

COLLECTED WORKS: 1969 - 1972

by

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POETRY...

for the first time I'm no longer

I'm reading my poetry to you
for the first time I'm no longer
scared of failing in my art my
expression does not all rest on this
poetry - no - I write other things.
I ask you to read my prose, and if
you dislike it I'll tell you
I've found the lost epistolary art:

You don't care for letter-writing?

I'll go on...there's no end
to the possibilities, no end...
My grocery list, for example,
the way I write air mail
on a dusty, white envelope.

An Insomnia of Destination

At night the old refrigerator sounds
like machine guns shooting down clowns
bouncing at the penny arcade.

Your ears bleed, scratching
each drop from the faucet, while
something in the distance moves closer.

A passing train tosses its whistle
behind it, in a banner of smoke.
Lying in a Pullman compartment
you wait for it to go by.
It goes by.

owl's wisdom hereditary

an owl comes to rest
on a tree trunk

(do you think
i'm strolling through the forest,
with muddy boots, and i come upon

a wounded robin?)

the tree is black, one might say
indigenous to this territory
the owl, still the predator,
sets its glowing eyes upon a swan
in a dark pool
with its neck tied in a knot

The Longest Distance Between Two Points

This corridor is so endless and narrow.
I'm afraid if it vibrates my head would bounce,
like an inflated punching bag, between the
two walls. There is another dreary character walking
toward me. He comes out of the dark perspective.
He seems to grow in place, to grow and grow;
indeed, the man weighs three hundred pounds.

I believe we could never pass, his sides
drag along the wall. While discussing our impasse
the portly gentleman produces a table, two chairs,
and a deck of cards. He pours bourbon from a bottle,
then his hands work magic like silk on the deck.

- We'll cut for it, he says,
smiling, pushing the cards toward me, over the round, green table.

If a Poem Glides By Your Window

This is hard work,
carrying a hundred story building
on my back, to the summit of Mt. Rainier.
Soon, I have the elevator running,
and walk the 99 flights.

On the roof the wind is perfect.
I tear a poem from my folio,
and fold it into an airplane.
Letting go, it catches the wind gracefully.
Floating without direction, it must still be floating;
although, to tell the truth, I've lost sight of it.

Miranda. Last time.

i.

The sun bleaches the shirts, the pants,
shoes that are already white, as the
gentlemen await a breath-taking
Spanish dance. The sun tans their faces,
their hands, the backs of their necks, bay
brown, as they await the evening's entertainment.
Cigar smoke is the humidity in the air, mixing
with sweat and leather, it becomes cologne.
Tobacco is spit to the pavement, sometimes
catching a white cuff. But, there is no cause for alarm,
tonight the lady will dance. Tonight, as entertainment
for the suntanned gentlemen in white.

ii.

Miranda sits in front of the dressing table
tracing the wrinkles the gentlemen will not see.
Is the glass of poor quality? does it waver
as she applies the make-up to pale her cheeks,
and color her lips? She sees herself in the mirror
finding another woman: Will you not dance this
tropical dance for the multitude of gentlemen in
white? One last time for your suntanned lovers?

"...it was Mary, Mary, plain as any name can be."*

When she got mad -
and she got mad -
she knew the whole world

was against her;
her husband and children
in conspiracy, her friends

a vendetta. The man at the
meat market slipped her
bad cuts. The lover

in her dreams walked out,
and took the dream with him.
She was alone with no one

to persecute her. She stood in front
of a mirror, playing the victrola,
and sang, to herself, a sad song.

*From the song by George M. Cohan.

The Game
for Toronto Atwell

Tell me of Chicago and Bo Jangles;
the night, after a game at Paddy's,
Ethel Waters gave a party.
Tell about the nine ball that fell,
the crumpled hundred dollar bill,
the hot nights in Philadelphia,
the cold ones in Minneapolis.
It was not just the money you won,
having the good fortune to be where Billie Holiday was singing
(and Lena Horne walked in).

Five Vignettes Beginning with the Question, "Whataya do?"

"Whataya do?"
"I don't know."

"Whataya do?"
"I don't have to do anything."
"How come?"
"I'm the son of a millionaire appliance dealer from the San Fernando valley."
"I have a cousin in the valley."

"Whataya do?"
"I'm in mens' clothes."

"Whataya do?"
"I'm a writer."
"Whataya write."

"Whataya do?"
"Nothing."

The Accumulation of Dreams

1.

In darkness two red lights swing.
Before your eyes a railroad barrier
falls from nowhere, just missing your nose.

2.

A great oblong cheddar cheese sits in a green valley
between two large hills. Men in hats, and women
in furs gather in expectation. It is inconceivable
that anyone could produce a cheese so large.

3.

For breakfast the usual coffee and toast.
A kiss rushed to a sleepy wife
Luckily, the bus is late again:
a large snail (with many seats).

Construction with Animals and Iridescent People

The blond farm girls steps into a tree!

In her absence two horses are drawn onto the landscape
with a number 2 5/10ths pencil. They are pintos.

A hyena reads the Dow Jones closing averages
to a mole. Busloads of rabbits sift onto the driveway,
while four elegant foxes sit inside the house
holding handbags.

The sun wears a frown. He paints
himself out of the picture, removing all light and warmth.
Wool begins to freeze on sheep. A rooster rides a comet.
Iridescent people rain down from the ethereal darkness
to the earthly darkness, and bounce.

Untitled Poem; or, Baseball Fever

1.

The words, "You stupid idiot",
are written in the dust of my car's hood.
My car is filthy, true, and it is definitely
a monkey's writing.

2.

A vendor, standing by his push-cart
beneath an umbrella, sells me a wrist watch.
It is still hot, and he hands it to me with tongs.

3.

In a hobby shop window I see
plastic vomit, whoopee cushions
and tassle haired shrunken heads.
The beautiful woman, made famous in
innumerable poems, makes change for eager customers.

4.

Rush hour carries me a block
without my moving a muscle.
Tell me, is the whole populace waiting in line
for tickets to the World Series?

A Dancing Flea

Clouds form mountains against the dark sky,
as sirens go to rescue injured climbers.
The silhouettes of tree-tops gather in Franciscan robes.
What is one to think of the light shining over their shoulders,
or as beacons from their chests. They seem to be heading up the hill
in a procession, and I wonder why they bother.

You see, inside, a flea is dancing on its back, atop a tobacco tin,
merely trying to stand up. I watch, and, as usual, can make no sense
out of it. Instead, I see the clouds move across the horizon
as if pulled by a string, away from the sirens and pilgrimages.

Adieu with a flurry

A string makes your arm wave
hello. Another makes your left leg
kick comically.

When there is no ice cream
running down childrens' arms,
you are forced to do obscene pantomimes
for a crowd of spinsters.

Conspiracies have failed, subverted
by an ordinary pocket knife.
Left lying on stage, you plan your finale:
Under your own strength, to unhinge the head -
no need to call it your own -
and roll it up the aisle, its stale carpet
in the empty house.

...TOWARD FICTION...

Having No Alternative

The bicycle I rode was, inevitably, the bicycle I fell from. I took up walking, or stumbling. They're the same: Both involve...they're the same. It could only have happened in the city, in the square, the marketplace.

I'll tell you about my pants. It's no secret. Gravity had taken its toll - they were held up only by my knees. You can imagine the embarrassment. A person, there's a joke, a person can't go around like that, stupid like that. It's against the law.

The thought occurs that somewhere there is someone worse off, standing in a larger square, or possibly in a stadium, his pants around his ankles. This thought gives me solace, it comforts me;

rather, it leaves me cold on cold nights.

Four Instances

I.

The horizon is a line of soft, tan hills, but the foreground is desert. A man is carrying a corpse in his arms. The corpse is limp and sags over the ends of the man's arms, and between his arms in the middle. The corpse is naked. The man wears sport clothes; slacks, coat, and a derby hat. Something shines in the sand. The man notices a quarter, and would love to pick it up. He looks at the corpse in his arms. Looks again at the quarter. Looks at the corpse, and without further hesitation, sets it down on the sand. Finding the quarter he thinks is a good omen. Possibly he is due for a change of fate. Here at any rate, is a quarter he never bargained for. He picks up the corpse which looks perfectly comfortable dripping over and between his arms. The man turns for a moment and looks behind him at the line of footprints he had already made in the sand stretching out of sight. He turns to go on with sand on the corpse's ass.

The man walks and carries. He is amazing, he tires but goes on, half-way content to mutter curses under his breath. In the distance is either an oasis or a mirage. He sees a group of men squatting together in a circle; ragged men with turbans, playing dice. He watches unnoticed, looking at the corpse, then at the men playing dice. He throws the corpse down and reaches in his pocket for money to play with. He tosses a handful of coins into the circle, among them the shining quarter. The dice are thrown and he wins. He is surrounded by sand. He picks up the corpse. There are hills in the distance.

The man is laughing. He is laughing so hard that the corpse becomes heavy. Sometimes it looks as if the man is walking on his knees. Tears well in his eyes and his vision swims. He has to stop to hold his sides and to wipe his eyes. He might even roll on the desert, roll on the desert from laughter. It was a joke his father had told him in the past. He never laughed before but just now understood the punch-line. It was the old joke: Why did the chicken cross the road? It was the old answer: To get to the other side. The man stands up and wipes his eyes. He laughs half a sigh. He picks up the corpse. Puts down the corpse. Wipes his eyes. Picks up the corpse...

II.

A man in a suit of armor is clanking and squeeking his way on a prairie toward the burning red sunset. He keeps his face guard open but it is constantly slamming shut. The man, what little can be seen of him, looks like Gary Cooper. But he is not Gary Cooper, just a man. He has an oilcan, and an endless supply of oil; still, there is a tightness in the old knee joints. The heat is unbearable. Tumbleweed spins past him, huge cacti are all around. He must remember that the heat is bearable. The sunset is beautiful: Because it is in front of him he can look at nothing else. He is dragging along with a boringly slow stride. Other than the lighter side of frying to death, there is nothing very funny about his movements. Ahead of him is a porcelain water fountain of the variety one might expect to stop at while strolling through Central Park. The man approaches it happily, whirling about slapping his metal hands against his sides and then tapping them on top of the fountain. What a break! the man thinks as he takes a long drink of cold water. While drinking his eyes light up. He lets the water pour inside of his armor. He feels the water running down the metal and soaking him - head to foot. Soon the water is leaking out the joints at his knees. A puddle forms and is absorbed by the earth. Cooled and bloated the man looks at the sunset. He face-guard falls shut. He opens it, stops to oil his knees and clanks on.

III.

In the early morning a taxi careens down the city streets, fish-tailing around corners, passing streetlamps, making them a continuous line of light. A man with his hands in his pockets stares vacantly from the sidewalk as the taxi passes. The driver leans with the turnings of the car. A woman sits in the back seat brushing the hair from her eyes. The woman is dressed lavishly, although not in fashion: her clothes and heavy make-up are years past being stylish. She keeps looking out the window as if searching for someone. When the driver had asked her:

-Where to?

she had answered:

-Just drive.

The red metal flag is standing upright on the meter and the toll rises monotonously. She says:

-Slow down, driver,

and sits up on the seat. She wipes the hair from her eyes and stares out. The taxi passes a man, she sighs and sits back in her seat. The driver, forgetting her order, drives recklessly. The back of his head looks like a balloon to her, bobbing back and forth. Bored, he turns on the radio. Music plays. The driver offers the woman a stick of gum. She refuses, brushing the hair from her face, she says:

-Driver! you must slow down.

They pass someone by. The woman stares out the window intently. The driver says:

-You gonna wanna do this all night, lady?

IV.

A man is walking along the tide line of a warm and sunny beach. He is alone, walking and feeling the ocean lick his feet and then recede. This has been written before, maybe many times; by whom I don't know, by whom is history to me. As far as I'm concerned the man is walking along the beach which is quite desolate as the man is quite alone. But, he is walking and the ocean licks his feet and then recedes, and that seems good enough for him, and it is certainly good enough for me. I've nothing better to do than watch him. If he goes to far I'll use my binoculars, if he goes further I'm afraid I'll have to take after him. And yet, my inactivity until now has been so pleasantly safe.

The Rock Garden: a fragment

We were going to plant the rock garden. D. and I would do the work. Pansies could be placed around a large center boulder. Other flowers could be started from seed. By summer they would encircle the rock in a bouquet.

The land around the boulder was spaded, and other rocks were arranged about it to form numerous beds. From these, each different flower would add a color to the wreath.

The work was done in anticipation of a visit from J. The mood was apprehensive and expectant, but the work went on in an easy manner.

B. was watching and enjoying the prospective garden. She gave advice and joked with us. Soon, however, the work was completed. I saved two flowers and gave them to B. Then, we all walked together into the house.

The Conflagration

It was dark, but burning torches enabled us to see what we were doing. We mounted the torches on posts, five or six of them, around the area where the fire would be. We collected the kindling in wheelbarrows with an endless come and go that took each of us out of the illuminated circle into the dark, and from the peripheral dark back into the circle. There were three of us, and a white dog who danced from one to the other.

A mountain of kindling was placed in a heap that was eight feet across. John began dousing the wood with gasoline. He threw the gas on the kindling while circling it round and round. The can was heavy, but he had a grin on his face that was as much a squint as it was a laugh.

When the huge mass of wood was ready to be burned, Jay threw a match into it as nonchalantly as if he were throwing it to the city sidewalk.

The conflagration began, lighting the area that was cleared, and beyond to the forest in the distance. I looked at the grasslands that were cleared, and at the shadows of fir trees that encircled it. When I stared back into the fire, I saw the dog buried deep within it trying to struggle his way out. Already, his side was burning.

I looked at John across the firery circle, and saw on his face a look that told me we were helpless to save the dog. The dog continued, hopelessly, to struggle. Just then, Jay drove an axe into a thick rope that unleashed another torrent of logs onto the fire, under which the dog was buried completely from my sight.

...FICTION...

A Small Country Town

Today, I drove down a country road, inland from the ocean, through a farming and lumbering area. I passed two beautiful lakes on my way east. At the end of the road I came to a juncture. The sign on the road introduced me to the township named Ada. What a fine name for a small, country town, I thought. As far as I could see, Ada consisted of a Grange Hall, and a Junior Grange, which both stood to the right of the road where there was a cluster of small, sleepy houses. There were no people at all to be seen. When I looked at the Grange Hall I noticed it housed hundreds of birds under its eaves. I looked across a large pasture at the forest where the trees teemed with still more birds. For the moment, I was glad to have the shelter of my car.

I could turn either left or right from this juncture, if I chose not to turn back. The sign pointing to the right said, "Canary," and gave the mileage. I do not remember the names of the towns one could get to by turning left, nevertheless, I proceeded in that direction. I had gone merely a hundred yards when I came to another large sign. Unlike the first, this one did not belong to the state or the county. It stood in front of a huge tract of land, well fenced, and warned that here the road became private, that all vehicles proceeding on must have the permission of the owner.

Private roads are not uncommon in this area, nor are large commercial farms or lumbering outfits. But, this situation still struck me as unusual. The absence of people, a deserted Grange Hall, the

way the birds had no sense of being afraid that they may be disturbed or harmed by people; all these added to a feeling of mystery about the place, a mystery that made me want to look deeper into the strange circumstances. Another phenomena seemed curious to me: I was sure the signpost lead one to believe that the public road lead away in both directions. Looking from the juncture to the right and left, I felt sure I had a choice in the matter. I turned left as if by the flip of a coin, and until I reached the sign there was nothing to inform me that this method of choosing was invalid. In actuality, I had but two alternatives; to continue along toward Canary upon a road that was not nearly as finished as the road to the left, or to return upon the road that lead me here. The latter would have been my choice, had I not the pronouncement to linger in this location for a while longer.

The sign stood to the side of the road. Its lettering was threateningly large, colored in red against a weathered yellow background: "Private Road. No Vehicles Are To Proceed Without The Permission Of The Owner." A small old mill, seemingly unused, was the only building evident on the property. It stood in the distance, where the road vanished behind the two hills on either side of it. I pictured a large farmhouse somewhere beyond the hills, where possibly one man, possibly a corporation, employed the entire populace of Ada. Again, it is not strange that one large business such as a mill or a logging outfit can employ all the men of a small town. In this area many small towns began due solely to the jobs offered by some such company.

What seemed strange to me about this particular township was that I saw no one in the district - women and children were conspicuously absent. In other towns there were always a few people to be seen; a husband and wife running the combination gas station and general store, some of the local women or children standing in eyesight of the country road, or some elderly men sitting in front of the Grange Hall or Oddfellow's Lodge. Here, there were just the birds and myself.

There was no sign identifying the name of the farm or corporation. This made the land even more impenetrable; one could never proceed along this road without knowing the owner in advance. I tried to imagine what activity employed all the people of this town, young and old alike. If the farm was a cooperative, why did the workers live in small, crowded houses along the road? The land was rich and sprawling. Lumbering didn't employ women and children, nor elderly men. Neither would a mill. And, a cattle ranch didn't require the services of an entire town.

There were no businesses in Ada, not the usual general store, nor a tavern. Whatever the central force of this town was, it seemed to be self-sufficient, having its own provisions and entertainments. There were no television arials on the tops of houses along the road, and in the small fenced yards I could see no sets of swings or hammocks. No, if any life went on in Ada, be it work or leisure, it went on behind those hills, somewhere along the private road. It was not so much the life that went on there that intrigued me, but the life that was absent from the town.

I sat in my car at a standstill, and kept the motor running. My imagination carried me beyond the hills to the farmhouse that I saw clearly, encircled in mist. The mystery of these surroundings made me curious and anxious to drive further down the road that was not for my use. I wanted to speak to the townspeople and listen to the stories of their lives here. The land was so magnificent, I wondered what one thinks of it when he sees it and works on it everyday. How healthy I imagine children to be who have grown up in such peaceful surroundings, how healthy and beautiful. But, no one was about to verify my curiosities. There was just a sign and a road that began on the far side of it. I thought of all the odd circumstances, and knew I would never piece them together. How could I, afraid to go on without permission and unable to ask for it. Maybe, I had no right to even seek to go on, but it was hard to accept being forbidden. I looked around for the last time at the plush hillsides and pastures. I chose to go back on the road that brought me to this junction; but, it was no longer the same road, the sun had gone down considerably since my arrival here, making the road barely recognizable. I took it anyway, well aware that they shoot trespassers in this area, and because of their sign they are perfectly within their rights to do so.

A MOTION PICTURE

Cinematic Piece No. 1/The Magician and the ClownCharacter DescriptionThe Magician

The Magician is tall and slender. He has dark hair, and a narrow face. He wears a mustache and a goatee that encircle a thin lipped mouth. He walks upright with long strides that carry him with the utmost efficiency to his positions on stage. In his magic act his movements are crisp and disciplined. He wastes no time or effort. His smile is cold and condescending, and is frozen on his face throughout his act. He is completely dignified, and breaks this character but once; to dance his shuffle steps, a gesture he owes to the tradition of good vaudeville. When he is seen with the Clown, he uses his height to minimize the Clown's presence on stage, and enhance his own. This is especially true when he embraces the Clown and whispers in his ear. Above all, the Magician is gifted with a great composure that makes the fantastic seem, in his hands, commonplace.

The Clown

The Clown possesses a face that is refined in its ordinariness. His hair, too, is dark; and, he is clean shaven. His face is not smooth, as is the Magician's, but piecemeal, as if the nose had been taken from one, the mouth from another, the chin from still a third. His eyes are his one distinctive characteristic; they are large, and stare, seemingly devoid of comprehension. At times, they can be totally blank, unreflecting of what their owner may be feeling. The Clown is slightly built. He moves nimbly, making his wild, comic gestures, as if his bones were made of rubber. At first, when he scratches his head, and shrugs his shoulders, he does it as if by second nature. Towards the end of his ordeal these gestures become more weighted. In his moments of confusion, he reacts defensively. His feeling of subservience to the Magician serves only to increase his confusion. Most distinctive is the expressionlessness of his face, that seems to register only the extremes of joy and despondency.

General

The camera occupies a number of different seats in the audience.

Original image: Approximately, from audience row five, center.

(It will be necessary for the camera to move to stage right and stage left when script requires; when this is the case, camera maintains same distance from object, except when close-up is designated.)

Sounds from audience are single sounds, from one voice each time.

The stage should be wide across, and deep.

Content

¹A dark stage, the bright spotlight in the center revealing a small square table with black silk over it.

A man wearing tails and a top hat, enters from stage ____.

He places his hat on the table. Picks it up and directs the inside of it outward, toward the audience/camera. Places hat back on table. Makes great spiral gestures with his hands above the hat.

Reaches in. Pulls up: Nothing is revealed.

Gasps of delight and astonishment from audience. Applause.

Magician bows deeply, to the knees. Breaks into short shuffle dance steps, ending with one hand outstretched toward audience/camera..

Straightens. Places hat back on head. Taps it. Walks off stage ____.

Applause.

Image of blank stage. Magician's table dissolves. Curtain opens. Empty stage. Dull sepia light.

¹Positive image.

Another man walks on from stage _____. He is wearing a clown suit, yet has no make-up on. He walks to center stage. Close up: His face is expressionless. Back to original image.

The Clown stands wondering, as if he has forgotten his act. He moves to the left. Pauses. Gestures wildly, comically at audience/camera.

From opposite side of audience he has gestured toward, a single laugh.

He is pleased. He moves to the right, seeking out previous laugh, and makes same wild gesture toward it.

A cry from opposite side of audience he has gestured toward.

He stops. Wonders. Scratches his head. Shrugs his shoulders. Moves again toward previous cry at left. Repeats wild, comic gestures.

A cry from behind him.

He stops. Turns around violently, with back to audience/camera. Wonders in greater vexation. Moves to the back. Gestures.

A laugh from center of audience.

He stops and turns slowly. Wonders more calmly, resigned. Scratches head. Shrugs shoulders. Walks off stage ____.

Applause, accompanied by a barely distinguishable "Ah!", followed by laughter from a single voice in audience.

The curtain closes. A slight pause.

The curtain opens. Brilliant light. A large wooden closet, door facing audience/camera, stands in the middle of the stage.

The Magician and the Clown enter together, from stage _____. They move to center stage, directly in front of closet.

The Clown gestures toward the Magician for audience recognition.

Applause.

The Magician points to Clown, for same reason.

Applause.

They both do shuffle dance steps, as the Magician did before, ending with their hands outstretched to audience.

Tumultuous applause.

The Magician walks to closet, and opens the door. It is empty. He signals for Clown to enter.

The Clown reflects undecidedly, timidly, slightly cowering.

The Magician approaches Clown, places his arm around Clown's shoulders in a fatherly attitude. Whispers something into Clown's ear.

The Clown nods, still undecidedly, but enters closet with caution.

The Magician closes the door. Dissolve in table from before. Slight pause. Takes hat, places it on table. Picks it up, and directs the inside of it outward, toward audience/camera. Places hat back on table. Makes great spiral gestures with hands above hat. Reaches in. Pulls out...

Lights darken at once. The stage is black. Pause.² The lights are brought up slowly, and terminate in dull sepia light showing closed closet. A long pause.

The door of the closet opens, revealing the clown standing inside. A long pause. Finally, the Clown walks out. He stands in front of

²Begin negative image.

audience/camera. Close up: His face shows no expression. Camera draws back to original image. Clown looks around him as if nothing had changed. He scratches his head. Pause. He shrugs his shoulders. Wonders. He takes a number of steps to the left and gestures wildly, as before.

No sound.

Startled, he wonders and waits.

No sound.

He reflects in confusion. He paces. With each step, his confusion gives way to anger. He stops. Finally, he gesticulates wildly, almost frenzied, toward right side of audience.

Silence.

The Clown, bent in the position of his last gesture, waits and wonders.

Silence.

Clown straightens. Stands dumbfounded. Close up: His face in disbelief. Camera back to original image. Close up: His eyes squinting, staring out into darkness. Back to original image. Clown moves again to stage left. Stares nearsightedly out toward audience/camera. Lifts hands as if beginning to gesture. Stops. Pauses. Turns to right. Same squinting stare into darkness. Lifts hands as before, Stops. Thinks better of it. Sighs melancholically. Shakes head from side to side. Pause. Close up: Blank stare. Camera back to original image. Clown turns and walks toward closet. He stands in front of it and tries to open the door which has closed

since his exit. It is locked. He nods his head consentingly, but tries door again, more boldly. Still locked. He scratches his head. Shrugs his shoulders, sighing deeply on their downward movement. Clown sits in front of closet, legs folded inward, back to audience/camera.

Lights dim to black.

Notes on Production

The reason that a stage must be used in this motion picture is that, essentially, we are watching vaudeville. A stand might be used to mount name cards as the acts proceed. A stage with ornate wood work outlining it is preferable, not necessary.

In the picture a number of stage techniques are mixed with some techniques of cinema. The spirit of the movie is more influenced by the stage tradition. Hence, the positioning of the camera in the audience - the view from which the story was conceived - and, the audible reactions of the voices of viewers. The close ups are a magnification of the audiences' view. As mentioned before, in the general notes, the camera will have to move along with the Clown in order, at times, to face him squarely. At these times the camera should strive to remain equidistant from him.

The specification for lighting - taking into account positive and negative image - are the most technically demanding of the film. The film used should have a grainy quality, possibly some sort of filter could be used as well. The action begins in a positive black and white image. This image is continued throughout the Magician's act. Upon the curtain opening for the Clown's entrance, we see the stage illuminated in dull sepia overtones. The image is still positive. The sepia coloring continues throughout the Clown's act. We return to the black and white image when the curtain opens showing the closet on stage, only this light is brighter than the black and white image of before. This image, in turn, remains until the Magician completes his magic trick for the second time. After there is a darkening of the lighting to black, the lights are brought up to reveal a negative image colored in black and dull sepia. The sepia lighting is used here to enrich the image, making it not altogether negative, but barely reminiscent of the positive image. This image is retained throughout the final action, until the lights are dimmed at the picture's end. It is possible, at the times when the Magician pulls up from his hat, to use an image of the stage that situates the Magician in more or less of a close up, the table top with hat mounted on it at the very bottom most of the picture. Utilizing this image, when the Magician pulls up from his hat (to nearly his shoulders) a negative image would follow his hand and split the screen horizontally. It would recede on the downward movement of his hand. Because it is hard for me to picture this as it would be on screen, I am unsure of the effectiveness of this technique. If I could see that it would not detract from the naturalness of the stage setting, I would consider it an interesting effect, as it is consistent with my theme.

The sounds on stage - i.e., footsteps, dancesteps, the rattling of the door - should be heard; and, can be accomplished by mounting a high intensity microphone over the stage and synchronizing it to the

action. The invisible voices, including the one from the rear of the stage, should not be overdone. Great attention should be made to make them natural audience reactions. I am not sure whether or not the individual sounds can come from the various directions from which they are intended to come. Hopefully, this can be achieved using stereo, as it is quite necessary for the action.

The costuming is simple. The Magician wears well-tailored tails, with a top hat. It is the traditional tuxedo, with stiff white bodice and cummerbund. The Clown wears a polka-dotted jumpsuit, with loose, frilly neckpiece. Colors of Clown's suit should adapt themselves well to the planned negative image.

The Clown's action should be proceeded with slowly. He should have ample time to be confused, for he does it so naturally. Running time approximately 10-12 minutes.

The dance steps are reminiscent of vaudeville bananas straining to get the audiences' last drop of recognition. They are a simple sideways shuffle, as if a falling forward, with a tip of the forehead, and the right arm stretched forward, exhibiting the palm.

The grainy quality of the film used, should correspond to a grainy or fuzzy quality (static) in the sound.

The closet should be a dark wooden box, in the tradition of the sentry booth. It has a carved wood headpiece over the door adding to its mysterious presence. The inside of it might be lined with a light colored material for contrast.

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