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Sometimes ...reality is too complex for oral communication...

Male  
50 years old  
NEW YORK, New York  
United States

**Mood:** adventurousView My: [Pics](#)**Contacting Lemmy Caution**[Send Message](#)[Forward to Friend](#)[Add to Friends](#)[Add to Favorites](#)[IM / Call](#)[Block User](#)[Add to Group](#)[Rank User](#)**MySpace URL:**[www.myspace.com/lemmecaution](http://www.myspace.com/lemmecaution)**Lemmy Caution can find his own damn dames.**

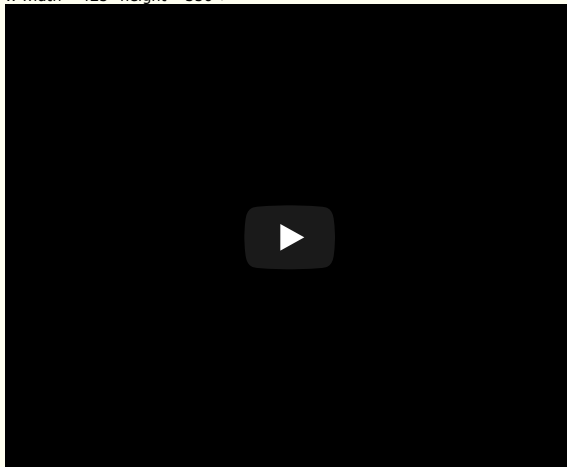
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Sometimes ...reality is too complex for oral communication But legend embodies it in a form which enables it to spread all over the world Scene: Alphaville It was 24.17 Oceanic Time ...when I approached the suburbs of Alphaville [Sign:] Silence. Logic. Security. Prudence. Scene: Hotel Johnson: My paper reserved a room for me: Ivan Johnson -Which paper? - Figaro-Pravda Clerk: Room 344. Have you registered at Residents' Control? You must, even if you're a Festival visitor Johnson: Clear off! Seductress: You're tired, sir? You'd like to sleep, sir? If you're tired, you can rest, sir. The bedroom's here [Johnson checks the walls] Seductress: I'm checking if the Bible's here -Do you believe in all that? -Of course. Seductress: I'll put the tranquilizers in the bathroom I'm very well, thank you, you're welcome Seductress: -Will you take a bath? -Yes, I must think. I'll help you, sir I'll take your tie, sir Johnson: Now what? Seductress: I'll bathe you, if you like, sir Johnson: I'm a big boy, sweetie; I can find my own dames Clear off! [Spy concealed in bathroom:] Be polite to the ladies, Mister Johnson Johnson: Bloody hell, now what? Spy: Don't you fancy this kid? Johnson: How about your sister, Mister? [Johnson kills spy] I'm getting rusty What's the game? Are you on narcotics? Seductress: No, it's just normal Johnson: Everything weird is "normal" in this hole Sit in that chair [Johnson takes photograph of Seductress] Her name was Beatrice She said she was a Seductress, Third Class I was struck by her sad, yet hard, face Something's not in orbit in the capital of this Galaxy Johnson: Hold this up [Johnson shoots a hole through each breast in a Vargas painting in magazine] Johnson: Not bad for a veteran of Guadalcanal Seductress: Just what I was thinking about you Johnson: Go play your record elsewhere; I've heard it before Yes? [Voice:] Mister Johnson Miss Natasha Vonbraun... ...has called for you Johnson: Just a moment [photo on bed: Leonard Vonbraun; bring back alive, or liquidate] Johnson: Tell her I'll come down [Voice:] She's on her way up [photo on bed: Henry Dickson. Agent X21. 12, Enrico Fermi. Alphaville.] Natasha: Got a light? Johnson: I've traveled 9,000 kilometers to give it to you Natasha: I'm Natasha Vonbraun Johnson: Yes, I know Natasha: How do you know? Johnson: Miss Vonbraun? Natasha: Yes, I'm very well, thank you, you're welcome You've come from the Lands Without? Johnson: Yes Natasha: Everything to your satisfaction? Johnson: Yes Natasha: I've been ordered to remain at your service during your stay Johnson: Who ordered you? Natasha: The authorities, of course Are you here for the Festival? Johnson: Which Festival? Natasha: The big one; that's what people from the Lands Without come for It was silly not to have come earlier The Festival's nearly over; it's the last till next year Johnson: You don't say Natasha: Yes, Mister Johnson But this evening there is a Reception-Gala Performance Very big At a ministry. I'm going; come if you like Johnson: What time? I must attend to something else first Natasha: Residents' Control registration? Johnson: No. What's that? Natasha: You mustn't forget to go there. We can meet afterwards Johnson: I'll go there tomorrow. First I must meet a friend Natasha: I've work, too I'll tell you where I'll be Call for me and we'll go on together See you in an hour or two Johnson: See you then I'll go down with you Natasha: Mister Johnson, what's it like in the Lands Without? Johnson: Haven't you been there? Natasha: No, but my father told me about them when I was little Now it's forbidden to think about them Johnson: Are you often ordered to spend your time with strangers? Natasha: Yes, it's my job Johnson: How nice for you. Aren't you ever propositioned? Natasha: What? Johnson: Has no one ever fallen in love with you? Natasha: In love? What's that? Johnson: There's one thing I'd like to know Natasha: Yes, Mister Johnson? Johnson: Just how big of a fool do you take me for? Answer me Natasha: I can't understand what you're talking about Johnson: Check, Princess! I can't make head or tail of what you're talking about That's how it is, you never understand anything Yes, that's always how it is; you never understand anything Until one fine day you die of it Scene: Hotel Lobby Natasha: Which way are you going? Johnson: 12, Enrico Fermi Near Heisenberg Boulevard, near Mathematical Park Natasha: I can give you a lift I'll get the keys I'm very well, thank you, you're welcome Johnson: You don't want me to flirt with you? Natasha: What? Johnson: You really don't know what it means? [nods yes] Her smile and her small pointed teeth... ...reminded me of an old vampire film... ...the sort they used to show at cinerama museums [car drives away] Natasha: I'm a Programmer, Second Class Johnson: Natasha's a name from the past Natasha: Yes, but... ...the present is all one can know in life No one's lived in the past, or will live in the future Johnson: Thanks for the lift, anyway Natasha: It's a pleasure to do my job, Mister Johnson Johnson: Is it much farther? [Driver:] You know we must cross the

**Lemmy Caution's Interests****Music**

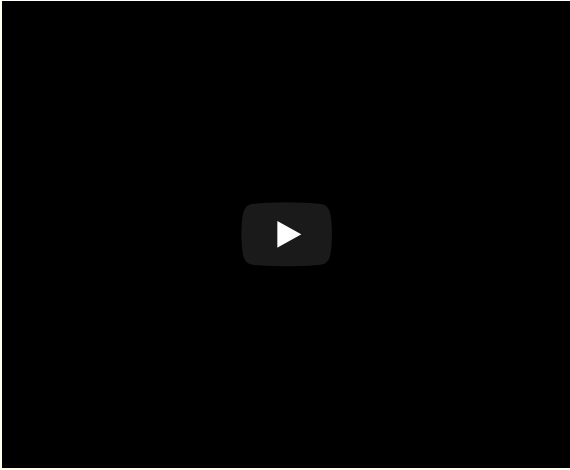
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**Movies**

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**Lemmy Caution's Details**

**Status:** Single

**Zodiac Sign:** Aries

north zone, Miss? Johnson: What's the population? Natasha: Don't forget, you must go to Residents' Control What exactly do you do for a living? Johnson: I work For a newspaper Professor Vonbraun, is he your father? It's vital that I write about him; can you arrange an interview? Natasha: I don't know. I've never seen him. I'll ask. Johnson: I'll get out here -Here? -I've changed my mind Natasha: You noted where to meet me? Johnson: Yes. Tell him to stop Natasha: Stop Scene: Lobby Johnson: Telecommunication I'd like to telecommunicate -Galaxy or local call? -Local -Do you know that man? [Johnson points to portrait of Prof. Vonbraun on wall] -Of course, I'm not stupid Scene: Hotel [Man reading:] At the end of Galata Bridge... ...that's where the Red Star Hotel is It bears no comparison... ...to our splendid galactic corridors... [Another man sitting on floor eats out of a box while rubbing thigh of woman] ...all a-glitter with luxury and light It is a labyrinth of tall, cramped... Johnson: Is this the Red Star Hotel? Manager: Yes, I'm very well... -Is Mister Dickson in? -He's out Johnson: I'll wait Seductress: Have you money, sir? You can wait here, sir, if you're tired I wanted to see it again... ..and I saw the tomb of the Duc de Montpensier The reclining statue of the Prince... ..is the work of Pradier Johnson: Henry! Henry, it's me! We've got plenty to talk about Dickson: -Where's my key -Where's my rent, Mister Dickson? [Johnson hands Dickson a stack of bills, Dickson lays a bill in front of hotel manager] Manager: His key... and a beer [Seductress brings Dickson his key and a beer] Seductress: And me? Manager: Why don't you hurry up and commit suicide? We need the room for a cousin from the South [Johnson and Dickson ascend stairs.] Dickson: You come from the Lands Without? Johnson: Why did he ask if you'd commit suicide? Dickson: There's quite a few... There's quite a few who do Can't manage to adapt to this place It's the method the Chinese invented... ..about thirty years ago in Pekingville Dissuasion is their strong point Johnson: What about those who won't adapt, or commit suicide? Dickson: Those... they're executed But one can hide, you know. There aren't many left Johnson: Dick Tracy, is he dead? [Dickson nods yes] And Guy Léclair? [Dickson nods yes] Why didn't we hear from them, or from you, Henry? Dickson: I'm sorry. These things happen Johnson: And what's Alpha 60? Dickson: A giant computer, like they used to have in big business Johnson: Nueva York... IBM... Dickson: Olivetti... General Electric... General Tokyorama... Alpha 60 is one hundred and fifty light years more powerful Johnson: I see. People have become slaves to probabilities Dickson: Their ideal here, in Alphaville... ..is a technocracy, like that of termites and ants Johnson: I don't understand Dickson: Probably one hundred and fifty light years ago... One hundred and fifty, two hundred... ..there were artists in the ant society Artists, novelists, musicians, painters... Today, nothing at all Nothing, like here Johnson: Has Professor Vonbraun organized it all? Dickson: He just obeys logical orders Johnson: Then why didn't you kill him? Dickson: "Why" ... what does that word mean? Johnson: You know his daughter, Natasha? Who is she really? It was him they sent to Los Alamos His name wasn't that then Answer! That wasn't his name in those days We'll get out together; you'll be O.K. But first you must... [knock at door] Dickson: It's a terrible secret, but... Enter, Madame la Marquise My cloak, Madame Récamier Thank you, Madame Pompadour Madame Bovary, Marie Antoinette... ..Madame La Fayette [Madame and Dickson frolic on bed] [Dickson spontaneously starts to choke] Seductress: You're great Darling you're wonderful Dickson: I love you! I love... [Dickson gasps in pain, then collapses & slides off bed] Lemmy... conscience... Alpha 60... make... self-destruct... Tenderness... Save those who weep [Dickson points to object under pillow, then dies] Scene: Taxi Johnson: The Capital of Pain 14. Light Radiation. Institute of General Semantics Do you know it? Driver: Which way? Through the North Zone, or the South? Johnson: What's the difference? Driver: There's snow in the North... ..and sun in the South Johnson: Anyway, it's my Journey to the End of the Night It was my first night in Alphaville... ..but it seemed to me that centuries had passed Driver: I'm very well, thank you, you're welcome [Johnson enters lobby] Johnson: Natasha Vonbraun Clerk: -Which section? -Programming and memory [clerk waves Johnson up stairs where a lecture is being delivered] The Central Memory... ..is thus named... ..because of the primordial rôle... ..that it plays... ..in the logic-organization of Alpha 60 But no one has lived in the past... ..and no one will live in the future The present is the form of all life This quality... ..cannot be changed by any means Time is like a circle... ..which is endlessly described The declining arc... ..is the past The inclining arc is the future Everything has been said... ..provided words do not change their meanings... and meanings their words Is it not obvious that someone... ..who customarily live... in a state of suffering... ..requires a different sort of religion... ..from a person habitually living in a state of well-being? Before us, nothing existed here No one We are totally alone here We are unique, dreadfully unique The meaning of words... ..and of expressions, is no longer grasped An isolated word, or a detail of a design... ..can be understood But the meaning of the whole escapes Once we know the number one... ..we believe that we know the number two... ..because one plus one equals two We forget that first... ..we must know the meaning of plus Johnson: I'm going The acts of men... ..carried over from past centuries... ..will gradually... ..destroy them logically I, Alpha 60... ..am merely the logical means of this destruction [Natasha descends stairs] Natasha: I thought you had gone for good [Johnson takes photograph of Natasha] Natasha: Shall we go? I'll get the keys Johnson: I left because I couldn't understand a word he was saying Natasha: But it's very simple We learned this evening... ..that death and life are found within the same circle Johnson: -Are you afraid of death? -Of course not. Why? We took the tangent... ..to the centre segments Traffic bulletins on the radio... ..as Natasha talked to me in her pretty sphinx voice Pretty sphinx... Pretty sphinx... Pretty sphinx... Pretty sphinx... Natasha: Foreign ambassadors usually attend... ..or delegations from the districts Johnson: Why does everyone look so miserable? Natasha: You ask too many questions Because they lack electricity [Voice:] The essence... ..of the so-called capitalist world... ..or the communist world... [sign: MINISTRE DE LA DISSUASION Police] ...is not an evil volition... ..to subject their people... ..by the power of indoctrination... ..or the power of finance... ..but simply the natural ambition of any organization... ..to plan all its actions Scene: Theater Natasha: In other words, to minimize unknown quantities Johnson: This dump of yours isn't Alphaville, it's Zeroville What's the show? Natasha: Son et Lumière, I suppose Where is everyone? Attendant: It's already begun Natasha: Hurry, we're late Attendant: It's already begun Scene: Elevator [Johnson shoots two photos of woman with white gown and number tattooed on forehead] Scene: Natasha: Don't they electrocute them anymore? Attendant: Darling, you know the Seventeenth Plan took a plunge [Man with machine gun steps away from edge of pool into which a body falls] [Four female swimmers dive into pool in sequence

in pursuit of floating body] [Audience claps as Natasha kisses cheek of her father] Johnson: Introduce me Natasha: I told you to stay there; we're among very important people Johnson: -May I take a photograph? -I'll ask [Natasha walks over to man in suit & hat who kisses her raised hand] Natasha: Yes [Johnson takes several more photos, including one of Professor Vonbraun] Johnson: -What have they done? Man to left: -They've been condemned -Only men? Man to right: There's usually a ratio of fifty men to one woman executed Johnson: But what have they done? Man to left: They behaved illogically Natasha: Isn't that a crime in the Lands Without? He wept when his wife died [Man in white shirt approaches pool] Johnson: He was condemned for that? Natasha: Of course Man in white: Only advance! Aim straight for those you love! [Gunfire, man in white shirt falls into pool, two swimmers dive in to retrieve body] [Audience claps, one of the swimmers performs acrobatics in water] [Another man stands at end of diving board] Victim: Listen to me, normals! We see the truth you no longer see! The truth is that the essence of man is love and faith... ..courage, tenderness, generosity and sacrifice The rest is the monolith created by your blindly ignorant progress [gunfire, as man yells "One day!" swimmers dive into pool] [Leaving the show Johnson pushes Professor Vonbraun away from guards into an elevator] Johnson: Sorry, Professor, but I must have a word with you Professor: I never give interviews Johnson: I'm not really a reporter. Can't we talk somewhere quieter? Professor Nosferatu... [Johnson is apprehended as they leave the elevator] Professor: That man no longer exists [Johnson is dragged back into elevator and beaten back & forth by two guards. Elevator doors open] Guard: Are you crying? Natasha: No, because it's forbidden Scene: Hallway leading to interrogation rooms [Voice:] Occupied Occupied Occupied Occupied Free Attendant: Sit there and answer when you're spoken to Johnson: I haven't done anything Attendant: Newcomers must be interrogated Alpha 5: Alpha 5 What is your name? Johnson: Ivan Johnson Alpha 5: Where were you born? Johnson: Nueva York Alpha 5: How old are you? Johnson: I don't know... forty-five Alpha 5: What make and model is your car? Johnson: Ford Galaxy Alpha 5: What do you love above all? Johnson: Money and women Alpha 5: What are you doing in Alphaville? Johnson: An article for Figaro-Pravda Alpha 5: You seem to be afraid Johnson: I'm not afraid... not the way you think Anyway, you wouldn't understand Alpha 5: Rest assured that my decisions... ..always have in view... ..the ultimate good I shall now... ..ask you some test questions... ..as a control measure You have come from the Lands Without What were your feelings... ..when you passed through galactic space? Johnson: The silence of infinite space appalled me Alpha 5: What is the privilege of the dead? Johnson: To die no more Alpha 5: Do you know what illuminates the night? Johnson: Poetry Alpha 5: What is your religion? Johnson: I believe in the inspirations of conscience Alpha 5: Do you make any distinction... ..between the mystery... ..of the laws of knowledge... ..and the laws of love? Johnson: In my opinion, there is no mystery of love Alpha 5: You are not telling the truth Johnson: I don't understand Alpha 5: You are hiding certain things Johnson: I admit I might have reasons to lie... ..but how can you differentiate between lies and truth? Alpha 5: You are hiding certain things... ..but I do not yet know what they are For the time being, you are free I should like you to visit... ..the Control Complex Free Occupied Free Free Occupied Johnson: -Where are we going? -To the Chief Engineer Occupied Occupied Free Occupied Occupied Occupied Ah, Le Jour se Lève Scene: Conference Room [Chief Engineer pats calf of woman standing on table and she jumps off] Engineer: A momentous occasion Guard: Yes, we spent three years looking for Grand Omega Minus Engineer: Well, Mister Johnson... How do you find Alphaville? Johnson: Not bad, if I knew where I was Engineer: You are in the centre of Alphaville, inside Alpha 60 The task of Alpha 60 is to calculate and project... ..the results which Alphaville will subsequently enjoy Johnson: Why? Engineer: No one ever says "why"; one says "because" In the life of individuals, as in the life of nations... ..everything is cause and effect Johnson: That's the notorious theory of Professor Leonard Nosferatu Engineer: Leonard Nosferatu... ..no longer exists, Mister Johnson The Lands Without expelled him in 1964 Today there is only Professor Vonbraun Johnson: I remember. He was sent to a town in the desert... ..to perfect his invention Engineer: He was exiled, you mean Now the Lands Without wring their hands, wishing him back They flood us with spies. Perhaps you are a spy, Mister Johnson Johnson: You know I'm not, since I'm a free man Engineer: [blinks] A meaningless reply We know nothing. We record, calculate, draw conclusions An hour ago... ..one of Alpha 60's 1.4 billion nerve centres questioned you Your replies were difficult and sometimes impossible to codify We deduce an above-average intelligence We are sometimes in mortal need of superior intelligences At other times we have a no less mortal distrust of them Johnson: So, what will you do with me? Engineer: For the moment, we're ordered to show you Alpha 60 Johnson: Who ordered you? Professor Vonbraun? Engineer: Absolutely not An order is a logical conclusion One must not be afraid of logic. Simply that. Full stop What is it? Man: The circuit elements... of 183 Omega Minus... malfunction Engineer: Calculating or memory elements? Man: Memory elements Engineer: Professors Heckle and Jeckel Prof. Heckle: I'm very well, thank you, you're welcome Johnson: I'd like to know what Grand Omega Minus is Engineer: Our Seventeenth Electricity Plan is inadequate Sooner or later the Lands Without will declare war on us Therefore, it has been decided to invade them Directed by Professor Vonbraun... ..Omega Minus will be the victory... ..of anti-matter Johnson: A great ideal! Men like you could advise us of the weak points in the Lands Without [Voice:] Your tendency to dwell in the past... ..could be useful to us Engineer: We send brain-washed people to the other galaxies... ..to foment strikes, revolutions, family rows, student revolts That's us: Grand Omega Minus [Walk past model of nude female in illuminated case Johnson: -Where now? -The invisible part of Alpha 60 [Voice:] You think more of what has been... ..than of what will be Assistant: An obsolete camera Johnson: I'm old-fashioned Jeckel asked why I shot the man in my bathroom... ..when the whole thing was just a psycho-test I replied that I'm too old to argue, I shoot first It's my only weapon against fatality [Inside computer room] Johnson: -What's this? Engineer: -Central Interrogation Station Here Alpha 60 sets itself problems The forms and references are too complex for human understanding Johnson: What sort of problems? Assistant: Train and aeroplane timetables... movement of people and goods... ..electricity networking... crime suppression... war operations [Voice:] Element Seven. Malfunction. Johnson: What's happened? Engineer: It's war with the Lands Without [Voice:] A simple instruction... ..is usually insufficient... ..to put into execution... ..a task set by Alpha 60 Do not think that it is I... ..who initiates this destruction... ..nor the scientists... ..who have accepted my plan Ordinary men... ..are unworthy... ..of the

positions they hold in the world Analysis of their past... ...automatically leads one... ...to this conclusion Therefore... ...they must be destroyed That is to say: transformed [Voice:] I don't need anyone to draw it for me Directed by Vonbraun and his assistants... ...Alphaville has developed by leaps and bounds... ...guided by electronic brains that developed themselves... ...by posing and solving problems... ...beyond human comprehension Foreigners had been assimilated if possible... ...which was easiest with the Swedes, Germans and Americans The unassimilatables were purely and simply killed Scene: Empty seats in a theater The usual method was to seat them in a theater I saw... ...and electrocute them as they watched the show The bodies were then tipped into huge rubbish bins... ...and the theater was ready for the next batch If an individual showed hope of reclamation... ...he was sent to a chronic illness hospital... ...here mechanical and propagandistic treatments soon cured him I felt that my existence here... ...was becoming a distorted, twilight memory... ...of an awesome destiny There was only one solution [Voice:] It would not be logical... ...to prevent superior beings... ...from attacking... ...the other galaxies Scene: Fancy hotel Bellboy: Going up, sir? Johnson: No, I'll shine my shoes [Johnson walks up stairs using carpeting on stairs to shine shoes] Seductress: You're tired, sir? You'd like to sleep, sir? Johnson: Yes, to sleep: perchance to dream What are you? Seductress: I'm a Seductress, Third Class Johnson: Has your colleague gone? Seductress: Who? Beatrice? Johnson: I don't know; a blond with long legs Seductress: She's working in the suburban flats We're all replacements Johnson: Ever heard of the Lands Without? Seductress: Never [Johnson reaches for Seductress to see the number branded on her neck] Johnson: -Clear off! -Why? [Johnson bends over to examine calf of Seductress] Johnson: If anyone asks, say you don't know Seductress: I'm very well, thank you, you're welcome Scene: Hotel room from first scene Natasha: Mister Johnson? Johnson: If it isn't the little princess Natasha: I was forbidden to come, but I so wanted to see you again Johnson: I pass! As you're here, order breakfast for me Natasha: I'm very well, thank you, you're welcome Johnson: Natasha? Natasha: Yes? Johnson: Bow your head [number "508" appears on the back of Natasha's neck] Natasha: What is it? Johnson: Nothing, just a thought What about my breakfast? Natasha: I want to tele-order breakfast [Voice:] What is your number? Natasha: What is your number? Johnson: They didn't give me one at Alpha 60 Natasha: Not your control number, your room number Johnson: Ever heard of this book? Natasha: "The Capital of Pain". No Johnson: Some words are underlined Natasha: We live in the void of metamorphoses But the echo that runs through the day... ...that echo beyond time, anguish or caress... Are we near to our conscience, or far from it? These are words I don't understand Conscience... Johnson: Death in conversation And that Natasha: Your eyes have returned from a despotic land... ...where no one has known the meaning of a glance Johnson: You've really no idea what this is? Natasha: It reminds me of something I don't know what The naked truth I know it well Despair is wingless, so is love... I am as alive as my love and despair... [Johnson grabs book from Natasha] Johnson: And this: Dying is not dying And this: The beguiler beguiled This: Men who change Never heard of secret messages, Miss Vonbraun? Natasha: A secret message? Johnson: Don't you know what a secret is? Natasha: Yes. Planning secrets, atomic secrets, memory secrets Johnson: Now what are you looking for? This dump is driving me nuts! Natasha: I'm looking for a Bible, to see if it's in it Johnson: What? Natasha: The word I'm looking for, of course. Are you stupid? Where is it? There's always one per person. I'm becoming afraid Since you've come, I no longer understand what is happening Johnson: Me, I think I'm beginning to understand [a knock, and breakfast is wheeled into the room by a hotel worker] Natasha: I've found it "Conscience"... it's not in it Worker: I'm very well, thank you, you're welcome Natasha: "Conscience"... Not in the new one, either So no one here... ...knows the meaning of the word conscience any more Never mind Sugar? Johnson: This is a dictionary, not a Bible Natasha: Isn't it the same in the Lands Without? Johnson: Now tell me, what's it for? Natasha: Nearly every day words disappear, because they are forbidden They are replaced by new words expressing new ideas In the last two or three months... ...some words I was very fond of has disappeared Johnson: Which words? I am interested [Johnson opens notebook: Make Alpha 60 self-destruct] Natasha: Redbreast, weeping... Save those who weep ...autumn light... Tenderness ...tenderness, too Mister Johnson Johnson: Yes Natasha: When I'm with you I'm afraid They've ordered me not to see you again Johnson: Who? The Alpha 60 engineers? Natasha: Yes Johnson: What are you afraid of? Natasha: I'm afraid because I know that word... ...without ever having seen it or read it -Which word? -Le conscience Johnson: La conscience Natasha: La... ...conscience Johnson: You've never been to the Lands Without? Are you sure? You're lying Natasha: Why are you cross with me? Johnson: Aren't you supposed to say "because", not "why"? Natasha: I said "why"? Johnson: Yes And if enemy ears are listening, they heard you, too Natasha: Well, then, I was careless, because it's forbidden Perhaps it's all right for you to use it When did I say "why"? Johnson: Another question first: where were you born? Natasha: Here, in Alphaville Johnson: Another lie. Perhaps you're unaware of it, but you're lying I must know the truth: where were you born? Natasha: Here, I told you In Alphaville Johnson: No, in Tokyoama... ...the Land of the Rising Sun Go on, say it Natasha: In Tokyoama, in the Land of the Rising Sun Johnson: Or in Florence, perhaps Or... try to remember it for yourself, Natasha Natasha: I don't know Johnson: Where the sky's as blue as the South Seas Natasha: Florence, where the sky's as blue as the South Seas Johnson: Or in Nueva York Natasha: Nueva York Where the winter, Broadway... ...a glitter in a snow fur coat Johnson: You see, you do know the Lands Without Your father was banished from Nueva York in '64 He brought you here, so you don't belong here Natasha: I know what this book is A man who came with us from Nueva York, he wrote such books I don't know what became of him They live in the forbidden quarters here; they commit suicide I know that Alpha 60 uses them sometimes Johnson: How come? Natasha: Because they write incomprehensible things Now I know: it used to be called poetry It seems to hold secrets, but really it's empty When Control has an hour or so free... ...it codifies such stuff Like everything else, one never knows Johnson: It might prove useful Natasha: Absolutely. We're highly organized I'd like to go with you to the Lands Without But I'm afraid I'm no longer normal When did I say "why"? Johnson: Why? Natasha: Because... you know very well, Mister Johnson No, I don't At which moment? Johnson: Last night in the corridor, for instance Natasha: Now it's you who is lying Johnson: No, when I talked about falling in love Natasha: In love? What's that? [Johnson walks around Natasha] Johnson: This Natasha: No, I know what that is: it's sensuality Johnson: No, sensuality flows from it It cannot exist without love Natasha: So what is love, then? [Natasha's voice:] Your

voice, your eyes... ..your hands, your lips... Our silences, our words... Light that goes... ..light that returns A single smile between us both In quest of knowledge... ..I watched night create day... ..while we seemed unchanged O beloved of all, beloved of one alone... ..your mouth silently promised to be happy Away, away, says hate; never, never, says love A caress leads us from our childhood Increasingly I see the human form... ..as a lover's dialogue The heart has but one mouth Everything ordered by chance All words without aforethought Sentiments adrift Men roam the city A glance, a word Because I love you Everything moves To live, only advance! Aim straight for those you love I went towards you, endlessly towards the light If you smile, it is to enfold me all the better The rays of your arms pierce the mist Johnson: How will the chief engineer use me? Natasha: As an inter-galaxy double agent, I think Johnson: So it's true what Heckle said You send spies to sabotage the rest of the world Natasha: Of course; we learn that at school Johnson: Are you going to betray me? [Johnson places his hand around Natasha's throat and she nods "yes"] You can't talk? Or don't you mean to? [She shakes her head "no"] Can I telecommunicate with Lands Without from this hotel? Natasha: Just ask for Galaxy Service [Voice:] To Lands Without... ..telecommunications are suspended for some days Natasha: What did you want? Johnson: An atomic attack on Alphaville I'll explain later, Princess, but now let's scam [Four agents appear, two from the bathroom and two from the hallway] -Come with us! -Where? Agent: Residents' Control. When he doubles up, get him ...Story 842, Miss Natasha: One day a tiny man entered a North Zone café... ..and ordered a cup of very hot, sweet coffee... ..adding, "I shan't pay, because I'm afraid of no one" He drank his coffee He left He didn't pay for his coffee For the sake of peace, the café owner said nothing But when the tiny man repeated the trick three times... ..the café owner decided to get a tough to sort him out So, on the fourth day... ..when the tiny man called for his cup of coffee... ..the tough lumbered up to him and said: "So you're afraid of no one?" "That's right" "Well, neither am I" "Make that two cups of coffee", called the man [Johnson begins laughing hysterically] Meet you outside Residents' Control You'll stay here, Miss Vonbraun Scene: Interrogation room [Voice:] Alpha 60: Last night you lied Johnson: You organized Dickson's death. Why? Alpha 60: Your name may be spelled... ..Ivan Johnson... ..but it is pronounced Lemmy Caution... ..Secret Agent... [Johnson shakes head "no"] ...Number zero zero three... [Johnson shakes head "yes"] ...of the Lands Without You are a threat to the security of Alphaville Johnson: I refuse to become what you call normal Those you call mutants... ..form a race superior... ..to ordinary men... ..who we have almost eliminated Unthinkable An entire race cannot be destroyed I shall calculate so that failure is impossible I shall fight so that failure is impossible Everything that I project shall be accomplished Don't count on it; I have a secret, too What is your secret? Tell me, Mister Caution Something which never changes, day or night The past represents its future, it advances in a straight line... ..yet it ends by coming full circle I cannot trace what it is I won't tell you Several of my circuits... ..are looking for the solution to your riddle I will find it If you find it, you will destroy yourself simultaneously... ..because you will become my kin, my brother Those who are not born, do not weep... ..and do not regret Thus it is logical to condemn you to death Stuff yourself with your logic My judgment is just... ..and I am working for the universal good If you plan to drive us from the other galaxies, you'll fail You will not leave; the exit is blocked We'll see [Johnson crashes through door, firing. Kills man in stairway] [Natasha is brought into the building but resists the agents as they struggle to get her into the lobby] [Johnson avoids the agents, and Natasha, and asks a Driver:] Professor Vonbraun -- do you know where he lives? Alpha 60: Central Palace, South Zone, behind Raw Materials Station Let's go [Johnson gets in pointing a gun in the driver's neck] [Driver parks] Don't move [Johnson shots driver] That way I'm sure you will keep your word [Professor Vonbraun is followed by a team of engineers through basement hallways] [Johnson follows and takes a photo] Assistant: No reporters! Johnson: Reporter and Revenger both begin with R! Tell your boss! [Johnson follows Vonbraun up a flight of stairs] Professor: What can I do for you, Mister Caution? Johnson: News travels fast here Professor: Because we're very rapidly entering Light Civilization Johnson: I'm returning to the Lands Without. Come with me Professor: Stay with us, Mister Caution When the war's over I'll put you in charge of another galaxy You will have money and women We are mastering a science so fantastic... ..that the old American and Russian atomics will see pathetic Johnson: I see You oppose my moral, even supernatural, sense of vocation... ..with a simple physical and mental existence... ..easily controllable by technicians [Lights flash on several control panels] Professor: Your ideas are strange Some years ago, in the Age of Ideas, yours would have been thought sublime Look at yourself. Men of your type will soon be extinct You'll be something worse than dead You'll become a legend Johnson: Yes, I'm afraid of death... ..but for a humble secret agent that's a fact of life, like whiskey And I've drunk that all my life [Johnson reveals a gun] You never want to see the Lands Without again? Professor: Good-bye, Mister Caution [Shot] Such people will serve as terrible examples... ..to those who want to play the world... ..when technical power is the only act in their repertoire [Walking across balcony Johnson is fired upon from below by a policeman] I was running a straight line which, like Dickson's Greek labyrinth... ..and its baffled philosophers, could disorientate a secret agent [Johnson returns to the hallways of interrogation where men and women move along disoriented with the walls as their only means of guidance] [Alpha 60:] In many respects... ..your reactions and your modes of thought... ..differ... ..from present normality [Johnson:] The inhabitants of Alphaville are not normal They are products of mutation Do you accept our proposal? Answer silently... ..with yes or no [Johnson gets into a car; a tall man in a black suit leans against the hood] I'll never betray the Lands Without [Johnson engages the agent, knocks him down and drives over his head in an escape from the parking garage] [Johnson is pursued by two cars as he drives toward the North] [Voice:] The present is terrifying... ..because it is irreversible... ..and because it has a will of iron Time is the substance of which I am made [Johnson searches interrogation rooms as men stumble down the hall. A woman stands motionless against wall] Time is a river which carries me along But I am time It's a tiger, tearing me apart; but I am the tiger [Johnson finds Natasha in an interrogation room] Johnson: Look at her and me, there's your reply We're happiness, and we're heading towards it Alpha 60: It is our misfortune that the world is reality And I... ..it is my misfortune that I am myself, Alpha 60 [Natasha is dazed and helped by Johnson down the hall] Johnson: Natasha, think of the word love [She regains her balance and they continue to escape] [In the lobby Natasha is still dazed. Johnson carries her to the parking garage] Not all

the inhabitants died, but they were all stricken Those not asphyxiated by the absence of light... ..sped about crazily, like ants It was 23.15, Oceanic Time... ..when Natasha and I left Alphaville by the ring road A night drive across intersidereal space, and we'd be home Johnson: Don't look back Natasha: Do you think they're all dead? Johnson: Not yet They may recover, and Alphaville will be happy, like Florence Like Angoulême City, like Tokyorama Natasha: Have I slept for long? Johnson: No, just the span of a moment Natasha: Where are we? In the Lands Without? Johnson: Not yet Natasha: You're looking at me very strangely Johnson: Yes Natasha: You're waiting for me to say something to you Johnson: Yes Natasha: I don't know what to say They're words I don't know I wasn't taught them Help me Johnson: Impossible, Princess. Help yourself, then you'll be saved If you don't, you're as lost as the dead of Alphaville Natasha: I love you I love you The End \* \* \*

**Who I'd like to meet:**

### Lemmy Caution's Friend Space (Top 36)

Lemmy Caution has **851** friends.

**Jean-Luc  
Godard**



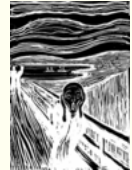
**Raymond  
Chandler**



**Marlowe**



**Art Police**



**Robaire**



**Grant  
Maxwell**



**JeanCocteau**



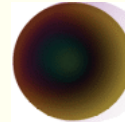
**Richard  
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Ghost**



**Dick Siegel**



**return\_void**



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**Anna Karina**



**Anna Karina**



**Les Enfants  
Terribles**



**Tasha**



**fla!**



**Raymond  
Messinger**



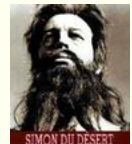
**margot**



**ANIA**



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**Classic Film  
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**Pascale  
Frossard**



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**<i>**



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**Ed Shepp Is  
Love**

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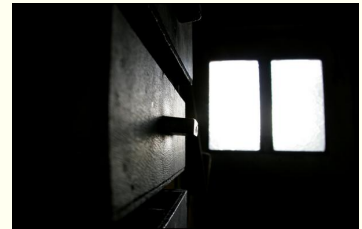
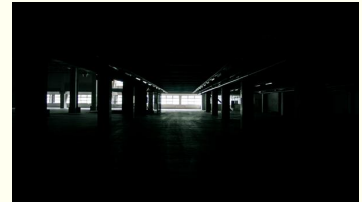




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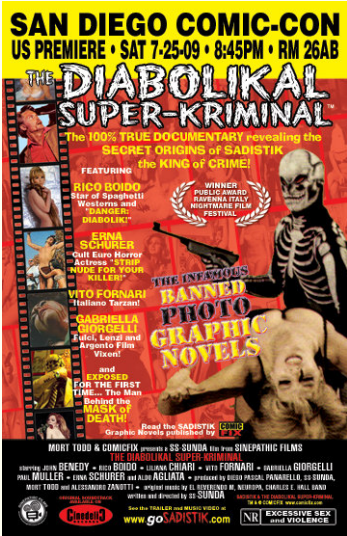


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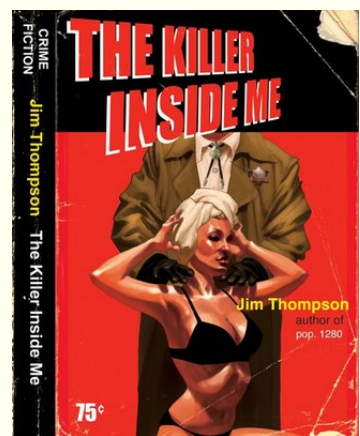
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logic.

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thnx..loved the movie..

Los **PADRINOS!**



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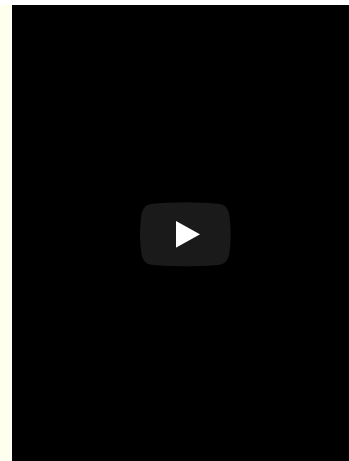
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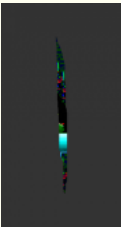


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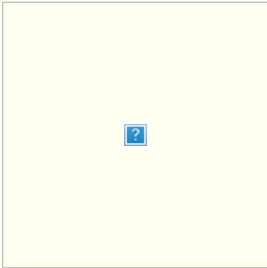
Un pitit coucou pour dire que le film Dark Dogs et le Monster Show passerons tous les mardi a partir du 16 septembre . a plus tard ... et bonne rentrée



Videogramo



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Ytuaeb syawla

Schuman the human



Aug 15 2008 8:51 AM

Thanks for being our friend, pleased to make your acquaintance and hope you enjoyed the songs Sir.

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