

## BLACKNESS WITH INTERVALS

This “movie script,” which is certainly not in the correct form of a movie script, is redolent of California in the sixties, and the high deserts of the American southwest. A note says that it was written out by hand in 1968. What exists is a fragile typescript, surely created with enormous trouble and somehow embodying the many drawings.

## BLACKNESS WITH INTERVALS

Beginning in complete blackness. A voice singing the ancient folksong of “The Raggle Taggle Gypsies” with its exquisite minor melody.



The voice is high, untrained, somewhat inaccurate, somewhat husky or breathy, otherwise so clear of personal coloring that it hardly seems to be the voice of anybody in particular. But if it is anybody, it is an eighteen-year-old country girl. She is unaccompanied. The flow is tender (not the snappy, nasty rhythm perversely used in some renditions of this song). The volume is very loud, so that in the darkness preceding the film the audience cannot help attending to the searing melody.

Three Gypsies stood at the castle gate,  
They sang so high, they sang so low.  
The lady sate in her chamber late,  
Her heart it melted away as snow.

They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill,  
That fast her tears began to flow,

And she laid down her silken gown,  
Her golden rings and all her show.

She plucked off her high heeled shoes  
A-made of Spanish leather O,  
She would in the street with her bare bare feet  
All out in the wind and the weather go.

It was late at night when the lord came home  
Enquiring for his lady O.  
The servants said on every hand  
“She’s gone with the raggle taggle Gypsies O” . . .

The voice, fading, continues as the screen lights. And after that it continues some time more, though all that is audible is the melody. It will make itself felt from time to time through the film, rising again to almost painful volume at the end.

We must explain that the screen is not a plane rectangle but a cylindrical surface all the way around the auditorium. Entrances are beneath it. Chairs for the audience can swivel. The projector is suspended in the center (like that of a planetarium). When a person in the film walks from right to left, sometimes he actually moves from right to left on the screen. Either the frame moves with him, or the frame stays still and he moves out of it. When the action moves from the Piazza San Marco to the Bridge of Sighs, the frame moves all around the wall, and the audience must rotate their chairs to follow it. Or a new frame opens up in another place. Scenes may be simultaneous, and then may move together and merge like the strands of dreams. Two people may be shown in different parts of a dance hall; talking and dancing and being temporarily eclipsed by other people, they move

along until they meet. Or one scene may split as the characters go off different ways. In addition to sight- and sound-tracks, the film has a track of instructions generated by the angular movements of the camera on its tripod, and causing the projector to make similar movements.

Dersey walking along a city street. She has a large bag in which to carry the bread and milk she has bought at a store.

Parody of several successive kinds of movie. Old movie: she walks fast and jerkily. Foreign-language movie: she gabbles in phonetic imitation of Italian; irrelevant subtitles. Old silent movie again: subtitles appear for her speech, and others such as “(She wishes he were badder)” — “Paris. Autumn of 1911” — “She thinks she is getting a cold” . . .

She notices the subtitles; bends down to read them. Reacts by looking around at the buildings they name; pulling out a handkerchief; breaking into a run; spinning a coin; taking a



photograph.

A subtitle says: “Hollywood.” She wrings her hands with joy, presses her heart. Prowls along, posturing, hoping a talent scout will see her.

A strip of film—ragged, creased, dirty, about three feet long—blows along the sidewalk. She snatches it, and holds it up to the light as she walks. Stops to look at it better. The camera comes closer till we can just see a dozen frames. They are in negative, and show a man in a hat sitting at the far side of a desk, and the back of another man’s head on the nearer side.

Subtitles say: “‘Clark Gable?’ she wonders— ‘Cary Grant?’” She looks at the beginning of the strip. Exactly the same image, so far as one can tell. She looks at the end. Exactly the same. She drops the strip on the sidewalk and goes on.

We notice that the soprano melody has not quite ceased and that from time to time, as if borne on a change in the wind, a few of its words come across.

A black wooden hut whose doors are labeled PROJECTION ROOM, STUDIO C, and the like. Trashcans and director chairs outside. Film-making enthusiasts bustle in and out.

Dersey strolls past. She sees a mass of film in one of the trashcans. She pulls some of it out and holds it up to the light. The viewpoint moves closer till the pictures on the film can be seen. They are in color, positive. Each is a yellowish rectangle with the same vague curved markings.

The film is brought nearer till one frame of it fills the screen.

Move slowly to the next frame. To the next frame, a little less slowly. To the next; the next . . . More rapidly, till what we see is the new picture moving. Everything that follows is, formally, the film from the trashcan.

The image is of a dirt road across open country. It is seen from a height of twenty feet; perhaps

the camera is fixed to the top of a telegraph pole. It is set to take about one frame a minute, so that time is shortened. As the day wears on, cuts and pits in the road grow longer and deeper. The system of corrugations grows more distinct. The passing vehicles that cause this usually do not appear, but sometimes one of them is caught subliminally in one frame, or its cloud of dust lingers for two. Cloud shadows flick across. The smaller shadows rotate. Night strikes and lifts. Next day: the weather changes. The effects of rain. Everything is covered by snow. A new pattern of tracks in the snow. Snow thaws; puddles, gray interzones, mud-stained areas develop. Suddenly the road is flat. A grader has passed, between one frame and the next. On this tabula rasa the process begins again; a new set of wash-board corrugations is founded, grows deeper.

Small round "bug" car drives up to a house, stops. Irimate gets out and goes into the house.

The car collapses by stages. (It is being squashed by a large mechanical hammer, but frames are only shot between blows, the hammer being removed to the other side of the street.) The car is reduced to a bar of scrap metal

Throughout the movie there is not much sound; and when there is sound, it is not often speech or music; it is the prominent yet ignored sounds of the country: grasshoppers, katydids, crickets, cicadas, treefrogs. Sometimes there are birds, but these, while also easy to ignore in the open air, are harder to ignore in a movie. Most of the scenes are in daylight, yet most of the carpets of sound are night sounds. This is because most of the screen is black. Sometimes there is an unbroken half hour of night rain. Drips seems to fall off roof edges next to the edges of the audience; others, among the audience. When the Gypsy strain rises, it rises through, past these sounds.

A view over a slope running away downward and merging into a plain that extends to the horizon. The plain lies in long lines of evening color, and the plants on the slope are gilded with light from the almost setting sun. Five or six yards away down the slope, a few junipers stand roughly in a line along the contour. The shadow of Simon-Marius is cast on the leftmost juniper, where it seems suspended before the plain. As he walks, his shadow passes from juniper to juniper, flicking to the far-off interstices of land. He himself is not visible. He, and the camera, are moving along a path above the junipers.

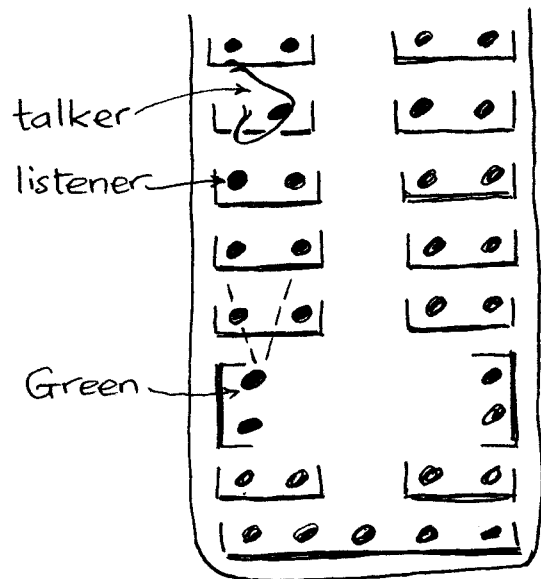
For a moment the view zooms out to a part of his shadow on the land: the shadow of one of his hands as it swings. It appears as if he has lost the fourth finger. —Back to the junipers.

with an exhaust pipe sticking out.

Irimare comes out of the house. Looks exasperated. Takes a piece of rubber tubing from his pocket, fits it to the exhaust pipe, blows. The car rises by stages, as if inflated, till it becomes its little round self. Irimare gets into it and drives off.

Simon-Marius enters at night a  
 curving street like a ravine. He is  
 walking away from us. He habit-  
 ually walks with the fourth finger  
 of his right hand raised. The  
 street is the Nablus Road leading  
 north out of the Old City of Jerusalem—no  
 sidewalk, tarmac flowing upward and to the  
 right against the high yellowish wall  
 of the Palestine Pottery (if that  
 still exists). The auditorium  
 almost dies away into blackness  
 again, since this is a night scene  
 shot like a night scene. Suddenly  
 Simon-Marius's shadow is pro-  
 jected far before him, enlarged,  
 on the wall, by the headlights of a  
 car. His shadow swings around  
 the curve of the wall; his back,  
 picked out by the light, appears,  
 wondering whether to jump  
 aside; he turns in terror. The car  
 arrives on the screen out of the  
 eyes of the audience (it has run  
 over the camera). It is Irimare's  
 car. He stops and gives Simon-  
 Marius a ride

View from the eyes of Green,  
 who is sitting near the back of a  
 bus. Plan:



The talker has no one beside him and is sitting sideways to talk to the listener. The man beside the listener is reading a newspaper. The talker is urbane, has brownish tartan jacket, spectacles, curly dark hair. The features of his gesturing are:

(1) An almost constant rhythm of the head: to the left to fix the listener's eyes—away to the right

View aside from a smoothly traveling vehicle (the car? the bus?) of a low rim of hills parallel to the road on the right, two miles

Day again; toward evening again. Irimare's car bowling along a desert road. The road is flat and featureless. The desert is flat and featureless. Not perfectly so, or we would not know the car is moving. The car travels on for a long time . . .

(out of the window unseeingly)—back to the left after four seconds.

(2) Tiltings of head in front-back or side-side axes. These are banal gestures and irregularly spaced.

(3) Lips kept rather taut. Tautness sometimes increases to a grimace.

(4) Left hand mostly drooping immobile. Right hand gestures with two degrees of strength: the first is not enough to force the fingers away from the rail of the seat in front, only the wrist rising; at the second degree of emphasis, the fingers let go of the rail, the whole arm rises, the hand rotates on the wrist, etc.

When talker becomes listener (for short periods) feature 1 (rhythmic return of head to left) continues unchanged, while the other gestures are suppressed. This rhythmic head-swing must impose its spacing not only on the matter spoken by the talker,

away. There is a dip in the hills.



Suddenly, the edge of a more distant and vastly higher mesa slides into view.



At last something appears in the distance. It is a town. Still a long time before it seems to grow any larger. We approach it. Something stands in front. It is a sign at the side of the road. We get nearer. The sign is the first feature, half a mile or so in front of the town. We come near enough to read it, and almost

but also on that spoken by his friend. The head of this friend is almost motionless whether listening or speaking; just occasionally a slight turn toward the window. All that is seen of him is long straight greasy hair. Perhaps he is not the talker's friend at all. Perhaps talker is a madman pretending to talk, and the other man is trying to ignore him. Their voices are inaudible because of other voices and the bus. But sometimes there are auditory clues to predictable opening words used by the talker: "So . . ." — "I nearly . . ."

View across the bus aisle to a man who appears to be Simon-Marius. He is not Simon-Marius, for he is on the bus and in a crumpled suit and looks small, but at this age of the movie we take him for Simon-Marius.

His view across the aisle. He looks at one woman, another; he looks at Green. She happens to be looking at him.

He decides not to look away, but to go on looking at her.

They look at each other.

immediately pass it. It says:  
THANK YOU  
FOR YOUR  
CO-OPERATION

The street corner offices of a firm of paperclip manufacturers. A sign hangs on a bush outside:

TEMPORARY  
PARKING  
TOW AWAY

Irimare arrives in his car, parks, gets out, tells Simon-Marius to wait a moment, takes sign off bush, slings it down the broad entrance of a chute marked TRASH, walks rapidly away lighting a cigarette. An employee emerges from the office door carrying an identical sign, hangs it on the bush, pushes the car (con-



Irimare proceeding along a corridor; beside him at shoulder height a shelf, on it a cardboard box marked

PLASTIC BOTTLES

DO NOT DROP

He halts, considers this sentence, stands on tiptoe, reaches into the box, fetches out a plastic bottle, holds it experimentally in the air; removes his hand. It indeed stays where it is. Satisfied, he walks on.

Irimare sitting in his darkened living-room, projecting slides on the wall from two projectors. The faces of Green and Dersey. He reels them into the future, into late middle age. Dersey preserves better. He is not convinced.

Irimare slapping his lower face with water before shaving; "*Voilà le boulevard*," he seems to say.

Irimare getting his lunch from food-machines. One is in the form of a plastic naked woman; putting his coin in the slot, he gets a spurt of milk from her breasts.

taining Irimare's suits on hangers, also Simon-Marius) through the hole and down the chute.

Dersey sitting up in bed wearing spectacles and reading a book. The book falls slowly onto her lap. The spectacles slip down her nose, and it can be seen that her eyes are shut. She remains sitting. Irimare enters and says: "Where's the Scotch tape?"

Dersey: "Look for it in your closet."

He goes into the closet. Comes back out.

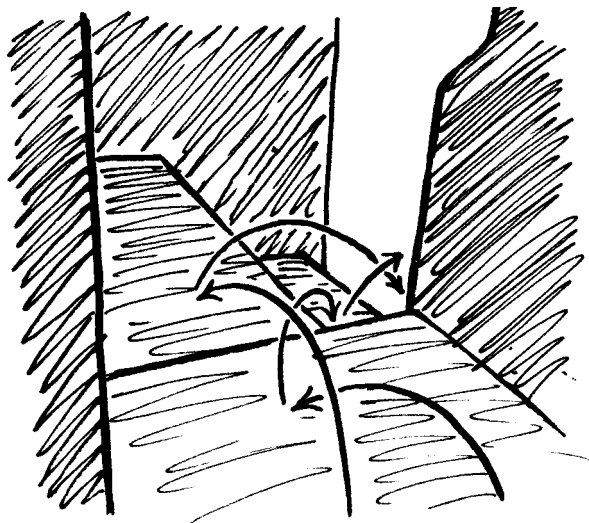
Irimare: "It's not there. I didn't think it was."

Dersey: "It's on your pillow."

Irimare takes a step forward. The pillow beside her is bare of any Scotch tape.

He comes nearer and touches her. She crumbles to dust

Feet of a long line of men flying down the steps of a bus.



(Avoid the temptation to speed this sequence. The best effect is normal slow gait—or slower than normal as the men are close behind each other—because each foot appears flying unsupported.) The last to get off the bus is Green, who is a girl. She

The pseudo-Simon-Marius's view of Green as she gets up and goes out. He happens to be sitting by the exit. As she goes down the

A cave, craggy and irregular, some whitish patches but mostly black. The view is outward, along two forking passages, each of which leads to an exit. The sky, or whatever it is that can be seen through the exits, has a curious coloured texture. The view remains stationary for a short time. Movement begins, the whole cave shakes, the two exits shift, a giant's foot appears in the foreground with toes upward, pushes into the cave and along one fork of it, followed by a bare hairy leg, blocking the view of the exit, the fork, and most of the cave, and the other fork crumples so that the exit at the end of it is not visible. Giant's fingers appear at either side of the view, gripping the compli-

too has arrived in town.

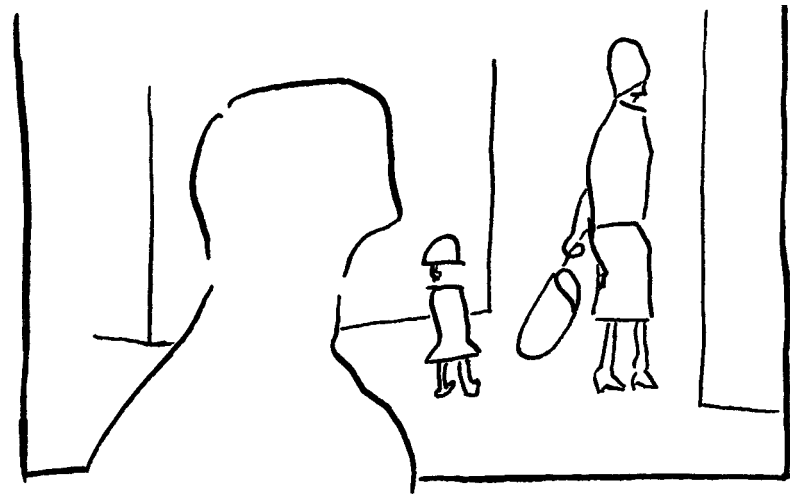
steps, he touches her sleeve and says:

“ Goodbye.”

cated rock. It is not a cave, but a pair of trousers which Irimare is putting on

The view through the bus window as Green walks away and is lost in the crowd.

Irimare looks out of his window onto a small lawn among the apartments.



He sees a lady in her fifties, just turning haggard inside her rather smart clothes. The lady, dragging a sack of trash to the trashcans,

A man sitting at a restaurant table, looking out through the window at Green. He has just torn the edge off a packet of sugar to dump it in his coffee; unwilling to take his eyes off her, he pours it into the space beside his cup, then feels for his spoon, picks it up, touches it against the side of the cup, and stirs the same imaginary cylinder of space beside it.

stops to call her runaway cat in a strangely high voice. The cat doesn't come; the lady drops the sack of trash and hobbles away after the cat; the trash begins to blow away in the wind. A small girl is watching the lady from behind. Irimare's face turns monkey-like with emotion and then tears run down his cheeks.

The back of Irimare's head still, but now he is looking out of another window, very high up, in the eleventh floor of a building. He is two paces back from the window. He is looking diagonally downward to a reddish open space. This continues . . .

An immense sunlit brick-paved plaza. Along its far side, great brown buildings with locked bronze doors. Before them

stands Simon-Marius, solitary. No  
one else in sight.

From under the field of view  
appears a long line of people.  
They are walking slowly, side by  
side, in an approximately straight  
line, though they walk casually,  
some with hands in pockets.  
They move relentlessly forward  
across the plaza toward the  
distant figure. Their shadows are  
black under them in the powerful  
sunlight.

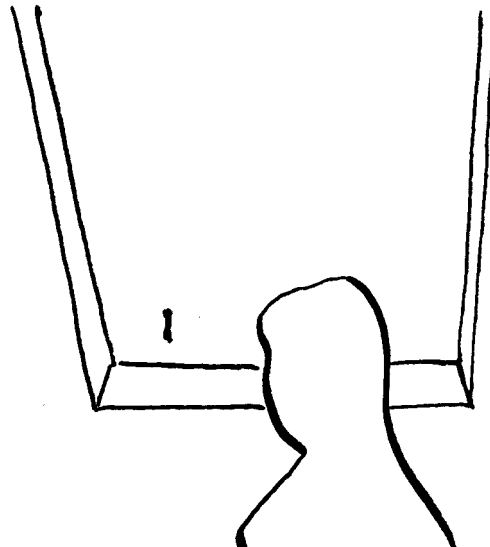
Suddenly they all pass down  
three steps, which extend all the  
way across the plaza but were  
unnoticed by us because of the  
overhead sun. End of the  
sequence. The lower part of the  
picture disappears, but the small  
figure of Simon-Marius contin-  
ues standing at the foot of  
the bronze doors, and  
merges with the

. . . till the viewpoint past  
Irimare and through the  
window swings round a  
little. Then it is seen that  
the open space is the  
same plaza, and at the

same figure as  
looked at by  
Irimare.

far edge of it  
stands the figure  
of Simon-Marius.

Simon-Marius walks dot-like  
across the plaza.



Just at the lower limit of what we  
can see through the window,  
there is the flight of three steps.  
As Simon-Marius walks up them,  
he is moving directly toward us  
and therefore his position on the

screen does not change. At this point he halts and raises his eyes. He is looking straight up at the man on the eleventh floor.

He starts moving again, still walking up steps. Remaining at the same point on the screen, his figure jogs regularly up and down. His feet are hidden just below the windowsill in the foreground. He grows larger.

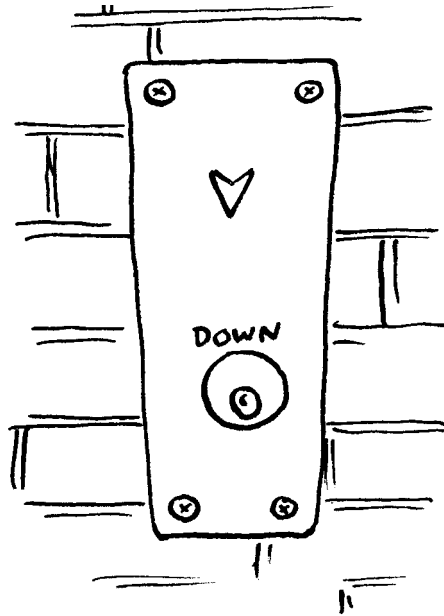
He is walking up continuous steps straight toward the window. He reaches full size, fills the window, takes a final step, and is standing on the windowsill.

Irimare makes a rush at him, directing a burly shoulder against his leg. He screams.

Blackness.

Looking slightly down to a metal

plate screwed on a brick wall:



The metal is shiny but with a vertical texture, so that it diffuses images and appears an even gray.

A cloudy orange reflection enters, extended to left and right by the diffusion. A hand appears from the lower edge of the frame, carrying a key. As the hand



moves in on the keyhole, and pushes the key home, the forms in the image on the metal concentrate themselves. But only when the hand rotates, turning the key, do bright shapes appear—red knuckles, yellow-white stretched skin, and reflections from the fingernails curving upward as they extend to left and right. These overlapping reflections all interact with the shadow of the hand. The shadow almost exactly surrounds the main reflections, but, being lightened by them in the middle, forms a thin boundary to them. A red light comes on in the arrowhead shape.

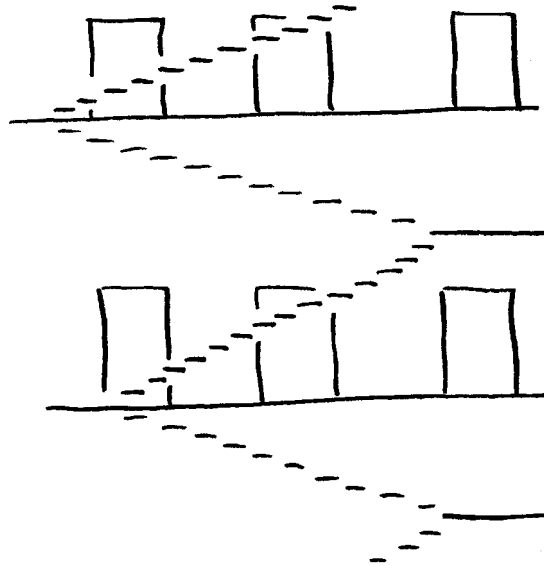
Blackness.

Two elevator doors side by side.  
A girl presses the button and  
stands in front. She wears a blue  
sweater and orange pants. Green  
light (for “up”) appears over the  
left hand door. It opens, she

goes in, it begins to shut. At the same time red light (for “down”) appears over the right hand door. It opens, a girl comes out, wearing orange sweater and blue pants.

Blackness.

Open stair in a large building,



ascending past the front of several landings. At the back of each landing are the doors of three elevator shafts. Busy people going up and down all flights of the stairs. Elevator doors opening and shutting. Young man on the halfway landing of one flight of the stairs calls up to another on the halfway landing of the next flight: "Smashing girl, that. Great body on her."

"Which one?"

"The French-looking one."

"Don't know her."

"She's just got on the elevator—elevator on the right—just coming up to you now—tell me what you think."

Elevator door opens. Inside is a mass of men.

Blackness.

Attendant sitting on a stool

between two elevator doors,  
reading a book.

The door on his right (our  
left) opens, four or five people  
file in, the door begins to close.  
He keeps reading.

Young female voice, rather  
refined, from within the elevator:  
“Oh shit, and shit, and shit—”

Attendant raises his eyes,  
looking straight ahead. We  
cannot quite see through the  
remaining aperture into the ele-  
vator, because the view is  
oblique; or perhaps we could but  
don't have time. The voice con-  
tinues “—and shit, and shit, and  
shit . . .” as the elevator, shut,  
goes down into the brickwork.

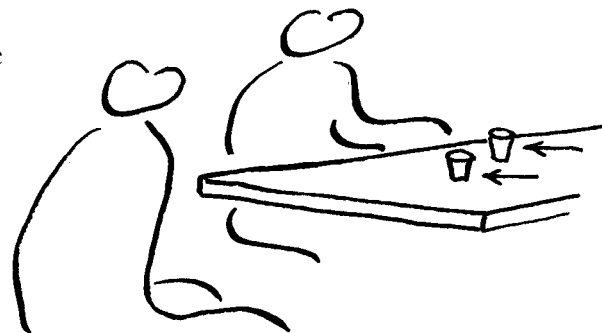
Blackness.

View from the eyes of a man standing in front of the double door of an elevator, waiting for it to open. Above the door, a row of numbers, 1 to 11. 1 lights up, then 2 . . . so on till 11 lights up and the doors open. The man (or rather the viewpoint, or the camera) walks in, turns round, leans against the back wall of the elevator. We see the doors close. Above them is a similar row of numbers, 11 down to 1. The elevator is going down. 10 lights up, and the doors part, to reveal:

Just a small room. Standing in it, a refrigerator. We look at it for several seconds. The doors of the elevator begin to close again. At the last moment—so close to the moment of disappearance that we are not sure what we have seen—the refrigerator door opens, and shoes tumble out.

The elevator doors are now closed again. The elevator is proceeding down. Number 9 lights up. The doors part again, and framed in them we see:

An open-air courtyard. Two people sitting at a table, talking. Two paper cups stand on the table in front of them, almost empty. At the moment we catch sight of them, the paper cups slide abruptly toward the speakers. A small gust of wind has hit them. They stop, just as one of the talkers reaches out a hand to stop them. The talkers go on talking.



The elevator doors close, the floor sinks and slows, number 8 lights up, the doors open to frame:

A street, like a stage set, arranged slightly non-parallel to the stage front (the elevator threshold). One of the buildings is a Co-Op, shut. A woman is peering through one of the doors and yelling “Whaay? Whaay?” No indication of whether there is anyone inside to hear her. It is dark, no one else about. The elevator doors shut as she still yells “Whaay?”

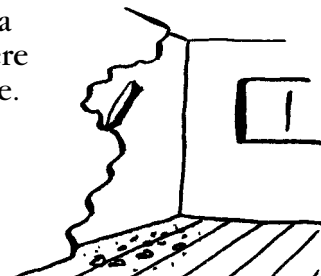
Elevator descends, opens on level 7:

A sunny grassy hillside sloping away downward to a view (contents optional). A man sleeping on his back on the hillside. He has laid across his face a wide book, with soft covers, which are downward. The wind ruffles through the pages from left to right; then, from right to left.

The elevator shuts, descends, opens on level 6:

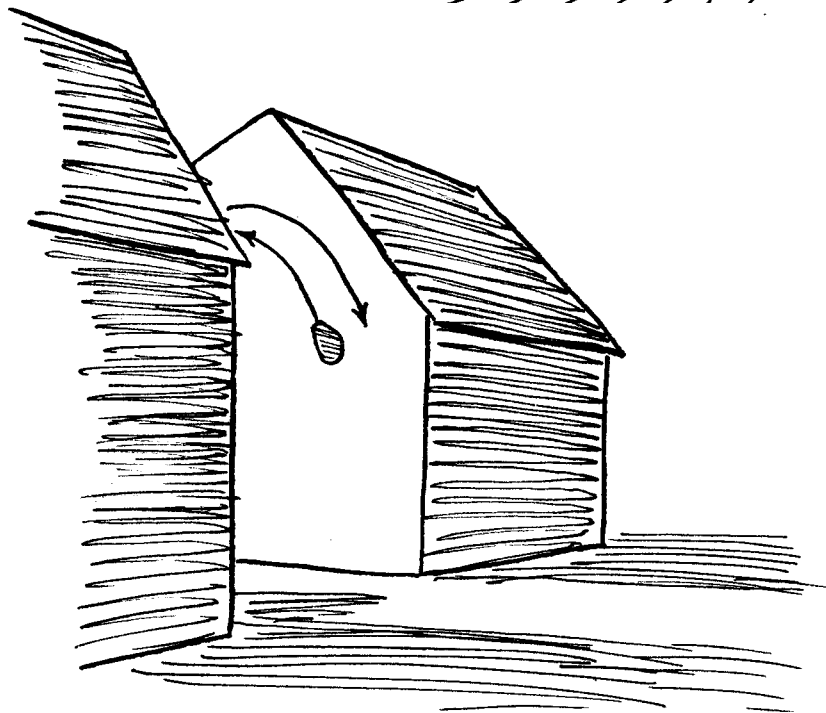
A room in a house which is being altered. All the contents of the room have been removed, the bare boards are

sprinkled with dust and chunks of plaster, and the plaster is being ripped off the wall by a chisel, which hops around under its own control. The chisel furiously leaps here and there over the face of the wall, stabbing and ripping the plaster, whose edge retreats like a wave.

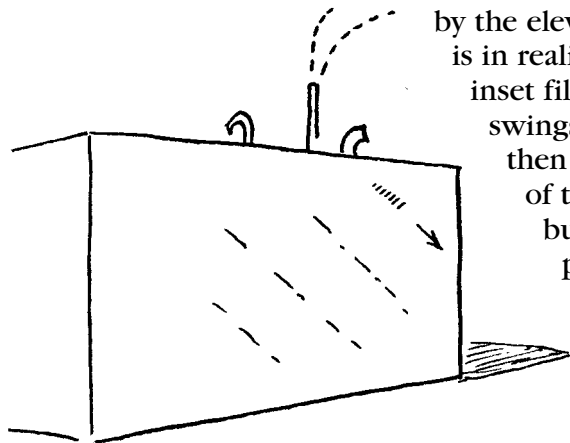


The elevator shuts, descends,  
opens on level 5:

The end wall of a small cream-colored house, partly hidden by a nearer house. Sunlight comes low through the gap. An oval shadow floats lazily up in a curve, rebounds from something, floats lazily back. It is the shadow of a ball being thrown at a net by a boy—boy, ball, and net being out of sight.



This scene now slides leftward across the frame formed by the elevator doors (for it is in reality a separate inset film). A road swings across the view, then on the other side of the road a utility building, perhaps a parking structure. The angle of the sun almost exactly coin-



cides with the plane of the wall: the light glancing down the wall makes spikes of shadow from small irregularities of the bricks. On top of the building are vanes and pipes, one of which emits steam. The wind presses the steam out over the wall. The shadows of the spasmodic puffs of steam cross the wall so quickly that they seem like a straight pathway along which bullets of shadow fly, or like one rapidly flickering line of shadow.

The elevator shuts, descends.  
Our viewpoint moves somewhat  
forward, as if the man in the elevator  
has taken a step. Perhaps  
he wonders whether to get off  
here. Consequently the view that  
opens on level 4 is wider:

The interior of an oriental palace—fountains, mosaic floors, horseshoe arches. An oriental king-magician in clichetic turban and jewels and curly slippers strolls at the head of an obsequious company of viziers and foreign emissaries. He is showing them his palace. While conversing, he nonchalantly creates things with gestures of his forefinger. A red carpet up a flight of steps before himself and party; a flying carpet to carry himself and party briefly across a space of air. Turning into an avenue between pillars, he pauses, considers, points, and a row of naked women springs into existence along one side of the avenue; points again (after transferring his magic ring to his other finger) and lo, a naked woman in place against each pillar on the other side. Discreetly surprised, the party of dignitaries follows him along the avenue. They arrive at a spot where the sultan chooses that they shall rest.

He points here, here, here—each time his fat little finger stabs the air, a cushion appears where he points. Sultan and dignitaries seat themselves.

The elevator doors close. They  
reopen on level 3:



Looking down on the arena of a great public stadium, from high in the slope of seats. A celebrity is about to enter and give his speech. A dozen photographers stand in a row, holding huge cameras with even huger flashguns attached. A stir, applause begins. The men raise their machines—and brass music breaks out. For a moment it seems that what we took to be cameras with large flashguns are French horns.

The elevator shuts, leaving those  
of us who readily think of French  
horns the richer by one illusion.  
After seven more seconds of the  
familiar sight of the elevator  
doors, they part on level 2:

A hall, its floor swarming with naked women who lie writhing, trying to seduce Irimare, who is striding through the hall. He wears boots, a brown leather jacket, and something white knotted around his throat, but nothing from his waist to his ankles. The women try to slither up his legs. But Dersey, blindfolded, in a long robe, is holding his arm as he walks. Irimare and Dersey stride forward impassively, their velocity never varying. As they approach the elevator doors, these close for the last time.

The elevator descends to level 1,  
opens, and the man (or view-  
point) walks off onto the ordi-  
nary ground floor of an office  
building. The view opens out  
wide to show all the open  
plan of this floor, with its

desks, steel columns, far-off  
windows, clerks hurrying about  
their tasks. The viewpoint is no  
longer identified with the indi-  
vidual who came down with the  
elevator—he is lost about his  
business somewhere in the  
office. A telephone rings some-  
where in the vast office. The  
view seeks it and narrows down  
to it. A hand picks up the  
receiver; the ringing stops. The  
view travels up with the receiver  
to the face of Irimare. The view  
remains on his face for a time  
while he speaks and listens.  
Then, remaining narrow, the  
view travels down his arm to his  
other hand. This hand is holding  
a ball-point pen. We continue to  
hear what Irimare is saying. It all  
bears out the story of the movie,  
with which however we are not  
concerned. The pen is a fixture  
for making notes beside the tele-  
phone: it is connected by a chain  
of little steel beads to a black  
pen-rest. Holding the pen by its

end, the hand plays with it, shaking it so that ripples travel along the chain. Sometimes the hand lets the chain come to rest, so that the pattern is stilled. We watch the patterns formed by the little chain. Irimare is doing most of the talking; we are bored with what he is saying. The view narrows a little more, so that only the chain is visible, not the hand and pen at one end or the pen-rest at the other. We become more and more absorbed in the patterns made by the chain. Different lightings and ways of processing the film are used, so that the chain throws long hard shadows, or after-images of certain positions of the chain remain to complicate the picture, or the image turns negative, or the sparkles on the metal spread, or rainbow colors appear, or the little pattering and slithering

During a brief silence, a polystyrene cup falls to a floor, rebounds on a wall and then on the floor again. It makes a startlingly loud sound—"*Plock.*"

A teacher teaching a class of children. She wears around her face a frame like that of a television screen. The students do not notice it and pay reasonable attention

The camera slowly scans a long line of printed words—backwards.

The camera draws off a bit—it is in the position of the reader's head. Her two hands can be seen, holding the document. It is the front of a single sheet of paper, and is marked at top right "page 1."

The hands turn the sheet of paper over, and the other side is marked, naturally enough, "page 2."

sounds made by the beads are picked up and exaggerated, or electronic sounds seem to fit the movements of the beads, or the ripples travel in slow motion, or the whole image is rippled as in a distorting mirror (parts of the chain break off and form circles). Other images—snakes, waves, skipping-ropes, roads, hair, whips, scribbled lines, lines of people, a chain made of toes—are superimposed fragmentarily and shadowily. One of the images, which appears among the others and can hardly be untangled from them, is the two reels of a taperecorder going slowly round and round. Lines of twinkle regularly appear and vanish on the sharp edges of the clear plastic struts. Again, that kind of unbalanced lighting where highlights are exaggerated and spread at the expense of the rest. By the mingled influence of all these sinuous images, the scene gradually changes to some-

The hands turn the sheet of paper over, and their owner begins to read the other side, which is marked “page 3.”

A class of children in a school, at the beginning of the day. The teacher walks in and takes her place behind her desk. She is wearing a grotesque mask.

Sensation: horror, mockery.

She begins to teach. The children of course are not attending to her words. They are staring, ducking their heads to giggle, turning away to look at each other, and some are plainly sick with danger.

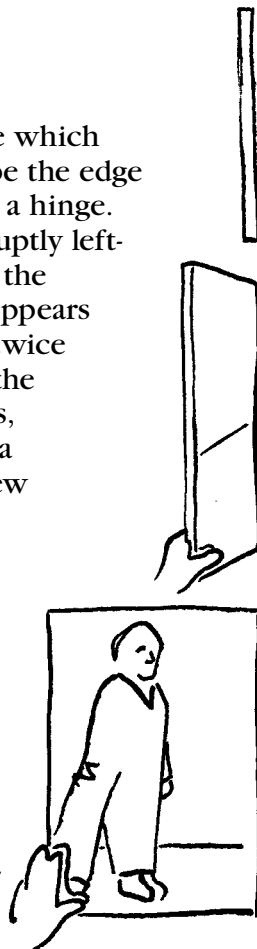
thing else, connected with what the voice of Irimare is still saying to the telephone. After this, through another process of dissolution, the scene gradually refocuses on the patterns made by the little chain; expands so that the pen, the hand, and the pen-rest again come into view; expands a little more, so that a message pad, lying on the table beside the pen-rest, also comes into view. The pen writes a message, which we contemplate for a few moments, as it is important to the story.

During another pause, there is a startlingly loud cough, and a shot of the unclothed side of the man who coughs. The muscles radiating from the back of his shoulder to his waist leap into stringy prominence.



Return to the classroom an hour later. The teacher is still teach-

A vertical line which turns out to be the edge of a mirror on a hinge. It swings abruptly leftward, so that the background appears in it, rotates twice as rapidly as the mirror, moves, and presents a full-length view of the person who has swung the mirror and is now looking into the eye of the camera. He is an attendant in a white overall. He speaks:



ing. She has not yet got over her own fright at what she is doing, but she has settled into her determination to go on with it. The children are still sniggering to each other, or shaking their heads with a "She's crazy, obviously" expression, or trying compassionately to attend to her, according to their situations.

“How are you filming this?”

Though it conceals a medicine cupboard, this is a mirror in a ladies' rest room in some large building. The camera remains trained on it throughout a day. We see a succession of women come to it, wash their hands, and examine their faces. Some powder their faces. All pull strange grimaces, among which comes one that makes us jump out of our seats.

All day . . .

The classroom again. Still the abnormal reactions, but more spaced.

All day . . .

The classroom again.

All day . . .

The classroom again.

Dersey is one of those who visit the ladies' room. But she hurries away quickly.

The classroom again. The children are just about as bored as

An old dark coat rack. Late afternoon sun reaches it through a window of alternate plain and colored panes. Shabby coats hang on it. An arm reaches into view, removes a coat. Another arm removes another coat. So on, till all the coats are gone. The light has left the floor, and now steadily crumbles from around the bare rack.

Faces, stretched unnervingly.  
 Their actions reduce them  
 toward muscle and blenching  
 skin. We doubt our usual reading  
 of mentality in these materials.  
 The women are doing these  
 things in the hope of making or  
 believing themselves more beautiful;  
 is it possible?

usual. The mask has lost what  
 subjective life it had.

A visit to the classroom about  
 three o'clock in the afternoon.  
 By now all the children are  
 bored, even more than on other  
 afternoons. Passing notes to  
 each other, gazing out of the  
 window. The teacher still  
 teaches with her mask on, a dead  
 crust of painted papier mâché  
 with a rubber band around her  
 hair.

Suddenly, while speaking, she



Brownness . . .

The last to go are the knuckles of  
shine on the coat rack

takes it off. (She is Dersey.) Sensation. But a quieter and deeper one than the former. The children all stare at this woman's living face as if they had never seen it before. Her eyes!

Blackness.

Green, standing in a dressing room with mirrors behind her. She wears a simple dress. It has dense winding floral patterns. Sleeveless, low neckline, short skirt. She has no stockings, shoes, or any other garment but the dress. Her hair is loose, but she fixes it like this with brooches.

From glass shelves she takes ornaments and puts them on herself. Finger rings, earrings, a nosering, toerings,

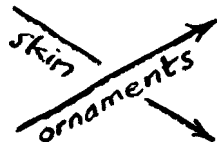


An electric light is switched on. The coat rack, thus exposed, is unattractive; so is the back of the window. An arm in a tinsely sleeve reaches in, hangs a coat on the rack—a bright, smart coat. Another arm, another coat, till the rack is full. Artificial noise,

wristlets, anklets, bangles, bracelets, clasps and silver combs in her hair, several necklaces which hang partly over the front of her dress, a jeweled garter which she fixes as high as possible on her leg without the skirt hiding it. All these things are made of shiny metals and stones. In contrast against them, her own skin already seems to pass from white to golden or olive. Finally she paints her fingernails and toenails with silvery enamel. She straightens and settles into the same stance as at the beginning, standing plainly and facing the camera. But, whereas we had taken her for an orange-haired and very white girl, we now wonder whether she is a black girl. The general light of the film is dimming. She and her dress are only duskily visible. They lose color, too, toward gray. But all the ornaments glitter more strongly. Beating and coruscating lights spill from the rings,

chatter—cut off, as there is no motive in it.

brooches, nails. The dimming of skin and brightening of hardware is chiasitic (X-shaped):



She appears now to be a plainly dressed trunk, flat like a playing card, surrounded by a fringe of naked limbs (head, arms, legs) on which tinted stars shine. The light stays the same. The dress disappears. She is naked, though dimly so, except for the burning ornaments.

Blackness.

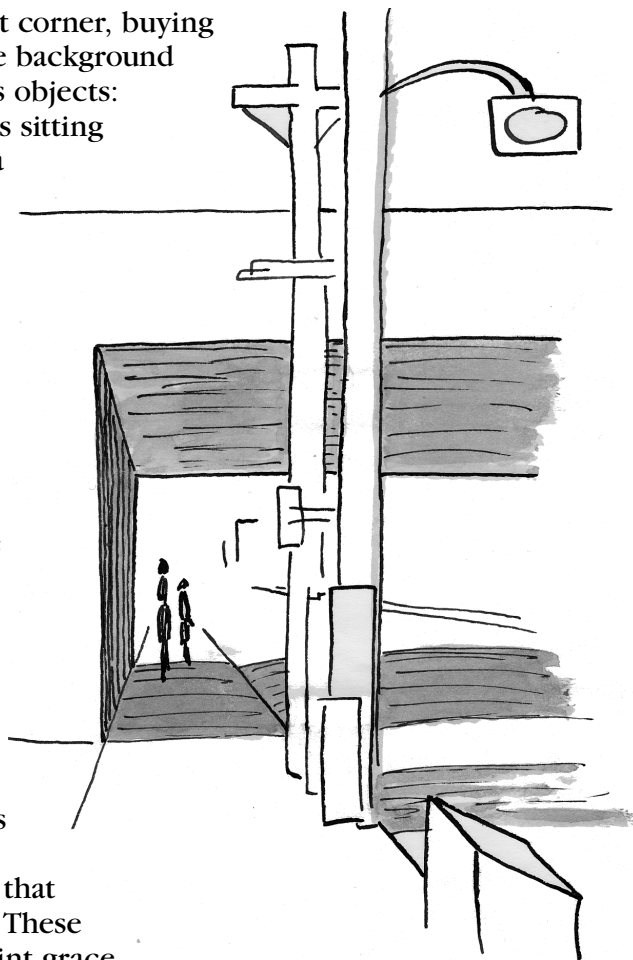
. . . All out in the wind and the  
weather go.

It was late at night when the lord  
came home  
Enquiring for his lady O.  
The servants said on every hand  
“She’s gone with the raggle taggle  
Gypsies O.”

“O saddle to me my milk white  
steed  
And go and fetch me my pony O,  
That I may ride and seek my  
bride  
Who is gone with the raggle  
taggle Gypsies O.”

Oh he rode high and he rode  
low . . .

Irimare on a street corner, buying a newspaper. The background consists of various objects: old age pensioners sitting by a bus stop on a bench covered with funeral merchants' ads, a trashcan, lamps and signs, and a concrete freeway bridge. Two distant figures are approaching through the shadow under the bridge. The bridge must be very broad since they keep walking without seeming to get nearer. They are so distant that it is hardly possible to identify the clues that they are women. These are, however, a faint grace



on the level of the hips, and  
 some strands of hair swinging  
 across or behind the faces. The  
 left-hand and nearer one becomes  
 distinctly graceful. At last she  
 bursts into the wall of sunlight.  
 She is Green, dressed in oranges  
 and yellows which are brilliant  
 against the tank of shadow.

As she swings past, Irimare	Simon-Marius, from behind,
moves a little aside for her, while	setting out across a street full of
watching her; then he steps onto	speeding cars. He reaches the
her path, so that, except for the	middle, without time to be grace-
factor of time, he and she	ful; sees a gap coming, so
would be occupying the same	starts forward again, though
space. To record this, a print	this means aiming straight at
of her is left on the film at	a small blue car—Irimare's.
the spot she has passed. The	By the time he crosses the
film is halted, with Irimare	spot burned by the tires, the
standing in an outline of the	car has just passed—but
striding girl, conscious of	what if eyes, time, or causa-
the fact and soliloquizing. His	tion were a mite different? You
soliloquy is in subtitles, which	don't see what I mean, so an
run on continually past the foot	image of the car is shed where

of the still picture (in contrast to a progressing film and a still subtitle). In the course of this, the transparent Green dries away, leaving only Irimare's back and the street beyond him.

their paths crossed. The film is still—Simon-Marius in a stride, engulfed by the car whose rack of salesman's suits swings backward—and without sound or subtitle.

“Decorated nakedness.  
 Abstinence sows sand all over  
 The ruddy limbs & flaming hair,  
 But Desire Gratified  
 Plants fruits of life & beauty there.  
 In a wife I would desire  
 What in whores is always found—  
 The lineaments of Gratified desire.  
 If you trap the moment before it's ripe,  
 The tears of repentance you'll certain wipe;  
 But if once you let the ripe moment go  
 You can never wipe off the tears of woe.  
 He who binds to himself a joy  
 Does the wingéd life destroy;  
 But he who kisses the joy as it flies  
 Lives in eternity's sun rise.  
 What is it men in women do require?  
 The lineaments of Gratified Desire.  
 What is it women do in men require?

The lineaments of Gratified Desire.  
 Why was Blake so pleased with that?  
 What is it men do nowadays require?  
 The lineaments of Decorated Nakedness.  
 Ideal in clothing.  
 Trade mark for dress shop.  
 Girls of mild silver and of furious gold.  
 I know exactly what he meant by that.  
 Silver: girls enslaved, girls in chains, girls obedient  
 anyway, girls shocked, girls pure, girls virgin, girls  
 weeping, girls clothed up to the neck, girls fastidious,  
 girls fragile, girls feminine, girls to be spared, girls  
 unable to lift heavy loads, girls not to be left alone,  
 girls loving—”

We become more anxious for this  
 to end, but only because it is  
 running past the heels of the  
 single image of the man, Irimare.

Across the  
 street is a row  
 of buildings, and  
 beyond them, a  
 quarter of a mile away,  
 a tall building. It is the

“—girls loyal, girls hygienic, girls truthful and moral,  
 girls heartbreakable, girls upright and queenly; ladies.  
 Gold: women; girls willing, girls instructed, girls las-  
 civious, girls sumptuous, girls rotten, girls cruel and  
 mad and domineering and luxurious, girls of matter  
 and no principles, girls without parents, girls intoxi-  
 cated, girls with only one life to live, girls able to do  
 plenty of work if they would get out of bed, girls

glossy bluish office block  
 of California Savings, or  
 Federal Sewing Machines, or  
 Transcontinental Stuff. Two or  
 three people emerge onto the  
 roof. One of them is Green. Her  
 physical grace, which we now  
 know, is the clue to this. A heli-  
 copter descends out of the sky. It  
 alights on the roof. The people  
 walk across to it and get in. The  
 blades start to turn. Tremendous  
 noise. They whirr at full speed.  
 Instead of the helicopter rising,  
 the tall building is driven down  
 under it into the ground.

(The cameraman merely bobs his  
 knees so that the tall building  
 sinks in relation to the nearer  
 ones.)

Just as building and helicopter  
 are about to disappear, the heli-  
 copter manages to struggle into  
 the air. It rises slowly, and under  
 it the down-driven building also  
 recovers itself and rises more

mercenary, girls with no sense, girls wriggling, girls  
 whose coppery squelchy oil-painted skin clashes  
 with parrot-brilliant clothes, girls driven by them-  
 selves, girls female, girls insatiable, girls running with  
 oestrogen, girls astride their worshippers, girls first  
 fearfully hinting at then hesitantly suggesting then  
 ashamedly reminding then distraughtly begging then  
 wildly insisting then haughtily demanding the  
 very . . ."



slowly, regains its original height,  
steadies itself. The helicopter  
labors away into the sky.

The arm of Simon-Marius, seen  
from behind as he walks along.  
He too is leaving the town.

A curious thing: always, as he  
walks, he holds the fourth finger  
of his right hand raised.

View of a mass of parking spaces,  
all empty, beside a cinema; we  
see (speeded up) cars arrive and  
park and their occupants get out  
and scamper into the cinema,

A tumult of traffic, followed  
swirlingly along boulevards and  
around corners, dodging nau-  
seously from lane to lane.  
Irimare and Dersey are in their  
little car, Irimare sweating and  
shouting as he twists the wheel.  
They are forced to pause as a dys-  
peptic lady cuts in front of them.  
She corners, both hands on the  
steering wheel, but one hand also  
holding a cone of flowers, the  
other a dollar. The Irimares lurch  
ahead again. Now they have to

until all the spaces are filled, except for one marked NO PARKING. A last car arrives and decides to park there; Irimare pops out of it and scampers in the opposite direction. After a pause, people scamper out of the cinema, drop into their cars, rush away, until only the car on the NO PARKING space is left. The action slows to normal and then to slower-than-normal as Irimare appears and approaches his car, a traffic cop approaching from the other direction.

The swinging arm of Simon-Marius again. The view widens to his back, but the surroundings are still excluded. At regular intervals, a horizontal band of shadow embraces his head, shrinks to his neck, opens across his shoulders, and travels rapidly down his back. From this we know that he is walking under a succession of beams spanning a boardwalk beside a construction site. The shadows end, he steps down off the boardwalk, we see

wait at traffic lights. The lights change. All the cars throb forward. But at this moment the film changes from positive to negative. All colors are replaced by their complementary colors. The cars (ghosts of themselves, under a yellow sky) are streaming past a red light. This is enough to induce anxiety, even terror.

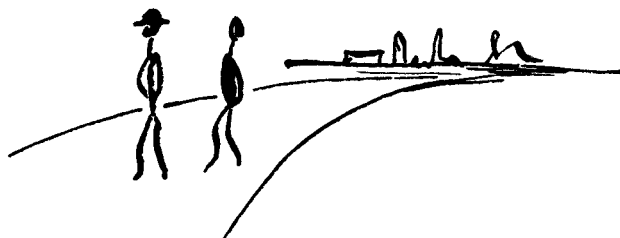
open country ahead.

Restricted again to the swinging arm and what can be glimpsed past it. (Chance to film a lot of road, slowly.) It passes along highways, up a canyon, over crossroads, along paths, through woodland; labors up a hillside; is silhouetted against sky; touches a stile; passes again from roads to paths, progresses into a desert.

Distant bare blue mountains. The foreground is dry undulating country with sparse bushes. A road runs forward. On a slight ridge ahead, the road is crossed by another road. And here there is a set of traffic lights. Nothing else human is visible. The light is red. This circle of icy brilliant color, with its black frame, stands against the background of the

faint curtain of mountains.  
Simon-Marius comes running  
(from behind the camera\_ up to  
the crossroads, glancing fearfully  
behind him. He stops because  
the light is red. His foot hangs  
impatiently forward. The light  
changes; he rushes on and disap-  
pears in the undulations of the  
landscape. The green light, also  
icily brilliant, hangs in the middle  
of the screen. Utter peace.

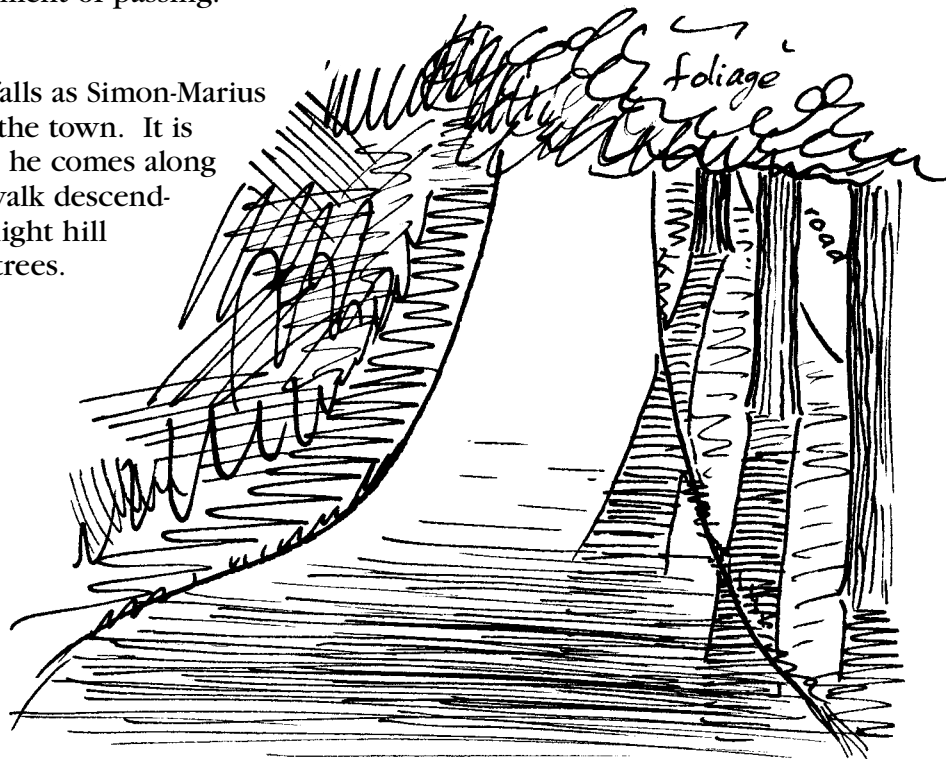
Toward evening. A town ahead.  
The yellow road curves toward it.  
Simon-Marius walking on the  
right, the camera keeping just  
behind him. Two Spaniard are  
approaching from the direction



of the town. One is speaking to the other, staccato, very Spanishly: “. . . já ja já ja já ja já ja já ja én Carácas . . .”

“En Caracas” coincides with the moment of passing.

Night falls as Simon-Marius enters the town. It is dark as he comes along a sidewalk descending a slight hill under trees.



Level light is flooding the lower ground, from some source ahead. It winks broadly: phases of shadow cross it, from left to right. Then these shadows cease, and instead the general light moves forward toward us, causing the shadows of the trees to swing leftward. One after another, the headlights of cars (which had been waiting at a stoplight) flood toward us from under the trees and up the slope.

All the background is highly luminous blue sky. It is dissected by the tortuous branches and twigs of a pine. Evidently these are seen from below. Bamboo poles are lashed to some of the branches, so as to make them grow horizontally in the Japanese manner. Sprays of needles burst from the branches. Sunlight glinting on many of them makes them far brighter even than the

sky beyond. They seem like metallic needles. From the upper edge of the picture two shapes hang. They are the tops of tall cypresses seen upside down. At the bottom edge of the picture is an obscure pink system of shapes. It is the hands of Simon-Marius, raised to keep the sun off his face (which is collocal with the camera). He is lying on his back, having just woken.

The helicopter enters the lower right edge of the picture and flies slowly across to the upper right edge, passing among the shining needles.

Two heads and a camera hang into the picture from the upper edge. They are visitors to the garden, who have looked over the

The little car drives up to a house. Irimare and Dersey get out and begin quickly unpacking things and taking them into the house.

A bare room within the house. A large packing case in the middle. The packing case explodes:

rock behind Simon-Marius to take a photograph of the pool at his feet.

for a moment its contents fill the air, and then they have flown to their places. The room is fully furnished and decorated - paint, carpet, pictures, magazines, television, ugly lamps, inkbottle, fishbowl, curtains, armchairs. The packing case stands with its lid burst open. (Filmed of course by photographing a mass of objects thrown into the air by assistants who rapidly withdraw; then photographing the furnished room.)

Other sequences from the rapid life of the Irimares: their bed lifting them to a vertical position, their clothes flying onto them, their breakfast flying from cupboard to stove to table.

The town is a small old town by the sea. People walking freely in all directions across the broad street; drifting more slowly at the edge by the shops, like slow



water piled up at the edge of a stream. An old castle looming between the street and the harbor. One of the heads that cut in from the side of the picture is Irimare's. Now the camera stays behind his shoulder, and looks along his line of sight. And there through the many-directioned crowd is Green walking away.

Irimare walks after her. The view remains forward over his shoulder. People and buildings and signs and vehicles keep crossing the view. Green remains the same distance ahead. She is far and very small on the screen, but sharply in focus. She is a tourist. She looks upward and around her. She visits monuments. She goes into the castle, around its battlements, comes out, strolls by the harbor, looks into shops. We follow, always at the same dis-

We become aware that the Gypsy strain has been going on for some time, rising and falling, a thin distant cry among the other sounds.

tance, looking only at her.

At last her walk takes her out of the town along a road beside the sea front. It is late afternoon, and the day has become rather gray. To her left is a wide gravelly area, a parking lot, with only a few empty cars left in it. She strolls across it to where it is

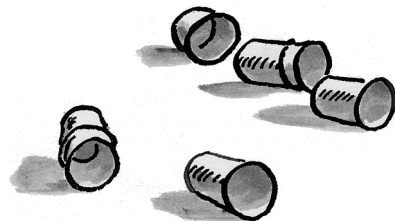
bounded by a stone parapet.

Beyond the parapet is the sea. She walks beside the parapet, pauses, stands looking over at the sea.

Irimare now draws nearer to her.

Walking no faster, and only a little more stealthily, he is able to

A detail, aside, of a section of the parking lot where there is a slight swelling. On the slope of it, among other trash, seven paper cups have been dropped. Their open ends are toward us. Some are still inside others.



As the wind blows, they roll first right, then left, then right, swinging on arcs around

catch up with her. He stands just behind her. He says something to her, and she turns her head and replies. We cannot hear, because of the noise of the waves from below. As they speak to each other, her head moves downward, and his follows. The view moves down with them, tilting over from the horizontal to the ver-

tical. At length her right cheek is pressed

to the stone of the parapet. Just above

her head we are looking down onto

the waves, which glide and fracture

on the rocks below. Irimare's head

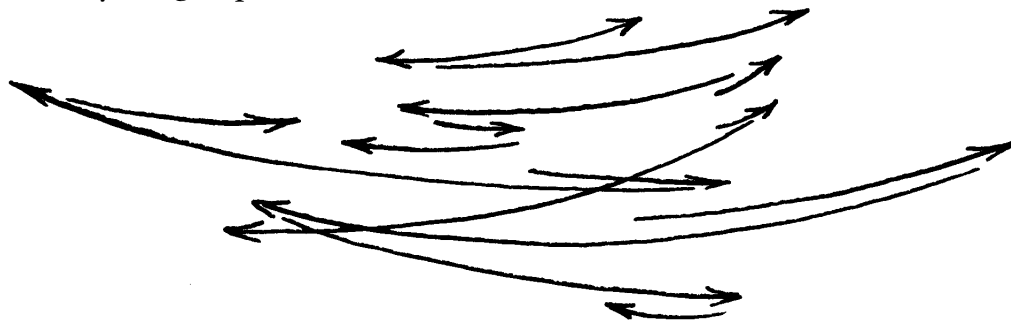
moves down toward her up-turned

left cheek. But the camera, now

moving in still closer over her

the slope.

Gradually the group scatters,



and merges into the general film of trash.

Something underwater, dim.

In the blackness on this side of the screen, an image appears that is not a rectangle but a circle. It is off-white, luminous but not bright . . .

shoulder, deflects to her hair. His hand is touching it. The view moves closer and closer in toward the hair he is touching. His fingers shift it gently about. Closer still. Only the tips of his fingers. They part the hair. They move strands of it aside.

Instead of deeper and more shadowy hair, there is revealed daylight. Closer still. It is a view, as yet narrow, through into a landscape. Closer still. We move through the interstice of the hair (which parts in curtains to left and right) into a landscape.

Any landscape. Fields, a wind-mill, cart tracks, beds of cactuses—anything. We travel forward over it with increasing swiftness, skimming. The flight

The white circle is not quite

A view underwater. The water is

without details: it is faintly mottled, sometimes creamy or brownish, and there are flaws in it, specks, marks like hairs and veins, and some whiter streaks.

A shadow intrudes into the circle from the lower right edge. Compared with the hairs and veins it is large and dark, but compared with the black perimeter of the circle it is small, light gray, indistinct. It rests there.

A short dull thud is heard. At or just before it the eye may have noticed a flicker in the shadow.

The shadow withdraws. The white circle is blank again. Then gradually a darkening is noticed toward its middle. An irregular shadow slowly condenses there, like the shadow of an object drifting to earth, the object itself not yet being visible. Suddenly there is a quick concentration of the shadow into five dark blobs, accompanied by a louder, more composite, more reverberant boom. The shadows evaporate.

is like that of a small bird, sometimes lunging to left or right, looking for something. Grass races back beneath our bellies. The flight stops at a hill or tree and the scene ends.

a lagoon, three or four feet deep. The roof of the view is the silvery underside of the surface, the floor is the sandy bottom. Some interesting plants, fish, rocks, sunken statues. A man appears in the green distance, wearing goggles and a breathing tube. He meanders slowly forward, pausing to stare at strange creatures and to handle rocks and statues. He moves slowly up to and past us. The camera swings around to follow him. Immediately there comes into view a naked woman, simply standing still in the water, so that she is visible up to her lower ribs. The explorer treats her as another statue. He touches her, tries to swim between her legs, fingers what he takes to be a patch of seaweed growing on her, then moves on, still exploring, and grades into the green distance.

A small shadow forms with the suddenness of a flick, rushing to its full concentration, simultaneous with a light but still more reverberant sound; the shadow vanishes. It, or another shadow, reappears in the same way somewhere else in the circle. Then shadows, all accompanied by booms, form and vanish all over the circle with the rapidity of raindrops, so that it is hard to tell whether shadows and sounds are simultaneous or not. At last a rhythm develops, and we recognize that the sounds are those of a drum. There is a last stroke that we recognize as having been accompanied by five shadows simultaneously: for this time, instead of vanishing, the shadows rest motionless where they struck. They are arranged in an arc. They are the shadows of five fingers. The fingers themselves are invisible. We are looking at the goatskin membrane of a drum from inside.

Clear water, no more than a foot deep, in a pool with a light blue bottom, under strong sun striking at forty-five degrees. A few grains of chaff on the surface, and other tiny fragments such as will naturally collect on it in a garden. On the bottom are their

When the storms of shadows recommence, we notice the fainter elongated shadows that converge from them toward the lower right—shadows of the finger-shafts and palm.

The white circle brightens. The drum has been turned so that sunlight falls on, or rather along, the plane of the membrane. A hazy red glow appears at the right edge. It is sunlight reflected from the waiting hand. The fingers strike again, and now each spot of shadow is fringed to the upper left by a semicircle of red glow, brighter than the rest of the membrane. The shadows themselves are darker and have a downward extension to the right, but a short and fuzzy one, since the light still does not strike the membrane fully.

The area surrounding the white circle is not in fact black. It is the dark interior wall of the drum. But now it becomes black, and we notice the difference.

shadows, which are difficult to relate to them in position, and also appear unrelated to them in shape. An hourglass shape is the shadow of a straight stick-like bit of grass, gathering circles of tension in the water at each end. Complicated marks that generate ripples are the shadows of insects that have fallen into the water. Stars of light are caused by bubbles. A little girl is examining all this. She blows on the water. Dart-like fronts of light and shade explode rapidly across the picture. She lowers a hand, with fingers outstretched, slowly toward the water. A fingertip slowly touches; is raised; touches again; is immersed to the first joint. She narrows the angle of finger to water; touches and immerses other fingers; immerses her hand to the wrist, then a little way up her arm; raises, lowers, raises again, almost imperceptibly; lifts the hand out of the water again by all the same

The drum has been drawn backward so that its open end, where the camera peers in, is out of the shaft of sunshine. The membrane, which is in the sunny region, seems brighter still by contrast. Details of the tube that were visible before—grain and joins of the wood if it is a Mexican bongo drum, wheel ribs on the clay if it is an Arab *tabla*—disappear. The drum is turned again so that sunlight falls directly on it. The circle brightens still more. The hand, both drumming and posturing beyond the drum, casts sharp, dark, too easily understood shadows. There is no change in the shadows when a finger hits the membrane. The drum noises seem now disassociated from the movements of the shadows. At each drum tap, a shadow stops traveling in a certain direction, but the point where it stops seems to be in mid air, in the middle of the luminous air: other

stages. The optical effects on the shadow would take too long to describe. There are distortions, severings, interesting cusps of light, points of light, eatings-away of the arm alternating with cancerous outgrowths on it—all due to the surface tension of water and the refraction of light. She raises her hand and shakes it, so that disturbances, caused by drops, spring up beside the shadow as it gestures. She withdraws the shadow (as well as the hand) from the picture, but flicks drops onto the water from a distance.



arrests and reverses in the motions of shadows are not accompanied by sounds (because the finger stopped short of the membrane or was flicking away from it).

The drum is turned back till its membrane is in line with the light. Then the hand breaks up, the shadows shorten, separate, go soft again, and the red glows reappear. The fingers form various patterns of shadows. They flicker too fast for the dots in a pattern to be counted, or their order of appearance noted, in one occurrence; but, with repetition, the positions that are struck become familiar, the order is seen to be usually from lower left to upper right (from the little finger toward the thumb). There is no contrast between long shadows made by the flat finger and small tight shadows made by

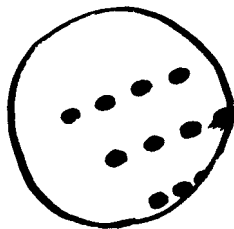


Seen dimly through gray water from the window of a submarine vessel: a giant jellyfish, slowly and raggedly expanding, contracting, waving, flapping, pulsating. Switch quickly to a girl's shoulder-length hair, raggedly waving, flapping, exploding and collapsing in the wind. She is seen through the back window of her car, which she is driving fast round wide swings of a highway (she has the side windows open). Switch back to the jellyfish, or a squid or giant seaweed or other wavy underwater creature.

the fingertip. There is contrast



between rows of blows across  
the the middle of the screen and  
others more withdrawn toward  
the lower right, and others across  
the edge of the drum—each is



associated with different qualities  
of sound. There is unity of  
rhythm in sight and sound, and  
there is realization that the tone  
inside or in line with the open  
end of the drum is richer than  
that from around and in front of  
it.

A curtain of hair. It is the long  
straight soft hair of two girls,  
combed together. They are lying  
on the their backs on a bed, their  
hair falling over the end. One

has dark hair, the other light.  
 The dark hair and the light hair  
 have been combed together so  
 that they intermingle over a  
 central band more than an inch  
 wide

The top of a drum. Sand lying  
 sprinkled on it, waiting.

View mainly occupied by a  
 mirror. Below it, part of a wash-  
 basin; to the left of it, part of a  
 shower curtain. In the mirror,  
 the opposite wall, with a clothes  
 peg and a towel rail. On the rail,  
 an orange towel. A square of sun-  
 light strikes from an unseen  
 window and illuminates the  
 towel. A woman passes in front  
 of the mirror too quickly for us  
 to see who she is. She is in a  
 dressing gown. Mostly out of the  
 picture, she takes the gown off  
 and hangs it on the hook. Her  
 hand is seen pulling the shower  
 curtain aside as she steps in.

Noise of water rushing.

A rush of water and  
 a square of light. The  
 rush of water is the shower

The visible scene  
 remains motionless  
 till trails of steam

The sand begins to dance,  
hopping away from some areas  
and collecting in others. It  
moves at certain moments and  
into a certain harmonic pattern.  
No sound here—rhythm in sight  
only.

The round top of two big drums,  
seen as narrow ellipses because  
seen from the side. Extending  
across the picture above them,  
the massive naked arm of a  
Negro. Elbow above one drum,

and the square of light is the  
window, closed but clear, with a  
view of grass, a bank, and a  
peach tree. The woman is under  
the shower but out of the  
picture. Her position is shown  
by secondary curves of water  
bouncing off her shoulders. She  
extends her hand, and the drops  
of water shooting off it form  
trails of bright dots, some fine,  
some coarse. The window has  
steamed up, and she cannot see  
the garden outside. And there is  
something in it that was not  
there before. She gathers a  
handful of water and suddenly  
flings it at the window. A clear  
picture appears, like a break in  
the glass, with jagged projec-  
tions. It shows Simon-Marius  
sitting cross-legged on the grass.

begin to creep  
across it. They  
enlarge to  
clouds. They  
apply them-  
selves to the  
mirror. Steam  
in the fore-  
ground  
(reflected in the  
background) is  
hardly distin-  
guishable from  
steam on the  
mirror. The  
mirror becomes  
completely  
blurred, the  
foreground  
hardly less so.  
Edges of the  
woman reap-  
pear in the view  
as she steps out  
and takes the  
towel. She stands  
so that she is only  
occasionally and partly

fist above the other. Motionless  
and silent as yet.

visible in the foreground, but is  
wholly visible in the mirror. But  
her image in the mirror is wholly  
blurred. She dries herself. We  
can just make out some confused  
movements of limbs and towel.  
Sometimes they startle us by flap-  
ping across the foreground too.

She replaces the towel on the  
rail. She stands still, not visible  
directly, but visible in the mirror.  
The sun makes a diffused orange  
glow centered on the towel, and  
a diffused white glow centered  
on her shoulder and upper arm.  
Scene again motionless.

If the resolution in the picture  
is good enough, we see that what  
hangs in the air is not vapor but a  
slowly shifting mass of droplets.  
The camera makes small excur-  
sions, without touching the  
woman's nakedness. We see  
studies of the rotating and slant-  
ing mist and the effects on it of  
the sunlight. We see that the  
window is now open just a crack,  
and the mist going into vertical

confusion where the outside air slides in. We look in the opposite direction and see the mist with the brightness this side of it. We see the door opened by someone. The mist starts a rush out toward him. He is in comparative darkness anyway, and the mist seems to begin obliterating him. Before this impression can be corrected, the view returns to the mirror. The view doubles.

. . . The elbow descends and strikes the nearer drum, then the arm snaps straight so that the fist strikes the other drum— “Ta-tum!” The arm slowly rebounds, rises, descends again— “Ta-tum!”—rises, strikes, rises and strikes with gathering rate and amplitude. This drum continues to be heard as the picture moves around to something else: a man lying flat on the ground, his face downward, his arms stretched out to either side. Two huge drums are slung in holes in the

The woman	The woman
becomes active.	continues to
Her hand and	stand immobile.
arm (directly	The glow still
seen) reach for	radiates from her
some cosmetics,	shoulder and from
nail trimmers, tweez-	the towel. But it is
ers. But she cannot	beginning to shrink
see herself in the	and define itself. The
misted mirror, so she	condensation on the
turns a tap on, takes a	mirror is slowly diminish-
palmfull of water, and	ing, because of the draught
throws it at the glass.	between window and door.
Instantly a splashed space	For the rest, the view remains

ground, their membranes level with the surface. The right hand rests on one drum, the left hand on the other. The arms begin to send ripples along themselves, each ripple ending in a smack of hand on drum. The arms gain height as they gain energy, till they are high enough to fall stiffly and rebound . . . The beating of these drums is added to the sound and remains in it as the view shifts again, this time to a drum so huge that a man lies totally on top of it. His head and limbs stretch toward the rim like those of Vitruvian Man crucified in his circle, but do not reach the rim. Energy begins to possess his whole body as it possessed the hands, till he is kicking, bucking, turning over in mid air to strike with the back of his head and then the front. His unrhythmical sounds are added to the stream. Now other percussion instruments come into view; a whole band of them. We realize that

appears, filled by the bright clear image of her from head to toe. (She is Dersey.) The lower edge of the image becomes extended by paths of clarity, made by narrow streams of water running down, with round resistant patches between them. The image ripples as the water flows down the glass. It begins to dull, as it dries and again becomes steamed.

static except for this slow growth of clarity and our slow identification of the woman's parts. A patch of clear dry glass grows at one corner of the mirror, but it is too small to reach her. Everywhere else the veil of condensation grows imperceptibly thinner. At the moment (though it is a subjectively, not objectively measured moment) when her nakedness and identity would become explicit, the sequence ends.

among the many impacts of which we are aware—the notes we should have to write, if we wrote this music—some come to us not through our sense of hearing but through that of touch. They are too open-textured to come through the busy air. The projector is coupled to machinery that sends pulses through the floor. This is actually how the notes of certain very deep soft marimbas reach us when they are physically present. We see a man wearing boxing gloves strike a bar of powdery red wood, we identify it with a note, but the note is marked by a muscular sensation rather than a sound.

All these vibrations continue. But the emphasis moves toward sight: specifically the shadows on the instruments, multiplied and overlaid because of several spotlights. Image dwindles to the shadows on a cellist and his bow.

Visitors at Hisham's Palace near Jericho, being led by the Arab guide to see the great floor mosaic of lions hunting deer under an orange tree; or at St. Peter-in-Gallicantu in Jerusalem, led by the old French priest to see the Byzantine mosaic of the soul as a dove, flying upward between ravenous lions and wolves. The visitors enter the covering hut. The mosaic is dusty, archaeological, but of course fine. The visitors undertake to express their admiration. But meanwhile the guide is fetching his bucket of water . . .

He casts it over the mosaic.

Anyone who has seen this happen uses it as a metaphor for



Then to the shadows on the  
red cello alone.

many other (mostly weaker)  
transformations.

The colors lose their shape and spread around the complete cylinder of the screen. Red and green. Not complicated: the two colors are divided by a simple line. But the line does not stay still: it trembles and drifts, like something feebly organic in a liquid under a microscope, forming double curves reminiscent of the yang and yin pattern. Now all of this surface become grainy; thousands of flecks form and begin to migrate around the wall. On the upper part, they migrate forward, originating from behind us, swimming past on both left and right toward a point in front of us but slowing before they reach it; in a middle layer they are becalmed; in the lower part they flow back in the reverse direction, for this which has begun is the forward motion of the walker. It clarifies, and we see a series of things parallel to him on either side. From the road underfoot the view travels to the right, to a small group of water-lily pads in bright sunshine on a pool about eighteen inches deep. Looking at them, we move past them in a straight line, thus approaching closer and then receding. So the pads appear to rise steadily, then sink back.

The road ahead, again radiating  
 toward our feet. From it the view  
 turns leftward to a sports field  
 beyond a low hedge. Runners wait on  
 starting blocks to begin a race. We see  
 the starter's mouth saying "Ready—set—  
 go!" but we do not hear him yet, for there  
 is still dead silence—no sound track. The  
 runners start sprinting. Then suddenly  
 the sound track starts up again, the first  
 thing heard on it being the starter's  
 voice saying "Go!" (Start in the  
 middle of a consonant—either the  
 "g," or the "t" that precedes  
 it.) This breaks the runners  
 up. They call "We've gone!—  
 ha!—we've gone!" They con-  
 vulse with laughter, clutch  
 their ribs, get stitches. The  
 race ends in confusion.

The road ahead again. From it  
 the camera (still moving along at  
 the same speed) turns to look  
 directly aside at two other people  
 who are walking along the side-  
 walk under a series of trees.

They are a woman and a man,  
not walking together—they do  
not know each other—but con-  
stantly overtaking each other.

The woman is walking along  
slowly because she is reading a  
book. The man is walking fast.  
But he slows, takes a pencil and  
notebook out of his pocket,  
starts writing something, and has  
to stop while he writes. The  
woman, reading, overtakes him.  
He starts walking rapidly again,  
overtakes her, then thinks of  
something else he has to write  
down, gets out his notebook,  
halts, the woman overtakes him.  
This goes on. One time he sup-  
ports the notebook on his knee.  
The woman, passing him, takes  
her eyes off her book and says  
pleasantly: "What are you  
writing?" He replies: "Fibonacci  
Numbers." She returns her eyes  
to her book and leaves him  
behind. He returns his notebook  
to his pocket, walks, overtakes  
her, stops again, makes another

note. The woman passes him.  
 She says: "You're writing what?"  
 Man: "Poetry. Philosophy.  
 Music . . ." She doesn't halt or  
 react. They go on. They are  
 merely carriers of movement  
 along the road.

The road ahead, at its usual pyra-  
 midal downflow. There is a long  
 way to go, for we are not yet past  
 the outskirts of the town. And on  
 the left appears a small house,  
 which as it comes nearer we recognize  
 as the house that the Irimares took.  
 And as we approach, it destroys itself  
 by stages (filmed by taking a shot each  
 day during its demolition, from farther  
 to the right each time). As we come  
 level with it, the house is gone.  
 And as we look back, a high-rise  
 building constructs itself on the  
 site, in equally rapid stages. In  
 the last glimpse, the building is  
 in use, and people emerge from

it as if they have sprung into existence inside it.

The walker is Simon-Marius, as we now see because he moves a little ahead of the camera. He is to carry us again across the deserts and bridges that divide town from town.

But after some time we see that everyone is going. For there ahead by the side of the road is Irimare's car. Its front has been flattened by an impact at high speed; apparently it hit a wall of air. Irimare and Dersey are out waiting for a ride. Seeing Simon-Marius approach, they stick out their thumbs hopefully. He decides to stop for them. They take off their shoes and he gives them feet, which they put on instead. Irimare takes from his pocket two mirrors, attaches one to his upper arm, offers the other to Simon Marius. All three start walking on along the road.

Irimare and Dersey are talking continuously to Simon-Marius, telling him many things important to the understanding of the story. We look at the heads of the three of them, steadily jolting up and down, out of phase, and we hear their words. Between and beyond their heads is seen the road, stretching away in a straight line across the desert.

A very distant figure appears. After a while it appears nearer. It is stationary. It is in silhouette, because the sun is beyond. It seems to be a man, just standing beside the road. The walkers go on talking. They do not refer to the figure in the distance.

As we get nearer to the figure, we begin to wonder whether it is facing toward us or away. We cannot tell, since it appears quite black. The walkers go on talking, and we notice somewhat less of what they say, for there is a certain amount of unease about

the stationary figure. If he is facing us, he seems to be waiting rather threateningly; if he is facing away, perhaps his face will give us a shock when he turns around.

We come nearer. Still cannot tell which side his face is.

We come almost up to him and at last see that he is facing in neither direction. He is a cardboard silhouette in the shape of a man, but with no details painted on, placed upright in the ground. We go past. Dersey and Irimare are still talking to or across Simon-Marius. We are free to hear them again, and they get through a great amount of dialogue, *vital* to the understanding of the story.

In the distance appears another small figure.

The walkers pursue their way, still talking. The second distant figure is also a black silhouetter, of course. However, it is moving slightly, oscillating. The walkers

Green.

She is walking across a

go on, their heads bobbing just in front of us. The distant figure seems to be walking, and therefore must be a man. Gradually we get nearer. We can see the man's arms swinging, his trunk rising and falling, his bandy legs plodding. But we cannot yet tell which way he is going, because he is too far off.

He becomes gradually nearer, so he must be walking toward us, or else walking more slowly away from us. Dersey and Irimare have just come to the essence of what we and Simon-Marius need to understand, and it is unfortunate that they do so just as we wish to be alert about the figure in front. We get nearer to him, and now we are not so sure that he is walking this way. As he is a silhouette, we cannot yet see his face, and we still cannot discern which way he and his shadow are progressing over the flat ground.

Finally we come up to him,

quay and onto the gangplank leading to a ship. She carries a small suitcase and wears a long coat, quite elegant but also modest, reaching to her ankles. She smiles conscientiously to the officials who aid her. The view retreats to take in more of the ship. It is a huge new liner, and is actually standing in a dry dock waiting to be launched. The impression of hugeness is increased by having the ship extend upward out of the picture. Crowds stand in galleries around the dock; a duchess swings a bottle of champagne. The ship slowly slides off down the ramp. It is so huge, and we so near, that it is some time before the top of the stern comes low enough to enter the top of the picture. The ship gathers speed down the ramp. It enters the water with a great, slow, far-off splash, an enormous displacement of water. We assume this displacement, though, of course,



and he is walking on one spot.

we hardly notice any rise in the  
water around the ship, at first.

But the water goes on rising.

The whole ocean—which we see  
to the horizon—is rising. (Done with a  
model.) The water laps up the ramp. The people

in the galleries scream and crowd away in panic. The water

rises over the camera. One moment we glance along the oily green surface;

the next, it bisects our eyeballs; the next, we glance along its silvery underside. The whole  
surface of the screen is the stained world of underwater, through which for a time we blearily discern quay,  
bollards, galleries, some kicking bodies; but it darkens, for the ocean surface is still going skyward above us.

As the luculence of the water fades, absolute silence sets in. This makes us realize that there has not been absolute silence before. There has been the presence—we can hardly call it sound—of the Gypsy melody.

Blackness; turning to brown and purple as we find ourselves within the majestic resonance of a cathedral. An  
anthem or organ voluntary is ending, and we are in the nave, in the crowd funneling out of the western doors.

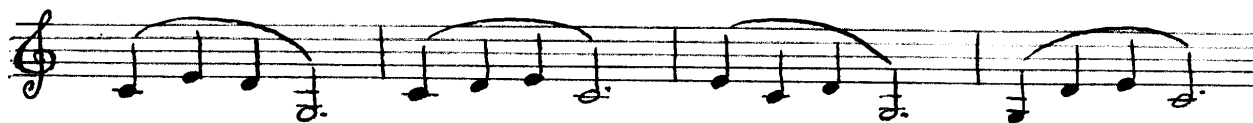
Right in front of us is an unexpected segment of the congregation: group of foreign observers.

They are from beyond the Iron Curtain, they are muffled in heavy square great-  
coats, scarves, Russian fur hats; they are cartoon stereotypes,  
they look grim. A few of them are female but look  
equally hostile and rectangular. They are  
ushered by members of the secu-

rity forces, as grim as themselves.

They issue through the bronze doors of the cathedral onto the red brick plaza that we saw before.

From a clock tower in the cathedral façade high above us there breaks out, very loud, the traditional bell tune that precedes the chiming of the hour:



Each chime echoes from the building on the opposite side of the plaza with virtually equal loudness, the echo of one chime falling only just before the next chime. The effect would be of complexity and perplexity, but that the tune is so familiar to us and trite. (It is familiar and trite, yet few people if asked know the first phrase.)

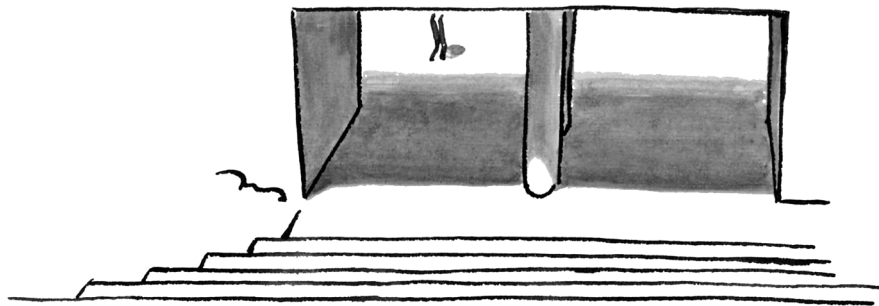
Leader of the foreign delegation, with thick accent: "Who

rrhote zis myuzeek?”

The leader of the security forces glances at him from under thick eyebrows and does not reply.

The tune is succeeded by the strokes of nine. (Which seems in so unrelated a key that we can hardly tell whether it is higher or lower.) As the delegates and detectives, with the camera close behind them, proceed across the plaza, getting nearer to the equally vast façade of the building on the other side, the gap between chimes and echoes gradually closes.

Drawing near to the other building, we see that a broad flight of steps descends to a way leading under it. Someone is standing in the sunlit internal courtyard beyond. As we approach, the arch appears to lower, cutting off the figure's head, and as we arrive at the top of the steps he is hidden altogether. We descend



the steps; his feet reappear. We reach the bottom of the steps, and he turns toward us. He is Simon-Marius. Delegates and security men alike bear down on him. He disappears under the pack of thick coats and thick arms. When they straighten up and sweep on, there is no sign of him.

Scientists in white coats working on a secret machine. Through a window from their laboratory we see the foreign observers approaching. A knock at the door. The chief scientist, who happens to be holding a clutch of eggs, puts them down. He is Irimare. He goes through the door, closing it behind him. We are now in the hallway right next to the main entrance of the building. The chief of the security contingent says: "The Ultramarese

representatives to see the, ah . . .”

“Yes,” says Irimare, “I will conduct them.”

He leads them along rambling corridors deep into the building. Corner after corner. The foreigners’ eyes under unmoving stony brows dart about, fiercely and covertly noting their surroundings. At last they reach an elevator.

We see a cut-away view: the interior of the elevator, and also the space outside it.

The party arrives in the outside space. Irimare presses a button. They wait. The foreigners glance keenly about while pretending not to. The elevator doors

open.

All go inside. Irimare presses a button. The elevator door shuts. We see that the elevator does not move.

Leader of the foreigners:  
“Smooth elevators you have developed, hein?”

Workmen appear in the space

outside. They begin to remove the furniture, pictures, carpet.

Inside the elevator, numerous lights wink on the control panel. Foreign leader: "Go we up or down?" Irimare frowns and studies the control panel. He says: "That I have never been able to determine."

The workmen have removed everything and are now moving some walls. Then they bring new furnishings and put them up. All work in silence, obeying the gestures of the foreman. They finish and wait while the foreman satisfies himself. Then they go away, except for the foreman, who, when he is sure they are out of sight, presses the elevator button and hastily slips around a corner.

The elevator doors open and the party steps out. They trudge along protracted corridors which seem quite different. They arrive at the hallway next to the main entrance.

Irimare admits them to the laboratory. They examine the secret machine. They glance toward rows of eggs on shelves. The scientists lay down their tools and stand back smugly. Irimare: "You would like a demonstration?"

The scientists open a pair of French windows and push the machine out into the

courtyard. The

foreign party follows, ushered by Irimare who

politely stands at the rear of them. With much fuss the

machine is readied. An egg is fed into it. Effortful evolutions

inside the machine. The egg is shot out and describes a high white parabola against the sky.

All eyes follow it. It descends with a smack on the sun-heated bricks of the courtyard, and within a few seconds has become an omelette.

The foreigners stroke their chins, step nearer, stoop to look

But one of the female foreigners, happening to be at the back of the group, turns to

Irimare. Her face, previously hidden by the shaggy tassels of her hat, is that of Green. In a pretended foreign

accent she says: "Vere are ve? Von't you tell me?" "We are—we are through here," says Irimare, furtively conducting her away through another door. They are now in the loathsomely

at the omelette. A scientist with a spatula and a brisk smile scrapes it up, offers it to them. They taste, exchange solemn glances.

A small foreigner who is at the fringe of the group picks up one of the other eggs. He leans back and, impeded by the stiff sleeve of his coat, hurls it at the zenith. It, too, soars, is lost in the sun, reappears, falls, smashes, turns into an omelette.

Mutual masking of thoughts by scientists and foreigners.

Irimare; the impression is that at the moment we catch sight of him he pulls his umbrella up out

furnished bedroom of a hotel. Green: "Vere are ve? I am so confused." She wheedles, acting the part of a spy seducing the secret out of the scientist. Spy Green lures scientist Irimare onto the bed. It has brass legs and a quilt of bile green and puce. He thinks he is on the point of carrying love to her. She has taken off everything except her monstrous Russian hat. At the last moment, she whips a long hatpin out of the hat. She whirls it down on Irimare. He flings himself out of the way just in time. The hatpin stabs the bed, tearing the sheet and plunging into the mattress.

The bed, poisoned, totters, its legs crumpling, and dies onto the floor.



of a crack in the ground, Arthur  
pulling Excalibur from its socket.

(Actually he must have first  
poked the umbrella tip into the  
crack, to see how deep it is, or to  
see whether the umbrella would  
stand upright, or

to push a  
cigarette stub  
down; but that  
earlier action is  
cut off.) He  
walks away,  
swinging his  
umbrella

Green; the impression is that her  
little suitcase has suddenly petri-  
fied, for it is on the stone slab of  
a low wall, and as we catch sight  
of her she takes its handle and  
starts to walk away, but is jerked  
to a halt. Actually she has  
changed her mind and

unconcernedly  
and wearing  
his business  
suit. We

follow him

along various  
streets and  
over

bridges. He  
meets Green.

decided to reopen the suit-  
case and take an aspirin

out. She closes the suit-

case and walks away,

swinging it, up hills

and through a post

office and a

railway station

yard until she

meets Irimare.

They greet each shyly and he  
gives her a letter.

They walk together along paths  
and sidewalks. Since Green is  
reading the letter, Irimare guides  
her by the elbow. He is shorter  
than her. He tells her:

“Turn left now.” She starts turning  
at once, which is too soon. He

has to push against her to slow

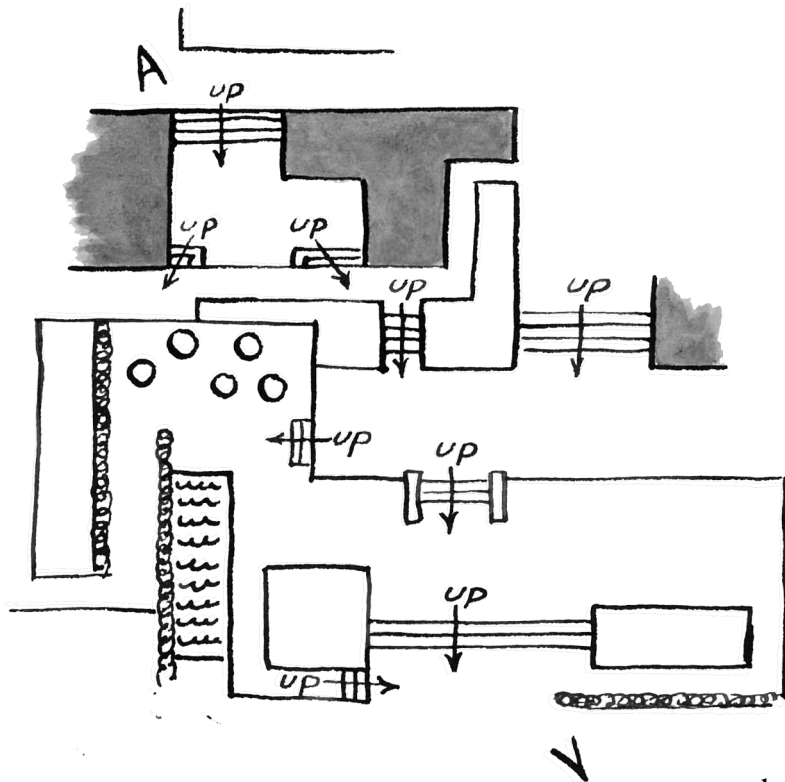
her turn, and manages to steer

her into the right path. He says:

“Steps down now.” She immediate-

ly stamps her foot hard on the  
ground, thinking the step is  
her. Progressing in this  
they move away from us  
behind a building.  
distance off,  
paths,

under  
manner, th  
and disappear b  
They reappear some d  
down a slope covered with  
terraces, flowerbeds, edifices,  
pools, hedges, and tables, some-  
thing like this:



Irimare and Green appear at  
A and make their straight but  
slow advance up the terraces  
and steps toward the view-  
point at V. But at the same  
time a man pushing a delicately  
laden trolley appears at the same  
place; he moves laterally to and

fro across the scene, going around the obstacles, so as to avoid the steps and use the ramps. Though he has so much farther to go, he keeps crossing the path of the dawdling couple at each level. His trolley is laden with eggs. He reaches us at the same time as Green and Irimare; he passes one side of us and they pass the other.

We swing around to follow Green and Irimare. They are going away now down a green hillside in a park, as slowly as ever, Green still reading the letter, and holding her suitcase in her other hand; Irimare stealthily dropping a little behind, so as to look at her. She is in a plain red dress, with bare arms, fairly low neckline, fairly close waist. There is a sensation of what the quality of her nudity would be: a pale sienna rubbery capsule of skin flowing pliantly over her shoulders, folding simply into the cleavage of her buttocks. And to reinforce this insight, or create it if it does not

come spontaneously, some frames of the film show her suddenly naked, but still walking as before, holding the letter and the suitcase.

The flashes of nakedness and the intervening clothed moments become progressively shorter till her clothing appears to be a transparent flickering blur.

She is now merely naked, walking on down the hill in her sandals, which have home-made wooden blocks under the heels and soles and which cause her to jolt and sway. Her hair is long and pale, her body Venusian and supple. Yet as Irimare watches (falling another step back to do so) thin straight lines are superimposed on the body, some horizontal and some vertical. They are hairline cracks. They are the joints between the blocks of which she is composed. The light golden flesh color can also be seen as a light golden wood

The crass little tune that precedes

the chiming of the hour is heard again, distantly, from the cathedral . . .

color. There is even a suspicion of grain. Irimare begins to take her apart. He removes a buttock. Except for its rounded outer surface, it is a flat-sided block. He eases a narrow horizontal block out of her back. We see a complex interior of impacted blocks as in a Japanese wooden puzzle.

Green, having finished reading the letter, looks around for Irimare. He hastily catches up with her; she, for her part, becomes whole and clothed as normal. She puts the letter away in her suitcase.

Irimare says: "We've got to talk."

Green: "Yes?"

The clock begins to chime the hour.

Irimare: "Dammit, I've got to go now. Meet me here this after-

noon.”

Grass, seen obliquely and very close, only two or three inches away. It is lawn grass that has not been mown for a couple of weeks.

A shadow (perhaps of a hand experimentally lowered) falls, not from the side but from above. No edge to it is seen; what appears to happen is that a random selection of the green stripes, all over the picture, begin to darken. First the tips; from them, shadows run along the blades in their various directions, while beneath them the bright lime green still shows. The picture is of an abstract pattern of light and dark stripes running in all directions, and changing like a kaleidoscope. The stripes are broadened by being out of focus. Then all at once the shadow becomes complete over the picture.

Then it begins to lift again.

A glimpse, much more concise on film than in words: three boys playing cricket against a park tree. Two blond English boys in nothing but shorts, and a thin-limbed black Jamaican boy in jeans and T-shirt. They throw (not bowl) the ball against the trunk from only four yards; of course the batsman is out every time. Larger English boy: “*What’s your name?*” Black boy, cavorting and holding the bat with one hand: “Fitzroy.” He is bowled out. Smaller English boy: “You know my name, don’t you, Paul?”

The view narrows to a small far-off frame: the hands and bat, as the batsman makes

Another tiny frame  
opens up: a baseball  
batter readying to bat;  
this, too, rhythmi-  
cized, by being  
repeated identically,  
indefinitely . . .

Sprinkled points of the lime  
green sunlight appear, and grow  
to lines, which extend under  
nearer shadowed lines and are  
cut by the shadows of lines bridg-  
ing over them. The average  
shifts back from dark to light  
green, till the last points of  
shadow take flight from the grass  
tips.

The scene enlarges a little to  
take in some of Green's hair,  
lying spread among the grass.  
The angle tilts to flatter, so that  
as well as the near grass we see  
out along the grassy surface to  
Green's leg, and her home-made  
shoe, which she has taken off.

A fly obstinately bothers her.  
It is a slow and puzzled fly, as if  
in winter; perhaps it is recover-  
ing from a blow by a cat's paw.  
Green idly shoots out her foot,  
like a frog's tongue, and there is  
the fly between her toes. She  
exclaims and wipes it off.

She rolls  
onto her front      Irimare approaching. When he is

the preparatory move-  
ment characteristic of  
cricket (lifting,  
patting . . . ) This is  
repeated, in gentle  
but insistent rhythm,  
on a loop of film . . .



and reads a  
book . . .

still quite far off, he catches sight  
of Green, and another and nearer  
Irimare appears, superimposed  
on the film, with no clothes or  
inhibitions. This Irimare comes  
crouching passionately over her;  
he lowers himself between her  
thighs, and thrusts into her, with  
much effort but as if there were  
no textile in the way. He takes  
her arms with his hands and  
kisses the side of her face,  
without displacing her or causing  
her to notice him. She obliv-

iously reads, sometimes idly  
lifting a foot or  
rubbing the grass  
with it, movements  
which cut into the  
tensed legs of the  
ghostly Irimare and

seem to cause him  
pain. He reluctantly evapo-  
rates and the farther Irimare,  
having paused to watch Green  
for a time without attracting her  
attention, comes forward and  
greeted her jovially. She puts her

Another rhythmicized  
little frame, at a differ-  
ent height, the previ-  
ous ones continuing:  
a baseball pitcher  
pitching, finishing by  
almost falling down,  
then abruptly being  
up again to begin his  
fantastic conventional-  
ized motion; over and  
over again . . .

book away and sits up agreeably. He sits down cross-legged beside her, nervous about beginning his talk, and delaying it by fussing with other preparations: he takes off his jacket and tie, undoes the top button of his shirt, but after a moment of moral struggle he balks at taking off his shoes.

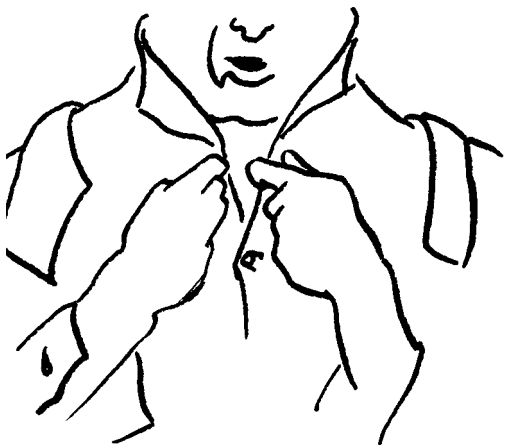
Irimare: "We've got to talk."

Green: "Yes?"

The sprinklers on the lawn start up. Green jumps to her feet laughing and runs. In Irimare's cross-legged position, his short muscular limbs seem to lock against each other, and he first falls over on his back. Then he hurries after her.

They walk quickly along a path out of the fringe of sprinkling drops. Irimare puts his tie loosely around his shoulders, turns his shirt collar up, and with testy haste makes to do the top button up. He exclaims, "Dammit, my button's fallen off.

Rhythmized micro-  
scene: a tennis player  
winding up to serve,  
bowing, bouncing  
ball . . .



Then: "Oh, no. Just moved."



He does his shirt up.

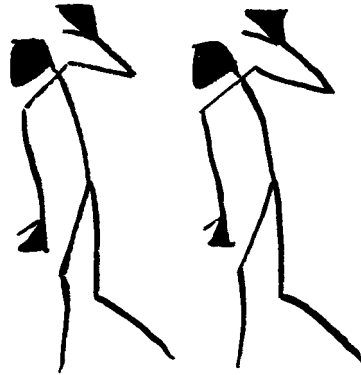
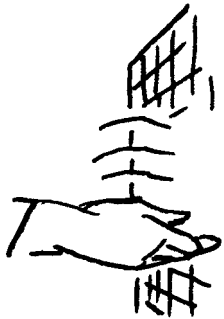
Irimare leading Green along,

All the microscenes  
are continuing: small  
rectangles punctuat-  
ing the darkness of  
the encircling wall at  
various heights, like  
windows into a tower.  
The conventionality—  
the lexicality,  
almost—of each little

looking everywhere for a place for their talk. Everywhere is crowded, and things keep happening to block their way. First, an oar comes out of an alley, and all traffic on the sidewalk, and on the street too, has to stop until it has proceeded across, carried by a young man at its point of balance. Next to cleave and halt the crowd are two men staggering, gripping an area of the air in

act is usually unrecognized; recycled into a dance, it becomes heavily obvious. The differing rhythms notch time as deeply as drumtaps . . .

Added microscene:  
the hand of a library  
user wandering in  
search of the cata-  
logue drawer he  
wants . . .



a way we don't understand. They are carrying a sheet of glass—their attitudes spring into normality. Released by this dam, Irimare hurries forward; but meets a man

Added: a conductor

Added: a composer's pen writing a bass clef:



Repeated, the action is seen to have four beats: *coil, tail, dot-dot, pause; coil, tail, dot-dot, pause . . .*

A spaniel shakes his head—his ears go “Plockaplock.” This is the first ongoing microscene with a sound . . .

walking into the wind with his tie rearing up like a cobra, flat against his nose. Man seems to



think someone will laugh if he notices it and pulls it down. Irimare has to sidestep as around a blind man. Plunges on; recoils before a woman stooping and spitting a stream of brown muck. No, it is an amber necklace, swinging under chin . . . Each check adds to Irimare's ~exasperation but makes Green smile dreamily—not at the

named Feasel preparing to conduct. He (1) tries weight on left leg, (2) tries weight on right leg and settles there, (3) lays hand on right hip pocket, (4) pauses, (5) draws out folded white handkerchief, (6) takes off spectacles, breathes on them, rubs them with handkerchief, (7) makes grimace to clear dimness from eyes, (8) puts handkerchief back in pocket, (9) hitches trousers up with both hands. Having completed this changeless routine, takes up his baton. Longest loop so far, but it soon seems just as rhythmic . . .

check, which she doesn't understand, but at Irimare's thrusting motion. He

leads her aside  
into a cafeteria.  
He queues for  
coffee while she  
goes out to wait  
on the terrace.

Cup and saucer  
in either hand, he moves through

Green, beyond, leaning on a  
balustrade to look over a scene  
below her. A transparent Irimare  
arrives behind her and, after a  
pause for choice, strokes down  
her sides with parallel hands,  
each palm describing a surface  
that lies just inward of the  
contour of her dress. She does  
not notice.

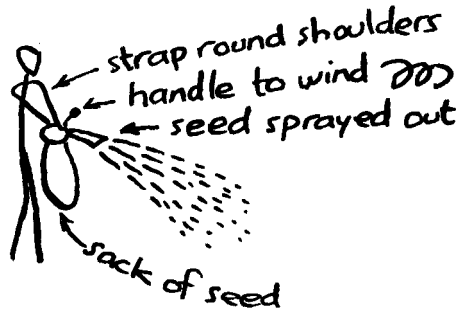
ing almost to the wall on the  
other side. Irimare slows and  
says "Excuse me." The men, still  
intent on their talk, lean forward  
in their chairs to let him pass

People on steel chairs around  
outdoor café tables. A man,  
talking, puts his arm behind him  
and scratches the back of his  
chair.

the room to  
rejoin her. A  
table blocks the  
way; that is, two  
men sit and  
busily talk across  
it, the chair of  
one reaching  
almost to the  
wall on one side  
and the chair of  
the other reach-

Microscene: a four-

Microscene: sower of grass:



No rhythm at all, for he does not even swing his nozzle from side to side. But we remember a rhythm: the arm of the sower . . .

Microscene: a mouth hastily gathering air to sneeze with . . .

behind them. But he cannot, for they have not moved their chairs.

Irimare leading Green along streets, still hunting for the chance to talk. The sidewalk is well populated.

Among the people ahead are another couple. But they are relaxed and certain lovers, and they stroll slowly. Formerly they were holding hands, but now they are about to part, one left and the other right, and are saying their final sayings— “Take care”— “Don’t forget to call Dr. Quackpott”— “See you at the Ruins of Zama.” Green and Irimare have caught up with them and are about to pass between them when suddenly each reaches out a hand to the other and they swing together for a light goodbye kiss, abruptly

legged man, walking away across a gray courtyard. It is two men in white overalls, the bigger one behind and eclipsing the little one. Since they are distant and the loop short, the join in the loop is disguised and the only rhythm is the confused rhythm of their shoes; they march away on one spot . . .

A man who *shakes* down stairs (rather than walking or running). He shakes

blocking the way.

They part, the man crossing the street, the woman entering a shop. Irimare, not turning his head either way, resumes his forward motion. Green, tittering, spots a street photographer and readily lets herself be caught by him. Irimare has to stand sheepishly beside her while the photographer backs off to shoot them. Irimare then has to give his name and address so as to receive a bill. They go on along the street. Still nowhere to talk. No single passer-by would overhear all that Irimare purposes to say, but there would be some person to overhear each fragment. "Looks quieter this way," Irimare mutters, steering Green. Ahead, two men stand facing each other.

his arms and legs from the elbows and knees, and descends like an arrow rattling in a tunnel (shoulders glancing off walls).

The loop is one turn of a spiral staircase, but the projector tilts downward too, so that this microscene migrates downward, corkscrew-

ing through other scenes and then off the bottom of the screen.

A duplicate Irimare leaves Irimare, stepping naked out of his clothed front, and, turning to Green, uses the interval to fuck her. She stands throughout in conventional frontal pose, smiling charmingly, smoothing down her dress.



One is talking vigorously, the other listening passively. Irimare and Green approach, moving into single file in order to pass between them. The talker emphasizes his speech with a gesture at regular intervals of less than a second: a dart-throwing gesture—he throws his right hand forward from the wrist, while opening out his fingers and thumb, which at the beginning are touching at the tips. Just as Irimare is about to lead the way between the two men, darts are superimposed on the picture. The talker appears to throw a dart after a dart into the other man's chest.

The dart-  
throwing arm  
and dart-receiv-  
ing chest, enclosed  
in their own small  
frame, migrate away to  
a spot on the screen  
where they can continue

Before this  
stream of darts  
Irimare has to  
halt, turn, lead  
Green another  
way. They reach a  
crossroads with  
traffic lights just as

indefinitely, added to  
the swarm of  
winking microscenes.

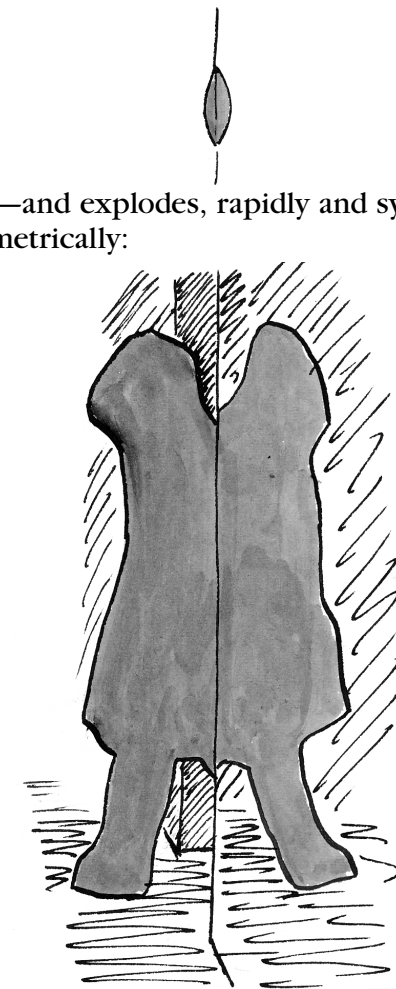
these change to red.  
Another woman arrives to  
stand waiting  
beside Green,  
then other  
people. The  
lights change  
and they all step  
off in a crowd,  
Irimare's irrita-  
tion with all the  
shoulders so  
close around his  
becoming visible  
as tensing of his  
own shoulders  
and quick avertings of his head.

A duplicate Irimare goes down  
on one knee behind Green. He  
reaches his left forearm up inside  
her skirt and, for good measure,  
his right forearm up into the  
skirt of the other woman. He  
gives both arms an extra thrust,  
but neither woman is displaced  
upward as we expect. The lights  
change, all the solid people step  
off, the Irimare is left sniffing his  
fingers.

They walk, there are perhaps  
fewer people about, but the day  
has become grayer and it may  
rain. They turn a corner into a  
colorless shiny scene, and before  
the eye has time to judge what it  
is, a dark form appears in the  
middle of it as if from nowhere—

Two window cleaners

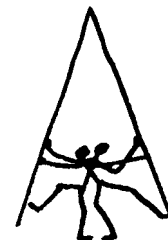
—and explodes, rapidly and symmetrically:



standing under a  
ladder—



At an agreed moment,  
they do a dance to  
kick it apart.



They keep doing it,  
since it is a  
microscene . . .

It is a man cleaving from his own  
 reflection in the plate glass  
 window of a shop as he quits its  
 doorway. He steps into the path  
 just in time for Irimare to crash  
 against him.

Green goes on,	He turns on
not noticing the	Irimare a
shearing of Irimare	massive face
from her side.	under a hat of

Authority. Irimare  
 quails.

A sorcerer squatting by a  
 roadside. He has a bowl of a  
 magical brew on the ground  
 to his left, and another to his  
 right. Green walks past. The sor-  
 cerer with his left hand scoops  
 some of the first liquid and  
 throws it in her face. As it  
 touches her it turns into a patch  
 of cloth, clinging to her. Unable  
 to see, she tears vainly at it. With  
 his right hand the sorcerer  
 scoops some of the other liquid  
 and flings it against her body.  
 Where it splashes her clothes,  
 they vanish. The photographer

After a pause of shock,  
 Irimare hurries on along the  
 empty street. No Green. He  
 turns a corner and sees her  
 turning another. She does not  
 look back, but a simulacrum of  
 her detaches, lingers, smiles over  
 her shoulder and cocked hip at  
 him like a prostitute baiting and  
 slips around the corner also.  
 Irimare hurries, with echoing  
 feet. He turns the corner, and  
 sees that it is a blind alley leading  
 to the steps of a municipal build-

appears behind her, points his camera at her buttocks and says "Smile!" Then in a dizzying acceleration of melodramas Green is set upon by hordes, abused too quickly and multifariously for us to see what happens, and whirled away into slavery.

ing. Green is looking at the noticeboard. They go in.

The corridors are no better than the streets. Irimare leads Green desperately along them. Irimare: "What about in here?" They look in through the door of a lecture theater—

Lecturer on stage, just finishing a huge line on the chalkboard:



and saying pompously: "I could ask many questions . . ."

—briefly and back out; they look in through the door of a conference room—

Little speaker sitting at a table, with spectacles shining and mouth bared in a dry uneasy grin, is inadvertently squeezed against the table by chairman and next speaker leaning across to whisper behind him.

—briefly and back out. They

open the door of a dark room  
 where a movie is being shown to  
 an audience of students; but at  
 this moment the movie runs its  
 last seconds, a teacher rises to  
 explain it, and on the screen  
 appears: END. Irimare closes the  
 door and they hurry away. They  
 are seen crossing and recrossing

Trespasser-scaring notice on the  
 iron gate of the yard of some gov-  
 ernment offices—BEWARE OF THE  
 EXPIRATION DATE . . .

Traces . . .

the spaces between public build-

Man seen through curtains of his  
 study, at his desk, adding up  
 figures, and also shelling peas  
 into a bowl for his wife . . .

ings, cobbled alleys between the  
 backs of industrial houses, pave-

Through a narrow door: a narrow  
 bar, and an Irimare, one of a line  
 of jolly Latin men sitting on

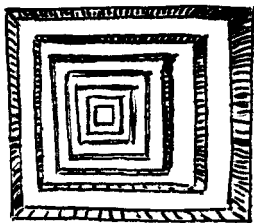
Traces of each side  
 glimpse are rhyth-  
 micized and linger  
 somewhere on the  
 wall . . .

Some of the earlier  
 microscenes have  
 faded out. New ones  
 are added from time  
 to time. Dotted  
 around the wall, they  
 proceed relentlessly  
 through their cycles  
 like so many clocks,  
 though all with differ-  
 ent speeds. Some  
 drift in position,  
 change places with  
 each other . . .

stools. A gag is tied around his neck, but they have kindly pushed it down from his mouth for a while so that he can tell jokes. They slap his back after each; he chokes (or gags) . . .

ments splashed with the colored ink of night lights.

Aside, imposed: a series of holes pierced in parallel architectural elements, perhaps piers of the portico of a state capitol:



Dersey's face appears in the farthest aperture, then the next (time during which she walked around being omitted), then the next, thus flying toward us

Hospital elevator, watched as it rises through its open cage of brown metalwork. It halts as it reaches eye level, its folding door folds toward the eye, a stretcher begins to come out.

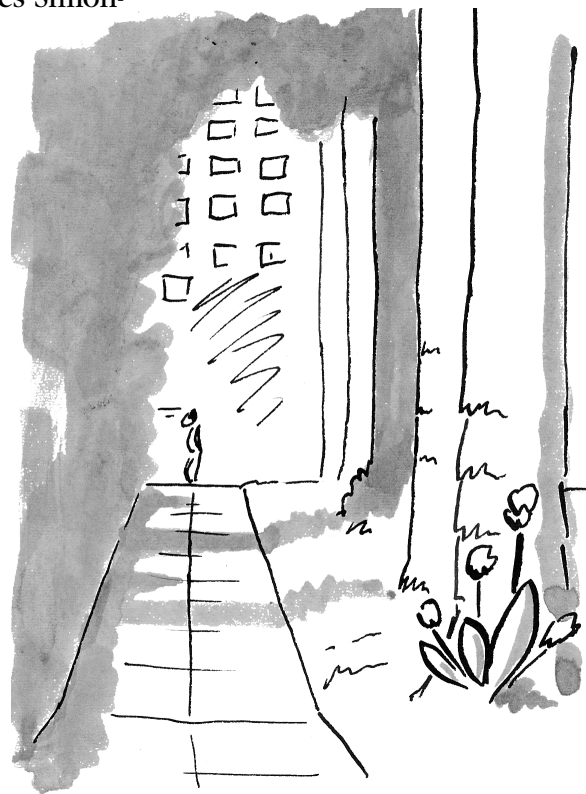
Imposed across several microscenes, which, when this scene ceases, reopen—wearing the screen out, like soldiers marking time on a spot.

. . . Green and Irimare cross a

through the holes as if bodiless,  
till it stands confronting us  
through the nearest concrete  
frame.

street from a towering building  
(the hospital) to a sidewalk on  
which lies a child's abandoned  
skateboard. They pass down the  
sidewalk of a minor street.

Green, glancing back, sees Simon-





Bare interior of the art gallery.  
 A packing case in the middle.  
 It explodes. Briefly, nails and  
 string and bits of wood and  
 sheets of glass and pictures  
 (curled) fill the air. Then  
 the walls are thickly  
 covered, as if the glass  
 and frames have fitted  
 themselves in mid air  
 and the nails have  
 fired themselves into  
 the wall through the  
 strings. The fluid  
 (art) has splattered  
 itself around the  
 interior surface  
 in a precise  
 calm order,  
 just in time  
 for the entry  
 of Green

Irimare: "How about the art  
 gallery? Let's go into the art  
 gallery."

They make their way to  
 the art gallery.

As he opens the door  
 for her, Irimare puts his  
 hand on Green's waist to  
 guide her through.

Green: "Please remove  
 your hand."

Irimare with his left  
 hand detaches his  
 right hand at the  
 wrist, and puts it in  
 his pocket.

They go in. They  
 are the only  
 people there.

The art gallery is  
 still, quiet, and  
 expectant of

Marius glide across the space  
 at the head of her view,  
 backwards, without moving his  
 body. He disappears almost at  
 once, yet there is time to tell that  
 he is dressed ridiculously in a  
 small boy's sweater, scarlet like  
 some cannalilies at a palm's foot  
 in the foreground.

and Irimare.        their talk.

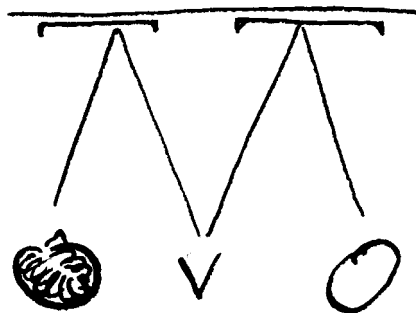
Irimare talks to Green. Green  
talks to Irimare. We listen to all  
they say to each other. We do  
not see them, but we see the  
reflections of their faces in the  
glass of the

pictures on  
the wall. They  
are vaguely  
looking  
toward the  
pictures while  
they speak to  
each other.  
Sometimes  
Green's head  
appears  
reflected in  
one picture  
and Irimare's  
in the next

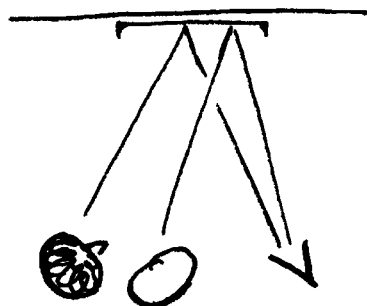
(the camera is between them, not  
itself reflected because it is in  
front of a strip of wall):

Misty, idealized profile of Green  
brightens in the glass, graceful  
lips parted invitingly. The naked  
simulacrum of Irimare makes one  
last attempt to break into con-  
sciousness: placing an easel in  
front of her, he starts climbing  
on it so as to bring his loins to a  
level with her lips. But then,  
waving his hand and head in con-  
trary directions—the “Oh, forget  
it!” gesture—he climbs down and  
goes away through a small door.

Large scale glimpse that for a  
moment is superimposed across  
several of the pulsating  
microscenes: a paper cup on the  
ground, caught by a breeze in



And sometimes they become almost intimate and are reflected in one picture:



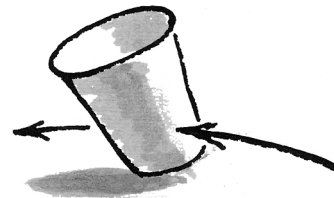
As Green and Irimare turn away from a picture, a winking micro-

scene opens up in it. For instance the picture is of an archbishop about to crown a king; Green and Irimare go

on to the next picture, the archbishop says: "Please bend your head,



such a way that it spins along on



its edge. It goes not very fast, tottering.



on a loop is in smooth  
 concave arcs) all around  
 the wall.

. . . Irimare, Green, and the pictures  
 looked at by them, wanly  
 reassert themselves.

And the pictures, behind their  
 glass, are always relevant to what  
 Green and Irimare are saying.  
 But this, increasingly, is because  
 they are merely talking about the  
 pictures.

Listlessly, they move past the  
 small door. It is open and leads  
 to an office. Just inside stands a  
 man in a blue suit, with oiled  
 black hair and a very pasty face.  
 He looks as if he has spent a long  
 time in the dark and has only just  
 emerged. On seeing Green and  
 Irimare he breaks into smiles and  
 rubs his hands and says: "Would  
 you like to come to an orgy?"

Irimare frowns. Green laughs

This microscene, with its  
 clattering sound, a tilted  
 cylinder rolling, rolls all  
 the way around the  
 greater cylinder, the wall  
 of the auditorium—cog  
 against cog . . .

and says “Why not?” To Irimare’s plain dissatisfaction they follow the man, who, giggling, leads them through his office, out into an alley, and round several corners, till we arrive once more in front of the black wooden hut with the various signs over its doors—PROJECTION ROOM, STUDIO C, and:

**FILM ORGY  
72 HOURS OF  
NONSTOP MOVIES  
STEP IN!**

Green, Irimare, and their guide go in at the door thus marked.

The hut is as alive with creativity as before. Filmmakers lean out of windows to call to each other; hurry past with armfuls of reels; stroll in and out of the orgy door; stagger past carrying such things as a cardboard ship, a fiberglass

A sound-frame, that is, a patch on the auditorium wall from which only sound is observable. “A film what?” “It just means there’s more than one film.” “Like, two films make an orgy?” “Yes, that’s what they call it.” “Does one film make out with the other?” “You should go to L.A. or N.Y., it’s part of their language. I mean, Hitchcock orgies, underground orgies. The films don’t have to be dirty or anything.”

rock, or a crate of eggs. After a while it happens that people are absent from the view, but the doors and windows are still open.

Something spills out of a window and drops a long line to the ground. It is film.

A mass of something black and tremulous begins to press out of a door. It is film. The building has become full of film. Film bulges, quaking, rustling, out of all the doors and windows. It flows over the ground toward us.

Extravagant fountains of celluloid unfurl, then sink squeaking back into the jumble of celluloid and dissected shadows. Unrolling arms of it reach for our feet; tight spirals of it pop into conical ringlets; vines of it clamber over obstacles and bury them. It all slowly piles up in a wave in front of us. It hides the little building, and mounts, in spite of its shudderings and slippages, against the sky. Some of it shakes close to

The periodicity of the microscenes has been changing toward an average. Longer ones become quicker (the baseball pitcher's action collapses into a rapid jig and tumble), shorter ones stretch (the dart, emphasizing a point of speech, flies slowly from hand to chest), till all fall into the same tempo, a little quicker than a march . . .

us. We see through it. Closer.  
 We see through a few frames;  
 one frame. This frame fills the  
 screen, and begins to move:

Soldiers, in red coats and tricorne  
 hats. They are marching through  
 a heathland of bracken, campion,  
 kex and burdock toward a wood.  
 We see a boot fell a mullein, yet,  
 near the boot, such details as  
 cuckoospit between the stems of  
 the tall grass. The soldiers carry  
 their muskets at the ready, and  
 glare suspiciously ahead. Yet the  
 drummers are tapping the insis-  
 tent rhythm on their snaredrums.  
 This might seem incautious, but  
 it expresses the fierce stealth  
 with which the soldiers move up

The tempo of the  
 drums is the tempo of  
 all the  
 microscenes . . .



on the tangled wood. And  
 though none of them moves his  
 lips, we hear tight, vindictive  
 little words enclosed in each  
 grunt of the drums:

**My** mother  
**said**  
 I never  
**should**  
**Play** with the  
**Gypsies**  
**In** the  
**wood;**  
**If** I  
**did,**  
**She** would  
**say,**  
**“Naught-y**  
**girl**  
**T’ dis-o-**  
**bey,**  
**Y’ hair** won’t  
**curl,**  
**Y’ shoes** won’t  
**shine,**

Beat of all the  
 microscenes:  
 . . . **My** father  
**Said**  
**If** I  
**Did**  
 He’d **bang** my  
**Head** with a  
**Teapot**  
**Lid . . .**

**Gypsy**  
**girl**, you—”  
*(Half speed, monotone:)*  
 “SHAN’T. BE. MINE.”

The **wood** was  
**dark**,  
 The **grass** was  
**green**,  
**In** came  
**Sally** with a  
**Tam-bou-**  
**rine . . .**  
**Came** to a  
**river**,  
**Couldn’t** get a-  
**cross**,  
**Paid** five  
**shillings** for a  
**Blind** white  
**hoss**.  
**Jumped** on his  
**back** and was  
**off** in a  
**crack**,  
**Sally-tell-my-**

**mother-I-shall-NEV-A . . .**

*(Suspension; then, octave lower,  
quieter, monotone:)*

Come back.

This is the little song that all the  
microscenes have been trying to  
sing by means of their rhythmic  
signals. It stops, and the drums  
stop, as the soldiers reach the  
edge of the wood and their  
officer raises his hand, telling  
them to wait while he scouts  
ahead. He plunges cau-  
tiously into a dense  
wilderness of creepers  
and nettles. After a  
time, seeing  
nothing ahead,  
he slings his  
musket around  
his shoulders  
and climbs a  
tree. His head  
emerges through one wave of a  
sea of domed treetops, all differ-  
ent greens and russets. The  
forest seems to stretch away

From all over the  
screen, the  
microscenes  
drift in toward  
the woodland  
picture, where they  
take their places like  
birds' nests up in the  
branches. Here they are  
last seen winking, before  
changes of position blot  
them out one by one  
with foliage.

indefinitely, downward for miles, then up a contrary slope. But it becomes apparent that there is a glade quite nearby. We are almost looking down into it. And in the middle of the glade is a spot of the only color that cannot be a flower. (What is it?)

The officer reimmerses himself in the tree, creeps along one of its branches, crosses into another tree. Pushing dense masses of foliage aside, passing squirrels' nests and clumps of mistletoe and rows of sapsucker-holes, he struggles from tree to tree. At length he gets onto the limb of a gnarled cherry tree. He descends the limb to the fork. Vertically below glows the lime green of deep grass in sunshine. The legs of Green and Simon-Marius extend outward into the view. They are sitting with their backs to the trunk of the cherry tree.



They are talking—low, dreamy

words heard from time to time. But while we try to pick up these words—important for the understanding of the story, spoken from faces we cannot see—we notice another sound, like that of a cow's tongue recruiting grass. There is also a small theme of movement in the picture. It is Green's toes twisting around blades of grass and breaking them off. She has prehensile toes that she can wriggle independently almost like a hand. We might not notice the cropping sound but for the movement, and we might not notice the movement but for the sound. Each is only just enough to establish the other against the prevailing impressions—the voices, foliage, sunshine.

Simon-Marius, while speaking, evidently notices the cropping toes, for he tries idly to do the same. But he can't. He can only rub the turf with his foot. He stretches it ahead to look at it like

something atrophied, deficient.  
With great effort he moves one  
toe by itself, the little toe of his  
left foot. The effort begins; a full  
second later the toe responds,  
moves slowly sideways a little  
space, then—though he still  
strains to keep it out—it returns  
tremulously to the side of its  
neighbors. All the time he is still  
speaking—saying and hearing  
things helpful to the understand-  
ing of what has happened—and  
she is speaking and listening too.

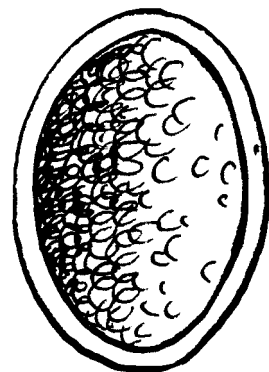
She stretches her foot up  
among the low boughs, plucks a  
bunch of cherries (one cherry  
sprouting in each toe-gap) and  
brings them to his mouth.  
Leaning forward, we see that he  
accepts them gratefully.

Blackness.

An oval frame surrounding what

A gay bunch of ladies walking along a street, swinging handbags, chattering, laughing, having a good time. One says: "I wonder what's happening to old Dersey now. Haven't seen her for ages." They immediately pass a phone booth with an open door, and the phone rings. The woman who spoke steps inside and picks up the phone. She says "Hello . . . Oh, hi, Dersey, how are you? What're you doing these days? Oh, knitting socks, are you? That's nice . . ." She chatters a bit more, puts the phone down, steps out and tells her friends: "That was Dersey. She says she's having a baby." They walk on along the street, chattering and laughing as before.

seems to be a heap or bulge of green material:



The viewpoint moves. The bulge moves, and is seen to be the rounded corner of a clipped hedge outside a smart shop, reflected in a mirror that hangs in the shop window. Through the window we see the manager holding a telephone that is olive green like the shop's shelves and the letters of its name.

An old tramp  
moving along the  
sidewalk. Since we  
see him only from behind  
and since he has been broken

Manager, calling upward:  
"Do we have baby blankets in forest green?" Assis-



The camera moves in on a hedge. From a distance the hedge appears solid; the interwoven leaves—hazel, oak, holly, beech, ferns—weave a dense front; but they do not stop points of light from coming through; closer, these lightpoints are in the hundreds; a hand of hazel leaves moves aside; the little gap of blackness to the right of it; now we can see through the hedge; the patch of light on the far side is bounded and crisscrossed by twenty or so twigs at all angles; the view moves on through; reaches the window between twigs; opens into the field on the far side. In it Grfeen is walking away . . .

by age, he is unrecognizable. People overtaking him brush him aside; others are stationary or ambling and he has to shuffle around them. Ahead appear Dersey and Irimare strolling slowly, their arms full of shopping. The tramp is about to pass between them. Suddenly they incline inward to kiss each other. The tramp is already between them, with the result that his gray left cheek is kissed by Dersey, his right by Irimare. They are delighted. They take his arms and urge him aside into their house. They bustle around, full of “Make yourself at home” gestures, setting on chair arms biscuits and glasses of cordial which he neglects to pick up. Gradually Dersey and Irimare fade from the scene through doorways. The tramp stands on the gold carpet for a long time. The windows darken, curtains close themselves, and lights come on in chandeliers.

tant, high on a rack of textile goods: “Yes, sir. But someone’s been sleeping on them. Someone pretty dirty.”

Uncertainly he steps off again,  
and moves forward into a dark  
passage. He passes through  
several arches or doorways, each  
darker than the last, till he and  
the whole scene have moved into  
blackness.

Blackness.

Blackness.

Blackness.

Blackness.

Reminder: blackness is almost always, as now, eleven  
circle of vision.

And to make us feel this great enclosure of blackness  
ator in it, a line of light, so narrow that it does not  
self: if is the line of clash between an upper band of  
lower band of blackness. It is a perfect line (almost).  
wider, but it reminds us of sound—of a pure high  
which also seems to be a perfect line, to have no width,  
power.

We ache for the two jaws of the trap of blackness to  
the ache becomes a scream, thin and faint; the strands  
scream differentiate into a melody.

But after staring at this for a  
while we discern through it the  
face of Green, sleeping. The  
tramp gropes toward her. He  
gets down on his knees. He finds  
a lamp beside her head and  
switches it on. Gradually, moths,  
dragon flies, queen ants, crickets,  
stick insects, gather around the  
waxy chiaroscuro of her sleeping  
face.

The view grows. We see a waste-  
basket in which wilted nastur-  
tiums have been thrown. We also  
see that it is a hot night. Green is  
lying on her left side. A crum-

twelfths of the

there is an equi-  
seem white it-  
blackness and a  
It does not grow  
child's voice,  
hence its cutting

part; they do not;  
of the prenatal

pled sheet is arranged along the horizon formed by her right side, but her front is bare. Her navel lies squeezed like a sleepy eye. Blackfly from the nasturtiums crawl on her. The tramp kills them, and their blood spots her.

The view narrows to her belly as the tramp's grimy head bends toward it. Narrows to her sacred grove of hair. The tramp's fingertips appear in the valleys of her groins alongside, walk inward, alight on her labia, and pull them apart. closer, till the hairs are as large as tree trunks. Interstice. Daylight. Move through into a final landscape:

The sun bursts in our eyes and we swerve left to dodge it. We are traveling over yellow thorny terrain rolling gently upward to a horizon not far off. We maintain the direction but lunge from side to side for a reason that may not be obvious. It is the deviation of

. . . They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill  
That fast her tears began to flow,  
And she laid down her silken gown,  
Her golden rings and all her show.

She pluckéd off her high heeled shoes  
 A-made of Spanish leather O,  
 She would in the street with her bare bare feet  
 All out in the wind and the weather go.

bare feet, preferring the rock  
 where it is exposed in sheets and  
 slabs; avoiding the twigs, ground-  
 sel, pine needles, yuccas, geodes  
 and horse bones on the hotter  
 decayed rock in between. The  
 horizon is made of sandstone  
 knobs. We hit it, slow down, and  
 slip forward a few steps through  
 hollows and clefts, till there  
 opens into view a wide canyon  
 going past below. Red opposite  
 wall, veneered with the brown-  
 black of downwashes and the  
 blue-black of desert varnish; at its  
 base, sheets of sand, spread,  
 folded, pointed and trimmed by  
 the last flood, and crossed by the  
 tracks of one flock of sheep.

The view turns slowly to the  
 left. It sweeps a series of over-  
 hanging bays hollowed into the  
 red cliff by rock spalls. Each  
 enfolds a smooth pyramid of pale  
 orange sand: the wind, circling in  
 the bay, has heaped the sand, has  
 moated it from the cliff, and has  
 used it to scour the cliff deeper

It was late at night when the lord came home  
 Enquiring for his lady O.  
 The servants said on every hand  
 “She’s gone with the raggle taggle Gypsies O.”

for more sand. The view moves on, bay after bay. At last we see the largest of the dunes, but the farthest off. On its summit two naked people stand face to face, embracing. They are almost too far off to see, but they glare like candles against the violet shadow in the concave cliff towering behind them.

All along the wash, feathery tamarisks stir and tumbleweed rolls as the wind begins. The sand is set in motion and winds around the feet of the two people. While we watch, the sand builds up. They are motionless and unnoticed. It encases them to their waists; to their shoulders.

“O saddle to me my milk white steed

And go and fetch me my pony O  
That I may ride and seek my bride  
Who is gone with the raggle taggle Gypsies O.”

O he rode high and he rode low,  
He rode through woods and copses too,  
Until he came to an open field  
And there he espied his lady O.

“What makes you to leave your house and land,  
Your golden treasure for to go,  
What makes you to leave your new wedded lord  
To follow the raggle taggle Gypsies O?”

The high, powerful, untrained, cold, rough, clear voice, impersonal, or perhaps of an eighteen year old country girl singing the anthem at Harvest Festival in the choir of a stone church in the Cotswolds . . .

“What care I for my house and my land,

What care I for my treasure O,  
What care I for my new wedded lord?  
I'm off with the raggle taggle Gypsies O."

"Last night you slept on a goose feather bed  
With the sheet turned down so bravely O  
And tonight you'll sleep in a cold open field  
Along with the raggle taggle Gypsies O."

At last we see the face of the singer. She is a worn miserable old crone, holding out her hand to beg.

**"What care I for a goose feather bed  
With the sheet turned down so bravely O?  
For tonight I'll sleep in a cold open field  
Along with the raggle taggle Gypsies O."**

