A Walking Contradiction (Partly Truth and Partly Fiction)

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Usually, the tale of a New Hollywood is founded on two genealogies. The mainstream version begins with The Graduate, Point Blank and Bonnie and Clyde (all 1967) and their acknowledged debt to European art cinema. The parallel – and slightly more "cultish" – genealogy opens with Roger Corman's 1960s productions at AIP, where filmmakers like Dennis Hopper, Monte Hellman, Jack Nicholson, Francis Ford Coppola, Peter Fonda, Peter Bogdanovich or Henry Jaglom were able to assume multiple functions, mainly for economic reasons, in a flexible working climate. The Corman Factory allowed them to learn the tools of the trade and to develop a less constrained, more personal filmmaking practice. They were part of a "low" culture, but for them the motto "film as art" was still free of derogatory connotations.[1] Works such as Hellman's The Shooting (1966) and Bogdanovich's Targets (1968) bear witness to a happy marriage of genre and modernist elements. AIP also produced films such as The Trip (1967) and Wild in the Streets (1968) which explicitly addressed the counter-culture and topical political events. The cycle of biker films commencing with Corman's The Wild Angels (1966) gave expression to a fundamentally nihilistic outlook and to a confusing mixture of "leftist" and "right-wing" elements.[2] Hopper's Easy Rider (1969), the major studio release which – in terms of characters, themes and personnel – merged all of these elements, became a huge commercial success.

In this narrative of New Hollywood, causality and linearity reign supreme, and the setting is always Los Angeles. The fact that the film industry and seemingly all wisdom about movie economy are LA-based tends to obscure other settings and sub-plots of the main story. In Martin Scorsese's Mean Streets (1973) there is a scene in which Harvey Keitel and Robert de Niro go to the movies and watch one of Corman's Poe adaptions starring Vincent Price. In the foyer of the theatre we can see three film posters: Point Blank by John Boorman, Corman's X – The Man with the X-Ray Eyes and Husbands by John Cassavetes. In a sense, this is Scorsese's understanding of how the bastard-child New Hollywood (exemplified by Mean Streets itself) came into being: It was conceived from the union of the Americanized art film (Point Blank), homegrown independent exploitation films (*X*) and New York based "outsider cinema" (Husbands).

In the context of such a troika, Cassavetes represents a decidedly non-Californian film culture which had fostered a New American Cinema since the end of the Fifties, mainly in the form of avantgarde and documentary films. New York had become the focal point for creative energies which were to leave their mark on Hollywood only much later and in much more hesitant form (Arthur Penn and Mike Nichols, the directors of Bonnie and Clyde and The Graduate, respectively, lived and still live in New York).

Beverly Walker recalls: "My perspective had begun to change in the mid-Sixties when I began working at the NY Film Festival – for Amos Vogel and Richard Roud who were teachers as well as bosses. Within a brief period I was exposed to an incredible array of films unlike anything I'd ever even imagined. Ray, Ichikawa, Kurosawa, Dreyer, Wajda, not to mention the deities of the Nouvelle Vague, as well as American experimentalists like Stan Brakhage and Andy Warhol, and independents such as Shirley Clarke and Jonas Mekas blew me away. Almost overnight, I changed from a sporadically employed stage actress and civil rights activist to someone who regarded film as a medium of social change and comment as well as an art form of infinite plasticity and possibility."

Between 1967 and 1970 several feature films were made in New York, which in varying ways paid tribute to Godard and American underground cinema. They took up the themes of political violence and radicalisation in the U.S., discussed the social role of cinema and played "documentary" and "fiction" off against each other. Norman Mailer's book about the antiwar march to the Pentagon, *The Armies of the Night* (1968), offered two perspectives: "History as a Novel" and "The Novel as History", and blurred the boundaries between observer, narrator and actor. In pseudo-documentary style, Jim McBride's marvellously ironic film David Holzman's Diary (1967) shares this idea; David Holzman's Diary portrays the sufferings of a filmmaker who decides to record his own life. Following Godard's example, his creed is to film the truth 24 times per second, but the first second of the film already contains 24 times the lie. McBride and his co-writer and lead actor, L. M. Kit Carson, plunge the audience into a downward spiral of false expectations, philosophical traps and debates on film theory which are not only not resolved but increasingly question the existential conditions of David Holzman's diary – as well as those of David Holzman's Diary.

McBride has this to say about his film school beginnings at NYU: "What surprised me most, apart from the films, was the fact that all the students were actually planning to have a life and career in film – and not just hanging around like I did. Regular people were making movies; I found that really amazing at the time. [...] Marty Scorsese was in my class, as was Lewis Teague, and a year later Michael Wadleigh came in. Later he made Woodstock and

worked with me on my first two films. When Marty made his first movie, Who's That Knocking at My Door [1963-69], we were sitting in two editing rooms next to each other. I was working on David Holzman's Diary; and Michael had shot both films. (...) There were no real directors teaching us at film school. It was mostly people who loved movies and could tell us a lot about film history. Their names may be lost to history, but they were good people. One of them, Marty's mentor, was named Haig Manoogian."

About his influences, McBride says: "In American literature, there is a highly respected tradition of writing in the First Person Singular. I guess Norman Mailer is one of the most famous and best examples of this tradition. In my case, it was also a film, Stanton Kaye's Georg [1964], a kind of diary that ends with the suicide of the protagonist. But there was another, maybe slightly bigger influence, even if it might not be as visible in my film: Michael Powell's Peeping Tom."[3]

In his introduction to the script for David Holzman's Diary, published in 1970, L.M. Kit Carson reflects further on these beginnings and fills in the cultural background to the film: "About three years ago, late winter 1967, Jim McBride and I sat in a coffee shop on West 45th Street off Broadway. Jim was eating, as usual, a cheeseburger. At that time we were researching a book on *cinéma-vérité* for the New York Museum of Modern Art: *The Truth on Film.* We had just taped three- and six-hour interviews with Richard Leacock, the Maysles Brothers, Andy Warhol, D.A. Pennebaker, Andrew Noren, other *cinéma-veritistes* – all of them stumbling around the basic (endless) question in cinéma-vérité, that of filming-the-Real: *Can* you get It, the Real, the Truth, on film? (...). McBride [then] handed me an outline he'd written for a movie about a filmmaker named David (no last name): a sane man and loser like most, who'd finally lost his life. My life ... haunts me,' Jim wrote David as saying: My life ... haunts me.' To stop This, David starts filming and taping the days and nights of his existence – he figures to get his life down on plastic; then It can't get away any more. (...)

It's all there, the Facts right on frames 312 through 316 of Mr. Abraham Zapruder's 8mm *cinéma-vérité* truthmovie. Have you seen It all?

Do you want DHD aesthetically to fake people out?

Someone asks this question every time. There are several answers.

FIRST All art's a decoy. Not Real. Not Fact. Not The Truth; but lures you to The Real, The Truth.

SECOND However, from the beginning, The Real and David Holzman's Diary began to rush together, mix, twist, join more than usual for a movie. (...)

THIRD Truth and Life merge, Jim McBride always steps up to the microphone and says in answer to this question. And smiles. And that's all.

A year later, walking out after a Diary *screening, Pennebaker said to me (funny smile):'You killed cinéma-vérité. No more truthmovies.'*

No. Truthmovies are just beginning."[4]

From this East Coast milieu, other relevant feature films emerged in the late Sixties: The Edge (1968) and Ice (1969) by Robert Kramer probe the alternatives of political struggle versus political use of the media and generally reach pessimistic conclusions about either option. Greetings (1968) and Hi, Mom! (1970) by Brian De Palma (who worked together with McBride at Huntington Hartford Film Center in the early Sixties) are playful satires on current politics and the mainstream media. Shirley Clarke's Portrait of Jason (1967) and Robert Frank's Me and My Brother (1968) initially present themselves to the viewer as documentary outsider portraits, but gradually start to articulate the extent to which entire lives can "invent" themselves in front of the camera. Coming Apart (1969) by Milton Moses Ginsberg, another "fake documentary", chronicles the emotional crack-up of a New York psychiatrist who films himself and his various sexual encounters with a hidden camera in his apartment (Ginsberg acknowledged David Holzman's Diary as the most influential film for him at the time). Norman Mailer directed three highly personal films: Wild 90 (1967/68), Beyond the Law (1968) and Maidstone (1968/70), produced in close collaboration with the masters of *cinéma vérité*, Richard Leacock, D. A. Pennebaker and Nick Proferes (who was also to become Barbara Loden's most important partner in the production of Wanda in 1970).[5] And finally, there is Medium Cool (1969), the first feature directed by the renowned cinematographer and documentarist Haskell Wexler. In the context of the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, Wexler raises the question if and how an observer/journalist/narrator/filmmaker should take the stage, "enter the real" and become a political actor.[6] Although it weaves a complex cinematic tapestry around the themes of truth and representation, Medium Cool was the only film of this group to be distributed by a major studio (due perhaps to Wexler's ties with the industry). It provoked considerable critical debate but failed to make any lasting impact on film culture. The other films mentioned above were barely noticed by the mainstream media, and neither were the regional activities of George A. Romero in Pittsburgh and John Waters in Baltimore, who only became known years later via the phenomenon of midnight movie cults.

Despite this, or perhaps because of this, many exponents of New York filmmaking were drawn to Los Angeles in 1969/70, among them McBride, Carson, De Palma, Scorsese and Jonathan Demme, a press agent at the time. Los Angeles appeared to offer a fortuitous combination of large production capital and a burgeoning new cinema. Beverly Walker left for LA in late 1968.

She was hired by MGM to shield Michelangelo Antonioni from the hostile press during the shooting of Zabriskie Point and to control the flow of information from the set to the public. Walker recalls:

> Remember, there are about 2500 miles between NY and LA. Back in the Sixties that meant more than it does today. Eventually the critical positions developed in New York, based on André Bazin and other Europeans, impacted Hollywood – but it took a long time. This schism may account more than any other single factor for the early snuffing out of the movement. For instance, I don't think there was any awareness of filmmakers like McBride, Mailer or Kramer in mainstream LA film circles. McBride drove a taxi for the first several years he lived in LA – and he has never been able to create a real place for himself. (...) I and many of my friends and associates migrated to Los Angeles with the intention of entering the film industry. However, the assumptions we acted upon – of New York in the Sixties – turned out to be perilous. 'Hollywood' is not part of any regional or cultural tradition except its own. Bacon's painting of a dog chasing its own tail is a perfect iconographic image of Hollywood for me.

Apart from the New York "emigrés" Hollywood also received an influx of filmmakers from Europe. This movement is not comparable to the two waves of "Europeanisation" in the 1920s (when the film industry raided the "old world" in search of important directors, actors and cinematographers) and in the late 1930s and early 1940s (when Hollywood became the most attractive as well as treacherous place of exile). Nonetheless this new wave of emigration was significant mainly because of the high standing and influence that European cinema enjoyed, at least in New York. Directors such as Michelangelo Antonioni, Milos Forman, Roman Polanski, Krzysztof Zanussi, Karel Reisz, Bo Widerberg, Jan Troell, Jan Kadar, Ivan Passer, Agnès Varda or Jacques Demy came to Hollywood to make one or more films at the end of the Sixties and the beginning of the Seventies. At the same time, young American directors tried to incorporate the strengths and fashions of European cinema into their work, not only by means of stylistic reference but also by actually transferring their European idols to glamour land itself. Robert Benton's and David Newman's attempts to talk their gods, Truffaut and Godard, into directing their Bonnie and Clyde script are now the stuff of legend. In The Christian Licorice Store (1970), James Frawley's ambitious debut film, Jean Renoir plays himself – the wise old Frenchman of the movies.

The most extensive, albeit gently ironic, example of this is Paul Mazursky's second directorial work: Alex in Wonderland, an adaptation of Fellini's Otto e mezzo. Mazursky's alter ego (Donald Sutherland) is also working on his second film, enjoying the success of his debut (just as Mazursky enjoyed the success of Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice) and the opportunities which have

suddenly opened up to him. The film switches back and forth between Alex's increasingly obvious private and professional failure and his own private movie dreamscape to which he clings against all adversity. He travels to Rome, stumbles around Cinecitta like a young boy on his first holiday abroad and visits Fellini who is in the middle of editing I Clowns. The master is polite but short with him; this does not deter Alex from stammering out his adoration. When he returns to LA, Alex's fantasies get the better of him. In the middle of the street he runs across none other than Jeanne Moreau. They go walking side-by-side, and all of a sudden she breaks out into a song from Jules et Jim (accompanied by an off-screen orchestra). She rests her head on his shoulder and, in true fairytale fashion, rides around the city with him in a horse carriage.

Around 1968/69, Agnès Varda and Jacques Demy took the opposite route: Paris-LA via New York. In Lion's Love (1969), Varda's quasi-documentary essay on Los Angeles, the dominant influences and current affairs of the time converge. The film, shot in early 1969, is set in the first week of June 1968 and structured like a diary. The assassination of Robert Kennedy and Valerie Solanas's attempt on the life of Andy Warhol – conveyed over the television and telephone – form the "historical" background. The foreground is shared by Viva (as Viva), who is living in a type of commune with two men; Shirley Clarke, who has come to LA to meet up with possible financiers and producers of her next project; Carlos Clarens, film historian and critic, who talks of legendary Hollywood days; cameo appearances by Peter Bogdanovich and Eddie Constantine (as Viva's ex-lover); and Viva & Company's staging of a play by Michael McClure about Jean Harlow and Billy the Kid.

> Varda's film is not realistic to Los Angeles. There was no communal life to speak of there. All the people in Lion's Love are entrenched New Yorkers! Varda and Demy created their own, very special, environment in Hollywood, which was more like Paris in that it revolved around food and included many Europeans living in L.A. or passing through, and other displaced persons such as myself!" (Beverly Walker)

But like Mazursky's film, Lion's Love paints a telling picture of the American film industry's state at the time. Varda accompanies Shirley Clarke to her meetings with the film producers and manages to convey how these suits are desperately seeking new outsider artists and "edgy" material. Of course, they cannot agree to Clarke's demands for final cut (whereupon Clarke – in the film? in reality? – attempts suicide). Unlike Alex, Varda is not being overwhelmed by her fantasy world; she develops a discourse which brilliantly interweaves politics, current debates on violence, the alternative (in this case entirely passive) lifestyles of the counter-culture as well as the mythologies and the actual practice of cinema. Quite naturally, Varda dreams not of Fellini and

Moreau but of the ruptures between Old and New Hollywood. (In this context, it is remarkable to see how many American films of this moment are about filmmaking: David Holzman's Diary, Symbiopsychotaxiplasm, Targets, Coming Apart, Maidstone, Ice, Medium Cool, Alex in Wonderland, Lion's Love, The Last Movie. Whereas these largely modernist works are told 'in the present tense', mirroring the filmmaking questions and problems of their own era, the wave of films-about-cinema which followed a few years later returned to feelings of nostalgia with a vengeance. The Day of the Locust, The Great Waldo Pepper, The Last Tycoon, Nickelodeon, Hearts of the West, Gable and Lombard, The Wild Party and Inserts seem to reflect a certain shift in American self-perceptions: The potentially anti-illusionist debate in which films-about-cinema always somehow engage is now being sealed off and displaced into a remote, mythical past: once upon a time, there was a cinema ...).

Gary Lockwood and Anouk Aimée in The Model Shop

In Jacques Demy's Model Shop (1969) the French New Wave crosses the path of New Hollywood not just symbolically, by way of quotations, but quite substantially. Perhaps this process was assisted by Demy's collaboration with the

American screenwriter Adrien Joyce (= Carol Eastman), who – among other things – wrote the scripts for The Shooting and Five Easy Pieces. Anouk Aimée, who played Demy's Lola in 1961, reappears under that name eight years later, still a French national, but working in an LA "model shop" where men can pay to photograph half-naked women in every conceivable pose. (It is typical of Demy's sensitivity that he does not show the usual forms of prostitution, and instead chooses a nice metaphor for it.) Gary Lockwood, a young drifter, falls in love with Lola and with what she represents: a smooth, dark, attractive 'old world'. The loud showbiz-blond with whom he lives starts to turn him off. Demy takes the contrast even further – without, as one would expect, simply playing off his French origins against American culture. He focuses his attention on contemporary youth culture (in particular the rock group Spirit), on long drives through the city to the accompaniment of Bach, on the hysterical exterior of Los Angeles as well as the plush interior of the model shop (a distant reminder of Fifties French cinema). He sees America through European eyes, and it becomes richer for it, revealing facets that 'native' artists often overlook. "It was as if I had never seen Los Angeles on the screen the way it appeared to me in reality. I felt the desire to show this city to my American friends."[7]

When the film mentions the Vietnam War, it stays calm and responds with melancholia rather than the usual agitation: Lockwood has received his call-up and, although there is talk of peace negotiations in Paris (!) on the radio, we sense that fate will soon take him far away from Lola's boudoir. At the end, on the day before his departure for the army, he tries to reach her once more on the phone, but she is already sitting in a plane to France (the ticket was his present to her). He smiles and, for the first time, he is afraid of dying.

Model Shop is an impressive moment in the new American cinema. A moment, however, which – like the New York branch of the tree – had relatively little effect on the general development; just another seed in the spawning of what is destined to remain an imaginary parallel history of Hollywood.

* * *

> After Tim Leary had escaped from Eldridge Cleaver's clutches, he was arrested by American agents and taken back to the States, then put in solitary confinement at Folsom prison, in a cell right next to [Charles] Manson's. The two 'hole-mates' couldn't see each other, but they could talk. Manson didn't understand why Leary had given people acid without trying to control them. 'They took you off the streets,' Charlie explained, 'so that I could continue with your work.'[8]

As Easy Rider made its way into the box-office record books, the American film industry thought it had found a shining new recipe for future success. And the media encouraged this belief: "The mass media, having exploited every other youth truth, was now usurping youth's paranoia"(Paul Schrader, 1969).[9] Twelve to eighteen months later the industry was forced to sober up: none of the unofficial "sequels" to Easy Rider had attracted much interest at the box-office; instead neo-conservative blockbusters like Love Story or Airport (both 1970) were topping the charts.

The studios and the filmmakers had overlooked the fact that Easy Rider was both the culmination and the end point of a broader "dissident" rhetoric in American public life. During the Sixties, the bright veneer of American culture and politics had darkened considerably, but in 1969, when the film came out, even the *counter*-culture had begun to lose its shine. In the view of the public, it had betrayed its original values and allowed its beacons of hope (drugs, communal life and rock music) to degenerate into sources of madness, violence and paranoia. When Timothy Leary wanted to hand on the baton, Charles Manson was the first to grab it.

Therefore, the most challenging and "contemporary" American film of 1969 might not have been Easy Rider but The Wild Bunch. A key work of this era, Sam Peckinpah's 'bad trip' to Mexico is able to illuminate not only the Vietnam War and the My Lai massacre,[10] but also the phenomenon of completely irrational violence which, by 1968/69, appeared to have taken hold of all areas of American culture. The film was discussed at length in the press, frequently in moral terms, and many critics considered it to be not just a masterpiece but a kind of perverse gift from the gods: "The Wild Bunch has an imaginative power and energy which takes it far beyond anything we have a right to expect now in American films. It is only in its violence and nihilism that it is, like a mirror image, just what we richly deserve."[11]

The splitting of New Hollywood cinema into a picaresque stream, which depicted 'unmotivated',[12] drifting, alienated (anti-)heroes on a journey through America (and its narrative), and a revisionist genre strand, which furnished the Western, the film noir and the urban thriller with darker, often politically motivated undercurrents, might have one of its origins in the 'contest' between Easy Rider and The Wild Bunch. Paul Schrader, who as screenwriter and director would soon contribute important elements to the second strand, wrote critical essays on both films in 1969 and 1970. He made no attempt to conceal his antipathies and sympathies nor to hide his assessment of what American cinema needed most: "In the post-slaughter epilogue of The Wild Bunch Peckinpah rubs the spectator's nose in the killing he has so recently enjoyed. New killers arrive to replace the old. A way of life has died, but the dying continues. (...) A friend after seeing The Wild Bunch for the first

time remarked 'I feel dirty all the way through.' Peckinpah wouldn't have it any other way. (...) The Wild Bunch is a powerful film because it comes from the gut of America, and from a man who is trying to get America out of his gut. The trauma of ex-patriotism is a common theme in American art, but nowhere is the pain quite so evident as in the life of Sam Peckinpah. The Wild Bunch is the agony of a Westerner who stayed too long, and it is the agony of America."[13] About Easy Rider he wrote:

> If the mass media decides to exploit the Hopper-Fonda paranoia it will acquire something as worthless as last year's mod fashions and nude plays. Hopper and Fonda are too infatuated with the idea of themselves as pundits, Christs, martyrs, and Porky Pigs to examine their heroes, villains, or themselves – and this form of harmless paranoia is easily stolen and marketed throughout the media. But we are all too old for this kind of game, no?[14]

Apart from a sizeable number of ill-conceived, immature 'art films' by young directors this 'game' did, however, indirectly produce some works that have stood the test of time. They were driven by other motives and able to employ more complex means than were the "harmless paranoiacs", whose analysis of American society did not go beyond a simple reversal of the old good guys vs. bad guys dichotomy. Films like Hopper's The Last Movie (1971) and Monte Hellman's Two-Lane Blacktop (1971), Bob Rafelson's Five Easy Pieces (1970) and The King of Marvin Gardens (1972) seemed not only to have taken to heart the lesson to be learned from Easy Rider; they also appeared to have grasped the message of The Wild Bunch: that there is no longer any common 'connective tissue' in American life which could serve as the bedrock for progressive, univocal moral positions. For these films, flashes of insight are only possible amidst the morass; amidst the dark territory that lies between the fleeing, failed, abstract individual and the powerful, if repeatedly battered, rock formations of traditional mythology which have shaped him (or much more rarely, her).

Along with related projects like Drive, He Said (1971) by Jack Nicholson, Cisco Pike (1971) by Bill Norton, Glen and Randa (1971) by Jim McBride or Kid Blue (1971/73) by James Frawley, these works and associated directing careers all suffered a number of setbacks (with the exception of Five Easy Pieces they were all flops). Their narrative styles were anti-illusionist or at least not designed to encourage ready identification with their heroes. Even more crucial was the change of climate that occurred between the planning/financing of these films and their (sometimes deliberately delayed) theatrical releases. Within the space of two years, studios, critics and audiences agreed on the common wisdom that the fostering of young talent with dissident intentions had been a huge mistake. The studios could boast of few successes and

started either to shelve their smaller, more difficult films or bury them in limited release without any kind of promotion. The critics lumped together the exceptional with the banal 'youth movies' and outdid each other with cynically generalized judgements. And audiences, even those predisposed towards youth culture, waited in vain for that easy ride of 'vengeful' satisfaction to return.

Beverly Walker managed to negotiate the publication of the complete Two-Lane Blacktop script in *Esquire* magazine, but the headline "The Film of the Year" (aesthetically correct from today's perspective) already represented a commercial miscalculation on the part of the magazine.

> Honestly, I didn't have to do a lot of 'selling' to get *Esquire* to publish the script of Two-Lane Blacktop. I approached them about a feature story and they suggested the screenplay. Remember that *Esquire* considered itself a 'literary' magazine. They'd published screenplays twice before. It was just part of what was happening at the time – media exploitation of pop culture. [Studio boss] Lew Wasserman personally hated Two-Lane Blacktop and killed it by withholding advertising. It would never have had the success of Easy Rider – the pacing, the oblique, bleak vision, the wooden actors – but it wouldn't have been an abject failure either.

The relationship between the new auteurs of American cinema and the film industry that sought to take them under its wing was also destroyed to a certain extent by the filmmakers themselves. Their tendency to brood over their creations like 19th-century Romantic artists was bound to lead to irreconcilable conflicts in an exceptionally capital- and labour-intensive sector. The Last Movie epitomised this conflict. Dennis Hopper used the freedom he was granted on the basis of Easy Rider in inimitable fashion: artistically - the film is the most radical, multi-layered critique of Hollywood that has ever emerged from inside the industry – as well as in Hopper's personal, presumably drug-propelled behaviour. He offered himself as the perfect fall guy to the mainstream press and went into battle with his production company, Universal. In doing so, Hopper took on such well-disposed partners as Ned Tanen who headed a special production unit at Universal. Apart from The Last Movie, Tanen was also responsible for producing Two-Lane Blacktop, Peter Fonda's directorial debut The Hired Hand and Douglas Trumbull's ecologically minded 'space opera' Silent Running.

> Hopper went over the top in every respect and helped bury the 'new movement' (...). Today, he might agree with that. I was around Universal a lot during that period and I know that studio executives like Ned Tanen were just beside themselves over Hopper's drug-induced antics. (...) In later years, I came to believe that the old guard was just lying in wait for the inevitable mistakes of the upstarts ... and they

> were plentifully obliged. (...) There were situations in which I was the effective liaison between the 'creative' forces – usually the director – and the studio executives. I was often put in the deplorable position of explaining each side to the other. And I regret to say that I was often deeply embarrassed by the behaviour of the filmmakers. They were like brats blackmailing their parents – at age 35!" (Beverly Walker)

The endeavours of the 'creative forces' to achieve relative autonomy from the studios did not only find expression in this sort of individualistic struggle. In the late 1960s and early 1970s filmmakers made several attempts to gain more control over their works by forming groups, or rather, by establishing semi-independent production outfits. Most of these ventures, which all co-operated with the studios, were to fail eventually: "American Zoetrope" (Francis Ford Coppola with Warner Bros.), "The Director's Company" (Coppola, Peter Bogdanovich and William Friedkin with Paramount) and "First Artists" (Barbra Streisand, Paul Newman, Sidney Poitier, Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman with various studios) were not able – or willing – to maintain a thoroughly autonomous mode of production.[15] The only group of directors and producers who developed a high degree of common responsibility and common aesthetic goals was BBS, headed by Bert Schneider, Bob Rafelson and Steve Blauner.[16] Apart from the forerunners Head (1968, Bob Rafelson) and Easy Rider, which was produced by Schneider and Rafelson under the moniker Raybert, BBS produced Five Easy Pieces, A Safe Place (1971, Henry Jaglom), Drive, He Said, The Last Picture Show (1971, Peter Bogdanovich), The King of Marvin Gardens and a documentary about the Vietnam war, Hearts and Minds (1974, Peter Davis).

Blessed with a favourable contract at Columbia (where Bert Schneider's brother and father held positions of influence), this small company managed for a few years to create an extremely productive environment that had its origins in long-standing friendships, stemming especially from the time of the Players Ring stage in LA and the Corman Factory. Although the economic preconditions in Hollywood for solidarity of this kind are very different from those in European film culture, this group was often referred to as the American *nouvelle vague*. It projected a sense of being involved in a common cause: intellectual outsiders who briefly had access to a wider market. Directors such as James Frawley, Monte Hellman or Terrence Malick were also associated with the group. Frawley commented: "You know, there really is a community of American directors now, and I think in the last three or four years we are all, in a way, beginning to find our style. I was thinking the other day that someone should really do a family tree. How I came into Kid Blue was that Dennis Hopper took the first draft of the script to Bob Rafelson and Bert Schneider to ask who should direct it, and they suggested me. They had produced *The*

Monkees for TV and given me my first professional directing job on that show. Then they had backed Easy Rider, formed BBS, made all the BBS pictures. Jack Nicholson wrote Bob Rafelson's Monkee picture, Head, then later went on to direct Drive, He Said, was used in Jaglom's picture [A Safe Place] with Tuesday Weld, and used Jaglom in his picture. And Richard Wexler, who produced Five Easy Pieces, is my partner now in developing projects. And then of course Jack Nicholson was in the two Monte Hellman Westerns, one of which was written by Carol Eastman, who also wrote Five Easy Pieces (...). Terry Malick, too, has always been involved to a certain extent on a personal level, and has gotten great support from Bob and Bert. It's a tree, good support, you feel you're not working in a total vacuum."[17]

The films produced by or in association with BBS are the culmination of a characteristic tendency in early New Hollywood to translate general dissatisfaction with the political, social and cultural climate of the time into the existential problems of specific individuals. Films about cynical drifters and alienated social misfits who are forced to or choose to remain in a state of constant motion because 'staying at home' smacks of corruption. Films with a loose, undramatic pace and open endings – because no alternative destination or 'home' can be found. Films that rediscover the wide open spaces, the street and everyday life, in search of a new realism and an open-ended production process, substituting the conventions of genre with more authentic means of experiencing time and space. And, lastly, films which allegorise their own limitations through their protagonists – independent-dependent (studio) productions about independent-dependent men who reject an oppressive system of rules without being able to even entertain the (political) notion of a less constraining system beyond the current one.

Bill Norton's Cisco Pike, produced for Columbia under similar conditions as the BBS films, is a good example of this ambivalence. Norton, the son of a leftist screenwriter who had to fight for his survival during the McCarthy era, visited film school at UCLA and conceived of Cisco Pike as a portrait of the drug and music scene in Los Angeles. When he came into contact with Gerald Ayres, a young producer working at Columbia, some of the emphasis of the project was altered but not altogether for the worse. The relationship between the characters, for instance, was developed more fully and tied in with a detailed description of the milieu. As a favour to his friend Ayres, Robert Towne reworked Norton's script. He created the character of the policeman (Gene Hackman), who forces the musician and ex-dealer Cisco Pike (Kris Kristofferson) back into the criminal underworld, and he rewrote large parts of the figure of Cisco's girlfriend (Karen Black). Like the story material, which is a mixture of genre and counter-cultural elements, the casting consists of 'official' components (Hackman), as well as 'semi-official' (Kristofferson, Harry

Dean Stanton) and "unofficial" (Viva) elements. Interestingly, the industry outsider Norton initially opposed employing the industry outsider Karen Black, whereas for the studio her name was a deciding factor in the process of greenlighting the project. Black's Academy Award nomination for Five Easy Pieces had seemingly made her a safe bet. The film was further changed both during and after shooting; new scenes were written and shot later (partly in New York), Ayres wrote some scenes himself, and the editor, Robert Jones, spent considerable time searching for the best version of the end.[18]

In retrospect, Cisco Pike is one of the era's most beautiful films, and a powerful testimony to the patchwork-like, circuitous path of its own making. It blends a crime movie narrative with a comprehensive study of the milieu, 'authentic' scenes from the music rehearsal room with aggressive action sequences, a stark city portrait with quietly moving love scenes. The hero, torn between his previous life (drugs), his self-proclaimed future (music, Karen Black) and his present demimonde existence, mortgaged to Hackman (and the chance of making a lot of money), is elevated to almost iconical status in Kristofferson's acting and singing. His ballad "The Pilgrim Chapter 33" becomes an icon for the impure cinema circa 1970 and its impure protagonists who were determined to exhaust an untenable position until the end.

"The Pilgrim Chapter 33" is dedicated to Dennis Hopper (Kristofferson had worked on The Last Movie, and Hopper had planned to shoot a film based on "Me and Bobby McGee"). In Cisco Pike the song passes cutting comment on the main character. And at the end of the era it re-emerges in unexpected circumstances: Betsy and Travis are drinking coffee, she smiles to herself, bemused by this strange guy who has just come on to her, and a song by Kris Kristofferson crosses her mind. He does not know who Kristofferson is (Travis is a taxi driver and not familiar with the tastes and rituals of the educated classes). She recites a few lines from the song to him. He says: "This is about me?" She says: "Only the part with the contradictions." And so it would seem that this one song encapsulates New Hollywood from beginning to end, from Dennis Hopper to Taxi Driver, with Cisco Pike right in the middle.

He has tasted good and evil in your bedrooms and your bars (...)
Searching for a shrine he's never found (...)
He's a poet, he's a picker
He's a prophet, he's a pusher
He's a pilgrim and a preacher and a problem when he's stoned
He's a walking contradiction, partly truth and partly fiction
Taking every wrong direction on his lonely way back home.

* * *

The economic crisis of the American film industry from 1968/69 onwards had been an important reason for the turn towards smaller, cheaper films (produced by new, enthusiastic and equally cheap labour). But the losses continued; in 1970/71 alone, the major studios lost 525 million dollars. During these two years Fox, Paramount and Warner cut back their production levels to a bare minimum. All studios restructured their organisations and dismissed thousands of employees. The relatively recent corporate take-overs (all studios had become parts of large conglomerates in the Sixties) were also felt at management level. A young generation of managers and agents took over running the studios and by and large put an end to the 'experiments' of the crisis years.[19] The BBS connection at Columbia broke down when in 1973 the old management (including Bert Schneider's father Abe) was replaced by a more 'business-oriented' team formed around Alan Hirschfield and David Begelman.

These attempts at economic consolidation had their counterpart in a 'consolidation' of narrative styles: the upturn of the industry – in regard to box-office earnings – was due to a series of largely unexpected hits which drew on classical genres and traditional narrative tropes: The French Connection (1971, William Friedkin), The Godfather (1972, Francis Ford Coppola), What's Up, Doc? (1972, Peter Bogdanovich), American Graffiti (1973, George Lucas), The Sting (1973, George Roy Hill), The Exorcist (1973, Friedkin) among others. This upswing is associated with a different notion of 'New Hollywood', with a certain shift in interest from the search for individual authenticity to working with given cultural forms. The great patron saints of this project are Arthur Penn and Sam Peckinpah. Both had changed genre cinema in the Sixties by aggressively appropriating new styles and reversing as well as politicizing the classical Hollywood forms – and they continued to do so until the mid-Seventies. Penn's Night Moves (1975) and Peckinpah's Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia (1974) rank among the final and most extreme masterpieces produced by a culture of madness and desperation. (The directors who most enriched American cinema during this period were mature men, older than the egocentric youngsters who are often seen as synonymous with the era. Penn was 48 when Little Big Man was released, Peckinpah 44 at the time of The Wild Bunch. John Cassavetes – patron saint of a more private strand of New Hollywood psychodrama – was 45 when A Woman under the Influence was shot, and Robert Altman, controversial patron saint of Seventies cynicism, was 50 when he made Nashville.)

There is certainly some truth in Stephen Schiff's argument that New Hollywood modernism is best articulated in genre films.[20] During the first half of the 1970s all genres – particularly the Western and the film noir – underwent a radical re-orientation, which corresponded to the broader crisis that American society was undergoing.[21] This climate also extended to 'illegitimate' and more recent genre forms like the black gangster movies ('blaxploitation') or the apocalyptic horror film, although they were quickly marginalized and reduced to stereotypes. On the threshold between genre and auteur cinema, however, some films by African-American artists like Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song (1971, Melvin Van Peebles) or Ganja and Hess (1973, Bill Gunn) bear witness to a political and aesthetic potential which easily rivals their innovative 'white' counterparts.[22]

Through 'neo noir' and Post-Watergate paranoia films, an image of America emerges in the mid-Seventies which is dominated by corruption, individual powerlessness, dark, inexplicable threats, topsy-turvy values and double-faced heroes.[23] The 'neo noir' group encompasses films like Night Moves, Taxi Driver, Altman's The Long Goodbye (1973), Polanski's Chinatown (1974) and little gems such as The Outfit (1973, John Flynn) or The Friends of Eddie Coyle (1973, Peter Yates). The second group, dealing with conspiracy, assassination attempts and terrorism, includes films such as The Conversation (1974, Coppola), The Parallax View (1974, Alan J. Pakula), All the President's Men (1976, Pakula), God Told Me To (1976, Larry Cohen) or Assault on Precinct 13 (1976, John Carpenter).

In these works, the climate of fragmentation frequently infects genre cinema's language and its traditional abilities to articulate The Truth and to perform some narrative healing. "With its grasp of the potential link between political and formal fragmentation - how all one's assumptions about the way things work can be placed in jeopardy - The Parallax View nears the sophistication of what is perhaps the ultimate modernist conspiracy thriller: Francis Ford Coppola's The Conversation. (...) Coppola started writing it in the late 1960s and its strongest influences are the European art movies of that era – most famously, Antonioni's Blow-Up. Coppola takes a basic unit of cinema - a dialogue between a man and a woman - and subjects it to an extended, self-reflexive meditation. The scene is 'shot' from three different points of view, and [the film's hero] Harry spends most of the movie trying to edit these together into a seamless reproduction – just like a film editor cutting together different shots into a single scene."[24] At one point in The Parallax View, the nervous reporter who (with good reason) sees conspiracies everywhere is placated by his chief editor with the words: "Go home, go to a movie, relax." Which is precisely what The Parallax View and similar films did not want to be: a cinema of diversion, consolation and escapism.

Concurrent with this kind of 'pessimistic modernism', a thoroughly 'post-modern' engagement with genre established itself among the "Coppola circle" and at USC film school (John Milius, George Lucas, Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz and, somewhat later, Steven Spielberg). Its most obvious, most impoverished manifestation would soon put a sudden end to both traditional and modernist notions of genre. As Stephen Schiff noted:

> In Star Wars, George Lucas doesn't work *within* or even *on* genre. He *plugs in* genre, flashing its proven elements at us as though they were special effects. The genre explorations of the early Seventies depended on the audience's awareness of detective movies, westerns, and monster movies, but the recombinant-genre movies delight in the viewer's ignorance. (...) Parts of old genres replace the nuts and bolts of narrative that used to keep movies running. More and more, genre becomes a secret junkyard.[25]

Apart from the USC connection, an additional and significant nucleus of this generation of filmmakers (which was by no means as homogenous as the dominance of Spielberg-Lucas in the 1980s might suggest) can be located in the transitional period at Hollywood's major studios, circa 1970-1973. John Calley was an outstanding representative of the new breed of studio executives who rose to power in the early Seventies. He was appointed head of production at Warner Bros. and in 1971 launched a kind of screenwriters' workshop:

> Calley signed about a dozen young writers to a contract, gave them a weekly salary, a place to work and a lot of support. The median age of this group was 26; most had just rolled out of film school with a pronounced bias for the American film. They admired the likes of Ford, Hawks, Walsh and found Antonioni and Bergman hardly worth speaking about. Marcello, I'm So Bored was the thesis film for John Milius, this group's superstar. It doesn't take much sleuthing to guess the Marcello to which he referred – or the directors whose films he was knocking.[26]

At Warner Bros., where Bonnie and Clyde and The Wild Bunch had been made a few years earlier, Calley picked up Badlands and Mean Streets for distribution and produced some of the most sensational genre-revisions (or genre exploitations) of the Seventies – films such as Klute, McCabe & Mrs. Miller, A Clockwork Orange, THX 1138, Dirty Harry, Deliverance, What's Up, Doc?, The Exorcist, Night Moves.[27] The revived interest in screenwriters and genre cinema was also discernable at other studios. It brought about a further shift in emphasis: the 'crazy hippie auteurs' gave way to 'good craftmansship' and to a stronger division of functions in the filmmaking process. The (new) screenwriters and the concept of genre also re-

turned to the limelight in critical discourse, as the case of Pauline Kael shows particularly well.

Three of the most promising and/or highly paid writers of this time were John Milius, Paul Schrader and Terrence Malick.

> The studios were rushing like mad to make deals with, at first, hipsters like Fonda and Hopper, and later the macho types like Milius and Schrader. What they looked like and how they comported themselves was at least as important as their scripts. Of course directors and writers knew this and did what they had to do, which was acquire an acceptable persona and play-act. (...) I knew Terry Malick a little; obviously he wasn't included in my [*Film Comment*] critique of the guys with an abundance of ersatz machismo. I saw him and his first wife socially a few times, and interviewed him. He's a very special person. No one had more official, high-level studio backing than Terry. Why his career took the path we know surely is a highly personal story. Maybe he'll tell it someday.[28]

Although they represented 'the future' in 1972/73, all three have over time moved away from centre stage which became occupied by consensus-oriented filmmakers such as Lucas and Spielberg. Milius, whose proto-fascist and militaristic behaviour aroused fascination and revulsion in equal measure began a successful directing career which was only short-lived (The Wind and the Lion, 1975); today he is mostly working as a 'script doctor" and has disappeared from the limelight. Schrader, who was initially (and falsely, I would argue) suspected to be Milius' intellectual confrere, enjoyed a massive success with his Taxi Driver screenplay and switched to directing in 1978. With his increasingly complex, emotionally detached 'Europeanized' films, he managed to carve out a small, rather lonely (and less and less commercial) space for himself, turning into one of the few authentic auteurs that the film industry tolerates. Malick, who had interrupted a career as a philosophy professor at MIT and moved to LA (where he shot a short film at the American Film Institute while working on an early script version of Dirty Harry), took the most radical step: His films Badlands (1973) and Days of Heaven (1976/78) count among the greatest accomplishments of American cinema, but by the end of the Seventies his personality was no longer compatible with Hollywood. Almost overnight, Malick withdrew from the film business (only to return twenty years later, with the equally outstanding Thin Red Line).[29]

In an essay on Badlands, Scorsese's Mean Streets and Milius' The Wind and the Lion, written in 1975, Manny Farber provides us with his idea of a New Hollywood that channelled the experience of 'second-hand' lives into productive dissonances and which at the time seemed capable of reconciling its pop cultural status with a modernist mission. Farber describes Badlands as "the Bonnie-Clyde bloodbath done without emotions or reactions, plus a

suave, painterly image (the visuals resemble postcards with the colour printed twice)" and the perspective of the film as "from the outside looking in on a milieu that may seem as askew and perverse as Alice's Wonderland. (...) BADLANDS is often into the most artist-bewitching strategy of the 1970s. Conceptual artists like John Baldessari, Yvonne Rainer in her two films, Eleanor Antin and Martha Rosler in their postcard diaries, Fred Lonidier, Phil Steinmerz and Allan Sekula in their photo-fiction narratives are all using visual images and verbal texts in which the alignment isn't exact, so there is a space or jar created by the disjunction. In that space, the irony, humour, absurdity or message resides. The electricity created by the jar between text and visuals, words and pictures, has become the favourite technique for pinning down the madness of the human condition. It's also a strategy that allows for an exhilarating freedom, opening up the film, photo, painting format formerly closed to the possibility of informational facetiousness. (...) All these artists are turning their backs on 1960s formalism in favour of a crossed-media art involved with biography, myth, history. (...) They spotlight various postures that make the New Hollywood film so different from its forerunners, i.e., a facetious attitude about history, an automatic distrust of cops-soldiers-presidents, and, along with the bent for or against bizarre Americana, a jamming on the idea that people are inextricably influenced by myths, clichés, media, postcards, diaries, home movies, letters, etc."[30]

The reactionary turn in American culture laid to rest all hopes for a continuation or expansion of such aesthetic strategies in industrial cinema. In the 'private' sectors of the film industry, feelings of group solidarity or a commonality of goals (as described above by James Frawley) gave way to career-oriented social contacts. "There was a kind of socializing among younger people which bypassed older, more traditional Hollywood during that era. I don't believe it was overly involved with sex, drugs or drinking. Not in my house or in my experience, anyway. The problem is that as soon as someone had a big success – sold a script, got a deal – they separated themselves from their confreres and started associating with those who had already 'made it'. Then they were put on certain lists which supplied invitations to parties and screenings. It quickly became something very unpleasant and competitive. As soon as Julia and Michael Phillips moved to LA, they started giving conspicuous parties for the sole purpose of making contacts.[31] They were like spies: 'Who has a good script? Who's talented? Who can get to such-and-such a star or studio executive? Bring them to our house on Sunday.' This worked very well for them because it was known they had access to money – development money anyway. But since their occasions had no foundation of shared experience, it's not surprising they quickly evolved into substance-fests." (Beverly Walker)

Around the middle of the Seventies when the first wave of escapist, neo-heroic 'feelies' such as JAWS, ROCKY or STAR WARS was on the rise, and audience surveys, marketing research and merchandizing became central aspects of film production, cynical, gloomy social satires like Altman's NASHVILLE,[32] Hal Ashby's SHAMPOO or Michael Ritchie's SMILE (all 1975) were still possible – and even successful to a moderate degree. Henry Jaglom's TRACKS (1976) however, a 'fractured' latecomer from BBS circles, already had to appear like a very Un-American object, an alien from outer space. This film about a Vietnam war veteran (Dennis Hopper), who takes a train across the U.S. to bury a dead friend in his home town, is a fascinating odyssey in the manic-depressive mode, largely improvised, peppered with dream visions and sweetly mad lines of dialogue – a film on speed. TRACKS was barely noticed by critics and audiences; the industry was probably too preoccupied celebrating Jack Nicholson – Jaglom's and Hopper's comrade-in-arms from earlier days – for his role in ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST. It was a role, which successfully reinvented and commodified Nicholson's original anti-hero character in terms of a 'positive resistance' and in accordance with new needs for identification.

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A Harvard political scientist, William Schneider, concluded for the *Los Angeles Times* that 'the Carter protest' was a new kind of protest, 'a protest of good feelings'. That was a new kind, sure enough: a protest that wasn't a protest.[33]

I am really sick of everybody's being antichrist, anti-society, anti-government, anti-people, anti-life, anti-happiness. (...) I think that we have to bolster our way through hard times by fabricating good times.[34]

During the past twenty-five years, American cinema has contributed in no small measure to the mythological fabrication of a 'good time' in the face of ever worsening times.[35] Its tendency to hermetically seal off and homogenise cinematic form and content at all levels springs from the need to neutralise the very contradictions that are essential for any meaningful cultural representation of real – economic and social – rifts and tensions. For this reason, an engagement with American films of the Sixties and Seventies may still prove productive. Not out of nostalgia but because these films rehearse a drama between the possible and the impossible which is just as applicable today as it was then.

Dennis Hopper in TRACKS

Notes

1. As early as 1965 Dennis Hopper wrote in a manifesto: "Five years ago [in 1960] there were fifty art theatres in the United States; now there are six thousand ... 'Hey, how can we [the Europeans] get into their market? We cannot compete on their level of film. Hey! I've got an idea! Let's make art films. That's something they'll never think of!' And of course we haven't yet. Fifty theatres to six thousand in five years. No American films for six thousand theatres." Quoted in Robert B. Ray, *A certain Terdency of the Hollywood Cinema*, Princeton, 1985, p. 269.
2. Cf. Martin Rubin, "Make Love Make War: Cultural confusion and the biker film cycle," in *Film History*, Vol 6 (1994), p. 355-381.
3. Olaf Möller, "Im Schutz des Tageslichts. Jim McBride, maitre du cinéma, im Gespräch," in: *Filmwärts* 31, September 1994, p. 22. The filmmaker Stanton Kaye, whose GEORG McBride mentions here, is practically unknown today, his films have disappeared, although various authors and artists referred to him in the Sixties and Seventies. After GEORG, Kaye made BRANDY IN THE WILDERNESS (1969) at the American Film Institute in LA, which was well-received critically, but never got a regular theatrical release – a typical 'subject for further research'.

4. *David Holzman's Diary*: A Screenplay by L.M. Kit Carson from a film by Jim McBride, New York 1970, p. vii-xiii.
5. See Bérénice Reynaud's essay on WANDA in this book.
6. Journalist Richard Goldstein describes taking the opposite path, also in relation to the Chicago unrest – and he points to one aspect of the failure of the American Left in the late Sixties: "I made lists. Weeks before my first whiff of tear gas, I spent a night dissecting my motives and expectations in two neat columns. On one side, I wrote: adventure, good copy, and historical imperative. On the other side, I wrote: danger, loneliness, and cost. The word commitment didn't appear on either side. Not since college had I been able to associate that word with politics. I simply redirected my radicalism toward aesthetics." Goldstein, *Reporting the Counter-culture*, Boston/London 1989, p. 137.
7. Jacques Demy, *Stadtkino-Programm*, 153 (1989), Vienna, p. 6.
8. Paul Krassner, *Confessions of a Raving, Unconfined Nut. Misadventures in the Counter-Culture*, New York 1993, p. 194f.
9. Kevin Jackson (ed.), *Schrader on Schrader & other writings*, London 1990, p. 35.
10. The historian Richard Slotkin has written the definitive analysis on this topic. In his study of the American frontier myth, as reflected in the Western, THE WILD BUNCH assumes a prominent position. Slotkin, *Gunfighter Nation*, New York 1992, esp. pp. 591-613.
11. William Pechter, *Film Comment*, Fall 1970, New York, p. 57.
12. See Thomas Elsaesser, "The Pathos of Failure: Notes on the Unmotivated Hero," in this volume.
13. *Schrader on Schrader*, op. cit. p. 74, 80.
14. See, for instance, J. Hoberman's comments on the "last Westerns" and "Hippie Westerns" in his [italics:] The Dream Life. Movies, Media and the Mythology of the Sixties [not italics:] New York, 2003
15. Cf. Seth Cagin and Philip Dray, *Sex, Drugs, Violence, Rock'n'Roll and Politics. Hollywood Films of the Seventies*, New York 1984, p. 227f.
16. An extensive treatment and analysis of BBS can be found in Teresa Grimes, 'BBS: Auspicious beginnings, open endings', in: *Movie* 31/32, London, p. 54-66.
17. 'KID BLUE Rides Again', James Frawley interviewed by Tom Milne and Richard Combs, in: *Film Comment*, Jan-Feb 1976, New York, p. 54-58.
18. This information originates from a letter from Gerald Ayres.
19. Cf. Axel Madsen, *The New Hollywood*, New York 1975, p. 8-24.
20. Stephen Schiff, 'The Repeatable Experience', in: *Film Comment*, March 1982, New York, p. 34-36.
21. See, for instance, J. Hoberman's comments on the "last Westerns" and "Hippie Westerns" in his *The Dream Life. Movies, Media and the Mythology of the Sixties*, New York, 2003.
22. See Maitland McDonagh's essay on 'marginal' genre cinema in this book. Robin Wood has written in detail about the implications of the new American horror film: *Hollywood from Vietnam to Reagan*, op. cit., esp. p. 70, 161.
23. David Thomson has written eloquently about these cycles.
24. Adam Barker, "Cries and Whispers," in: *Sight and Sound*, February 1992, London, p. 24f.
25. Stephen Schiff, 'The Repeatable Experience', op. cit. p. 36.

26. Beverly Walker, 'Journals/L.A.', in: *Film Comment*, July 1973, New York, p. 2. Apart from Milius, this quite disparate group included Walter Hill, David Giler (who later produced Aliens [with Hill] and other films), Brian de Palma, Paul Williams (whose directorial works The Revolutionary, 1970, and Dealing, 1972, belong more to the counter-culture), Terrence Malick, Vernon Zimmermann (who directed Deadhead Miles, based on Malick's script, in 1971/72) and the actor Tony Bill (later co-producer of Taxi Driver and director of My Bodyguard among other films). Additional comments on this group can be found in: Beverly Walker, 'Journals/L.A.', in: *Film Comment*, May 1973.
27. Cf. Stuart Byron, 'John Calley Interview', in: *Film Comment*, November 1974, New York, p. 39-43.
28. Cf. Beverly Walker, op. cit.
29. See essay by Dana Polan in this volume.
30. 'Manny Farber examines Badlands, Means Streets and The Wind and the Lion', in: *City of San Francisco*, September 23, 1975, Vol 9, Issue 11.
31. The married couple Phillips was the most successful producing team of the late New Hollywood phase (The Sting, Taxi Driver, Close Encounters of the Third Kind). Julia Phillips has documented her career and her descent into drug addiction in a controversial autobiography: *You'll Never Eat Lunch in This Town Again*, New York/Toronto 1991.
32. For the relationship between Jaws and Nashville see J. Hoberman's essay in this volume.
33. Tom Wolfe, "The Me Decade and the Third Great Awakening," (1976) in: Wolfe, *The Purple Decades*, New York 1982.
34. Sylvester Stallone, 1976, quoted in: Peter Knobler, "A One-Way Ticket from Palookaville (1977)," in: *Very Seventies, A cultural history of the 70s from the pages of Crawdaddy*, ed. Peter Knobler/Greg Mitchell, New York 1995, p. 352.
35. The most outstanding analysis of 1980s cinema can be found in Andrew Britton, 'Blissing Out: The Politics of Reaganite Entertainment', in: *Movie* 31/32 London, p. 1-42.