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and lie down on the sofa she obeys, reluctantly, with pathetic docility. As pregnancy develops, she thinks she has caught dropsy from her mistress; the son of the house returns from the army, tells her what has happened, and she returns to her parents across the fields. Sad, true, well-played (Rosalind Ayres and Ray Smith were excellent), the story was set more than half a century ago: it couldn't happen now, one says. But of course it could.

Monday brought us the problems of the child and the dog. After some discursive, non-didactic film of kids in the Islington Boat Club (*Look, Stranger*) with some casual illustrations of the way children will accept responsibility if they don't feel they are being bullied into it, *Panorama* followed up with the heavy stuff about comprehensive schools in Sheffield. Julian Pettifer took us round Rowlinson, the large progressive; Myers Grove, locally dubbed the People's Eton, with grammar school traditions; and Hurlfield in the East End, where a class was seen to declare to its English teacher, by overwhelming majority, that it did not like poetry in any shape or form. Myers Grove, with its begowned staff, its serried ranks of hymn singers, its prizes (and spies) for tidy classrooms, and its immense popularity with parents, came off most unsympathetically: 'What better activity can you have than this?' declared the headmaster, defending his instant tradition of the Grove Ball Game, over an eloquent shot of filthy children fighting like dogs in the mud. No Grove children expressed their views on their education, a repression by *Panorama*, I imagine.

The Rowlinson children, on the other hand, seemed to have learned the prime lesson of loyalty that the Grove tried to inculcate: loyal to a child, articulate, self-possessed, charming, in some cases moustached, they did an excellent PR job for their school, praising its teaching methods, its smoke-filled sixth-form room, its ideals. True, the little ones did go on in rather a materialistic way about the 'terrific equipment': enthusiasm is not bought for nothing, and in this case it was purchased for the stereo generation by three-quarters of a million. The programme also discussed bussing, catchment areas and parents who move into select areas to be near middle-class comprehensives; an ex-grammar school teacher lamented that the first generation of children under the new system were 'a lost generation' and, surprisingly, expressed surprise that it was the less able children who had benefited from the change. Education is a hot topic, and despite its appearance of balance, I bet this programme sparked off more heat than light in the breasts of most parents watching. Particularly those in Sheffield.

As one who could easily become a rabid dog-hater, I wish John Mansfield's *Project Fido* (*Horizon* BBC2) had helped me by being a little more unbalanced. He told me his original conception was so horrid it would have made any responsible dog-owner chuck his pet out of the window, and what remains is frightening enough: shots of shit, worms, maps of rabies advancing across Europe, a sad story about a man whose guard dog replaced him in the twin bed during night shift and wouldn't let

him back in to join his wife. But the grim message about badly-trained owners was made palatable by joke title, cartoons and a positive passage about adolescent schizophrenics, whose first contacts with others were made through dogs. The description of a terrier as 'an aggressive lover, who refuses to accept rejection' almost turned one back on again to the species.

Dennis Potter returns next week.

Jazz

Charles Fox

Hypnotists

Sevda at Fregatten Sonet SNTF665 £2.45

Don Cherry, Eternal Now Sonet SNTF653 £2.45

Basil Kirchin, Worlds Within Worlds Island HELP18 £1.46

Hyphenated jazz has been around since long before Jelly Roll Morton began pontificating about the Spanish tinge. Maybe the hyphens did not stand out as self-consciously as they do today - in jazz-rock and Indo-jazz, for example - yet the fusions certainly took place. The tango-based passage in W. C. Handy's 'St Louis Blues', published in 1914, can be glimpsed as a forerunner of the bossa-novas of half a century later. And alliances of that sort have cropped up during every decade in between.

Nobody so far has written about Turko-jazz, yet it seems a valid enough title for what has been happening in Sweden, where quite a few Turkish musicians have settled down. Sevda, for example, includes three remarkable Turkish performers: the violinist Salih Baysal, the percussionist Okay Temiz and the trumpeter Maffy Falay, first spotted by Dizzy Gillespie when he was touring the Middle East in 1956. Sevda also contains a couple of Swedish saxophonists, one of whom, Bernt Rosengren, sounds uncannily like Sidney Bechet whenever he performs on the taragot, a wooden saxophone, very popular at Rumanian weddings. The themes, all Turkish, make use of 7/8 and 9/8 time. There are a few individual solos, but the overall approach can best be described as collective embellishment, the kind of half-improvisation one finds in the earliest sorts of jazz.

Middle Eastern and Oriental techniques have surfaced in jazz before. John Coltrane did not set out deliberately to suggest a parallel, but his modal improvising, the solos devised as lengthy explorations rather than formal structures, obviously had affinities with what Indian classical improvisers have been up to for centuries. Don Cherry did record with Coltrane, but is better known as the trumpeter in Ornette Coleman's original quartet. He has made Europe his headquarters for some years, and has also gone in for a good deal of

globe-trotting, acquiring en route an assortment of obscure instruments. Which explains why Cherry not only sings, plays the piano, harmonium and the Polynesian gamelan in *Eternal Now*, but also performs on the *h'suan*, a Chinese ceramic bowl flute, and the *Pkan-dung*, a Tibetan ritual trumpet constructed, if the sleeve note is to be believed, from a virgin's thighbone.

The danger of this kind of magpie activity is that it can result in something suspiciously like a performing museum. It happens from time to time on this LP, even if elsewhere the music works in its own repetitive, ritualistic way. Occasionally the cultural overlap can be deceiving, notably when three of the musicians sit at two pianos, for all the world as if history had got stuck in 1939 and they were Meade Lux Lewis, Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson. Yet while the music they play has the relentlessness of boogie-woogie, it lacks that idiom's harmonic shifts, its melodic and rhythmic diversions. The sleeve note suggests an African parallel, yet a more likely influence (especially as he, too, has been active in Scandinavia) is Terry Riley, whose speciality is making small, subtle changes, the creation of small-scale hypnosis.

Hypnosis could also be seen as the real aim behind *Worlds Within Worlds*. Basil Kirchin used to be a drummer and co-leader of one of the most exciting British big bands of the 1950s. His conversion to a composer armed with a tape-recorder has come about after a longish career writing film music. That tape-recorder is vital, because what Kirchin has done is to build up a massive repertoire of sounds - mostly organic, the utterances of animals and birds and insects. These sounds have been speeded up, slowed down, reversed, tinkered with in a variety of ways, before eventually becoming the elements of Kirchin's orchestration. Unlike *musique-concrète*, scarcely anything is identifiable. Children's voices flutter past from time to time, but the textures are mostly anonymous, occasionally voluptuous but more likely to be abrasive.

And there lies the aesthetic rub. For Kirchin's avowed purpose is to involve the listener creatively, presenting him with a series of aural landscapes upon which he can impose his own images and fantasies. The principle, in other words, is that of the picture glimpsed in the fire. An earlier LP (Columbia SCX6463) introduced some recognisable, if improbable, sounds (at one point a soprano saxophone duetted with a canary) and was less successful. Both movements on this new LP, however, preserve an eerie austerity, the sounds moving slowly like an organ impromptu in a cathedral.

Worlds Within Worlds can scarcely be



called jazz. What links there are lie in Basil Kirchin's musical background and his desire to turn the listener into a soloist. In the case of Sevda and Don Cherry's group, conventions overlap, their music falling halfway between Oriental or Middle Eastern practices and those of early jazz. Neither approach would have seemed remotely feasible in the pre-war jazz world, when exoticism was purely for decoration and atavism and the quest for gentility could co-exist in tunes with titles like 'Futuristic Jungleism'. But naïveté can often be honourable, and jazz musicians have never been alone in trying to oversimplify the cosmos. What is important is that these LPs do pose, if in startlingly different ways, some genuine aesthetic problems to which both musicians and critics are going to have to discover answers.

Films

John Coleman

In-Turned

Black Holiday Academy Two
The Life of O-Haru The Gate Cinema
Ransom Odeon, Marble Arch

Although Marco Leto, born in 1931, has directed several films and plays for Italian TV after working with such directors as Franco Rossi and Mario Monicelli, *Black Holiday* ('La Villeggiatura', 1973) is his first feature-length film for the cinema. All good liberals in need of a shaking-up should see it forthwith. Fascism came more slowly to Italy than Nazism to Germany. The formal abolition of parliamentary democracy and the Lateran Treaty resolving the differences of church and state came in the late Twenties and it was in the year of Leto's birth that a law was passed requiring university teachers to swear an oath of loyalty to the fascist regime. Fewer than a dozen professors jibbed. Leto has based his profoundly political film on the fortunes of one such, Franco Rossini (Adalberto Maria Merli), a young historian who is sentenced to five years' internment on a prison island. It is through Rossini's subsequent experiences that we are insidiously drawn into a degree of self-confrontation: Leto, who also wrote the excellent script in collaboration with Lino del Fra and Cecilia Mangini, directs the affair with a lulling, beckoning lucidity. One is hardly allowed to stay above the battle, which – as with all truly political engagements – exacts its final moral choice.

Arriving at the island, Rossini disembarks with his fellow-internees and they hump their cases, to the operatic strains of Verdi, up a winding road to the barracks. The serious young man quickly finds himself a 'bourgeois', under suspicion from a group of working-class inmates. (One image – and the film is subtly planted out with such little, unstressed details – speaks Rossini's sense

of the bleakness of his new life: he gets up during the night for water, but the tap over the grimy sink is dead.) He decides to meet the fierier dissidents, notably Scagnetti (John Steiner), a bluntly doctrinaire Stalinist, head-on in informal discussions: after all, he is a teacher and wants to expound the ideas of his own hero, Giolitti (who died in 1928), hoping to meet slogans with facts. Meanwhile, Rizzuto (Adolfo Celi), the police commissioner in charge of the island and a man of some culture, discovers a bond with Rossini: his father had been the commissioner's admired professor of law years before. The focus now shifts to the interplay between Rizzuto, the apparently moderate, reasonable time-server, and an increasingly undermined Rossini. The young man, who has money, is permitted to rent a charming villa outside the official area; Guasco, the thug in charge of the barracks, is warned off him; wife and small daughter arrive and a piano is unearthed from a local church. The discussion groups stop. Rossini settles down to a study of Giolitti, path-smoothing Rizzuto drops in hesitantly for music and coffee. It takes the murder of Scagnetti, who has planned to escape with a few others, to force Rossini back to the realities: we leave him swimming out, replacing the murdered activist.

If Rossini is the conscience of the piece (and a last title tells us he will have two later ways of dying: Spain, 1937, or Italy, 1948, when the Popular Front lost the elections), then Rizzuto, in a genuinely magnificent performance by the smiling Celi, is equally important as his insidiously worldly friend and tormentor. It is Rizzuto's two faces – up at the villa (courteous, benign, paternal), back at the barracks (censoring letters, slipping a veiled word to Guasco about intensifying pressure on dissidents) – that all too humanly fuse into a complete portrait of the enemy. As in an aside, he informs Rossini that his precious Giolitti tapped phones back in 1907 and that he, Rizzuto, had first heard Mussolini's voice in 1916, conspiring over the phone. Politics is like that, he shrugs. 'In twenty years, freedom will be back. I'll be retired and choose a party to vote for.' By a paradox familiar in good art, Leto has made a film finely in period and yet timeless. *Black Holiday*, in the margin, is distributed by The Other Cinema, whose impressive new catalogue, £1, may be obtained from 12/13 Little Newport Street, London WC2H 7JJ: it should be a must for all film societies and places of education.

Linking up with the NFT's Japanese season, *The Gate* is currently presenting Mizoguchi's sombre *The Life of O-Haru*, which traces the decline of a court lady (an impressively ageing appearance by Kinuyo Tanaka) in late 17th-century Japan. O-Haru's inexorable degradation is bracketed, as it were, by two sustained and fluent sequences of her teetering down night streets as a derided, worn-out whore. After the first, we return to her moment of glory at the imperial palace at Kyoto: Toshiro Mifune crops up briefly as the commoner who besottedly pursues her, trapping her into an assignation, and with whom she falls in love: he is caught and executed, she hastily sent with her parents into exile. Her father is totally unsympathetic and

eagerly grasps at the chance of selling her as concubine to a prince who wants a son (there is a brutally half-comic scene here as the prince's emissary despairingly scans a queue of assembled local beauties): she bears a boy and is immediately sent home again, without the dowry her father had been relying on. Mizoguchi maintains interest in the sad progress of this puppet by his masterly evocation of place and manners, the extraordinary texture of his images, so that the making of a fan becomes a work of swift art (O-Haru escapes from a brothel to become a fan-maker's wife: but he too dies). One is not invited to commiserate or condone; the puppet-woman's small flares of revolt – she succumbs fairly easily to blackmailing sexual advances while under the protection of a religious lady – are seen as futile against the prevailing system. There is a possibility of redemption at the close, but it is the picaresque rather than the pathetic that keeps the viewer tuned in.

Caspar Wrede's *Ransom* takes place in a country called Scandinavia (actually, Norway and Shepperton), has a fashionable terrorist-hostage screenplay by Paul Wheeler and a good, dour stalk-through by Sean Connery as Colonel Nils Tahlvik, moustached head of national security. Our Ambassador (Robert Harris with a wonky heart) is being held with others by arch-saboteur Shepherd (John Quentin) and others in the besieged British Embassy. The plot has more turns than is good for it, though a couple of them are neat and unexpected; there is a fatal attempt to inject doses of morality; for the first half hour the dialogue and acting are so stilted you expect someone to get a nasty sprain. Hardly recommended.

Weekend Competition

No 2349

Set by Gradgrind

Since it's now virtually impossible to see a production of Shakespeare that hasn't been in some way updated, it can't be long before the language is updated too. Competitors are invited to modernise any well-known speech of the Swan's in any contemporary argot: Cockney, genteel, posh, bureaucratic, journalese, police-officer (in the 'Proceeding lonely as a cloud' vein), gangster, ad-man, agit-prop, etc. Blank verse – or couplets – may be considered reactionary by some, but will be welcome here. Maximum 12 lines by 11 March.

Result of No 2346 Set by Robin Chase

If General Amin visited England, presumably one of the Royals would be obliged to show him round. Competitors were asked to depict the scene.

Report

by Louis Martin

The Queen's unforgivable snub to Amin came to light after the Comp. was set, but the tragedy of his non-appearance here will be slightly softened by this week's winning entries. They will receive £5 each for capturing the General's enduring mixture of barbarism and innocence.