strange grown daughter.

"I frankly don't mind her at all, Polly" (a great concession)

"it's all right if you...you two...the two of you...are different,
and have found your nest. Maybe to rise in our cities as a young
woman there is a difference...a great difference. You rise
high enough you got to change..."

"What you think is that I'm a lesbian. I'm not a lesbian.
Lesbians make me puke a little. Not a lot, but a little."

"You're not?" Mr. Buck is startled, but then he's very happy. "You're not?"

He starts giggling, even slaps his knee.

Her mother is in the background, talking to Larry Lynn.
The two of them get on well enough, now the man's not there,
and Polly and her father look at them.

"She's only my great...wonderful friend. She's my fat

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Now our vision is distorted. It is the grainy brown view as Altman did in "McCabe and Missus Miller."

There is a view grainy and sometimes bright when one speaks.

We hear Polly's, young piano.

Jimi Hendrix plays the guitar as a very young lad. His father Al is strumming the broom right next to him.

Polly climbs a light pole to the tune of Bessie Smith. There is a great lightning storm and Polly is working with her big screwdriver. The ocean is

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A piece of the lash of lightning hits her helmet and it flies off. She keeps working, but her hair gleams as with a neon yellow with sparks going off. Another large spark comes off the connection in the big wires. These wires run about 5000 volts now. Below her is a waterfall the Cascade Mountains, and a fall of water as big as Niagra.

The men in the first scene, in their little 25-foot craft, are thrown overboard by a tremendous wave. Beer cans and fishing rods are going everywhere. Over this we hear the strumming of Barry Hannah, Junior, on his wonderful guitar.

Willie Nelson sings, with Waylon Jennings, "A Whiter Shade of Pale."

The ocean, the lightning are so loud they almost take over the ears.

Cornelia is seen healthy and slimmer. She has a great smile as she takes her smock away and shows her bodmy to a man with a beard. He sees her lean back against he black set of his Triumph and he takes down his jeans. Thank God this a clean movie, or we would see his great stiff ugly penis.

We see as pretty 3-14 pet with no co-pilot, just

Paring with high waves. A walros rides the Ruth, wearing no helmet because she's so low. The F-14

comes down to the raging water and slows perilously as if it's going to ditch. Then we look at Ruth's fac. Water and lightning is so close to her in the view outside the cockpit.

The belly touches the water. The wings touch the water.

Low is reading from his novel. He is healthy and Maureen is holding his hand. The storm of the water touches the shores of Japan, the two atomic bombs at Hiroshima and Nagasaki go off very silently behind them, and they are art in the air.

Maureen has lost weight. She leaves Lou and begins dancing next to the giant crane. There is no dream now. Everything is straight back to cinema verite. Lou reads his novel. It is so fucking niggerish and mystic nobody can understand it but Lou and Maureen, who are smiling. We like Maureen touching her breasts and making love humping motions toward the crane and the great blue sky. But the works are incomprehensible. Lou is Los himself.

Robbie walks in the house from National Guard duty and sees his mother Angel and Fritz Walls making love. They're not just making love. It's sordid, almost worse than the bomb. Fritz thrusts in

Angel's rectum and he calls out, finally says something:
"Eat my come!" Angel takes his penis in hand and merrily swallows, the spurting semen.

Next scene is quiet. We look at the ants going about their busy, busy work in the tunnels against the glass. Angel is in her work clothes, Robbie is im his underwear, but his belt and pistol are hanging around his hairy white loins.

Angel says:

"They re all doing something. They re so—"

"They re all busy for the queen. Mom. Mom.

You. You used to be my queen."

"Ism just. I'm a person, a woman."

Robbie brings out the gun and fires it straight at the queen in the glass house. The canals collapse and the ants are all over the buffet. We look a long while at the ants on the buffet, and the sand and broken glass

And

Ladies and Gentlemen: Polly Buck

Polly is looking at the wreck of her boat in the dock. Lesbian is written all over it a thousand times, big and small.

Mennet fried