

# Joefiles 2

B E Y O N D

Well, here I am again. It's my second collection of poems in nearly 10 months. Many things have changed in my life over this time span, but my love of poetry hasn't diminished in the least. I still get the same charge out of poetry I did when I began doing poetry on a daily basis those 10 months ago. It has continued to be my outlet to let myself and those close to me know the way I feel about myself, my relationships, friendships and the world around me. Yes, yes indeed many things have changed since my last book, but my fervor and enjoyment of poetry continues to burn or escalate in its intensity.

This time around, I didn't make it my aim to complete 100 poems before I compiled another offering of my poetic thoughts. It stopped at 95 poems. I have also included some of my own art and other pieces that will make this more than another poetry book. This leads to the meaning behind the title of this new collection of poetry, which is called "Beyond". The reason behind this title means that I have gone beyond my expected bounds in this book and in my personal life as well. I hope that "Beyond" continues to be a catch phrase that I can feel comfortable with. I never want to stop growing as an individual. Mentally, spiritually and emotionally I expect "Beyond" to be an important word as I get the finishing touches on this new anthology completed.

So, that does it. You have the unedited scoop on my new collection "Beyond". I will continue to write poetry and find enjoyment in translating my ideas from the blood and flesh of my brain to the screen of my PC. More poetry will come and my printer will be following right behind. T H A N K S.

B E Y O N D

Hurdling the peak,  
    kissing the rising moon, while I christen the setting sun.  
Smashing events and elevations dilute my mixture.  
    Facing the music,  
I strap on my invisible ear phones.  
    Distortion that awaits destruction.  
I pull out my weapons,  
    post my warnings,  
advancing into the dust storm.  
    Wish me luck...  
Throw me a rosary,  
    pat me on the shoulder.  
Life's giving me all it has,  
    I look to the light,  
the dark seeks the hidden cracks.  
    Leaving the scene---  
only to return in newly strewn blue skies.  
    Give me it all,  
all at once,  
    in the stark.  
Fear is not the quest,  
    capturing is a must.  
Watch my style,  
    marvel at the results...  
Knocking on the door---  
    Opportunity or adversity?

-

Now is the fight.

No phone call,  
    disrespect from a sweet source.  
I ponder the mindset of those that disregard respect.  
    The dumbfounded frolic & travel in groups.  
Reddening madness plants my cognitive weeds.  
    I have too much distress for emancipation.  
Restitution is a must,  
    effort is needed.  
Look into the light,  
    eradicate the darkness.  
Be gone trash...  
    Today is the time.  
Isn't there any respect for the angry?

Seal me up,  
    strap me silent,  
whiplash my efforts,  
    treat my wisely.  
No sorrow for the songbird.  
    Wag money over my wanton desire.  
I relish...  
    ...you gnash.  
No more time in wastelands.  
    Opportunity is a must.  
Material things fly my way,  
    axioms greet by corner.  
Turn into the sunshine alley.  
    All is open &

free in pools of buttons and ribbons.

?^5g\*ø²55 or adversity?

-

Now is the fight.

Yesterdays are yesterdays,  
the past has paid its bills---  
Future events, dreams and seascapes remain that way.  
The sands of the hourglass spank my irises.  
I clutch onto the finality and chomp on the bit.  
Swallowing the health,  
wasting the smudge.  
Accidents come,  
Accidents go...  
Perseverance is the mark and goals roam in the cracks.  
Reveal my ways,  
Look me in the eye...  
Hello, western sun rise---  
Dawn is my companion.

Alone I sit wowing myself with tricks of the trade,

Halogen here,

Nitrogen there,

Oxygen everywhere.

Pelting the proximity,

melting the silence,

creating manic maneuvers.

Axioms incognito--

Laughter

Pain

Glory--

Melting into the pot of unforeseen thought.

Mixing the stew of choice,

creating panic in stricken foyers.

Ask all

Ponder infinity.

The mind begins again.

Glory--

Melting into the pot of unforeseen thought.

Seal me up,  
    strap me silent,  
whiplash my efforts,  
    treat my wisely.  
No sorrow for the songbird.  
    Wag money over my wanton desire.  
I relish...  
    ...you gnash.  
No more time in wastelands.  
    Opportunity is a must.  
Material things fly my way,  
    axioms greet by corner.  
Turn into the sunshine alley.  
    All is open &

free in pools of buttons and ribbons.

or adversity?



Yesterdays are yesterdays,  
    the past has paid its bills---  
Future events, dreams and seascapes remain that way.  
    The sands of the hourglass spank my irises.  
I clutch onto the finality and chomp on the bit.  
    Swallowing the health,  
wasting the smudge.  
    Accidents come,  
Accidents go...  
    Perseverance is the mark and goals roam in the cracks.  
Reveal my ways,  
    Look me in the eye...  
Hello, western sun rise---  
    Dawn is my companion.

In the dusk of the hour,  
    I came crawling in through the door.  
She asks, "Are you the one?"  
    I say, "Why, yes."  
Silence falls over the drafty night air.  
    In another moment I find out my task,  
will she love me or leave it alone?  
    All these questions flutter in disguise.  
Again, she asks another question.  
    I answer, "Yes, I will stay."  
She winks,  
    I abide....  
End of story.

Alone,

Anxious,

Fearless.

My two-legged horse smiles at my abode.

I toss out my toothpick & contemplate another journey.  
Eagerly awaiting another blinding mystery.

I'm content with the picture before my eyes,  
although I revel in the glory.

I alone feel desolate for all those unwelcome.

Company in hidden spheres of my mind.

I laugh,  
they wonder.

Worries I care not to include in my book of Philosophy.  
Principles driven by purity,  
different paths branching into space.

Childhood,

Teen years,

Adulthood.

The wheel keeps spinning.

No fifth,  
no even an eighth.

Comfort in my runway.  
Gallant as a fox,  
baffling continues...

Out of my way--

Another episode of "Drunk on Life" is about to begin.

racism,

look past sexism.

Jitterbug twists,  
    allegorical leaps--  
Enthusiastic turns--  
    Breathtaking feats--  
Out of the doldrums--  
    Into the vast expanse...  
Time has taken its toll,  
    rolling into cajoling.  
Ask why?  
    Pay a dime.  
No sly jives in my book of rhymes.  
    Come head on,  
be straight forward.  
    I age, grow and mature...into emphatically accepting and denying  
you.

Monday. February 27, 1995

Dear Debbie,

I again am so sorry it has taken so long to get back with you. It has been a couple months and I haven't forgotten you at all. I have been extremely busy with my sports editor position, I have included some samples of my word for you to enjoy. It feels great to be writing you again. As you can tell, I am writing this letter via a computer. It is my new toy to enjoy. I recently went out and purchased this great computer. It is absolutely amazing. I can do assignments, write letters, balance my checkbook, play games, and talk with other people around the country through my modem. I also have the prodigy service, have you heard about it? It is all absolutely live. It includes sports, news, weather, you can shop on it, there is business information, I can talk to people, and send E-Mail. It is really amazing. Do you have a computer of you own?

I guess I have mentioned that I have been very busy working at the paper, at the grocery store, dating around, going to school and hanging out with my friends. It has all been so great, but I hardly get a chance to sit back and relax. I actually like it that way, I just wish I could have written you sooner. Hey, it is for sure, KCI is the airport and I will anticipate you in 1995. Whenever you needs flight rates and all that information don't hesitate to ask me. Also, thanks for calling to wish me Merry Christmas, I had a great one, I hope you did as well.

Well, we just had about a week's worth of beautiful weather, but winter has returned with cold weather and the rain/snow. I can't wait for spring to come, I'm a warm weather person. In one of my columns in my sports section you can see how I look now. I have pretty long hair, and I really like it this way. I think that picture is the best anyone has ever taken of me in my life. By the way, are you getting all the information surrounding the O.J. Simpson case there in Italy? If you are, I'm sorry. If you aren't, feel fortunate. It is turning out to be one big media joke here in the States and most people are really getting sick of all this coverage of this over-exposed case. Well, my Spanish classes are going really well this year and I'm gaining confidence that I can take Italian soon thereafter and be relatively successful because of the close correlation between the two. Hopefully it will be easy for me. Anyway, I'm glad I am finally getting the chance to write you and send you some of my articles. Again, I'm sorry and I send only my American-Italian best to you and your family. Write me soon and let me know how you have been. I am anticipating you response, as always.

From your devoted American friend, all my best,

you at all. I have been extremely busy with my sports editor position, I have included some samples

Listening to the harpsichord play,  
    endlessly---  
Dreaming of adulthood,  
    contemplating boyhood.  
Crackling in midnight fires,  
    slithering in phlegm heading for the stomach.  
Ignore the wanton smile,  
    no manic in this corner.  
Toss me a towel,  
    shout directions---  
Expel the disease---  
    I crawl into better days.  
Thinking of the shattered pieces---  
    It hurts in worldly terms,  
But, tonight...It feels so right.

Palpable as a river,  
    as real as the sea...  
Come by my way.

Walking near water's edge,  
    seeking loaded moments in a straight gaze.  
Come love me dream lady,  
    enjoying the career light.  
Little children whisper my name.  
    Grasp the whole,  
today is all we have---  
    The rapture in natural and preternatural movements.  
Flick the bic,  
    light my way...  
The other side is desired.  
    Danger is all-around in flatliner's roulette.



Much awaited,  
    anxious parts floating in the unknown vacuum.  
Come to me,  
    explore pleasures from the hip.  
Out of the cold and dark corridors---  
    Doldrums spinning without motors,  
faith beyond belief.  
    Pile me a stack a mile high.  
Smell the natural aroma,  
    smile into infinite corners.  
I grasp onto the way, the truth and the light.  
    No response...  
Then ringing,  
    picking-up the phone...no response.  
Another day, month or year...  
    Another phone call...  
Someone on the other end---  
    No prankster,  
no call waiting,  
    Divine Intervention..  
God Given Goods delivered.  
    -Thanks-

Dip me in knowledge & give me a ring.  
The light will embrace my  
heart

body  
&

soul.

Come to my side,  
forget the anger,  
I chase after the vision.  
Into love  
life

&

the pursuit of peace of mind.  
Little children, gel into one.

Purity blinding virgin eyes.  
    Hobbling into eternal H2O.  
Asking the Sky God for guidance.  
    Replying Greeks were myth,  
I seek for the answer,  
    churning new latitudes of questions.  
Washing the sweet liquid from my crevices.  
    I reach for the heat & cool---  
Hypnogogic lights flash a greater realm.  
    I awaken,  
nature screams to awaken my right side,  
    I advance,  
Listen...  
    Find a spacious hole,  
Into the light--  
    Be gone lonely night.  
I embark in the distance.  
    Bottle in hand--The Waterfall refreshes my inching.

Cranberry snakes slither into my thoughts,  
my soul is overtaken by enemy amoebas.  
Accept the reality &

I'll congratulate yours.

Rolling into dawn,  
conquering quests of never ending myths.

Questions attack the barrier,  
answers wait behind white sheets.

Itching to speak,  
desiring sleep.

I roll into a new platter---  
For now....I have no idea.

Remove the rotating wheel leaving behind black dust,  
    enter the modern realm of anticipating delusions.  
Entrances riddle the begotten souls,  
    exits remain demented alternatives.  
Into the light,  
    out of the night.  
Sight with all my might.  
    Trying to smell the unseen amenities.  
I steal a thought worth contemplation.  
    Release the fury,  
cuddle the anger.  
    Worthy of one moments thought.  
Out of the dungeon,  
    into lit chambers.  
The highway is seen in distant lands---  
    Truth is the illumination in us all.

White collar

Blue collar

-Madness.

Bourgeoisie

Proletariat

-Never ending class conflict.

L.A.

Pensacola

-Powerful borders united by rights.

Black

White

Native-American

Asian

-Differences dipped in eternal springs.

Today

Tomorrow

Yesterday

-Thoughts taking flight incognito.

Trippin' on through the darkness,  
singing to unknown midnight gales,  
relishing in knowledge not present.

The weak one.

Not worthy, true or honest.

Muddling in backward gully's.

Muttering ignorance.

No key's to the chambers,  
out in the cold.

Find a coat,

try a little---

No one likes a jack leg.

o the edge of the cliff.

Open the window & take a snip

February 16, 1995

To whom it may concern,

I would first off all like to thank the "REENTRY WOMAN OF THE YEAR" committee for selecting me as a candidate for this dubious honor. My road to completing my associates degree has been a long and hard one. This is my third time returning to school in hopes of competing my degree requirements for my specified area, art. My current drive to finish school was heightened by a divorce I went through. After 12 years of being married I have a 13-year old son, Dustin, and a more heightened awareness of how important a college education really is. Basically I want to better myself and give my son what I love, my art. I've always had a burning desire to carry out my artistic desires. In my secondary school years I took every art class offered and hoped to continue my artistic ambitions, but wasn't able to return to school due to extenuating circumstances.

I have been a resident of Liberty since I was three-years-old. This is home to me, I love my son and family and find certain family members as role models. I have always looked up to my mother and also my grandfather for his artistic abilities. After those 12 years of marriage, I got involved in a Family Self Sufficiency Program and returned to school in hopes of completing my degree. There have been many people there to help me through the strife along the way and provide me motivation to move on.

First of all, my good friend Janet Weaver gave me much courage to return to school and give me the desire to work hard. Through a futures program I met a man named Bob Stone, who also instilled in me more hope and desire that was needed. To give you an example of the kind of family I have let me tell you about an auto accident that I was in last year. After the accident, my car wasn't drivable and I was desperate to get to school and back everyday. We ended up having to juggle one car between my family and my parents and brother. It was extremely tough rotating a car between three people that needed to use the car for school and work, but it was worth it.

Already I have put my artistic creations down on paper. I was proud to produce a logo for the Housing Authorities in the Family Self Sufficiency Program. This summer I did some community work at the senior center and loved the people and the experience as a whole. After graduation I'm thinking about going into Geratives with my art experience and help the elderly.

In closing, I am really proud of how far I have actually come in my life and all the people I have met. I thank God and my son who give me the strength to carry on my aspirations and daily life.

Cordially Yours,

Julie Cundiff



Walking by,  
    smirking endlessly---  
No toothless Neanderthal here.  
    Come my way---  
Lay on the truth,  
    waltz in my shadow.  
Cry no river.  
    Expel no negative sentiments.  
Palpable as a river,  
    as real as the sea...  
Come by my way,  
    lift my curiosity,  
throw me a parachute,  
    Las Chuletas...wait a while.

Gliding my dreamscapes,  
    memorizing my mind waves.  
Reminiscing in invisible vibes.  
    Bringing recall to the forefront--  
I awake,  
    He's not there...Again.  
Just one more time to rekindle our hopes.  
    Reality hits--  
No clearance,  
    I visit the grave plot,  
Say my hello, good-bye, how it is and how it was.  
    The sun sets....Again.  
I smile on his preternatural movement,  
    something is working in sonic bursts.  
Again...I'm thankful.  
    Hey buddy, come back anytime....

Mr. Don Motley  
Executive Director  
Negro League Baseball Museum  
1601 East 18th St.  
Kansas City, Mo. 64108-1646

Dear Mr. Motley,

Here is the copy of the University News that you requested. The article of interest is on the bottom of page 10. I must say that this was one of the most enjoyable articles that I have ever had the chance to write. Thanks for your time and keep up the good work in the museum.

Cordially Yours,

Joe Dimino, Sports Editor-University News



Sprout Sprout Sprout

Give me life,  
renew my desires.

Kindle my hopes.

No waves for those scorching my delving.

Rawness

Reality

Creativity...

My credence leads to inexplicable happiness.

Alternative ways that appear normal in my point-of-view.

Shields on their mounds---

Loving hatred tossed like used thoughts.

All I desire is my fullness in human motion.

No ignorant complexities from irritating motions.

Accept the period---

Don't litter on my campsite.

Grow Grow Grow, glorious octopus in my head.

Clutch the galvanized beauty,  
    escape the dark hole.

Coalesce young children.  
    Into the clutches,  
out of the doldrums,  
    skid into the ranks.

Life

    Family

        One....

No more instigating,  
    squabbles are horseplay.

Give change a chance,  
    absolutism is the way.

No abstinence,  
    trying is half the challenge.

Peripheral adventures are abound.

**On March 28, 1931, Pete Summers,** was born into this world. Living through the end of the great depression, Pete became very gifted with the talent of playing the drums. His father, Pete or Elmer, taught my father how to play this instrument. During my father's younger years, a war broke out, the Korean War. People that lived in his small hometown of Henrietta, Mo. was either joining the military or getting drafted for the war. My grandfather tried once in his lifetime to join the Marine Corps., but didn't pass the physical due to a high pitch hearing loss in one ear. So, when people were getting drafted for the Korean War, Pete decided to join the military to become a Marine.

In order to avoid losing the benefits of being drafted, Pete went on ahead and joined the Marines outright. February 26, 1952, Pete joined the Marines. Thus leaving Kansas City, Mo. on the Union Pacific with Los Angeles, California as his destination. He then boarded the Santa Fe train. When he arrived in San Diego, Pete and a host of others were loaded into military trucks. They were then on their way to the San Diego Marine Corps. base. At the Marine Corps. base in San Diego, Pete and the rest of the men were starting a new journey. A living hell for nine weeks. Most commonly called boot camp. After witnessing the experiences of the other men getting in trouble with the drill sergeant in boot camp, Pete became a Marine thinking his day of graduation would never come.

Pete once said, "I never felt sorry for a man in my whole entire life." Apparently in the beginning of his training in boot camp, one of the men in his platoon told the drill sergeant, while tapping the drill sergeant on the shoulder, "I will be running this joint in a few weeks." As Pete shrieked and shriveled, he never saw a man get worked so hard in his entire life. After he graduated from boot camp, he was then a Marine. Pete worked in the warehouse for the Marine Corp. in the shipping and receiving department. He worked there until he stumbled upon his love. Playing the drums.

Pete found a job playing the drums for a weekly television and radio show. Playing the open timpani when the show was aired. Pete just couldn't get enough of the talent he was developing, so he volunteered the first sectional band. This band was a marching band that toured all over the United States. Pete said he wanted to go for the real thing. That real thing was the Marine band. Knowing he was good enough to play in the Marine band, he went for an audition, thus chasing his dream. He failed by virtue of the fact that he couldn't read sheet music.

After a few months of working with the television and radio station, not letting loose of his dreams, he had a second chance at the television and radio station. A man named Roy Blank, a member of the Marine band, became interested in Pete's playing ability. Having no music on hand, Roy asked Pete to play a simple drum solo. After thirty seconds, Roy had heard enough and went on to ask him to join the band. Pete's dream had finally been realized.

No one realized Pete didn't know how to read music because he played by ear. Pete practiced in the middle of the night on guard duty with rifle rods and trash cans keeping him company. After achieving his most cherished goals of being a Marine and a member of the prestigious band, Pete felt as though this was indeed the happiest time of his life.

After practicing with the Marine band, he got geared-up for his first ever performance with the band. Pete recalled this information as though it happened just yesterday. He said it was the third week in August. There were three bands that were going to gather for the gala. The

Marine band, the First Sectional band and the television\radio band. A 120 piece marching band assembled for the opening event. They were about to play at the Los Angeles Coliseum for the Los Angeles Rams and Washington Redskins half-time show.

The half-time finally came and the band marched out onto the field playing Simpafidella. Pete said the whole coliseum gave them a standing ovation as they marched across the field. At that moment, Pete said he had made it. When the half-time was about to come to a close, the 120 piece band performed the Star Spangled Banner. Again, the band received another heart felt standing ovation.

Later on, Pete stayed with the band and traveled across the country some more. Pete was afforded the opportunity to be stationed in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. He had the opportunity to joined the most acclaimed Marine marching band, but decided to pass up the chance. As February 25, 1955 approached, his tour with the Marine Corps. was about to come to a close. He decided to not re-enlist.

He was discharged as a Gunny Sergeant from the Marine Corps., although he continued a successful career in music. He traveled with great jazz bands like Stan Kenton throughout his career. Long after his playing days had ended, Pete received a lofty payoff. He was inducted into the Kansas City Jazz Hall of Fame.

In conclusion, I can truly stand proud and say my father used his abilities productively and lived out his dreams.



Scribbling in a new realm,  
I revel in matter beyond barriers.  
Squaks bleed into Amsterdam.  
Extreme lands touch my imagination.  
Credence escapes my ecstasy.  
Crab into the corner,  
turn off the lights.  
Let thoughts fly &  
waddle into the whole unit.  
Millions of species meander into different fields.  
My mind leaps into a new dimension.  
Cry no more and examine the afterthoughts.  
I bless the enrichment &  
refuse the nothingness.  
Walk into my cracked light &  
lay down othe table those thoughts beyond flight with unknown  
qualities.

"The words got me the wound and they will get me well, if you believe it."  
Jim Morrison, 1974

"In order to get at any truth about myself, I must have contact with another person. The other is indispensable to my own existence, as well as to my knowledge about myself."

Jean-Paul Sartre

"To be nobody-but-yourself in a world which is doing its best, night & day, to make you everybody-else means to fight the hardest battle which any human being can fight, and never stop fighting."

e e cummings

"Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred. Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force."

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

"All men naturally desire knowledge."

Aristotle

"Our new Constitution is now established, and has an appearance that promises permanency; but in this world nothing can be said to be certain, except death and taxes."

Ben Franklin

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."

Thomas Jefferson

"I'm an honest man. I know nothing."

Joe Dimino

Hey Biff, I'm enjoying some jiff.  
    How nifty.  
Don't push me to the edge of the cliff.  
    Open the window & take a sniff,  
don't mock & gaff...  
    Swim in the myth,  
So, grab your love & enjoy the riff...

Ramparts unseen by our breed,  
    battles fought by needs.  
Many a soldier went on to bleed---  
    Asian countries driven by greed.  
Men having a creed,  
    living out a deed.  
A message the masses were to heed,  
    by rulers itching to lead.  
Women released the seed,  
    while vet toked-up the stories like burning weed...  
As generations young & old wonder while they read.

### Script Concept for Project # 3: "The Social Retard"

The premise behind this script is to follow the travels of this one social nerd. This is a script that has a fully developed concept, but the dialogue will develop along the way. The cast of characters will include: Mike (social nerd), Jon (victim) and Michelle (Jon's date). This will take place in one day and revolve around Mike driving Jon and Michelle crazy. It will all begin when Mike moves into Jon's apartment complex. The morning Mike moves in he is hauling stuff up some steps to his apartment. At the same time Jon is getting ready to go to work. Mike will then drop a head of cabbage that Jon will pick-up and give back to him. Mike gets all happy and decides to follow Jon throughout the day.

First, he follows Jon to work immediately after their encounter and when Jon tells Mike that he has to go to work. After Mike thoroughly bothers Jon he asks all kind of questions, including what Jon is doing that evening. Jon mentions that he has a date with a first date he is very excited about. We then cut to the part of the date when Jon and Michelle get back to the apartment, get cozy on the couch and pop in the movie. They then hear a series of loud knocks at the door. When they answer the door, it is Mike wanting to come in and hang out with the couple. Jon and Michelle try to be nice and let him in. Then the escapade will begin. Mike bothers the couple to go get something to eat, helping himself. He then proceeds to stay during the whole movie. Follows them into the bedroom at the end of the movie. Eventually Mike stays the night while Jon and Michelle try to devise a plan to get rid of this social nerd. They finally decide to leave the apartment while Mike is asleep and assume that they are home free. Mike is standing right around the corner as they escape and get into the car to drive off. That puts the finishing touches on the project. They can never get rid of this goofy social nerd.

### Script concept for assignment #3

It is very hard to devise a script for this assignment because of the nature of the production. The story behind the production will be about the journey of this one dollar bill. I will have either a little kid or a friend go into a K-Mart or Wal-Mart and purchase something. Once they get the dollar bill from the clerk the journey will begin. Throughout the production the point-of-view of the dollar will be taken, as well as the person carrying the dollar bill.

The dollar bill will travel to different stores and various people. The different places the dollar bill will go will eventually lead to the conclusion of the production. The travel of the bill will all come together in the end for a logical and interesting conclusion to the story of the journey of the dollar bill. I envision the dollar bill will eventually end up in a store that just had a grand opening. When the dollar is given to the clerk in this store, it will be framed and put up on the wall for all to see. That will be the fitting conclusion to the journey of the meandering dollar bill.

It will have a beginning in a well known store in town and eventually end up in a store that is just beginning its journey. The journey of the dollar bill will officially come to an end for a substantial period of time. The music used in the production will feature artists such as Enya, The Doors, Jimi Hendrix, Bach and Sheryl Crow. Dialogue from the bearers of the dollar bill will be heard below the music that is going to be played throughout the majority of the production. The main reason why it is so hard to devise a structured script is because the fact that the story will develop as it goes. Dialogue will develop during the production and also the camera shot will vary throughout. This is an idea that has an obviously strong direction that will be developed while the filming is taking place. Ideas are formulate, but it is hard to pin down a definite sequence of dialogue and camera angles at this time.

roduction

Script concept for assignment #3







Walking the straight-n-narrow,  
    give me a job,  
toss me a dime.  
    Desolate in my search for security.  
Dreamers knock on my door,  
    consoling isn't the needed dosage.  
Give me a palpable necessity,  
    watch me fly,  
chart my course---  
    Nothing is fully guaranteed.  
No money back,  
    respect...  
Streamlining is the policy.

Surfboards line my EMG waves,  
revolutionize my heart,  
release my soul.

Into the wind,  
smooching the sun.

Rolling into mighty waves,  
thinking of this,

that

&

the other.

Blinding circuits,  
working with the operator.

I field calls,  
plug in the power,

feel the glow---  
Emotions washing into my soul.

Love,

desires

&

dreams---

Beyond...

I laugh and cry at once,  
thinking of her

them

it

all...

Bring the board for an etching ride,  
no more of that hurt---

On this tidal wave of life.

The Mind

Alone I sit wowing myself with tricks of the trade,  
Halogen here,  
Nitrogen there,  
Oxygen everywhere.  
Pelting the proximity,  
melting the silence,  
creating manic maneuvers.  
Axioms incognito--

Laughter

Pain

Glory--

Melting into the pot of unforeseen thought.  
Mixing the stew of choice,  
creating panic in stricken foyers.  
Ask all

Ponder infinity.

The mind begins again.

Sprinkling the harvest,  
    praying for rain.  
I wait in my shelter---  
    Praying for the day---  
No more accidents,  
    disease be gone---  
Sin erased---  
    Wishing on the luckiest globular.  
Dreams are fair game---  
    Now is the fight.  
Forgive my trespasses---  
    Tingeing to be right.

In the cold,  
    muttling in the dark.  
Contemplating the future,  
    crazed in content manners.  
Floating in the cirrus,  
    grab the wing of the feathered one.  
Capture the flight,  
    don't think twice.  
Worrying is a waste.  
    Now needs capturing.  
No tomorrow,  
    no more "later on's"....  
Right now--this moment.  
    Don't wallow in strife,  
look to the way.  
    Action=Self-Actualization.  
He smiles,  
    she smiles...  
We all grin.  
    The light goes off,  
Tomorrow is a strong possibility.

Climbing into my loaded weapon,  
my companion, warrior, friend and cohort.  
That crafty piece of needed essentials.  
Creating panic,  
nausea,  
head aches and completed tasks.  
Hello officer, just writing some poetry,  
sorry friend, didn't see you.  
Sudden incidents,  
hurt in more ways than one.  
Into drafty bolts,  
our of heated capsules.  
I hope for a better next day,  
I understand the sun rises tomorrow.  
No more excitements,  
just routine acts in this play.  
No need for twisted happenings resulting in silence.

nces dipped in eternal springs.

Today

Tomorrow

Yesterday

A block of life,  
    look in the right.  
Book me on the flight,  
    make it right.  
I veg into more greatness.





Forgiveness churns the turnstile,  
    deceit spells puzzlement in maniacal idiots.  
Red glory imprints my pressure points.  
    Grab my hand,  
tickle the truth,  
    be honest...  
I love the natural buzz.  
    Come to my side,  
try on my shoes.  
    Now is now,  
then is then...  
    Crying is waste and memories.  
Fly in the moment,  
    exile into blood pulsating desires.  
Enter my heart,  
    feel my heat....  
reality is not far away.

Round table discussions into midnight,  
    bald heads reflect a time gone by.  
Spit on racism,  
    look past sexism.  
Accept the crave and enjoy the rave.  
    Dreams float in nirvana.  
Swimming convicts choke on pounding tax dollars.  
    Ax the trash,  
save the afterthoughts.  
    Squeeze the bottle of knowledge,  
accept the moment...  
    No turning back.  
Why is not the issue.

Silence in the Snowfall.

Eastwood vs. Ethan  
The Showdown in Movie Town

By Phil Schlotterer

The American Social Film: The Silver Screen and the  
American Dream  
Communication Studies 402CD  
Professor Tom Poe  
April 20th, 1995