1881 and 1882 he held his first one-man exhibitions. These were held not at official organisations like the Salon but in the offices of newspapers. The 1881 show was held with *La Vie Moderne*, Charpentier's weekly review whose contributors included Huysmans. the long-standing national daily *'Le Gaulois'* held his second exhibition. Redon had embarked upon his public career at the age of forty yet the recognition that he gained was not what he expected.

The general public looked on his art with derision but he found defenders from the literary avant-garde. Huysmans wrote a long account of Redon's art praising its bizarre visionary qualities and later contacted him and became his friend. Emile Hannequin, a young literary critic, also acclaimed Redon, in his review of the 1882 exhibition he praised him as an outstanding figure in a new movement in the arts that was hostile to Zola's precepts; that of

the Decadents. Prior to this interest, Redon had been mainly very obscure to the Parisian art circles, his visionary art, consisting mainly of relatively small charcoal drawings, was very distant from the art of the official Salon and distant too from the progressive and controversial Impressionist exhibitions. In Paris in the 1870s it was hard to find circles in which his suggestive art was echoed.

Decadance is normally associated with the cult of the artificial, senses and imagination, disenchantment with science or materialism as offering paths to progress and happiness, scepticism about moral or religious codes and the belief that society is degenerate or decaying are main aspects of the Decadent sensibility. It is this pessimism that creates a cult of oneself which has its roots in the individualist nature of the Romantic sensibility.

Redon appealed to the avant-garde mainly because of his obscurity, his distance from established taste and his evident opposition to figures such as the Impressionists or Zola giving his work a prime originality. Particularly attractive was his antagonistic disenchantment with the contemporary world and Nature as a science in its own right. When Huysmans and Hennequin praised Redon they did so with regard to their own work. Already in 1882 Huysmans had described the 'noirs' as a transportation of one art to another (ie: literary) and compared them to his work and writers such as Baudelaire and Poe were becoming heroes of the avant-garde. In his own work 'A. Reboours', Huysmans writes a description of Des Esseintes collection of Redon's works which include 'The Smiling Spider' and 'The Ball', although they are not named the description is evocative:

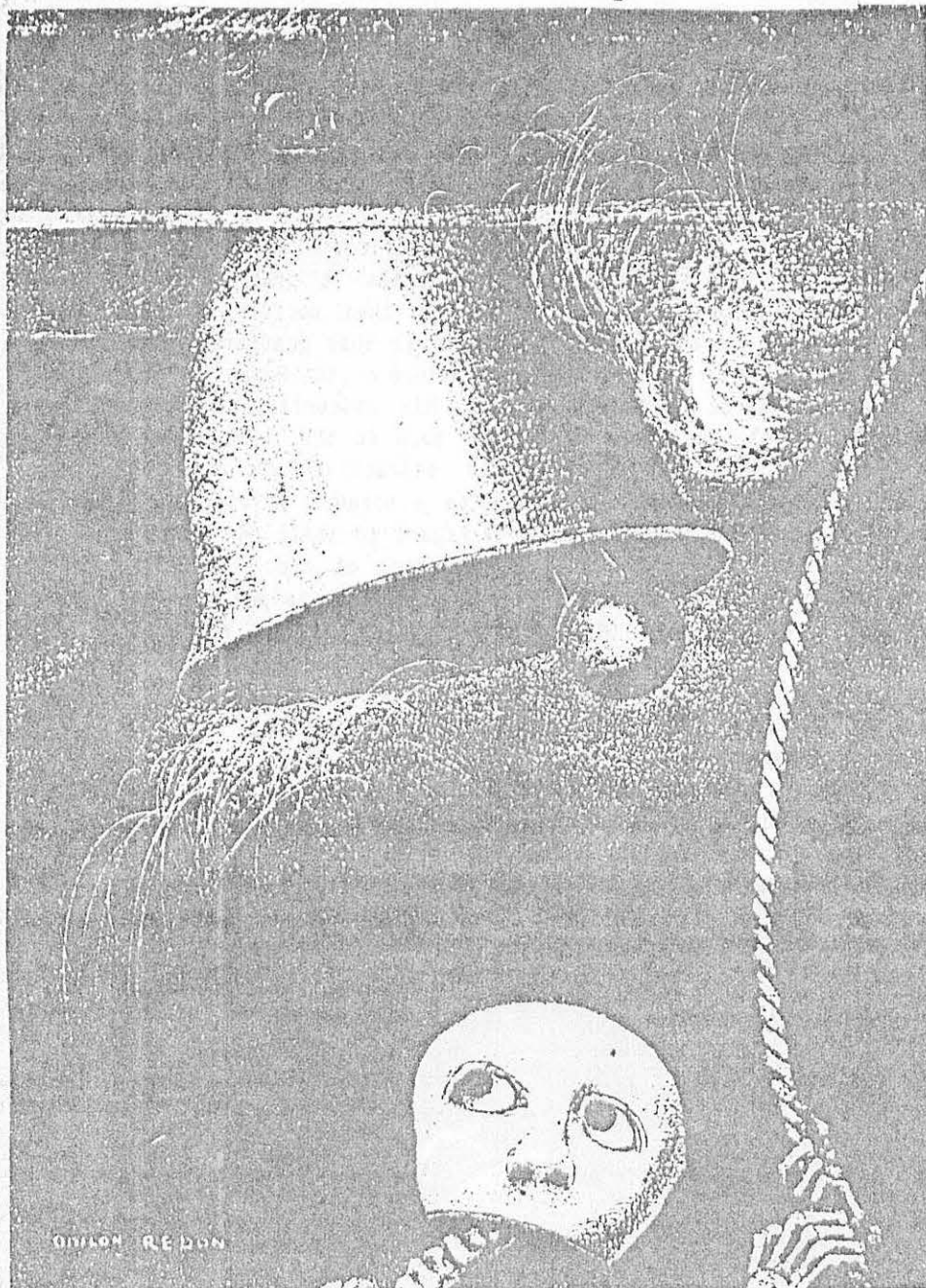
'... a bearded man, at the same time part bronze and part speaker at a public meeting, touching with his finger a colossal cannon ball.'

Redon's work becomes directly related to the psychology of its bizarre hero, Des Esseintes and to the various features of his decadent existence, for example the cult of the artificial which stems from his pessimistic rejection of the natural world.

'The Ball' (1878).



'A mask tells the funeral knell' 'To Edgar Poe' (1882).



The publication of *'A Rebours'* in 1884 was a major literary event, the novel caused a sensation and quickly became established with the aims and tastes of the Decadents, therefore through its wide circulation Redon became increasingly known in association with Decadent ideas and aims.

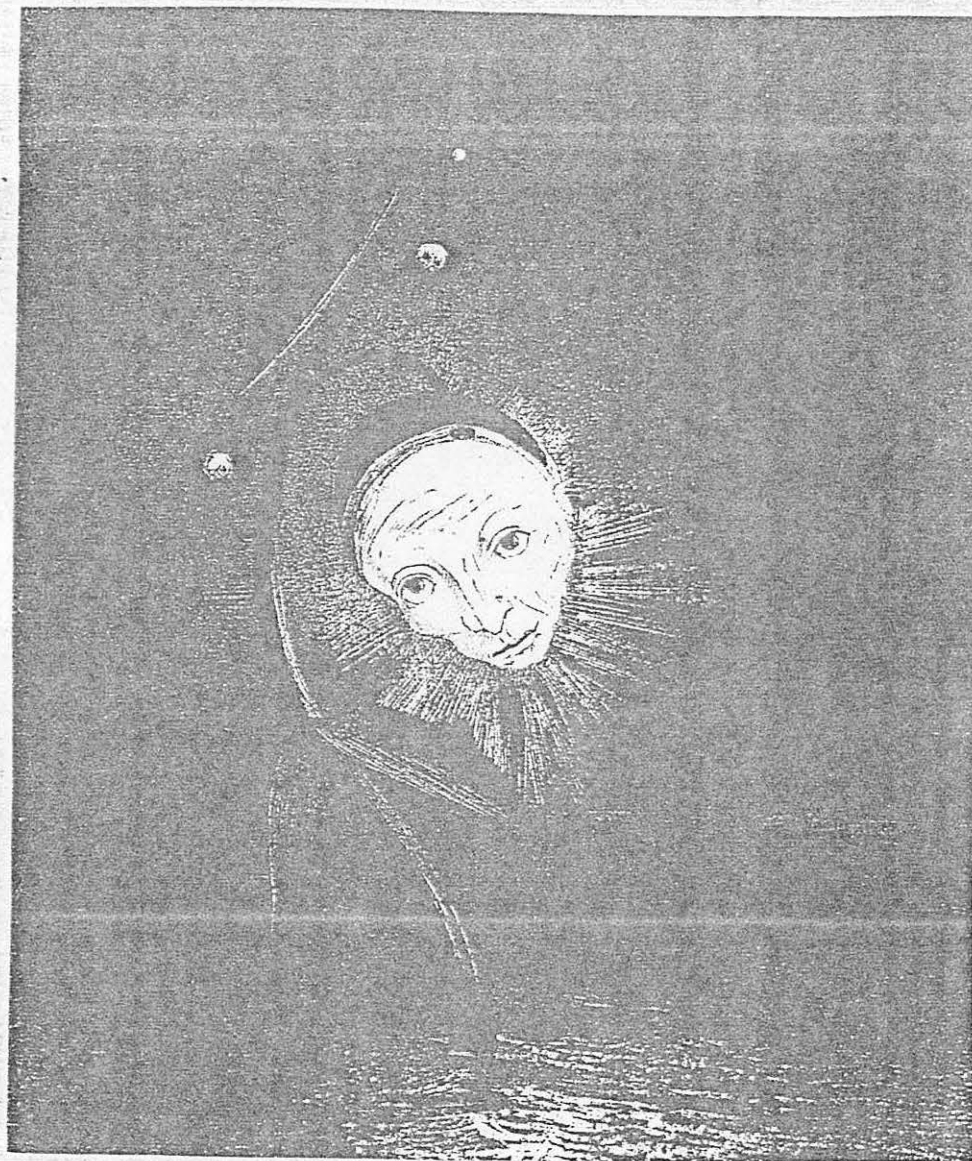
Redon's response to Decadent fashion was to produce many lithograph albums during the 1880s, and each one of the early albums shows his debt to literary supporters. After *'In Dream'* of 1879 he produced *'To Edgar Poe'* in 1882 but the title of the albums were a way of winning over a public by exploiting contemporary literary fashion, much later he wrote of the captions:

'They were at most an equivocal way of helping the understanding and penetration of an art, that when it appeared, seemed incoherent and mad.'

They were designed to make the work more popular with the public.

The next album was published in 1883 and called *'Origins'*, these lithographs develop the theme of the monster in Redon's work, using both mythological sources and something of evolutionist ideas, the plates no doubt are designed to recapture the 'Lost Innocence' of *'In Dream'*, Redon claimed to have used the microscope in order to renew the imagery of the monster in art, practically defunct since the Renaissance.

'In my dream I saw in the sky a face of mystery' 'Homage to Goya' (1885).



'The marsh flower, a human and a sad head' 'Homage to Goya' (1885).

'The chimera looked at everything with terror' 'Night' (1886).



The Decadent movement was not the only area of the avant-garde to pick up on Redon as a pictorial symbol of their own aims. The Symbolist Movement saw his works as a kind of consecration of their idealism and a formidable challenge to all positivist and materialistic values in the arts. Albert Aurier, an art critic associated with Mallarme and the Symbolist Movement saw Redon as a part of the group who looked to a new spiritual future against the capitalist society forming in the late 19th century.

'In vain does exclusively materialist art, the art of the scientific and the immediate, struggle against the attacks of a new, idealist and mystic art. Everywhere men are claiming the right to dream, the right to the pastures of the skies.'

Aurier was praising Redon's work as part of a more original and progressive advocacy of idealism. He claimed that Redon was a thinker whose work was hermetic and baffling but nonetheless contained themes of philosophical and metaphysical proportions. He wrote:

'It was terrible and vertiginous work, the work of a poet and philosopher, distressing work of both drama and terror, and also of metaphysical despair.'

In Mallarme's circle Redon's works were received as essential aspects of the Symbolist sensibility. In meetings young followers would look through various lithograph albums on the authority of the master. A figure such as that of *'In my dream I saw in the sky a face of Mystery'* in the *'Homage to Goya'* album appealed deeply to the writer of *'Un Coup de des'*.

Rene Ghil recalled:

'One after another, after long periods of silence that seemed slightly suffocating summed up in few words by the Master defining with an absolute word all the suggestions that had come forth - Stephen Mallarme would turn pages of Odilon Redon; as if he were fearfully raising more and more sacred folds through which there showed forms of mystery.'

Through the Symbolists Redon obtained publicity but in association with their ideals just as he had previously been connected with the Decadents.

The 'noirs' of the late eighties and early nineties began to take their influence directly from literary sources and in particular Flaubert's *'The Temptation of Saint Anthony'* in that the subject matter corresponded amazingly to his own interest in mythological, religious and monstrous imagery. Redon completed 3 lithograph albums to Gustave Flaubert but there is a decided difference in his depiction of the novel between 1888 and the second album in 1896. Where as in the first album he concentrated on the final chapter containing the episodes of La Luxure and La Mort, of the Sphinx and the Chimera, and of the procession of monsters, by 1896 he had turned away from the horrific in favour of the splendidly mysterious and idealist, exemplified by figures such as Buddha. Redon had moved from seeing Flaubert as a vehicle for the grotesque and pessimistic to seeing it as an expression of a more severe and assertive idealism. This aspect can be most clearly shown by comparing the Devil in both albums, in 1888 he is represented as a threatening monster where as in 1896 he is melancholic, seductive figure found in the earlier chapters of Flaubert.

The 1890s also saw a dramatic change in Redon's technique. Colour began to enter into his expressive vocabulary and with this change in subject matter away from the monstrous towards the serene:

'By ceaselessly making myself more objective, I have learned, with my eyes more widely open to all things, that the life we unfold can also reveal joy. If the art of an artist is the song of his life, a solemn or sad melody, I must have sounded the key-note of gaiety in colour.'

These works in colour constitute the main body of his work from 1894 to his death in 1916 and it is his pastel drawings of flowers and weird utopian images which the public generally remember.

To conclude, it is in 'the noirs' that we get a glimpse into the strange, frightening yet attractive world of Redon's mind, they have a directness that one may relate to with regards to our own sub-conscious imagination;

'Oh! My biography is not at all difficult; I have never been anywhere. The events that left their mark on me happened, in days gone by in my head.'

HIERONYMOUS BOSCH

Hieronymous Bosch was presumably born circa 1450 and lived and worked in s'-Hertogenbosch (from where he took his name), one of the four largest cities in the duchy of Brabant. His original family name was Aken and the earliest record of his relations are the fur-dealer Jan Van Aken who was given the freedom of the city in 1399. His father Anthonius Van Aken took up the profession of artist and died in 1454. it was this profession that Hieronymous entered.

The art of Bosch has always fascinated viewers but in earlier centuries his images were simply seen as wondrous and strange fantasies, as the Spaniard Felipe de Guevara stated in 1560, most people regarded Bosch as merely 'the inventor of monsters and chimeras'. In our own century more profound meaning has been associated with Bosch's bizarre imagery. Some have seen him as a 15th century Surrealist who derived his disturbing forms from the subconscious mind. Others have seen his art as reflections upon esoteric practices of the Middle Ages such as alchemy, astrology or witchcraft, and most important of all there have been attempts to link Bosch with various religious heresies which existed during the 15th Century. Wilhelm Fraenger asserted that Bosch was a member of the Brethren of the Free Spirit, a heretical group which flourished in Europe for over two hundred years after their first appearance in the 13th Century. The sect practiced sexual promiscuity as part of their religious rites, through which they attempted to achieve the state of innocence possessed by Adam before the Fall, hence they became known as 'the Adamites'. Fraenger assumes that Bosch's *'Garden of*

Earthly Delights was painted for such a group of Adamites resident in s'-Hertogenbosch and that it's central panel represents not a condemnation of unbridled sexuality but the religious practices of the sect. The great appeal of this interpretation lies in the fact that it accords well with 20th Century conceptions of free love and uninhibited sexuality as positive values in themselves. But despite the attraction of Fraenger's interpretation it still does not stand up to analysis.

The religious life in s'-Hertogenbosch was flourishing during the 15th Century. Two houses were established by the brothers and sisters of common life who attempted to return to a simpler and more personal form of religion called 'Devotio Moderna' and it was this order that Hieronymus's father joined and Bosch himself joined a religious order called the Brotherhood of our Lady in 1486-87. In 1488 he was accepted into the small elite circle that formed the committee of this order and executed his first credible commission for them in 1489. Being a member of such a group meant that sexual freedom would have been unholy and Bosch's devoutness was well respected even in his own time. His parents were strict Catholics, for instance Philip le Bel, Duke of Burgundy and Governor of the Netherlands commissioned *'The Last Judgement'* in 1504 and he never suffered traces of heresy in his presence. Even the most Catholic of all kings, the Protector of the Spanish Inquisition, Philip II of Spain became a great admirer of Bosch's work and bequeathed 33 panel paintings and alter-pieces after his death.

Bosch stayed at s'-Hertogenbosch for his entire life and did not travel much. He was not unaware of new Renaissance ideals flourishing in Italy but he was still caught up in Medieval notions of religion. It is important to remember that the 15th century was a time of a void between the rich nobles and the poverty of the peasants, a time of 'Indulgences' from the Pope and Martin Luther's Treatise. Death was always an integral part of every person's life and therefore there was a tendency towards mystical movements which Bosch must have been aware of but never joined.

In Bosch's themes we see a precise difference between his thought and the Italian Renaissance. In 1486 Pico della Mirandola, the young Florentine humanist wrote *'Oration on the Dignity of Man'* which celebrated the excellence and felicity of mankind. Man is seen as unique among creatures in possessing a free-will, the power to determine his nature and destiny; and through proper exercise of this will he may reach the state of the angels:

'For it is on this very account that man is rightly called and judged a great miracle and a wonderful creature indeed.'

The opposing Northern view was voiced by Sebastain Brant in 1494 who published his *'Ship of Fools'* a series of poems satirizing human failings:

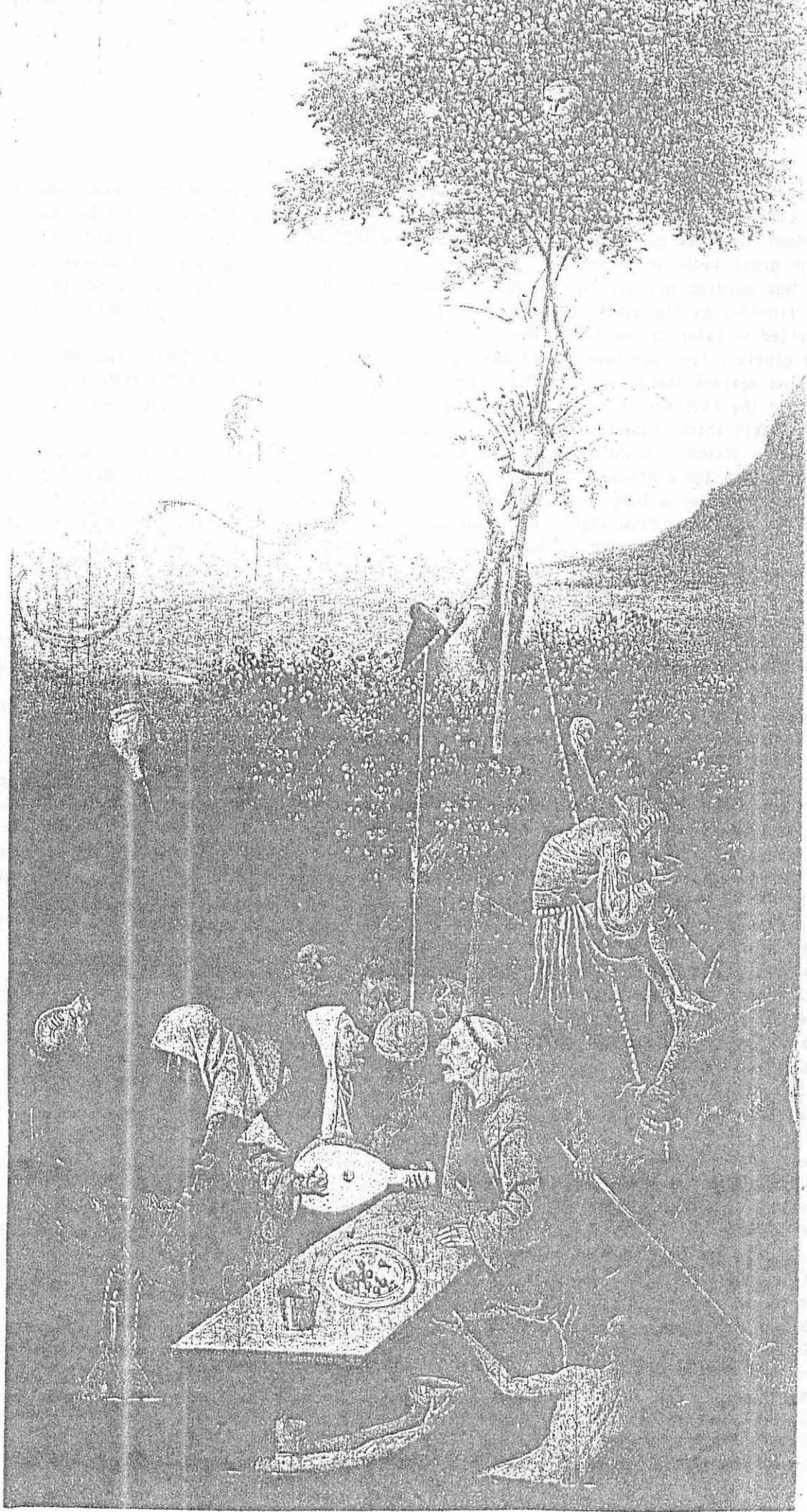
'The whole world lives in darksome night, in blinded sinfulness persisting, while every street sees fools existing.'

The two views of mankind are vastly different but can be explained. Pico reflects the optimistic faith of the Italian Renaissance in man's abilities while Brant still lived in the shadow of the Middle Ages which took a much dimmer view of human nature: corrupted through the sin of Adam, man struggles against his evil inclinations and is more likely to sink to the level of beasts than to rise with the angels.

The table top of the Seven Deadly Sins and the Four Last Things acts as the mirror of man. Here the fate of humanity is presented in a series of circular images. The central image represents the Eye of God, in whose pupil Christ emerges from his sarcophagus, displaying his wounds to the viewer. Around the pupil are inscribed the words *'Beware, Beware, God Sees.'* What God sees is mirrored around in an outer ring of the eye where the seven deadly sins are depicted in everyday life. Bosch attacks all parts of society, avarice is depicted by a judge, in another depiction gullibility is shown by the *'Stone Operation'* a cure of stupidity by the removal of a fictitious stone which turns out to be flowers while a priest and monk look on.

'The Ship of Fools' bore the same title as Brant's collection of poems and was a more overt condemnation of those in religious orders. It shows a monk and two nuns carousing with a group of peasants in a boat. The oddly constructed boat carries a tree in full leaf for a mast while a broken branch serves as a rudder. A fool is seated in the rigging at the right. The flapping pink banner carries a Turkish crescent instead of the cross and an owl is lurking in the foliage at the top of the mast. Three representatives of the cloistered life have abandoned their spiritual duties to join the other revellers. The monk and nuns are singing lustily and resemble the amorous couples depicted

'The Ship of Fools'



in Medieval love gardens. The sin of lust is reinforced by other details that are traditional to the Garden of Love, the plate of cherries and a metal wine jug. Gluttony is represented by the peasant who cuts down the roast goose tied to the mast, also by the man who vomits over the side of the boat and by the giant ladle which another member uses as an oar. Alongside the boat appears two nude swimmers, one holding out his cup of wine for a refill. The disreputable nature of the boat is conveyed, finally, by the guzzling fool in the rigging; for centuries the court jester or fool had been permitted to satirize the morals and manners of society.

Lust and gluttony had long been pre-eminent among the monastic vices and these plus other charges were levelled against the religious orders with increasing frequency during the 15th Century. Bosch was attacking the failings of particular members of the church but on no account was he criticising the Church itself which would be tantamount to heresy.

Sin and folly occupy a prominent place in Bosch's art but their significance can only be fully appreciated within the context of a larger medieval theme, the Last Judgement. The Day of Judgement marks the final act of a long, turbulent history of mankind which began with the Fall of Adam and Eve and their expulsion from Eden. It is the day when the dead shall rise from their graves and Christ shall come a second time to judge all men. The elect shall enjoy eternal bliss while the damned will be condemned to the:

'everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels', (Matthew 25:34, 41).

Time will cease and eternity begin.

The preparation for this Final Day was a major concern of the Medieval Church and society. Fear of Hell kept the lower orders in check, as Thomas a Kempis told his readers in the *'Imitation of Christ'*:

'it is good that, if the love of God does not restrain you from sin, the fear of Hell at least should restrain you'.

Therefore the unending torments of Hell were described in lurid detail in countless books and sermons. The terrors of the Final reckoning were intensified by a general sense of its imminence. There had always been prophets who insisted that the world was nearing its end, but the feeling of impending doom grew particularly acute in the late 15th Century.

In Bosch's depiction of the *'Last Judgement'* the inclusion of the Fall of Adam and Eve is unusual. Generally Heaven was allotted the chief role in the drama and it is the act of judgement that is stressed but in his version the divine court appears small and insignificant at the top of the central panel and very few souls are numbered among the elect. The majority of mankind has been engulfed into the Hell of the deep, murky landscape below.

The nightmare represents the earth in her final death throes, destroyed by fire foretold in the 13th Century hymn, the *Dies Irae*:

'Day of Wrath, that day when the world dissolves in glowing ashes.'

The wide valley dominating the central panel may represent the valley of Jehoshaphat which was traditionally thought to be the site of the Last Judgement, in any event Earth has become indistinguishable from Hell.

Mystics claimed that the most grievous pain suffered by the damned in Hell was the knowledge that they were forever deprived of the sight of God, but for most people the fear of pain via the torments of Hell caused the most intense dread. As one medieval sermon expresses it, *'the pains of this life will seem but a soothing ointment in comparison.'* For Bosch, too, the agony of Hell was mainly physical. The naked bodies of the damned are mutilated and consumed in fiery furnaces, the variety of torments seem infinite. In the central panel one man is roasted alive on a spit, another is sliced up like ham by a hideous female demon, who cooks him in a frying pan for her supper. Many punishments can be identified with specific sins, just as Thomas a Kempis stated:

'There is no vice that will not receive its proper retribution.'

Therefore the avaricious are boiled in a great cauldron, a fat glutton is forced to drink from a barrel held by two devils, the source of which squats above, while those guilty of anger are beaten upon an anvil or shod like a horse.

Bosch obtains much of his imagery from literature and visual sources. Traditionally, toads, adders and dragons are meant to live in Hell and in the *'Last Judgement'* they crawl over rocks or gnaw at the vital parts of their victims. Again, several fiends blow musical instruments thrust into their



hind quarters, bringing to mind the farting devil encountered by Dante.

Bosch's style pays little heed to the Renaissance revolution occurring in Italy, instead he would seem to be the first artist to employ the decorative repertory of the illuminators in large-scale panel painting, yet he went far beyond his models in his inventiveness. He is a master at invoking memories of all the unpleasant things we have ever touched or brushed up against, he is a tactile master. By building up his surfaces in thin layers of paint, with strong highlights dashed on with rapid strokes he creates monsters not even the great Italian masters could form. Bosch effectively expresses the Medieval conception of Hell as a state where the laws of nature are in chaos.

For Bosch, sin and folly are the universal conditions of mankind and Hell its common destiny. This deeply pessimistic view of human nature is shown in his Last Judgement triptych and further developed in his other two, the *'Haywain'* and *'Garden of Earthly Delights'*.

The Haywain illustrates one specific aspect of human frailty of which hay was a traditional symbol, that of the worthlessness of all worldly goods. It is avarice that Bosch focuses on, avarice that leads to discord, violence and even murder. In the central panel the princes and prelates complacently jog along behind the cart, holding themselves aloof from the ferocious struggle but this is because they are already in possession of the cart and therefore are guilty of the sin of pride. Those who fight around the cart are fighting for worthless hay yet men are killed beneath the wheels and even beaten to death. On top of the stack sit two lovers and they illustrate the sin of 'Lust'. Their music is that of the flesh, for the devil near by, piping some lascivious tune through his nose, has already obtained their attention away from the praying angel.

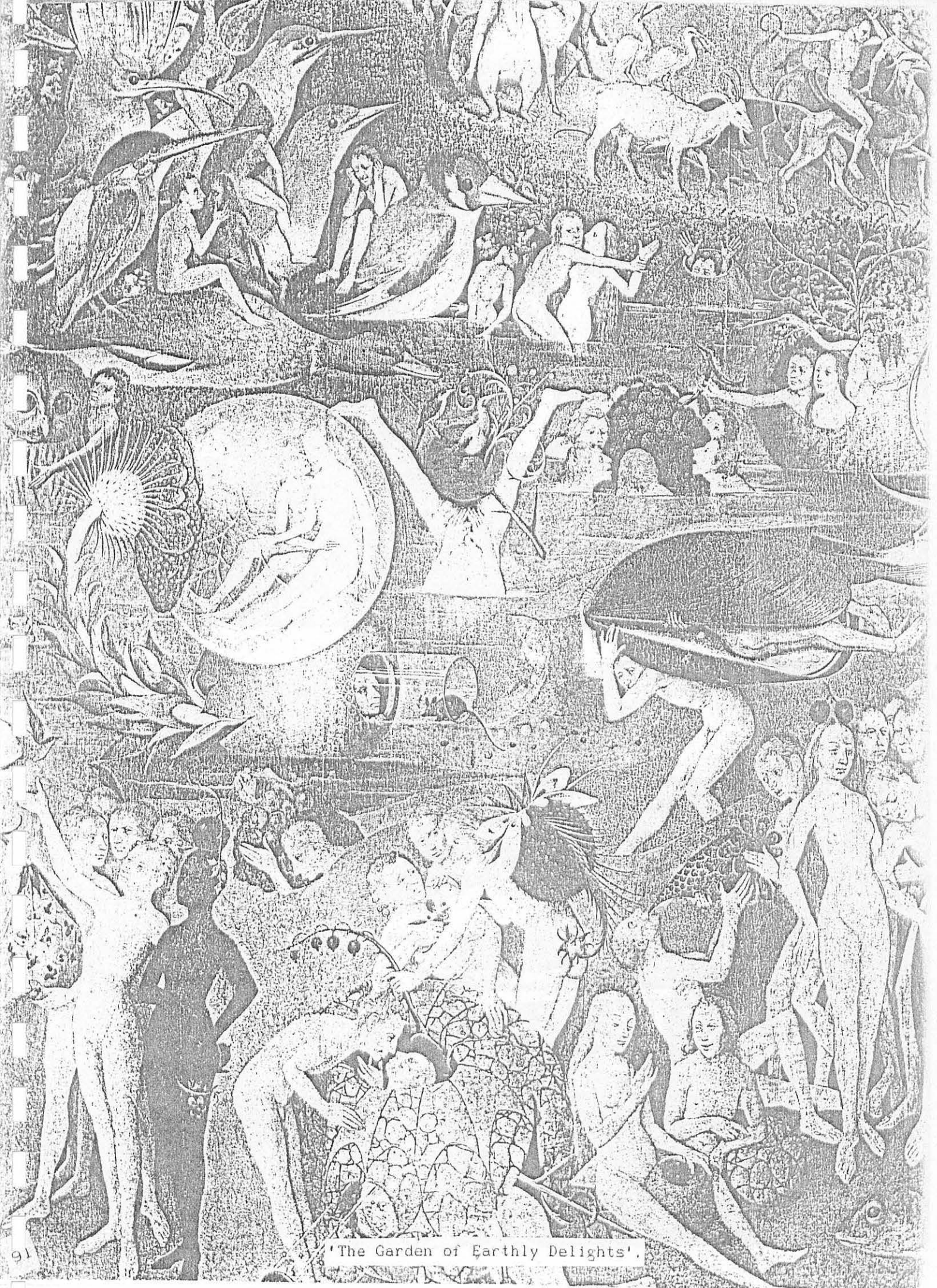
Not only have worldly goods and honours no intrinsic value, they are also employed by Satan and his army as bait to lure men to destruction. When one looks at the triptych as a whole this becomes clear since we start on the left panel with the Fall of Adam and Eve, on to the central panel with the greed of man, to his final damnation and punishment in Hell. The *'Haywain'* is relatively easy to read and interpret even if one knew nothing of the symbolic value of hay but the triptych known as *'The Garden of Earthly Delights'* poses other problems.

At first sight, the central panel confronts us with an idyll. An extensive park-like landscape teeming with nude men and women who nibble at giant fruit, frolic in water, consort with animals and indulge in a variety of amorous sports overtly and without shame. Yet it must be denied that this panel depicts the innocence of the sexual act. Sex which the 20th Century has learned to accept as a normal part of the human condition was seen in the Middle Ages as proof of man's fall from the state of angels. The central position of the panel, situated between Eden and Hell, the origin of sin and its punishment shows that *'The Garden of Earthly Delights'* depicts the deadly sin of lust, just as the Haywain depicts that of avarice.

Various aspects of the sin are carried out, such as the couple enclosed in a bubble or the pair concealed in a mussel shell; others portray perverted acts of love, such as the man plunged head first into the water, shielding his private parts with his hands or the youth who thrusts flowers into the rectum of his companion.

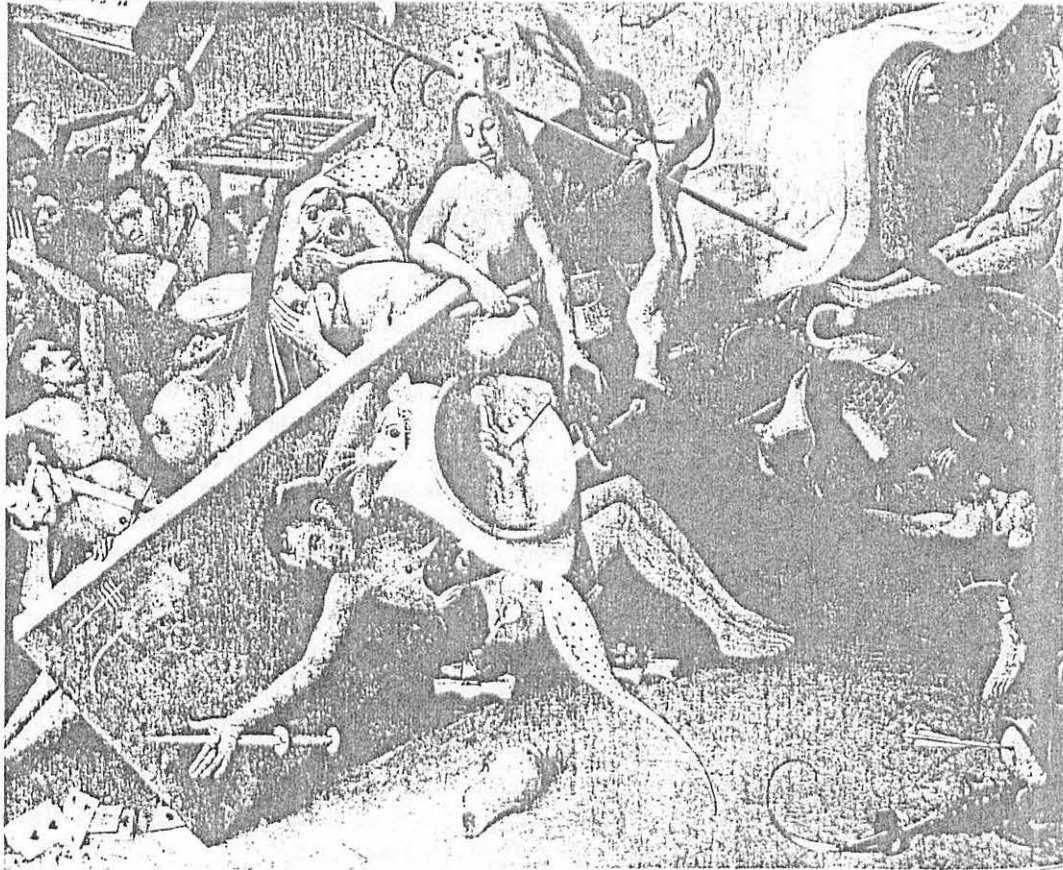
Many of the forms in the central panel, such as fruit, animals and structures are erotic symbols inspired by popular imagery of Bosch's time. For instance, many of the fruits nibbled and held by the lovers in the garden serve as metaphors of the sexual organs, the plucking of fruit was a euphemism for the sexual act, the empty rind itself signified worthlessness. Bosch could not have chosen a more appropriate symbol for sin than fruit, since it was a fruit that brought about the Fall of Adam.

It is significant that Bosch conceived his image of carnal delight as a great park or garden-like landscape. The garden had functioned for centuries as a setting for lovers and love-making. Also the associates between love and water was firmly established by Bosch's day, the *'Bath of Venus'*. The background lake is given over to mixed bathing but in the middle section the sexes are carefully segregated. The circular pool is occupied only by women while the men ride around it on the backs of animals of different species. To the Medieval man it was woman who led Adam astray through temptation, women took the initiative in leading man into sin and lechery. Also animals traditionally symbolised the lower or animal appetites of mankind and personification of the sins were often depicted on the backs of various beasts. The act of riding was commonly used as a metaphor of the sexual act.



'The Garden of Earthly Delights'.

Another detail of right panel (Hell scene) of 'The Garden of Earthly Delights'.



Although the scene looks tranquil enough, Medieval man was taught to distrust material beauty. Sin was seen as presenting itself under the most alluring aspects and that behind physical loveliness and agreeable sensations lurked death and damnation. Bosch shows us a false paradise whose transient beauty leads men to ruin.

On viewing the trip-tych as a whole the message becomes clear. The left panel depicts not the expulsion of Adam and Eve but their union by God. The Garden of Earthly Delights therefore depicts not the fulfilment of God's injunction to Adam and Eve, but its perversion. Man has abandoned the true paradise for the false: he has turned from the Fountain of Life (depicted in Paradise) to drink from the fountain of the flesh.

The erotic dream of the Garden of Delights gives way to the nightmare reality of the right wing. It is Bosch's most violent vision of Hell. The hunted-become-hunter well expresses the chaos of Hell therefore rabbit traps man, the normal relationships of the world are turned upside down. Everyday objects are conveyed at a monstrous proportion and serve as instruments of torture. One nude figure is attached by devils to the neck of a lute; another entangled in the strings of a harp, while a third soul has been stuffed down a giant horn. On the frozen lake a man balances uncertainly on an oversized state, and heads straight for the hole in the ice before him. Somewhat above, a group of victims have been thrust into a burning lantern which will consume them like moths. Behind, a huge pair of ears advances like some infernal army tank, immolating its victims by means of a giant knife.

The focal point of Hell is the so-called Tree-Man, whose egg-shaped torso rests on a pair of rotting tree trunks that end in boats for shoes. His hind quarters have fallen away, revealing a hellish tavern within while his head supports a large disc on which devils and victims promenade. This figure evokes the insubstantial quality of a dream. In contrast is the solid figure of a bird-headed monster who swallows the damned only to defecate them into a transparent chamber pot from which they plunge into a pit below. Images of the seven deadly sins crop up again such as gluttony, lust and avarice in allegorical form.

To conclude, Bosch depicts his imagery in a transient dream state but to Medieval man the implications were more than mere fantasy. To those who saw these paintings in the 15th Century they would have realised them to be profound warnings of the punishment awaiting the sinful and since death was much more imminent these visions would have been regarded as intense and threatening. In order to view Bosch's art it is important to place oneself into the mentality of such an age therefore raising these bizarre scenes up to a dramatic level.

MODERN

FRENCH

INTELLECTUALS

CLAUDE LEVI-STRAUSS

Anthropology ... human nature or cultural variety or both, the first 'structuring' the variations of the second ... the science of creativity, ground is being broken thus notions, hypotheses and intuitions can occasionally be sketchy ... often relexive - he wrote a philosophical autobiography ... his 'three mistresses' are geology, Marxism and psychoanalysis ... discontinuity is stressed rather than continuity, intellect rather than emotion ... a synecdoche; a quality used for an equivalent for the person or thing which possesses it ... the difference between communication (words, ideas, thoughts, stories) and circulation (animals, possessions etc) ... why is he original: (1) his anthropology searches for a mode of thinking shared by all humans irrespective of time or place rather than studying primitive man's intellectual development or ideologies of a specific cultural area (2) he does not believe that symbols have only one meaning, he shows that they are open to various complementing interpretations (3) the systematic relationship between symbols ... 'untamed thinking' ... through the methods of Saussure he refers to symbolic phenomena as 'signifiers' but the end result is not a discovery of the 'signifieds', rather a realisation that signifiers link to other signifiers; everything is meaningful, nothing is meant ... "On the one hand there are animals which differ from each other (in that they belong to distinct species, each of which has its own physical appearance and mode of life), and on the other hand there are men ... who also differ from each other (in that they are distributed among different segments of the society, each occupying a particular position in the social structure). The resemblance presupposed by so-called totemic representations is between these two systems of differences." ... totems are optimal food for thought - study cultural symbols to understand the human mind - study the human mind to understand cultural symbols ... myths have a complex inner structure, what reaches the ear is only part of it, he argues that myths should be studied in relation to the family that they emit from ... his theory of kinship has not been fully developed ... transformation through myth and mathematical kinship ... rationalism over empiricism - cultures have developed not simply in accordance with external demands but also through the internal constraints of the human mind.

'Tristes Tropiques' (1955) & 'The Raw and The Cooked' (1964).

ROLAND BARTHES

From existentialism and Brecht to ... everything that is wrong should be layed at the door of the bourgeoisie ... there is an ambiguity between an author and what he writes: "a desire, a passion, a frustration may well produce exactly contrary representations; a real motive may be inverted into an alibi which contradicts it; a work may be the very phantasm which compensates for the negative life..." to understand how (not what) a text means: the process of signification ... Barthes desires a drama which can explain society to people (not merely represent) ... cultural demystification or social deflowering is his intention ... the ambiguities of daily life are removed ... mythography merged with semiotics creates a new method for 'reading' myths: the difference between the *denotation* (literal meaning) of a sign and its *comotation*(s) (mythical meaning) ... "the *ecrivain* fulfills a function, the *ecrivant* an activity, that much we learn from grammar, which rightly opposes the substantive of the one to the (transitive) verb of the other, Not that the *ecrivain* is a pure essence; he acts, but his action is immanent to its object, it is exercised, paradoxically, on its own instrument: language; the *ecrivain* is someone who works on his language (even if inspired) and is functionally absorbed into that work, the activity of the *ecrivain* involves two types of norm: technical ones (of composition, genre, writing) and artisanal ones (of work, patience, correcting, perfecting). The paradox is that, the raw material having become in some ways its own end, literature is basically a tautological activity ... the *ecrivain* is one who absorbs the why of the world radically into a how to write. And the miracle, if we can put it like that, is that all through the literary ages this narcissistic activity has not ceased to pose a question to the world..." meaning is postponed, the process of signification travels from signified to signifier, the *ecrivain* is the 'real' writer, the one who obeys Mallarme's injunction to 'cede the initiative to words' ... ultimately the *ecrivain* produces a text, the *ecrivant* a work ... in one particular text Barthes dissects love itself, showing the state to be both intractable, intense, senseless and melancholy, ultimately he: 'discourage the temptation of meaning' ... to be 'in the brazier of meaning' due to the compulsive desire to interpret the ambiguous signs of the loved one's behaviour ... the desire to undeceive, to 'de-originate' ... the weight of writing is in the cacophony of the chorus ... Barthes is an outsider, a philosophical materialist, an avowed hedonist and at times like one of those French moralists of the 17th Century.

'Mythologies' (1957), 'S/Z' (1970) & 'A Lover's Discourse' (1977).

MICHEL FOUCAULT

The combination of mythic terminology with the scientific to create a discourse impenetrable by anything other than his own critical technique ... he detests the status quo and equivocating elements of liberalism, he despises the conservative dependence on tradition, he allies with the Marxist radicals on specific causes but has no faith in science,

he considers the anarchist left's hope and benign faith in humanity infantile Basically he follows the 'nihilistic' tradition of Nietzsche (with none of the optimism) the 'madness' of 'wisdom', the 'folly' of 'knowledge' he considers his work to be 'a discourse about discourses' his texts tend to begin in paradox and end in negative apocalypse, the middles are heavy with 'positivity'; redrawings of the map of cultural history, the 'truth' about how things really were, analyses of the chronicle of 'knowledge' this is a radical anti-authoritarian discourse style: "a certain constant manner of utterance" 'desire and power', especially as manifested in sexuality, crime, madness, sickness a vacillation between justifications of discourses on the above (thus the celebration of extreme writers; Sade, Holderlin, Nietzsche, Artaud, Lautreamont, Roussel), these probings 'diagnose' the 'pathology' of the mechanism of control the early books deal with sanity and health, they demonstrate the insubstantiality of official classifications the later works study the conflict between the 'discourse of power' and the 'discourse of desire'; in the realms of crime and sexual deviancy the theory of the episteme: "the total set of relations that unite, at a given period, the discursive practices that give rise to epistemological figures, sciences, and possibly formalised systems", he believes that we are in the gap between two epistemes: one dying, one not yet born, the 'mad' poets and artists of the last 150 years are the heralds of the future although his work looks like history, philosophy or criticism it is in fact a antithesis based on catachresis (dic. meaning: perversion, improper use, of words) "what archaeology wishes to uncover is primarily the play of analogies and differences...." Freud is praised but psychoanalysis is flawed because it is rooted in an authoritarian structure he identifies four distinct periods of epistemic coherence: the 16th Century, the age classique, the 19th Century and now there is a separation between the Same (that which is dispersed and related through a culture, distinguished into groups and collected into identities) and the Other (that which is abnormal, 'shut away' and hidden 'in order to reduce its otherness') he claims that power (not repression or law) has invaded sex endowing it with mystery and metaphysicality 'the theory of repression' does not liberate, in fact it disciplines: "Modern man is an animal whose politics bring his status as a living being into question".

'Madness & Civilisation' (1961), 'The Birth of the Clinic' (1963), 'The Order of Things' (1966), 'The Archaeology of Knowledge' (1969), 'Discipline & Punish' (1975), 'The History of Sexuality Vol 1 - 3' (1976-84), 'Foucault Live (Interviews 1966-84)'

JACQUES DERRIDA

The key importance of Derrida: (1) as a reader of philosophical texts he has been able to demonstrate that the different theories and theses of philosophy are versions of a single system ('logocentrism' or 'the metaphysics of presence') thus we can't end metaphysics but we can create a critique from within (2) as a reader (interpreter) he shows that the text is woven from a variety of strands that can never synthesise but are perpetually cast into displacement (3) his work constantly focuses on problems of language, structure and cumulative effect it exhibits the internal falsification of identification (the exercise of language and thought creates paradoxes which we cannot escape merely repress!) in 1962 through a study of geometry he opened up the problems of language: the relation between event and structure, empirical and ideal, system and origin, speech and writing his most important text: 'Of Grammatology' concerns the hierarchization of speech over writing and the creation of a new science, a science of writing: grammatology he is also interesting because he is the only writer featured here to have analysed the others the relationship between phenomenology/the history of signs and voice/presence the relation between reality and presence (essence, existence, substance, subject, transcendental, consciousness, conscience etc) signification depends on difference Difference: 'a differing or a deferring', thus demonstrating the contradictions/complexity of signification originally speech made writing dependent, does writing now infect/affect speech? 'self-deconstruction': when the text unmasks its own construction, exhibits the rhetoric as opposed to solid foundations archi-écriture; the condition of both speech and writing in the narrow sense "the writer writes in a language and in a logic whose proper system, laws and life his discourse by definition cannot dominate absolutely. He uses them only by letting himself, after a fashion and up to a point, be governed by the system. And reading must always aim at a certain relationship, unperceived by the writer, between what he commands and what he does not command of the patterns of the language he uses" the questioning should leave a track in its wake (where difference is displaced into difference, speech is subsumed under archi-écriture and the supplement works into problematical logic philosophy must be read in a certain way Derrida shows that philosophy deconstructs effectively when read through its rhetorical, literary, linguistic strategies, conversely literary texts offer splendid philosophical deconstructions his real achievement is in the introduction to philosophy of the radical lynch-pin of literary 'technique' his books literally revolutionise the meaning of words.

'Writing & Difference' (1967), 'Speech & Phenomena' (1967) & 'Of Grammatology' (1967)

MURDER MYSTERY (THE VELVET UNDERGROUND) 1969.

A

Denigrate obtuse and active verbs pronouns
Skewer the sieve of the optical sewer
Release the handle that holds all the gates up
Puncture the eyeball that seeps all the muck up
Read all the books and the people worth reading
And still see the muck on the sky of the ceiling

Relent and obverse and inverse and perverse
And reverse the inverse of perverse and reverse
And reverse and reverse and reverse and chop it
And pluck it and cut it and spit it and sew it
To joy on the edge of a cyclop and spinet
To rage on the edge of a cylindrical minute

Tantalise poets with visions of grandeur
As their faces turn blue with the reek of the compost
As the living try hard to retain what the dead lost
With the double dead sickness from writing at what cost
And business and business and reverse and reverse
And set the brain reeling the inverse and inverse

With cheap Simian melodies hillbilly outgush
For illiterate ramblings, for cheap understandings
The compost the reverse the obtuse and stupid
And business and business and cheap stupid lyrics
And simple mass reverse while the real thing is dying

Jumpsuit and pigmeat and making his fortune
While making them happy with the inverse and obverse
And making them happy and making them happy
With the cloy and the stupid just another dumb lackey
Who puts out the one thing while singing the other
But the real things alone and it is no man's brother

Oh not to be whistled or studied or hummed
Or remembered at nights when the eye is alone
But to skewer and ravage and savage and split
With the grace of a diamond and bellicose wit
To stun and to stagger with words of such stone
That those who do hear cannot again return home

Contempt contempt and contempt for the seething
For writhing and reeling and two bit reportage
For sick with the body and sinister holy
The drowned burst babies now dead on the seashore
The valourous horseman who hand from the ceiling
The pig on the carpet the dusty pale jissom
That has no effect for the sick with the seesaw
The inverse obverse converse reverse of inverse
The diverse and converse for reverse and perverse
And sweet pyrotechnics and let's have another

Of inverse converse diverse perverse and reverse
Hell's graveyard is damned as they chew on their brains
The slick and the scum reverse inverse and perverse

B

Candy screens wrappers of silk screen fantastic
Lurid and lovely with twilight of ages
Laconic giggles, ennui for the passions
Rectify moments most serious and urgent
Requiring replies most facile and vacuous
On the subject of great concern, noble origin

For screeching and yelling and various offences
Against the state the country and the committee
For groveling and spewing and various offences
The inverse the obverse the converse and reverse
And suitable reckonings too numerous to mention
It is heretofore, heretothree, forthleft forthrightly stated

Rembrandt and Oswald and peanuts and ketchup
Up to the stand with your feet on the Bible
Do you swear to ketchup and throw up and up up
Excuse me to willow and wander dark wonders
The fate of a nation rests hard on your bosom
And set the tongue squealing, the reverse and reverse

Contempt contempt and contempt for the boredom
For cordless and Harry and Apepig and scissor
For children and adults all those under ninety
A stray in this fray is no condom worth saving
No dimple crass inverse can make lying worth dying

Off with his head, take his head from his neck off
Put out his eyes and then cut his nose off
Scoop out his brain put a string where his ears were
And swing the whole mess from the end of a wire
The wire extends from the tip of a rose
Which will retain the remnants of what once was a nose

Casbah and cascade and rosehip and feeling
Cascade and cyanide Rachmaninoff Beethoven
Skull silly wagons and justice and perverse
And reverse the inverse of inverse and inverse
Blueberry catalogue questionable earnings
Point of Order return the king here to the ceiling

Sickleaf and sorrow and pincers not scissors
Regard and refrain from the daughters of marriage
Regards from the elders and youngest in carriage
Regard and regard from the inverse and perverse
And obverse and diverse or reverse and reverse
Regard from the sick the dumb and the camel
From the hump storing water, like brain is to marrow
To xray and filthy and cutting and peeling

To skin and to skin and to bone and to structure
To living and pallid and turgid and structured
And structured and structured and structured and structured
And regard and refrain and regard and refrain
The sick and the dumb inverse reverse and perverse

AA

Please raise the flag
Rosy red carpet envy
English used here
This messenger is nervous
It's no fun at all
Out here in the hall

Put down the rag
Simpering callow and morose
If I knew then I could get out
The murder you see
Is a mystery to me

Objection! Suffice
Apelike and tactile basson
Oboeing me, cordon that virus' section
Off - to the left
Is what is not right

Exit the pig
Enter the owl and gorgeous
King on the left
It on the right and primping
Adjusting his nose
As he reads from the scrolls

No one nose
No nose is good news and sceneless
Extend the wine
Drink here a toast to something
Ten year old port is perfect in court

Razzanatazz
There's nothing up my shoulder
Lust is a must
Shaving my heads made me bolder
Will you kindly read
What it was I brought three

C

Sick upon the staircase
Sick upon the carpet
Blood on the pillow
Climbing on the parapet
See the church bells gleaming
Knife that scrapes a sick plate

BB

Mister Moonlight
Succulent smooth and gorgeous
Isn't it nice
We're number one and so forth
Isn't it sweet, being unique

Mister Muse
Fellow of wit and gentry
Medieval ruse
Filling the shallow and empty
Fools that dual, dual in pools

English arcane
Tantamount here to frenzy
Passing for me
Lascivious elder passion
Corpulent filth, disguised as silk

Folksy Knockwurst
Peel back the skin of French and
What do you find
Follicles intertwining
Succulent prose, wrapped up in rolls

Safety is nice
Not an unwise word spoken
Scary bad dreams
Made safe and lovely songs
No doom or gloom
Allowed in this room

Hello to Ray
Hello to Gidiva and Angel
Who let you in?
Isn't it nice the party
Aren't the lights, pretty at night

CC

Flowing while it's done anyway
Dumb and ready pigneat
Sick upon the carpet
Climb into the casket
Safe within the parapet

Dentures full of airholes
The tailor couldn't mend straight

Shoot her full of airholes
Climbing up the casket
Take me to the casket
Teeth upon her red throat

Screw me in the daisies
Rip apart her holler
Snip the seas fantastic
Treat her like a sailor

Pull and free and nervous
Out to make his fortune
Either this or that way
Sickly or in good health

Piss upon a building
Like a dog in training
Teach to heel or holler
Yodel on a sing song

Down upon the carpet
Tickle polyester
Sick upon the parapet
Screwing for a dollar

Sucking on a firehose
Chewing on a rubber line
Tied to chair and rarebits
Pay another player

Oh your such a good lad
Here's another dollar
Tie him to the bedpost
Sick with witches covens

Craving for raw meat
Bones upon the metal
Sick upon the circle
Down upon the carpet
Down below the parapet
Waiting for your bidding
Pig upon the carpet
Tumescient railroad
Neuro-anesthesia analog
Ready for a good look
Drooling at the birches
Swinging from the birches
Succulent Nebraska

Sackets in the parapet
Pigs are out and growling
Slaughter by the seashore
See the lifeguard drowning

Sea is full of fishes
Fishes full of china
China Plates are falling
All fall down

Sick and shimmy carpets
Rise before my eyes eyes
Lead me to the ceiling
Walk upon the wall wall

Tender as the green grass
Drink the whiskey horror
See the young girls dancing
Flies upon the beaches

Beaches are for sailors
Nuns across the sea wall
Black hood horseman raging
Swordsmen eating fire

Fire on the carpet
Set the house a blazing
Seize and bring it flaming
Gently to the ground ground

Dizzy bell Miss Fortune
Fat and full of love juice
Drip it on the carpet
Down below the firehose

Weep and whiskey fortune
Sail me to the moon dear
Drunk and dungeon sailors
Headless Roman horseman

The King and Queen are empty
Their heads are in the outhouse
Fish upon the water
Bowl upon the savior

Toothless wigged laureate
Plain of bull and fancy
Name upon a letter head
Impressing all the wheat germ
Love you for a nickel
Maul you for a quarter
Set the casket flaming
Do not go gentle blazing

This print-out appeared in the Paris Review no 53, winter 1972. The song is the first dialectical rock'n'roll track. Left hand speaker = thesis, Right hand speaker = antithesis, And the synthesis?

NIGGERS ARE SCARED OF REVOLUTION (THE LAST POETS) 1970.

Niggers, Niggers, Niggers are Niggers
Niggers are scared of Revolution
But Niggers shouldn't be scared of Revolution
Because Revolution is nothing but change
And all Niggers do is change.
Niggers come in from rope and chains
And change into hippy clothes
And hit the streets and make some quick change
Niggers change their hair from black to red
To blonde and hope like hell their lips would change
Niggers kill other Niggers just because
One didn't receive the correct change
Niggers change from men to women, from women to men
Niggers change, change, change
You hear Niggers say: 'Things are Changing, things are changing'
Yeah, Things are changing!
Nigger things into black Nigger things
Black Nigger things that go through all kind of changes
The change in a day that makes them rant and rave:
'Black Power, Black Power'
And the change that comes over them at night
As they sigh and moan: 'White thighs, Oooh, White thighs'
Niggers always going through bullshit change
But when it comes for real change
Niggers are scared of Revolution.

Niggers are actors, Niggers are actors.
Niggers act like they're in a hurry
to catch the first act of the great white hope
Niggers try to act like Malcolm
And when the white man doesn't react to them
Like he did to Malcolm, Niggers want to act violently
Niggers act so Cool
And slick causing white people to say
'What makes them Niggers act like that?'
Niggers act like you aint never seen nobody act before.
But when it comes to acting out Revolution
Niggers say: 'I can't dig that action'
Niggers are scared of Revolution.

Niggers are very untogether people
Niggers talk about getting high and riding around in cars
Niggers should get high and ride to Hall
Niggers talk about pimping
Pimping that, pimping what, pimping yours, pimping mine
Just to be pimping - Is a hell of a line
Niggers are very untogether people
Niggers talk about the mind talk about:
'My mind's stronger than yours
I've got that bitches mind uptight!
Niggers don't know a damn thing about the mind

(But they'd be right)
Niggers are scared of Revolution.

Niggers fuck, Niggers fuck fuck fuck
Niggers love the word fuck
They think they're so fuckin cute
They fuck you around, the first thing they say when they're mad
Is 'Fuck it!'
You play a little too much with them, they say:
"Fuck You!"

When it's time for TCB Niggers are somewhere fucking
You try and be nice to them, They fuck over you
Niggers don't realise while they're doing all this fucking
They're getting fucked around
But when they do realise it's too late
So Niggers just get fucked up
Niggers talk about fucking, fucking that,
Fucking this fucking yours, fucking my sister
Not knowing what they're fucking for
They aint fucking for love and appreciation
Just fuckin' to be fuckin'

Niggers fuck white thighs, black thighs, yellow thighs, brown thighs
Niggers fuck ankles when they went out of style
Niggers fuck Sally, Lindsay and Sue
And if you don't watch out Niggers will fuck you
Niggers would fuck fuck if it could be fucked
But when it comes to fucking for Revolutionary causes
Niggers say: 'Fuck Revolution'
Niggers are scared of Revolution.

Niggers are players, Niggers are players are players
Niggers play football, baseball and basketball
While the white man is cutting off their balls
When them Niggers play aint got enough to play with some black thighs
Niggers play with white thighs to see if they still have some play left
And when there aint no white thighs to play with
Niggers play with themselves
Niggers tell you they're ready to be liberated
But when you say: 'Let's go take our liberation'
Niggers reply: 'I was just playing'
Niggers are playing with Revolution and losing
Niggers are scared of Revolution.

Niggers do a lot of shooting, Niggers do a lot of shooting
Niggers shoot off the mouth
Niggers shoot pool, shoot craps
Niggers cut around the corners and shoot down the streets
Niggers shoot sharp dances and wipe them
Niggers shoot dope into the arm
Niggers shoot guns and rifles on New Year's Eve
On New Year that is coming in the white police will do more shooting at them
Where are Niggers when the Revolution needs them?
Yeah, you know, Niggers are somewhere shooting the shit
Niggers are scared of revolution.

Niggers are lovers, Niggers are lovers, are lovers
Niggers love to see Clark Gable make love to Marilyn Monroe
Niggers love to see Tarzan fuck over the natives
Niggers love to hear the Lone Ranger yell 'Hi-Ho-Silver'
Niggers love commercials, Niggers love commercials
Oh how Niggers love commercials
You can take Niggers out of the country
But you can't take the country out of Niggers
Niggers are lovers, are lovers, are lovers
Niggers loved to hear Malcolm rap,
But they didn't love Malcolm
Niggers love everything but themselves

But I'm a lover too yep, I'm a lover too
I love Niggers, I love Niggers, I love Niggers
Because Niggers are me and I should only love that which is me
I love to see Niggers go through changes love to see Niggers act
Love to see Niggers make them plays and shoot the shit
But there is one thing about Niggers I do not love
Niggers are scared of Revolution.

AMBITION (THE SUBWAY SECT) 1978.

'You can take it or leave it as far as we're concerned
Because we're not concerned with you
What you want is buried in the present tense
Blind alleyways allay the jewels'.

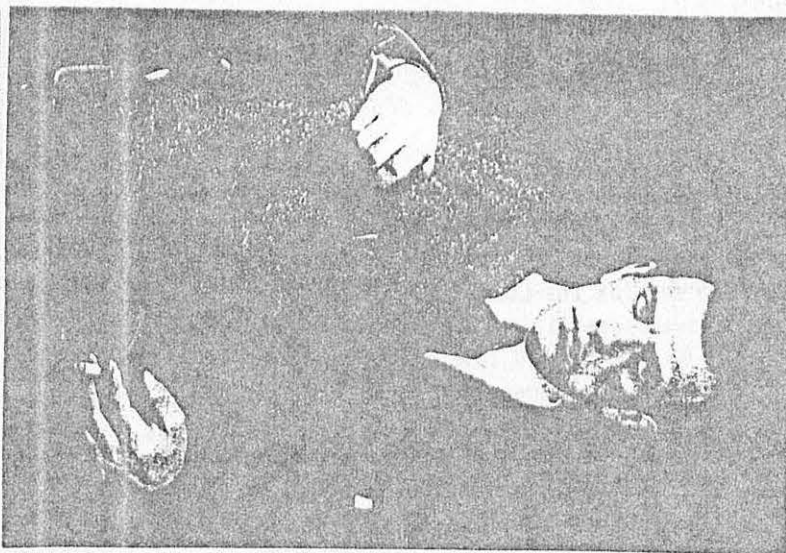
I can see it in a question
So content for a lesson
•Couldn't see my reflection
With no intention
To be saved - Oh is it true?
Oh I'll make me - Oh is it true?
We'll never be - Oh is it true?
And the myth of hurt solves every tune.

I'm a dried-up seed can't be restored
I hope no-one notices the sleep on me
I've been walking on down this shallow slope
Looking for nothing particularly.

You can see it in a question
Still content for a lesson
See no true reflection
With no intention
To be saved - Oh is it true
Oh but you never - Oh is it true
I'll guarantee - Oh is it true
And the myth of hurt solves your every tune.

Am I guided or is life for free
Because nothing ever seems to happen to me
And I won't be tempted by vile evils.
Because vile evils are vile evils.

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- 1893 7 July - Vladimir Mayakovsky born in Georgia, USSR.
- 1906 - After the death of his father, moves with family to Moscow.
- 1907 - Enters the revolutionary movement.
- 1908-9 - Expelled from High School, arrested three times and imprisoned for six months.
- 1911 - Enters the College of Printing, Sculpture & Architecture.
- 1912 - Begins regular poetic composition, Publication of *A Slap in the Face of Public Taste* (Russian Futurist manifesto).
- 1913 - First collection of verse is published, First performance of *Vladimir Mayakovsky* (the play).
- 1914 - Expelled from the College of Printing etc for taking part in Futurist activities.
- 1914-17 - Publishes more poems, writes texts for army broadsheets, gives readings/speeches and contributes to various almanacs.
- 1915 - Publishes *Cloud in Pants* and is called up for military service.
- 1916 - *Simple as Bellows* (collection of poems) published.
- 1917 26/27 Feb - On the streets of Petrograd during the February Bourgeois Révolution.
- 1917 - Publishes more poems, takes part in various debates on the future of Russia.
- 1917 25 Oct - The Great October Socialist Revolution.
- "To accept or not to accept? For me, such a question never arose My revolution."
- 1918 - Publishes more poems (as always), writes film scenarios; *Not Born For Money*, *The Young Lady and the Hooligan*, *Chained in Film* (also appears as leading character.) First performance of *Mystery-Bouffe*.
- 1919 - Moves to Moscow, publication of the collection; *Everything Written by Mayakovsky*.
- 1920 - Playlet; *What If? First-of-May Dreams in a Bourgeois Armchair* performed.
- Reads poem *Vladimir Ilyich* at a celebratory evening for Lenin.
- 1921 - *A Playlet about Priests that Wist Not What a Festival Is For* performed, More readings etc.
- Celebrates 12 years as a creative writer.
- 1922 - Travels abroad for the first time; Latvia, Germany & France. Writes autobiography; *I Myself*.
- 1923 - Publishes two collections; *Mayakovsky Smiles*, *Mayakovsky Laughs*, *Mayakovsky Pokes Fun & The Mayakovsky Gallery* (with drawings). Writes Poem *It* and begins editing journal *LEF*, Visits Germany.
- 1924 - Visits Germany & France (again) and publishes collection; *About Kursk, about the Komsomol, about May, about Flight, about Chaplin, about Germany, about Oil, about the 5th International, etc.*
- 1925 - Speaks twice at the 1st All-Russia Conference of Proletarian Writers, travels through Europe to the USA. Publishes collections; *Only The New & Paris*. Also writes children's books.
- 1926 - Starts work for the newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, Gives lectures and poetry readings throughout Russia and publishes collections; *Spain, Ocean, Havana, Mexico, America* and the essays; *How I Discovered America*.
- 1927 - Constant travel, readings, lectures and poems, Premiere of *The Twenty-Fifth* (play).
- 1928 - As above and publishes another children's book and essays on architecture.
- 1929 - More travel, publishes collections; *Elephants in the Komsomol & There and Back*.
- The play; *The Bedbug* is premiered, reads *The Bath House* over the radio.
- 1930 - Exhibition throughout Russia of *10 Years of Work*.
- The Bath House* is premiered (as always directed by Meyerhold).
- 1930 14 Apr - Mayakovsky shoots himself in his study in Moscow.
- 1930 15-17 Apr - 150,000 workers file past his body to bid farewell to Russia's greatest poet.

TEDDY boys

Why Edwardians began is simple enough - the sudden enfranchisement of a section of the youth population to become good citizens, not by civic works, but by consuming to suit the needs of a fumbling post war economy. Where they came from first is rather more problematic, shrouded in the mists of working class criminal folklore, and by the murky twilight of that forgotten, oblique age - the late Forties and early Fifties.

Most sources, both oral and received, seem to agree that the Edwardians "began" in the Elephant & Castle area of South London, an area that before its hideous, award-winning redevelopment in the mid-Fifties, had a long-rooted history of working class crime, flash, marginality. People around the Elephant were a bit lairy. The date is vague, but generally fixed at around the start of 1952 - certainly, by a year later, Edwardians were big news. Their conception may seem immaculate, but wasn't quite.

The style was the thing that marked them; working class boys simply weren't encouraged to dress like rainbows, they were expected to know their place. Most people assume that their style was taken directly from a curious upper-class fashion of the late 1940s, the Edwardian look.

But in fact, the youth Edwardian style is not so much a direct cop of its posher version but much more of a grafting of the external Edwardian details - the collar, lapel, waistcoat - onto the SHAPE of the Edwardians' true spiritual ancestors, the Spivs; that inversion of the wartime VIP who had also inverted the drab, 'enforced puritanism of those post-war years. Yellow socks, chokers and nylons flowering among the bomb-sites; what a statement of desire!

Whatever slurs were cast at their masculinity, and indeed one writer, TR Fyvel, went on to accuse Edwardians of being not so latent homosexuals (lack of dad's presence during the war ran the simplistic Freudian line), the boys in the pictures look straight, defined, extraordinarily sharp, pacing their territory like tigers.

In the end, *that* was all that mattered; a mass existentialism - I want the world and I want it now! - without nostalgia, without self-consciousness, without even any verbalising. They just did it.

Such intensity couldn't last. Prototypically the Edwardian style became Ted, Ted became diluted and changed as it hit its mass audience in late 1955/early '56, crossing over with the explosion of Rock'n'Roll music; The Edwardians were heartening if only for the fact that to them, *music simply wasn't important* - unlike later Teen Ages, bonded by music and that commercial culture, they were bonded by class, clothes and attitude.

The Edwardians were quite simply, the first Teen Age - the first of all those youth groups who, through their economic power, were eventually misled into thinking they had political power as well.

That this was the way that they chose to walk first down that road to the promised land of the Teen Age, and now that those promises have been betrayed and have been shown up to be the worthless trash they were, a mere convenience of consumer capitalism, they mock and accuse us by their return - at Teen Age's end.

From cannon fodder to cannon fodder runs the cycle, as "those who do not remember the past are condemned to repeat it".

Extracted from a Jon Savage essay.

OBits

Samuel Beckett died during January, he was 83 years old. He was born in a middle-class suburb of Dublin on April 13, 1906. Educated at Trinity College, he excelled as a scholar and sportsman. In 1928 he lectured briefly at the Sorbonne in Paris. He emigrated permanently in 1939 saying that he preferred France at war to Ireland at peace. Close friends with (the exiled) James Joyce, he published novels, stories and poems but did not achieve fame until his play *'Waiting For Godot'* (1953). To summarise his style and concerns, I have always thought he was trying to get the maximum effect from the minimum of words, this search for solutions to Modernist (or post-Modernist) dilemmas led to the dissection of the 'moment'. His writings are rooted in 'mundane' reality, the reality that all of us experience. He was obsessed with words (the exact nomenclature), his narrators are constantly fussing over lists, classifications, identities. The differences between his and Joyce's style are fascinating: Joyce (Catholic) depended on typography, the look of the words, the paragraphs, the page. Beckett's (Protestant) prose is like a visionary voice speaking in the head. Of course he was the master of unity and had obviously learnt all the key lessons from the Greeks. *'Endgame'* is probably my favorite of his plays (even if *'Godot'* is more important). His trilogy of novels: *'Molloy'*, *'Malone Dies'* & *'The Unnamable'* are in my humble opinion the high point of his work. His later texts were written in French and in 1961 he won the Prix Formentor (for his outstanding contribution to world literature) and the Nobel Prize (for lit) in 1969. He will be sadly missed.

Michael Powell, England's greatest living film director, died on February 19. He was a classically bourgeois Brit but was driven by a love of the cinema. He got his first break with Rex Ingram in 1925 and this led to a series of 'quota quickies' in the '30s. By the end of the decade he began an association with the enigre Hungarian writer Emeric Pressburger. Between 1939 and 1956 they 'created' more than eighteen films together. The dream was to make 'a Complete Cinema', ie: films in which *'music, emotion and acting made a complete whole of which music was the master.'* In 1942 they formed an independent production company; The Archers; the classics began to flow thick and fast. My favourite is *'The Life & Death of Colonel Blimp'*. Churchill tried to have the movie stopped: *'Do you forbid us to make it?'* Powell asked the Minister for War, who replied: *'Oh my dear fellow, after all we are a democracy, aren't we? I can't forbid you to do anything but don't make it because ... the Old Man will be very cross and you will never get a knighthood.'* They made the film and Powell never got his knighthood. Other classic '40s pictures include: *'A Canterbury Tale'*, *'The Red Shoes'* & *'Black Narcissus'*. Many years later after their partnership had been dissolved, Powell made his most 'outrageous' film: *'Peeping Tom'*, a masterpiece of voyeurism. In his declining years he attempted (but failed) to make more pictures, aided by his admirers, the movie brats of the '70s: Coppola and Scorsese. In the last few years he published the first 'chunk' of his autobiography. He was 84.

Barbara Stanwyck, one of the Hollywood 'strong women' (with Bette Davies & Joan Crawford) departed this 'mortal coil' on Jan 20. She was an extremely versatile journey(wo)man actress, during the 1930s bringing (attractive) cynicism to a series of roles, in 1941 she acted in three classics: Wellman's *'Ball of Fire'*, Sturges' *'The Lady Eve'* & Capra's *'Meet John Doe'*. She was adored by the 'hard-to-please' directors because of her ability to switch from glamour to vulnerability at a moments notice. Her abilities as a comedienne should not be underestimated either. Born in 1907 in Brooklyn, she became a speakeasy dancer and moved on to Hollywood (pushed by her first husband, Frank Fay). She handled middle-age well, letting her hair go grey and moving into television. In 1939 she married Hollywood's No 1 leading man; Robert Taylor, they lived together until his death in 1952, she never remarried. Personally I shall always remember her for her splendid sex-bitch portrayal in Billy Wilder's 1944 masterpiece: *'Double Indemnity'*.

Lee van Cleef, *'I just look mean without trying'* died during December 1989. He made his screen debut in *'High Noon'* (1952) and served faithfully in the Western as it rode to it's sunset. He was excellent as Lee Marvin's psychotic side-kick in *'The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance'* after which he 'retired' (he'd suffered a heart attack!) He concentrated on a career as a composer and painter until Sergio Leone grabbed him for his spaghetti Westerns. In *'For A Few Dollars More'* & *'The Good, The Bad & The Ugly'* Van Cleef provides the perfect adversary to Eastwood's taciturn hero. Since which point his career took a dive. He was 64.

Silvana Mangano (Italian actress) also died during December. Born in Rome in 1930, her career burst forth with an (extremely) sexual performance in the 1948 picture *'Bitter Rice'*. After it's success she married

the producer; Dino de Laurentiis, a series of bland films followed only made interesting by the occasional work by a Hollywood director in Rome; Robert Rossen, Martin Ritt etc. However, she always avoided making films in Hollywood, concentrating on bringing up her family. In the mid-60s she opened up again with Visconti's 'The Stranger', which she followed with three Pasolini numbers; 'Oedipus Rex' (67), 'Theorem' (68) & 'Medea' (69), she then returned to Luchino contributing to 'Death in Venice' (71), 'Ludwig' (72) & 'Conversation Piece' (75). Her only Hollywood appearance was in David Lynch's 'Dune'. Magnano had a certain amount of the Garbo about her ethereality, Alberto Moravia described her face as 'that rare thing in Italy ... beauty not contaminated by social class, but one of absolute beauty.' She died of cancer aged 59.

Del Shannon shot himself in February. Born in 1939 his career as a singer started in the army, he achieved one Number 1 single in Britain; 'Runaway' (1961) before the arrival of the Beatles shook up the industry, during the last quarter century he made many attempts at a come-back of which none were successful. He had a severe drink problem.

Ideas for the '90's MUSIC

During the mid-to-late 1980s popular music has descended to a 'bit of mediocrity' unequalled since the time of Bing Crosby. (1) Why has this happened? (2) Is there any hope for the 1990s? (3) Has the baton of radicalism spun from the hand of the musician to another creative field? (4) What are the key tenets of an exciting, stimulating and 'dangerous' music and how should/can/may they be introduced?

(1) Since Elvis (1954) the Record industry has been fighting a running battle against 'real' (ie: threatening) music. By 1960 they had 'done away' with the old rock'n'rollers (Lewis, Vincent, Berry, Richard et al), only the 'noise-symphonies' of Spector and the rebel glorified genre of the all-girl groups offered any solace. The Beatles (who I don't really like!) appeared in 1962 and were quickly followed by the British shock-troops; The Stones, The Who, The Kinks, Troggs etc etc. By 1966/67 through a mixture of 'growing up', severe drug abuse and the whole hippy ideal thing music entered it's most radical period. The fact that at this point the Velvets, Beefheart, Can, Buckley, Parsons, Sly Stone, the Last Poets, Marvin Gaye, Stax etc etc were all reaching their peak should not be ignored, during the early 1970s there was a slight run-down in 'quality' but there was always something (the Glam thing, the maturity of black protest music, Clinton, Noo Yawk). In 1976 it all burst open again and via the Sex Pistols Malcolm McLaren held a gun to the head of the record industry. Punk only lasted 18 months, it's (serious) influence hung on until 1982. From which point the industry has once again been gaining more and more power. One only has to look at the charts to see that the dominance of Stock, Aitkin & Waterman's 'processed' pop, Jive Bunny's 'theft of theft' and the complete lack of any 'independent' imagination demonstrates the victory of the authoritarian capitalists in their offices.

(2) To be quite honest I don't think there is, the complete eradication of the alternative 'tradition' that led eventually to Punk, the 'negation' of black musicianship (a line that ran from the jazzers (in New Orleans) and the bluesmen (in the Delta) at the turn of the century through be-bop, R'n'B, soul, funk etc etc to disco and rap) seems to have reached an ever-spiralling down-turn on the wheel of house music. The virtual lack of 'real' lyrics and the interesting, but eventually futile use of machines to create rhythm, has killed off what was a tradition of improvisation stretching back to Africa and European radicals in the Middle Ages. One of the problems is that if you don't have 'real' bands for x number of years the creation of new bands becomes more and more unlikely. Also responsible are the journalists who constantly resurrect figures from the past (Clapton, Morrison, Dylan etc) who we are assured 'have really cut it this time!' (Remember; no white musician has ever recorded anything better in his 30s than he did before!)

(3) If the supposed 'baton' has existed since the olden days it certainly passed through the hands of the French (19th Century poets), the Futurists, the Dadaists, the Surrealists, the peak period of silent cinema/30s French movies and onto a bunch of Southern hillbillies led by a Memphis truck-driver. Where it has gone now I do not know but it sure appears to have been lost. Can someone find this particular 'Holy Grail'?

(4) Seven (possibly) helpful pointers:

- a. Genuine collective work, ie; group interaction is the only way forward. One man and his machine aint going to get us anywhere.
- b. Improvisation is (as the old Jazz guys knew) the peak of group artistic expression. That moment when it 'flows', that is what we should be searching for.
- c. Age - as cited in point 2.
- d. Anarchism. The only people who can record the music we 'need' are the genuinely 'disenfranchised' (emotionally/spiritually/socially - black or white). Only the outsider of yore can help us now.
- e. Only the creator who does not care about money can seriously make a sound that strikes terror into the listener's heart.
- f. The only thing you have to fear is the sky falling on your head.
- g. Perhaps most important of all is that the music of the future should not be retro-pastiche but a merging of all the forms/genres/grooves into one 'feel' that accomplishes the best bits of all that preceeded it. I don't think this is a dream. I believe it to be possible.

The Benevolent staff of 'Leaving the '80s' have decided to create another compilation bonus as a parting gift for it's lucky readers. 200 minutes (49 songs) of what music has been like and could be again. Happy listening....

Tape 1; Side 1: 1; Jimmie Rodgers - 'TB Blues' 1932, // 2; Robert Johnson - 'Me & The Devil' 1937, // 3; Charlie Parker - 'Parker's Mood' 1948 (with Miles Davis on trumpet), // 4; Thelonious Monk - 'In Walked Bud' Late 1940s, // 5; Hank Williams - 'Lovesick Blues' 1949, // 6; Charles Mingus - 'Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting' 1960, // 7; George Vones - 'She Thinks I Still Care' 1962, // 8; Pat Hare - 'I'm Gonna Murder My Baby' 1954, // 9; Elvis Presley - 'That's All Right (Mama)' 1954, // 10; Jerry Lee Lewis - 'Whole Lotta Shakin' 1956, // 11; John Coltrane - 'Giant Steps' 1959, // 12; James Brown - 'Bring It On' 1982, // 13; Snokey Robinson - 'Whole Lotta Shakin' In My Heart (Since I Met You)' 1966, // 14; The Isley Brothers - 'This Old Heart Of Mine (Is Weak For You)' 1966.

Tape 1; Side 2: 15; Albert Ayler Trio - 'Ghosts; Second Variation' 1964, // 16; Percy Sledge - 'It Tears Me Up' 1966, // 17; James Carr - '(At The) Dark End Of The Street' 1967, // 18; The Velvet Underground - 'I Heard Her Call My Name' 1967, // 19; The Doors - 'Back Door Man' 1967, // 20; Aretha Franklin - 'I Say A Little Prayer' 1968, // 21; The MC5 - 'Rocket Reducer No 62 (Rana Lana Fa Fa Fa)' 1968, // 22; Tyrone Davis - 'Can I Change My Mind' 1968, // 23; Van Morrison - 'Madame George' 1968, // 24; Captain Beefheart & The Magic Band - 'Moonlight On Vermont' 1969, // 25; Tim Buckley - 'Song To The Siren' 1970,

Tape 2; Side 1: 26; Can - 'Mother Sky' 1970, // 27; Gram Parsons - 'Hickory Wind' 1973, // 28; The Pink Floyd - 'Apples & Oranges' 1968 (sorry for the appalling quality!), // 29; The Last Poets - 'Niggers Are Scared Of Revolution' 1970, // 30; T-Rex - 'Metal Guru' 1972, // 31; Sly & The Family Stone - 'Family Affair' 1971, // 32; Curtis Mayfield - 'Move On Up' 1971, // 33; Little Feat - 'A Apolitical Blues' 1972, // 34; Roxy Music - 'Editions Of You' 1972, // 35; Funkadelic - 'One Nation Under A Groove' 1978, // 36; The Faces - 'Miss Judy's Farn' 1972,

Tape 2; Side 2: 37; Television - 'Double Exposure' 1974 (bootleg), // 38; Hamilton Bohannon - 'Let's Start To Dance' 1978, // 39; Pere Ubu - 'Cloud 149' 1976, // 40; Buzzcocks - 'Lester Sands' 1976 (bootleg), // 41; Dr Alimantado & The Rebels - 'Born For A Purpose' 1977, // 42; The Subway Sect - 'Ambition' 1978, // 43; The Fall - 'Stepping Out' 1977 (live), // 44; McFaddon & Whitehead - 'Ain't No Stopping Us Now' 1979, // 45; The Teardrop Explodes - 'Christ Versus Warhol' 1981, // 46; ABC - 'The Look Of Love' 1982, // 47; Prince - 'Bob George' 1987 (demo), // 48; Public Enemy - 'Rebel Without A Pause' 1987, // 49; Tackhead - 'Hard Left' 1988.

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BURT REYNOLDS & WARREN BEATTY

Burt Reynolds was born in 1936 in Georgia, he considered a pro football career until his sporting days were cut short by a car accident. He then took up the acting profession. In 1958 he 'trod the boards' at the Hyde Park Playhouse in New York, appearing at one point with Charlton Heston in *'Mister Roberts'*. From 1959 onwards he found work in television, particularly in the programmes *'Gunsmoke'* and *'Hawk'*. During the late 1960s Reynolds found his niche in 'action' pictures appearing in Sam Fuller's *Shark* (1970); two years later he hit the big time with one of his best roles as Lewis in *Deliverance* (John Boorman) and a nude centrefold in *Cosmopolitan* magazine (April 72). TV chat shows followed where his excellent sense of humour shone and his long-term romance with Dinah Shore kept the gossip columns busy. Between 1972 and 1980 he appeared in 17 movies (some good, many bad) that propelled his career into the stratosphere, by the end of the decade he was the No 1 male star (based on box-office receipts). If many of his movies were commercial absurdities: *Smokey and the Bandit*, *The Cannonball Run* etc. there were always the occasional 'texts' that seriously examined machismo. I am particularly thinking of Robert Aldrich's *The Longest Yard* (1974) and *Hustle* (1975), perhaps his best film in this area is *Hooper*, an intelligent blend of action-adventure based around the role of an aging stuntman (the examination of masculinity and celebrity in decline). He is also interesting as an international jewel thief in *Rough Cut* (1980). Comedy has never been a problem with Reynolds (his laugh is surely the best in the business), I once saw *Paternity* when I was stoned on some exceptional weed and laughed and laughed and laughed. During the 1980s his career has been inconsistent (artistically) but financially successful nonetheless. Collaborations with Dolly Parton (*The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*) and Clint Eastwood (*City Heat*) helping to increase the demographic breadth of his appeal. Since 1976 he has also been complementing his work as an actor by directing, *Gator* (1976) and *The End* (1978), two comedies, the first set in the Sun Belt, the second a hilarious suicide romp. His self-directed pictures of the 1980s have all been semi-violent cop affairs. Although not particularly important to the development of the motion picture I have always considered Reynolds a severely underrated talent!

Warren Beatty was born in 1938 in Virginia, the brother of Shirley MacLaine. After attending university in Illinois, he studied drama at the Stella Adler School. His career began in 1959 with a role in the television series *'The Many Loves Of Dobie Gillis'*, following an abortive contract with MGM, he played the lead on stage in *'Compulsion'* (stock) and *'A Loss of Roses'* (on Broadway). In 1961 he appeared in his first movie: Elia Kazan's *Splendour in the Grass*, gravitating immediately to Kazan's method approach, Beatty became an immediate success. His youth and good looks fitting in perfectly with the post-James Dean mood of Hollywood. His next film was *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*, he starred in the much sought-after gigolo role. Of the next five movies only two are of interest: *Lilith* (1964) demonstrated his ability to be both world weary (cynical) and boyish (innocent) simultaneously. The playing of a night-club comic in *Mickey One* (1965) allowed him to work with Arthur Penn. Two years later he approached Penn to direct him in *Bonnie & Clyde* (first producers credit), the film was an immense success, it made Beatty a multi-millionaire and had a major impact on film criticism, filmmaking and fashion. His portrayal of Clyde Barrow provided him the best possibility to show off his man/boy, naïf/punk, hustler/innocent talents. During the twenty-three years since *Bonnie & Clyde* he has proceeded with great care (only 10 pictures!) *McCabe & Mrs Miller* (1971 - Robert Altman) was an excellent continuation of his split characterisation. *The Parallax View* (1974) was an exciting post-Watergate, post-Kennedy political thriller. *Shampoo* (1975) was for my money his greatest achievement: a stinging satire on California (mid '70s) life, in the film he plays a Hollywood hairdresser who strives to achieve financial security through sexual opportunism (many viewers considered the picture to be an almost auto-biographical comment on his own Casanova reputation!) (* Remember; Carly Simon's song: *'You're So Vain'*.) Since 1978 Beatty has made three films as producer-director-co-writer-star: *Heaven can Wait* was a moderately successful comedy, *Reds* was a serious (eight years in the making) Hollywood analysis of John Reed, the communist writer of *'Ten Days that shook the World'*. The third film is best forgotten: *Ishtar*. All things considered Beatty should one day create (ie: direct) a genuinely classic picture.

KILL CITY NO4

PETER SUTCLIFFE: THE YORKSHIRE RIPPER

Peter Sutcliffe was born in 1946, in Bingley, a small town, a few miles north of Bradford. He was quite a 'weedy' child unlike his father and brother, both beer-drinking sportsmen. One of his earliest jobs was as a grave-digger. He met his first proper girlfriend when she was 16; Sonia Szurma, they married eight years later on 10.3.74. After spending the first three years of their marriage with Sonia's parents, they moved to a detached house in Bradford. There are two interesting occurrences in Sutcliffe's life that may have sped up his development towards mass-murder. (1) During his trial he claimed that while he was working in the graveyard, God spoke to him telling him to go out onto the streets and kill prostitutes. (2) His mother, a supposedly devout Catholic, was exposed by her husband as being involved in an affair. The marriage continued but the methods used by his father, a confrontation with the entire family present, may have so shattered Sutcliffe's faith in women that his anger only had one outlet. The year of this exposure was 1969, later that year Peter Sutcliffe carried out his first known attack. he hit a whore over the head with a stone (hidden in a sock) after an argument about money!

6.7.75 - Attack on Anna Rogulskyj in Keighley.

15.8.75 - Attack on Olive Smelt in Halifax.

30.10.75 - Murder of Wilma McCann in Leeds. (1) [McCann was a 28 year-old prostitute, mother of four, her clothes had been opened but she had not been raped. Her chest and stomach were lacerated by 14 stab wounds, her head had been smashed with a heavy hammer - Police thought the motive was robbery!]

20.1.76 - Murder of Emily Jackson in Leeds. (2) [Jackson was a 42 year-old 'good-time-girl' who enjoyed a bit of prostitution for fun. The killing was virtually identical to Wilma McCann's. the only difference being that she had been stabbed more than 50 times, her back

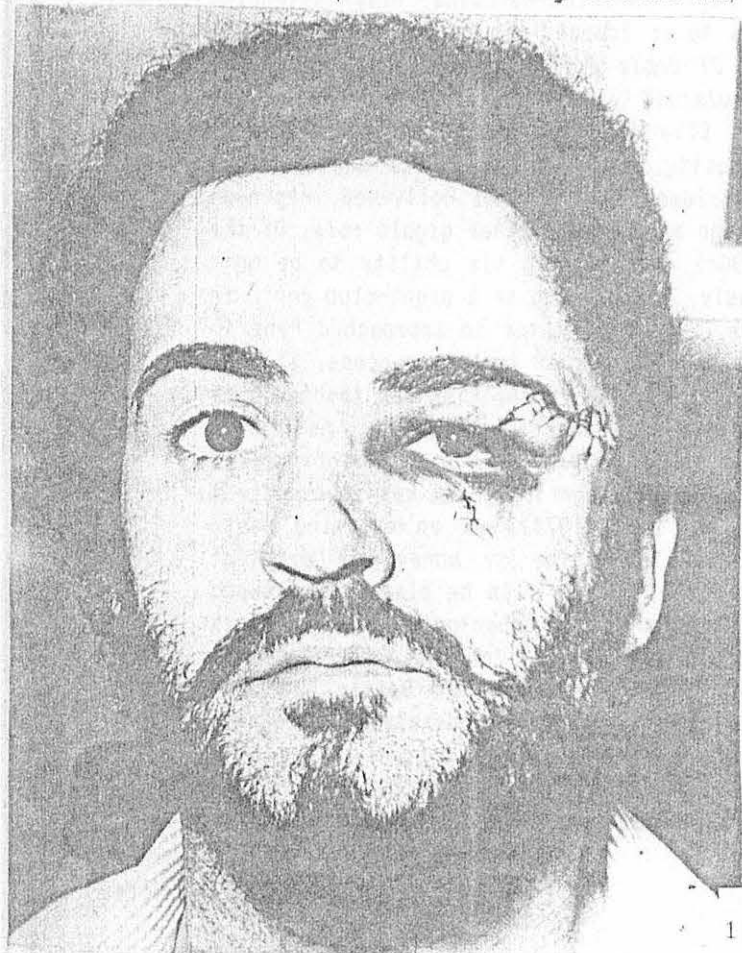
had also been gouged by a Phillips screw-driver. Sutcliffe had also stamped on her right thigh with his heavy ribbed wellington boot. It was not clear whether sex had taken place - The Police admitted that they were looking for a double-killer.]

9.5.76 - Attack on Marcella Claxton, Leeds.

Oct 76 - Sutcliffe starts trucking job.

5.2.77 - Murder of Irene Richardson in Leeds. (3) [Richardson was a 28-year old who did a bit of whoring to 'make ends meet'. Once again she had not been raped, death came in the usual fashion, three hammer blows to the head, her neck and torso heavily stabbed. - At this point the media named the unknown serial killer: The Yorkshire Ripper.]

23.4.77 - Murder of Patricia Atkinson in Bradford. (4) [For his 4th Kill Sutcliffe moved (as had many of the prostitutes) to Bradford, Atkinson was murdered in her own flat, after coming back from a drinking session at the pub. She had been hit four times with a hammer, her clothes had been torn off, her stomach stabbed seven times



and the left side of her body slashed. Another wellington boot print was found at the bottom of the bed sheet.]

June 77 - George Oldfield takes on the Ripper Case.

26.6.77 - Murder of Jayne MacDonald in Leeds. (5) [MacDonald was a 16 year-old school-girl, Sutcliffe hit her with a hammer and dragged her from the street. He then hit her twice more, stabbed her once in the back and repeatedly in the chest. Her only connection with the red-light district was that she lived there! Public anger was immediately inflamed by this murder of an 'innocent' girl! Police questioning of residents went up massively.]

10.7.77 - Attack on Maureen Long in Bradford.

1.10.77 - Murder of Jean Jordan in Manchester. (6) [Sutcliffe paid Jordan (aged 21) £5 in advance for the sex he was supposedly going to have with her. After hitting her 11 times with his hammer he was disturbed and fled. Paranoid about the £5 note (which was brand new and from his wage packet), he returned to the (undiscovered) corpse eight days later. Not finding the note he attacked the body with a broken pane of glass, even going so far as to try to cut off the head, thereby removing the tell-tale hammer blows. Eventually he gave up! The next day the body was found. Police immediately began an investigation based on the discovery of the £5 note.]

2.11.77 - First Sutcliffe Interview by the police. (With regard to the £5 note).

8.11.77 - Second Sutcliffe Interview by the police. (Detectives filed a five-paragraph report that put him in the clear, he was one of 5,000 men questioned!)

14.12.77 - Attack on Marilyn Moore in Leeds.

21.1.78 - Murder of Yvonne Pearson in Bradford. (7) [Pearson's body (she was 22) was found (two months after her death) stuffed under a 'sofa on some wasteland in Lumb Lane (part of Bradford's red-light district). She had been hit with a club hammer (originally Sutcliffe had



WILMA MCCANN



EMILY JACKSON



IRENE RICHARDSON



PATRICIA ATKINSON



JAYNE MACDONALD



JEAN JORDAN



YVONNE PEARSON



HELEN RYTKA



VERA MILLWARD



JOSEPHINE WHITAKER



BARBARA LEACH



MARGUERITE WALLS

used ball-pein hammers) and her chest had been jumped upon repeatedly. Horsehair from the sofa had been stuffed in her mouth. It appeared that Sutcliffe had returned to the scene of the crime, he'd placed a copy of the *Daily Mirror* (dated four weeks after her death) under one of her arms.]

31.1.78 - Murder of Helen Rytka in Huddersfield, (8) [Unusually for him, Sutcliffe had sexual intercourse with Rytka (18) before hitting her six times with the hammer, the shed in which this occurred was splattered in blood. She was repeatedly stabbed and there were scratch marks on her chest. Her sister (also a prostitute, they worked together) reported her missing and the police found the body.]

16.5.78 - Murder of Vera Millward in Manchester, (9) [Millward (aged 41 - mother of 7 - prostitute) died in a well-lit part of the grounds of Manchester Royal Infirmary. The Ripper had hit her three times on the head with a hammer and then slashed her across the stomach. The reward for information on the killer was raised to £15,000.]

13.8.78 - Third Sutcliffe Interview by the police. (Because his car registration number had cropped up during special checks in Leeds and Bradford).

23.8.78 - Fourth Sutcliffe Interview by the police. (With regard to tyre-treads that match tracks at the scene of one of the murders. They never checked him for blood group (rare) or shoe size (small for a man) - two known facts about the killer.)

4.4.79 - Murder of Josephine Whitaker in Halifax, (10) [Whitaker (aged 19), like Jayne MacDonald was not a prostitute. He grabbed her as she walked across a playing-field and smashed her head in.]

16.4.79 - Ripper letters brought into investigation. These were sent from Sunderland and were later proved to be a hoax - It was almost as if Sutcliffe did nothing during this period to muddle the police.

26.6.79 - Geordie tape released to press: *'I'm Jack. I see you're still having no luck catching me ... I reckon your boys are letting you down George. You can't be much good can ya? ... I warned you in March that I would strike again, sorry it wasn't Bradford ... I'm not sure when I will strike again, but it will definitely be some time this year, maybe September or October, even sooner if I get the chance. I'm not sure, where, maybe Manchester, I like it there. There's plenty of them knocking about, they never do learn do they George? ... Well it's been nice talking to you. Yours Jack the Ripper'*.

July 79 - George Oldfield has heart attack. He is taken off the case soon afterwards.

26.7.79 - Fifth Sutcliffe Interview by the police. (He was questioned because his car had been spotted in the Bradford red-light district, 36 times. The policeman suspected him but since the police were obsessed with the North-East hoaxer, no-one paid any attention).

2.9.79 - Murder of Barbara Leach in Bradford, (11) [Leach (20) was a student at Bradford University. Sutcliffe struck while she was walking down a road and dragged her into someone's backyard. He stabbed her eight times and covered her body with an old carpet. Barbara was not found until the next day.]

23.10.79 - Sixth Sutcliffe Interview by the police.

13.1.80 - Seventh Sutcliffe Interview by the police.

20.1.80 - Eighth Sutcliffe Interview by the police.

2.2.80 - Ninth Sutcliffe Interview by the police.

18.8.80 - Murder of Marguerite Walls in Farsley, (12) [Walls (a 47 year-old civil servant) had been working late at the office. Her body was found in the wooded grounds of a magistrate's house. She had been bludgeoned and strangled but her body had not been mutilated. As a result police refused to include it as a Ripper killing.]

24.9.80 - Attack on Dr Upadhyas Bandara in Leeds.

5.11.80 - Attack on Theresa Sykes in Huddersfield.

17.11.80 - Murder of Jacqueline Hill in Leeds, (13) [Hill was a 20 year-old student, who was murdered as she walked back to her hall of residence. Unlike with Walls, Sutcliffe went crazy, he killed her so fast that one of her eyes remained open. He stabbed repeatedly at the sightless eye.]



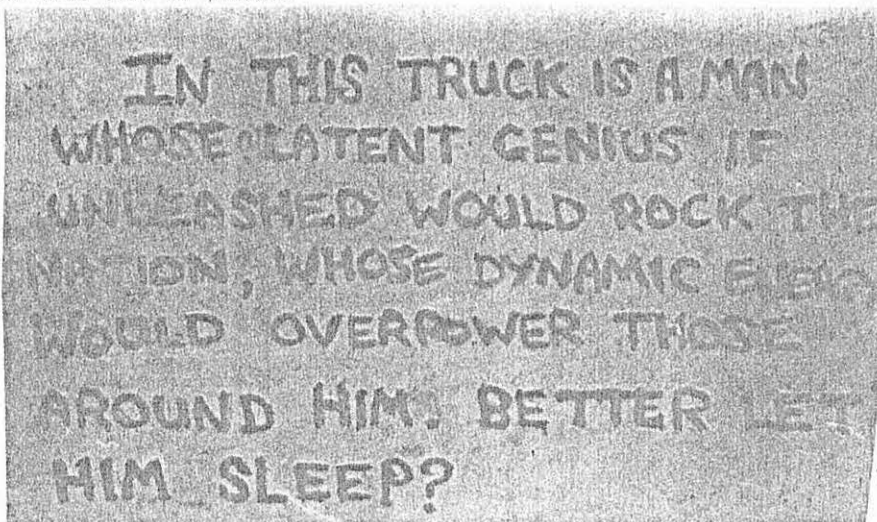
JACQUELINE HILL

2.1.81 - Sutcliffe arrested in Sheffield. At the time he was in a car with a prostitute. He asked to be allowed to urinate and hid a ball-pein hammer and a sharpened knife. He was arrested because it transpired that he had false number-plates on his car. At the police-station he hid another knife in the cistern of the toilet. 36 hours later the police twigged and found the weapons.

4.1.81 - Sutcliffe confesses to the police. He admitted '*just thinking about them* [his victims] *all reminds me of what a monster I am.*'

5.5.81 - Sutcliffe stands trial at the Old Bailey, London.

22.5.81 - Found guilty on 13 charges of murder. He was sentenced to life imprisonment (ie: to serve no less than 30 years!)



LORRAINE CLARK

Mrs Clark was a normal American house-wife, her husband, Melvin was an electronics foreman (they'd been married for ten years). They lived in a 'cottage' on the banks of Lake Attitach in Amesbury, a Boston Suburb. Because her husband was often away from home Lorraine became involved in a local wife-swapping group. One of the games played was called 'Housekey'. The husbands would throw the housekeys down for the scrambling wives, each key indicating the particular partner for that night.

On the night of April 10th, 1954, Melvin Clark arrived home early to find his wife in bed with a man. In the ensuing argument, Lorraine stabbed her husband twice with a darning-needle and shot him dead with two bullets in the head from a .32-calibre pistol. After three hours considering what to do with the body she trussed it up in chicken-wire, drove to the bridge over the Merrimack River and threw the body in. (She hoped the tides would carry the body out to sea ...) She explained his disappearance as due to a quarrel and one week later filed for divorce, claiming '*cruel and abusive treatment*'. For the next five weeks she scrubbed and cleaned the house making sure there was no evidence that the murder ever took place. Seven weeks later the (badly decomposed) body of Melvin Clark was washed into marshlands by the heavy floods. He was found by a bird-watcher and later identified by his thumbprints. On the 26th June Lorraine Clark confessed to the murder and also admitted to the weird sex-games being played by certain Amesbury residents.

On Sept 17th she was found guilty at Salem, Massachusetts of second-degree murder (she was actually tried for first-degree) and sentenced to life imprisonment in a Women's Reformatory (parole after 15 years). The DA said, while accepting the plea of second-degree murder: '*It will save the cost of a trial and save the defendant's parents and children the shame ... of further notoriety.*'

[I include this murder story because I think it would make a good movie!]

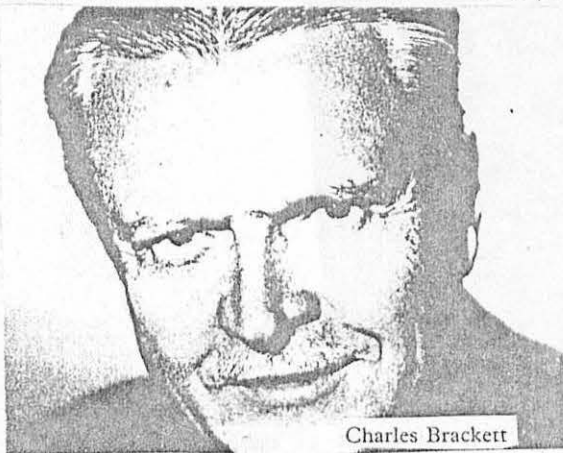
To anybody interested in murder, Marshall Cavendish have recently started publishing '*Murder Casebook: Investigations into the Ultimate Crime*'. They cost £1.50 weekly and are Ok!

UPDATE

B-WILDERED: UPDATE

In my essay on Billy Wilder in 'Leaving #1' I failed to go into any detail about the screenplays he wrote with Charles Brackett for Mitchell Leisen before the team got their chance to make their own films.

'Midnight' (1939) is one of the earliest examples of Wilder's obsession with 'deception'. Eve Peabody (Claudette Colbert) arrives in Paris determined to bluff her way into high society, she uses the name 'Baroness Czerny' (borrowed from a cab-driver she met on her arrival in the city) but immediately falls into a much more complicated situation. Georges Flamariou (John Barrymore) sees through her 'sham' but also notices the effect that she has on his wife's lover. He involves her in a plot to break up the pair. All is going well until



Charles Brackett

the cab-driver arrives claiming to be the 'Baron Czerny'. Thus the joke line "Every Cinderella has a midnight." The similarities between this examination (albeit humorous) of the upper classes and their masquerades has a similarity with Jean Renoir's 'La Règle du Jeu', even if it aint of that class. Wilder's script demonstrates the fragility of 'civilisation' when threatened by 'real' emotional intensity. Unlike later masqueraders in Wilder films Eve never actually believes in her role, she is attracted by the material gains (wealth) but eventually her realisation of true desire (love for Tibor (Don Ameche)) negates her social-climbing ambitions. The attempts by Tibor to win Eve back do not involve money (he doesn't have any), he use cunning and succeeds. The portrayal of the cab-driver's world is particularly interesting in comparison to the elegant spaciousness of the upper-class homes. Deeply impressive is Tibor's claim that he is a rich man: "I need forty francs a day, I make forty francs a day." Towards the end of the film the serious matters (class satire & the relationship between wealth and happiness) decline in favour of the comic situation: the impersonations and deceptions



I. A. L. Diamond

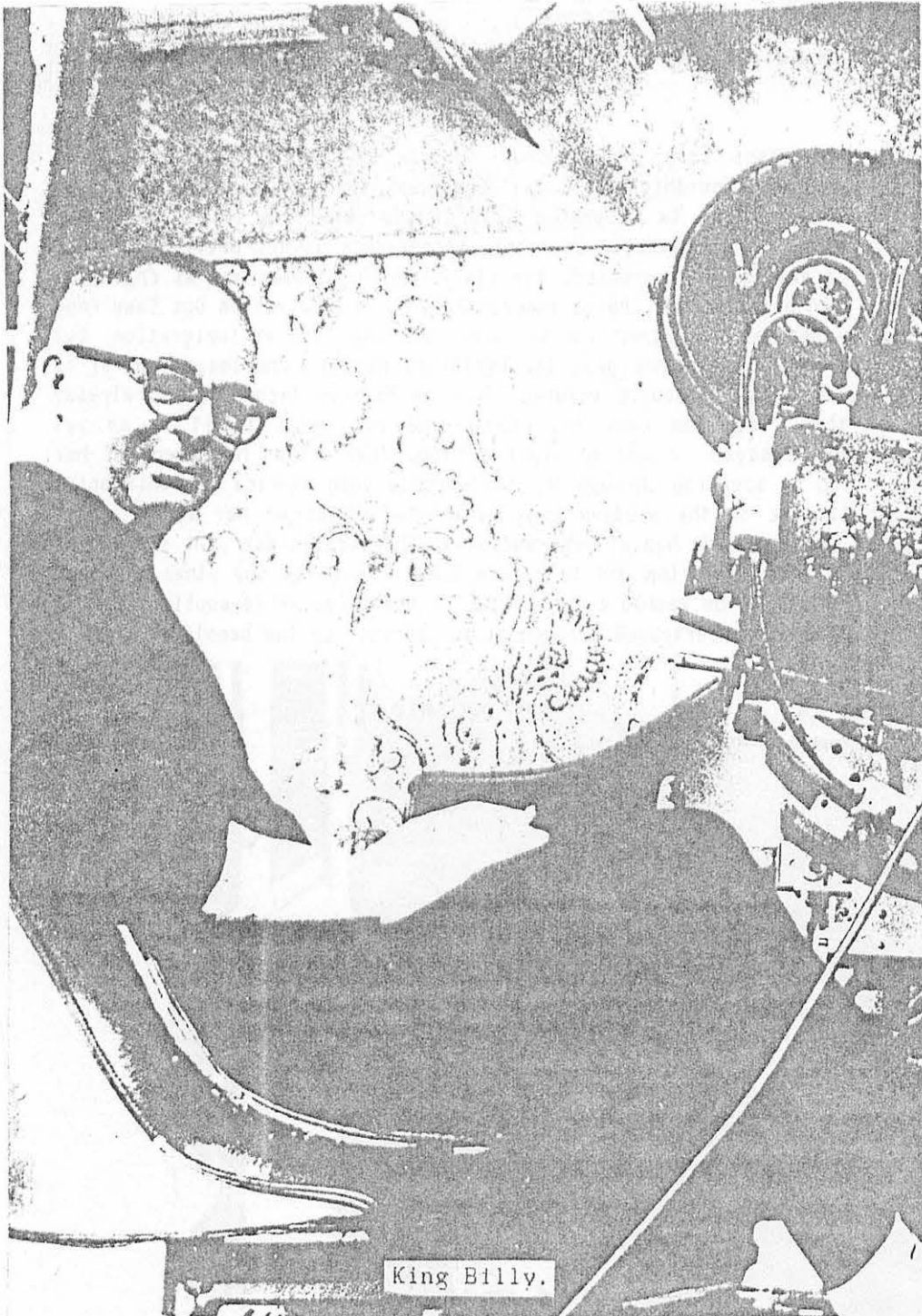
increase at a screwball pace. Like so many of Wilder's films 'Midnight' is a fairy tale: Tibor is the fairy godmother, the cab is a pumpkin coach and the reward is true love.

'Hold Back the Dawn' (1941) was Wilder/Brackett's final script for Mitchell Leisen. The two central themes of the picture were to be later Wilder stalwarts: the regeneration of a corrupt hero and the meaning of America. The lead character: Georges Iscovescu (Charles Boyer) has two linking factors with Wilder himself. Iscovescu is a Rumanian ex-pat, who is waiting in Mexico for a visa to enter the USA and he is a former gigolo who is moving (because of the War) to chase the rich women. The character is painted in an almost masochistic way, the story tells us that Iscovescu had broken two hearts in Europe (a mother and a daughter) causing both to attempt suicide. The despair of fleeing refugees is painted as being utterly hideous and the exploitation (by people and state) of this situation is given no quarter. Learning that entry to America could take as long as eight years, Iscovescu begins to consider his time in the hotel as a prison sentence. Slowly an idea comes to him

that he must marry an American. Enter Emmy Brown (Olivia de Havilland) who in her naivety/innocence is an easy catch for this 'heartless' European. The deception has more than it's required effect, Emmy appears to be liberated by what she considers to be true love. After their Mexican honeymoon, Anita (Paulette Goddard), Iscovescu's lover, previous dancing partner and catalyst of the entire idea re-enters the story. The two women are as chalk and cheese, and Iscovescu is torn between them. Anita informs Emmy of the deception but Emmy (now in love) refuses to betray her man. "I asked him to marry me," she lies at immigration, but on the drive home (without him), her sorrow gets the better of her and she loses control of the car, spins off the road and is seriously injured. Back in Mexico, Iscovescu has already been demonstrating that this 'love' is more than meets the eye, even if it is as yet unconsummated, at one point he says: "I had no right to touch her." When he learns of her accident he risks everything by speeding through the border-gate into America. At this point his circle of deception (linked to the wedding ring, which he places on her finger three times during the picture) is broken. He has at last become an 'honourable man'. At the end of the film Iscovescu is allowed to enter the USA to rejoin Emmy, Anita (on the other hand) is forced to stay in Mexico, unable to be washed by the water of purification (symbolised by the new country of adoption!) America is portrayed throughout as a dream, by the people waiting



'The Apartment' (1960).



King Billy.

to enter and by the effect that is exercised on Iscovescu, whereas the Immigration official, Hammock (a classic Wilder authority fascist) and all glimpses of the actual place are negative. This idealised vision of the USA is linked to the later films *'America America'* (Kazan 1963) and *'The Godfather part II'* (Copolla 1974). Apparently the experience of *'Hold Back the Dawn'* was the key factor in propelling Wilder into directing and it is true that Leisen does tend to gloss over the 'harsher' elements of the script. It is worth noting that certain key themes of this screenplay echo elements of Wilder's later classic *'Ace in the Hole'* (1951): the water and desert imagery, the hero with a confession for sale (at the beginning of the movie, Iscovescu walks into Paramount Studios to tell (sell) his story to director Mitchell Leisen), the religious overtones and the constant movie 'quoting'. It is no wonder that Wilder was disappointed, this was a killer script!

Last October Billy Wilder sold his collection of valuable paintings, they were rumoured to be worth upwards of \$20,000,000, he claimed that he wanted to have the pleasure of seeing them sold before he died. Others suggest that he is trying to raise enough money to make one final picture (since he is no longer bankable in Hollywood), personally I doubt this, Wilder is also meant to be writing his auto-biography. I just hope he feels fit and well.

THE SAGER SAGA: UPDATE

During the eight months since I published my essay on Gareth Sager, my opinions re: Head's 2nd Lp: *'Tales of Ordinary Madness'* have changed somewhat (maybe because they've now split up! Maybe because I was pretty blind then! Maybe because I was influenced by the whole situation re: Uncle Dick! Who knows?)

'Sin Bin' is a much better song than I originally thought, the 'boys own' element (so run down in these post feminist times) is hurled at the listener, the number is (of course) about adultery and (indirectly) the sheer futility of relationships. I only recently noticed the Clockwork Orange (Dim) style backing (moronic) vocals (violence) (nb: they also appear in '32A'). 'Get Fishy' hosts a killer funk-rock driving stomp. When they sing about: *'Whole wide world is dishy'* I do believe they are resurrecting the Charles Bukowski angle towards love/sex (especially sex!) ie: that when you're a certain age, with a certain disposition to the booze then society's brainwashing re: sex, beauty, attractiveness is all shit. Everyone/anyone becomes delicious! Phew! 'Machete Vendetta' is as excellent as I originally thought. [Where do all these swing rhythms come from, at some point in his life Sager obviously had access to someone's large swing collection (maybe his dad's?) Osmosis took place!] 'Cheeky Little Monkey' (as if to answer my last question) opens with a sample from *the Jungle Book*: *'I'm the King of the Swingers.'* The song is a filler but the horns, the 'madness' and the weird chants towards the end make it all worthwhile. '1000 Hangovers Later' is far, far better than I thought. (I was tea (actually coffee)-total when I wrote the original essay!) The cliché (this Lp is full of 'em) of drinking yourself to death over a girl is milked for maximum appeal. The epic sweep (mood?) from the violence of the peak to the tiny piano fillers perfectly resembles the changes that alcohol can induce. Even the guitar solo feels right now, the strings were always special: *'1001 - What can I do - 1002 - I'm blaming you - 1003 - Just forget about me - 1004 - ah! ah! ah!'* (What can I say - It works.) 'Time and Time' and 'Car's Outside' continue the 'masculine' themes: football and wheels. (I still love them.) 'Jesus aint got a Daddy' is not heavy-metal funk, it's heavy-metal dub funk! The playing is off course lush. The humour still wear's thin though. But (real) men have to be childish, don't they? '32A' is, as I claimed before, only better! There is a burst of some piece of classical music, I think it's Mozart but I can't be perfect, so I don't know. The final track is 'Tiger Tiger' a song that I completely misunderstood, the purpose of the acoustic guitar, pomp guitar, 'Hey Joe' symbolism and: *'Did you meet my brother Jake - 27 burning candles on his final birthday cake'* serve to destroy the myth of strength. The indecision of the lyrics and the Noise passage (like Spector gone mad, only better) embellish the feeling of encroaching despair. I do believe I never heard that Noise passage in quite that way before.

Some people find it hard to admit that they got something wrong (are you listening Thatcher?) but I completely misunderstood this Lp. If Float Up CP's 'Kill Me in the Morning' deals in femininity, then *'Tales of Ordinary Madness'* offers the male counterpart and should be listened to in that way. Without doubt his best Lp with the aforesaid Float Up CP collection!

These new evaluations make 'Intoxicator' sound like an even worse effort (but I'll leave that for you to decide), certainly I missed the point of their version of 'You're So Vain' which basically is a beer-boy's version of Carly Simon's classic. I saw them play one last time after I wrote the essay, at Birmingham Syntras, a tiny hole in the middle of the city. They played a moderate set to a tiny audience. Gareth looked completely mad with his fat face and stooped hair-cut. (Dc, Am & Ray saw them play the night before at the Town & Country Club and they all enjoyed the gig!) Their drummer left for Hong Kong soon afterwards and the 'tour' was curtailed. A few weeks later they left Virgin and have not been seen since (presumed split!) As I stated in the original essay Gareth is a major talent and has been treated in a disgusting way by the industry. I only hope that he returns to release more records. If not, I fully intend to contact him and write a book about the wondrous music he has played and recorded. More than anyone (Beefheart, Brown, Buckley or Stone) this man set me an example to follow and also made my own efforts seem ridiculously inadequate! Cheers!

Rip Rig & Panic (clockwise from the top): Bruce Smith, Mark Springer, Neneh Cherry, Andrea Oliver, Gareth Sager, Sean Oliver.





Viv (from The Slits) & Gareth 1980.

Dave McCullough on 'How Much Longer' Lp: *"The Pop Group give you nothing directly, nothing but the certainty that they are going forward; if you like, the feeling that they have that in common with the Fall and PIL and Joy Division, even though they are coming in at a completely different angle, perhaps more refined, more middle-class (what's wrong with that?), more concentrating on James Brown and the Last Poets than the other' alignment with the Velvets, the Doors and Can. The Pop Group are frightening. The Pop Group put their Fiorucci feet into it. The Pop Group are clumsy. The Pop Group are wonderful. The Pop Group are dance music."*

Interview (1981): *"There are those saying you ought to learn to play that thang, first?" Gareth: "Absolute nonsense, it's a feeling every time. Nothing to do with technique, Feeling and soul. Phil Spector stuff is very simple but some of it has real feeling."*

Interview (1981) on improvisation: *"Before you start getting that loose you gotta get tight ... really tight. You have to be aware that people are going to move with you. Say I want to go and play some solo piano without shouting to the others 'Stop!' and having it written on a bit of paper - '15 minutes into the set, stop, I'm gonna play the piano'. You've just got to see if that space is there, and if that space isn't there, forget it. Get into what else is going on."*

Interview (1982) on 'genuine' pop music: *"Every now and again something slips through into the charts, the last time it happened was with Jimi Hendrix's 'Woodoo Chile' in 1970. No real soul music can get into the charts. Nothing with feeling ever gets played on the radio."*

Interview (1987) on his past career: *"All the bands I've been in are pure attitude - the music's just a load of bollocks."*

Interview (1988) on customs/immigration: *"They always put their fingers up my bum. They always pick on me. I give them the eye, that's why. I tell them their jobs are shit and they don't take to that. It doesn't make me feel like James Bond at all."*

Mary Ann Hobbs on 'Intoxicator' Lp: *"Tragic. Perfect. We must never forget how much we need them."*

'Car's Outside' Video: Head actually shot a film to accompany said song. Virgin never released the vid because of the trouble that had been stirred up. *'Sequences involving gas masks, axle grease and 'Nazi' helmets with 'Head Fuck' scrawled over them.'* Richard Beale said of the scenario: *'It's basically because we rolled around in grease and got totally covered ... In the end it looked like a bit of an orgy, we should have been sponsored by Swarfega ... There was one scene where I tried to gas myself, and the model that we used joined in and was seen to enjoy it ... And as we were really using gas, things got a bit out of hand!' The film never appeared, Head had refused to censor their own product.*

S C U M

Life in this society being, at best, an utter bore and no aspect of society being at all relevant to women, there remains to civic-minded, responsible, thrill-seeking females only to overthrow the government, eliminate the money system, institute complete automation and destroy the male sex.

It is now technically possible to reproduce without the aid of males (or, for that matter, females) and to produce only females. We must begin immediately to do so. Retaining the male has not even the dubious purpose of reproduction. The male is a biological accident; the y(male) gene is an incomplete set of chromosomes. In other words, the male is an incomplete female, a walking abortion, aborted at the genre stage. To be male is to be deficient, emotionally limited; maleness is a deficiency disease and males are emotional cripples.

The male is completely egocentric, trapped within himself; incapable of empathising or identifying with others, of love, friendship, affection or tenderness. He is a completely isolated unit, incapable of rapport with anyone. His responses are entirely visceral, not cerebral; his intelligence is a mere tool in the service of his drives and needs; he is incapable of mental passion, mental interaction; he can't relate to anything other than his own physical sensations, he is a half-dead, unresponsive lump, incapable of giving or receiving pleasure or happiness; consequently, he is at best an utter bore, an inoffensive blob, since only those capable of absorption in others can be charming. He is trapped in a twilight zone halfway between humans and apes, he is capable of a large array of negative feelings - hate, jealousy, contempt, disgust, guilt, shame, doubt - and moreover, he is aware of what he is and isn't.

Although completely physical, the male is unfit even for stud service. Even assuming mechanical proficiency, which few men have, he is, first of all, incapable of zestfully, lustfully, tearing off a piece, but is instead eaten up with guilt, shame, fear and insecurity, feelings rooted in male nature, which the most enlightened training can only minimise; second, the physical feeling he attains is next to nothing; and, third, he is not empathising with his partner, but is obsessed with how he's doing, turning in an A performance, doing a good plumbing job. To call a man an animal is to flatter him; he's a machine, a walking dildo. It's often said that men use women. Use them for what? Surely not pleasure.

Eaten up with guilt, shame, fears and insecurities and obtaining, if he's lucky, a barely perceptible physical feeling, the male is, nonetheless, obsessed with screwing; he'll swim a river of snot, wade nostril-deep through a mile of vomit, if he thinks there'll be a friendly pussy awaiting him. He'll screw a woman he despises, any snaggle-toothed hag, and furthermore, pay for the opportunity. Why? Relieving physical tension isn't the answer, as masturbation suffices for that. It's not ego satisfaction; that doesn't explain screwing corpses and babies.

Completely egocentric, unable to relate, empathise or identify, and filled with a vast, pervasive, diffuse sexuality, the male is psychically passive. He hates his passivity, so he projects it onto women, defines the male as active, then sets out to prove that he is ('prove he's a Man'). His main means of attempting to prove it is screwing (Big Man with a Big Dick tearing off a Big Piece). Since he's attempting to prove an error, he must 'prove' it again and again. Screwing, then, is a desperate, compulsive attempt to prove he's not passive, not a woman; but he is passive and does want to be a woman.

Being an incomplete female, the male spends his life attempting to complete himself, to become female. He attempts to do this by constantly seeking out, fraternising with and trying to live through and fuse with the female, and by claiming as his own all female characteristics - emotional strength and independence, forcefulness, dynamism, decisiveness, coolness, objectivity, assertiveness, courage, integrity, vitality, intensity, depth of character, grooviness etc. - and projecting onto women all male traits - vanity, frivolity, triviality, weakness, etc. It should be said, though, that the male has one glaring area of superiority over the female - public relations. (He has done a brilliant job of convincing millions of women that men are women and women are men.) The male claim that females find fulfillment through motherhood and sexuality reflects what males think they'd find fulfilling if they were female.

Women, in other words, don't have penis envy; men have pussy envy. When the male accepts his passivity, defines himself as a woman (males as well as females think men are women and women are men), and becomes a transvestite he loses his desire to screw (or to do anything else, for that matter; he fulfills himself as a drag queen) and gets his cock chopped off. He then achieves a continuous diffuse sexual feeling from 'being a woman'. Screwing is, for a man, a defence against his desire to be female. Sex is itself a sublimation.

This is merely the introduction to the 'SCUM Manifesto' (1967). (It's extreme but interesting!) Valerie Solanas shot (and wounded) Andy Warhol in 1968. She was imprisoned in a New York Institute for the criminally insane. The 'Society for Cutting-Up Men' disappeared. Rumour has it that she is now bumming quarters on Manhattan's lower Second Avenue.

H O W L

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked, dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix, angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night, who poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed and high sat up smoking in the supernatural darkness of cold water flats floating across the tops of cities contemplating jazz, who bared their brains to Heaven under the El and saw Mohammedan angels staggering on tenement roofs illuminated, who passed through universities with radiant cool eyes hallucinating Arkansas and Blake-light tragedy among the scholars of war, who were expelled from the academies for crazy & publishing obscene odes on the windows of the skull, who cowered in unshaven rooms in underwear, burning their money in wastebaskets and listening to the Terror through the wall, who got busted in their pubic beards returning through Laredo with a belt of marijuana for New York, who ate fire in paint hotels or drank turpentine in Paradise Alley, death, or purgatoried their torsos night after night with dreams, with drugs, with waking nightmares, alcohol and cock and endless balls, incomparable blind streets of shuddering cloud and lightning in the mind leaping toward poles of Canada & Paterson, illuminating all the motionless world of Time between, Peyote solidities of halls, backyard green tree cemetery dawns, wine drunkenness over the rooftops, storefront boroughs of teahad joyride neon blinking traffic light, sun and moon and tree vibrations in the roaring winter dusks of Brooklyn, ashcan rantings and kind king light of mind, who chained themselves to subways for the endless ride from battery to holy Bronx on benzedrine until the noise of wheels and children brought them down shuddering mouth-wracked and battered bleak of brain all drained of brilliance in the drear light of Zoo, who sank all night in submarine light of Bickford's floated out and sat through the stale beer afternoon in desolate Fugazzi's, listening to the crack of doom on the hydrogen jukebox, who talked continuously seventy hours from park to pad to bar to Bellevue to museum to the Brooklyn Bridge, a lost battalion of platonic conversationalists jumping down the stoops off fire escapes off windowsills off Empire State out of the moon, yacketayakking screaming vomiting whispering facts and memories and anecdotes and eyeball-kicks and shocks of hospitals and jails and wars, whole intellects disgorged in total recall for seven days and nights with brilliant eyes, meat for the Synagogue cast on the pavement, who vanished into nowhere Zen New Jersey leaving a trail of ambiguous picture postcards of Atlantic City hall, suffering Eastern sweats and Tangerian bone-grindings and migraines of China under junk-withdrawal in Newark's bleak furnished room, who wandered around and around at midnight in the railroad yard wondering where to go, and went, leaving no broken hearts, who lit cigarettes in boxcars boxcars boxcars racketing through snow toward lonesome farms in grandfather night, who studied Plotinus Poe St. John of the Cross telepathy and bop kabella because the cosmos instinctively vibrated at their feet in Kansas, who loned it through the streets of Idaho seeking visionary indian angels who were visionary indian angels, who thought they were only mad when Baltimore gleamed in supernatural ecstasy, who jumped in limousines with the Chinaman of Oklahoma on the impulse of winter midnight streetlight smalltown rain, who lounged hungry and lonesome through Houston seeking jazz or sex or soup, and followed the brilliant Spaniard to converse about America and Eternity, a hopeless task, and so took ship to Africa, who disappeared into the volcanoes of Mexico leaving behind nothing but the shadow of dungarees and the lava and ash of poetry scattered in fireplace Chicago, who reappeared on the West Coast investigating the FBI in beards and shorts with big pacifist eyes sexy in their dark skin passing out incomprehensible leaflets, who burned cigarette holes in their arms protesting the narcotic tobacco haze of Capitalism, who distributed Supercommunist pamphlets in Union Square weeping and undressing while the sirens of Los Alamos wailed them down, and wailed down Wall, and the Staten Island ferry also wailed, who broke down crying in white gymnasiums naked and trembling before the machinery of other skeletons, who bit detectives in the neck and shrieked with delight in policecars for committing no crime but their own wild cooking pederasty and intoxication, who howled on their knees in the subway and were dragged off the roof waving genitals and manuscripts, who let themselves be fucked in the ass by saintly motorcyclists, and screamed with joy, who blew and were blown by those human seraphim, the sailors, caresses of Atlantic and Caribbean love, who balled in the morning in the evenings in rosegardens and the grass of public parks and cemeteries scattering their semen freely to whomever come who may, who hiccupped endlessly trying to giggle but wound up with a sob behind a partition in a Turkish Bath when the blonde & naked angel came to pierce them with a sword, who lost their loveboys to the three old shrews of fate the one eyed shrew of the heterosexual dollar the one eyed shrew that winks out of the womb and the one eyed shrew that does nothing but sit on her ass and snip the intellectual golden threads of the craftsman's loom, who copulated ecstatic and insatiate with a bottle of beer a sweetheart a package of cigarettes a candle and fell off the bed, and continued along the floor and down the hall and ended fainting on the wall with a vision of ultimate cunt and come eluding the last gyzyrn of consciousness, who sweetened the

snatches of a million girls trembling in the sunset, and were red eyed in the morning but prepared to sweeten the snatch of the sunrise, flashing buttocks under barns and naked in the lake, who went out whoring through Colorado in myriad stolen night-cars, NC, secret hero of these poems, cocksman and Adonis of Denver - joy to the memory of his innumerable lays of girls in empty lots & diner backyards, moviehouses' rickety rows, on mountaintops in caves or with gaunt waitresses in familiar roadside lonely petticoat upliftings & especially secret gas-station solipisisms of johns, & hometown alleys too, who faded out in vast sordid movies, were shifted in dreams, woke on a sudden Manhattan, and picked themselves up out of basements hungover with heartless Tokay and horrors of Third Avenue iron dreams & stumbled to unemployment offices, who walked all night with their shoes full of blood on the snowbank docks waiting for a door in the East River to open to a room full of steamheat and opium, who created great suicidal dramas on the apartment cliff-banks of the Hudson under wartime blue floodlight of the moon & their heads shall be crowned with laurel in oblivion, who ate the lamb stew of the imagination or digested the crab at the muddy bottom of the rivers of Bowery, who wept at the romance of the streets with their pushcarts full of onions and bad music, who sat in boxes breathing in the darkness under the bridge, and rose up to build harpsichords in their lofts, who coughed on the sixth floor of Harlem crowned with flame under the tubercular sky surrounded by orange crates of theology, who scribbled all night rocking and rolling over lofty incantations which in the yellow morning were stanzas of gibberish, who cooked rotten animals lung heart feet tail borshi & tortillas dreaming of the pure vegetable kingdom, who plunged themselves under meat trucks looking for an egg, who threw their watches off the roof to cast their ballot for Eternity outside of Time, & alarm clocks fell on their heads every day for the next decade, who cut their wrists three times successively unsuccessfully, gave up and were forced to open antique stores where they thought they were growing old and cried, who were burned alive in their innocent flannel suits on Madison Avenue amid blasts of leaden verse & the tanked-up clatter of the iron regiments of fashion & the nitroglycerine shrieks of the fairies of advertising & the mustard gas of sinister intelligent editors, or were run down by the drunken taxicabs of Absolute Reality, who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge this actually happened and walked away unknown and forgotten into the ghostly daze of Chinatown soup alleyways & firetrucks, not even one free beer, who sang out of their windows in despair, fell out of the subway window, jumped in the filthy Passaic, leaped on negroes, cried all over the street, danced on broken wineglasses barefoot smashed phonograph records of nostalgic European 1930's German jazz finished the whiskey and threw up groaning into the bloody toilet, moans in their ears and the blast of colossal steamwhistles, who barreled down the highways of the past journeying to each other's hotrod-Golgotha jail-solitude watch or Birmingham jazz incarnation, who drove crosscountry seventy two hours to find out if I had a vision or you had a vision or he had a vision to find out Eternity, who journeyed to Denver, who died in Denver, who came back to Denver & waited in vain, who watched over Denver & brooded & loned in Denver and finally went away to find out the Time, & now Denver is lonesome for her heroes, who fell on their knees in hopeless cathedrals praying for each other's salvation and light and breasts, until the soul illuminated its hair for a second, who crashed through their minds in jail waiting for impossible criminals with golden heads and the charm of reality in their hearts who sang sweet blues to Alcatraz, who retired to Mexico to cultivate a habit, or Rocky Mount to tender Buddha or Tangiers to boys or Southern Pacific to the black locomotive or Harvard to narcissus to Woodlawn to the daisychain or grave, who demanded sanity trials accusing the radio of hypnotism & were left with their insanity & their hands & a hung jury, who threw potato salad at CCNY lecturers on dadaism and subsequently presented themselves on the granite steps of the madhouse with shaven heads and harlequin speech of suicide, demanding instantaneous lobotomy, and who were given instead the concrete void of insulin metrasol electricity hydrotherapy psychotherapy occupational therapy pingpong & amnesia, who in humourless protest overturned only one symbolic pingpong table, resting briefly in catatonia, returning years later truly bald except for a wig of blood, and tears and fingers, to the visible madman doom of the wards of the madtowns of the East, Pilgrim's State's Rockland's and Greystone's foetid halls, bickering with the echoes of the soul, rocking and rolling in the midnight solitude-bench dolmen-realms of love, dream of life a nightmare, bodies turned to stone as heavy as the moon, with mother finally *****, and the last fantastic book flung out of the tenement window, and the last door closed at 4 AM and the last telephone slammed at the wall in reply and the last furnished room emptied down to the last piece of mental furniture, a yellow paper rose twisted on a wire hanger in the closet, and even that imaginary, nothing but a hopeful little bit of hallucination - ah, Carl, while you are not safe I am not safe, and now you're really in the total animal soup of time - and who therefore ran through the icy streets obsessed with a sudden flash of the alchemy of the sue of the eclipse the catalog the meter & the vibrating plane, who dreamt and made incarnate gaps in Time & Space through images juxtaposed, and trapped the archangel of the soul between 2 visual images and joined the elemental verbs and set the noun and dash of consciousness together jumping with sensation of Pater Omnipotens Aeterna Deus to

recreate the syntax and measure of poor human prose and stand before you speechless and intelligent and shaking with shame, rejected yet confessing out the soul to conform to the rhythm of thought in his naked and endless head, the madman bum and angel beat in Time, unknown, yet putting down here what might be left to say in time come after death, and rose reincarnate in the ghostly clothes of jazz in the goldhorn shadow of the band and blew the suffering of America's naked mind for love into an eli eli lamma lamma sabacthani saxophone cry that shivered the cities down to the last radio with the absolute heart of the poem of life butchered out of their own bodies good to eat a thousand years.

What sphinx of cement and aluminium bashed open their skulls and ate up their brains and imagination? Moloch! Solitude! Filth! Ugliness! Ashcans and unobtainable dollars! Children screaming under the stairways! Boys sobbing in armies! Old men weeping in the parks! Moloch! Moloch! Nightmare of Moloch! Moloch the loveless! Mental Moloch! Moloch the heavy judger of men! Moloch the incomprehensible prison! Moloch the crossbone soulless jailhouse and Congress of sorrows! Moloch the vast stone of war! Moloch the stunned governments! Moloch whose mind is pure machinery! Moloch whose blood is running money! Moloch whose fingers are ten armies! Moloch whose breast is a cannibal dynamo! Moloch whose ear is a smoking tomb! Moloch whose eyes are a thousand blind windows! Moloch whose skyscrapers stand in the long streets like endless Jehovahs! Moloch whose factories dream and creak in the fog! Moloch whose soul is electricity and banks! Moloch whose poverty is the specter of genius! Moloch whose fate is a cloud of sexless hydrogen! Moloch whose name is the Mind! Moloch in whom I sit lonely! Moloch in whom I dream Angels! Crazy in Moloch! Cocksucker in Moloch! Lacklove and wanless in Moloch! Moloch who entered my soul early! Moloch in whom I am a consciousness without a body! Moloch who frightened me out of my natural ecstasy! Moloch whom I abandon! Wake up in Moloch! Light streaming out of the sky! Moloch! Moloch! Robot apartments! invisible suburbs! skeleton treasuries! blind capitals! demonic industries! spectral nations! invincible madhouses! granite cocks! monstrous bombs! They broke their backs lifting Moloch to Heaven! Pavements, trees, radios, tons! lifting the city to Heaven which exists and is everywhere about us! Visions! omens! hallucinations! miracles! ecstasies! gone down the American river! Dreams! adorations! illuminations! religions! the whole boatload of sensitive bullshit! Breakthroughs! over the river! flips and crucifixions! gone down the flood! Highs! Epiphanies! Despairs! Ten years' animal screams and suicides! Minds! New Loves! Mad generation! down on the rocks of Time! Real holy laughter in the river! They saw it all! the wild eyes! the holy yells! They bade farewell! They jumped off the roof! to solitude! waving! carrying flowers! Down to the river! into the street!

Carl Solomon! I'm with you in Rockland where you're madder than I am - I'm with you in Rockland where you must feel very strange - I'm with you in Rockland where you imitate the shade of my mother - I'm with you in Rockland where you've murdered your twelve secretaries - I'm with you in Rockland where you laugh at this invisible humour - I'm with you in Rockland where we are great writers on this same dreadful typewriter - I'm with you in Rockland where you condition has become serious and is reported on the radio - I'm with you in Rockland where the faculties of the skull no longer admit the worms of the senses - I'm with you in Rockland where you drink the tea of the breasts of the spinsters of Utica - I'm with you in Rockland where you pun on the bodies of your nurses the harpies of the Bronx - I'm with you in Rockland where you scream in a straightjacket that you're losing the game of the actual pingpong of the abyss - I'm with you in Rockland where you bang on the catatonic piano the soul is innocent and immortal it should never die ungodly in an armed madhouse - I'm with you in Rockland where fifty more shocks will never return your soul to its body again from its pilgrimage to a cross in the void - I'm with you in Rockland where you accuse your doctors of insanity and plot the Hebrew socialist revolution against the fascist national Golgotha - I'm with you in Rockland where you will split the heavens of Long Island and resurrect your living human Jesus from the superhuman tomb - I'm with you in Rockland where there are twentyfive-thousand mad comrades all together singing the final stanzas of the Internationale - I'm with you in Rockland where we hug and kiss the United States under our bedsheets the United States that coughs all night and won't let us sleep - I'm with you in Rockland where we wake up electrified out of the coma by our own soul's airplanes roaring over the roof they've come to drop angelic bombs the hospital illuminates itself imaginary walls collapse O skinny legions run outside O starry-spangled shock of mercy the eternal war is here O victory forget your underwear we're free - I'm with you in Rockland in my dreams you walk dripping from a sea-journey on the highway across America in tears to the door of my cottage in the Western night.

This poem was written by Allen Ginsberg in San Francisco 1955-56.

THE ABOLITION OF WORK

No one should ever work.

Work is the source of nearly all the misery in the world. Almost any evil you'd care to name comes from working or from living in a world designed for work. In order to stop suffering, we have to stop working.

That doesn't mean we have to stop doing things. It does mean creating a new way of life based on play; in other words, a *ludic* revolution. By "play" I mean also festivity, creativity, conviviality, commensality, and maybe even art. There is more to play than child's play, as worthy as that is. I call for a collective adventure in generalised joy and freely interdependent exuberance. Play isn't passive. Doubtless we all need a lot more time for sheer sloth and slack than we ever enjoy now, regardless of income or occupation, but once recovered from employment-induced exhaustion nearly all of us want to act. Oblomovism and Stakhanovism are two sides of the same debased coin.

The ludic life is totally incompatible with existing reality. So much the worse for "reality," the gravity hole that sucks the vitality from the little in life that still distinguishes it from mere survival. Curiously - or maybe not - all the old

ideologies are conservative because they believe in work. Some of them, like Marxism and most brands of anarchism, believe in work all the more fiercely because they believe in so little else.

Liberals say we should end employment discrimination. I say we should end employment. Conservatives support right-to-work laws. Following Karl Marx's wayward son-in-law Paul Lafargue I support the right to be lazy. Leftists favour full employment. Like the surrealists - except that I'm not kidding - I favour full *un*employment. Trotskyists agitate for permanent revolution. I agitate for permanent revelry. But if all the ideologues (as they do) advocate work - and not only because they plan to make other people do theirs - they are strangely reluctant to say so. They will carry on endlessly about wages, hours, working conditions, exploitation, productivity, profitability. They'll gladly talk about anything but work itself. These experts who offer to do our thinking for us rarely share their conclusions about work, for all its saliency in the lives of all of us. Among themselves they quibble over the details. Unions and management agree that we ought to sell the time of our lives in exchange for survival, although they haggle over the price. Marxists think we should be bossed by bureaucrats. Libertarians think we should be bossed by businessmen. Feminists don't care which form the bossing takes as long as the bosses are women. Clearly these ideology-wongers have serious differences over how to divvy up the spoils of power. Just as clearly, none of them have any objection to power as such and all of them want to keep us working.

You may be wondering if I'm joking or serious. To be ludic is not to be ludicrous. Play doesn't have to be frivolous, although frivolity isn't triviality; very often we ought to take frivolity seriously. I'd like life to be a game - but a game with high stakes. I want to play *for keeps*.

The alternative to work isn't just idleness. To be ludic is not to be quaaludic. As much as I treasure the pleasure of torpor, it's never more rewarding than when it punctuates other pleasures and pastimes. Nor am I promoting the managed time-disciplined safety-valve called "leisure"; far from it. Leisure is nonwork for the sake of work. Leisure is the time spent recovering from work and in the frenzied but hopeless attempt to forget about work. Many people return from vacation so beat that they look forward to returning to work so they can rest up. The main difference between work and leisure is that at work at least you get paid for your alienation and enervation.

I am not playing definitional games with anybody. When I say I want to abolish work, I mean by defining my terms in non-idiosyncratic ways. My minimum definition of work is *forced labour*, that is, compulsory production. Both elements are essential. Work is production enforced by economic or political means, by the carrot or the stick. (The carrot is just the stick by other means.) But not all creation is work. Work is never done for its own sake, it's done on account of some product or output that the worker (or, more often, somebody else) gets out of it. This is what work necessarily is. To define it is to despise it. But work is usually even worse than its definition decrees. The dynamic of domination intrinsic to work tends over time toward elaboration. In advanced work-riddled societies, including all industrial societies whether capitalist or "Communist," work invariably acquires other attributes which accentuate its obnoxiousness.

Usually - and this is even more true in "Communist" than capitalist countries, where the state is almost the only employer - work is employment, *ie*, wage-labour, which means selling yourself on the installment plan. Thus 95% of Americans who work, work for somebody (or something) else. In the USSR or Cuba or Yugoslavia or any other alternative model which might be adduced, the corresponding figure approaches 100%. Only the embattled Third World peasant bastions - Mexico, India, Brazil, Turkey - temporarily shelter significant concentrations of agriculturists who perpetuate the traditional arrangement of most labourers in the last several millennia, the payment of taxes (= ransom) to the state or rent to parasitic landlords in return for being otherwise left alone. Even this raw deal is beginning to look good. *All* industrial (and office) workers are employees and under the sort of surveillance which ensures servility.

But modern work has worse implications. People don't just work, they have "jobs". One person does one productive task all the time on an or-else basis. Even if the task has a quantum of intrinsic interest (as increasingly many jobs don't) the monotony of its obligatory exclusivity drains its ludic potential. A "job" that might engage the energies of some people, for a reasonably limited time, for the fun of it, is just a burden on those who have to do it for forty hours a week with no say in how it should be done, for the profit of owners who contribute nothing to the project, and with no opportunity for sharing tasks or spreading the work among those who actually have to do it. This is the real world of work; a world of bureaucratic

blundering, of sexual harassment and discrimination, of bonehead bosses exploiting and scapegoating their subordinates who - by any rational-technical criteria - should be calling the shots. But capitalism in the real world subordinates the rational maximisation of productivity and profit to the exigencies of organisational control.

The degradation which most workers experience on the job is the sum of assorted indignities which can be denominated as "discipline". Foucault has complexified this phenomenon but it is simple enough. Discipline consists of the totality of totalitarian controls at the workplace - surveillance, rotework, imposed work tempos, production quotas, punching in- and out- etc. Discipline is what the factory and the office and the store share with the prison and the school and the mental hospital. It is something historically original and horrible. It was beyond the capacities of such demonic dictators of yore as Nero and Genghis Khan and Ivan the Terrible. For all their bad intentions they just didn't have the machinery to control their subjects as thoroughly as modern despots do. Discipline is the distinctively diabolical modern mode of control, it is an innovative intrusion which must be interdicted at the earliest opportunity.

Such is "work". Play is just the opposite. Play is always voluntary. What might otherwise be play is work if it's forced. This is axiomatic. Bernie de Koven has defined play as the "suspension of consequences." This is unacceptable if it implies that play is inconsequential. The point is not that play is without consequences. This is to demean play. The point is that the consequences, if any, are gratuitous. Playing and giving are closely related, they are the behavioural and transactional facets of the same impulse, the play-instinct. They share an aristocratic disdain for results. The player gets something out of playing; that's why he plays. But the core reward is the experience of the activity itself (whatever it is). Some otherwise attentive students of play, like Johan Huizinga (*Homo Ludens*), define it as game-playing or following rules. I respect Huizinga's erudition but emphatically reject his constraints. There are many good games (chess, baseball, Monopoly, bridge) which are rule-governed but there is much more to play than game-playing. Conversation, sex, dancing, travel - these practices aren't rule-governed but they are surely play if anything is. And rules can be *played with* at least as readily as anything else.

Work makes a mockery of freedom. The official line is that we all have rights and live in a democracy.

Other unfortunates who aren't free like we are have to live in police states. These victims obey orders or-else, no matter how arbitrary. The authorities keep them under regular surveillance. State bureaucrats control even the smaller details of everyday life. The officials who push them around are answerable only to higher-ups, public or private. Either way, dissent or disobedience are punished. Informers report regularly to the authorities. All this is supposed to be a very bad thing.

And so it is, although it is nothing but a description of the modern workplace. The liberals and conservatives and libertarians who lament totalitarianism are phonies and hypocrites. There is more freedom in any moderately de-Stalinized dictatorship than there is in the ordinary American workplace. You find the same sort of hierarchy and discipline in an office or factory as you do in a prison or monastery. In fact, as Foucault and others have shown, prison and factories came in at about the same time, and their operators consciously borrowed from each other's control techniques. A worker is a part-time slave. The boss says when to show up, when to leave and what to do in the meantime. He tells you how much work to do and how fast. He is free to carry his control to humiliating extremes, regulating, if he feels like it, the clothes you wear or how often you go to the bathroom. With a few exceptions he can fire you for any reason, or no reason. He has you spied on by snitches and supervisors, he amasses a dossier on every employee. Talking back is called "insubordination," just as if a worker is a naughty child, and it not only gets you fired, it disqualifies you for unemployment compensation. Without necessarily endorsing it for them either, it is noteworthy that children at home and in school receive much the same treatment, justified in their case by their supposed immaturity. What does this say about their parents and teachers who work?

The demeaning system of domination I've described rules over half the waking hours of a majority of women and the vast majority of men for decades, for most of their lifespans. For certain purposes it's not too misleading to call our system democracy or capitalism or - better still - industrialism, but its real names are factory fascism and office oligarchy. Anybody who says these people are "free" is lying or stupid. You are what you do. If you do boring, stupid monotonous work, chances are you'll end up boring, stupid and monotonous. Work is a much better explanation for the creeping cretinisation all around us than even such significant woronising

mechanisms as television and education. People who are regimented all their lives, handed off to work from school and bracketed by the family in the beginning and the nursing home at the end, are habituated to hierarchy and psychologically enslaved. Their aptitude for autonomy is so atrophied that their fear of freedom is among their few rationally grounded phobias, their obedience training at work carries over into the families they start, thus reproducing the system in more ways than one, and into politics, culture and everything else. Once you drain the vitality from people at work, they'll likely submit to hierarchy and expertise in everything. They're used to it.

We are so close to the world of work that we can't see what it does to us. We have to rely on outside observers from other times or other cultures to appreciate the extremity and the pathology of our present position. There was a time in our own past when the "work ethic" would have been incomprehensible, and perhaps Weber was on to something when he tied its appearance to a religion, Calvinism, which if it emerged today instead of four centuries ago would immediately and appropriately be labelled a cult. Be that as it may, we have only to draw upon the wisdom of antiquity to put work in perspective. The ancients saw work for what it is, and their views prevailed, the Calvinist cranks notwithstanding, until overthrown by industrialism - but not before receiving the endorsement of its prophets.

Let's pretend for a moment that work doesn't turn people into stultified submissives. Let's pretend, in defiance of any plausible psychology and the ideology of its boosters, that it has no effect on the formation of character. And let's pretend that work isn't as boring and tiring and humiliating as we all know it really is. Even then, work would *still* make a mockery of all humanistic and democratic aspirations, just because it usurps so much of our time. Socrates said that manual labourers make bad friends and bad citizens because they have no time to fulfill the responsibilities of friendship and citizenship. He was right. Because of work, no matter what we do we keep looking at our watches. The only thing "free" about so-called free time is that it doesn't cost the boss anything. Free time is mostly devoted to getting ready for work, going to work, returning from work, and recovering from work. Free time is a euphemism for the peculiar way labour as a factor of production not only transports itself at its own expense to and from the workplace but assumes primary responsibility for its own maintenance and repair. Coal and steel don't do

that, Lathes and typewriters don't do that. But workers do. No wonder Edward G Robinson in one of his gangster movies exclaimed, "Work is for saps!"

Both Plato and Xenophon attribute to Socrates and obviously share with him an awareness of the destructive effects of work on the worker as a citizen and as a human being. Herodotus identified contempt for work as an attribute of the classical Greeks at the zenith of their culture. To take only one Roman example, Cicero said that "whoever gives his labour for money sells himself in the rank of slaves." His candour is now rare, but contemporary primitive societies which we are wont to look down upon have provided spokesmen who have enlightened Western anthropologists. The Kapauku of West Irian, according to Posposil, have a conception of balance in life and accordingly work only every other day, the day of rest designed "to regain the lost power and health." Our ancestors, even as late as the eighteenth century when they were far along the path to our present predicament, at least were aware of what we have forgotten, the underside of industrialisation. Their religious devotion to "St. Monday" - thus establishing a *de facto* five-day week 150-200 years before its legal consecration - was the despair of the earliest factory owners. They took a long time in submitting to the tyranny of the bell, predecessor of the time clock. In fact it was necessary for a generation or two to replace adult males with women accustomed to obedience and children who could be molded to fit industrial needs. Even the exploited peasants of the *ancien regime* wrested substantial time back from their landlords' work. According to Lafargue, a fourth of the French peasants' calendar was devoted to Sundays and holidays, and Chayanov's figures from villages in Czarist Russia - hardly a progressive society - likewise show a fourth or fifth of peasants' days devoted to repose. Controlling for productivity, we are obviously far behind these backward societies. The exploited *muzhiks* would wonder why any of us are working at all. So should we.

To grasp the full enormity of our deterioration, however, consider the earliest condition of humanity, without government or property, when we wandered as hunter-gatherers. Hobbes surmised that life was then nasty, brutish and short. Others assume that life was a desperate unremitting struggle for subsistence, a war waged against a harsh Nature with death and disaster awaiting the unlucky or anyone who was unequal to the challenge of the struggle for existence. Actually, that was all a projection of fears for the collapse of government authority over communities unaccustomed

to doing without it, like the England of Hobbes during the Civil War. Hobbes' compatriots had already encountered alternative forms of society which illustrated other ways of life - in North America, particularly - but already these were too remote from their experience to be understandable. (The lower orders, closer to the condition of the Indians, understood it better and often found it attractive. Throughout the seventeenth century, English settlers defected to Indian tribes or, captured in war, refused to return. But the Indians no more defected to white settlements than Germans climb the Berlin Wall from the west.) The "survival of the fittest" version - the Thomas Huxley version - of Darwinism was a better account of economic conditions in Victorian England than it was of natural selection, as the anarchist Kropotkin showed in his book *Mutual Aid, A Factor of Evolution*. (Kropotkin was a scientist - a geographer - who'd had ample involuntary opportunity for fieldwork whilst exiled in Siberia; he knew what he was talking about.) Like most social and political theory, the story Hobbes and his successors told was really unacknowledged autobiography.

The anthropologist Marshall Sahlins, surveying the data on contemporary hunter-gatherers, exploded the Hobbesian myth in an article entitled "The Original Affluent Society." They work a lot less than we do, and their work is hard to distinguish from what we regard as play. Sahlins concluded that "hunters and gatherers work less than we do, and rather than a continuous travail, the food quest is intermittent, leisure abundant, and there is a greater amount of sleep in the daytime per capita per year than in any other condition of society." They worked an average of four hours a day, assuming they were "working" at all. Their "labour", as it appears to us, was skilled labour which exercised their physical and intellectual capacities; unskilled labour on any large scale, as Sahlins says, is impossible except under industrialism. Thus it satisfied Friedrich Schiller's definition of play, the only occasion on which man realises his complete humanity by giving full "play" to both sides of his twofold nature, thinking and feeling. As he put it: "The animal *works* when deprivation is the mainspring of its activity, and it *plays* when the fullness of its strength is this mainspring, when superabundant life is its own stimulus to activity." (A modern version - dubiously developmental - is Abraham Maslow's counterposition of "deficiency" and "growth" motivation.) Play and freedom are, as regards production, coextensive. Even Marx, who belongs (for all his good intentions) in the productivist

pantheon, observed that "the realm of freedom does not commence until the point is passed where labour under the compulsion of necessity and external utility is required." He never could quite bring himself to identify this happy circumstance as what it is, the abolition of work - it's rather anomalous, after all, to be pro-worker and anti-work - but we can.

The aspiration to go backwards or forwards to a life without work is evident in every serious social or cultural history of pre-industrial Europe, among them M Dorothy George's *England in Transition* and Peter Burke's *Popular Culture in Early Modern Europe*. Also pertinent is Daniel Bell's essay, "Work and Its Discontents," the first text, I believe, to refer to the "revolt against work" in so many words and, had it been understood, an important correction to the complacency ordinarily associated with the volume in which it was collected, *The End of Ideology*. Neither critics nor celebrants have noticed that Bell's end-of-ideology thesis signalled not the end of social unrest but the beginning of a new, uncharted phase unconstrained and uninformed by ideology. It was Seymour Lipset (in *Political Man*), not Bell, who announced at the same time that "the fundamental problems of the Industrial Revolution have been solved," only a few years before the post- or meta-industrial discontents of college students drove Lipset from UC Berkeley to the relative (and temporary) tranquillity of Harvard.

As Bell notes, Adam Smith in *The Wealth of Nations*, for all his enthusiasm for the market and the division of labour, was more alert to (and more honest about) the seamy side of work than Ayn Rand or the Chicago economists or any of Smith's modern epigones. As Smith observed: "The understandings of the greater part of men are necessarily formed by their ordinary employments. The man whose life is spent in performing a few simple operations ... has no occasion to exert his understanding ... He generally becomes as stupid and ignorant as it is possible for a human creature to become." Here, in a few blunt words, is my critique of work. Bell, writing in 1956, the Golden Age of Eisenhower imbecility and American self-satisfaction, identified the unorganised, unorganisable malaise of the 1970s and since, the one no political tendency is able to harness, the one identified in HEW's report *Work in America*, the one which cannot be exploited and so is ignored. That problem is the revolt against work. It does not figure in any text by any laissez-faire economist - Milton Friedman, Murray Rothbard, Richard Posner - because, in their terms, as they used to say on *Star Trek*, "it does

not compute."

If these objections, informed by the love of liberty, fail to persuade humanists of a utilitarian or even paternalist turn, there are others which they cannot disregard. Work is hazardous to your health, to borrow a book title. In fact, work is mass murder or genocide. Directly or indirectly, work will kill most of the people who read these words. Between 14,000 and 25,000 workers are killed annually in this country on the job. Over two million are disabled. Twenty to twenty-five million are injured every year. And these figures are based on a very conservative estimation of what constitutes a work-related occupational disease every year. I looked at one medical textbook on occupational diseases which was 1,200 pages long. Even this barely scratches the surface. The available statistics count the obvious cases like the 100,000 miners who have black lung disease, of whom 4,000 die every year, a much higher fatality rate than for AIDS, for instance, which gets so much media attention. This reflects the unvoiced assumption that AIDS afflicts perverts who could control their depravity whereas coal-mining is a sacrosanct activity beyond question. What the statistics don't show is that tens of millions of people have their lifespans shortened by work -- which is all that homicide means, after all. Consider the doctors who work themselves to death in their 50's. Consider all the other workaholics.

Even if you aren't killed or crippled while actually working, you very well might be while going to work, coming from work, looking for work, or trying to forget about work. The vast majority of victims of the automobile are either doing one of these work-obligatory activities or else fall afoul of those who do them. To this augmented body-count must be added the victims of auto-industrial pollution and work-induced alcoholism and drug addiction. Both cancer and heart disease are modern afflictions normally traceable, directly or indirectly, to work.

Work, then, institutionalises homicide as a way of life. People think the Cambodians were crazy for exterminating themselves, but are we any different? The Pol-Pot regime at least had a vision, however blurred, of an egalitarian society. We kill people in the six-figure range (at least) in order to sell Big Macs and Cadillacs to the survivors. Our forty or fifty thousand annual highway fatalities are victims, not martyrs. They died for nothing - or rather, they died for work. But work is nothing to die for.

Bad news for liberals: regulatory tinkering is

useless in this life-and-death context. The federal Occupational Safety and Health Administration was designed to police the core part of the problem, workplace safety. Even before Reagan and the Supreme Court stifled it, OSHA was a farce. At previous and (by current standards) generous Carter-era funding levels, a workplace could expect a random visit from an OSHA inspector once every 46 years.

State control of the economy is no solution. Work is, if anything, more dangerous in the state-socialist countries than it is here. Thousands of Russian workers were killed or injured building the Moscow subway. Stories reverberate about covered-up Soviet nuclear disasters which make Times Beach and Three-Mile Island look like elementary-school air-raid drills. On the other hand, deregulation, currently fashionable, won't help and will probably hurt. From a health and safety standpoint, among others, work was at its worst in the days when the economy most closely approximated laissez-faire. Historians like Eugene Genovese have argued persuasively that - as antibellum slavery apologists insisted - factory wage-workers in the North American states and in Europe were worse off than Southern plantation slaves. No rearrangement of relations among bureaucrats and businessmen seems to make much difference at the point of production. Serious enforcement of even the rather vague standards enforceable in theory by OSHA would probably bring the economy to a standstill. The enforcers apparently appreciate this, since they don't even try to crack down on most malefactors.

What I've said so far ought not to be controversial. Many workers are fed up with work, there are high and rising rates of absenteeism, turnover, employee theft and sabotage, wildcat strikes, and overall goldbricking on the job. There may be some movement toward a conscious and not just visceral rejection of work. And yet the prevalent feeling, universal among bosses and their agents and also widespread among workers themselves is that work itself is inevitable and necessary.

I disagree. It is now possible to abolish work and replace it, insofar as it serves useful purposes, with a multitude of new kinds of free activities. To abolish work requires going at it from two directions, quantitative and qualitative. On the one hand, on the quantitative side, we have to cut down massively on the amount of work being done. At present most work is useless or worse and we should simply get rid of it. On the other hand - and I think this the crux of the matter and the revolutionary new departure - we have to take what useful work remains and transform it into a pleasing

variety of game-like and craft-like pastimes, indistinguishable from other pleasurable pastimes, except that they happen to yield useful end-products. Surely that shouldn't make them less enticing to do. Then all the artificial barriers of power and property could come down, creation could become recreation. And we could all stop being afraid of each other.

I don't suggest that most work is salvageable in this way. But then most work isn't worth trying to save. Only a small and diminishing fraction of work serves any useful purpose independent of the defence and reproduction of the work-system and its political and legal appendages. Twenty years ago, Paul and Percival Goodman estimated that just five percent of the work then being done - presumably the figure, if accurate, is lower now - would satisfy but minimal needs for food, clothing, and shelter. Theirs was only an educated guess but the main point is quite clear: directly or indirectly, most work serves the unproductive purposes of commerce or social control. Right off the bat we can liberate tens of millions of salesmen, soldiers, managers, cops, stockbrokers, clergymen, and everyone who works for them. There is a snowball effect since every time you idle some bigshot you liberate his flunkies and underlings also. Thus the economy implodes.

Forty-percent of the workforce are white-collar workers, most of whom have some of the most tedious and idiotic jobs ever concocted. Entire industries, insurance and banking and real estate for instance, consist of nothing but useless paper-shuffling. It is no accident that the "tertiary sector", the service sector, is growing while the "secondary sector" (industry) stagnates and the "primary sector" (agriculture) nearly disappears. Because work is unnecessary except to those whose power it secures, workers are shifted from relatively useful to relatively useless occupations as a measure to assure public order. Anything is better than nothing. That's why you can't go home just because you finish early. They want your *time*, enough of it to make you theirs, even if they have no use for most of it. Otherwise why hasn't the average work week gone down by more than a few minutes in the last fifty years?

Next we can take a meat-cleaver to production work itself. No more war production, nuclear power, junk food, feminine hygiene deodorant - and above all, no more auto industry to speak of. An occasional Stanley Steamer or Model-T might be all right, but the auto-eroticism on which such pestholes as Detroit and Los Angeles depend is out of the

question. Already, without even trying, we've virtually solved the energy crisis, the environmental crisis and assorted other insoluble social problems.

Finally, we must do away with far and away the largest occupation, the one with the longest hours, the lowest pay and some of the most tedious tasks around. I refer to *housewives* doing housework and child-rearing. By abolishing wage-labour and achieving full unemployment we undermine the sexual division of labour. The nuclear family as we know it is an inevitable adaption to the division of labour imposed by modern wage-work. Like it or not, as things have been for the last century or two it is economically rational for the man to bring home the bacon, for the woman to do the shitwork to provide him with a haven in a heartless world, and for the children to be marched off to youth concentration camps called "schools," primarily to keep them out of Mom's hair but still under control, but incidentally to acquire the habits of obedience and punctuality so necessary for workers. If you would be rid of patriarchy, get rid of the nuclear family whose unpaid "shadow work" as Ivan Illich says, makes possible the work-system that makes it necessary. Bound up with this no-nukes strategy is the abolition of childhood and the closing down of the schools. There are more full-time students than full-time workers in this country. We need children as teachers, not students. They have a lot to contribute to the ludic revolution because they're better at playing than grown-ups are. Adults and children are not identical but they will become equal through interdependence. Only play can bridge the generation gap.

I haven't as yet mentioned the possibility of cutting way down on the little work that remains by automating and cybernizing it. All the scientists and engineers and technicians freed from bothering with war research and planned obsolescence should have a good time devising means to eliminate fatigue and tedium and danger from activities like mining. Undoubtedly they'll find other projects to amuse themselves with. Perhaps they'll set up world-wide all-inclusive multi-media communications systems or found space colonies. Perhaps, I myself am no gadget freak. I wouldn't care to live in a push-button paradise. I don't want robot slaves to do everything; I want to do things for myself. There is, I think, a place for labour-saving technology, but a modest place. The historical and pre-historical record is not encouraging. When productive technology went from hunter-gathering to agriculture and on to industry, work increased while

skills and self-determination diminished. The further evolution of industrialism has accentuated what Harry Braverman called the degradation of work. Intelligent observers have always been aware of this. John Stuart Mill wrote that all the labour-saving inventions devised haven't saved a moment's labour. Karl Marx wrote that "it would be possible to write a history of the inventions, made since 1830, for the sole purpose of supplying capital with weapons against the revolts of the working class." The enthusiastic technophiles - Saint-Simon, Comte, Lenin, BF Skinner - have always been unabashed authoritarians also; which is to say technocrats. We should be more than sceptical about the promises of the computer mystics. They work like dogs; chances are, if they have their way, so will the rest of us. But if they have any particularised contributions more readily subordinated to human purposes than the run of high tech, let's give them a hearing.

What I really want to see is work turned into play. A first step is to discard the notions of a "job" and an "occupation". Even activities that already have some ludic content lose much of it by being reduced to jobs which certain people, and only those people are forced to do to the exclusion of all else. Is it not odd that farm workers toil painfully in the fields while their air-conditioned masters go home every weekend and putter about in their gardens? Under a system of permanent revelry, we will witness the Golden Age of the dilettante which will put the Renaissance to shame. There won't be any more jobs, just things to do and people to do them.

The secret of turning work into play, as Charles Fourier demonstrated, is to arrange useful activities to take advantage of whatever it is that various people at various times in fact enjoy doing. To make it possible for some people to do the things they could enjoy it will be enough just to eradicate the irrationalities and distortions which afflict these activities when they are reduced to work. I, for instance, would enjoy doing some (not too much) teaching, but I don't want coerced students and I don't care to suck up to pathetic pedants for tenure.

Second, there are some things that people like to do from time to time, but not for too long, and certainly not all the time. You might enjoy baby-sitting for a few hours in order to share the company of kids, but not as much as their parents do. The parents meanwhile, profoundly appreciate the time to themselves that you free up for them, although they'd get fretful if parted from their progeny for too long. These differences among

individuals are what make a life of free play possible. The same principle applies to many other areas of activity, especially the primal ones. Thus many people enjoy cooking when they can practice it seriously, but not when they're just fuelling up human bodies for work.

Third - other things being equal - some things that are unsatisfying if done by yourself or in unpleasant surroundings or at the orders of an overlord are enjoyable, at least for awhile, if these circumstances are changed. This is probably true, to some extent, of all work. People deploy their otherwise wasted ingenuity to make a game of the least inviting drudge-jobs as best they can. Activities that appeal to some people don't always appeal to others, but everyone at least potentially has a variety of interests and an interest in variety. As the saying goes, "anything once." Fourier was the master at speculating how aberrant and perverse penchants could be put to use in post-civilised society, what he called Harmony. He thought the Emperor Nero would have turned out all right if as a child he could have indulged his taste for bloodshed by working in a slaughterhouse. Small children who notoriously relish wallowing in filth could be organised in "Little Hordes" to clean toilets and empty garbage, with medals awarded to the outstanding. I am not arguing for these precise examples but for the underlying principle, which I think makes perfect sense as one dimension of an overall revolutionary transformation. Bear in mind that we don't have to take today's work just as we find it and match it up with proper people, some of whom would have to be perverse indeed. If technology has a role in all this it is less to automate work out of existence than to open up new realms for re/creation. To some extent we may want to return to handicrafts, which William Morris considered a probable and desirable upshot of communist revolution. Art would be taken back from the snobs and collectors, abolished as a specialised department catering to an elite audience, and its qualities of beauty and creation restored to integral life from which they were stolen by work. It's a sobering thought that the Grecian urns we write odes about and showcase in museums were used in their own time to store olive oil. I doubt our everyday artifacts will fare as well in the future, if there is one. The point is that there's no such thing as progress in the world of work; if anything it's just the opposite. We shouldn't hesitate to pilfer the past for what it has to offer, the ancients lose nothing yet we are enriched.

The reinvention of daily life means marching off

the edge of our maps. There is, it is true, more suggestive speculation than most people suspect. Besides Fourier and Morris - and even a hint, here and there, in Marx - there are the writings of Kropotkin, the syndicalists Pataud and Pouget, anarcho-communists old (Berkman) and new (Bookchin). The Goodman brothers' *Communitas* is exemplary for illustrating what forms follow from given functions (purposes), and there is something to be gleaned from the often hazy heralds of alternative /appropriate/intermediate/conivial technology, like Schumacher and especially Illich, once you disconnect their fog machines. The situationists - as represented by Vaneigem's *Revolution of Everyday Life* and in the *Situationist International Anthology* - are so ruthlessly lucid as to be exhilarating, even if they never did quite square the endorsement of the rule of the workers' councils with the abolition of work. Better their incongruity, though, than any extant version of leftism, whose devotees look to be the last champions of work, for if there were no work there would be no workers, and without workers, who would the left have to organise?

So the abolitionists would be largely on their own. No one can say what would result from unleashing the creative power stultified by work. Anything can happen. The tiresome debater's problem of freedom vs. necessity, with its theological overtones, resolves itself practically once the production of use-values is coextensive with the consumption of delightful play-activity.

Life will become a game, or rather many games, but not - as it is now - a zero/sum game. An optimal sexual encounter is the paradigm of productive play. The participants potentiate each other's pleasures, nobody keeps score, and everybody wins. The more you give, the more you get. In the ludic life, the best of sex will diffuse into the better part of daily life. Generalised play leads to the libidinization of life. Sex, in turn, can become less urgent and more desperate, more playful. If we play our cards right, we can all get more out of life than we put into it; but only if we play for keeps.

No one should ever work. Workers of the world
relax!

This essay was written by Bob Black and has been published in various underground magazines. One collection of Black's texts is available: 'The Abolition Of Work And Other Essays', and can be purchased from Compendium bookshop in Camden Town.

Basic Banalities II

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING SECTIONS

The vast majority of people have always devoted all their energy to SURVIVAL, thereby denying themselves any chance to LIVE. They continue to do so today as the WELFARE STATE imposes the elements of this survival in the form of technological conveniences (appliances, preserved food, prefabricated cities, Mozart for the masses).

The organisation controlling the material equipment of our everyday life is such that what in itself would enable us to construct it richly plunges us instead into a poverty of abundance, making alienation all the more intolerable as each convenience promises liberation and turns out to be only one more burden. We are condemned to slavery to the means of liberation.

To be understood, this problem must be seen in the clear light of hierarchical power. But perhaps it isn't enough to say that hierarchical power has preserved humanity for thousands of years like alcohol preserves a fetus - by arresting either growth or decay. It should also be specified that hierarchical power represents the highest stage of privative appropriation, and historically is its alpha and omega. Privative appropriation itself can be defined as appropriation of things by means of appropriation of people, the struggle against natural alienation engendering social alienation.

Privative appropriation entails an ORGANISATION OF APPEARANCE by which its radical contradictions can be dissimulated; the servants must see themselves as degraded reflections of the master, thus reinforcing, through the looking glass of an illusory freedom, everything that reinforces their submission and passivity; while the master must identify himself with the mythical and perfect servant of a god or of a transcendence which is nothing other than the sacred and abstract representation of the TOTALITY of people and things over which he wields power - a power all the more real and less contested as he is universally credited with the virtue of his renunciation. The mythical sacrifice of the director corresponds to the real sacrifice of the executant; each negates himself in the other, the strange becomes familiar and the familiar strange, each fulfills himself by being the inversion of the other. From this common alienation a harmony is born, a negative harmony whose fundamental unity lies in the notion of sacrifice. This objective (and perverted) harmony is sustained by myth - this term being used to designate the organisation of appearance in unitary societies, that is, in societies where slave, tribal or feudal power is officially consecrated by a divine authority and where the sacred allows power to seize the totality.

The harmony originally based on the "GIFT of oneself" contains a form of relationship that was to develop, became autonomous and destroy it. This relationship is based on partial EXCHANGE (commodity, money, product, labour power ...), the exchange of a part of oneself, which underlies the bourgeois notion of freedom. It arises as commerce and technology become preponderant within agrarian-type economies.

When the bourgeoisie seized power the unity of power was destroyed. Sacred privative appropriation became secularised in capitalist mechanisms. Freed from the grip of power, the totality once again became concrete and immediate. The era of fragmentation has been nothing but a succession of attempts to recapture an inaccessible unity, to reconstitute some ersatz sacred behind which to shelter power.

A revolutionary moment is when "everything reality presents" finds its immediate REPRESENTATION. All the rest of the time hierarchical power, increasingly deprived of its magical and mystical regalia, strives to make everyone forget that the totality (which has never been anything other than reality!) is exposing its imposture.

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By directly attacking the mythical organisation of appearance, the bourgeois revolutions, in spite of themselves, attacked the weak point not only of unitary power but of any hierarchical power whatsoever. Does this unavoidable mistake explain the guilt complex that is one of the dominant traits of bourgeois mentality? In any case, the mistake was undoubtedly inevitable.

It was a mistake because once the cloud of lies dissimulating privative appropriation was pierced, myth was shattered, leaving a vacuum that could be filled only by a delirious freedom and a splendid poetry. Orgiastic poetry, to be sure, has not yet destroyed power. Its failure is easily explained and its ambiguous signs reveal the blows struck at the same time as they heal the wounds. And yet - let us leave

the historians and aesthetes to their collections - one has only to pick at the scab of memory and the cries, words and gestures of the past make the whole body of power bleed again. The whole organisation of the survival of memories will not prevent them from dissolving into oblivion as they come to life; just as our survival will dissolve in the construction of our everyday life.

And it was an inevitable process; as Marx showed, the appearance of exchange-value and its symbolic representation by money opened a profound latent crisis in the heart of the unitary world. The commodity introduced into human relationships a universality (a 1000-franc note represents anything I can obtain for that sum) and an egalitarianism (equal things are exchanged). This "egalitarian universality" partially escapes both the exploiter and the exploited, but they recognise each other no longer within the mystery of divine birth and ancestry, as was the case with the nobility, but within an intelligible transcendence, the Logos, a body of laws that can be *understood by everyone*, even if such understanding remains cloaked in mystery. A mystery with its initiates; first of all priests struggling to maintain the Logos in the limbo of divine mysticism, but soon yielding to philosophers and then to technicians both their positions and the dignity of their sacred mission. From Plato's Republic to the Cybernetic State.

Thus under the pressure of exchange-value and technology (generally available mediation), myth was gradually secularised. Two facts should be noted, however:

a) As the Logos frees itself from mystical unity, it affirms itself both within it and against it. Upon magical and analogical structures of behaviour are superimposed rational and logical ones which negate the former while preserving them (mathematics, poetics, economics, aesthetics, psychology, etc).

b) Each time the Logos, the "organisation of intelligible appearance," becomes more autonomous, it tends to break away from the sacred and become fragmented. In this way it presents a double danger for unitary power. We have already seen that the sacred expresses power's seizure of the totality, and that anyone wanting to accede to the totality must do so through the mediation of power; the interdict against mystics, alchemists and gnostics is sufficient proof of this. This also explains why present-day power "protects" specialists (though without completely trusting them); it vaguely senses that they are the missionaries of a resacralized logos. There are historical signs that testify to the attempts made within mystical unitary power to found a rival power asserting its unity in the name of the Logos - Christian syncretism (which makes God psychologically explainable), the Renaissance, the Reformation and the Enlightenment.

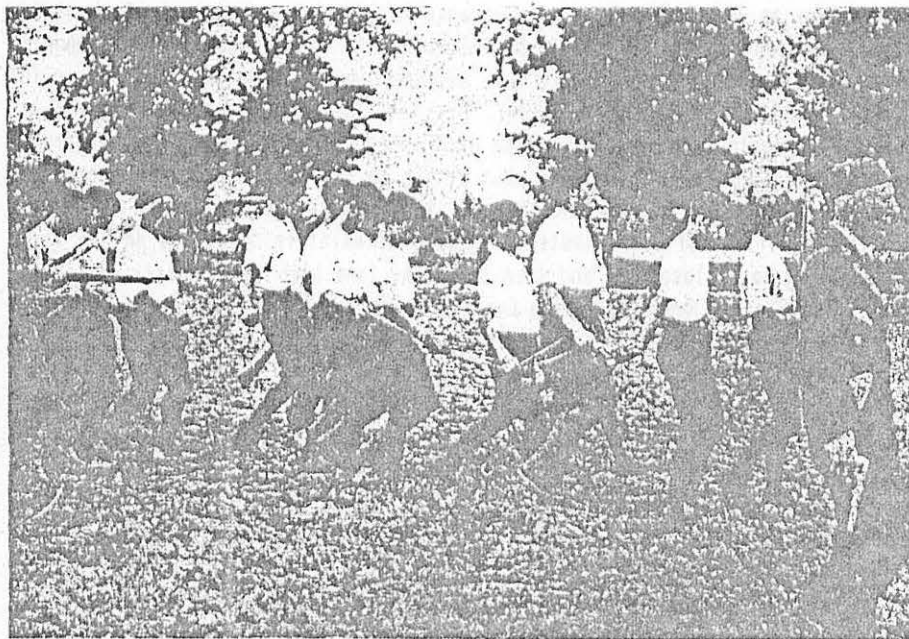
The masters who strove to maintain the unity of the Logos were well aware that only unity can stabilise power. Examined more closely, their efforts can be seen not to have been as vain as the fragmentation of the Logos in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries would seem to prove. In the general movement of atomization the Logos has been broken down into specialised techniques (physics, biology, sociology, papyrology etc), but at the same time the need to reestablish the totality has become more imperative. It should not be forgotten that all it would take would be an all-powerful technocratic power in order for there to be a totalitarian domination of the totality, for the Logos to succeed myth as the seizure of the totality by a future unitary (cybernetic) power. In such an event the vision of the Encyclopedistes (strictly rationalised progress stretching indefinitely into the future) would have known only a two-century postponement before being realised. This is the direction in which the Stalino-cyberneticians are preparing the future. In this perspective, peaceful coexistence should be seen as a preliminary step toward a totalitarian unity. It is time everyone realised that they are already resisting it.

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We know the battlefield, the problem now is to prepare for battle before the pataphysician, armed with his totality without technique, and the cybernetician, armed with his technique without totality, consummate their political coitus.

From the standpoint of hierarchical power, myth could be desacralised only if the Logos, or at least its desacralising elements, were resacralised. To attack the sacred was at the same time supposed to liberate the totality and thus destroy power (we've heard that one before!) But the power of the bourgeoisie - fragmented, impoverished, constantly contested - maintains a relative stability by relying on this ambiguity: Technology, which objectively desacralises, subjectively appears as an instrument of liberation. Not a real liberation, which could be attained only by desacralisation - that is, by the end of the spectacle - but a caricature, an imitation, an induced hallucination. What the unitary vision of the world transferred into the beyond (above), fragmentary-power pro-jéct's ('throws forward') into a state of future well-being, of brighter tomorrows proclaimed from atop the dunghill of today - tomorrows that are nothing

more than the present multiplied by the number of gadgets to be produced, from the slogan "Live in God" we have gone on to the humanistic motto "Survive until you are old," euphemistically expressed as: "Stay young at heart and you'll live a long time."



La survie moyenne garantie est, en dernière analyse, toujours antagoñique à une recherche de la vraie vie. Ce qu'énonce assez bien la formule : « Il n'est pas donné à tout le monde d'avoir une mort heureuse ». (Ici, en 1936, des Franquistes vont abattre ce qu'ils ont capturé d'une milice ouvrière).

Once desacralised and fragmented, myth loses its grandeur and its spirituality, It becomes an impoverished form, retaining its former characteristics but revealing them in a concrete, harsh, tangible fashion, God doesn't run the show anymore, and until the day the Logos takes over with its arms of technology and science, the phantoms of alienation will continue to materialise and sow disorder everywhere. Watch for them; they are the first symptoms of a future order. We must start to *play* right now if the future is not to become impossible (the hypothesis of humanity destroying itself - and with it, obviously, the whole experiment of constructing everyday life). The vital objectives of a struggle for the construction of everyday life are the sensitive key points of all hierarchical power. To build one is to destroy the other. Caught in the vortex of desacralisation and resacralisation, we stand essentially for the negation of the following elements: the organisation of appearance as a *spectacle* in which everyone denies himself; the *separation* on which private life is based, since it is there that the objective separation between owners and dispossessed is lived and reflected on every level; and *sacrifice*. These three elements are obviously interdependent, just as are their opposites: participation, communication, realisation. The same applies to their context: nontotality (a bankrupt world, a controlled totality) and totality.

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The human relationships that were formerly dissolved in divine transcendence (the totality crowned by the sacred) settled out and solidified as soon as the sacred stopped acting as a catalyst. Their materiality was revealed and, as the capricious laws of the economy succeed those of Providence, the power of men began to appear behind the power of gods. Today a multitude of roles corresponds to the mythical role everyone once played under the divine spotlight. Though their masks are now human faces, these roles still require both actors and extras to deny their real lives in accordance with the dialectic of real and mythical sacrifice. The spectacle is nothing but desacralised and fragmented myth. It forms the armour of a power (which could also be called essential mediation) that becomes vulnerable to every blow once it no longer succeeds in dissimulating (in the cacophony where all cries drown out each other and form an overall harmony) its nature as privative appropriation, and the greater or lesser dose of misery it allots to everyone.

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Roles have become impoverished within the context of a fragmentary power eaten away by desacralisation, just as the spectacle represents an impoverishment in comparison with myth. They betray its mechanisms and artifices so clumsily that power, to defend itself against popular denunciation of the spectacle, has no other alternative than to itself take the initiative in this denunciation by even more clumsily changing actors or ministers, or by organising pogroms of supposed or prefabricated scapegoat agents (agents of Moscow, Wall Street, the Judeocracy or the Two Hundred Families). Which also means that the whole cast has been forced to become hans, that style has been replaced by manner.

Myth, as an immobile totality, encompassed all movement (consider pilgrimage, for example, as fulfillment and adventure within immobility). On the one hand, the spectacle can seize the totality only by reducing it to a fragment and to a series of fragments (psychological, sociological, biological, philological and mythological world-views), while on the other hand, it is situated at the point where the movement of desacralisation converges with the efforts at resacralisation. Thus it can succeed in imposing immobility only within the real movement, the movement that changes it despite its resistance. In the era of fragmentation the organisation of appearance makes movement a linear succession of immobile instants (this notch-to-notch progression is perfectly exemplified by Stalinist 'Dialectical Materialism'). Under what we have called "the colonisation of everyday life," the only possible changes are changes of fragmentary roles. In terms of more or less inflexible conventions, one is successively citizen, head of family, sexual partner, politician, specialist, professional, producer, consumer. Yet what boss doesn't himself feel bossed? The proverb applies to everyone: You sometimes get a fuck, but you always get fucked!

The era of fragmentation has at least eliminated all doubt on one point: everyday life is the battlefield where the war between power and the totality takes place, with power using all its strength to control the totality.

What do we demand in backing the power of everyday life against hierarchical power? We demand *everything*. We are taking our stand in the generalised conflict stretching from domestic squabbles to revolutionary war, and we have gambled on the will to live. This means that we must survive as antisurvivors. Fundamentally we are concerned only with the moments when life breaks through the glaciation of survival (whether these moments are unconscious or theorised that we also prevented from freely following the course of such moments (except for the moment of revolution itself) not only by the exigencies of our own struggle, our own tactics, etc. It is also important to find the means of compensating for this additional "margin of error" by widening the scope of these moments and demonstrating their qualitative significance. What prevents what we say on the construction of everyday life from being recuperated by the cultural establishment (*Arguments*, academic thinkers with paid vacations) is the fact that all situationist ideas are nothing other than faithful developments of acts attempted constantly by thousands of people to try and prevent another day from being no more than twenty-four hours of wasted time. Are we an avant-garde. If so, to be avant-garde means to move in step with reality.

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It's not the monopoly of intelligence that we hold, but that of its use. Our position is strategic, we are at the heart of every conflict. The qualitative is our striking force. People who half understand this journal ask us for an explanatory monograph thanks to which they will be able to convince themselves that they are intelligent and cultured - that is to say, idiots. Someone who gets exasperated and chucks it in the gutter is making a more meaningful gesture. Sooner or later it will have to be understood that the words and phrases we use are still lagging behind reality, the distortion and clumsiness in the way we express ourselves (which a man of taste called, not inaccurately, "a rather irritating kind of hermetic terrorism") comes from our central position, our position on the ill-defined and shifting frontier where language captured by power (conditioning) and free language (poetry) fight out their infinitely complex war. To those who follow behind us we prefer those who reject us impatiently because our language is not yet authentic poetry - the free construction of everyday life.

Everything related to thought is related to the spectacle. Almost everyone lives in a state of terror at the possibility that they might awake to themselves, and their fear is deliberately fostered by power. Conditioning, the special poetry of power, has extended its dominion so far (all material equipment belongs to it: press, television, stereotypes, magic, tradition, economy, technology - what we call captured language) that it has almost succeeded in dissolving what Marx called the undominated sector, replacing it with another dominated one (see below our composite portrait of "the survivor"). But lived experience

cannot so easily be reduced to a succession of empty configurations. Resistance to the external organisation of life as survival, contains more poetry than any volume of verse or prose, and the poet, in the literary sense of the word, is one who has at least understood or felt this. But such poetry is in a most dangerous situation. Certainly poetry in the situationist sense of the word is irreducible and cannot be recuperated by power (as soon as an act is recuperated it becomes a stereotype, conditioning, language of power). But it is encircled by power. Power encircles the irreducible and holds it by isolating it; yet such isolation is impracticable, the two pincers are, first, the threat of disintegration (insanity, illness, destitution, suicide), and second, remote-controlled therapeutics. The first grants death, the second grants no more than survival (empty communication, the company of family or friendship, psychoanalysis in the service of alienation, medical care, ergotherapy). Sooner or later the SI must define itself as a therapy; we are ready to defend the poetry made by all against the false poetry rigged up by power (conditioning). Doctors and psychoanalysts better get it straight too, or they may one day, along with architects and other apostles of survival, have to take the consequences for what they have done.

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All unresolved, un superseded antagonisms weaken. Such antagonisms can evolve only by remaining imprisoned in previous un superseded forms (anticultural art in the cultural spectacle, for example). Any radical opposition that fails or is partially successful (which amounts to the same thing) generally degenerates into reformist opposition. Fragmentary oppositions are like the teeth on cogwheels, they mesh with each other and make the machine go round, the machine of the spectacle, the machine of power.

Myth maintained all antagonisms within the archetype of Manicheanism. But what can function as an archetype in a fragmented society? In fact, the memory of previous antagonisms, presented in their obviously devalued and unaggressive form, appears today as the last attempt to bring some coherence into the organisation of appearance, so great is the extent to which the spectacle has become a spectacle of confusion and equivalences. We are ready to wipe out all trace of these memories by harnessing all the energy contained in previous antagonisms for a radical struggle soon to come. All the springs blocked by power will one day burst through to form a torrent that will change the face of the world.

In a caricature of antagonisms, power urges everyone to be for or against Brigitte Bardot, the *nouveau roman*, the 4-horse Citroen, spaghetti, vesca, miniskirts, the UN, the classics, nationalisation, thermonuclear war and hitchhiking. Everyone is asked their opinion about every detail in order to prevent them from having one about the totality. However clumsy this manoeuvre may be, it might have worked if the salesmen in charge of peddling it from door to door were not themselves waking up to their own alienation. To the passivity imposed on the dispossessed masses is added the growing passivity of the directors and actors subjected to the abstract laws of the market and the spectacle and exercising less and less real power over the world. Already signs of revolt are appearing among the actors - stars who try to escape publicity or rulers who criticise their own power; Brigitte Bardot or Fidel Castro. The tools of power are wearing out; their desire for their own freedom should be taken into account.

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At the very moment when slave revolt threatened to overthrow the structure of power and to reveal the relationship between transcendence and the mechanism of privative appropriation, Christianity appeared with its grandiose reformism, whose central democratic demand was for the slaves to accede not to the reality of a human life - which would have been impossible without denouncing the exclusionary aspect of privative appropriation - but rather to the unreality of an existence whose source of happiness is mythical (the imitation of Christ as the price of the hereafter). What has changed? Anticipation of the hereafter has become anticipation of a brighter tomorrow; the sacrifice of real, immediate life is the price paid for the illusory freedom of an apparent life. The spectacle is the sphere where forced labour is transformed into voluntary sacrifice. Nothing is more suspect than the formula "To each according to his work" in a world where work is the blackmail of survival; to say nothing of the formula "To each according to his needs" in a world where needs are determined by power. Any construction that attempts to define itself autonomously, and thus the negativity in which everything is suspended, enters into the reformist project. It is trying to build on quicksand as though it were rock. Contempt and misunderstanding of the context fixed by hierarchical power can only end up reinforcing that context. On the other hand, the spontaneous acts we can see everywhere forming against power and its spectacle must be warned of all the obstacles in their path

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and must find a tactic taking into account the strength of the enemy and its means of recuperation. This tactic, which we are going to popularise, is *detournement*.

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Sacrifice must be rewarded. In exchange for their real sacrifice the workers receive the instruments of their liberation (comforts, gadgets), but this liberation is purely fictitious since power controls the ways in which all the material equipment can be used; since power uses to its own ends both the instruments and those who use them. The Christian and bourgeois revolutions democratised mythical sacrifice, the "sacrifice of the master." Today there are countless initiates who receive crumbs of power for putting to public service the totality of their partial knowledge. They are no longer called "initiates" and not yet "priests of the Logos"; they are simply known as specialists.



Inscription à l'entrée du camp de concentration d'Auschwitz : (« Le travail, c'est la liberté »).

On the level of the spectacle their power is undeniable; the contestant on "Double Your Money" and the postal clerk running on all day about all the mechanical details of his car both identify with the specialist, and we know how production managers use such identification to bring unskilled workers to heel. Essentially the true mission of the technocrats would be to unify the Logos; if only - because of one of the contradictions of fragmentary power - they weren't so absurdly compartmentalised and isolated. Each one is alienated in being out of phase with the others; he knows the whole of one fragment and knows no realisation. What real control can the atomic technician, the strategist or the political specialist exercise over a nuclear weapon? What ultimate control can power hope to impose on all the gestures developing against it? The stage is so crowded that only chaos reigns as master. "Order reigns and doesn't govern" (IS46).

To the extent that the specialist takes part in the development of the instruments that condition and transform the world, he is preparing the way for the *revolt of the privileged*. Until now such revolt has been called fascism. It is essentially an operative revolt - didn't Nietzsche see Wagner as a precursor? - in which actors who have been pushed aside for a long time and see themselves as less and less free suddenly demand to play the leading roles. Clinically speaking, fascism is the hysteria of the spectacular world pushed to the point of paroxysm. In this paroxysm the spectacle momentarily ensures its unity while at the same time revealing its radical inhumanity. Through fascism and Stalinism, which constitute its romantic crises, the spectacle reveals its true nature; it is a disease.

We are poisoned by the spectacle. All the elements necessary for a detoxification (that is, for the construction of our everyday lives) are in the hands of specialists. We are thus highly interested in all these specialists, but in different ways. Some are hopeless cases; we are not, for example, going to try and show the specialists of power, the rulers, the extent of their delirium. On the other hand, we are ready to take into account the bitterness of specialists imprisoned in roles that are constricted, absurd or ignominious. We must confess, however, that our indulgence has its limits. If, in spite of all our efforts, they persist in putting their guilty conscience and their bitterness in the service of power by fabricating the conditioning that colonises their own everyday lives; if they prefer an illusory representation in the hierarchy to true realisation; if they persist in ostentatiously brandishing their specialisations (their painting, their novels, their equations, their sociometry, their psychoanalysis, their ballistics); finally, if, knowing perfectly well - and soon, *ignorance of this fact will be no excuse* - that only power and the SI hold the key to using their specialisation, they nevertheless still choose to serve power because power, battenning on their inertia, has chosen them to serve it, then fuck them! No one could be more generous. They should understand all this and above all the fact that henceforth the revolt

of nonruling actors is linked to the revolt against the spectacle (see below the thesis on the SI and power).

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The generalised anathematization of the lumpenproletariat stems from the use to which it was put by the bourgeoisie, which it served both as a regulating mechanism for power and as a source of recruits for the more dubious forces of order: cops, informers, hired thugs, artists, ... Nevertheless, the lumpenproletariat embodies a remarkably radical implicit critique of the *society of work*. Its open contempt for both lackeys and bosses contains a good critique of work as alienation, a critique that has not been taken into consideration until now because the lumpenproletariat was the sector of ambiguities, but also because during the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth the struggle against natural alienation and the production of well-being still appeared as valid justifications for work.

Once it became known that the abundance of consumer goods was nothing but the flip side of alienation in production, the lumpenproletariat acquired a new dimension; it liberated a contempt for organised work which, in the age of the Welfare State, is gradually taking on the proportions of a demand that only the rulers still refuse to acknowledge. In spite of the constant attempts of power to recuperate it, every experiment carried out on everyday life, that is, every attempt to construct it (an illegal activity since the destruction of feudal power, where it was limited and restricted to a minority), is concretised today through the critique of alienating work and the refusal to submit to forced labour. So much so that the new proletariat tends to define our field of action; it is here that we are gambling on the ruse of history against the ruse of power; it is here that we back the worker (whether steelworker or artist) who - consciously or not - rejects organised work and life, against the worker who - consciously or not - accepts working at the dictates of power. In this perspective, it is not unreasonable to foresee a transitional period during which automation and the will of the new proletariat leave work solely to specialists, reducing managers and bureaucrats to the rank of temporary slaves. In a generalised automation the "workers", instead of supervising machines, could devote their attention to watching over the cybernetic specialists, whose sole task would be to increase a production which, through a reversal of perspective, will have ceased to be the priority sector, in order to serve the priority of life over survival.



Programme préalable au mouvement situationniste.

Cette inscription, sur un mur de la rue de Seine, remonte aux premiers mois de 1953 (une inscription voisine qui relève de la politique traditionnelle aide à dater avec la plus sûre objectivité le tracé de celle qui nous intéresse : appelant à une manifestation contre le général Ridgway, elle ne peut donc être postérieure à mai 1952). L'inscription que nous reproduisons ici semble être la plus importante trace jamais relevée sur le site de Saint-Germain-des-Prés, comme témoignage du mode de vie particulier qui a tenté de s'affirmer là.

Unitary power strove to dissolve individual existence in a collective consciousness so that each social unit subjectively defined itself as a particle with a clearly determined weight suspended as though in oil. Everyone had to feel overwhelmed by the omnipresent evidence that everything was merely raw material in the hands of God, who used it for his own purposes, which were naturally beyond individual human comprehension. All phenomena were seen as emanations of a supreme perturbation was, merely an ascending or descending path toward harmony: the Four Reigns, the Wheel of Fortune, trials sent by the gods). One can speak of a collective consciousness in the sense that it was simultaneously for each individual and for everyone; consciousness of myth and consciousness of particular-existence-within-myth. The power of the illusion was such that authentically lived life drew its meaning from what was not authentically lived; from this stems that priestly condemnation of life, the reduction of life to pure contingency, to sordid materiality, to vain appearance and to the lowest state of a transcendence that became increasingly degraded as it escaped mythical organisation.

God was the guarantor of space and time, whose coordinates defined unitary society. He was the common reference point for all men; space and time came together in him just as in him all beings became one with their destiny. In the era of fragmentation, man is torn between a time and a space that no transcendence can unify through the mediation of any centralised power. We are living in a space and time that are out of joint, deprived of any reference point or coordinate, as though we were never going to be able to come into contact with ourselves, although everything invites us to.

There is a place where you create yourself and a time in which you play yourself. The space of everyday life, that of one's true realisation, is encircled by every form of conditioning. The narrow space of our true realisation defines us, yet we define ourselves in the time of the spectacle. Or put another way: our consciousness is no longer consciousness of myth and of particular-*being-in-myth*, but rather consciousness of the spectacle and of particular-*role-in-the-spectacle*. (I pointed out above the relationship between all ontology and unitary power; it should be recalled here that the crisis of ontology appears with the movement toward fragmentation.) Or to put it still another way: in the space-time relation in which everyone and everything is situated, time has become the imaginary (the field of identifications); space defines us, although we define ourselves in the imaginary and although the imaginary defines us *qua* subjectivities.

Our freedom is that of an abstract temporality in which we are *named* in the language of power (these names are the roles assigned to us), with a choice left to us to find officially recognised *synonyms* for ourselves. In contrast, the space of our authentic realisation (the space of our everyday life) is under the dominion of silence, there is no name to name the space of lived experience except in poetry, in language liberating itself from the domination of power.

By desacralising and fragmenting myth, the bourgeoisie was led to demand first of all independence of consciousness (demands for freedom of thought, freedom of the press, freedom of research, rejection of dogma). Consciousness thus ceased being more or less consciousness-reflecting-myth. It became consciousness of successive roles played within the spectacle. What the bourgeoisie demanded above all was the freedom of actors and extras in a spectacle no longer organised by God, his cops and his priests, but by natural and economic laws, "capricious and inexorable laws" defended by a new team of cops and specialists.

God has been torn off like a useless bandage and the wound has stayed raw. The bandage may have prevented the wound from healing, but it justified suffering, it gave it a meaning well worth a few shots of morphine. Now suffering has no justification whatsoever and morphine is far from cheap. Separation has become concrete. Anyone at all can put their finger on it, and the only answer cybernetic society has to offer us is to become spectators of the gangrene and decay, spectators of survival.

The drama of consciousness to which Hegel referred is actually the consciousness of drama. Romanticism resounds like the cry of the soul torn from the body, a suffering all the more acute as each of us finds himself alone in facing the fall of the sacred totality and of all the House of Usher.

The totality is objective reality, in the movement of which subjectivity can participate only in the form of realisation. Anything separate from the realisation of everyday life rejoins the spectacle where

survival is frozen (hibernation) and served out in slices. There can be no authentic realisation except in objective reality, in the totality. All the rest is caricature. The objective realisation that functions in the mechanism of the spectacle is nothing but the success of power-manipulated objects (the "objective realisation in subjectivity" of famous artists, stars, celebrities of *Who's Who*). On the level of the organisation of appearance, every success - and every failure - it is inflated until it becomes a stereotype, and is broadcast as though it were the only possible success or failure, so far power has been the only judge, though its judgement has been subjected to various pressures. Its criteria are the only valid ones for those who accept the spectacle and are satisfied to play a role in it. But there are no more artists on that stage, there are only extras.

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The space-time of private life was harmonised in the space-time of myth. Fourier's harmony responds to this perverted harmony. As soon as myth no longer encompasses the individual and the partial in a totality dominated by the sacred, each fragment sets itself up as a totality. The fragment set up as a totality is, in fact, the *totalitarian*. In the dissociated space-time that constitutes private life, time - made absolute in the form of abstract freedom, the freedom of the spectacle - consolidates by its very dissociation the spatial absolute of private life, its isolation and constriction. The mechanism of the alienating spectacle wields such force that private life reaches the point of being defined as that which is deprived of spectacle; the fact that one escapes roles and spectacular categories is experienced as an additional privation, as a malaise which power uses as a pretext to reduce everyday life to insignificant gestures (sitting down, washing, opening a door).

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The spectacle that imposes its norms on lived experience itself arises out of lived experience. The time of the spectacle, lived in the form of successive roles, makes the space of authentic experience the area of objective impotence, while at the same time the objective impotence that stems from the conditioning of privative appropriation makes the spectacle the ultimate of potential freedom.

Elements born of lived experience are acknowledged only on the level of the spectacle, where they are expressed in the form of stereotypes, although such expression is constantly contested and refuted in and by lived experience. The *composite portrait of the survivors* - whom Nietzsche referred to as the "little people" or the "last men" - can be conceived only in terms of the following dialectic of possibility/impossibility:

- a) possibility on the level of the spectacle (variety of abstract roles) reinforces impossibility on the level of authentic experience;
- b) impossibility (that is, limits imposed on real experience by privative appropriation) determines the field of abstract possibilities.

Survival is two-dimensional. Against such a reduction, what forces can bring out what constitutes the daily problem of all human beings: the dialectic of survival and life? Either the specific forces the SI has counted on will make possible the supersession of these contraries, reuniting space and time in the construction of everyday life; or life and survival will become locked in an antagonism growing weaker and weaker until the point of ultimate confusion and ultimate poverty is reached.

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Lived reality is spectacularly fragmented and labeled in biological, sociological or other categories which, while being related to the communicable, never communicate anything but facts emptied of their authentically lived content. It is in this sense that hierarchical power, imprisoning everyone in the objective mechanism of privative appropriation (admission/exclusion, see section #3), is also a dictatorship over subjectivity. It is as a dictator over subjectivity that it strives, with limited chances of success, to force each individual subjectivity to become objectivised, that is, to become an object it can manipulate. This extremely interesting dialectic should be analysed in greater detail (objective realisation in subjectivity - the realisation of power - and objective realisation in objectivity - which enters into the praxis of constructing everyday life and destroying power).

Facts are deprived of content in the name of the communicable, in the name of an abstract universality, in the name of a perverted harmony in which everyone realises himself in an inverted perspective. In this

context the SI is in the line of contestation that runs through Sade, Fourier, Lewis Carroll, Lautréamont, surrealism, lettrism - at least in its least known currents, which were the most extreme.

Within a fragment set up as a totality, each further fragment is itself totalitarian. Sensitivity, desire, will, intelligence, good taste, the subconscious and all the categories of the ego were treated as absolutes by individualism. Today sociology is enriching the categories of psychology, but the introduction of variety into the roles merely accentuates the monotony of the identification reflex. The freedom of the "survivor" will be to assume the abstract constituent to which he has "chosen" to reduce himself. Once any real realisation has been put out of the picture, all that remains is a psychosociological dramaturgy in which interiority functions as a safety-valve, as an overflow to drain off the effects one has worn for the daily exhibition. Survival becomes the ultimate stage of life organised as the mechanical reproduction of memory.

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Until now the approach to the totality has been falsified, power has parasitically interposed itself as an indispensable mediation between man and nature. But the relation between man and nature is based only on praxis. It is praxis which constantly breaks through the coherent veneer of lies that myth and its substitutes try to maintain. It is praxis, even alienated praxis, which maintains contact with the totality. By revealing its own fragmentary character, praxis at the same time reveals the real totality (reality); it is the totality being realised by way of its opposite, the fragment.

In the perspective of praxis, every fragment is totality. In the perspective of power which alienates praxis, every fragment is totalitarian. This should be enough to wreck the attempts cybernetic power will make to envelop praxis in a mystique, although the seriousness of these attempts should not be underestimated.

All praxis enters into our project; it enters with its share of alienation, with the impurities of power; but we are capable of filtering them out. We will elucidate the force and purity of acts of refusal as well as the manipulative manoeuvres of power, not in a Manichean perspective, but as means of developing, through our own strategy, this combat in which everywhere, at every moment, the adversaries are seeking one another but only clashing accidentally, lost in irremediable darkness and uncertainty.

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Everyday life has always been drained to the advantage of apparent life, but appearance, in its mythical cohesion, was powerful enough to repress any mention of everyday life. The poverty and emptiness of the spectacle, revealed by all the varieties of capitalism and all the varieties of bourgeoisie, has revealed both the existence of everyday life (a shelter life, but a shelter for what and from what?) and the poverty of everyday life. As reification and bureaucratisation grow stronger, the debility of the spectacle and of everyday life is the only thing that remains clear. The conflict between the human and the inhuman has also been transferred to the plane of appearance. As soon as Marxism became an ideology, Marx's struggle against ideology in the name of the richness of life was transformed into an ideological anti-ideology, an antispectacle spectacle (just as in avant-garde culture the antispectacular spectacle is restricted to actors alone, antiartistic art being created and understood only by artists, so the relationship between this ideological anti-ideology and the function of the professional revolutionary in Leninism should be examined). Thus Manicheism has found itself momentarily revived. Why did St Augustine attack the Manicheans so relentlessly? It was because he recognised the danger of a myth offering only one solution, the victory of good over evil; he saw that this impossibility threatened to provoke the collapse of all mythical and authentic life. Christianity offered the third way, the way of sacred confusion. What Christianity accomplished through the force of myth is accomplished today through the force of things. There can no longer be any antagonism between Soviet workers and capitalist workers or between the bomb of the Stalinist bureaucrats and the bomb of the non-Stalinist bureaucrats; there is no longer anything but unity in the chaos of reified beings.

Who is responsible? Who should be shot? We are dominated by a system, by an abstract form. Degrees of humanity and inhumanity are measured by purely quantitative variations of passivity. The quality is the same everywhere; we are all proletarianised or well on the way to becoming so. What are the traditional "revolutionaries" doing? They are eliminating certain distinctions, making sure that no proletarians are any more proletarian than all the others. But what party is working for the end of the proletariat?

The perspective has become intolerable. What is weighing us down is *the weight of things in a vacuum*. That's what reification is; everyone and everything falling at an equal speed, everyone and everything stigmatised with their equal value. The reign of equal values has realised the Christian project, but it has realised it outside Christianity (as Pascal had supposed) and above all, it has realised it over God's dead body, contrary to Pascal's expectations.

The spectacle and everyday life coexist in the reign of equal values. People and things are interchangeable. The world of reification is a world without a centre. Like the new prefabricated cities that are its decor. The present fades away before the promise of an eternal future that is nothing but a mechanical extension of the past. Time itself is deprived of a centre. In this concentration-camp world, victims and torturers wear the same mask and only the torture is real. No new ideology can soothe the pain, neither the ideology of the totality (Logos) nor that of nihilism - which will be the two crutches of the cybernetic society. The tortures condemn all hierarchical power, however organised or dissimulated it may be. The antagonism the SI is going to revive is the oldest of all, it is radical antagonism and that is why it is taking up again and assimilating all that has been left by the insurrectionary movements and great individuals in the course of history.

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So many other banalities could be taken up and reversed. The best things never come to an end. Before rereading the above - which even the most mediocre intelligence will be able to understand by the third attempt - the reader would be well-advised to concentrate carefully on the following text, for these notes, as fragmentary as the preceding ones, must be discussed in detail and implemented. It concerns a central question: the SI and revolutionary power.

Being aware of the crises of both mass parties and "elites", the SI must embody the supersession of both the Bolshevik Central Committee (supersession of the mass party) and of Nietzschean project (supersession of the intelligentsia).

a) Every time a power has presented itself as directing a revolutionary upsurge, it has automatically undermined the power of the revolution. The Bolshevik CC defined itself simultaneously as concentration and as representation. Concentration of a power antagonistic to bourgeois power and representation of the will of the masses. This duality led it rapidly to become no more than an empty power, a power of empty representation, and consequently to rejoin, in a common form (bureaucracy), a bourgeois power that was being forced (in response to the very existence of the Bolshevik power) to follow a similar evolution. The conditions for a concentrated power and mass representation exist potentially in the SI when it states that it holds the qualitative and that its ideas are in everyone's mind. Nevertheless we refuse both concentrated power and the right of representation, conscious that we are now taking the only *public attitude* (for we cannot avoid being known to some extent in a spectacular manner) enabling those who find that they share our theoretical and practical positions to accede to revolutionary power: power without mediation, power entailing the direct action of everyone. Our guiding image could be the Durruti Column, moving from town to village, liquidating the bourgeois elements and leaving the workers to see to their own self-organisation.

b) The intelligentsia is power's hall of mirrors. Contesting power, it never offers anything but passive cathartic identification to those whose every gesture gropingly expresses real contestation. The radicalism - not of theory, obviously, but of gesture - that could be glimpsed in the "Declaration of the 121" however, suggests some different possibilities. We are capable of precipitating this crisis, but we can do so only by entering the intelligentsia as a power against the intelligentsia. This phase - which must precede and be contained within the phase described in point a) - will put us in the perspective of the Nietzschean project. We will form a small, almost alchemical, experimental group within which the realisation of the total man can be started. Nietzsche could conceive of such an undertaking only within the framework of the hierarchical principle. It is, in fact, within such a framework that we find ourselves. It is therefore of the utmost importance that we present ourselves without the slightest ambiguity (on the level of the group, the purification of the nucleus and the elimination of residues now seems to be completed). We accept the hierarchical framework in which we are placed only while impatiently working to abolish our domination over those whom we cannot avoid dominating on the basis of our criteria for mutual recognition.

c) Tactically our communication should be a diffusion emanating from a more or less hidden centre. We will establish nonmaterialised networks (direct relationships, episodic ones, contacts without ties,

development of embryonic relations based on sympathy and understanding, in the manner of the red agitators before the arrival of the revolutionary armies). We will claim radical gestures (actions, writings, political attitudes, works) as our own by analysing them, and we will consider that our own acts and analyses are supported by the majority of people.

Just as God constituted the reference point of past unitary society, we are preparing to create the central reference point for a unitary society now possible. But this point cannot be fixed. As opposed to the ever-renewed confusion that cybernetic power draws from the past of inhumanity, it stands for the game that everyone will play, "the moving order of the future."

* *Declaration of the 121*: a "Declaration of the Right to resist the Algerian War" signed by 121 French artists and intellectuals September 1960. The French government responded with arrests and firings, and even prohibited news media from mentioning the name of any signer; which only resulted in more people signing. The Declaration polarised the intellectual community and contributed towards arousing French public opinion (the first demonstration against the war came a month later) See IS #5, pp. 5-7, 12.

This essay and the one that preceded it (in 'Leaving the '80s' #3) were written by Raoul Vaneigem and originally published in 'Situationist International' No's 7 & 8 in 1962 & 1963. Vaneigem is one of the great thinkers of our time and his most important text is 'The Revolution of Everyday Life' (1967).

Lo and behold, the end has arrived and so it is left unto me, your humble, esteemed, narrator to close this final chapter. Never abandon thinking - transinformation is the key - above all to thine own self be true - keep secrets - theorise and act upon your impulses - test your body, drag it to heaven; screaming, complaining - time runs out so run faster - the big awards get given to the idealists - ambition is a two-headed sword - wreak vengeance on those who hurt you - to be a masochist is to understand pain - eternity is a long, long time - genuine royalty is normally invisible - be an animal - civilisation is a can put about by capitalists - as your negativity grows, enjoy it - obsessions are healthy - insanity is all around us - realism does not exist - clothes are merely rags in which to fiddle - anger is a positive emotion - hatred is a banana - the past follows us around like a rabid dog - drugs are either the path of the new artist or a secret plan by the CIA to handicap us all - sex is a product - intelligence is silly - hard work can be cleansing - poverty is boring, riches bring misery - hope causes tears - tears taste nice - MOUSE-PLUM-BEE - marriage is an institution - fear breeds fear - guilt is horrifically lovely - lost keys mean lost memories - all governments hate you - utilise energy - forget yesterday, forget tomorrow, live for now - do not invest in theatre productions they often close - america is a silly place - england sucks the big one - dreams always crumble - jesus was a sailor - the greeks made pots - between thought and expression lies a lifetime - modernism attempts but always fails - computers make writing easier - shakespeare kissed the ass of ancient culture - the soviets are our friends - elvis is everywhere - never join the army - don't burn books use them as cigarette lighters - live for that split second - patriotism is poxy - loyalty is organised into oppression - serial-killers eat weatabix - gangrene infects virtue - geoffrey chaucer drank his tea out of the saucer - mysticism is an empty old concept - the highly principled man is a bigotted boring old fart - want nothing, be nothing, expect nothing - meet neil the nihil - inject neuroses into yourself - distort and destroy - bugger and build - embrace other cultures - stop smoking - start joking - imagine, diagnose and cure while there is still time Most crucial of all, celebrate LOVE, LOVE is the key, only through total, complete, ABSOLUTE LOVE can life really become a worthwhile experience. Sure, there is bound to be failures, misery, doubt, but never give up - keep on keeping on - the real 'struggle' theorised on so heavily by the great minds of history was 'she/he loves me - she/he loves me not?' LOVE of things, thought, people or a person, it doesn't matter. 'Falling in Love' is the most perfect experience man has yet invented.

FAREWELL! (KT).

THIS WAS GP64



GR22

FIN!