

Gregory J. Markopoulos

## BOUSTROPHEDON

Temenos

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### LOVE'S TASK

I

When a film is born all the energies of Nature conspire in holy eleison of praise that they have been subdued in Love's Task. The trees, if it be the season of Fall, radiate in supernal colors; blushing to red, the symbol of chained passions released; to yellow, the symbol of ancient priestly duties attended, miraculously achieved; into blue, the protecting, evasive Alliance, like a wall created of slabs of Egyptian granite, made fearful for unlawful intruders; into green, the eternal mantel woven by Merlin which forever, invisibly nourishes the working needs of him who is the master filmmaker.

A master filmmaker appears because the winds, which are the pulsing breakers of his soul, impose upon him, the filmmaker, an unsought, evocative urge, which is Filmmaking. The voice of this Filmmaking springs like a mountain spring from sources unknown, in the beginning to the filmmaker. But if he is truly the son of the immoveable winds that have stirred in him the work, he will proceed from film to film, opposed only by human contacts; human contacts which unaware of the giant soul before them, may attempt in their ignorance to dispossess the filmmaker charms and discharms that emanate from him.

But again, if a filmmaker is truly a filmmaker, he will have the knowledge which one could state as being that of Matter and Anti-Matter. He possesses that mirror which presents for him: (a) what is seen, (b) what is not seen, (c) the opposite of what is seen, (d) the opposite of what is not seen. Being able to soar, hover, and descend into this treacherous domain (probably, *the true Reality*), he creates; and what he creates is an opposition in the film spectator, which is called Understanding. Unfortunately, for most film spectators it is not the tiresome act of understanding, but a deliberate attempt to

unmask the filmmaker's work. Were such an unmasking to take place the film spectator would view Nothingness, become stunned and paralyzed.

## II

I am trying, as I speed **back to Zürich** from Firenze to celebrate with Love, Passion, Hope -and Ever Renewed Devotion, such a filmmaker as **America** has ever anticipated. My shouts of joy concerning his new work roar down from the heights of these Swiss mountains like so many waterfalls. But the people round the globe have lost their souls; their emotions have become clouded by a false and insensate desire of Equality. They have no time to listen, but I shall shout and keep shouting, for I have no time to lose towards my goal, and that other goal: *the one which will be built of wood from the forests of Arcadia, and of granite from.*?

In Firenze, traveling all night for help, I arrived at 5:30 a.m. **Having no where** to go until 8:30 a.m., I wandered slowly about the city as the Morning Star's light relinquished the Florentine night of its Barnesian humours. I walked to the Piazza della Signoria where a group of florists' cars suddenly broke the silence of the sweet morning with a blasting of their horns before the statue of the frozen god, and a visible rustle of bird's wings clamoured towards the gates made of horn and ivory. It is difficult to capture sounds those of birds; but the difficulty is that which contains the element of originality; *my thoughts are escaping towards the soundtrack!*

Some blocks away where I had held the dove for the opening scene of *From the Notebook of...*, the sun was in spanking, playful, visible delight. The little store where the doves had been purchased was closed, but inside the other birds could be heard. A glance again at this location produced the matted image in its horizontal splendour like a jewelled, Greek sacrificial dagger. This use of the mattes created) cut and developed with such extraordinary simplicity by Beavers, is truly, one of the dazzling surges of the new work. To take a piece of heavy black paper (*that, perhaps, anti-matter, I suggested earlier*) and to formalize, what must now become a basic creative postulate of filmmaking becomes unbelievable. This gift of expression offered to the spectator is no different than that distant vision when Neanderthal Man first smiled; of that equally distant vision when the first red apple of the tree of the Second Paradise will first be tasted by some spatial robot who will instantly become Man lost since then in technology's unrelenting progress towards disaster.

Those who protest that mattes have been used before are of complete indifference for me, for such protests lack the necessary complex notions that are Filmmaking for the few. Simply, the nearly total lack of complicated equipment and Beavers' rivaling greatness as a true filmmaker is what has produced the first book of the film, and yet, superbly not a book, but a supreme film, *From the Notebook of...*

## III

There is in the legend of Perceval, a bridge of glass over which Perceval must traverse,

guided by a donkey, without fear of falling into the river below; for to Perceval it seems that there is no bridge there at all because of its transparency. The film spectator of, *From the Notebook of...* must be equally bold. There is no need to panic for Beavers guides the film spectator across to the other bank, and even, at one point turns this transparent bridge about from bank to bank, until he finally returns the film spectator to the beginning of the end of, *From the Notebook of...* \*

Many creators of great stature have tried to utilize the idea of *notebook*; few have succeeded. The reasons for their failure are diverse. For Beavers the obvious triumph may be: (a) because he chose his subject there within the very city of Firenze; (b) because he realized he had the perfect subject, da Vinci, for the *notebook*; (c) because, and most important, his own notebook subdued the da Vinci notebook; and, (d) coupled with this importance, Beavers' specific youth, arranged and rearranged what is, *From the Notebook of...* 'But tell us! Tell us! What it is about? " Request those who will read this essay; those who will be unable because of the state of *film as film* to view this Masterwork.

What can I tell you? The dove is released; the mattes begin their winged flight, they change from the white wings of the bird to those of the opposite black and white mattes (*matter, anti-matter*); we are within a crystal globe of Reality and without a crystal globe of Reality, observing memory's Gate of Horn: Leonardo's horse; the child that was, perhaps, the essence of Mona Lisa; his waves; his fabulous heavenly, golden hair; his notes but not his notes, but Beavers' postulates on film, the true book of the film, this, *From the Notebook of...* .

Acknowledged be, Master Filmmaker!

*15th of October, 1971*  
*Approaching Zurich*

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## IN OTHER WORDS IT IS HIS TONGUE

I

Sound is the soul of the filmmaker; and yet since the first piece of celluloid was pawned towards that miraculous spectator SINCE become disillusioned and disinterested in the medium of motion pictures, there has not been much sound worthy of that manly trinity which the ancients felt could rise to the celestial spheres, descend to the nether regions, and at the same time wander endlessly in the void between nether and celestial spheres. *The soul exists.*

The Aladdin manifestations of Melies, the southern, pseudo-aristocratic filmic assumptions of D. W. Griffith, the sublime realisms with their inherently false documentation of Stroheim struggled, sometimes fiercely, towards the spoken elements. But the spoken element is a vital fragmentation whose opposite poles are the heart and the mind. It is between this incomprehensible valley that meaning becomes Beauty, that Beauty becomes the Spoken, Word, that the Spoken Word becomes Action. Like the surging limitations of the body, the spoken element is limited; for this reason the myth that a single word could conceivably contain all the reasoning of Mankind. At this precise moment reasoning has been calculatingly perverted into Information. Suddenly Time itself becomes precious for man in his futile attempt to release not only the Energies, but also himself from the awesome grasp of Creation. He has paradise and imagines it is his inferno, and at the same time proceeds, consistently backwards into purgatory. Time captured is not time released, but time suspended. Time released would be the very act of Creation. When we open our mouths to speak it is probably the closest moment that man in his present confused form ever approaches Creation. And he has done so for thousands of years; yet his Understanding is daily becoming Unthinking: the process imposed by the spectre of Information; *the hardware assurances of twentieth century society*.

## II

It is, perhaps, ludicrous to discuss the elements of sound during this grave moment which will establish the tradition of the creative film, *the film as film*, when audiences, distributors, theatre owners and commercial directors slush in the same quagmire: but it is imperative. Imperative because true filmmakers continue their work oblivious to the discontent of the populations of the world of which they are apart. This continuation is the true function of the filmmaker; it serves as that most exquisite illusion, the preservation of society that which poets once served.

In the conventional film sound is usually recorded in association with the spoken dialogue or added later in some, more or less, precise manner, again in the conventional sense. There is a total lack of psychological distance between sound and image. But in the creative film, *the film as film*, there must be because of the creative process a psychological distance between sound and image. This is not to be confused with the generalized idea of experimentation (*one does not seek deliberate experimentation in any medium*), with the popular idea evident in present terminology, I think of the words: *scientific* and *research*; both an appalling affront to the creative spirit.

In Rene Clair's commercial film production, *Sous les Toits de Paris*, there is a sense of psychological distance between sound and image; but it is sparse, it is preplanned, adjusted, fitted to the immediate needs of the film spectator, in anticipation of hearing, seeing a sound film. Then in Rouben Mamoulian's, *Becky Sharp*, there is that continuous, infectious aura of the sound of the period, the thirties, in which there is continuous spoken dialogue; the overwhelming voice of Miriam Hopkins. The psychological distance here between sound and image is varied only in so far as the actress, Miriam Hopkins, moves from one voice pick-up area to another as in a play.

With Von Sternberg's, *Caprice Espagnol*, sound and image achieve a certain psychological distance, but because of the limitations of commercial ties to the production company this remarkable commercial director found himself bound by Intention itself. Then in Eisenstein's laboured (I mean this in two senses, *laboured as to effort, and laboured as to boredom*), *Ivan The Terrible*, sound and image, again achieve barely a sense of psychological distance. Finally with the Chinese films I have seen in New York City, there is a search forward, striving for psychological distance between image and sound which in turn becomes more an elaboration of psychological Impact between the performance and the film spectator.

### III

Creativity, in the beginning, without a single doubt in my mind *becomes* only so long as there is no deliberate imitation; so long as there is no theory involved; so long as there is no interference in what is being developed; so long as there is only Enthusiasm. I consider for a moment the image Mekas and the image Greece. There is a similarity: a sublime respect and desire to build; the destructive forces are stunned. Yet the economic forces, which create the loneliness of man, the man in the crowd, and unsuspectingly, today, more than ever, advance the creative spirit of filmmaking (*in this myriad and horrible opposition*), dismiss Mekas, dismiss Greece. The elaborate French games of the modern, of the contemporary, ineffectual definitions, which have always plagued music, painting, dancing, these ineffectual definitions now plague *the film as film*.

Creativity is achieved in the Unspoken; to speak, to discuss is to destroy the work. It is the fatal human desire, which insists on agreement, which in turn develops compromise. Rare are those great individuals who can survive this desire; rare are those individuals who can view compromise and not be stunned by it. Concerning compromise there are two types: one type which accepts compromise as a way of beginning; the second type is he who makes the fatal mistake of compromise before compromise is even asked of him: *all film students*. As an aside in this latter case I may say that it is only through an unexpected and fortunate accident that a film student may be jarred in a creative direction, provided it is his wish. Last week in my own chance lecture and film presentation at the Film Academie, here in Amsterdam, I may have accomplished as much; either during the class or after when a group of students who had remained mute during the film presentations (my own, *Ming Green*, and Torn Chomont's newly completed, *Love Objects*) and discussions revealed their innermost needs as they described the morbid conditions of their classes, their instructors) and the constant bombardment of the idea 35mm. - To such a few one could say as I did, *Begin! Begin as you wish*.

### IV

In the theatres, auditoriums, school rooms where films are still presented, the only

grace of sound is that a 16mm. film, as was apparent last Friday and Saturday (the presentation of Robert Beavers' works), can be projected under adequate conditions. Usually it is the contention that the sound of 16mm. is not agreeable to any but educational or home movie type presentations. At the same time a mediocre use of a sound/editing table as was apparent during a viewing at one of the television stations in Hilversum destroyed the quality of both image and sound. One young woman remarked to me, " We show the films on this screen because this is the size... the way the films will be seen in television sets at home...". Not for a minute did she consider the effect on her considerations for the medium of film, on her own thinking, her own ultimate restrictions in using the poorly operating editing table projection system, day after day.

The same may be said of cine-clubs, which present films in such a manner as to create a total misunderstanding of what in such cases is a mournful presentation and a complete destruction of psychological distance between the film presentation and the film spectator.

And as for cinemathèques, the misery of the film as film, the presentations, the disrespect to the medium continues unabated in the same vein; meager pretensions for the education of a non-existing and certainly totally disinterested film public; a public oblivious to most efforts by cinémathèques to impose the commercial film as the supreme image of culture. Even the Anthology Film Archives of New York City fail, having compromised before compromise was even necessary. But this was true even in the beginning of the New American Cinema movement. I am recalling that famous meeting, circa 1960, when the idea was calculated. Fortunately, the achievements of the filmmakers could not be calculated as easily. The hope for an integration of certain results into Independent, that is, commercial efforts having failed completely, if not miserably. Anything said otherwise being a delusion. Sadly, the same attitudes are now being initiated in many other countries and without the extraordinary results of survival (like the American) of a handful of Constant Filmmaking Filmmakers.

I remember distinctly, what I consider to be the famous dinner in Bruxelles in an expensive Chinese restaurant, Madame Wey's, with Jacques Ledoux, curator of the Cinémathèque Royale de Belgique, in which the undercurrent (I was not aware of the essence of the dinner conversation until much later - my naivete serves its purpose) was a discussion, "Is the Avant Garde valid?" And I was asked what I would do if I were asked to proceed into a commercial production. Little did I suspect in my anxiety and determination to print, *The Illiac Passion*, that I was being gently coerced that particular evening by my feasting companions into nearly, partially, accepting the European compromise of becoming pseudo-experimental and commercial. The results of such attitudes have now become apparent, some years after the Knokke festival in the works made under commercial demands and commands. Knokke changed nothing. It merely contributed to the outrageous of what is called advance in commercial filmmaking; one of the worst examples being the Elisabeth Films production of Vera Cbytilova's last film. *Knokke, commercialism, and censorship...*

*What is the Psychological distance between sound and image in the creative film?* And I do not mean creative in the Common heterosexual sense, where anything constructed, put together by human hands is called creative.

The creative film is begun without any pretence or concern as to how it will be financed, how it will be distributed, how, in fact, it will be achieved. It is simply begun because the figure beginning is a filmmaker. His concern is no different than that of a physician, than that of a lawyer, than that of a statesman. He is a filmmaker because it is his Concern; it is his life.

In the case of the great, young American Wonder, Robert Beavers, the work is slowly developed, week after week, through an elaborate and continuously developed series of notes; notes constantly gathered; constantly studied and added to the particular notebook. Such was the case with Beavers' last, completed work, *From the Notebook of...* This film was prepared in Firenze under very difficult and often gruelling financial conditions. Its initial premise is the vast notebook of Leonardo da Vinci in which Beavers was vitally interested. But beyond da Vinci was the glorious vision of Beavers; for Beavers is, truly, one of the first of his kind. Not only has he a key to filmmaking itself, and a form which he has now developed through some ten or more films, but he is the first of his kind, a theory of film itself, developed consistently throughout his work. A theory unlike Pudovkin where it is dramatic, a theory unlike Eisenstein where it is again dramatic and operatic, a theory unlike Dziga-Vertov where it is of the circus and the cabaret: popular, but a theory developed and expounded in the total and successful apprehension of his medium as a cosmos within a cosmos.

It was apparent when Beavers made, *Plan of Brussels*, in 1968 the direction he was taking and the fantastic originality of his concern that is the form of his work. Further, with, *Diminished Frame*, made in Berlin in 1970 he conceived a superb work where not only did he present his visual and melodic ideas to the film spectator able to perceive them, but he at the same time expounded his theory within the film itself, by showing how It was done, why it was done. And during this whole period, until last April 1971, he was at constant work with the great work, *Degeneration*; a film for which he shot a roll of one hundred feet each month.

Actually, *From the Notebook of...* is that natural extension and development of a major creative figure (only twenty two years old) which presupposes the dignity of creativity itself. Few survive. *From the Notebook of...* contains the necessary psychological distance between sound and image. And, in this film of Beavers the sound is immaculately and painfully conceived; I say painfully, as it would have been very easy to add sound on sound to the work. However ' Beavers sensed what was needed: sound must stand to image in perfect accord and discord. The sounds of the beating wings of the birds, the

water sounds become simple in the work; but in becoming or seeming simple they are in reality complex, and in many instances the sounds survive (I think of several water sounds) beyond the point of audibility in the ensuing silence. Beavers works his sounds in a sumptuous development like the composer Sibelius. He is a master because he will not use all the sounds that are available to him. It is more than being selective. One need only recall the soft but powerful *Heils of, Diminished Frame*, a monumental statement on Germany. Even in the beautiful social statement of the short and silent, 9 minute film, *On the everyday use of the eyes of death*, made in Rome in 1968, one senses sound, and that psychological distance which is necessary for sound and image; the basic element necessary I to filmmaking.

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VI

Psychological distance between Sound and image is only possible if the creative filmmaker is able to work unencumbered with his Task, which is filmmaking in the image of himself. *He must always be the many leafed tree, the tree itself*, in order to be true to himself, his medium, therefore his audience; those spectators who will in future years be capable of understanding what he has presented to them. *In other words it is his tongue!*

*Amsterdam...*

*13th of November, 1971*

## FROM FIRST CREATIVE STEPS FORWARD

I

I am asleep before the remembrance of, *Spiracle*, by Robert Beavers. This film was made in New York City on a roof, in a room, on a fire-escape. It was not the first film made by Beavers, as there had been three short forays with the medium of the motion picture prior to, *Spiracle*. And yet, with, *Spiracle*, the first wound of filmmaking in the career of Beavers became apparent. The moment of the wound for the filmmaker is portentous; just as is the type of wound it is. For the type of wound leads to one of the great or minor arteries which is the Future. The Future from work to work through powerful discoveries out of Night and Day regulating the certain signs which the



filmmaker in turn learning to become, skillfully obedient to, marks his Ultimate Duty to the humanity of his Demands: the work, the future film spectator. Of course, one can readily imagine that it is the secret of the film spectator to heal the wound; to nurse the wounds from film to film, the exposed nerves of creativity through a natural understanding. But today's film spectators are irresolute, lazy, confused, disinclined to their task as good Samaritans.

It was with, *Spiracle*, that Beavers delved into the Future which has since become his work and his recognized genius as the Film Master he is. The meaning of the word itself is the essential clue or elixir: *spiracle*. It is, I realize, within this unexpected essay, the inspired visual distance, which provokes the Beavers dimensionalities. *Dimensionalities: Tonalities*. The visual expositions or sonorities of the superimpositions complemented by the technical songs with their virtuosity; one example being the uses of the lenses, not merely as lenses, but beyond simply photographing. It is this quality that betokens Beavers of the grand ability in which in one hand he strokes a harp and in another hand, the right hand, he holds a scepter.

When I first saw, *Spiracle*, with its sensitive, lyrical, tormented portrayal by Tom Chomont, I immediately thought of Saint John The Baptist; but perhaps, **I should** have considered Saint Anthony instead, the temptations of that religious hero. For both the film and the actualization of the performer reminded me of an exciting exhibit I had once seen in Los Angeles based on the theme of, "*The Temptations Of Saint Anthony*." There had been the wonderful work by Dali with the elephant figures vibrating their elusive incantations across the desert sands. Distance, eternal distance! With this Beavers began and has since accumulated his universe of filmmaking, hiding his creation in each presentation for the film spectator.

But back to Beavers; back to today and my despair which recalled this beautiful work, *Spiracle*, to my mind as I stood at the Rijksmuseum before Meester van de Virgo inter Virgines', "de Opstanding van Christus." (*Aside*: there are not many first works which remain beautiful

or lead to other superlative works in the medium of the motion picture; usually because the filmmaker becomes incapable of sustaining to the delicate balances needed in CONTINUING.) The figure in the film on the roof with the black frames of the skylights, reminiscent of the integral use of the square (let alone the circle) in later works (*Plan 0/ Brussels*); the tantric gestures, both glacial and serene, of the protagonist; the enigmatic chartreuse bottle, quite empty, and therefore capable towards mystery; the sexual

juxtapositions of the descent of the figure; the slipping in through the window; the white wall with the figure against it; the use of the white shirt; the long strands of film itself; (recall, the use in Beavers' work, *Palinode*, where circled about a circle the pieces of film become like an elaborate Greek Vase.) the hands immersed in water as if the ultimate redemption from sin of Saint Anthony, to the peaceful figure of the protagonist asleep: yawning, the mouth, note, a perfect circle! All these marvels, never explicable, only hopeful towards explanation itself. One might in the end inquire why are angels' wings in Flemish paintings coloured by the artist vibrantly in blues, yellows, and vermillions; and what of El Greco's angels! and what of Caravaggio's angels!

*Now let us awaken to the wonder! Now let us seek the decipherment! From the recurrence of images let us recognize the dew sent from beyond.heaven.*

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The alphabet by which the work of a filmmaker may be partially understood remains the same; but it becomes from work to work more lexical on a visual level. This is apparent only to the interested film spectator not to the casual observer of any filmmaker's work, once seen and forgotten. As in chemistry acids play their part in transformations, so too in film, in the work of Robert Beavers the use of minute bits of filters: (a) related to each other; (b) related to light; (c) related to the lens itself; (d) related to the movements, unprincipled as they may be during the filming, and later clarified through the vast medium of film editing. It is the meditative process, what is erroneously called the unconscious that paves the way towards the completed work. *Each film cut is a dedication to film as film.*

There is in, *Spiracle*, a short text written by Robert Beavers himself in which the word *yellow* (if I am not mistaken) plays a kind of parallel to the total content of the text and its relationship to the images of, *Spiracle*, itself. There is an element of repetition on the word *yellow* itself. Recalling this I consider the use of *yellow* on another level, on two other levels: (a) in *Diminished Frame*; and, *yellow as gold* in the film, *The Count Of Days*, which so upset the adult audience at the Museum Of Education in the Hague a few weeks ago. For such a violent audience (composed of commercial educators and their invited friends) was unable to relate to the form, the language of the work; they could see it only as a kind of schizophrenic union. Failing to perceive at a first projection what is being projected, such an audience ignores what is the plain, obvious, particular or individual alphabet of the filmmaker in question and creates instead, for itself, a kind of cipher **alphabet**; a whole set of actually non-existent crypto-grams which leads to total misunderstanding.

The film spectator can never have any hope of being present at the moment of the act of creation, that is the making of a film; and even if he were present, it would be more or less incomprehensible, for what the filmmaker thinks and what he does in constant rivalry towards the ultimate works remains sealed in the personality itself. Take for instance, the

sound of the hyena in, *Spiracle*. The sound is seraphic; it is elusive and powerful; it is the temptation of the spiracles of, *Spiracle*, itself. It heralds like one of Durer's apocalyptic works a message of the future; perhaps, sound as used in the monumental, *Winged Dialogue*, made in Greece. And what else?

With, *Spiracle*, Beavers remarked casually, but with insistence, something which was leading him, will lead him to the use of dialogue on the same refined level and in vital succession to what he has achieved in the use of his filters. His breakthrough with his sound will be comparable to an Illumination in which filters used to assess the reality which is film, will in turn through, perhaps, syllabiques, invent the colourful for sound itself. Few are the ones who can step from first creative steps forward; it is a matter of Celebration.

*5th of December, 1971*  
*Amsterdam*

## A SUPREME ART IN A DARK AGE

### I

I am writing this essay from a land which was, until a few weeks ago, nearly unknown to me; this, even though, I had been here on a brief and curious film presentation during circa 1968. This presentation had been sponsored by the Nederlands Filmmuseum. However, this time, the museum and I have necessarily parted ways on ethical and idealistic levels, and so I have become acquainted through a vast amount of almost daily travel by train and on foot with the country itself. It is a country which was described to me quite appropriately as a vast *laboratorium*. To this I accede, and add, that with its importation of brain power from the west, coupled with its own capabilities, it resembles more what happened with the mischief achieved by the sorcerer's apprentice: *recall the music by Dukas*. But this is true of Europe in general.

Upon my arrival it became apparent that there would be a tremendous opposition to the film presentations I have had to arrange myself. Opposition due to: (a) from the would-be commercial film promoters; (b) from the so-called benefactors and protectors of film; (c) from educators; (d) from totally ignorant cine-club masses. My sole alternative was to

continue, even as Erasmus would have done were he living today. It is curious to note how many times my discussions have been brought to a deliberate conclusion as I began explaining the crux of *film as film*.

*Example A* - in The Hague at the Museum of Education, during a brilliantly projected moment of, *Palinode*, and, *The Count Of Days*, I encountered a violent reaction to the film work by middle-aged and elderly spectators. From their hopelessly sightless and immobile attitudes emerged such phrases as, "these films should not be shown... they will drive people crazy and, " modern art is not art, it is just decoration..." There was no possibility of understanding. It was similar to a presentation, which was held some years ago of, *Eros, 0 Basileus*, at the University of Heidelberg in Germany. At that time the students were full of derision until Beavers who was presenting the work demanded that the projector be turned off until the students returned to normality, which they did. But at the Museum of Education I was thanked and ushered to the bleak exit of the place.

*Example B* - in Arnhem at the Arts Academy my period of explanation was brought to a hasty conclusion as I was thanked profusely at the following point: A young woman was saying, "but in class we must explain why we are using such a color... why we are using such a form..." And to this I replied, "Then you are not involved with painting..."

I am not certain who is responsible for this false hope for understanding, which students and cine-club audiences seem to demand, and feel it is their privilege to demand. It is, of course, not a search for understanding which takes years to discover, but a false need for understanding to that degree which is not only not necessary but virtually impossible. It is no different than, say, a lawyer trying to achieve towards a delicate operation, which can only befit a surgeon's skill. Why people in general demand immediate knowledge of the medium of *film as film* is incomprehensible.

## II

Today there seem to be three fronts which involve the medium of film: (a) the creative film which is the use of *film as film*; (b) the use of film as a material for painting; (c) the use of film as video.

All three (a), (b), and (c), claim to be the language of film. And yet with barely a few exceptions the language of film is virtually non-existent for the simple reason that the medium itself is being continuously perverted in one direction or another. *In the case of (a)*, the creative film is suffering from every malignant growth possible. There is so little vital criticism of the medium of the film that is not surrounded by the commercial film view (look at any of the available volumes in any library or bookshop), by the psychological, out-dated, inaccurate views of critics like Tyler; by the auteur misconceptions of Sarris; by the sophisticated, but inaccurate approaches of Arnheim; by the political/historical approaches of Kracauer or Jacobs. What remains? That which must become the function of the first true critics of the medium of *film as film*.

*In the case of (b)*, the use of film as a material comparable to painting which is the jest now being played by artists all too certain of themselves, and by galleries seeking to preserve their functions as galleries, there is the general attitude that film has never existed until now. This is apparent in such exhibitions as the *Sonnenbeck* and the *Prospekt 71*; and will become even more apparent at the book fair in Germany in 1972. It is incredible how **film is taken as a** mere raw material as if to skyscraper **film** itself! It is high flying for painters at this moment, and all common sense and creative sense flown out of the window in favour of achieving some commerce in the guise of supposed concern for the buyer/spectator.

The level of understanding film is as follows: I approached a gallery owner who professed interest in film and who had just purchased a new projector in anticipation of the interest in film, to purchase one of my film prints. Her general attitude was that: (a) she could not buy until she learned more; (b) that she would enjoy seeing all the work available, which meant I would have served her free as a kind of educating force; (c) she knew what works in painting the public liked; and she purchased only what she liked; and she knew what she liked! (d) no, she believed in the work of her central artists; and at the same time she used the word over and over again - investment. On that basis, and being told she had worked as a banker for ten years, how could one achieve an understanding beyond banking investment. That is not the level the creative filmmaker works from, incredible as it may seem in this moment when science has become blinding in investment for the future.

*In the case of (c)*, the use of film as video, one is overcome with disgust. A system, which is not in reality new, is unleashed for the public good; for the public enlightenment. But the ultimate result will be no different than it has been before; *before* meaning the chaos which has been caused on the whole by audio-visual education. The advantages of video are immediate use and projection without processing; but the very use and results achieved with all the usual items listed as effects, running slowly, backwards, etc., are still film; though in the case of video a perversion of film itself. It is a kind of instrument for recording, but no more.

Of course, this instrument of recording will be placed in practically all the classrooms; but at the same time, who will know how to use the instrument at hand. Who will be informed of its grave and unusual limitations? Who will be concerned that it is not the instrument of language or understanding which its sponsors state it is? And who will realize what may well be, for the first time, its very poor visual immersion implications during viewing?

Being so far north I miss the soul which is the Mediterranean. It is the fashion today to designate it as a sick soul; just as it is the fashion in politics to designate the area as the sick Mediterranean. Eyes are cast deliberately towards the East. The Magus of **understanding has once** again become elusive in its search for the Vision of Truth. The language which was *avantgarde* died to *experimental films*, and *experimental films* died to *underground*, and now *underground* has died to *cinetique*. And none of it was ever the language of film; let alone *film as film*. It is only the vital interest and effort and work which is and makes the filmmaker that can achieve to a language of film. All the strained efforts of culture today cannot regulate the creative necessity. The best example is the constant spectre of the *documentary* and now *political film*; the formula forever looming, appearing, disappearing, appearing again. The results always the same: impure, boring. No different than the enforced films made in

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film academies everywhere in their sum total exactly alike - one only need think of the performances and banalities of the festivals of Oberhausen and Mannheim.

There is evident today a false sense of experimentation and the equally false sense of research. All research in the end negates itself when it ignores the principle which is the creative necessity. In the medium of film, of *film as film*, *the creative film*, there is no deliberate attempt to research: just as there is never any deliberate attempt to experiment. The point, the moment, the thought involved is acute; and it can only be reached through work after work; through many a decision and indecision. It is the decision and indecision which create the language of film. For each filmmaker working with the medium of *film as film* is the moment that he does and does not hesitate. But the unknown principle is what cannot be taught how and where, and for what reason to hesitate and not to hesitate. That is the genius which is the native creative act. Some may attempt to computerize this creative act which is the spirit, but the formula will be basically inhuman in human terms. *There is a difference between the inhuman human, and the inhuman in or of nature.* The one is machine achieved as in computerizing, while the other is natural to the Universe, and is what the ancients designated as Chaos. Let no one think it strange that such terms be used - for after all we are and have been sinking into the New Dark Ages.

To achieve towards a language of the film, the filmmaker must dismiss the idea of sound related to image; that is not the language of film. It has been only the form of the commercial motion picture. There must be an integral growth of the language of each individual filmmaker. It is no different, this moot idea, than it has been in the past in literature, in painting, in music. Today, the idea of film is so great that it stirs bad imagery and effects in every one of the old arts: literature, painting, music, and dance. In literature one has the sustaining effects of Robbe-Grillet; in painting one has the deviations of someone like Jan Dibbets; in music one has the visualizations of Diacono; in dance one has the filmic allusions of movement of today's modern dance choreographers. All is become fast motion, slow motion: Hans Werner Henze, Hans

Van Manen.

#### IV

*Recherches / Picturales / Avant-garde  
Cinema Underground*

Little did I know when I first made my film at the age of twelve, *The Christmas Carol*, three minutes long, and later, *Twice A Man*, that the language of film was in constant birth within me, myself as filmmaker. I have had no delusions about it, and for this reason I am able to believe in, and conceive *film as film*, the Supreme Art. And it is a basic love and, thereafter, **understanding of the arts of painting, literature, dance, and music** which permits me to acknowledge, the fact that in film alone is it possible on this level of love and understanding to be so inspired as to beckon these older arts to command. I emphasize to command as points of inspiration not as imitation; for today it is imitation which rules in the other diminishing arts with their always diminishing audiences.

The 70's mock image is that there have been revolutions both in the life scenarios of the populations of the world, and in the arts. But on close inspection one realizes that the revolutions were but irresponsible provocations whose end result still did not erase the basic problems involved, let us for simplicity's sake name them *the Basic Economies*. They persist; *for persistence is growth; for persistence is Man's vanity*. Return to the museums and behold the Rubens and the Frans Hals! Return to the cinemas and behold the films of De Mille and D.W. Griffith! Return to the theatres and behold Brecht and Arthur Miller! Return to the libraries and behold Hemingway and Moravia! In these, the errors of compromise before compromise was even necessary, becomes evident.

With information running rampant, and the arts become a vicious conglomeration of imitation from one art to another in the name of Advance and confused with the notion *modern*, the film, too, finds itself, usually, in a nightmare of ideas in superimposition. It is no longer the act of creating, but of taking. One need only consider the state of dance in theatre today and music. One of the most pitiful wastes is, of course, electronic Music; the futile attempt to equate to the Infinite, virtually beyond Creation itself.

There can be no hope in what is called research itself; research is only evident at the precise and never calculated moment when the filmmaker decides to be a filmmaker, and takes the materials in hand and begins his work. To seek an explanation of this and to herald experimentation, research, etc., as a noble achievement is to add to the darkness of the age at hand. *Film is without a doubt a supreme art in a dark age.*

*20th of December, 1971  
Amsterdam*

## THE FILMMAKER'S PERCEPTION IN CONTEMPLATION

### *The Nature Of The Filmmaker's Contemplation*

Intuition  
Ardent Love  
Endless Modes Of Perfection

The filmmaker is alone in his room; in his working room. The film spectator is alone in his own seat before the flat surface that is the world of the film that has been the world of the film. Columbus has not yet discovered America; and America has not yet discovered the universe; and the Universe has not yet discovered the Earth. All the **doors** of perception have been since the aloneness of the filmmaker and the aloneness of the film spectator sealed. Today, they are once more being sealed by the politicians who are the grim agents with the happy smiles of pathetic old ladies of the false accumulation Culture. The aloneness continues. It is the sole reality, the sole truth of heterosexual society - reeking. The eagle which preys on the filmmaker and on the film spectator is of a double nature. A double nature which it is the privilege of only a few to conquer and to pacify into oblivion, into the unknown which is the final hope when all else fails to achieve to what is *the human* Obvious.

What the eagle means to the filmmaker he does not mean to the film spectator. What the eagle means to the film spectator he does not mean, and can never mean to the filmmaker. For each one, filmmaker, film spectator, it is the always mysterious, generating *something else*. This mysterious, generating *something else* should be reinforced by faith; by the I believe. But the I believe has been withdrawn and quartered in an array of states and situations so that it has been contaminated. It is the black holes in the outer universe, unseen, through which all creation passes its dream towards the **realities of the planet** earth. The **filmmaker, the** film spectator, flees today from the I believe. Who is the filmmaker who has faith; who can afford to have faith; who can resist having faith? Who is the film spectator who has faith? The filmmaker creates, turns inside out the realities and composes upon the thin strands known as Inspiration. The film spectator views; he has still to learn how to pass invisibly through Inspiration. The miracle of associations is dismissed for what is created lies upon the eternity of Meaningfulness - that is like the magician, the saint who has achieved to being without heart or soul, therefore, possibly eternal.



The miracle of the beating wings of the soul starved, the soul eating, the soul menacing eagle hovers in endless day and night; and perpetuates a faith that neither filmmaker nor film spectator can withstand. For the eagle is become like the God Anubis of ancient Egypt. He has become warring and awesome; his youthful face in its rising discontent and need has for some time become manly. And endless are his migrations, his transformations from country to country as he gazes alarmed and with fury upon the strangulation of the medium of *film as film* under the guise of coordinating programs between countries. He cringes at the ensuing ugliness of the Benelux countries, their film culture based on enforced desperations.

The desert is now. The marvelous flower with its ardent bloom is in danger of succumbing to the endless, fatigued, and arduous daily displays which constitute false passions; and endless are the modes of these passions. Like Tannhauser the idea lies twisted, and without contrition, against the bulbous, material flesh and dismisses the necessary spiritual Elevation which is the necessary Moment to creativity - creativity mocked by the film spectator, and creativity doubted by the filmmaker; which is the necessary Moment towards understanding - understanding jeered at and discussed and erroneously repeated. The sole hope is Eros appearing naked, burning and liquidating the flesh, which can create the inevitable Illusion of the Future. From afar Kundry will remain repentant and dismissed.

And Eros will appear to the Elect, and in his manly sweetness, Pontormo acknowledged, he will become such as an imperceptible glow which coming from outer space into the third dimension will from moment to moment arrange for the Elect few that great fear, and these few will plunge into the reservoir which is the abyss where they will in an angelic Instant believe. Then will begin the endless modes of perfection. The celestial configurations which even now visit the sublime filmmaker in his loneliness, and dismay will then be accepted as the Ardent Love. What the filmmaker does not say, what the filmmaker does not show, will then be understood as the very essence of the work.

*But who can begin the approach to the gates of the Temenos with its eloquent illumination in purple and gold; its shimmering surface; its golden triangle and glass screen? Let no one who is without awe approach for he will not be welcome. Let no one who has dismissed the hopes of his youth ask for entry for it will be denied him; and, let no one who demands explanations, or who gives thanks for the work ever have hope of entry to the Temenos.*

spectator what I as a filmmaker consider the nerves of my work. I have said the filmmaker alone in his room, But what this means the film spectator does not know, can not know. Perhaps, alone means only boredom; perhaps, alone means depression; perhaps, alone means a state of humility before the recollection of the paintings of Caravaggio in the city of Rorna, in the Chiesa di San Francesco. Nevertheless. *The filmmaker alone in his room.*

I myself, use only whatever table is available. I have shot my footage as a hunter shoots his prey. Let it be for example's sake the footage of, *Rapture*, and the footage of, *Mens*. *Mens*, is another short film, also made in the Netherlands, in the apartment of Benno Premsele. It is sheer accident that either film was made. One, the first, *Rapture*, was suggested to me; and the second. *Mens*, became after a brief encounter of Premsele at the home of an acquaintance.

With, *Rapture*, I found myself working under what were for me morbid conditions. I had no lights; I had to use a Bell and Howell camera which was very dirty - the viewing area, a tiny hole; and which camera caused me no end of anxiety in focusing through the tiny hole. The matter of being without lights led me to film everything at 8 film frames a second. Is this not the opposite in a sense of that other sense of travelling in space at the rate beyond light; and in the very future beyond the rate of the known beyond where transformations of creation repeat themselves in inverse order and disorder; where planets become geometrical in shape!

But even without proper light, and even with 8 frames per second allowing for the greater exposure of the film image I was in a state of mortification that all would be dim. But as usual for me, the images led me from one to the other in a natural chain of affection for the medium while I was working. In the case of Lucebert I refused to look at him while he waited before the turning 8s. That this slowness of the camera had an effect on his own being goes without saying. It was an extraordinary process of aging, and yet remaining unchanged. It became especially evident as the film takes reached the halfway mark of my one hundred feet of film. It is the slowness of anticipation, fatigue and boredom which begins to offend the individual before the camera that in turn creates the content which is for me the *film as film*; in this particular film, *Rapture*.

With, *Mens*, I had a Bolex Reflex Camera borrowed from the Free University of the complacent Hague. The slowest speed on the camera being 12 frames, I used it, and again everything was filmed without lights. Somehow a state ensued which caused me to film two rolls of film instead of the usual one. The whole aura of the film was blue, as I did not use a compensating filter with the daylight which streamed through the two large windows. A mystical conception prevailed over the whole of the filming time. The idea of conceptual, non-conceptual disintegrated upon the act of the filmmaker at work within *Certainty*.

Some weeks later (or was it a month later) the film developed, I sat and I edited the two works; first the film, *Rapture*, and then the film, *Mens*. To reveal what I was thinking while I was editing would be a sacrilege and completely misunderstood by the reader of

this essay. The delay between the editing of one shot and the combinations which appeared to me like intricate guide lines for the language which I was creating for the film spectator, who must learn it anew each time, were as delicate as Arabian design. It was really of no concern to me if the film spectator knew the exact measurements or variations of the black sections I used to enhance the form of the film, and to give it meaning. The number three, the number four. Somewhere that week I had read something about the number three, the number four. It is in the editing of the film sections. But then to further the infinite mystery, the manner in which the sections of black, their lengths, were decided upon was arbitrary. *To be arbitrary is to decide.* It is the manouvering choice. It is the compass directions of the filmmaker safe-guarding him from wavering *from the unknown, yet always preconceived form of the work.* There is a sense that the filmmaker has which tells him often the whole of the work which he cannot imagine, but which he has the supreme desire to know, to see, and so he creates it; he makes it visible. These are matters which confound, and rightly, the film spectator who dares to trespass in such infernal regions.

Courageously, I may say that the work I edit takes but a few days; some hours; some few moments of indecision - the little single frame pieces, or clusters of frames on the table waiting to be given their associations to the life of the work. And even the end to each film is just as complete. It is like the tying of an intricate surgical knot: the best knot for each work; and it is completed forever.

In the commercial filmmaking the many hazards of editing, or viewing, of reviewing create the offences which are commercial films. Few are the filmmakers, a handful, even less, who begin with the work and realize its completion as a union of image and sound. The sound which a filmmaker gives to his work is not unlike the words he might speak were he not a filmmaker: *Intuition, Ardent Love, Endless Modes Of Perfection.*

### III

#### *The Relations Between The Filmmaker's Contemplation And The Film Spectator*

... and its fruition is the vision of the film spectator of the Temenos.

Past the gates of the Temenos, and upon the twin hills the film spectator of the future will encounter the immeasurable works of Beavers and Markopoulos. On one hill will be *the space of Beavers.* On another hill there will be *the space of Markopoulos.* Here the film spectator of the future will devote himself to eternity, to the works of Beavers, to the works of Markopoulos. The spectres of distribution will have been vanquished; the spectres of projection will have been vanquished; the spectres of printing will have been

vanquished. The patron of the Temeno's will be *he* who is also unknown; *he* who is without gifts of any kind; *he* who will be as immortal as the works being presented; *he* who will recognize that of all the arts only film needs a space in which to be seen; the rest is all artificial: museums, theatres and such. Only in the heart of the *Peloponnesus*, in Pelop's land will film culture survive enhanced by the spirit of a truly simple and free people; the Greeks. The Greece today maligned by the truly lesser powers will be the victor.

*A few breaths yet:* The film spectator has the privilege, if he is capable of understanding it and putting it to use, of the following distinct three levels in film observation and emersion: (a) the corporal perception - the images passing on the screen; (b) the imaginative perception the images bursting, growing in the spiritual domain; (c) the intellectual perception - the reasoning created for and by each film spectator in his final command over the works seen; the abstract process and all its complementary possibilities.\*

The film works themselves remain eternal and unchanged; and more so, when the film spectators struggle to interpret the work. Interpretation is not necessary, for interpretation is always in constant change, whereas the works are ever unchangeable. But the film spectator must accept without question that what has happened to the filmmaker in becoming a filmmaker, the realization, that is, the After of every Creation, may also, and must inevitably happen to the film spectator who will enter the precincts of the Temenos. The filmmaker could only be the filmmaker. The film spectator of the Temenos could be only a film spectator. The realization in itself will insure the proper function of each: the filmmaker and the film spectator. The one, the filmmaker knows what film as film is; the other, the film spectator of the Temenos is lead by his own volition to accept what film as Idm is. The film spectator recognizes, that the Unchangeable which is the filmmaker's work is greater than the Changeable which is the function of the film spectator.

The filmmaker is capable of infinite Oatience; the film spectator of the Temenos must regain Patience, his womanly virttie. He must accept the fact that he must serve and know that his function as a film spectator is to consume the work with a burning enthusiasm. The film spectator must pursue the work; he must lift the veil of his discontent and look upon the form that is the Being of Light, his God, and this in the works of Beavers and Markopoulos as the miracle which these works are. The denials of each will perfect the relations between the filmmakers' contemplation and the film spectator of the Temenos.

No longer will the film spectator accuse the filmmaker of denying him; for the filmmaker has never, in the case of Beavers and Markopoulos denied the film spectator. In his confusion the film spectator has denied and doubted the filmmakers. And with this marvelous denial, like the denials of the merchants of film, the works of Beavers and Markopoulos have survived, armoured by Denial, ennobled by Denial, protected by Denial.

You, who are the munificent benefactor of this Temenos, appear; to all who would destroy the idea of the Temenos reply your great, "No!" Build the Temenos! Build it in

the sacred precinct of the *Peloponnesus* for the *film as film*. And may all who deal in jealousy and opposition fall within the lake of defeat.

Appear then munificent benefactor! Appear! I believe in your existence.

\* Conversation with R-BB

*4th of February, 1972 Pension Tornabuoni Beacci, Firenze*

**"AND I SHALL PULL THINGS FROM  
THE STARS!"**

I

These are times when the filmmaker if he is a filmmaker pulls things from the stars. And, how it is done is an absolute mystery for the onlooker, and even, I may say, how it is done remains a mystery for the filmmaker himself. So much occurs that is forgotten; but forgotten in the sense of proceeding to the next work. It is the holy accumulation of knowledge in filmmaking; the filmmaking of a particular filmmaker. What takes place once the film is completed is the historic certainty, and whether it effects a small interested minority or a vast mass is of complete indifference to the filmmaker. If in later years the interpretation of the work changes, that can be, again, of no concern to the filmmaker. The change that may take place may be but a sincere disbelief in the work, and a search for its inherent Meaning. Few are those who believe in art; while many are those in this present world gloom who are out making art.\* The

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schools that purport to support filmmaking would do well to take heed of the above fact.

There is in beginning a film a certain psychic dimension which ! for such a short essay, I must not delve into as deeply as I would otherwise. This psychic dimension is that which takes place, when the filmmaker says he will begin a work. I am speaking of a filmmaker of monumental proportions; I am speaking of a filmmaker who is not blind to the difficulties involved; I am speaking of the filmmaker of the delicious and sparkling gem work, *Diminished Frame*: Robert Beavers. *Diminished Frame*, evokes the presence of that which is Berlin, but not the Berlin of a foolishly divided sector, here and there. The modern propaganda after its destruction is not taken into account, and this, for certain, is one of the glories of the work.

Beavers could have taken the views of the modern city, hastily built, and with every

excuse in the human mind bereft of spiritual values, and seeking the modern, the advance in its architectural folly. Yet, Beavers did not. Why he did not is a matter of conjecture; yet, one truth rings clear - he saw with his whole being; he felt with his whole being; he was not stunned by the morass of cultural shouting that is the defeated Berlin. Rather he looked; he wondered; he wandered; and one day he began. And he began by choosing the most simple, which again are the most complex; and which still again, are the essence of the great city.

I shall say, though I know that Beavers did not say it, that when he began he was the city of Berlin; and, all of the various structures and pedestrians filmed for the project reflected the filmmaker's absolute devotion to his task; the task of presenting a city. A true city. A living city unencumbered with politics. "I am the city," says he. " And you, spectator, are watching me. I am showing you how it is done! "

And that is precisely what Beavers does. He shows the film spectator how he uses the camera, and the variations of his filters. It is a process of perfect reality in the medium of the film, and one of the few that I know. Every change relates to what follows or has followed. One of the best remembered of the numerous visual explanations that Beavers offers to the film spectator is the fulfilled elevation of the images used at the end of the film. The masonry of the achieved is there produced for the film spectator. Even as before Beavers passed the filters before the matte box ' passed the glass before the filtered matte box. He was to do something similarly, but on a different scale with the photographing of the inside of the Bolex camera, and the sight of the tiny filter in the filter slot, for the Firenze made, *From the Notebook of...* Much earlier in, *Plan Of Brussels*, Beavers created a kind of deflected atmosphere by filming the city of Bruxelles in greens, and reds.

At this point I could, and do recall that *Plan Of Brussels*, is a virtuous film where the city and its characters are expanded upon the sensibilities of the young filmmaker, Beavers. While, *Diminished Frame*, is a search for the vision of the city of Berlin and the filmmaker its beating heart, embellishing its destruction with life-giving Force and joy. After this work, there is the third "city" work, *From the Notebook of...* which reestablishes that living movement of the past, with that secret kind of happiness in one's work which becomes Impact.

But I began by speaking of the psychic dimension which takes place at the beginning, and not only at the beginning, but throughout the progress of a filmmaker's work. It is, this psychic dimension ' a well conceived solution in Choosing. What to choose, what not to choose. The moment of choosing Becomes the psychic dimension that solves for the filmmaker what he is about to accomplish. That is when he says, "And I shall pull things from the stars!"

\*\*\* and he does just that; for which we should Rejoice!

\* Conversation with RBB

11th of June, 1972  
Chasa Berner-Schmidt IScuol

## THE COMPLEX ILLUSION

### I

From here biding my Time in Waiting, the Temenos of the Twenty-First Century is being borne aloft, first in the imagination of Decision, and then by Force towards its vital Realization, built stone by stone, girder by girder, stitch by stitch, in the *Peloponnesus* where ancient Arcadia Acknowledges the distant sea. Two spaces, individual in Determination between a precinct sacred to the haunt of doves. Inexplicably through Belief it will rise to safe-guard its precious catalogue of films: the supreme work of Beavers and Markopoulos.

Day by day I have often risen in the morning to the tinkling bells of the two herds of cows that partake of their drinking in the square below. Slowly they approach, wait, sometimes askance, and then dip their mouths into the cool waters, once at dawn, and once at dusk; and ever the waters of the fountain run strong, even through the Night.

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From village to village, I have walked with some incalculable Hope that the Temenos site might be here in the Graubünden, but though the mountains speak in their marvelous summaries to the alps, nowhere do I find the spirit that is Greece. Missing are the vibrant, uncanny, showered aeons that are Greece; that is the Eros in Time; and the triumphant face of the peasant of the *Peloponnesus*. Where indeed do you come from?

Speak, Soul, that is the haunt of doves! The names of the proposed sites are *Rayi Spartias* and *Founta*: where one summer's afternoon I wandered not knowing their names, and beheld a navy blue expanse in the distance, and dust, and more Dust! A lone Greek peasant sat at one crook in the road and waved to me asking who's son I was - then replied for all his years, "The son of Marko! "

Perhaps, I should have proceeded beyond the central point which many months later I was told was called *Founta*, but I stopped fearing my uncle would be upset at my disappearance.

Writing this this **glorious afternoon,**

## I

without a name to my name, I know, that the depth of the Markopoulos space will harbour a screen enveloping the film spectator of the future. Once in Delphi, I believe it was in 1958, I considered the projected area of film might be peered down into, rather than stared at; this was while at the theatre in Delphi. The question is how to subscribe to the sound; it must perforce emerge from some subterranean element; and the audience must experience a visual incubation such as in the ancient temenoi where the patient was visited by the illusions of his malady.

In the Temenos the visual incubation shall be the metaphysical journey, therefore, Destiny of the film spectator of the future. The film spectator of the future who will benefit from the physical and historical lapse of time which will then be the presentation of *film as film* shall necessarily Experience the content of the various works from the integral catalogue of films. He will experience the Content because Time itself will have vanquished the entertainment film as such; what of the entertainment film will have

survived? The content that critics in their deliberate and faithless sleep during this crucial moment in the rise of film ignore or forbear to recognize will in the Temenos culminate as Speech: *the Speech of Images*. Time itself with the aid of projection in orchestration will issue a wonderous Content almost mythical and musical, and above all, Elevating for the film spectator of the future.

If at this precise second Beavers is editing his martyrdom footage (based on the St. Hippolytus altar piece in Boston, Massachusetts), section after section, foot after foot, panel after panel, and developing it with the merging of cracked glass, the Bern square, and the dust imagery, what indeed will it become at the Temenos presentations of the Beavers reflecting space? The film spectator of the future in the Beavers reflecting space will not only meet the long lost shadow, but he will welcome as if in an Assumption, his, the film spectator's loss of faith; a loss of faith due to boredom, freedom, and sensuality. The regained recognition of the *film as film*, and more particularly, the Temenos

Catalogue of Films of Beavers and Markopoulos, become immortal through the sacrifice of these filmmakers and the film spectators of the future will inevitably summarize what will become the very epic scheme, the future scheme of *film as film; that is Itself!* Today's history of film is but a constant confusion of purposeless information.

It is, thus, for Skill that I Call! but above all for Courage; not only for myself, but for all those others who in Mighty Hand will help me build the Temenos. May it be as I saw the mountains with Beavers some days ago from Ftan in the sacred Peloponnesus; the



*Temenos present and not present in its appearance; the presentations purposeful for the future. Mountains close to the surface of Alps: God Plan. Architect and Mighty Hand Waken!!!*

*16th of May, 1972  
Bad Scuol*

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## THE INTUITION SPACE

*Premise:* The life span of Cinema is barely the life span of today's mediocre elements; elements before the death struggle of the impending New Species; a new species which will, inevitably, emerge in two hundred years.

*Theory:* Time is a crystallization. A Universal particle: a particle in the long sentence which is the meaning of Man.

What men imagine is not unlike the risks of voyaging into the unknown. The dominant forces are Water and Air. Fire, itself has for decades, if not for centuries, been smothered under the pretext of di. vine concerns.

We move in accelerated Time with out vision and movements reduced (probably retarded) before what we know as out time, and what we know through intuition or moments in science, of other more universal times.

The film image is a crystallization of Time; indeed, a crystallization in Time.

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One particle of Time contains trillions of imprisoned images, and all those foreign bodies which create the sense of the image itself.

The Content of a film image is like a magnificent, super terrestrial, **chlor-** N ophyllic process (in constant Evolution) which creates, and at the same time preserves or imbues, enforces, a sense of human reality. A human reality, always, incomprehensible. Incomprehensible because of the existence of the Gigantic Reality; with both Human Reality and the Gigantic Reality forever doomed in a state of Illusion as opposites.

In this state of the Illusion of opposites, the Human Reality retains its state only so long as it remains unresolved; and, the Gigantic Reality forbids any communication with Human Reality, or Meaning itself, until the ultimate moment is achieved or revealed.

Part One  
*The Unsuspected Mode*

The question must be asked: what does the filmmaker see? What does the film spectator see? What does the film projectionist see?

The filmmaker if he is truly a filmmaker, looks at a film image on a table; a sparse table. He views by hand, using a small magnifying piece, a single frame, a film image. This constant instant of contact produces the undisturbed vision which becomes the meaning of the work. What is the meaning of the work? *The Work Is The Meaning.*

The smaller the image, the greater the final creation which the filmmaker completes. The larger the image, the lesser the final creation which the filmmaker completes. It is in the insignificant moment that significance becomes disturbed and the power of filmmaking is established.

For the filmmaker to refrain from view

ing his film rolls as images **in movement** is to imbue them with a **far greater and** extraordinary Movement. **It is, perhaps,** a fallacy to continue to believe that film is constant movement. The movement must be separated and achieved by the filmmaker's craftsmanship in editing. This craftsmanship of editing is a reflection which mirrors the art of meaning. The materials to this greater end are less known in today's filmmaking than they were fifty years ago. The reasons for this are the same, always the same: commerce.

*An inspiring voice says, "Look how pink the branches look through the green leaves!"*

What we are dealing with is the use of the image, a single frame, as a measured element in the construction of films. just as we cannot imagine the meaning of the universe, so too, in viewing on a table a single film frame or groups of film frames, we cannot imagine what they actually contain. We see the single frame. We hold it this way and that way; upside down, right side up, reversed. All sides seen and unseen. From these we begin to construct

the life course, the filmic form of the work at hand. Whether one succeeds or not depends as in all the arts upon the gift which is individual of the, in this case, filmmaker before the divided elements before him. It is a rare privilege for the filmmaker to create for the film spectator a whole from the divided parts before him. That is filmmaking; that is creation;

that is always a divine inheritance, never achieved, never learned, but continuously sought. The learned, the achieved are the entertainers.

Who can dare to imagine what a single frame might contain? What future process could activate a single frame? What action could void its singular flatness and cause the necessary Collision? Could cause that collision which would animate the very contents of each, individual single frame ?

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There are always secret laws, but obvious secret laws: the light which records and photographs; the light which develops; and, the light which projects. But a fourth light or source must exist which comprehends what the other three have merely appeared to capture and suspend. That is the issue. It could be speed. A speed measureable in Time itself; and, measureable in Time on an opposite scale; perhaps, in a retarded manner close to what we call the Invisible.

Robert Beavers has brilliantly suggested the invisible image between the frames which is seemingly never photographed; and that other invisible image between the film frames which is never projected. This is a basic clue of Revelation in Film. It is the reality of Dynamic Visual Thought not merely perceived but made visible. Add to this Content become the living thing; that is, again the sight of the Su

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Thus, it does not matter if one is an ignorant film spectator **or an equally ignorant** film student the result is the same: a calculated ignorance for the noblest medium of our time, if not of all time. A medium as noble as sculpture was for the ancient Greeks; for film deals with man. Man is form. Film is Form. It is true one could imagine the world without film. But on the other hand one could not imagine the world without Form or even Man. Film is, thus, the Eternal Aspect of Life itself. It is the ennobling aspect that those who attempt to teach film never consider; would never considet to discuss, for the simple fact that they are dealers in Untruths; and, also because they fear the Titanic power of Inspiration and Freedom which such a rev~lation would unleash.

There is no possibility that the film spectator of the Temenos of the TwentyFirst Century will appear in the next decade, the awesome decade of continued violence and world strife. But here and

From village to village, I have walked with some incalculable Hope that the Temenos site might be here in the Graubiinden, but though the mountains speak in their marvelous summaries to the alps, nowhere do I find the spirit that is Greece. Missing are the vibrant, uncanny, showered aeons that are Greece; that is the Eros in Time; and the triumphant face of the peasant of the *Peloponnesus*. Where indeed do you come from?

Speak, Soul, that is the haunt of doves! The names of the proposed sites are *Rayi Spartias* and *Founta*: where one summer's afternoon I wandered not knowing their names, and beheld a navy blue expanse in the distance, and dust, and more Dust! A lone Greek peasant sat at one crook in the road and waved to me asking who's son I was - then replied for all his years, "The son of Marko! "

Perhaps, I should have proceeded beyond the central point which many months later I was told was called *Founta*, but I stopped fearing my uncle would be upset at my disappearance.

Writing this this **glorious afternoon**,

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without a name to my name, I know, that the depth of the Markopoulos space will harbour a screen enveloping the film spectator of the future. Once in Delphi, I believe it was in 1958, I considered the projected area of film might be peered down into, rather than stared at; this was while at the theatre in Delphi. The question is how to subscribe to the sound; it must perforce emerge from some subterranean element; and the audience must experience a visual incubation such as in the ancient temenoi where the patient was visited by the illusions of his malady.

In the Temenos the visual incubation shall be the metaphysical journey, therefore, Destiny of the film spectator of the future. The film spectator of the future who will benefit from the physical and historical lapse of time which will then be the presentation of *film as film* shall necessarily Experience the content of the various works from the integral catalogue of films. He will experience the Content because Time itself will have vanquished the entertainment film as such; what of the entertainment film will have

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survived? The content that critics in their deliberate and faithless sleep during this crucial moment in the rise of film ignore or forbear to recognize will in the Temenos culminate as Speech: *the Speech of Images*. Time itself with the aid of projection in orchestration

will issue a wonderous Content almost mythical and musical, and above all, Elevating for the film spectator of the future.

If at this precise second Beavers is editing his martyrdom footage (based on the St. Hippolytus altar piece in Boston, Massachusetts), section after section, foot after foot, panel after panel, and developing it with the merging of cracked glass, the Bern square, and the dust imagery, what indeed will it become at the Temenos presentations of the Beavers reflecting space? The film spectator of the future in the Beavers reflecting space will not only meet the long lost shadow, but he will welcome as if in an Assumption, his, the film spectator's loss of faith; a loss of faith due to boredom, freedom, and sensuality. The regained recognition of the *film as film*, and more particularly, the Temenos

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Catalogue of Films of Beavers and Markopoulos, become immortal through the sacrifice of these filmmakers and the film spectators of the future will inevitably summarize what will become the very epic scheme, the future scheme of *film as film; that is Itself!* Today's history of film is but a constant confusion of purposeless information.

It is, thus, for Skill that I Call! but above all for Courage; not only for myself, but for all those others who in Mighty Hand will help me build the Temenos. May it be as I saw the mountains with Beavers some days ago from Ftan *in the sacred Peloponnesus; the Temenos present and not present in its appearance; the presentations purposeful for the future.* Mountains close to the surface of Alps: *God Plan.* Architect and Mighty Hand Waken!!!

*16th of May, 1972*  
*Bad Scuol*

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## THE INTUITION SPACE

*Premise:* The life span of Cinema is barely the life span of today's mediocre elements; elements before the death struggle of the impending New Species; a new species which will, inevitably, emerge in two hundred years.

*Theory:* Time is a crystallization. A Universal particle: a particle in the long sentence which is the meaning of Man.

What men imagine is not unlike the risks of voyaging into the unknown. The dominant forces are Water and Air. Fire, itself has for decades, if not for centuries, been smothered

under the pretext of di. vine concerns.

We move in accelerated Time with out vision and movements reduced (probably retarded) before what we know as out time, and what we know through intuition or moments in science, of other more universal times.

The film image is a crystallization of Time; indeed, a crystallization in Time.

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One particle of Time contains trillions of imprisoned images, and all those foreign bodies which create the sense of the image itself.

The Content of a film image is like a magnificent, super terrestrial, **chlor-** N ophyllic process (in constant Evolution) which creates, and at the same time preserves or imbues, enforces, a sense of human reality. A human reality, always, incomprehensible. Incomprehensible because of the existence of the Gigantic Reality; with both Human Reality and the Gigantic Reality forever doomed in a state of Illusion as opposites.

In this state of the Illusion of opposites, the Human Reality retains its state only so long as it remains unresolved; and, the Gigantic Reality forbids any communication with Human Reality, or Meaning itself, until the ultimate moment is achieved or revealed.

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Part One  
*The Unsuspected Mode*

The question must be asked: what does the filmmaker see? What does the film spectator see? What does the film projectionist see?

The filmmaker if he is truly a filmmaker, looks at a film image on a table; a sparse table. He views by hand, using a small magnifying piece, a single frame, a film image. This constant instant of contact produces the undisturbed vision which becomes the meaning of the work. What is the meaning of the work? *The Work Is The Meaning.*

The smaller the image, the greater the final creation which the filmmaker completes. The larger the image, the lesser the final creation which the filmmaker completes. It is in the insignificant moment that significance becomes disturbed and the power of filmmaking is established.

For the filmmaker to refrain from view

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ing his film rolls as images **in movement** is to imbue them with a **far greater and**

extraordinary Movement. **It is, perhaps,** a fallacy to continue to believe that film is constant movement. The movement must be separated and achieved by the filmmaker's craftsmanship in editing. This craftsmanship of editing is a reflection which mirrors the art of meaning. The materials to this greater end are less known in today's filmmaking than they were fifty years ago. The reasons for this are the same, always the same: commerce.

*An inspiring voice says, "Look how pink the branches look through the green leaves!"*

What we are dealing with is the use of the image, a single frame, as a measured element in the construction of films. just as we cannot imagine the meaning of the universe, so too, in viewing on a table a single film frame or groups of film frames, we cannot imagine what they actually contain. We see the single frame. We hold it this way and that way; upside down, right side up, reversed. All sides seen and unseen. From these we begin to construct

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the life course, the filmic form of the work at hand. Whether one succeeds or not depends as in all the arts upon the gift which is individual of the, in this case, filmmaker before the divided elements before him. It is a rare privilege for the filmmaker to create for the film spectator a whole from the divided parts before him. That is filmmaking; that is creation; that is always a divine inheritance, never achieved, never learned, but continuously sought. The learned, the achieved are the entertainers.

Who can dare to imagine what a single frame might contain? What future process could activate a single frame? What action could void its singular flatness and cause the necessary Collision? Could cause that collision which would animate the very contents of each, individual single frame ?

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there, a film spectator Nascent, will and Must follow a long and hazardous solitary ascent for many years in order to arrive in the vicinity of the Temenos of the Twenty-First Century. He may, in fact, never view a single film of the Temenos Catalogue, but he will Wish, will therefore Know what to reveal to him who has followed and is nearby. Both will be refreshed in the encounter of Film Understanding. One, *The One*, will find himself before the Space which will be for Beavers, for Markopoulos.

The Immeasurable Barrier is, then, the Act Of Unlearning. It is the act of disarming the meddlesome imagery of false facts which have nothing in common with the *film as film*. *Dismissed is the Art of Film! Dismissed is the Art of Vision! Dismissed is Film Culture! Dismissed is the Illusion itself!*

Heralded is Reality. The approach to

the Human Reality, and the acknowledgement of the Gigantic Reality. The awakened is truth; *the truth which with Form and Content Becomes Evident in time with Time*. The sense of Reality is unchained;  
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the dream life, the dream of **daily life is**  
Dispersed.  
There is no language. There is no art.  
There is no knowledge. There is but  
*film as film*: the beginning and the eternal moment.  
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### Part Three The Temenos

The projectionist of the Temenos must consider his will bound to silence. He must regulate the image and the sound as a constant to what the film spectator is beholding.

Light which passes the Time and is Time must be subjected to the intense speculations of what the spectator is anticipating. It is through Recognition that the film spectator of the Intuition Space of the Temenos that he will feel selected to observe the Choice which is the sublime work of Beavers and Markopoulos.

The image which is the reflection, the breath, the state of Thought and Action, the life in the works of Beavers and Markopoulos must be imparted to the film spectator of the Twenty-First Century in the purest visual projection possible. The mass must be the mass. The light must be the light. And, for the spectator the reception must be the triumph of the In

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tuition Space of the Temenos.

That which must distinguish the Absolute Definition, that is the inherent freedom of the works of Beavers and Markpoulos shall be the simplicity of the Temenos; and, certainly, the absence of the source of the projection. What the planets are to the universe.

What is deemed modern shall not be applied to the elements of the Temenos. It's construction must be as that of a magnificent suite: Wonderous, Clear, and above all Constant. Comfort for the spectator must be addressed as comfort and not as mere elegance, fashion on the mere new.

just as, a work of Beavers or Markpoulos will not be treated as short or long, but as the whole which it is, so, too, the Intuition Space of the Temenos shall be designed as the Essence which it must contain. An Essence which the inheritors of the Temenos, that is its spectators of the Twenty-First Century must always entertain in the strictest adherence.

The form which passes as form in film

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must be dismissed in favour of the form which must be for the Temenos. A form illustrated in the idea of the colour of what it will contain. And what it will contain is the Catalogue Of the Works 01 Beavers and Markpoulos.

Colour as weightlessness, and Space as bodliness will be the clues that the architect of the Temenos must bear in mind. The simplest elements for the greatest endurance of the Idea: the Intuition Space.

just as Endurance and Magnificent Energy have made possible the works of Beavers and Markopoulos, so, too, Endurance will Elevate the Temenos of the Twenty-First Century; so, too, Endurance will promise it to its film spectators of the Twenty-First Century; so, too, Magnificent Energy will Preserve it.

RBB.

RBB.

23rd of June, 1973.  
Munich

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TOWARDS A COMPLETE ORDER

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There is a cascade here, and above it another, and above that one many other waterfalls. These encourage. Distance encourages the ascent towards the Future. Nothing, of course, seems in distance. The pine trees themselves unmoving. Distance.

Where the clouds seem to separate, they merge again, then separate over and over revealing peaks, and beyond those peaks other peaks. Confidence. Hope. Each one from time to time like a redish beacon in the night.

There is a freedom in filmmaking which it is only vouchsafed for a few select Individuals. This is not by choice but through Celestial Collisions. It is like unknown sounds; sounds searched for. Sounds away from the horrors of Paris. Sounds away from the Art World Families who misuse their servants and their ar

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tists. Sounds away from those who sell artistic indulgences. Sounds away from museums converted into studios. Sounds away from fraudulently made films. Sounds away from bad money. Sounds away from the Balzacian characters who hold the world together through false translations and propaganda. Sounds and more sounds in order to reach a tenet which is a further step towards the ultimate Temenos: A tenet of the Temenos is that the Voice is the Spectator As Receiver. \*

Robert Beavers, " Film is something special - it has nothing to do with Art or Literature." It is true. The truth is to say that film Is film. No more, no less. Structuralist lies will disappear like so much smoke; for it is the sparks of a fire that count. It is the sparks that make the blazing fire. Each spark is the indecision which has led to the ultimate decision. This may not be taught. This may not be learned. This may not be imitated. It is the immaterial breath of Visible Creation.

To measure pieces of black film in an

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ticipation of the growth of a film is to hold steadfast to the sole freedom of filmmaking. This is the necessary love of one's work. I know and feel that a film frame will or will not do. Its length is undecipherable. Its duration is undecipherable. The elements of filmmaking can never be discernable to the critic or to the film spectator, as such. The critic, the film spectator can no more know the elements of film than he can know the total aspects of the changing winds.

Robert Beavers, "Something is only creative if it grows..." For the few who possess that freedom which is filmmaking, there is no need to experiment. To experiment is not to

grow; it is to falter; it is to digress into the uncertainties of the Modern. Yet a film grows; as a human being grows. It grows unseen. More likely it grows at unexpected moments. And if it is truly film it grows through Unthinkable Instances. Without this kind of growth there is no meaning; the sun cannot and will never cast its light upon the shimmering waterfall Forever.

.Yet the film continues to be what it

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is not; and, the filmmaker who possesses the binding freedom of his filmmaking is expected to be grateful; to show signs of gratitude. Film continues as a ruin. As in the Arts, Film is treated as a unique orphan who must be placed. As in the Arts, Film is treated as a social experiment, and the scribes write about it day and night. As in the Arts, Film is treated as an exceptional but retarded personality who must perform. The shame of performances, the shame of festivals, the shame of publications coordinated for the evil aspects of mass education, is apparent everywhere; apparent everywhere with the usual morsels of economic publicity and catalogue; apparent everywhere with its bad monies and grim politicizing. Add to this the new call for private patronage under the very aegis of the foundations themselves and one has a total impression of the Degeneration of Man's Sensibilities. Seferis, "The statues are not the ruins - we are the ruins."

II

The time is past when anyone and every-

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one could take what he would from a particular Art, from a particular Film. Those decades have diminished, and the poverty of expression and creation follow, with the audience suspended in its death like existence as if awaiting the marvelous orthodox angels of Byzantium to appear before the great Intention and the Complete Order of the Temenos.

With the arrival of the Twenty First Century and the building of the rectangular foundation of the Temenos suggested before the glorious benediction of the Madonna of Orsan Michele, become at the Sight of the inspiring voice, "A square...", will there be a respect for the filmmaker's Intention; for the films of Beavers and Markopoulos: the Ternenos with its catalogue of films.

For each Art, for each Film, for each Work there is only one intention which vanishes the moment the work is complet. ed. It ascends and disperses its benediction upon the Future audience; upon the Future spectator; upon the Future Noble FEstorian.

Each Intention is like a roseate of

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Worth. It is not a confused conglomeration of ideas. Because of this single Intention the Art is the Art, the Film is The Film, the work is The Work. The experiments, the essays into popular, confused, perverse attitudes, feelings and thoughts, all without substance, are dismissed for what they are.

It must be understood that what is offered before this single Intention is not to be confused, is not to be contaminated by the presence of the spectator; in this case, the film spectator, the Film Spectator of the Temenos. Where the source is certain, the work is The Work. The Work above all needs no other justification save its existence; for it is the brilliant, inherent values that have made possible its existence. Thus, the film spectator is present not to measure his intelligence or general understanding, but to know the work: The Film Conscience.

The Film Conscience: to experience the Film Conscience is to acknowledge as Light, Sound and Image the moral attributes of a particular work by Beavers or Markopoulos. The philosophic pretext

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that this is attainable in the commercial works is one of the worst factors of film education, of film entertainment. The commercial film ages because it has been put to a perverse and unsuspecting purpose. This purpose, this guise is the central notion of those who love film, who embellish film, and who have failed to understand that film has only in a few instances existed as Film. They are the destroyers of, that part of film which no longer exists, Enthusiasm: neither for the film spectator nor for the filmmaker.

III

The founding of the Temenos has been proceeding like the fall of snow near the highest peaks of the Dents Du Nfidi. Snow flakes and changing Light have revealed the Truth of All Appearances. Day to day the Intention has become clearer. After breakfast, feeding the birds, passing the day, and often extraordinary journeys to other countries in order to elevate the purpose of the Temenos.. the under

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current of energy has flowed unceasingly at very great Cost; and, not often without its dangers.

But it has been here, before the Dents Du Midi, that the startling Decision has been made. It was made one hour, some weeks ago, after breakfast, after feeding the birds, in the sight of the wonderous waterfall. Action was taken. Dedications were discarded and left to the mystery of their creditors. And, the prints that now exist have become but work prints, a fitting jest to the speculators of my work, known and unknown.

When the future film spectator of the Temenos will wonder how the handsome square has been achieved, he may well contemplate in the archives of the Temenos the very source of the Success. One fact he will surely realize, that it is in colour that the word Love originated. The Justified Province being Greece. He will understand, the Future Elected One, that the Complete Order was necessary and inevitable; that with the disintegration of the general public conscience, the Direction Was Ascertained. Like the power

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and sight of clouds forming against Granite Heights in Powerful Allegiance, so the Future Architecture of the Temenos: spaces seeing and sitting more airy than the flight of birds.

Where hearts meet the Film Bestowed! Where minds meet the Film Bestowed! In Distant Years the Future Elected One of the Temenos will repeat, " It is like being in a rainbow! " For it is for him who deserves it that it has been built. It will be his hand which has elevated and protected the thousands of feet of film originals. Indeed, it will be his voice.

\* RBB. 10th of August, 1974 Chalet Hortensia Cbamp&y

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