

think of all the famous
in England, Germany, Italy and
France that aren't famous
here but are trying to get
famous here.

think about the famous
that died young or from diseases
you've never heard of.

think about the famous
that did only one thing
to become famous and haven't
done anything since.

some people think they look like
somebody famous and start
to act and dress like the famous
they think they look like.

if you can't think of somebody
famous, ask your kids
who's famous.

they'll tell you.

TO D.W. GRIFFITH

you gave us the close-up.

you gave us the cross-cut.

you gave us the crowd scene.

you gave us the cut from the
crowd scene to the close-up.

you gave us the silent screen
before radio talked.

you gave us movie language
before movies talked.

you gave us movie houses
decorated like temples for
the gods that they now
tear down or use for porn.

you gave us "Birth of a Nation"
in 1915.

you gave us "Intolerance"
in 1916.

you gave us a hundred others.

and after everyone saw what
you gave us
and used it up
you went and died in a hotel
room on Hollywood Blvd.

alone.

STYLE

my father's passion
was the opera.
he went to the Seattle
Opera and always looked
the part of
"Mr. Opening Night."

he was dressed
in a black velvet
jacket and slacks; an
18th Century styled
white shirt with ruffles;
hand-made Latvian jewelry
— silver brooch
by his neck and silver
rings with spangles
on his fingers —
and opera glasses
in hand.

with grey, wavy hair
(parted in the middle)
and a small moustache
— my father had an
abundance
of old world,
European style.

the big money
— old and new,
man or woman —
looked like they
dressed from a
department store
compared to
my father.

the press photographers
knew it too.