One plus One plus One: the Devil's Party

Between the Breaths

Charlie was lost without Shirley and had to be told to change his clothes and wash his hair. Bill and Brian had their girls (their only other mutual interest was in science fiction), and Keith and Mick, when they were not performing or sleeping, were writing songs.

Dip him in the river who loves water.

Brian Baker

Elements of the Orpheus myth

1. Water

The narrative of Orpheus's life begins and ends in water. He is the son of Calliope, the muse of poetry and, most telling to the myth, Oeagrus, a river god. After his death, his head and lyre are thrown into the river Hebrus, whereupon they float down the river, still lamenting the death of Eurydice. Orpheus is consistently connected with mythic elements signifying both order and limit, and excess or overflow. In some tellings of his birth, it is Apollo that is his father, the god of order and ratio; but after being a priest of Apollo, he becomes a priest of Dionysus. In Horace's *Ars Poetica*, Orpheus's is a 'sacred prophet and interpreter of the divine will – that is why he is said to have tamed tigers and savage lions'. Orpheus's song can bend nature to its will, even penetrating 'the very hall of Death' so that Orpheus can win Eurydice's release from hell. His journey also compromises cosmological order: he travels across the Styx as a *mortal*, which should be impossible (and in a reassertion of order and limit, Charon refuses to ferry him a second time) and then, once in Hell, bends the shades, Persephone and even Hades to his will.

The Adventures of Orpheus Jones

Orpheus Jones watched appreciatively as Princess Palla shifted on the throne. Ropes around his wrists chafed, and he could see the queen enjoy his discomfort. Large Nazloog guards stood before the dais, shining lances pointing towards him. 'Kneel, Earth-man,' said the Princess, and Jones sank gratefully to his knees.

Brian Jones at Cotchford

Warm blue bleach bath
Swaddling, baby boy's blankets
Naked skin
(Inside, Outside)
Hot piss swashes the legs
(Let it be, let go)
that stays warm
Not like clinging sheets
after wet

Nobody ever came
from Cheltenham
shitkicker, hayseed, Taff
(my Dad, who said
Get a good job, son
(while I was getting a son,
Dad))

A crossroads
But no devil's bargain made
He said he
didn't need it
he already had
too many bluesmen
in his vest pocket
for comfort

So I opted for hustle
and fucking
four sons and
a daughter (I never knew
all) brought up by
mothers and their husbands
while I
the rolling stone
gather no

Marcuse (1)

Herbert Marcuse's *Eros and Civilization* (1956) was a vitally important book for those who sought sexual and social liberation in the decade that followed. In it, Marcuse, one of the Frankfurt School of theorists (also including Theodor Adorno and Max Horkheimer) who had fled Nazi Germany in the 1930s for the United States, attempted to forge a liberationist manifesto from welding the late texts of Sigmund Freud (notably *Beyond the Pleasure Principle* and *Civilization and Its Discontents*, both of which posited the existence of the instinctual 'death drive' or Thanatos underpinning human psychology) with Marx. Marcuse notes that Freud's concept of the reality principle (the sublimation of the instinctual drive towards pleasure in the service of the further extension of 'civilization') has been criticised for generalizing

'from a specific historical form of reality to reality pure and simple', 'making historical contingencies into biological necessities'. While Marcuse allows the criticism, he does insist upon the 'truth in Freud's generalization, namely, that a repressive organization of the instincts underlies all historical forms of the reality principle in civilization.' While anxious to defend Freud, Marcuse's project in the book is to extend Freud's analysis of the instinctual repression that is the root (and price) of civilization and also to *historicise* it. To do so, he introduces the concept of the *performance principle* to supplement the reality principle. '[U]nder its rule,' writes Marcuse, 'society is stratified according to the competitive economic performances of its members': an 'acquisitive and antagonistic society in the process of constant expansion' extends its control and rationalization into all areas of life, particularly in relation to libido and desire. 'In the "normal" development, the individual lives his repression "freely" as his own life: he desires what he is supposed to desire; his gratification is profitable to him and to others; he is reasonably and even exultantly happy', Marcuse argues. Marcuse's conception of the performance principle is domination so total as to constitute a form of consensual totalitarianism.

2. Death

The Orpheus myth is, in part, a narrative of overcoming death. He succeeds in winning back Eurydice from Hades (and only fails, according to Ovid, because he is 'anxious in case his wife's strength be failing and [he] is eager to see her'); he transcends his own death, his head still singing as it floated down the Hebrus, which then becomes an oracle in itself. It is Eurydice, who dies again without complaint in Ovid, who suffers the consequences of Orpheus's transgression of cosmological limit when travelling to the underworld: she undergoes a 'second death'. This death is in itself an excess, an unnatural supplement. Orpheus's own fate is to be torn limb from limb by the Bacchantae. JG Frazer suggests that this 'personation' of Dionysus places Orpheus in the role of sacrificial god, his body scattered in a rite of fertility to renew the Earth. Orpheus is associated with Apollonian order *and* Dionysian excess, pain and suffering.

The Adventures of Orpheus Jones

Ever since Princess Palla had captured him in the desert, Jones had been heart-sick and soul burdened. Now, riding the d'hanna at full charge at the Nazloog war party, bent on rescuing his friend Gul, he didn't have a care in the world – whether this was Mars or no. His war-cry received an answering shout from the humans and Nazloog charging behind him, and for the first time in his life, Orpheus Jones didn't care whether he lived or died.

Elements of the Orpheus myth

3. Woman

Women appear in two forms in the Orpheus myth. First, there is the silent, uncomplaining, pursued Eurydice, who suffers the excessive fate of the 'second death'; and there are the Bacchantae, the intoxicating group whose frenzy results in Orpheus's dismemberment. In some modern versions of the myth, Eurydice is scathing about the failures of her husband, but in the classical telling, she barely has a voice. While the Bacchantae are clearly associated with the terror, violence and orgiastic overflow of Dionysus, a revolt against Apollonian order, Eurydice is a female figure who seems to accept her fate. It is Orpheus who asks for her fate to be re-woven, in vain. Eurydice is woman as lack, as loss; the Bacchantae are woman as plenitude, as a dangerous too-fullness. In some, but not all versions, Orpheus renounces the company of women altogether after losing Eurydice a second time, and according to Ovid, is 'the first to introduce the custom [of homosexuality] among the people of Thrace', fundamentally important to the masculine culture of classical Greece and its civilisation. The rejection of women, reaching an excessive and symbolic moment in his rejection of the advances of the Bacchantae (who were infuriated by his renunciation of marriage) leads to his death; but although in some senses Orpheus does not know woman, he is still the begetter of the classical poetry that commemorates him.

The Adventures of Orpheus Jones

After they buried the old bandit in the ochre soil of the Ben Ar'ush plain, Jones felt a sense of profound loss. He stared up at the blue star in the heavens that was once his home. Princess Palla sat at his feet and drew sigils in the sand. She had extracted a vial of his blood after lovemaking the night before, and her witch Prime had cast a powerful spell of Elder magic to bind him to her, and to Mars. His heart, though, was in twain.

Marcuse (2)

Marcuse often uses the discourse of limit and overflow, of constraint and excess. Repression is informed by this constant interplay between instinctual forces and their (necessary) domination. This is found most explicitly in his conception, bringing together Marx and Freud, of 'surplus-repression'. What seems to be a total system of domination is destabilised by its very success: 'the growth of productivity threatens to overflow the limits set by repressive domination', and so extends into leisure time and the 'entertainment industry'. Marcuse writes: 'surplus-repression is the 'inhibition and restraint' required for 'a mature stage of civilization', set against 'the need for renunciation and toil [which] is greatly reduced by material and intellectual progress – when civilization could actually afford a considerable release of instinctual energy expended for domination and toil'. The growth of productivity brings the possibility of 'liberating the

individual from his constraints' ever closer, while at the same time requiring an ever greater need to re-enforce domination to ensure the continuance of the current social, economic and sexual conditions.

Surplus-repression, then, is the 'discrepancy' between the amount of repression (sublimation of instinctual drives towards pleasure) required to maintain growth and productivity, and that which is actually enforced by conditions of near-total domination. This surplus-repression indicates a 'progress in domination' in late capitalism, where principles of control and utilization of the human body become principles in themselves, to maintain the surplus of repression. Surplus repression thereby maintains and extends surplus repression, extending the alienation, specialization and constraining of human beings and their lives.

Brian Jones at Cotchford (part 2)

I hustled
bottleneck slide
the best in England
like a Delta bluesman
the harp
mastered
in an afternoon
in our shitty Chelsea flat
and I shouted down
eureka

and when I
taught the singer how
to blow the blues
rolled on

you can hear me
on the waxings
the signature sound
of my group
but

when Andrew locked them
in a Willesden kitchen
and said 'Come out
with a song', they did –
for Marianne – and I knew
that hustle
would wane

I tried
harpsichord, marimba, auto-
harp, mellotron, a multi-instru-
mentalist, they sneered
he doesn't want
to play guitar
in a rhythm and blues band
anymore

that's right
the hustle did not
inspire me

I lack
a muse

I could not
write

my harp was blown
by other winds

so I laid it down

The Adventures of Orpheus Jones

Red dust, pale sky. Where was he? He sat up and a shower of red earth fell from his torn battledress. His head swam. Climbing to his feet, he saw a low horizon framed, in the far distance, by a chain of enormous mountains. No footprints led to where he had lain, so how had he got here? He pushed the fingers of his left hand through his hair, and they came back covered in a fudge of dust and Brylcreem. What a mess, he thought.

Barbarella

Jane Fonda took time out of the Hollywood career to star in her then-husband Roger Vadim's science fiction film *Barbarella*, released in 1968, which has since become a 'camp' classic. All the elements are in place for this critical re-salvaging: a design aesthetic straight from 1930s pulp s.f.; brazenly poor s.f.x. work; exploitation-movie nudity and sexual titillation (the film opens with a zero-G striptease by Fonda); cameos from hip 1960s faces (notably David Hemmings as well as Anita Pallenberg); and all trading on liberationist dystopian s.f. tropes. *Barbarella* is knowing kitsch, bad art; but its sexual politics mark it as a diagnostic late 1960s cultural artefact.

Barbarella seems to promote a utopian sexual politics, while offering the crudest of sexual spectacles: Fonda is on display for the majority of the film. Barbarella's own world is one where sex has become subject to discipline: non-bodily, technological, codified while seemingly 'free'. In the most comic scene in the film, Fonda and rebel leader Hemmings (who does not want to be thought a 'savage') take a pill and sit palm-to-palm, Hemmings' non-genital orgasm having literally hair-raising consequences. While Barbarella is recruited into the fight against the decadent and sexually sadistic society of the Great Tyrant's city, Sogo (at one point, the Tyrant, played by Anita Pallenberg, crucifies the captured Pygar for nothing more than kicks), she also undergoes her own sexual 'awakening'. After crashing her spaceship, she is rescued from an icy plateau by the Catchman (Ugo Tognazzi), who rounds up the city's

errant and malevolent children. His reward is to 'make love' – without the aid of the 'exultation transference pill' or 'psycho-cardiogram readings'. Initially sceptical, Barbarella acquiesces, and afterwards her dreamy languor transforms into sexual agency. Except for when she is captured by Durand, Barbarella instigates sex. She escapes from the disciplinary 'freedom' of Earth's technologised sexual practices into un-repressed sexual 'liberation'.

This trajectory is no fall from grace, however. Barbarella retains her sexual innocence, so much so that at the end, when Sogo is swallowed up by the semi-sentient lake that feeds on the city's 'negative psychic vibrations', a bubble forms around Barbarella and the Tyrant so that the liquid is not 'contaminated by her innocence'. This 'innocence' (equated with non-repressed sexual desire) even enables her to prevail over Durand's orgasm-death machine, where he intends to make her 'die of pleasure'. Instead, her limitless capacity for sexual gratification overloads the machine and destroys it.

At the end of the film, Pygar rescues both Barbarella and the Great Tyrant, having forgotten the torture inflicted upon him. With the city destroyed and the exiled 'good' citizens liberated, this is a fantasy of revolution achieved, and a redemption of sorts for the Tyrant. The final shots show Pygar aloft, holding Barbarella and the raven-haired Tyrant on each side like twinned consorts, offering a flight into the future without memory, without guilt, and without repression. Pygar, an immaculate adult Eros, blind and liberated, holds sway over all.

Jones blew green smoke from the Martian hookah and lay back appreciatively. The strong, rounded body of the queen slept beside him, curled beneath the gossamer sheets. What strange tides of fate had washed him here? He smiled and sank into narcotic visions, giving way to the universe within.

Brian Jones at Cotchford (reprise)

so what
if I laid
(my hand on)
a chick or two?

in my life, I never
raised a hand
except
they started to
complain, or
criticise

or bring me
down (down,
blues, black,
night sky framed
in water)

this one, my twin,
split, rejoined,
I could not lose

until, unknown,
the serpent bit
and she fell
to Him

and now I moon
(the lamp
in the water)
before a mirror

a dandy lost
to time

warm blue bleach
(let it be)
boy's blanket
(let go)
torn

all you need is

enough

Blood gushed from the d'hanna's neck wound and Jones tumbled to the red soil. He sprang to his feet as a Nazloog warrior charged at him, aiming to cut him down unprepared. Jones stepped to the side, a taste of copper coins in his throat, and bent low to slice through the hams of the Nazloog as it passed. Shouting in pain, the blue giant stumbled and fell. With one stroke of his broadsword, Jones slashed the Nazloog's throat. Green blood coursed over Jones's bare feet.

Marcuse (3)

Towards the end of *Eros and Civilization*, Marcuse treads a familiar Freudian path in identifying figures from classical myth as archetypes of human subjectivity. He takes Prometheus, Orpheus and Narcissus as 'culture heroes' that symbolise 'the attitude and the deeds that have determined the fate of mankind.' The first is Prometheus, 'the trickster and (suffering) rebel against the gods, who creates culture at the price of perpetual pain. He symbolizes productiveness, the unceasing effort to master life; but, in his productivity, blessing and curse, progress and toil are inextricably intertwined. Prometheus is the archetype-hero of the performance principle'. For Prometheus, work and utility are all; beauty and Eros are of little account.

By way of contrast, Marcuse offers a countervailing figure, combining elements of Orpheus and Narcissus (as well as Dionysus, 'the antagonist of the god

who sanctions the logic of domination, the realm of reason'). Theirs is the voice 'which does not command but sings; the gesture which offers and receives; the deed which is peace and ends the labor of conquest; the liberation of time which unites man with god, man with nature'. Marcuse argues that Orpheus and Narcissus – who he reads not in terms of self-regard, but one who 'lives by an Eros of his own', not only himself, but the other that he does not recognise as himself – offer images of experience of and in nature that are not about mastery but about liberation. 'The Orphic and Narcissistic experience of the world negates that which sustains the world of the performance principle,' Marcuse writes; 'The opposition between man and nature, subject and object, is overcome. Being is experienced as gratification, which unites man and nature'. When Orpheus moves the trees to listen to his song, or causes the stones to fall in flight, this is an erotic relation to 'inanimate' nature, liberating the potentialities of being. Orpheus's song undoes the animate/ inanimate binary, and brings forth a fullness or plenitude of being that represents a *different* Eros, not one confined to the repressive regime of genitality.

In rejecting Prometheus's 'rebellion' as one which validates toil and suffering, Marcuse casts Orpheus and Narcissus as figures who 'protest against the repressive order of procreative sexuality'. The Orphic and Narcissistic Eros is one of song, play, beauty, and contemplation. It is associated with the death-drive

(Thanatos) because it engages what Marcuse calls the 'Nirvana principle', the flight from pain and lack towards a state of quiescence. Orpheus and Narcissus offer an Eros that is a fullness encompassing both life *and* death, love and quiescence. Their deaths are indexes of their own 'Great refusal', their unwillingness to accept the normal Eros of repression and toil. Marcuse writes:

> The Orphic-Narcissistic images are those of the Great Refusal: refusal to accept separation from the libidinous object (or subject). The refusal aims at liberation – at the reunion of what has become separated. Orpheus is the archetype of the poet as *liberator* and *creator*: he establishes a higher order in the world – an order without repression. In his person, art, freedom, and culture are eternally combined. He is a poet of redemption, the god who brings peace and salvation by pacifying man and nature, not through force but through song.

The Adventures of Orpheus Jones

Awash with green blood, sword arm aching, Orpheus Jones fell to his knees, happy that his task was complete. Princess Palla stepped past the steaming corpses of Nazloog and came to stand by him. She offered him her hand, and as he stood, threw her arms around him. She kissed him passionately, and he felt all life return to his limbs. As they parted, she said, 'We must leave here now. You have passed the test, my Prince. Let us go. Do not look back.'

At the Mountains of the Moon

Tangier

And did those feet walk the labyrinthine streets of Tangier, star sky-machine wheeling in the phosphorous night,

with two Berber women, skin a maze of bleach-blue tattoos, looking for kif and the crush-penny hotel,

where she and the guitarist beamed laser-light bolts of tornado twisting across the sharp bright blue swimming pool and mezzanine,

and pushed it as far as it would go to stage a scene and would not stop until he had smashed the room into a frozen thousand angelic pieces,

and was abandoned there by friends and lovers while Gysin took him to Marrakech and a flying carpet of *mejdoubi*, the Square of the Dead, who sold him a kif pipe for a hundred dollars which he later threw into a bin at the airport, fearing a bust,

while the guitarist and she disappeared in the car, driving away from him in the cool blue Moroccan night,

in the same car where she'd sucked the guitarist's cock, succubus, at midnight on the Autoroute, while he had been far out and away in a French hospital, crying,

and Tangier, Interzone of Gysin and Bill Burroughs and Bowles, Bowles who'd taken one look at the ragged Stones and fled, horrified,

while this group of holy fools, the Stones, sat and preened and smoked and thought him pretentious, but were blind

to the whole cosmic day-hump of Satanic Majesties, half-assed, half-cocked, half-believing in magic and turning on,

when the holy source, the Masters, there, the roots and soul of all, blown round and round and round, a dance, into the night of heart,

like some cosmic time-trip, ecstatic release, repeating the biggest bang, therapeutic out of our heads and out of time, space,

is where we found ourselves, not lost, not the cosmological zero but spiralled up, up and on, the Earth, the sky, dog moon man,

some primal limit at the extension of the solar circle, the release of dark and light, djinn and angels, Pan and Allah, beyond the dread machine of days,

and here, in Tangier, smoking kif, busted in London how many times? for a ball of resin the size of a fingernail, less, the black boots,

remember, the black boots and blue suits, the Man, breaking in while he was tripping in the bed, nowhere, no-one, the spheres within,

and before the judge, standing there, who did not himself believe, who discharged him with a fine, again, a theatre, a charade, 'We Love You',

just as his life had been a theatre, a charade, where charm and china-cat smile had let all slide, time and again,

but someone was tallying the bill and he would have to pay the piper, unless he time-tripped to these pipes, the pipes of Pan himself, God of Chaos, God of Energy,

and he would bring this back as a gift, the gift of life itself, to restore the Stones and the world and himself, a vision not a sacrifice,

and that is what he would be, he knew, if he did not get out of time, get out of the prison of now, the black hole,

because he knew, as brother John would say, who came before and would come after, they're gonna crucify me.

Bataille (1)

In *The Accursed Share* (1949), Georges Bataille drew upon the symbol of the sun as an entity that 'gives without ever receiving', what he calls an 'expenditure' without limit or exhaustion, that develops the solar imagery that he had used in earlier essays. This he works into a general theory of economy that is divergent from classical or Marxian economics in that he perceives the general rule of energy to be 'always in excess': energy or wealth always exceeds the limits of what is required for human material security or biological growth. He argues:

The living organism, in a situation determined by the play of energy on the surface of the globe, ordinarily receives more energy than is necessary for maintaining life; the excess energy (wealth) can be used for the growth of a system (eg, an organism); if the system can no longer grow, or if the excess cannot be completely absorbed in the growth, it must necessarily be lost without profit, it must be spent, willingly or not, gloriously or catastrophically.

For Bataille, once a system or organism reaches the *limit* of space available to it, it must either expand or *waste the excess*. This general economy of surplus and waste is contrasted with particular historical and actual imbalances of the distribution of wealth

which, Bataille argues, do not compromise the overall pattern of expenditure and excess. The necessity of wasting the excess results in a range of different human rituals which he analyses, which include gift-giving and the Native American social ritual of 'potlatch' (whereupon ever more elaborate and expensive gifts are given between tribes in acts which both confer status and place obligation upon the receiver) as well as Aztec sacrificial rites. 'If a part of wealth [...] is doomed to destruction or at least to unproductive use without any possible profit, it is logical, even *inescapable*, to surrender commodities without return,' Bataille argues. Where Marxian economics focuses upon the mechanisms of production, in terms of labour and value, Bataille assumes an ongoing source of productivity which always a superfluity, and therefore concentrates upon *consumption*. Marcuse, following late Freud, understood the conditions of contemporary capitalism to induce a 'performance principle' in which desire was subject to an excessive regime of *surplus-repression*, extended beyond the limit required for the maintenance of 'civilization' or the system of capitalism itself; Bataille, by way of comparison, understands limit to be a function of the life of the organism itself, and excess (and therefore waste) to be a consequence of the limitless expenditure of energy ultimately derived from the Sun.

Jajouka

You know your own music when you hear it one day, you tell yourself, the pipes of Pan, swirling in
cold moonlight,
as you climb like a mountain goat along a crooked path, the car abandoned, past fallen rocks, up and
up into the sky,
giant blue cactus like a rough fence, houses crouching low in their gardens, surrounded by wild men
or ghosts,
and you come through their maze to the broad village green where the pipes are piping, fifty wild
flutes blowing up a storm,
you, Brahmin Jones, Jajouka Rolling Stone, long blond hair over your pink eyes and red Afghani coat,
boys dancing and laughing,
goat-cheese and honey on golden bread, mint tea and kif pipes and flutes, blue kif smoke dropping
in a veil,
the faces of the boys and the faces of the jury, mad glee, a judgement, the frenzy and panic, God of
the bonfire,
and you shiver like someone walked over your grave, and the bonfire in the little square spins a
circle, ozone and sea air and horses,
new moon in the black vault, stars pinwheel, the vast cosmic night unwinds, the women open their
throats and give forth ululation,
screams and a smell of shit, pure Earth, the God and Goddess, lupercal, opening themselves to him,
to become possessed,
you own brotherhood and sisterhood, you are fulfilled, cleansed, wild dogs at your heels, catching
and laughing,

blue cactus, blue kif veil, blue night, dissolving into the blue ocean, as when you had visited Clarke, Ceylon blue,

the feet of boys kneading your stomach as they kicked into the depths, far down, inner world of ocean and space, a trip,

changing, transforming, metamorphosing into you and us and it, forever, to possess the stamina and will and soul to last the week-long chaos,

resting the Uher, arm out, swirling, listening to the playback, the boys with headphones hearing themselves for the very first time,

carrying the tapes back to London to unspool time and soul and release the clogged brittle hearts of English men and English women, transforming,

magic made real, real Other Method, the revolution, the world revolves, up and up and out, come together into time and cosmos and ocean, the streams of the firmament,

and you lie down and sleep, sleep as waking, one and one and one is three, in the soft dusty dawn, goats and herds on the mountain, out of time,

and later they bring kif, you rest your head in your arms and wonder where you are, where they are, and are sad they could not travel the same road to the stars,

and the day fades into blue dusk, you sit in the cabin where your picture hangs, Jajouka Rolling Stone, they believe you are real, if not of this place,

and you are taken to the place of eating, where they bring forth the goat to be slaughtered, a fringe of white hair over its pink eyes, blade glinting in the firelight,

and you try to rise, try to speak, world without end, soul of my soul, sacrifice that you will eat of its flesh and succour, and you say, 'That is me.'

The portion of excess production is, for Bataille, the 'accursed share', that which necessitates destruction or sacrifice: 'these excesses of life force [...] are in fact the most dangerous factors of ruination.' In sacrifice, however, Bataille suggests that profane materiality is returned to the realm of the sacred, forging a connection to the 'lost intimacy' with the world that human beings have experienced once 'man himself became one of the things of this world.' The victim of sacrifice 'is a surplus taken from the mass of *useful* wealth', and 'once chosen, he is the *accursed share*, destined for violent consumption.' Bataille suggests that the victims of Aztec sacrifice, usually prisoners but sometimes taken from the Aztecs' own community, were treated lavishly, accorded a status both sacred *and* accursed. Sacrifice is a means by which to rediscover the lost intimacy with the sacred world:

Sacrifice is heat, in which the intimacy of those who make up the system of common works is rediscovered. Violence is its principle, but the works limit it in time and space; it is subordinated to the concern for uniting and preserving the community.

The wasting of excess, in the form of sacrifice, then extends beyond merely the function of production and expenditure; the act itself takes on a significance which returns both victim and society to a relation with the world which goes beyond, *exceeds the limits*

> of material energy and wealth. In violence, in waste, in blood, ritual sacrifice restores intimacy between human beings, and between human beings and the world.

Who is Bou Jeloud?

I choose, shivering, to be stripped naked, in a cave, and sewn into bloody warm skins, and masked with an old straw hat,

an empty black hole in a basket atop a jittery boy's body, my body, his body,

and I begin to feel him, a mighty demon, and I hear the music of the pipes, and he is confused and I am enchanted, we move,

ten people inside me, not one, it is not just me anymore, voices, crazy, I have no control, angry, powerful, ugly, I leap and he spits and curses, growls, grins,

and suddenly I am there, the crowd, I hit anyone, with branches and sticks, I charge, becircled, he hits children, any one near,

running, laughter, crying, I am after you, he is after you, he is after me, after me, the moon and the screaming,

sparks shower like hot rain in the sky, on my skin, I laugh, Father of Skins, father of children, possess and be fertile, male and female,

animal sounds, on all fours I copulate, woman and boys, possess freely, God of chaos, God of energy,

then Aisha Honolka, Asherat, Astarte, Diana, goatish legs and forked hooves, comes among us,

and I smile or I am lost, unless I touch the glinting blade or plunge it into the ground between her legs,

glint of the blade, this earth, this fire and smoke, he dances, unto death, into death, after me,
dancing and running,
not Ali, not Mohammed, not Brahmin, not Orpheus, shitkicker, hayseed, Taff, Brian Jones the
beautiful damned face of the sweet sick sixties,
and I will be taboo, cast out, I have transgressed, I have tried in my way to be free, but that is not to
be free,
then the sky opens, black hole, red boiling fuzz at the edge of the world, it turns and spins and
recedes and goes out,
forward, nothing, from the Earth into the cosmos, leaving the Sun, the solar system, extends,
recedes, beyond Jupiter, beyond the infinite,
solar winds blow through, my dust is star dust, my atoms a sun, a Nebula, coalesce, the birth of a
new star,
and as it is born it sings with holy joy of night and love and cosmos, my body is atom and universe,
together,
and what is in me is also in you, I speak to you across time, across stars and the black vault, the holy
map of interconnected spheres, the moon and the sun, I am,
Marianne, I am, you see my face in your Melbourne mirror and in a dream you tell me that you must
turn back, but I tell you that I must go on,
and then I open my eyes, hard Californian sunlight on dead ash-grey concrete, weeds struggling
sickly between flags and cracks,
and before me a large building, behind, the refuse bins and cars and young men and women
struggling over the fence, to join a small knot at the back door,

spinning lines and lies because they just want to see their faces, the Stones, and turned away, each one, I wait until I approach the door and I knock, and to the guard I say, 'I am Brian Jones'.

Sympathy for the Devil

Jean-Luc Godard came to London to make One Plus One directly after the May events in Paris in 1968. As well as shooting The Rolling Stones in the process of working through versions of 'Sympathy for the Devil' until it approached its final incarnation as a diabolical samba, Godard staged agit-prop scenes in a Battersea junk-yard in which the works of Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones) and Eldridge Cleaver are declaimed while 'some brothers, aka Black Panthers awkwardly handing weapons to one another' and several young white women are 'killed' (their white nightdresses splashed with red paint). One Plus One is, deliberately, a film of fragments. "One Plus One does not mean 'one plus one equals two,'" Godard complained when they changed the end of the movie, to include a full take of the song. "It means what it says, so we are obliged to take it as it stands: a series of fragmentary fragments'. These fragment also include producer Ian Quarrier in a comic-book/ pornography bookshop, reading aloud Mein Kampf while two young male radicals sit disconsolately, their faces bloodied from a beating; Anne Wiazemsky as 'Eve Democracy', who wanders in a wood being interviewed by a hip young film crew, answering only yes or no; and shots where slogans are daubed on the walls and parked cars of London. At key points, a voice-over by the actor Sean Lynch reads out sections

from a 'political novel', a cartoonish or even comic-strip (in)version of contemporary political events. These spoken voice-overs lend an unexpectedly comic effect to the film, emphasising the exaggerated gestures of the different components.

The spine of the film is the studio performances of The Rolling Stones, and indeed, many viewers have disregarded the political elements of One Plus One and have focused upon the music. (That was, indeed, how the film was sold to audiences after its title was changed to Sympathy for the Devil.) Although the film is, according to Stephen Davis, 'the only coherent portrait of the band working in its prime', analysis of these scenes indicates a band that was itself fragmenting. Godard's camera circles the studio. Jagger and Richards perch together on high stools, while drummer Charlie Watts (and later bassist Bill Wyman, relegated to playing maracas) is off-set to the side to achieve sound separation. The camera often comes to rest behind Brian Jones, where he is seen hunched over an acoustic guitar. He is never seen to-camera or even in profile: we are only shown his back and the blonde bowl of his hair. He too is in a booth by himself, walled off, separated from the rest of the band; and even more tellingly, his acoustic guitar is never heard on the soundtrack. Either there was no microphone and therefore his playing did not appear as a channel on the soundtrack, or Godard deliberately erased it. This aural exclusion compounds the division of space, and of the group itself. A year before he 'left' the group, swiftly followed by his death by drowning, Jones is clearly excluded from the process of building 'Sympathy for the Devil.' His exclusion

from the group reflects the fragmentation of the film and of the society that it reflects and critiques; and also of the revolutionary forces – students, workers, artists, intellectuals – that failed to overthrow de Gaulle in May 1968.

> *I left Namibia and came to London, where I hid in a toilet to escape the police. I could see Elizabeth's fat white behind on which Sir Lyndon Johnson was projecting an Andy Warhol movie. I was fed up, but I was scared too. American spies were all over the place. As Lenin put it, what now? So to kill time, I picked up a political novel, opened it at random and began to read.*

The lyrics to 'Sympathy for the Devil' were inspired by Marianne Faithfull's gift to Mick Jagger, in early 1968, of Mikhail Bulgakov's The Master and Margarita (1937), a complete translation of which had been published the year before. In it, the Devil and his retinue come to Moscow and wreak havoc, particularly among the literary elite. Intercut in this narrative are scenes from a novel being written by one of the characters, the Master of the title, which narrates Christ's passion from the point of view of Pontius Pilate. The lyrics of 'Sympathy for the Devil' are from the point of view of the 'Man of wealth and taste', who is present throughout history as a malevolent force in human affairs, but participating in humanity's horrors rather than directing them himself. 'I hung around St Petersburg, when I saw it was a time for a change,' sings Jagger, 'killed the Tsar and his ministers, Anastasia screamed in vain'.

'Sympathy for the Devil' may be Jagger's most explicit dabbling with the diabolic, but it can be seen elsewhere in his

and the Stones' work in the late 1960s, from the film that accompanied the release of 'Jumpin' Jack Flash', to Donald Cammell's Performance (1970, filmed in 1968) to the events at Altamont Speedway in December 1969, memorialised on film by the Maysles Brothers in Gimme Shelter (1970). Robert Greenfield, in his book Stones Touring Party (2010), about the 1972 tour of the United States, portrays the events at Altamont as a kind of horrifying Bacchanal: 'There are Angels sitting on drum cases and freaks going mad by these amplifiers, literally foaming and clawing at their faces as though they're possessed by the gods in some classic Greek tragedy', and watching Gimme Shelter, one can see direct evidence of what Greenfield describes: while on stage, the Stones are visibly hemmed in both by Hell's Angels and by tripping young men and women. When violence erupts during a shuffling version of 'Sympathy for the Devil', Jagger says, 'something very funny always happens when we start that number'. There is a sense of forces being called up that the band no longer control: Jagger asks the crowd to 'cool out', to 'keep it together'. 'If we are all one,' he tells the crowd, 'let's act as one.'

The Maylses insist upon Altamont as the definitive historical 'end of the 60s', where the forces of counter-cultural 'liberation' that the Stones came to represent destroyed themselves in an overflow of (revolutionary) energy as violence. In Gimme Shelter, footage from the concert is intercut with self-reflexive scenes where first Charlie Watts, and then Jagger himself, watch the assembled scenes on an editing table. During playback of 'Under My Thumb', where he watches himself singing 'I pray that it's all right' over and

over again, Jagger asks David Maylses to 'roll back on that scene', and in slow motion, they watch a young African-American man, Meredith Hunter, who had been shown dancing earlier in the film, pull a handgun in the middle of a scuffle, and is then knifed by a Hell's Angel. Hunter died of his wounds. Jagger watches, and is clearly shocked, but as he leaves the editing suite, a freeze-frame on his face seems an indictment, a responsibility for the events that Jagger himself does not appear to accept. The free rock concert at Altamont was, in Stephen Davis's words, 'the first time one of their concerts had featured human sacrifice'; but Greenfield goes further in his indictment of the Stones' diabolic performances in the late 1960s when he argues: 'radical politics, yet another of Jagger's games, is one with certainly as many perils as his flirtation with Satanism during the Beggar's Banquet and Let It Bleed album days.' This flirtation was performative, and can be read as part of a blues tradition that goes back to the Devil meeting Robert Johnson at the crossroads, whose 'Love in Vain' they covered on 1969's Let It Bleed. If Jagger offered himself as a member of the 'Devil's party', it became a bargain with an unsustainable price.

Page 287. 'If you don't marry Khruschev, you'll never be the wife of a great corps leader.'

'I don't understand a word you're saying.'

'I know, but I love you, Barbarella, and that's why I want to play fair and square with you,' whispered Roosevelt.

In 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell' (1790-93), William Blake begins by positing a set of irreducible 'Contraries' that shape human life:

> *Without Contraries is no progression. Attraction and Repulsion, Reason and Energy, Love and Hate, are necessary to Human existence.*
>
> *From these contraries spring what the religious call Good & Evil. Good is the passive that obeys reason. Evil is the active springing from Energy.*
>
> *Good is heaven. Evil is Hell.*

What Blake then does to this received wisdom of 'the religious' is not simply inversion, to praise Energy at the expense of Reason: this is only the first step. Blake argues that rather than Body and Soul being distinct, Soul being the divine part and the Body the fallen and corrupt vessel, 'man has no Body distinct from his Soul [...] Energy is the only life, and is from the Body [...] Energy is eternal Delight'. Though it is the 'voice of the Devil' that speaks these thoughts, Blake cites Milton's Paradise Lost as an authority and famously declares that Milton 'wrote in fetters when he wrote of angels & God, and at liberty when of Devils & Hell, is because he was a true Poet and of the Devil's party without knowing it'. The inversion of the Contraries, as spoken by the Devil, is also a partial truth, not true understanding. It is the relation between the Contraries that is crucial, the tension between them that is the true irreducible: 'Opposition is True Friendship'.

Blake, then, does not resolve the binaries through the dialectic, a logic that itself embraces the emphasis on Reason offered by the 'religious'. (Later in the poem, Blake finishes a conversation with an Angel because 'it is but lost time to "converse with you whose works are only Analytics."') Instead, it is the poem itself that must hold these Contraries in dynamic relation, Energy and Reason mutually implicated. The 'Proverbs of Hell', which 'show the nature of Infernal wisdom', consistently posit this balance of contraries in lines which often turn on a caesura, or even fall into two complete sentences. There is a recurrent recourse to images of constraint and overflow: 'the cistern contains; the fountain overflows'. 'Excess', for Blake, is not to be understood as licentious or transgressive behaviour, as in 'the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom'; but instead as the 'Exuberance' and 'Energy' that is essential to life, the 'active springing'. 'Overflow' or 'excess' can only be understood in relation to limit, to constraint. Without limit there can be no excess, only flow. Life, then, is concerned with the mutual implication of limit and flow, Energy and Reason; 'wisdom', true understanding, can only be derived from conceptualising that implication. This reaches its simplest expression in the final line on plate 10: 'Enough! Or Too much.' This is not a choice, but an irreducible connection. One can only be understood through the other.

In the 'Proverbs of Hell', then, Blake anticipates the binaries of Apollonian and Dionysian, desire and repression, expenditure and excess that form the dynamic 'contraries' of Nietzsche, Freud or Bataille, the sense that human life is contestation, turbulence, (over)flow. This is no ultimate synthesis, however, One plus One resolved. Rather, this is a 'marriage' of Heaven and Hell, one plus one plus one, the third (that walks beside you).

The Rolling Stones, Between the Buttons, Decca 1967. 'Gered Mankowitz took the Stones to Primrose Hill in North London for the new album's jacket photo. With his lens smeared with Vaseline, he shot the Stones bundled against the morning chill, an enervated dead-eyed Brian [Jones] sunk deep in his muffler, his red eyes averted, a village idiot's grin on his gray face. It seemed to Mankowitz that Brian was deliberately screwing up the shoot.' Stephen Davis, Old Gods Almost Dead: The 40-year Odyssey of the Rolling Stones, New York: Broadway Books, 2001, p.182. 'The third issue's story, "Between Breaths", is told from the viewpoint of a man who is drowning, alternating between memories of his past life as they flash before his eyes and horrific descriptions of what it is like to drown', Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons, 'A Man on Fifteen Dead Men's Chests', Watchmen (London: Titan, 1987), ch.5 additional material [n.p.], 'p.60'.

Stanley Booth, The True Adventures of the Rolling Stones (1984) (London: Canongate, 2012), p. 242.

William Blake, 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell', Complete Writings (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1972), 'Proverbs of Hell', plate 7, l.7 (p.151)

Horace, 'The Art of Poetry', in Classical Literary Criticism, trans T.S. Dorsch (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1965), p.92.

Virgil, The Georgics, trans LP Wilkinson (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1982), IV, 483.

Michael Moorcock, under the pseudonym Edward P. Bradbury, published his pastiche-cum-homage to Edgar Rice Burroughs's Barsoom stories in three paperback volumes: City of the Beast, Lord of the Spiders and Masters of the Pit (Compact, 1965).

In 'Brian Jones, Tortured Narcissus', Nick Kent writes: 'in '68 [Jones] eased up, moved out of London to take up active residence in A.A. Milne's old house. It was a gorgeous place apparently, and acquaintances remember Brian in the last weeks and months of his life pottering around the grounds like Milne's Pooh Bear, quite hopeless but helplessly charming all the same.' Nick Kent, The Dark Stuff: Selected Writings on Rock Music (London: Faber, 2007), pp.126-136 (p.134).

Herbert Marcuse, Eros and Civilization: A Philosophical Enquiry into Freud (1956) (London: Ark, 1987), p.34.

Marcuse, p.34.

Marcuse, p.44; p.46.

Ovid, Metamorphses, trans Mary M Innes (Harmondsworth, Penguin, 1955), p.226.

Ovid, Metamorphses, p.226.

Ovid, Metamorphses, p.227.

Marcuse, p.48.

Marcuse, p.88.

Marcuse, p.161.

Marcuse, p.162.

Marcuse p.166.

Marcuse, p.171.

Marcuse, p.170.

Nick Kent, 'Brian Jones, Tortured Narcissus', The Dark Stuff, p.129.

See, for instance, 'The Solar Anus', Visions of Excess: Selected Writings, 1927-1939, trans Allan Stoeckl with Carl R Lovitt and Donald M Leslie Jr (Minneapolis: Minnesota University Press, 1985), pp.5-9; 'Rotten Sun', Visions of Excess, pp. 57-8.

Georges Bataille, The Accursed Share: An Essay on General Economy, part 1: Consumption, trans Robert Hurley (New York: Zone Books, 1988), p.23; p.21.

Bataille, The Accursed Share, p.25.

Brion Gysin, cd liner notes to Brian Jones Presents the Pipes of Pan at Joujouka (1971, Rolling Stones Records; 1995, Point Music)

Phrases from previous lines from Brion Gysin, liner notes to Brian Jones Presents...

Phrases from previous lines from Brion Gysin, liner notes to Brian Jones Presents...

Stephen Davis, Old Gods Almost Dead: 'Brian visited visionary 2001 author Arthur C. Clarke [in January 1969]', p.280.

Brian Jones, cd liner notes to Brian Jones Presents...

Stephen Davis, cd liner notes to Brian Jones Presents...

Bataille, The Accursed Share, p.25.

Bataille, The Accursed Share, p.57.

Bataille, The Accursed Share, p.59.

Bataille, The Accused Share, p.59.

Gysin, liner notes to Brian Jones Presents...

Davis, Jajouka Rolling Stone, p.63.

Davis, Jajouka Rolling Stone, p.257.

Davis, Jajouka Rolling Stone, p.254.

Phrases from previous lines from Brion Gysin, liner notes to Brian Jones Presents...

Nick Kent, 'Brian Jones, Tortured Narcissus', p.131.

'Over and over that day [of Brian Jones's death] the flimsy record player in the Stones' office played Tim Hardin's Bird on a Wire', Stanley Booth, The True Adventures of the Rolling Stones, p.480.

Booth, True Adventures, p.481.

Robert Greenfield, Stones Touring Party: A Journey Through America With The Rolling Stones (London: Aurum, 2010), p.84.

Keith Richards, Life (London: Phoenix, 2011), p.282.

Stephen Davis, Old Gods Almost Dead, p.242.

Keith Richards declared the film a 'total load of crap', Life, p.282.

Stephen Davis, Old Gods Almost Dead, p.241.

Jean-Luc Godard, One Plus One (1968), Cupid Productions. Voice-over narration by Sean Lynch.

Robert Greenfield, Stones Touring Party, p.66.

Davis, Old Gods Almost Dead, p.323; Greenfield, Stones Touring Party, p.57.

Jean-Luc Godard, One Plus One (1968), Cupid Productions. Voice-over narration by Sean Lynch.

William Blake, 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell', Complete Writings (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1972), 'The Argument', plate 3 (p.149).

William Blake, 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell', 'The Voice of the Devil', plate 4 (p.149).

William Blake, 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell', 'The Voice of the Devil', plate 6 (p.150).

William Blake, 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell', 'A Memorable Fancy', plate 20 (p.157).

William Blake, 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell', 'A Memorable Fancy', plate 20 (p.157).

William Blake, 'The Marriage of Heaven and Hell', 'Proverbs of Hell', plate 8 (p.151).

Jean-Luc Godard, One Plus One (1968), Cupid Productions. Voice-over narration by Sean Lynch. The film ends with Eve Democracy draped over a camera crane, which ascends into the air, adorned with a red and a black flag.