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TREE



WINTER, 1974

NUMBER FOUR

TREE: 4

edited by David Meltzer / Winter 1974

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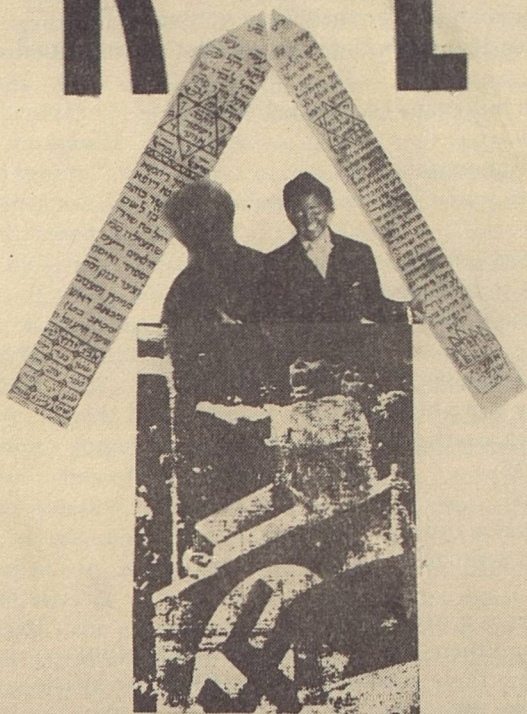
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TREE is issued bi-annually in the Winter and Summer of each year. All material is copyrighted by the authors and artists unless otherwise noted.

This issue of TREE owes its existence to the generous assistance provided by the Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines and Matthew Milos. The editor wishes to thank Zalman M. Schachter for his help and generosity in providing an abundance of useful & inspired materials. Deep thanks go to Marilyn Milos for providing the Lenny Bruce letter.



K L



This creature slouching into recognition—this ghost of languaging Rome. . . birthed in honor/horror of Caligula—benefitted from every fright of Latin Memory. . . scattering sounds into the tongues of conquered nations—“Cali”, as we have it straight out of the Old English Dictionary. . . “caligulism” meaning behavior invoking one of the most beastly of Roman Emperors—“Cali” fortified in the rub and tumble of European fear via “Caliph”. . . the term for Mohammed’s successors—yet “Calig” (with “g”) most centered in “caliginousness”. . . Latin reference to “dark”, “misty”, as “dimness of sight”—carrier of mists of alien/Arabian or other-worldly associations in the eyes of every beholder moved to ‘caw’ the “ca” and wail the “li” and choke upon the “g” stuck in his or her constricted throat.

No linguist would ‘pass’ the above assaying into language relationships. The makers of the O.E.D. would shun such rude usage of the carefully tended plot of their great dictionary. But linguists tend to ‘tidy-up’ the historical evolution of words as if their ‘rolls’ on tongues had been determined at a series of military board meetings—as if ‘wars’ of sounds were decided by authorities. . . ‘behind lines’ of their usage—as if soundings of language were an unhappy side effect to their ‘oh-so-proper’ ties to pages of bound and determinate books. And the makers of dictionaries trace ‘roots’ of language as if each word were to be found in the petrified forests of libraries. No!—words take to the air off launching pads made of desperate meat wagging variously as every human moved to speech—propelled by throats vomiting carbon dioxide shapes for each launch. . . smokes of sound fed by the most inner fires imaginable—individual cell fire *informing* every utterance. The choice among words learned, as each human moves to speech—the constriction of the throat. . . as flame thrower—the shaping of the tongue. . . taste monger—the particularities of the parting of the lips. . . opening the hatch of that tube whereby we ‘worm’ our way thru life—these choices of ‘stance’ for ‘breaking into speech’ are determined *cellularly*. *Think* of the slurs of all learned language and the warps of taught word which are necessary to each geographical location. The cells dictate the word to be slung so as to approximate the necessary *sound*. It is the vibration of these sounds which cause the cells to tremble.

“Cali”iiiiiiiiiii—said with enough abandon. . . forced beyond the ‘soft pedals’ and ‘stops’ of intellect. . . “Cali”iiiiiiiiiii will send chills up the spine. . . that spine which contains the aged cells of the body that do

not 'die out' every seven years—and on up the raised neck hairs to the top of the head. The central nervous system is carrier of these meannesses of sounds beyond all mumbly mouthing. It bathes in the vibrations of words directly and prompts each back-bark.

If the meaning of a sound be: "California, a state": the "Cali" of it will seem to attract every obscure and mist-terious religiosity The Nation has to offer. Backbones of caliginous nature will tend to congregate there in astonishing numbers. The sound will draw them; and they will shape the sound to sharpen their means and various meanings. They will say that Beauty attracts them; and many "Cali" words do spring from the Greek "kalos"/"beauty". A twenty-some century rot of meaning—honey laden—effects shift from "o" to an "i" that sounds as an "e". . . vowel Hell become—try "calisthenics", "caligraphy" in Greek comparisons. . . Shakespeare's "Caliban" intervening. . . down from Greece's "beautiful strength" and "beautiful writing" to current militaristic meanings and usages of engineering—"Beauty" itself, akin once to the Latin "Bonus" meaning "Good" does *now* more usually mean "pretty"; and "pretty" comes via Old English "trick".

Is there any 'trickier' word than "Beauty"?—any concept more prey to interpretation? . . . it almost a prayer in itself—for example: to Kali worshippers, the Hindu goddess Kali Ma (the Black Mother) is surely beautiful. She is the goddess of destruction and death. "Her idol is black, with four arms, and red palms to the hands. Her eyes are red, and her face and breasts are besmeared with blood. Her hair is matted, and she has projecting fang-like teeth, between which protrudes a tongue dripping with blood. She wears a necklace of skulls, her earrings are dead bodies, and she is girded with serpents. She stands on the body of Shiva. . ." as the Encyclopedia Britannica, 11th edition, describes her. Kali Ma mythed wife of mythic Shiva—he finding her eternally beautiful as opposite to himself. . . their domestic quarrels the pivot of the world's oldest religion—sure thus sets our stage to/for caligulous thought: what spouse hatched Dr. Caligari as opposite numen?

The "g"-string tightens up the throat—fortified by "a". . . "ga" aaaaaa—then rages into an "r". . . "gar!", which affords the same relief as its "aw go-on-with-you" meaning—"gar" the last gasp of gentle dis-belief. Add an "i"iiii to that and you have a scream again. The over-all emotive sound of this word "Caligari"iiii is then perfect structural model for every successful ghost story (formula for terror)

—“Cali” the engendered fear. . . ending on howl (via woman) of first threat (“i”/‘e’eee: first appearance of ghost)—“gar” that part of the story where intellect seeks to disprove the events of the first part. . . the dis-belief of ‘the hero’ (a ‘normal man’: gar!) or ‘his friend’ (usually skeptic: “er, ah!”)—“i”iiiiiii at the end the *deja vu* of echoing scream (which fixes each reader of see-er as gradual believer in ghosts. . . as surely as his heart beats faster, his breathing shallows, his hairs rise, hands clam, pupils dilate)—initiation of the ‘religion’ every ghost story seeks to be.

The structure (outlined above) as contained in sounding “Caligari” is, therefore, “High Mass” of the particular ‘cult’ called “Gothic story”—it is part of that generalized ‘religion’ known ordinarily as “narrative”; for nothing can so totally affect the physiology of audience as the ghost or horror story.

The heart may quicken in love story’s service, the penis may rise and vagina moisten subject to pornography, the eyes tear at sorrow’s tale; but the narrative of super-nature shakes the entire body and is the very foundation of every religion on earth! Every narrative is in the service of this ‘binding together’ which “religion” is—from Latin’s “religare”/“to bind back”. . . as in “gimme that old time”, etc.—“religare/Caligari. . . the arrangement of the story—any story—which suspends belief in one’s own senses. . . binding the attention to an invisible ‘string’ of words/sounds, acted actions, images. . . ‘ropes’ of air or shadow-play which hypnotise—spell-bind—have you ‘on the edge of the chair’, “unable to put it down”, as they say.

Who hatched this sound—“Caligari”—into contemporary meaning?. . . what priests loosed this string of syllables into prayer. . . which chief priest commissioned its images of desperate craft or—could it have been—Art? Was there an aesthetic to all this non-sense—this back-act—staged up front?. . . this that was to entertain most fearfully. . . certainly never meant to amuse; or was this ‘black mass’ of thought—taking shape as ‘religion’—simply benefactor of a German art renaissance?. . . like Catholic’s Byzantium, Goth, Italianate etcetera.

These chick/egg questions I’ll leave to you.
Here are the facts and biographs in the matter:

The great French author Stendhal meets an Officer Caligari at LaScala opera in Milan, remembers him, jots his name into a letter published later in a book quickly out of print—“Unknown Letters of Stendhal”—

(One of those volumes whose copies shift among the dust of used book stores. . . . a hidden treasure to all literati desperately searching for the "unavailable", obscurely 'theirs'.)

One Hans Janowitz, a Czech, a 'student of Prague', an infantry officer—returned from the front a fanatic pacifist—author who'd decided to devote his life to the denunciation of authority. . . . One Hans—with small boy's notion of 'doing good'—discovers Stendhal's book in 1919 Berlin. . . . the term "Officer Caligari" taking on immediate meaning to him—

(Hans' eyes having caught. . . . thumbing through the book—snagged at "Caligari" as a name most fit to signify a monstrous figure of his imagination.)

Prague, Janowitz' birthplace, had haunted German arts since 1913 when Hanns Heinz Ewers wrote the movie script "The Student of Prague". Paul Wegener directed its photography to the most medieval sections of the old town itself and, two years later, directed "The Golem" in its ancient Jewish ghetto. Prague was to European aesthetics then what the region of Transylvania was to become to the next generation, what Salem village had been to the 'new world' imagination: primal spook scene.

("Everything depends on the image, on a certain vagueness of outline where the fantastic world of the past meets the world of today": as Paul Wegener had envisioned it—)

Hans Janowitz identifying with Hanns Ewers—who'd cribbed his script "The Student of Prague" from medieval Faust legend, Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde", Edgar Allan Poe's "William Wilson", E.T.A. Hoffmann's "Das Abenteuer der Sylvester-Nacht", Chamisso's "Peter Schlemihl", etc.—

(Has identifying himself with the movie's 'student' who. . . . Faust-like—signs a pact with a 'devil' and loses his mirror reflection. . . . as Schlemihl thus lost his shadow—which leads from-then-on a 'shady' life of its own fulfilling all the evil that the hero had sought to eschew. . . . Hyde and Jekyll—until the student hero shoots his glassy doppelganger, thereby killing himself. . . . overall tone and reflection supplied by Poe and Hoffmann.)

Hans Janowitz idolizing Paul Wegener—whose craft and commercial success consisted in capturing shadowy likenesses and casting them back as reflections of Everyman's dream—

(Young Man making idol of himself. . . . Hans the 'chosen one'—to carry-on the tradition of his spooky 'home-town')

Young Hans Janowitz in 1913 Hamburg, strolling along the Holstenwall and

searching for a pretty girl he'd seen at the town fair—hears a woman's laughter. . . calling him onward into the darkened park—sees a young man enter the shrubbery before him. . . Hans The Voyeur of the sounds of their lovemaking—sees the young man finally leaving and then *feels* the presence of another. . . shadowy figure hidden like himself—glimpses this 'other'. . . who "looked like an average bourgeois",—as young poet Hans forever remembers him. . . rushing into the shrubbery also before Hans has an chance to move—

(Hans divided by the surest passion which splits human psyche. . . sex-block—leading to self-love. . . which always creates its 'other'—as Narcissus/his image. . . to love to death—

The next day's Hamburg newspaper headline: "Horrible sex crime on the Holstenwall! Young Gertrude. . . murdered." Hans still following the thought of 'the girl'. . . attending the funeral—sees his "average bourgeois" in the congregation. . . recognizing and being recognized by him—telling no one. . . 'till years later—

('till the creature of Hans' imagination—called "Caligari"—does bring them together again. . . him and his unseen self-love encoffined—in "The Cabinet"—held spellbound by the will of a murderer. . . a bourgeois minister of Death—the "Doctor"—in the normal tradition of Romantic literature. . . Heloise and Abelard, Tristan-Iseult, Romeo/Juliet, twisted into 20th century's homosexual setting of the Death-Love/self-love story straight at last—within "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari"—till Death do us bring together finally. . . all other/wiser Lovers vowing "till Death do us part.")

Adolescent Hans Janowitz going to war—infantry officer ordering other men to their death. . .

(Poetry 'giving way' to authority—poets becoming authors of prose. . . as Poe, Hoffman, La Faneu, etc. set the stage to scare the wits of countless congregations.)

Hans Janowitz, the homosexual, falling in love with Carl Mayer, Austria born in 1894 Graz, oldest son of a gambling father who loses his fortune at Monte Carlo and kills himself. . . leaving Carl—age sixteen—to care for his three younger brothers. . . Carl-the-mother, then, touring Austria selling barometers, singing for his supper, acting in provincial theatricals, sketching portraits—into his desperate adolescence—"till 'drafted' for the 'great' Austrian 'drive' to restore The Hapsburg Empire. . . World War One finally 'breaking' Carl—stepchild of the arts throughout his 'teens—leaving him under the care of a hated military officer psychiatrist.

Carl Mayer in post-war Berlin meets Hans. Both swap their stories, moods and affections—their affectations. . .

(modes of personal myth—Janowitz the doppelganger. . . seeking reality's 'other' in a film of his own making—Mayer the victim of psychiatric 'war'. . . battling authority of father/Dr.—etc. for his very sanity—Janowitz dreaming of making a film *with* Mayer his 'loved one'. . . the projection of *both* of them—Mayer thinking to try writing. . . the one art his childhood had not exhausted—Janowitz naming himself as "the father who planted the seed, and Mayer the mother who conceived and ripened it.")

Hans and Carl attend a street fair together. Carl urges his friend into a side-show titled "Man or Machine". They see before them a man of incredible strength. He bends iron. He lifts weights. He strains against every normal human limitations—muttering all the while. . . vague threats and broken syllables of beseeching prophecy—all as if in a stupor. . . moving mechanistically as 'the hypnotised' are bound to do—sleeping thru his every act. Hans and Carl have found their 'somnambulist': "Cesare"—un-crowned King. . . Everyman—to their thinking. His 'master'/"Doctor"?—in their minds—is Mayer's psychiatrist. . . as it is also Hans himself—in their relationship—who, had, after all, been 'an officer' in 'The War'. . . 'the girl'/"Jane"?—of their story—Hans' 'unseen murdered woman' or, perhaps, the dead mother of Carl. . . the hero "Francis" and his friend "Alan"?—themselves!

They create a 'good' Doctor also in this story—"Jane's" father—so that there is a 'double' for every major character. . . except for the heroine herself. They create a village called "Hollstenwall" in honor of the 'touchstone' experience of Hans. They imagine a 'fair' there with merry-go-rounds, side-shows, exhibits. . .

Carl Mayer writes it all down to filmic specifications and is delighted when Hans brings home the book with the perfect 'fit' of a name in it: "Caligari", yes!—"Dr. Caligari". . . The sound caught him; tho' he'd perhaps only thought thought to honor Stendhal—"anti-war" author. . . as he might have thought him—of "The Red and the Black".

(What Hans and Carl thought to show-forth—Cesare/common-man as sleeper turned killer by evil 'officialdom'. . . Caligari the bourgeois kaiser hypnotising 'the masses' to commit his wickedness—was *not* what these two scriptwriters were able to effect. Instead they demonstrated themselves—along a line of terrible paranoia. . . the desperate quirks of years of experiential frustration—their collective neurosis. They'd thought to 'right' a social 'wrong' with this film; but they created a script to prompt religious illustration—pictures

for the walls of lover's tombs. . . Narcissus' 'last stand'—shattering 'the church' of Romance: *thus* they were tricked into Art.)

Their script is read by commercial producer Erich Pommer—a young business-man. . . one with 'new' ideas—a man much 'given' to 'novelties'. . . later to 'produce' Fritz Lang's "Dr. Mabuse, the Gambler", "Nibelungen", "Metropolis" and Von Sternberg's "Blue Angel"—Pommer who founded Decla, one of the earliest post-war German movie-manufacturing 'empires'. . .

("Founder" perhaps a better term than "producer" for him—Pommer the mechanical bumbler. . . every gambling business-man IS—whose lack of actual work often masks his being. . . not quite there—Pommer leaving no trace of his Erich self. . . child's self—nothing upon the film. . . for identification—"producer" Robert Meinert, years later, claiming the same 'supervision' of this "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" which Pommer affects. . . the effect of neither man altogether clearly more than, finally, "Caligari's" guilt at the end of the film—)

Pommer says "Yes" to the script, and brags then later among show-biz cronies about his 'handling' of Hans and Carl: "They were talking 'art' to me. . . They wanted to experiment; and I wanted to keep the costs down. . ."

(Meinert or any equally able business-man could've/would've automatically made this same decision—the one which *most*. . . in classical accountant fashion—shaped the visual pieces of the film to its greatest mastery. . . that it be the starkest blacks and white cheap studio lighting can effect. . . that it be set archtypally by return of camera again and cyclically again to its very few scenes. . . that it be claustrophobically 'close' upon every limited event—)

Hans and Carl want Alfred Kubin to create the sets—Kubin, the famous Czech Romantic 'decadent' painter. . . another 'student of Prague'—creator of images of witch sabbaths and such canvasses as "The Way to Hell", "Black Flowers", etc. . . forerunners of Surrealism—that 'movement' *back*. . . stepping into Romance via Dreams—he in the Impressionist tradition of Ensor, Mucha and Redon. . .

(wandering thru ghetto streets of Prague—"possessed by an obscure force" . . . entering a tea-shop—"waitresses. . . wax dolls. . . moved by. . . mechanism . . . customers. . . phantoms. . . at the far end of the shop. . . its barrel-organ . . . a trap. . . a bloody lair wreathed in gloom. . . " as Kubin describes one of his afternoon strolls in "Die Andere Seite"—)

Pommers says "No" to Kubin—chooses studio designer Herman Warm instead—Warm the same age and commercial inclinations as Pommer. . .

a trustworthy interior decorator—Herman lending himself so well to other's budgets *and* aesthetic wishes he gets all the 'top jobs'. . . 'knocking off' some of the best scenery 'movies' commissioned—marks out studio 'flats'. . . later for Pabst. . . "The Loves of Jeanne Ney"—for Carl Theodore Dreyer. . . "La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc" and "Vampyr"—without once leaving a trace of any interfering Self—. . . style of whomever coming thru him/'sieve to water'—good old Herm. . .

("The cinema image must become an engraving"; and it was *because* the cinema absolutely could *not* become thus that Herman Warm's attempted 'failure' succeeds as Expressionistic art—each graveur set-to destroyed by every movement in the act. . . the slightest gesture breaking into Herman's scenery as if this film were a succession of shattering mirrors—)

Herman Warm brings in two painter friends of his to help him out: Walter Rohrig—later to work with F.W. Murnau. . . "The Last Laugh", "Tartuffe" and "Faust"—and Walter Reimann. . .

("Walter"—Germanic for "army of dominion". . . Rohrig dominating even Murnau's "Faust"—his blackening visions abstract as thought itself. . . steering "Caligari"—as "Faust" later—into Concept. . . i.e. it is *his* 'baby', visually, above all others—)

Herman thinks Reimann to be the essential influence—writes: "We spent a whole day and part of the night reading through this very curious script. We realized that a subject like this needed something out of the ordinary in the way of sets. Reimann, whose painting in those days had Expressionist tendencies, suggested doing the sets Expressionistically. We immediately set to work roughing up designs in that style. . .

("Expressionis-tic-ly"). . . *this* commerce talking—"roughing up designs" . . . i.e. "knocking 'em out" with 'cookie cutter' commercial mentality—making "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" function as if it were 'the terrible machine' it finally makes itself to be. . . 'at one' with its own automatic process of coming into being—)

Pommer wants famous Fritz Lang as 'director'. Young Lang, more known as 'scriptwriter' in this time of his living, begins immediately rewriting "The Cabinet" to fit his own soulful sense of worldly goings-on. . .

(that the original story be 'framed' by a beginning and ending which 'sets-off' Hans/Carl's intentions as "crazy". . . the Janowitz and Mayer plot seen by Fritz Lang as "tale told by an idiot. . . signifying nothing"—other than their 'communism' and attendant sense of 'social danger' be Paranoia. . . best dealt-with as singular self's delusion—to be pictured within the film as the insanity of the hero's/Francis' 'mooning' for ephemeral heroine/Jane. . . '

... "What I have experienced with her is still stranger than you have encountered. I will tell you."—"iris-in" to Holstenwall. . . horrors later returning to Fritz Lang's 'happy ending'—whereas 'the true' Caligari, a kindly psychiatrist, announces he believes he can cure poor Francis, viz. . . now that "at last I recognize his mania"—)

Pommer says "Yes" to Lang's vox populi re-write. . .

(this—a normal business-man's decision—made a 'cesarian' of this film. . . its 'left wings' clipped. . . wrongs 'righted', 'middling well'—Pommer/whom-ever ironically effecting that perfect balance to this "Caligari"-script which permits its ultimate art. . . that it be shaped most finally by the automatic system it was written to expose—Pommer being no human there to thwart 'the process' making this film of itself. . . that Cesare and Dr. Caligari have equal presence throughout—homage to Julius Caesare/'classical man' AND his modern counter-part kaisar/Caligari. . . all in the eyes of the film's mad-men—the singularly split personae of Hans and Carl.)

Fritz Lang quits—forced to complete his serial film "The Spiders" instead of directing the script he'd re-written to suit himself.

Pommer hires Robert Wiene in his stead—a Dr. Robert Wiene. . . (who adds authenticity's final 'touch'—Wiene's father having suffered insanity . . . his father—a famous actor. . . ending his life in that ultimate 'act' insanity IS—)

Dr. Robert Wiene hires Werner Krauss, as Caligari, and chooses Conrad Veidt for the somnambulistic 'roll' of Cesare. . .

(directing his attentions from then on to 'reining-in' the broad theatrical gestures of all these stage-trained 'stars'—flinging their arms as if to 'the balcony'. . . each slightest grimace just naturally made to impress those sitting in 'the last row'—)

Krauss and Veidt both exponents of Max Reinhardt aesthetics. . . (the psyche of Max hovering over all of this film production—Reinhardtian fanstay in every shift of feature. . . the exaggerations of Hitler being born in these 1920's Max Reinhardt theatricals—"insanity!" surely to Dr. Wiene the essential 'realist'. . . struggling with 'the ghost' of his father.)

The script is thus staged, shot, cut—film strips tinted. . .

(blue—flickering over all photographed whites. . . as if they were flashes of light off gun-metal—blues, greens. . . 'sherwood' greens making caves of every shadow, jungle greens dripping through the blackened paths of Expressionist sets—and earthen browns. . . sepias. . .)

The advertising department finally gets a completed film to distribute! (The ad hacks of Decla were surely the first in the world to recognize "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" as a religious experience. . . advertising it thus. . . in gothic type: "You Must Become Caligari!")

Hans and Carl hate the film. They quarrel with each other about it—separate some time later. . .

(Hans Janowitz not to be 'heard from' much again—until he publishes his memoirs years hence.)

Carl Mayer 'goes on' to become the most famous script-writer in the history of film—especially known for his collaborations with F.W. Murnau. . . "The Last Laugh", "Tartuffe, the hypocrite", and "Sunrise"—script-writing also Ruttman's "Berlin, the symphony of a great city". . .

(Mayer working throughout his life under the influence which "Caligari"—having a life of *its own*—exerts on every film. . .)

'till his death in war-time England, 1944.

(Other 'sets' of men, doubling their neuroses, collaborated on film to further the particularities Hans Janowitz and Carl Mayer hatched from 'scratch'. . .)

Hans Richter and Victor/Viking Eggeling—good friends of no homosexual attachment—'charged' abstract 'object' with personality-split. . . Eggeling's death in 1921 causing a 'haunted' Richter to create a half-dozen films wherein 'the object' behaves as if it were 'the sleeper' incarnate—animated film itself, then, 'the hypnotiser' which effects some 'dance of death' or other. . . comically in "Ghosts Before Breakfast". . . with desperate frenzy in "Everything Whirls/Everything Revolves"—all Richter's actual object movements dominated absolutely by Eggeling's *master-piece* "Symphony Diagonal";

and Watson/Webber. . . Dr. James Sibley Watson and Melville Webber of Rochester, N.Y.—lovers made desperate by homosexual guilt—created the greatest films yet *directly* inspired by "The Cabinet". . . it seen by them as the absolute trap of their circumstance—its images re-cast in 'mirrors' of their own most personal want. . . shaped to U.S.'s sex/intellect desperation in their version of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Fall of the House of Usher". . . formed of guilt itself in their Biblical personally prophetic Armageddon "Lot in Sodom": —Melville Webber's death mid-1930's ending Watson's life-in-film as surely as the death of 'the somnambulist' ends 'the dream' career of Caligari.)