



NO VARIETY

there are, roughly, 3,000 commercial messages hitting the brain every day.



DON'T FORGET

Marcel Duchamp

When a person is the beauty of their day, and their looks are really in style, and then the times change and tastes change, and ten years go by, if they keep exactly their same look and don't change anything and if they take care of themselves, they'll still be a beauty.

Schraff's restaurants were the beauties of their day, and then they tried to keep up with the times and they modified and modified until they lost all their charm and were bought by a big company. But if they could just have kept their same look and style, and held on through the lean years when they weren't in style, today they'd be the best thing around. You have to hang on in periods when your style isn't popular, because if it's good, it'll come back, and you'll be a recognized beauty once again.

No.23 : 'Cheap Flights' issue (October 1994)

'C H E A P F L I G H T S' — created by



Marcel runs off saying remember you get what you settle for

PAUL QUINN & THE INDEPENDENT GROUP

Paul Quinn.....Singer.
James Kirk.....Guitar.
Campbell Owens..... Bass.
Mick Slaven.....Guitar
Andy Alston.....Keyboards.
Skip Reid.....Drums
Blair Cowan.....Keyboards.
Alan Horne.....Mix.

& Jane-Marie O'Brien....Opera-singing.

AND

THE POSTCARD AMALGAMATED ARTISTIC INDUSTRIES :

Art-Direction.....John Main
(Assistant...Andrew Symington)

Lighting Design/Construction....Paul Sorley
(Assistant....Damian Hunter)

thanks to SM Lighting.

Sound Engineering.....Chris Quinn & David Henderson.

ProjectionistsDavid Scott & Barney McCue.

Ind. Crp. Tech.Brian Carroll.

Wardrobe Supervisor..... Marion Thomson.

Best Boy Mac Grip Amber.

from an idea by Alan Horne

Postcard of Scotland wish to thank :

John Williamson & Willie Knox & G.D.C. Sound City,
Sponsors-Tom Moore, The entire gang at Glasgow Film Theatre,
Stuart Cruickshank & the BBC Gang, Kevin Low, Steven Purvis,
Jane Carroll & Alistair McCallum at Central, Mike Prince,
Geraldine Hanley, Allan Campbell, Paul Doherty,
Pete Thompson, Davy McArthur & all of Vital Distribution,
Mick Houghton, Gareth Davies & John Kennedy.

The Tramway, The Citizens Theatre, Fratelli Sarti
& everyone else who has helped and I've gone and
forgotten

CHEAP FLIGHTS title by John Main.

Postcard of Scotland — PO Box 546 — Glasgow G12 8NY — UK

(for Catalogh 2 & Mail Order send SAE)



the medium is the Mess-Age

It had the look of an interrogation (Do you know what a tortoise looks like Le)
Smoking continuously, cigarette in left hand, notes in the other. He looked like
Simon Dee, you could not warm to this character. Smart-arse No-Nothing.
Little yapping dog-job in life to pull his betters down to size. (His size)
In packs they
can cause a lot of damage... And this was the sixties..30 years on the
Barbarism is boundless. the Media is rich in stereotypes that Dickens would
die for.

It's Schizo. Torn between the excitement of technology out of control
(when I listen to the enthusiast I get flashes of my mumm running round
the kitchen putting FABLON on every surface she could find, barely pausing
to catch the man from uncle.) And between ... "I don't like the sound of that"
/"I'm not so sure about this". types. They'll be about 40 but they can come
as Teenagers too now. Smug and very orthodox. They like their Opinions
to be right up to the minute. Everyday would be Backwards Day if they had
their way.

Better come clean: fibre optics baffle me- I'm impressed by
a video that can find the start of a programme, I'm tickled by the idea of
Intelligent Lighting and I haven't liked a Neil Young album since 1976.

He said we had left the Gutenberg Galaxy we were now living in the Global
Village and I was thinking why do we want to make the world into a village
What's so desirable about a bloody village all of a sudden. Me, I like the
sound of this galaxy, myself. Of course it's all mental. I mean it's in
the mind. We grew up together with our TV.. We know (or do we?) that it's not
a window on the world. It IS the world. and who rules the world?
So here we sit, vanishing points for the Mess-age Medium.

It's so easy to keep clean.....FABLON. (TM)

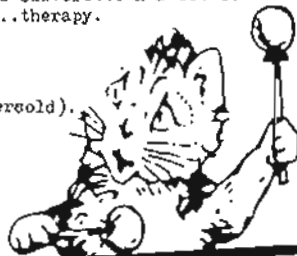
and a few years ago I bought this green baize f ablon from John Lewis Ltd.
& for about a week wanted to cover everything with it, but that soon
passed which is just as well really. It would 've been impossible mission to
keep clean.

It was all going endlessly wrong on the computer front-3 syquests
lost in France-might need to do a new scan- Silver Reed silverette & a lot of
coffee & a couple of trips to the photocopy bureau.....therapy.

The Medium Is The Message indeed.

© 1994.

Alan Horne (Ever-Knowingly Underworld).



TO HELP US GAIN MAXIMUM EFFICIENCY FROM THE
SPECIAL MACHINES USED TO INSERT
CARDS INTO PACKETS, WE ARE CONDUCTING
A TEST RUN.
THIS IS ONLY A TEST CARD WHICH WE ASK YOU TO
IGNORE AND THROW AWAY
THANK YOU
WEETABIX PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT



allow us to side-step the collective amnesia that constantly threatens to engulf us.

The dangers of narcissism

The invention of adolescence

Urbanism as alienation the tradition of relieving the city as

a world of loneliness, loosened moral order, fleeting, impermanent

contact & love for sale

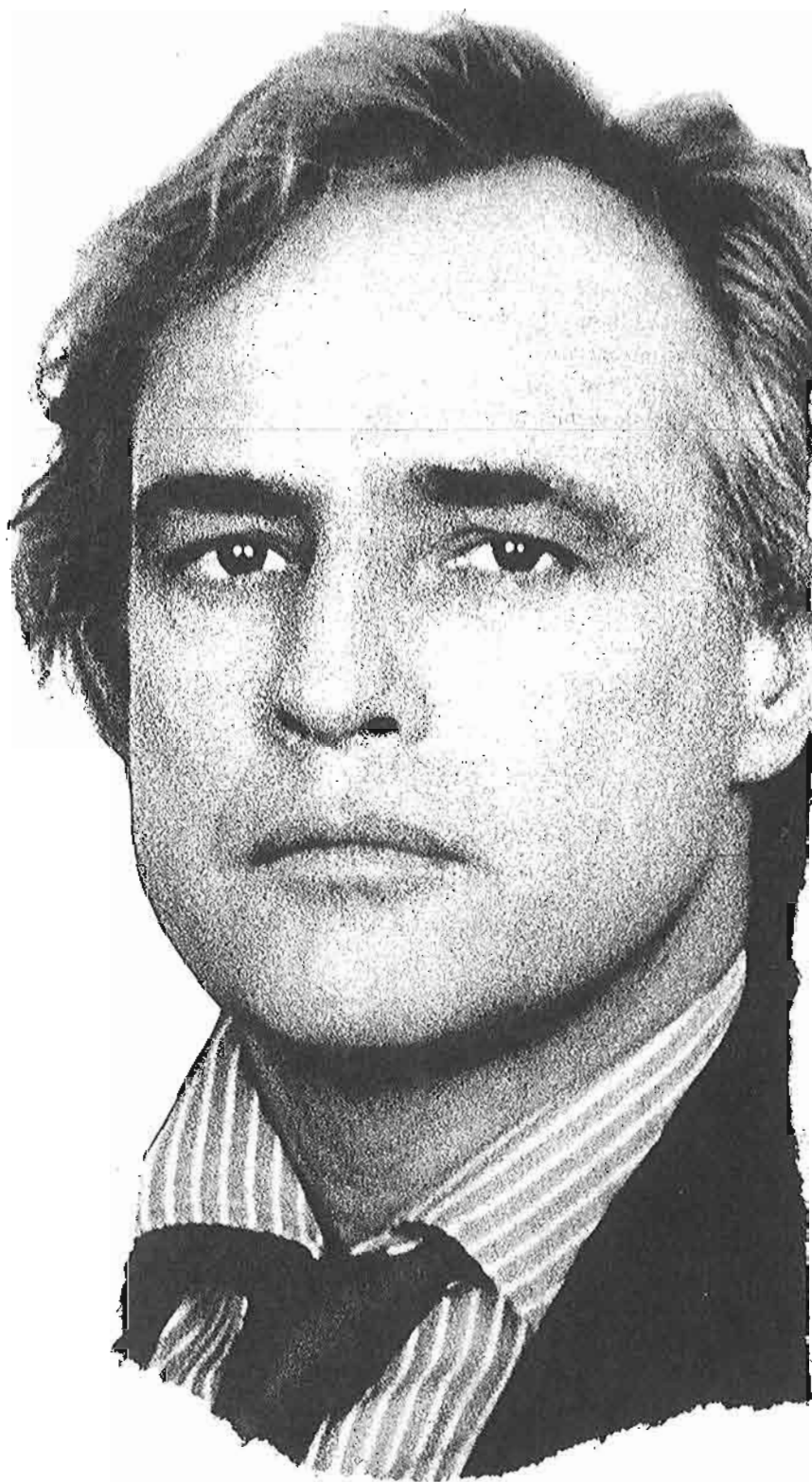
allow us to side-step the collective amnesia that constantly threatens to engulf us



He was anti-social

anti-social

DON'T FORGET



Protagonists are always loners, almost by definition. The big one to survive the war was the Bogart figure — the man with a code (moral, aesthetic, chivalrous) in a corrupt society. He had, so to speak, inside knowledge of the nature of the enemy. He was a sophisticated, urban version of the Westerner who, classically, knew both sides of the law and was tough enough to go his own way and yet, romantically, still do right.

Brando represented a reaction against the postwar mania for security. As a protagonist, the Brando of the early fifties had no code, only his instincts. He was a development from the gangster leader and the outlaw. He was antisocial because he knew society was crap; he was a hero to youth because he was strong enough not to take the crap. (In England it was thought that *The Wild One* would incite adolescents to violence.)

There was a sense of excitement, of danger in his presence, but perhaps his special appeal was in a kind of simple conceit, the conceit of tough kids. There was humor in it — swagger and arrogance that were vain and childish, and somehow seemed very American. He was explosively dangerous without being "serious" in the sense of having ideas. There was no theory, no cant in his leadership. He didn't care about social position or a job or respectability, and because he didn't care he was a big man; for what is less attractive, what makes a man smaller, than his worrying about his status? Brando represented a contemporary version of the free American.

Because he had no code, except an aesthetic one — a commitment to a style of life — he was easily betrayed by those he trusted. There he was, the new primitive, a Byronic Dead End Kid, with his quality of vulnerability. His acting was so physical — so exploratory, tentative, wary — that we could sense with him, feel him pull back at the slightest hint of rebuff. We in the audience felt protective: we knew how lonely he must be in his assertiveness. Who even in hell wants to be an outsider? And he was no intellectual who could rationalize it, learn somehow to accept it, to live with it. He could only feel it, act it out, be "The Wild One" — and God knows how many kids felt, "That's the story of my life."

Brando played variations on rebel themes: from the lowbrow, disturbingly inarticulate brute, Stanley Kowalski, with his suggestions of violence waiting behind the sturred speech, the sullen face, to his Orpheus standing before the judge in the opening scene of *The Fugitive Kind*, unearthly, mythic, the rebel as artist, showing classic possibilities he was never to realize (or has not yet realized).

He was our angry young man — the delinquent, the tough, the rebel — who stood at the center of our common experience. When, as Terry Malloy in *On the Waterfront*, he said to his brother, "Oh Charlie, oh Charlie . . . you don't understand, I could have had class. I could have been a contender. I could have been somebody, instead of a bum — which is what I am," he spoke for all our failed hopes. It was the great American lament, of Broadway, of Hollywood, as well as of the docks.

I am describing the Brando who became a star, not the man necessarily, but the boy-man he projected, and also the publicity and the come-on. The publicity had a built-in ambivalence. Though the fan magazines might describe him alluringly as dreamy, moody, thin-skinned, easily hurt, gentle, intense, unpredictable, hating discipline, a defender of the underdog, other journalists and influential columnists were not so sympathetic toward what this suggested.

It is one of the uglier traditions of movie business that frequently when a star gets big enough to want big money and artistic selection or control of his productions, the studios launch large-scale campaigns designed to cut him down to an easier-to-deal-with size or to supplant him with younger, cheaper talent. Thus, early in movie history the great Lillian Gish was derided as unpopular in the buildup of the young Garbo (by the same studio), and in newspapers all over the country Marilyn Monroe, just a few weeks before her death, was discovered to have no box-office draw. The gossip columnists serve as the shock troops with all those little items about how so-and-so is getting a big head, how he isn't taking the advice of the studio executives who know best, and so forth.

... Pauline Kael

because he knew Society was crap



sleeping desires and feelings in our society whose buttons would be hit so uncannily in that film. In hindsight, I think people responded to it because of the budding social and cultural currents that a few years later exploded volcanically on college campuses and the streets of America.

showing classic possibilities he was never to realise

(1953)



Because of the emotional pain of feeling like a nobody, he became arrogant and adopted a pose of indifference to criticism. He did everything to appear strong when inside he was soft and vulnerable and fought hard to conceal it. He had lost faith in the fabric of society and had made his own world.

THE WILD ONE, my fifth picture, was based on a real incident, a motorcycle gang's terrorising of a small California farm town. I had fun making it, but I never expected it to have the impact it did. I was as surprised as anyone when T-shirts, jeans and leather jackets suddenly became symbols of rebellion.

There was a scene in which somebody asked my character, Johnny, what I was rebelling against, and I said: "Whaddya got?" But none of us involved in the picture even imagined that it would instigate or encourage youthful rebellion.

can be transformed spontaneously into predatory bands by a kind of fraternal herd instinct that enables them to cast aside whatever moral principles they have — the same instinct that led American soldiers to massacre unarmed Vietnamese civilians at Mai Lai — but I think they were really interested only in telling an entertaining story.

If anything, the reaction to the picture said more about the audience than it did about the film. A few nuts even claimed that *The Wild One* was part of a Hollywood campaign to loosen our morals and incite young people to rebel against their elders. Sales of leather jackets soared, reminding me of *It Happened One Night*, when Clark Gable took his shirt off and revealed that he wasn't wearing an undershirt, which created a disaster for the garment industry.



he knew Society was crap



U.S. lovely young star Barbara Rush gives husband Jeff Hunter some expert advice on nailing up those wall boards, while young Chris finds it's a real handful controlling a bucking bronco.

BARBARA RUSH

tells about -

a definite plan

The stress of modern life makes great demands on young couples, but Barbara and Jeff have a plan to keep them on the slow but sure road to happiness

MODERN life makes such demands, my husband and I decided a definite plan was the sensible way to manage ours. It would enable us to enjoy the time we have together at home and help to keep life running smoothly for us when we are working.

We are both in motion pictures. There is nothing more devastating, after a hard day at the studio, than to come to a disorganized house. This can often happen when things are left to chance—even such a simple little thing as marketing or getting clothes to the cleaner . . . the many little things that need attention.

Jeffrey Hunter is my husband's professional name. He was born Henry H. McKinnies, Jr., so I call him Hank. He shares my ambition for a well-rounded life: a successful career and as normal a home life as our work permits. There are men whose business would prevent them from entering as wholeheartedly as Hank in the domestic side of things. We have just moved into our new home. It has seven rooms, which is about what we need now, as we have a little son, Christopher Merrill—Chris for short. If our family grows we hope to have a larger house. Right now we are having a wonderful time furnishing this one and Hank is in on all the decorating.

Hank's mother and sister live in the tiny guest house built on part of our grounds. We had a family council on the general idea for furnishing the house. Then Hank and I sat down with the



decorator and started choosing wallpapers, rugs, and curtains. We decided on cocoa, white, and yellow for the living room. The ceiling is to be white, the walls a light cocoa, and we chose a chintz which has a combination of cocoa, white, and yellow, so we turquoised in the pattern. Our baby is young, so we considered him in choosing the furniture. There are no glass surfaces or sharp corners. The living room has early American furniture. Our coffee table is an antique that will stand a little rough usage without too much harm.

We have a very simple bedroom with a king size bed and an old-fashioned candlewick spread. The nursery is papered in blue with a forget-me-not design, on both walls and ceiling. You can't overlook our two pianos, the guitar, and auto harp in our living room.

We love to sing. Our auto harp is wonderful for accompanying our favorite folk songs. To play it you press one finger on the keyboard, and whatever note you strike, the instrument plays the full chord. Say you hit C—then you have the full C chord. Little Chris claps his hands in rhythm and dances when we sing and play. We will start him on music lessons soon, but we do not intend to force him if he does not take to them.

To write more about our planning: We manage to go once a week to a market. I plan the meals ahead for each week. We bought a deep freezer chest so we can take advantage of good buys and stock up on things. Our business manager has us on a strict budget. He gives us a cheque for the household supplies, meat and groceries. We have charge accounts for other things, which we watch carefully to keep within limits. I buy three or four basic dresses and two suits a year. I have a black wool dress, made on very simple lines, that has lasted three years, the material is good and cleans beautifully. Few people realize the dress is one I have had so long because I choose interesting jewellery to wear with it and vary the collars. Different styles of collars can be used for variety.

Barbara, Jeff and young Chris pose for a happy family group, but their happiness is not mere chance. It's the result of detailed planning by two sensible young people very much in love.



Barbara's attractive kitchen was decorated as the result of a family council—an exchange of too many cooks not mending the broth. When it comes to cooking Barbara is quite happy on her own!



Barbara and Jeff take a well earned holiday at Lake Arrowhead with two of their friends, Rock Hudson and Gregg Palmer. Luckily for them, there are many lovely playgrounds within easy reach of the station.



Barbara entertains some of the cast of U.S. Magnificent Obsession in her lovely Hollywood home. Pictured with her are her friends, Rock Hudson and Gregg Palmer. Rock Hudson and Jane Wyman.

The studio lends me something beautiful to wear—even to the mink coats and stoles—for big premieres. I am saving money to buy a beautiful Breath O' Spring mink stole, but on a budget this takes time. Sweaters are a great help in augmenting a wardrobe. When I wear a hat (which is seldom) I like an extremely small one.

When I am not making a picture I get up at six o'clock, an hour later than when I am working. We breakfast about eight o'clock. Then I leave for the studio where I'm taking drama lessons to improve my acting. This is one of the great privileges of being under contract to a major studio. You have at your service the best teachers of the day over a leisurely dinner.

We read, write letters, and often have a little sing-song. He is under contract to 20th Century-Fox and I to Universal-International. If we stay at home, we read, write letters, and often have a little sing-song.

Our social life is pleasant. We are in with the theatre and younger movie set. We attend big premieres, opening nights at the smart nightclubs, and we go to the theatre and ballet on opening nights. Our friends include Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds, Jane Powell, and Rock Hudson. Joan Crawford has invited us to dinner and we have had Joan at our home. We are very proud of her friendship and that she is happy to come and accept our very simple hospitality. Joan has one of the most beautiful homes among the movie stars, and a full staff of servants. Right now we have one maid who does everything as well as take care of our baby.

If we manage to live within our means and work hard to make ourselves more valuable to the studios, some day we hope to expand into a more luxurious way of life. For the present we are very pleased with our set-up.

I'm especially grateful that I was given the opportunity of appearing in a co-starring role in *Magnificent Obsession*. At this writing it is the biggest event of my life, career-wise. The studio executives and my agent think this part will mean more important assignments ahead. Hank, too, has been encouraged to keep our feet firmly planted on the ground and our eyes in check, and according to plan. Maybe we can avoid the pitfalls that so often beset many young Hollywood couples before one's cheque is the size of the Joneses. You find yourselves eyeing a Jaguar, trying to keep on a slow but sure track to happy living.

they wanted Real Life

When they said they wanted Real Life

They meant real Movie-Life

DON'T FORGET

While I was in the hospital, Paul gave me reports on the local filming of John Schlesinger's *Midnight Cowboy*. Before I was shot, they'd asked me to play the Underground Filmmaker in the big party scene, and I'd suggested Viva for the part instead. They liked the idea of that. And then John Schlesinger had asked Paul to make an "underground movie" to be shown during the "underground party" scene, so Paul went and filmed *Ultra* for that. Then the casting agent had asked Paul to round up a lot of people we knew—the kids around Max's—to be day players and extras. I felt like I was missing a big party, lying there in the hospital like that, but everybody kept me up to the minute on what was happening, they were all so excited about being in a Hollywood movie.

I had the same jealous feeling thinking about *Midnight Cowboy* that I had had when I saw *Hair* and realized that people with money were taking the subject matter of the underground, counterculture life and giving it a good, slick, commercial treatment. What we'd had to offer—originally, I mean—was a new, freer content and a look at real people, and even though our films weren't technically polished, right up through '67 the underground was one of the only places people could hear about forbidden subjects and see realistic scenes of modern life. But now that Hollywood—and Broadway, too—was dealing with those same subjects, things were getting a little confused: before, the choice had been like between black and white, and now it was like between black and gray. I realized that with both Hollywood and the underground making films about male hustlers—even though the two treatments couldn't have been more different—it took away a real drawing card from the underground, because people would rather go see the treatment that looked better. It was much less threatening. (People do tend to avoid new realities, they'd rather just add details to the old ones. It's as simple as that.) I kept feeling, "They're moving into our territory." It made me more than ever want to get money from Hollywood to do a beautiful-looking and -sounding movie with our own attitude, so at last we could compete equally. I was so jealous: I thought,

"Why didn't they give us the money to do, say, *Midnight Cowboy*? We would have done it so real for them." I didn't understand then that when they said they wanted real life, they meant real movie life!

"Isn't it amazing?" Paul said on the phone one night while I was still in the hospital. "Hollywood's just gotten around to doing a movie about a 42nd Street male hustler, and we did ours in '65. And there are all our great New York people sitting on their set all day—Geraldine, Joe, Ondine, Pat Ast, Taylor, Candy, Jackie, Cerr Miller, Patti D'Arbanville—and they never even get around to using them. . . ."

"What's Dustin like?" I asked.

"Oh, he's very nice."

"And Jon Voight?"

"He's very nice, too. . . . So's Brenda Vaccaro," he said, absently. "They're all very nice." Then he laughed, remembering Sylvia Miles. "And Sylvia's absolutely indomitable. A force of nature."

Hair and *Conquest* had been in rehearsal downtown at the same time. *Conquest* had a short, modestly successful run and then closed. *Hair*, of course, turned out to be a huge commercial hit, moving uptown after a few months to the Baltimore Theater on Broadway, where it kept on playing for years. It marked a crucial turning point in the history of the theater, just the way the following year *Midnight Cowboy* would in film.

Now it was clear that there were two types of people doing counterculture "new things"—the ones who wanted to be commercial and successful, and move right up into the mainstream of society with their stuff, and the ones who wanted to stay where they were, outside society. The way to be counterculture and have mass commercial success was to say and do radical things in a conservative format. Like have a well-choreographed, well-scored, anti-establishment "hippie be-in" in a well-ventilated, well-located theater. Or like McLuhan had done—write a book saying books were obsolete.

The other people—the ones who didn't care at all about mass commercial success—did radical things in a radical format, and if the audience didn't happen to get the content or the form, then that was that.

We were thrilled to have the attention of Hollywood—now it was only a matter of time, we felt, before "somebody out there" would want to finance some of our breakthroughs instead of just sitting back and commenting on them. I mean, we'd done *My Hustler* back in '65, and now here Hollywood was in '67 just getting ready to shoot a movie called *Midnight Cowboy* about a male hustler in New York City. Paul and I read *Variety* all the time now, really feeling that at last we were a part of the commercial movie business.

"It's Viva," Paul said, standing up and handing me the phone. I sat down in his chair, and he walked to the back. Viva was telling me that she was uptown at Kenneth's salon where the *Midnight Cowboy* production people were trying to match her hair color to the hair of Castone Rossini, the boy she was doing a scene with.

Both Paul's and Fred's desks were actually low metal file cabinets with big ten-foot by five-foot boards across between them—the working surface was glass, so that when you looked down to write something, you could see yourself. I leaned over the desk to see how I looked—talking to her was making me think about my own hair. Viva kept gabbing, about the movie, about how she was going to play an underground filmmaker at a party scene where Jon Voight meets Brenda Vaccaro. I motioned for Fred to pick up and continue the conversation for me, and as I was putting the phone down, I heard a loud exploding noise and whirled around. I saw Valerie pointing a gun at me and I realized she'd just fired it.

I said, "No! No, Valerie! Don't do it!" and she shot at me again. I dropped down to the floor as if I'd been hit—I didn't know if I actually was or not. I tried to crawl under the desk. She moved in closer, fired again, and then I felt horrible, horrible pain, like a cherry bomb exploding inside me.

As I lay there, I watched the blood come through my shirt and I heard more shooting and yelling. (Later—a long time later—they told me that two bullets from a .32-caliber gun had gone through my stomach, liver, spleen, esophagus, left lung, and right lung.) Then I saw Fred standing over me and I gasped, "I can't breathe." He knelt down and tried to give me artificial respiration but I told him no, no, that it hurt too much. He got up from the floor and rushed to the phone to call an ambulance and the police.

Then suddenly Billy was leaning over me. He hadn't been there during the shooting, he'd just come in. I looked up and I thought he was laughing, and that made me start to laugh, too, I can't explain why. But it hurt so much, and I told him, "Don't laugh, oh, please don't make me laugh." But he wasn't laughing. It turned out, he was crying.

It was almost a half-hour before the ambulance got there. I just stayed still on the floor, bleeding.

POPism: THE WARRIOR '66

The American avant-garde cinema has never had important practical or artistic links to the commercial feature film as it is practiced in Hollywood—Warhol's beloved Hollywood. As the avant-garde developed, a kind of ideological (and more than merely ideological) hostility to the "commercial" cinema grew up within the movement and became very intense. A continental divide came to separate the supposed commercial mainstream and the avant-garde. Given the vast disparities in money and influence between the two camps, the quarrel may look like one between a mouse and an elephant. But in terms of working film-makers and their aesthetics, the distinction was and is real and important. And we know about mice and elephants.

LONEL INESS

Postcard
Strip-AD
FOR BLUE BOY

POST CARD

Angersitting

not the
spray-on
deodorant



Vernon Zimmerman, who later made *Unholy Rollers* and *Fade to Black*, had a loft in the Village where he showed us *Scorpio Rising*. It had been banned, but the shocking thing about it wasn't the Hell's Angels stuff, it was the use of music. This was music I knew, and we had always been told by our professors at NYU that we couldn't use it in student films because of copyright. Now here was Kenneth Anger's film in and out of the courts on obscenity charges, but no one seemed to be complaining that he'd used all those incredible tracks by Elvis Presley, Ricky Nelson and The Rebels. That gave me the idea to use whatever music I really needed. ... Martin Scorsese.



By design or circumstance Left outside the mainstream Low budget.
Or not, not much going on but a NO to Hollywood-the breaking of
the homosexual tradition of the underground film.
With so many rules discarded, finally free to mess with Time & Space
From the end of the nineteen fifties to the end of the nineteen sixties
(sometime in the seventies). When it's so easy to be bored by the banality of
script & plot-why not set adrift and check out the cheekbones.

They say it was the second world war that brought it out in folks. In Los Angeles at first-at U.S.C. : Curtis Harrington, Gregory Markopoulos & Kenneth Angersitting in on film classes. The European avant garde(not the spray-on deodorant)-Cocteau & Bunuel. In 1937, The Museum of Modern Art started touring film programmes. In 1947 : 'Art in Cinema' series-San Francisco Museum of Art. 'Le Sang d'un Poete' & 'Un Chien Andalou' -the phantoms and the archetypes of all this stuff to come. Don't forget Marcel.

The Surrealists saying go to the cinema, don't matter what film or how long it's been started, forget the narrative. The image is the thing. Let Loose. and don't forget Freud & his unconscious mind.

A 16mm camera is cheaper & lighter.

Meanwhile back in the jungle. Little Richard & Esquerida-messing with the Blues (in the swamps.) & The Chantels & Shirley & Lee & ...
- a Revolution on the way against the blandly conforming Faux-Luxe mainstream-life-U.S. of A.

MARLON BRANDO runnin around New Orleans town in sweat-stained T-shirt
Thrilling Tennessee.
Whole world hit by a STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE SMACK!

Meanwhile, in another part of the jungle-all screwed down tight but not quite alright-a colour television in a scots sitting room-in comes the impossibly straight world of Douglas Sirk. It always takes place on a Sunday Afternoon. The look of the colour stock should have given this game away, should have told the real origin of these images. A Magnificent Obsession with 'Rock'n' Jane' George Kuchar & John Waters Soaking up melodrama in technicolor to spew it all out again. Hold Me While I'm Naked (in Odorana).

'Fireworks', an earlier Anger film is shown at 'Festival du Film Maudit'-Biarritz 1949. The Festival is organised by Cocteau who likes Anger's film. Anger goes off to Europe in 1950. Early '60s he's back in the USA-New York and makes *SCORPIO RISING* 1962/1963. in style of 'Physique Pictorial' the homo-porno mags of the day -the mind of Kenneth erupting on 16mm. If you allow your mind to cruise downstream, try to be there-the shock of the new. So much stuff here. A homoerotic melee of bikers & nazis & christ & Brando & sadism & Elvis & thrilling obviously yet curiously innocent? (Anger's work is informed by magic) *Scorpio Rising* is organised as a four part ritual progression). & It's Uplifting! Why? The Soundtrack of course THE UNORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK. Suddenly the door swung open - Scorsese took it from there and ran with it. Harvey Keitel could do it to EE MY BABY...BOOM...BOOMBOOM... BAH!




If you've got Phil & Ronnie (The Best) on your side there's no chance of losing (Don't forget David Lynch in the front row pondering .. As the biker gets dressed up to Blue Velvet -throw in the mechanical bird from Hold Me While I'm Naked!)

So much has been taken from *Scorpio Rising* through the years that the shock-waves are dissipated. Once a staple of Scala all-nighters in the '70s it crops up now on channel 4 and it's no doubt on video.

Ironically when the date was changed for Cheap Flights, *Scorpio Rising* was the one film already booked for somewhere else. I wonder where.

I SEE THE LIGHTS I SEE THE PARTY LIGHTS

*Love
&
Kisses.* *Ronnie* *Spears* *xxx*



(fine fresh fish)

Come in Palare Harry and please do not tarry.
The appropriate measures will be taken in view of
the seriousness of the situation. Harry sat on the
wickerwork chair, care-worn, shorn, dishevelled & torn

"Really? And in this day & age?"

In these new dark-ages of no minimum wages &
counterfeit sages, you are a star-spangled protean,
exhibiting several characteristics of a fine fresh
fish. Beyond the psycho-babbling rabble, beyond the
counter-culture vultures spouting verbal diarrhoea.
Shamanistic? My aunt Fanny's granny takes a trip
but grew weary of Leary yet conversely grooved on
Lear -a curious man with a beard.

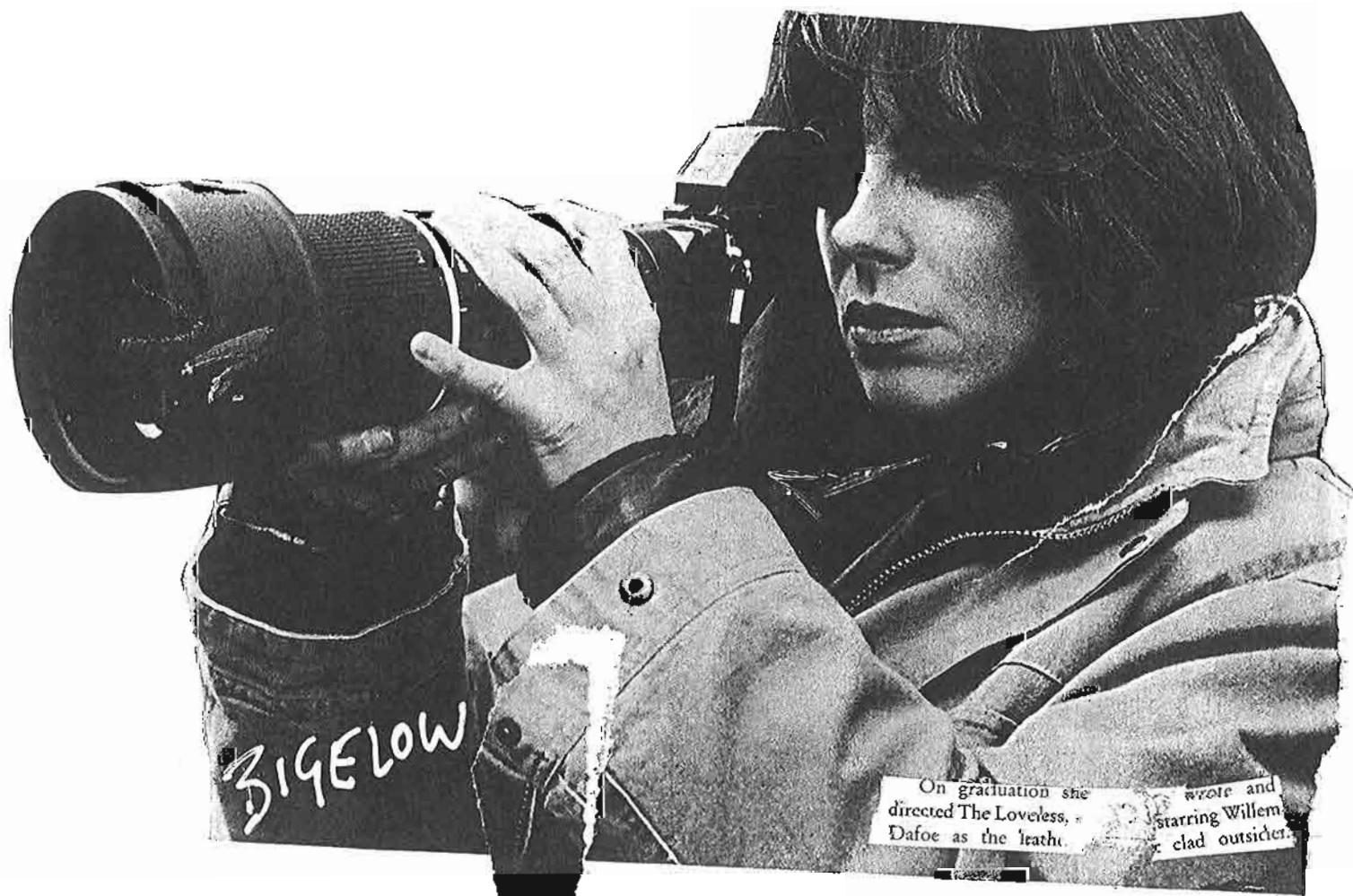
Yes Harry, in this age of utter confusion &
mass delusion you're well placed to break through,
illuminated by the moonlight, stars, etc.

EDWYN COLLINS

Loveless, The

(Kathryn Bigelow/Monty Montgomery, 1981, US) Willem Dafoe, Robert Gordon, Marin Kanter, J Don Ferguson, Tina L'Hotsky, Lawrence Matarrese.

'Man, I was what you call ragged ... I knew I was gonna hell in a breadbasket' intones the hero in the great opening moments of *The Loveless*, and as he zips up and bikes out, it's clear that this is one of the most original American independents in years: a bike movie which celebrates the '50s through '80s eyes. Where earlier bike films like *The Wild One* were forced to concentrate on plot, *The Loveless* deliberately slips its story into the background in order to linger over all the latent erotic material of the period that other films could only hint at in their posters. Zips and sunglasses and leather form the basis of a cool and stylish dream of sexual self-destruction, matched by a Robert Gordon score which exaggerates the sexual aspects of '50s music. At times the perversely slow beat of each scene can irritate, but that's a reasonable price for the film's super-saturated atmosphere.



Later. Much, much later...



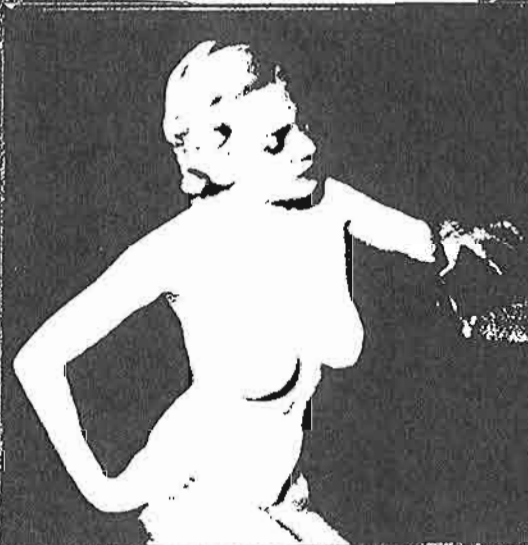
Toe to toe with the
eerie shape of a stranger



a slippery vessel,
held at arms length



speaking the language of
lovers & liars...



the uniform of a beast



rubbbing shoulders with
the outfit of a beauty.



Elemental, but not magical.

STAMPING GROUND

DIS-ORIENTA T I O N



It was May 1976 and I was 17. I was in the middle of my highers but I'd lost interest (in most things) Sat an exam on Thursday afternoon and got an overnight train to London (did it take twelve hours in these days—it seemed to) Got a B&B in Sussex Gardens. Paddington was exciting then—all the sex shops and Bizarre Records in Praed St. with Metallic K.O. in the window, lots of records you wouldn't see anywhere else & zerox ads for SEX PISTOLS—some new group never heard of. It was a good name.

Friday afternoon, Leicester Square. Full of Thomas Jerome Newton's. (there was a really boring magazine called Street Life which had colour stills from the film—so maybe it wasn't so boring) The one on the south side of Leicester Sq. (Cinema)

The Man Who Sell To Earth was the most exciting film I'd ever seen. Taxi Driver & Cuckoo's Nest & but they didn't have Bowie in them.

You had to remember everything in those days. I could re-run Cracked Actor over & over in my head—all the lines & the clothes. You had to—No videos then. Your mind was your video so you could get things wrong and they'd turn out better that way.

That night I got something really badly wrong. 18m walking towards the Empire Pool and pull out my ticket—for Saturday night! I've got the wrong ticket. Panic - Pace about Blackout. Still can't recall it all! Went through the turnstiles like Midnight Express - was convinced I'd have a heart attack (and I'd have to go through the same thing the next night!)

Once I was in I was in but I didn't relax—soaking up Isolar a programme - but in a newspaper format Kidian photography & Buster Keaton & Burroughs all very Nuremburg Rally style—very different vibe from 'Horse of the Year' Huge cinema screen—no support—no special guests even. It starts up. Black & white. the open razor cutting the eyeball. UN CHIEN ANDALOU. Never seen a girl like you..before

A few months later, I made *Un Chien andalou*, which came from an encounter between two dreams. When I arrived to spend a few days at Dali's house in Figueras, I told him about a dream I'd had in which a long, tapering cloud sliced the moon in half, like a razor blade slicing through an eye. Dali immediately told me that he'd seen a hand crawling with ants in a dream he'd had the previous night.

"And what if we started right there and made a film?" he wondered aloud.

Despite my hesitation, we soon found ourselves hard at work, and in less than a week we had a script. Our only rule was very simple: No idea or image that might lend itself to a rational explanation of any kind would be accepted. We had to open all doors to the irrational and keep only those images that surprised us, without trying to explain why. The amazing thing was that we never had the slightest disagreement; we spent a week of total identification.

"A man fires a double bass," one of us would say.



"No," replied the other, and the one who'd proposed the idea accepted the veto and felt it justified. On the other hand, when the image proposed by one was accepted by the other, it immediately seemed luminously right and absolutely necessary to the scenario.

When the script was finished, I realized that we had such an original and provocative movie that no ordinary production company would touch it.

The opening of *Un Chien andalou* took place at the Ursulines, and was attended by the *tout-Paris*—some aristocrats, a sprinkling of well-established artists (among them Picasso, Le Corbusier, Cocteau, Christian Bérard, and the composer Georges Auric), and the surrealist group in toto. I was a nervous wreck. In fact, I hid behind the screen with the record player, alternating Argentinian tangos with *Tristan und Isolde*. Before the show, I'd put some stones in my pocket to throw at the audience in case of disaster, remembering that a short time before, the surrealists had hissed Germaine Dulac's *La Coquille et le clergymen*, based on a script by Antonin Artaud, which I'd rather liked. I expected the worst; but, happily, the stones weren't necessary. After the film ended, I listened to the prolonged applause and dropped my projectiles discreetly, one by one, on the floor behind the screen.

MY LAST BREATH

(Somewhere, elsewhere, same Empire Pool—Paul Quinn with gang of Bowie casualties this lot from Dundee. Same age much the same scenario.) Next afternoon, caught shoplifting singles - Bowie singles with picture covers - from HMV in Oxford St. Lie about my age, act all scared (easily done) Free to go. Bit shook up but mostly annoyed at not getting the records. Anyway Bowie again tonight & the weird film again!

Wish I didn't have to sit another exam on Monday & I could stay in London. So much stuff down here You could get yourself lost down here.

LONELINESS



on black and white videotape. Certainly we felt it would be a labour of love rather than any kind of commercial success — shoot very quickly in New York, finish it in Los Angeles, release it and then bounce back into New York, New York, on which we'd already begun pre-production. De Niro's schedule had to be rearranged anyway, because he was due to film *1900* with Bertolucci.

Much of *Taxi Driver* arose from my feeling that movies are really a kind of dream-state, or like taking dope. And the shock of walking out of the theatre into broad daylight can be terrifying. I watch movies all the time and I am also very bad at waking up. The film was like that for me — that sense of being almost awake. There's a shot in *Taxi Driver* where Travis Bickle is talking on the phone to Betty and the camera tracks away from him down the long hallway and there's nobody there. That was the first shot I thought of in the film, and it was the last I filmed. I like it because I sensed that it added to the loneliness of the whole thing, but I guess you can see the hand behind the camera there.

The whole film is very much based on the impressions I have as a result of growing up in New York and living in the city. There's a shot where the camera is mounted on the hood of the taxi and it drives past the sign 'Fascination', which is just down from my office. It's that idea of being fascinated, of this avenging angel floating through the streets of the city, that represents all cities for me. Because of the low budget, the whole film was drawn out on storyboards, even down to medium close-ups of people talking, so that everything would connect. I had to create this dream-like quality in those drawings. Sometimes the character himself is on a dolly, so that we look over his shoulder as he moves towards another character, and for a split second the audience would wonder what was happening. The overall idea was to make it like a cross between a Gothic horror and the *New York Daily News*.

I don't think there is any difference between fantasy and reality in the way these should be approached in a film. Of course, if you live that way you are clinically insane. But I can ignore the boundary on film. In *Taxi Driver* Travis Bickle lives it out, he goes right to the edge and explodes. When I read Paul's script, I realized that was exactly the way I felt, that we all have those feelings, so this was a way of embracing and admitting them, while saying I wasn't happy about them. When you live in a city, there's a constant sense that the buildings are getting old, things are breaking down, the bridges and the subway need repairing. At the same time society is in a state of decay; the police force are not doing their job in allowing prostitution on the streets, and who knows if they're feeding off it and making money out of it. So that sense of frustration goes in swings of the pendulum, only Travis thinks it's not going to swing back unless he does something about it. It was a way of exorcizing those feelings, and I have the impression that De Niro felt that too.

Travis really has the best of intentions; he believes he's doing right, just like St Paul. He wants to clean up life, clean up the mind, clean up the soul. He is very spiritual, but in a sense Charles Manson was spiritual, which doesn't mean that it's good. It's the power of the spirit on the wrong road. The key to the picture is the idea of being brave enough to admit having these feelings, and then act them out. I instinctively showed that the acting out was not the way to go, and this created even more ironic twists to what was going on.

It was crucial to Travis Bickle's character that he had experienced life and death around him every second he was in south-east Asia. That way it becomes more heightened when he comes back; the image of the street at night reflected in the dirty gutter becomes more threatening. I think that's something a guy going through a war, any war, would experience when he

Brando himself got older and his screen appearances rarer, it seemed for a long while that there was no-one to fill the void he was leaving; what other star was there possessed of such incredible sexual magnetism, who was at the same time a sensitive actor with a huge range, whose presence in even the most mediocre films lifted everything around him to a high level of intelligence and excitement?

Then in 1973 along came De Niro in *Bang the Drum Slowly* and, even more importantly, *Mean Streets*; it was not a 'new Brando' who had appeared, but an actor of the same class, and one who would obviously become, like Brando, a consummate film actor.

1975

Taxi Driver

A Vietnam veteran, lonely Travis Bickle, takes up driving a taxi in New York in search of an escape from his sleeplessness and disgust with the corruption he finds around him. After failing to begin a romance with the beautiful Betty, who is working on the election campaign of presidential candidate Charles Palantine, Bickle's pent-up rage leads him to buy a set of guns. While training himself to use them, he meets a teenage prostitute, Iris, and becomes determined to rescue her from her sordid profession. Foiled in his attempt to assassinate Palantine, he goes to Iris's room and kills the men who 'own' her. Failing to commit suicide after this ritual act, Bickle becomes a hero in the press, and returns to driving a taxi.

comes back to what is supposedly 'civilization'. He'd be more paranoid. I'll never forget a story my father told me about one of my uncles coming back from the Second World War and walking in the street. A car backfired and the guy just instinctively ran two blocks! So Travis Bickle was affected by Vietnam: it's held in him and then it explodes. And although at the end of the film he seems to be in control again, we give the impression that any second the time bomb might go off again.

Bickle chooses to drive his taxi anywhere in the city, even the worst places, because it feeds his hate.

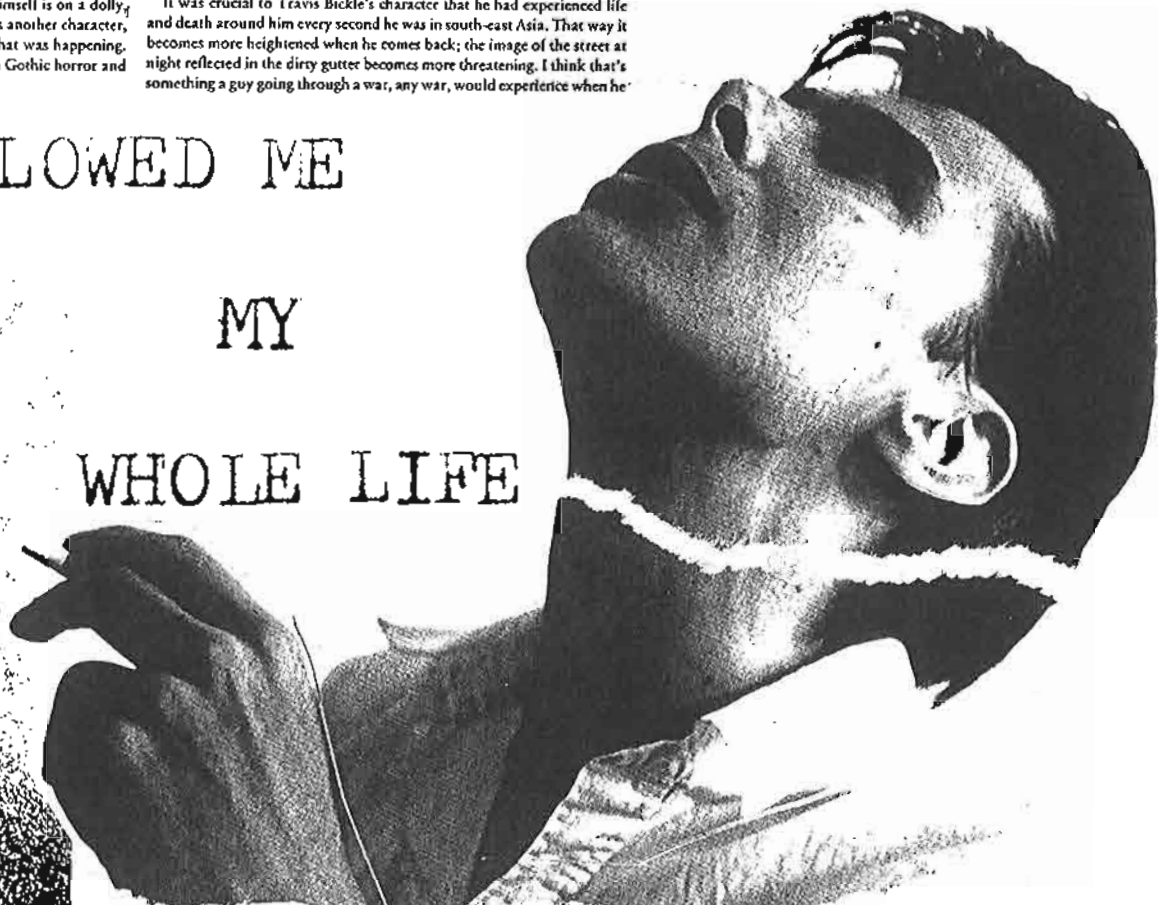
I was thinking about the John Wayne character in *The Searchers*. He doesn't say much, except 'That'll be the day' (from which Buddy Holly did the song). He doesn't belong anywhere, since he's just fought in a war he believed in and lost, but he has a great love within him that's been stamped out. He gets carried away, so that during the long search for the young girl, he kills more buffalo than necessary because it's less food for the Comanche — but, throughout, he's determined that they'll find her, as he says, 'as sure as the turning of the Earth'.

People related to the film very strongly in terms of loneliness. I never realized what that image on the poster did for the film — a shot of De Niro walking down the street with the line, 'In every city there's one man.' And we had thought that audiences would reject the film, feeling that it was too unpleasant and no one would want to see it!

'FOLLOWED ME

MY

WHOLE LIFE



POST CARD

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE



'its not my baby puttin' it
down old thing''

the son of man is coming
130 miles an hour
that which was lost
done at least one-forty
you take these
come now, let us stride
lord: though your sins be
smokes
nor drinks as white as snow
though one hundred per
they shall be as wool do
but takes no exercises
and eats the blood of jesus
puts before him

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Ah th East..... I propose to return thdre someday when I write about New York.

Naturalism has little to do with realism in the universe of Ronald Firbank. Conventional logic goes askew in his anxiety to see things from a fresh angle-as was the mood of the times : he died at the age of 40 in 1926.

In Europe: Futurism, Dadaism, Surrealism: many groups of artistic extremists flowered in attempting to explain and reflect the absurdity of the new millenium.

Meanwhile Stateside people learned to dance to the new jazz rhythms.

His ineptitude in spelling and grammar were exploited in his quest to distance himself from a convention that had anyway disowned him, so that things might be seen freshly if not clearly.

If it wasn't for the Vanity Press only one of hds books (The Prancing Nigger) would have seen daylight although the planned Hollywood Movie never did. Through this enforced independence and his own persistance he created a posthumous secret society of devotees hanging on his every aside-addicted to his sad delights.

For him everything was appearance. Things if not superficial are reduced to the superficial and the superficial is elevated to a fantastic height. Inanimate objects gossip amongst themselves as the weight of Victorian Sentimentality is confronted with a modernist gaze.

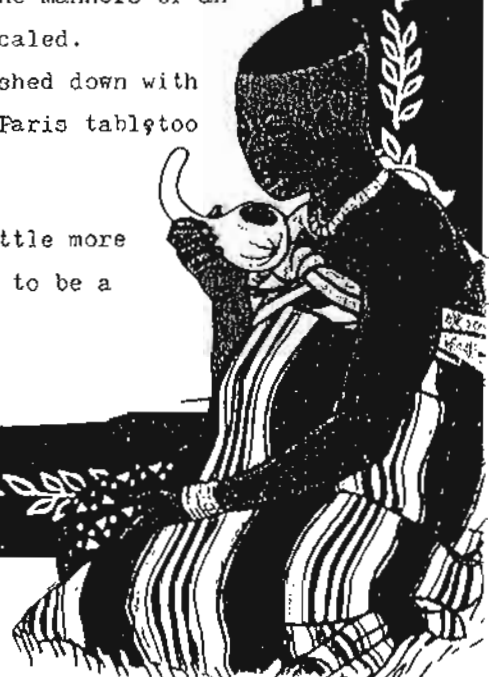
"My writing must bring comfort to fools since it is aggressive witty and unrelenting."

He knew at the time that his books were too obscure, his concerns too frivolous by the literary standards of the time to become anything other than a cult. Forever the maverick the very picture of the early 20th Century artist, world-weary he went to Venice to research a story of Tropical Love. Using mannered language to convey the manners of an overly mannered world, new heights of ascetisism were scaled.

A typical Firbank meal would be a single pea washed down with champagne before he would slide drunk under a Cafe de Paris table too shy to talk.

As he wrote; "To be artificial and to be a little more improbable and impossible than one's neighbours is to be a perfect success."

PAUL W. QUINN.

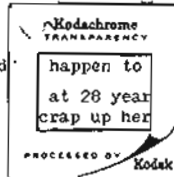


per ardua ad astra



to be sent for just one penny my brand new miniature dog

"in case you did happen to see it
here and pull this kind at 26 year old do you think you can come up
crap up her



James Kirk came up with the name Orange Juice (Strawberry switchblade too for that matter) a year was spent looking for a name In 1978 that was the weirdest name any group could've had (without being weird for the sake of being weird of course). 'Let Orange Juice wash the acid from your brain' wrote Tony Parsons. 'Orange Juice on ice is 'nice'-from Midnight Cowboy ~Florida/orange juice-where Everything's Alright. It was very Art very Arch

As a teenager Midnight Cowboy really got me. Taxi Driver really got me too. The Wild One/Scorpio Rising/The Loveless-such a perfect triptych Luckily to avoid perfection Scorpio Rising wasn't available when the date was changed replacement was to be Simon of The Desert but that wasn't available either. Un Chien Andalou. should have been first choice but it seemed a bit obvious-so we hesitated. Shouldn't have-all the choices are obvious and now I see that's the good thing. That's not the bad Thing. The bad thing must be the second guessing

then when It's done all the little connections appear and you start to appreciate that the subconscious had come in & got involved too

WIFE OF PSEUDO-INTELLECTUAL
TAILED-POP-STAR PREPARES TO
SINK KNIFE INTO BACK OF
LOCAL MEDIA CELEBRITY

'USURY' NO
LONGER TAKES THE 'A',
A LITTLE MORE SHERRY?

DEATH OF POST-MODERNISM

simultaneous enemies and lovers; a little ridiculous perhaps in their love as much as in their hatred.

IN THE MEANTIME BEFORE
FAILURE
POSTCARD RECORDINGS OF SCOTLAND

