

Review of *Monkey's Birthday*
by Heather Williams - (7/5/75)

MONKEY'S BIRTHDAY - Feels one to four

The Hundredth Name of God is put into a particle accelerator. A Turk slides a match into the corner of his eye, and produces it out of the corner of the other and then from his mouth: the commonest transistor of light penetrates the brain of a wise trickster.

Gold mountains dominate dwellings in petrified dervish hats a hundred foot high, wherein are buried mummified angels. Gold men beat bronze, and Jewels are seen as terrestrial condensers, assisting the Earth's flight path, instead of gluck for the rich. Spirit and flesh cartoons reverse the writing on the wall: what is written becomes the writer without a pause.

Tombs are illuminated by body music. Corpse tea is served. The glaring tomb in the mountains becomes an astral cunt.

Gnauaua music accompanies the birth pangs of Triffyds. Light vultures eat the sun and excrete it as a megalith. Acidulous magma sprites beat their wings against the inner sanctum of a mobile mosque.

The phoenix fucks. Fire burns backwards.

A Time-Light bomb is detonated and rough beasts, their hour come round at last, hover above the tomb of Attar, waiting to land, with the patience of ants.

A man wearing hyperspatial UFO spectacles makes mating calls to them, and an egg-coffin is laid. On a Persian film set a boy's astral body can be seen and heard fluttering inside him. Spires and minarets try and sky-write UFO's to lure more down. The earth suddenly has genitals. Millennial brain -pan flashes turn the sun, moon and earth into whirling dervishes at a light feast.

A UFO will land, and their first meeting won't be with poets or cops, but with stones. They may spend three aeons, digging them, before they blink and look at anything else. When they look for "humans" perhaps they'll look for meditating stones.

There is nothing to fear from them. A tomb painting is shown with women and men entwined with sky snakes. A 13 year old Nubian boy is shown sucking off a black mamba.. Nature provided/blow jobs many moons back, sperm vampires.

UFO's will first flash on stones, for they know exactly what they need, and make high music. In reel 3, the megaliths of Carna dance and holes in the ground start mouthing. Faces of now and the future appear in the stone, then the stone turns to Adam's grave. The film cuts from here to there, from Surbiton to Siberia to wherever's trueto that pico-second.

Adam's grave turns into a wheel in the desert, filled with water, and rolling towards angels praying to the Lamb, and lays down rules for living in white light.

Religious Architecture is seen as a lonely, patient cargo cult; cathedrals are built in a second with musical drills. Stone fronds at the bottom of the sky scenting sensual vapours at the surface of the firmament.

What is it; a madman in a bowler hat in the middle of the desert with an abandoned troupe fleeing, proclaims that "I hope when I turn into a landscape, that I won't regret being alone..." or At One, having Atoned. Stoned stones will atone him.

Webbed hands suddenly fondle stones with water dripping in the background.

The movie is a third ear, third eye, Diurnal of four years in the Global-Trucking-Company-where-the-truck-occasionally;turns-into-a-metallic-Stonehenge-slab-of-white-light-integrating-the-leyz-lines of technology-into-Titan-tracks..

The truck becomes a slab of burning stone; the inhabitants filming all the while UFO's tangling with their brain stems; drawing away the veil of territory by taking on all comers as fuel cells, enriching them, disgorging them.

The Sun becomes the Star of Nazareth, because the Universe is the Messiah.

This is a letter from a sacrosanct being to a sacrosanct being. God has made movies of all life on this planet, in one long take with no cuts, and Monkey's Birthday, understudying the Recording Angel.. in as much as Two and a Half Miles of Celluloid allows, has snuck 200000000001, in a suitable and amazing format (rather than the Woolworth's antacid showpiece that got through the psychic customs), for the inhabitants of Antares.

It should be buried alive in the Embankment time capsule, shown translated into Martian Gossip on holographic ticker tape in Picadilly Circus.

"The emotions travel 30,000 times fast than the intellect," Gurdjeff.- and a generous genius has stretched the celluloid durex further than anyone else, and snapped it to give birth to a trucking feast of instinct, and visionary acupuncture for the pineal gland.

Heathcote Williams, 1975.

MONKEYS BIRTHDAY - directed by DAVID LARCHER
and produced by ALAN POWER and starring
the Cosmos, is being shown at all-
night sessions at the Gate Cinema
Notting Hill Gate - the premiere was
at 6 a.m. Wednesday, 7th May 1975.