

We intent to work but we are not going to do everything  
You have to do something - everybody. We share the world  
- yes I know whom we share it, very unequally believe me. And  
if we share we may grow to like one another and understand

When and where, then? It depends. It's really  
immaterial. Things don't happen. Are made. All ~~is~~ art -  
fashioned expertly sometimes dangerously. Well! We haven't a  
particular place but some place; we can locate it any-  
where within we like. The parentheses are taken off  
and time oscillate backwards and forwards. ~~like a machine~~  
Thought ~~is~~ something jumps. <sup>Action is just moved up here and floats all over the place.</sup> The characters? Well as long as  
they are not rooted and immobile they are not unreal. They  
are, of course borrowed. They are flat and vacant - he  
~~tells me to~~ connects me here ~~the~~ says they are  
vacant but preoccupied like <sup>some</sup> icons one sees in some  
eastern churches, two dimensional but ~~crunch~~ alive  
with awareness and wariness. They <sup>you don't come across</sup> ~~don't~~ come across. But  
and to me that is the paradox, of all this queer intro-  
duction, they respond to stimuli. Their feelings are  
only what they generate in others.

I don't know whether there is any sense in this.  
How can it be? I'm not mad. What you will see on  
the stage is not criticized. It happens to be there.

All you need know to begin with is that  
it is night and it is dark. Incidentally it is  
a warm night.