

Sound Track

Dancing like the dead the leaves jump beneath the gurlet blows of hailstones like Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway at the end of Bonnie & Clyde. It might be stretching a point, and yet, despite the thunder, the sky is still blue.

The machine-gunned villagers in the black and white newsreel are the silent witnesses now opposed to the sun, the leaves' stains outlined on the path steaming like the aftermath of fire. Forthright in its silence

the road smokes like a tea break. The survivors peek from beneath the bodies of their fellows, playing possum until, the tapping on the roof subsiding, the sun revives and the mood music changes.

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