

## 1: Marianne Faithfull's Cigarette - Lesli@a Newman

*Marianne Faithfull's Cigarette has 4 ratings and 1 review. Bethany said: I thought she was most successful in her love poems. My favorite was the last pi.*

Her conversation is direct but subtle, wry but sincere. Faithfull has been there, done that, and been there again and done that too—rock stardom, Mick Jagger, addiction, homelessness, cancer, and motherhood are just some of the episodes of her richly patinated saga—and while her voice is famously broken, her humor is unbent. Her unapologetic decadence and hard-won wisdom is refreshing to hear, especially since her fans have had cause for concern in recent years: In September of , Faithfull was diagnosed with breast cancer; the following year, she announced that she had been treated for hepatitis C; and she took an extended break in , despite having just recorded one of the best albums of her career. How did the idea for this record come about, of choosing these kinds of songs to record and working with Hal Willner and the other musicians? We always wanted to do another record in the studio, and I felt like part of my taking a break, really, was that I wanted to not write. So we started to look for songs. I started, and he started, and I found quite a few. Then he came over in October of , and I played him the ones I found, and he played me lots of songs, and we went through them all, and we picked these. Have you got the 10 songs or the 18? I have the Oh, the 12, sorry, yeah. Well, we did a lot more than that. Maybe they know their market. So I think it might be better. Which ones did you find? You can also tell me the ones that are on the European version. And the rest of the time I like slightly more quirky voices. And the other songs. Hal and I took a huge risk in picking the songs, which I think we liked doing. The risk being that the songs that you picked were these eclectic. And songs by more contemporary artists like The Decemberists and Neko Case. I like The Decemberists one because it sounds like a folk tale, you know? Those kinds of strange love affairs in a folk tale. And the Neko Case one is just great. No, I do have that one. And she was a heroin addict, and she died. But she wrote some lovely songs. Do you think any of these people will be performing with you live? I think what you have to do—what I do—is think of the record as one thing and the live performances as another. You always have great people on your albums. Does anybody ever turn you down? And I understand that. I was terribly pleased when Keith agreed to be on this record. Did you have to coax him? He sent me the loveliest fax. So it was like a circle coming to its end, you know? What was it like being in the studio with him? Oh, it was wonderful. Had you seen him lately? But I always go hang out with Keith, mainly when I go to a Stones show. We love seeing each other. How often do you go to a Rolling Stones show? Do you still have a good relationship with Mick? From your book it seems that he was under your thumb if anything, you know? I think we were really equal—which was a good thing. Nobody was trying to be in control of the other. And he taught me so much. I think when I wrote Faithfull, I was still very angry. Do you feel like you were getting that out of your system? But somehow you could feel the pain. I wanted to show another thing. Well, Faithfull did very well. Faithfull did do very well, yeah. Make a film of it? Oh, I think that will still happen. Who has the rights to that? Well, they wanted to, but I had a bad experience with somebody. And then I got very protective. But I was so scared after my last experience—I got so hurt that I was afraid. And this was someone who started making the movie? What she said to me was amazing, really. Just you being a prostitute. No, I never had to do that. I could have done it, you know. Was it a Hollywood-ish director? I mean, it was an Irish director, but a misogynistic one. My son would have been furious. How is your relationship with your son [Nicholas Dunbar]? I go and stay with him. Was there stuff you both had to work through? And, you know, I did a lot of therapy. But it was time, in fact, that mattered. He loves my work, too. Of all the things that could happen, my son became an incredible expert on high finance. And he wrote one book which is really very, very good. And what is his perspective? But it will be very interesting. Every song has got a line or two. I love the idea of a song about alchemical devotions. And then there are many other meanings. I love these kinds of words that have all these separate meanings to them. It gave you an image of all sorts of fragmented things. And one of them was me. So many people have been with me on this journey, and I think I should respect that. Hal has been with me on the journey for a very long time, yeah. I must have looked really beautiful. I think you have a very clear persona—Maybe persona is

the wrong word. A lot of people who appreciate your persona seem to be somewhat unconventional. Yeah, and rather decadent, too. I think I was born like that. But I still am decadent. People are small-minded sometimes. I did assume that anybody who wanted to make a film of my bookâ€”and this guy is very well known and very respectedâ€”would do it because they wanted to and because they liked me. But I was completely wrong. He just wanted to put me down. That kind of support. But I would do it for him. I have to remember to just believe in the work and it will get through and not everybody understands.

### 2: Jean de Breteuil- Marianne Faithfull's ex Boyfriend and Jim Morrison's Killer?

*Marianne Faithfull's Cigarette is a marvelous book by a marvelous poet. If we're very lucky, we won't have to wait too long for a follow-up collection (which hopefully won't be called Bill Clinton's Cigar).*

Share via Email Context is all. She walks with a slight limp from repeated hip replacements and looks, if anything, older than her 62 years. She lives in an enviable mansion flat overlooking the river at Chelsea. The decor is late Sixties hippie chic - battered leather sofas, velvet cushions, poufs, kelims, leopardskin rugs, Moroccan lamps and a Jacobean four-poster bed that she uses as a daybed. In this setting, Anita should be wearing something wafty by Ossie Clark, but is actually wearing rather ordinary beige trousers and a black sweater. She offers me tea and cigarettes - she smokes even more than me. There are also some flying nuns who periodically jump out of planes, with Werner Herzog as their priest, but they seem to have strayed in from a quite different film. One can faintly discern the outline of what would have been a story, if anyone had ever actually bothered to write a script; as it is, the actors just mill about. Anita appears occasionally in the background and has a speech at the end, but I would estimate her total screen time as maybe 10 minutes. She wears an unflattering grey wig, but otherwise makes no attempt to impersonate the Queen. She got the part by pestering Korine, whom she met through a mutual friend. I never thought I could do it, but actually I think my Queen is quite good. We made our own costumes and I put all those ermine tails on my fur coat. But the film surprised me in a good way. Was that a bigger role? Would she like to do more films? Does she actually need to work? I keep myself busy. Actually, I did want to work in textiles; I went to India for six months and worked in Jaipur. But then my mum got ill and I had to look after her for about five years. But I would have stayed in Jaipur for ever - we were doing organic textiles and spending most of the time out in the desert. She has had two hip operations and fears that she may need a third. She stopped drinking in , but then started again in when she had her second hip operation. I do miss it. When I see a Campari or Sambuca I like the quirky stuff, not just wine or spirits. But I must not drink any more. She signed a publishing contract at one point but gave up. They all wanted salacious. Keith Richards famously said that when he first met her: She scared the pants off me. Was she a top model? They stayed together for two years but he was increasingly abusive, drunk and paranoid. On holiday in Morocco in , Keith saw Brian beating Anita up and grabbed her, threw her in his car and took her back to England. So then she lived with Keith Richards. Life with the Stones was fun at the beginning, she says, because they were always playing music: It was more than just pop. I thought they were great, you know. When the Stones moved to France as tax exiles, there were endless drugs busts and then in Keith was arrested in Toronto with heroin on him. He could have gone to prison for life, but instead he and Anita went into rehab; it worked for him, but not for her. By this time, they had two children: They also had another baby, Tara, who died of pneumonia at 10 weeks. Who actually looked after him? We had him always with us. He slept on put-together chairs and airplanes and hotels. He learned mathematics in the elevator, pressing the buttons. We rebelled by being all crazy and he rebelled the other way. They installed her in a house in Westchester, New York, with orders to make sure that Marlon went to school. So he went to school and she went to pieces. These were the nightmare years, when she blew up to 13 stone from all the booze and once spent a month at the Grosvenor House hotel in London without ever leaving her room. In , a year-old boy shot himself in her bedroom with her gun: How many lost years were there altogether? I went about doing what I did, travelling anyway, even if sometimes they had to carry me. Self-medication they call it now. I went into this - what do they call it before you become a butterfly? But she does somehow flip between being an old lady and an eager girl. And Keith Richards is a walking advertisement for substance abuse. What will Anita do next? She says she likes living alone and has no desire to find a partner. She plans to spend more time in Italy, especially in the winter, but she will keep up her allotment here: If you start to think like that, you become like that. As long as I can walk, I walk, you know. She shows me the loo en route, laughing: When I went to Russia, I took pictures of every toilet I went into. I know where all the good toilets are in Rome - I know all the toilets! Because I spent so much time in toilets when I was using [drugs]. So when I go anywhere, I always go to the toilet right away and check it out. Denies rumours of an affair with Mick Jagger. Arrested in a heroin

bust in Toronto and charged with possession of marijuana. Counts Kate Moss as one of her best friends. Her influence has been profound. She keeps things crazy.

### 3: Marianne Faithfull: Three Nights At New York's City Winery | rock nyc | get your mind right

*Marianne Faithfull's Cigarette [Gerry Gomez Pearlberg] on www.enganchecubano.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. A collection of lesbian poetry offers witty and trenchant observations on the lesbian experience in New York City.*

Marianne at 19, with Sarah the dalmation. Clicking an image will launch a slideshow. Recently I found a link to it. It says it was recorded in That was when I was 20; Marianne was She alone is credited with writing the song, and I remember being a bit pissed off at this at the time. But she told me that it would have been too much work to convince the record company to issue a contract. Instead of doing that they would have insisted that she simply sing a standard to which they already had the rights. Anyway, she sang it, having altered the lyrics of the second verse. The enlightened headmaster gave me permission to go up to London once a week for a class. This provincial teacher was remarkable in her way – full of energy and enthusiasm. I remember her turning pirouettes when she was eight months pregnant. Drew Hardie promptly put me right about my attire in his dour Scots way. Immediately after the class in fact. I would never be able to look those girls in the face. But none of them had deigned to glance in my direction anyway. Although I was a decent gymnast, had even won the senior gym competition while still a junior, I still had matchstick legs and ghastly elbows with knobs on. And as yet, as to dancing, I had not the faintest clue. Notwithstanding this, I starred as the principal and only dancer in the school opera that winter. Our female lead in this production was an import from the convent school down the road – a frighteningly beautiful girl, with an odd name. I already knew her – she was in the Reading ballet class. She had a strong voice and a prominent acting style and the entire school fell in love with her. Marianne and I had a great success in this opera. Her success was natural enough. I left Leighton Park early, got accepted by the Royal Ballet School and lived below my grandmother in a Kensington basement. I was just as taken up by writing poetry as I was by learning to dance. To master the dance was not a matter of spasmodic inspiration. Exercises at the barre had to be done every day, not just when you felt like it, and done properly, and improved upon, and improved upon again. I decided to apply the same rigour to my writing. At weekends, I would return to Reading and meet my friends, who were still schoolboys, and ride my pony Steeldust and chat with Marianne. She was already a powerful personality. Her mother, Eva, was a Sacher-Masoch, a baroness, and very Austrian. I used to joke that Eva Faithfull had been married to a man who ran away from her. She was a Catholic, and remained married to him. Eva was a lover of the suffused sort of poetry we associate with Richard Le Gallienne, Arthur Symonds and the Georgians. When I began writing appalling love stuff in this vein, Eva was the only person who encouraged me. I found the house and its occupants fascinating. Then her mother and mine became close friends. Eva used to maintain that this was because they were as alike as chalk and cheese. Eva, city-bred, smoking incessantly, equipped with delicate Viennese manners; a woman with a wonderful sense of dress and of decor. My mother, a foxhunting vet clad in muddy slacks, straw in her hair, a weathered non-smoker. Eva had a certain Continental chic. She possessed a dry sense of humour wreathed in tobacco smoke. She was charming and un-British. My mother seemed more like something one stumbled across on a ramble – a tree-trunk at a crossroads, its branches pointing in no definite direction. She too could be amused by Eva, but she also liked to quell her flights of fancy with a dose of incontrovertible common sense. Our mothers shared certain characteristics: Eva articulated the romance in my persona. This was helpful, if tinged with a Viennese glow. At least she treated me like an adult. We spoke breathlessly together. I confess I visited their house as much to see her as to see her magnetically attractive daughter. As often as not, Marianne was out. I used to imagine her naked somewhere, next to the handsome Michael, whom she had chosen at the opera – loving without caution, and thinking perhaps that if a Durex were to be used, she would then have to confess to it, when after all to confess to promiscuity was bad enough in itself. Having always been rather undemonstrative, love, when it came to me, was necessarily a reaction formation. It was so unusual to feel it that I needed to exaggerate. And so I discussed Clemency, or rather my hopeless love for her, with everyone. With Marianne, for instance, who took a more sceptical view of it than her mother. I got art and love mixed up somehow. It was an amalgam which appealed to Eva though. It was what the Georgians were about. Then we were all doing it, talking about love.

Michael was telling me how he felt, and Marianne was telling me how she felt, and sometimes our mothers would chime in and tell us how they felt – Eva leaning towards Goethe, combining love with philosophy and poetry; my mother speaking quietly about the past, about an indelible thing in her, her love for my father, who had died before I was born. Her love for him was a like a shadow over her, transforming her subsequent life. His name was Andrew Loog Oldham. As a ballet dancer, I thought of Oldham as a Von Rothbart who had kidnapped our swan. The song was being played over the radio, and we heard it as it wafted through some open window, and realised that a friend was achieving her apotheosis. We knew our friend. The song was vapid, and she had spunk! The saccharin version of Marianne promoted by the music industry seemed a sham. It compromised her dynamic, hard-hitting talent, her intelligence, her very existence. She knew enough about good poetry to know that the lyrics were trash. But Mick Jagger and Keith Richards had written it for her. And, as Jagger pointed out later, we intellectuals denounced his lyrics, and yet his songs are still being played. But who remembers our intellectual poems? We felt that she had sold out. At the same time we were proud of her. Meanwhile my chum Bob Stuckey played the piano at the jazz club in the Ship Inn. He was a master. I saw my beloved Clemency, a fellow student at the Royal Ballet School, as a pale pre-Raphaelite lily, especially when she complained of migraines, but I knew that Marianne was no such thing. And of course, since Broken English, she has become a robust songwriter and chanteuse with the sardonic quality of Lotte Lenya. I think I must have told Marianne about my sitting next to that wonderful actress and singer in Sadlers Wells, at the first night of a production of Mahogany I was just lucky enough to have the seat next to her! Days of setting up poles in the paddocks for my friends to jump as I taught them to ride. They were all drifting away from me, these images, and perhaps my advocacy of the poetry of a bygone age was a vain attempt to suspend my own past and to keep it, keep it from passing. I was becoming an urban person and losing my own keenness for the hounds. There was one memorable hunt-ball though, for, sparing no expense, my mother took a party which occupied an entire table. The party included Marianne, and Geraldine Chaplin, also a student at the ballet school, and David Wall – who was just then a rising star of the ballet. It was rock and roll in tuxedos. Then the Gay Gordons, and the girls glittering and the huntsmen coming up to pay them compliments. I danced a fine waltz with my mother. And truly I feel that seldom since have I mixed in such elevated company. You could say that my career began near the spotlight, and ever since I have edged towards the wings. The Royal Ballet swiftly discovered that while my dancing was shaky I could definitely act. So within a month of entering the school I was cast as an ancient fellow in Petrushka, and then as the father of the ballerina in Coppelia. It amused the company that the oldest character in these ballets was being played by the youngest person on the stage. That was at Covent Garden, in the opera house. I joined the touring company of the Royal Ballet, which she had joined a year before. By that time we were actually dating, but not sleeping together. On the day I went on tour with this company for the first time, she told me our relationship was over.

#### 4: Always Faithfull | The Northern Echo

*Get this from a library! Marianne Faithfull's cigarette. [Gerry Pearlberg].*

#### 5: Marianne Faithfull's Cigarette: Cleis Press: Books - [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com)

*Marianne Faithfull's Cigarette-Gerry Gomez Pearlberg is a favorite of New York poetry audiences at the Nuyorican Poets Cafe, Biblio Cafe, and Dixon Place, as well as Lincoln Center, the Brooklyn Museum and WBAI radio.*

#### 6: Marianne Faithfull's cigarette (Book, ) [[www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com)]

*Marianne Faithfull's cigarette [poetry] - [www.enganchecubano.com](http://www.enganchecubano.com)*

#### 7: Marianne Faithfull's Cigarette by Gerry Pearlberg (Paperback, ) | eBay

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### 9: Marianne Faithfull's Cigarette: Poems by Gerry Gomez Pearlberg

*SIXTIES* sex symbol Marianne Faithfull has revealed the best night of her life was when she cheated on Rolling Stones star Mick Jagger and slept with bandmate Keith Richards.

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