

BILL GRUNDY: I'm told that the group has received £ 40.000 from a record company. Doesn't that seem...er...to be slightly opposed to their antimaterialistic view of life?

SEX PISTOLS: No. The more the merrier.

BG: Really ?

SP: Es fällt mir schwer, mich damit abzufinden, dass Kunst nichts zu Lösung gesellschaftlicher Probleme beitragen kann.

BG: Well, tell me more then.

SP: We've fuckin' spent it, ain't we?

BG: Really?

SP: Down the boozier.

BG: *Really?* Good *Lord!* Now, I want to know one thing. Are you serious or are you just making me, trying to make me laugh?

SP: No, it's gone. Gone.

BG: No, but I mean about what you're doing.

SP: ...Mir scheint, dass ich das subjektive Bewusstsein dieser Landschaft wäre und meine Leinwand ihr objektives Bewusstsein. Meine Leinwand und die Landschaft, beide ausserhalb von mir, aber die letztere chaotisch, vergänglich, wirr, ohne logisches Dasein, ohne jede Vernunft, die erste beharrend, dem Gefühl zugänglich, kategorisiert, teilnehmend an der Seinsweise, am Drama der Ideen.

BG: You are serious?

SP: There are two things that go on in art. There's getting to the essential material and a design that's inherent in the use of the material, and also an essential level of expressiveness, a precise way of saying something rather than a complicated way. Hemingway said about writing that a writer who has to go on and on about something wasn't sure of what he was writing about. That if he really knew his subject, he could say it concisely...

BG: ...and that's something you have to search and work and practice.

SP: I have difficulty when people make pronouncements about essential forms of being, because if things are essential, that means, that they don't change. Not to have the possibility of changing is frightening to me. I can understand the desire to hold onto this view, because it makes things simpler. It makes it easier to act, in a way. It makes action much simpler. Otherwise people might tend to reflect more, and wonder what they're doing is viable or not.

BG: Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Brahms have all died...

SP: They're all heroes of ours, ain't they?

BG: Really? What? What were you saying, sir?

SP: They're wonderful people.

BG: Aber Veronese, Rubens, Tintoretto, die Sie doch lieben ?

SP: Oh yes, they really turn us on.

BG: Well suppose they turn other people on?

SP: (*Mumbled*) That's their tough shit.

BG: It's what?

SP: Nothing. A rude word. Next question.

BG: No, no. What was the rude word?

SP: Shit.

BG: Ich pflege zu meinen jungen Studenten zu sagen: „Sie wollen also Maler werden? Vor allem müssen sie sich ihre Zunge abschneiden, denn ihr Entschluss nimmt Ihnen jedes Recht, sich mit irgend etwas anderem als mit ihrem Pinsel auszudrücken.“

SP: Ja, ich will wissen. Wissen, um richtiger zu fühlen, fühlen, um richtiger zu wissen. Gerade, indem ich der erste in meinem Handwerk bin, will ich einfach sein. Die Wissenden sind einfach, die Halbwisser, die Dilettanten machen halbe Realisationen. Nicht wahr, im Grunde sind ja Dilettanten nichts anderes als Leute die schlecht malen.(...) Ich will ein echter Klassiker sein, wieder durch die Natur klassisch werden, durch die Anschauung. Früher hatte ich wilde Vorstellungen. Das Leben! Das Leben! Ich führte nur dieses Wort im Munde.

BG: What about you girls behind...? Are you ...er...are you worried or are you just enjoying yourself ?

Fan: Enjoying myself. Not necessarily in the way that people anticipate. There often seems to be an expectation that the work will have a didactic aspect. But really it mocks didacticism. Hopefully my work demonstrates the complexity of things, that to make any one kind of authoritative statement about the things are is specious.

BG: Ah, that's what I thought you were doing!

Fan: I always wanted to meet you.

BG: Did you really? We'll meet afterwards, shall we?

(*Laughter*)

SP: You dirty sod. You dirty old man.

BG: Well keep going chief, keep going. (*Pause*) Go on. You've got another five seconds. Say something outrageous.

SP: You dirty bastard.

BG: Go on, again.

SP: You dirty fucker.

BG: *What* a clever boy.

SP: What a fucking rotter.

(*More laughter*)

BG: (Turning to face the camera) Well that's it for tonight. I'll be seeing you soon. I hope I'm not seeing you (*To the band*) again. From me though, goodnight.

(*Today theme, Closing credits.*)

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