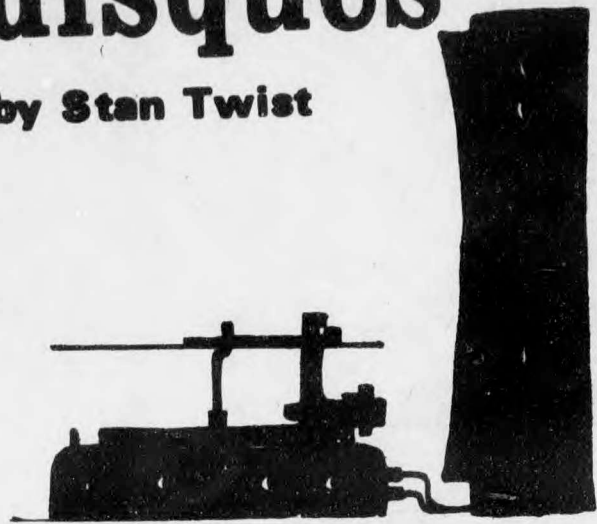


# disques

by Stan Twist



## Mick Greenwood Saves Young Man From Certain Death

Gene had developed a genuine hatred of the record industry. Sure, the record people had been churning out bad music en masse since the phonograph had come into vogue, but there was always a small percentage of the monthly barrage of vinyl that made up for the rest. But over the years that percentage had been slowly dwindling down and down. Pretty soon it reached the point where Gene was happy if he found only one good LP in a whole month. Gene was extremely unhappy.

Now to most people, it wouldn't be so hard to take, this lack of good music, but to Gene it was much more than an unpleasant situation. It was a major disaster. Gene loved music with a passion rarely found in mortals and to him they were more than mere circular pieces of wax with paper labels glued on them. To Gene each record was like a person; it changed his moods, it spoke to him, it took him places he had never been before, in fact, to Gene records were more important than people.

No one knew, even people who had been acquainted with Gene for years, which had

come first; Gene's love of records or his rejection of people. Most people didn't give it much thought, few were even aware of his existence. It wasn't as if Gene was an ugly moron or anything like that, for it was true that Gene was reasonably good looking and far above the normal person's intellect, but he simply didn't have any interest in other people.

The end of Gene's relationships with people came one night after Gene had walked one of his rare dates home from a movie they had just seen ("Woodstock"). It seems the young lady had developed an acute case of hot pants during the flick and when the two of them had reached her doorstep, she decided to ask Gene in and told him in so many words that she wanted desperately to go to bed with him. Gene then nicely asked her if she had the latest Van Morrison LP. When she replied in the negative Gene informed her that he didn't see much point in staying under those conditions. The delicate damsel then flew into a fit of rage that resulted in five neighbouring families being awoken, the Lords name being taken in vain nine separate times, the vernacular for sexual intercourse being uttered no less than fourteen times and Gene being severely kicked in the nuts. From that night on, Gene had little contact with people and, once the story got out, people wished to have little contact with Gene. (It should be noted that after the evening in question, Gene had received seven unsigned letters and twenty-three anonymous phone calls, none of which can be reproduced here).

As he opened his front door on his way to jump off the city bridge Gene saw a large brown cardboard carton wedged in his mailbox.

"That's funny, I'm sure I brought in all the mail this morning".

Gene immediately knew by the size and shape of the box that it contained a record, but that didn't mean anything to him anymore. Just as he was about to throw it on to the sofa, Gene read these words written in felt marker on the back of the carton: "I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL GENE. BUT LISTEN TO THIS RECORD ONCE BEFORE YOU GO THROUGH WITH IT" SIGNED, A FRIEND".

"Hey, what is this", yelled Gene at the package. "I don't have any friends". And how

did you know what I was planning to do?"

The brown cardboard carton, of course, didn't give Gene a reply.

"Oh, what the Hell", sighed Gene angrily as he ripped open the package and put the record on his stereo. "What have I got to lose".

Gene half-consciously noted the album's title in his mind as he sat down on the sofa. "Living Game by Mick Greenwood".

A song called "Taxi" was the first tune to reach Gene's ears. He was immediately interested. The jazzy flute and latin percussion gave the song an original, fresh sound to it. And this dude Greenwood had a good voice too. As the song ended in an orgy of percussion Gene was beginning to have doubts about his suicide.

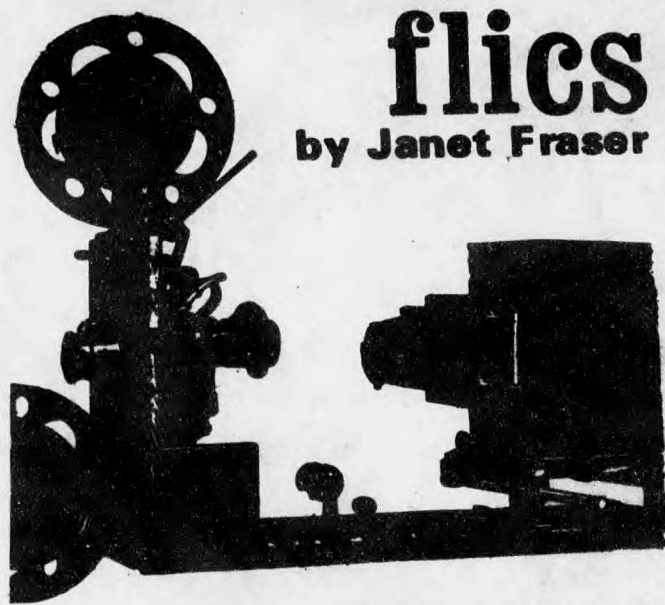
The way the strings and piano reinforced the acoustic guitar in "Friend of Mine" brought a feeling welling up in Gene that he hadn't felt since he had last listened to "Astral Weeks" by Van Morrison.

But it was the third song on the album that changed Gene's life. A beautiful tune coupled with lyrics like these caused Gene's mind to operate in a totally different manner than it ever had before:

hello brother  
getting to the point of no return  
the world around you  
is built upon the images you learn  
it's the living game  
you've got to play it by the rules  
it's the living game  
play another way and you lose

Gene was so delighted that he got up and played the song again. And again. And again. In fact, Gene didn't even get around to playing the rest of the LP until later that afternoon. And when he did he couldn't have been happier. The lyrics to "After the first World War" were almost as good as "Living Game" and all in all there wasn't a bum cut on the whole record.

That same night, Gene appeared at the door of the girl who had once booted him in the groin, with a bottle of wine in one hand and a box of roses in the other. I won't go into the gory details but Gene didn't leave the aforementioned lady's apartment for two straight days. Gene was no longer unhappy.



## flics

by Janet Fraser

### The Loves of Isadora

Arising out of the puritanical attitudes of the Victorian age, Isadora Duncan founder of the interpretive school of drama, personified all that is free and spontaneous. She lived and died as a lonely warrior who suffered for her unpredictability and unconventional behavior. Vanessa Redgrave understands the artistic temperament and Isadora's celebration of Beauty and Art. Miss Redgrave is a beautiful woman herself, tall and dynamic, who once had dreams of laurels and baccolades until her ballet teacher suggested she turn to acting because of her height. She worked on the dance scenes in the film for many months and it is an artistic triumph for the actress. Wearing the loose-fitting white or scarlet togas that Isadora frequented,

she uses her long arms to reach into the souls of men or flings her scarf around in some mad caprice.

Isadora Duncan has been primarily criticized for her contempt for the conventions of Society. She did not believe in the institution of marriage and had two children by different lovers. Three men had a profound effect on her life: a bohemian designer who showed her how to realize her own potential, Paris Singer, a multi-millionaire who financially backed-up her schools of dance all over Europe, and a Russian poet half her age whom she adored for his wild excesses and "purity of soul". In her relationships with men she admired power and what she interpreted as strength but no man could or would ever dominate her for any period of time.

Isadora's devotion to her "poor but talented" students whom she treated as her own children revealed a maternal side to her nature. Her own children were the only people who gave her a strong hold on life, and when they died in a freakish car accident she felt like a traveller on a "phantom ship". Isadora was a child-like creature herself, vulnerable, entertaining, emotional, and innocent in a strange sense.

After the death of her children Isadora took up the cause of the Russian Revolution while entertaining in the Soviet Union. She returned to her homeland, America (which she had left as a young girl) with her fiery, idealistic lover, the Russian poet, and danced the glorious "Dance of Liberation" in packed theatres. But during one performance, a member of the audience screamed "Commie!" and while the viewers vacated the theatre en masse she became more and more frantic in her dancing and proclaimed that the human body is beautiful. That scene expressed bluntly Isadora's entire life. Perhaps in a strange way, Isadora was a

child of those changing times but she could not be accepted on her own terms.

The photography in the film is really sumptuous. Many scenes were filmed in the original Singu mansion and gardens or in palaces and villages in Yugoslavia, which is largely unhampered by modern architecture. The scenes in which Isadora, a middle-aged woman surrounded by faithful if not somewhat "bourgeois" friends, reminisces on her career and "loves", were shot in a resort town on the Adriatic coast. Those scenes capture the mood of this decadent ex-patriate community in southern France by filming the idle rich and their artistic companions, the flappers and dandies and phonograph records, and the moonlit beaches and crumbling villas. Isadora escaped through her flamboyant death: While she was standing triumphantly on the seat of a racing convertible, her long scarf was caught in the wheel of the car and she was strangled. The scene was very effective - beams from the pavillion lights reflected the once golden, non limpid henna coloured hair and revealed the mask-like face and startled eyes.

The film takes a relatively light approach to Isadora Duncan, gently poking fun at her eccentricities but also appreciating the diverse elements in her character. The desperation and longing she felt at times is reflected in the dance scenes and in a sense they tell the story of her life. She continues to be admired even today for her courage to be herself and adored for her passionate and generous nature. The film was an excellent character study of this phenomenal woman and also an interesting study of the times she lived in. In my opinion all the actors owe their success to the script and the film owes its success to the unique capabilities of Vanessa Redgrave who will now seem real to me only as Isadora Duncan.