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needs to show, all his frustration at having to prove something: Anne Wiazemski runs along the beach, is pursued and shot, and dies on a film crane which takes her and the heavy camera into the air, while above her a black and a red flag flutters in the wind, in the blue sky, above the sea. The *emotions* of a thirty-nine-year-old man, of whom Mick Jagger says: 'I've seen Godard since I was a Young European Boy in Paris. It's like a big thing, you know, like part of your thing.'

I watched with glee while your kings and queens
Fought for ten decades for the gods they made.
I shouted out, 'Who killed the Kennedys?'
When after all it was you and me.
So let me introduce myself,
I am a man of wealth and taste
And I lay traps for troubadours
Who get killed before they reach Bombay.
Pleased to meet you,
Hope you guess my name.
But what's puzzling you,
Is the nature of my game.

I saw *One Plus One* in London. In the Electric Cinema.

July 1969

Lydia

'His eyes can hear, his ears can see, his lips speak.'
The Who

At the beginning of the film the narrator says: 'Not far from the village that bears the name of Bettlach, there lived an old man who had given his wife seven sons and seven daughters. The Lord took five sons and six daughters away from him, and the poor charcoal-burner's suffering was great, for now he had only one daughter and two sons, and the older son was rather stupid. But he was the one who packed his things together one day and went to his father to ask his permission to leave for the far town of Soho, the city which was, as he put it, the one that mattered.'

A proper story, a long and complicated and simple story about someone who sets out to learn about fear and gets on the train in Bettlach with this purpose in mind. He gets into a first-class compartment, and looks out of the window, where his parents are standing waving on the little country station platform. The sun is just going down. His parents' car, an Opel, gleams. He opens his suitcase. On top of his underwear there is a book. In the dining car he orders spaghetti Bolognese, but the waiter, who looks like a villain out of a film by Griffith, brings him *pig-feed*. He demolishes a carriage of the train, the train's completely wrecked, there's a train burning in the middle of this amazingly green field! He's in a city, being given directions by a policeman, hails a taxi, first getting into the back then moving to the front, then deciding to sit in the back again and finally settling for the front seat. He runs around on some scaffolding. In a self-service restaurant, where people are standing and eating, he eats.

He sits outside a café drinking beer. There are a number of empty beer-bottles in front of him. He looks drunk, and knocks a bottle over, leaving beer spilling over the edge of the table. He lights a cigarette, and in the background you can suddenly make out the waiter from the train

sitting at another table. A woman slowly, interminably, sings 'You are my sunshine, my only sunshine . . .' He thinks: 'That bottle that fell over, at first I thought it was me.' He potters about on the canal in a pedal-boat. He tries to play with children in a big sand-pit. He watches a Catholic procession, and as all the people kneel to be blessed, he and the strange waiter push their way out of the crowd. The waiter gives him a map. He has the map explained to him and runs away. In an alleyway he stops a car. He is involved in a chase, running away from people with machine-guns on the roof of a multi-storey car park, gets caught and gets away again.

In a dark pub he eats ice-cream with two spoons. At night he goes to a disco. He meets a girl and sleeps with her. He plays pinball. He meets the waiter again, in a greenhouse, early in the morning. A wolf-hound makes an appearance. The waiter has a black monk's habit on. In a cemetery he enters a big vault and ends up in some strange passageways, feeling his way around with his eyes popping out of his head. Emerging from the cave he finds himself on a wide plain. He thinks: 'Hard is the way to the city of Soho, the city that matters.' He awakens again in a greenhouse. In a public toilet he runs into the Dracula waiter once more. They go to the station. With a cigarette in his hand he goes into the non-smoking compartment.

A very long story about an evolution, about experiences, about a mystical breakthrough, about supernatural powers. Filmed in 16mm, often with a hand-held camera, without any original sound, with old music by the Mothers of Invention, Cream and Wagner; in fact, it should get on your nerves. The individual parts of this film are all too familiar from a million underground movies. But if you see *Lydia* you are not aware of any of them and all that stuff you never want to see again.

After some years, The Who have finally made their rock-opera, *Tommy*: the story of a deaf, dumb and blind kid who goes through an incredible transformation. The Who make their music in the same way as they used to four years ago, but it's more precise, controlled and concentrated. And the fact that they've made an opera instead of an LP isn't the only thing that's new; they've made something genuinely new but by their old methods.

You'll feel me coming,
A new vibration
From afar you'll see me
I'm a sensation.

Savoldelli has done something similar with his film: he has used familiar means outside their usual context. He's made an over-length Hollywood film in 16mm and in forty-five minutes; Kubrick made an 8mm home-movie in Hollywood in 70mm.

There are incredibly beautiful moments in *Lydia*. The scene where Savoldelli, playing the lead in his own film, is sitting outside the café and knocks over his beer-glass, stops your breath: it's filmed in slow motion, but for once it's a tender gesture and not a brutal one; it's filmed with two cameras simultaneously, but for once that has nothing to do with the unpleasant automation of television shows filmed with several cameras at the same time, because it's more effective.

Sitting on the toilet, the charcoal-burner's imbecile son thinks to himself: 'I'll unscrew my goggle eyes and let the storm outside enter into the puppet theatre that's rumbling around in my brain.'

September 1969