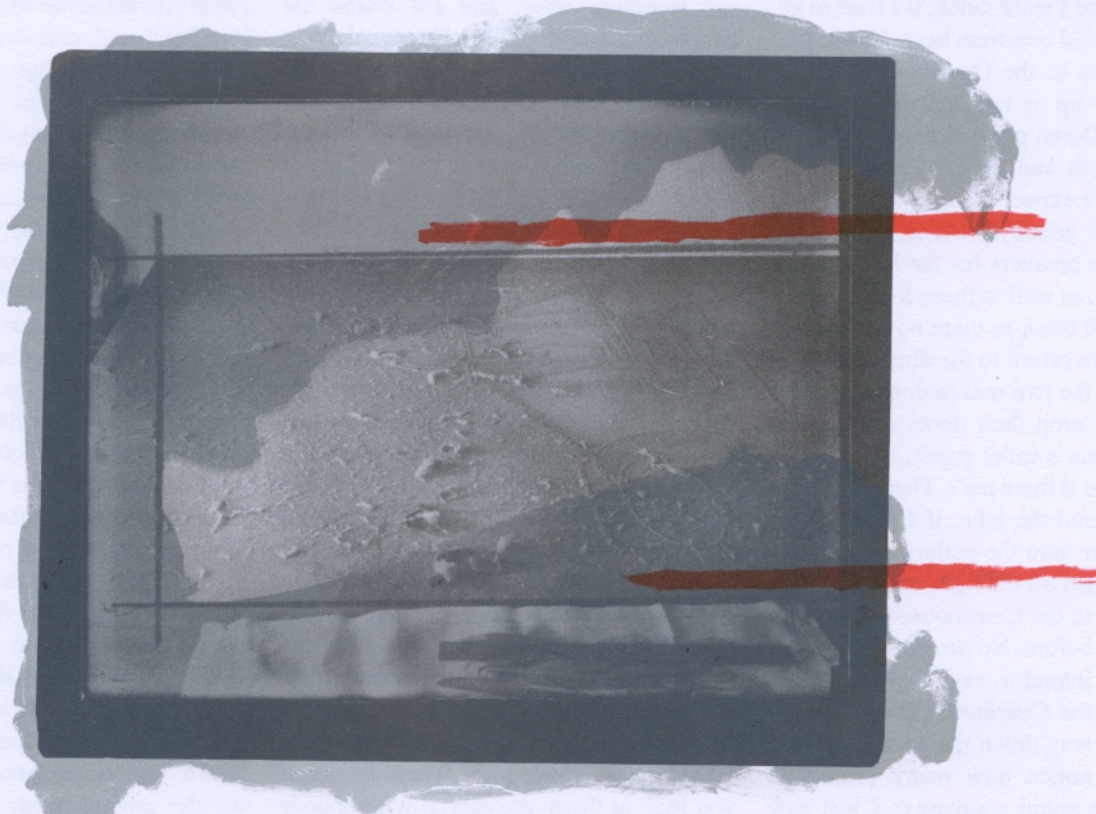


## NOTES ON AN EXPERTISE: LOCKING UP ANTHOLOGY

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Essay writing is a bit like playing solitaire in the company of a friend, a bit rude to begin with, but when asked by your friend if they can turn a card or two, because they 'see something,' it's the least you can do, and for me at least, it's a welcome inclusion to the relatively closed system of solitaire/essay once cards are dealt and the shuffle takes the onus of dominate variable. In the spirit of inviting another in, I would like to explore a solitary layout that I know very well, as an auto-da-fé to lonesome solitaire hands everywhere. A solitary series of tasks that I've performed in different permutations over seven hundred times... I'm going to start sort of at the end here. I'm going to assume that it's the end of the night, and I preemptively turned off the main overhead lobby light, so there's just the pale light on the gray bulletin board of forthcoming pictures and flyers on the ledge that I've kept tidy. It's a bit dark now, unwelcoming, because when people get out of the theater, say it's the Maya Deren theater on the first floor, the smaller theater. It's that when they get out of the

theater, we want them to leave. That's the joke, so I turn off the main lobby light in the last minutes of the picture. I open the double doors to the theater as the credits come up, leaving on the red light to bleed in the hallway. So people have the red light, and they have the bulletin board light to sort of guide them out, with the bathroom hallway lights on the other side of the lobby to assist. But this reduction in illumination is signal for them to either go outside and continue their lives, so I can continue mine, or go to the bathroom and then continue on with the same. We're going to assume that's all been done, and the last person is leaving the bathroom or picking up a flyer from the tidy ledge, and everyone's collected on the outside, deciding which direction they'll go, which means the front door is locked, I've already locked it, because I had to lock it after 30 minutes into the last picture of the night. That's because that's when I start counting the money, and the box office person has left. I'm checking their work, counting cash, and I'm the last person left in the movie theater aside from the projectionist

up in the booth, who never answers the phone. The money is counted, and let's say everything works out with that. Or if there's a discrepancy, I've made a note of it. I've already sent off the managers email that says what went awry, as things often do, or if any weirder patrons made an appearance how it was handled. And the theater is now ready for the last walk-through. The last walk-through means that I check the bathroom stalls for stowaways and turn off the two bathroom lights on the first floor and prop their doors open. And now that hallway is dark, except for the red exit light at the end of the hallway, which leads to a door with an emergency alarm bar that actually works because this goes into the alley, a very protected place at Anthology, where old equipment lives and is a passageway to three doors that lead to other protected places, but we won't be exploring these tonight. We're trying to get out of this building, so we can go have a drink. As is customary for anyone getting off work at midnight Friday night in the East Village. I can disarm that emergency door with the red emergency bar now, and



