

Gusher

James Dean stepped up and stepped out early in his voluptuously tragic career, proclaiming bi-sexual inclinations to the press in the 1950's: *Why go through life with one hand tied behind your back?* And even if you never heard that now notorious quote, it didn't take Freud to decode the tenderness he showed Plato in *Rebel Without a Cause* or dangerous need he shared on the ferris wheel with Abra in *East of Eden*. Pissed and despondent. Defiant fringe-dweller who ached for other men and women with ferocity, equally prone to romance, or havoc. It wasn't until filming *Giant*, though, that he realized the exquisite expression of undistilled Dionysian celebration. Irresistible poison of degeneracy. As Jett Rink, ranch-hand at *The Reata*, buttoning sheepskin coat against the merciless cold of west Texas, he measures his plot, walking boot heel to toe, rigging a primitive wooden tower to house his insistent, chugging drill. He keeps vigil to this scrap wood contraption as if priest in a stone temple. Eventually, something roiling beneath layers of rock and fossil, clay and loam reaches the shaft of his derrick and he climbs, hoisting himself up and up till he reaches the crest of that miraculous conduit, black syrup dense and pitchy as liquid night. Dean welcomes this infernal downpour of bliss, stretching his arms to receive a baptism of careless, criminal love.