

## SEQ CHAPTER 1 Notes towards a Sketch of Jonas

by

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In 1944, Jonas Mekas, then a young anarchist poet, and his brother Adolfas fled Lithuania. They were headed for Vienna, where Jonas planned to attend university. Their plan was thwarted when the German military police seized the train and diverted it to Hamburg. The pair were detained until 1945, first in a forced labour camp in Elmshorn, a suburb of Hamburg and, later, in a work farm at Flensburg. From 1946-8, while living in camps for displaced persons in Kassel and Wiesbaden, Jonas studied philosophy at the University of Mainz. He continued to write and brought out, in Tübingen, a volume of prose poems entitled *A Book about Kings and People*, a book of his poems, *Idylls of Seminiškiaj* (1948), and a story in a short-story collection. *Idylls of Seminiškiaj* is a series of bucolic poems that presents concrete details of seasonal change in the country, farming activities, and communal existence, and the beginning of a theme of exile and a longing for home that would mark Mekas' work.

### **First Idyll: Old is rain gushing down shrubstems**

. . . And of the fields, yellowing barley and oats,  
the cowherd fires wetblown in lonesome autumn.

Of the potato digs,  
the heavy summer heat,  
white winter glare and sleigh-din down unending roads.  
Of heavy timber hauls, stony fallows, the red brick ovens and  
outlying limerock.  
Then—by the evening lamps, in autumn, while fields turn gray —  
of wagonloads ready for tomorrow's market,  
the roads, in October, washed out and swamped,  
the potato digs drenched.

..

(Translated by Vyt Bakaitis)

He described the people in the village and their various activities during the four seasons, as factually and prosaically as he could, avoiding what was accepted as poetic Lithuanian language. As he told Scott MacDonald, he strived to produce “documentary poetry.”

The following year, the brothers were transferred to yet another DP camp, this one in Schwäbisch Gmünd. In Heidelberg Jonas “bought, by chance, a book on the theory of cinema” that got him “very excited about the possibilities.” Moreover, in the DP camps, he experienced his first urge to make film, in protest against Fred Zinneman’s *The Search* [1948], a film about displaced persons which, Jonas and Adolfas felt,

grievously misrepresented its subject. Later, when they went to study at the University of Mainz, which was in the French zone, the brothers saw many French films. Still, the works that interested them the most “the movies that really got us interested in film were not the French productions, but (what is quite extraordinary, given what the two had lived through) the postwar, neorealist German films. They are not known here—films by Kautner, Josef V. Baky, Liebeneiner, and others.” He analyzed the reason these German works appealed to him: “The war had ended, but the realities were still all around. Though the stories these films told were fictional and melodramatic, their visual texture was drab reality, the same as in the post-war Italian films.” Mekas, it seems, has always leaned towards reality.

They left from Schwäbisch Gmünd for America, arriving on October 29, 1949. In the first weeks after arriving, Jonas read some writings by Vsevolod Pudovkin and Sergei Eisenstein (whose writings likely reinforced the realist bent of Mekas’ thought). He also read writings by Grierson and Rotha and watched British and American documentary films of the ‘30s and ‘40s

Life in America was tough for the brothers. Still, two weeks after his arrival, he borrowed the money to buy his first Bolex camera and began to record moments of his life. The first script that the brothers wrote was for a film to be called *Lost Lost Lost Lost*, a documentary on the life of displaced persons. The desire evident here, to record the everyday, was basic to his poetry and would lie at the heart of his subsequent film work.

The Mekas brothers learned more about non-fiction (documentary and

experimental) film at Amos Vogel's pioneering Cinema 16, an organization devoted to exhibiting and distributing non-fiction film. In an article in *Hollywood Quarterly* (Summer, 1950), Amos Vogel described the success that Cinema 16 had experienced and commented on the reasons for it: the article's concluding paragraph asserted that "increasingly, the nonfiction film is coming into its own in the United States." The disasters of war had turned peoples' mind toward reality. The realist film, in one form or another, is a cause the Mekas, too, would champion.

In 1953, too, Mekas began working at Graphic Studios, a commercial photography studio, where he stayed for five or six years. He looked at a lot of still photography and met photographers, great and not-so-great, and artists (e.g., Archipenko) who would drop in. This early exposure to the work of photographers (including art photographers) also would have reinforced Mekas' realist proclivities.

In January, 1955, Mekas put out the first issue of *Film Culture* magazine, which soon established itself as the key forum for discussion of issues around American independent cinema. At first *Film Culture* was devoted to auteurist criticism and featured writers such as Andrew Sarris, Peter Bogdanovich, and Herman G. Weinberg. In the early 1960s, Mekas helped spearhead a collection of independent filmmakers known as the Group, whose members included Robert Frank and Peter Bogdanovich. Radically opposed to "official cinema," the Group declared "We don't want rosy turns, we want them the colour of blood." The Group hoped to create a commercially viable alternative to official cinema. To fulfil film's redemptive potential, the cinema would have to

disaffiliate itself from the studio-produced cinema and become radically individual. “The New American Cinema Group proclaimed in its “First Statement” of 1961 that “the official cinema all over the world is running out of breath. It is morally corrupt, aesthetically obsolete, thematically superficial, temperamentally boring. Even seemingly worthwhile films, those that lay claim to high moral and aesthetic standards, and have been accepted as such by critics and public alike, reveal the decay of the Product Film.” There is no other way to break the frozen cinematic conventions than through a complete derangement of the official cinematic senses,” Mekas proposed.

Mekas soon rejected this American auteurism and took up instead what we might characterize as an Emersonian advocacy. He became the spokesperson for a radical, individual, personal, avant-garde cinema. In 1958, Mekas began writing his “Movie Journal” column for the *Village Voice*, spotlighting the newest and most radical filmmakers in New York City, and in the first three of four years of that column, we can see his conviction in the fundamental human importance of the avant-garde cinema consolidating.

In becoming an advocate for what in the “Anti-100 Years of Cinema Manifesto,” he called “small forms of cinema, the lyrical form, the poem, the watercolour, étude, sketch, portrait, arabesque, and bagatelle, and little 8mm songs,” for “the personal things that bring no money . . . for art which we do for each other, as friends” he had realized what Annette Michelson was to realize so many years later, in her revision of “Film and the Radical Aspiration,” that the relation between the capitalist production

system (the studio-system) and the forms the cinema adopts is so much more intimate in the United States than it is in Europe. Accordingly the American film artist must develop a more thorough-going strategy of disaffiliation: to bring the cinema back to a vital relation with the life-force of American culture demanded a more complete, more radical formal revision. A panoply of new formal devices would have to be created, to facilitate the expression of the new human being emerging in the New World of post-war America. The new cinema would borrow from the authentic language of the spirit, the language that speaks of the internal world, the language of poetry. It would be a cinema of metaphor, of resonant, ambiguous imagery, a lyrical cinema, a cinema as intimate as poetry. It would have to be, as Emerson proposed for American poetry, a cinema of personal vision.

Mekas' conception of the cinema reflects a poet's spirit, and it is important to realize that Mekas has continued to write, and publish poetry. All told, he has published six books of poetry. In addition to *Idylls*, there is *Flower Talk*, published in Chicago in 1961, which like *Idylls* is an intimate chronicle in quasi-diary form of the turning of the seasons, but also a record of the discovery and progress of first love. *Words Apart*, published in Chicago in 1967, is a poem of percussive line breaks and tentative, half-awkward enjambments, not unlike his films in its staccato style and in troubled interplay between the quotidian and the remembered, between presence and absence. This book was something of turning point in Mekas' poetic development, for it developed the extremely condensed, elliptical, fragmentary, almost paratactical style, and made use of

the vernacular and quotidian that his later writings (and films) would rely on. Some of its features resemble those of *Idyll*, however, for *Words Apart* presents fragmentary perceptions of reality, in what seems an almost random accumulation. As do other poetic sequences Mekas has produced (and as do his diary film) *Words Apart* work discovers, as its form evolves, a pattern (that of the turning seasons) that holds these fragments together. Mekas' works generally exhibit a tendency to discover immanent meaning in that which seems to lack meaning, to discover presence is what seems, nearly, a phantasmal absence. *Poetry*, a "collected works," published in Vilnius in 1971, includes some previously unpublished poems and some extended versions of previously published poems. *Reminiscences*, published in New York in 1972 (and in translation in *City Lights Review* in 1987), deals with the poet's experiences in post-war Germany, and, as both his earlier poems and his films tend to do, finds redemption and meaning in the turning of the seasons. *Datebooks 1970-1982*, published in New York in 1985, radicalizes the fragmentary paratactical form along the lines of his film work, and extends it into a longer, open-form work—even the title, *Datebooks*, suggests its affinity with his films, which are often in diary form. Mekas' most recent book of poetry is *Black Writing on the Gates of Dawn*.

Throughout the early 1960s, Mekas announced his convictions about the importance of a new cinema—a new cinema that would facilitate the expression of a new human being—in *Film Culture*. These pronouncements were increasingly informed by Mekas' filmmaking. Mekas' film work was fuelled by that Emersonian aspiration to

develop unalienated modes of experience. Like many, he concluded that the most important condition for forming such modes of experience is the development of the capacity to live with one's immediate condition, to move beyond anticipation and recollection so as to live in "the immediate now."

Mekas' use of autobiography represents an attempt to turn cinema away both from collective fantasy and from depictions of external reality—from that cinema that descends from Méliès' work, and, at the same time, from that cinema that descends from the work of the Lumière brothers. For him, autobiography represents an attempt to undo the deleterious effects of a highly codified system of representation, to reverse the perspective of cinema, so that it points towards the self. Embracing autobiography is an aspect of Mekas' progression towards a radical, Emersonian cinema: while he kept the self out of his earlier, more overtly engaged work to put emphasis on external realities, the isolation he felt forced him to look inward. This sort of diaristic cinema is unprecedented in American avant-garde cinema—the diary work of another Lithuanian-American experimentalist, Marie Menken, would appear just a few years later.

Mekas suggests that being rooted in the self gives the personal cinema its strength and its integrity. Mekas' highest term of praise in his critical writings is "realism." "Realism" is a term that, in art criticism, is always very slippery, but is unusually so in Mekas' writing. For Mekas seems to mean by "real" depictions those whose veracity is guaranteed by their having been produced by an authentic individual (that is, by an exemplar of Emerson's authentic, self-reliant individual). Thus, Mekas praises Lionel

Rigosin's *Come Back Africa* (1960), for "the very amateurism of the cast [that] becomes part of movie's truth and authenticity." A commitment to realism is evident too in his first film project: in the late 1950s, Mekas made a twenty-minute long film, *Grand Street*, on the life of a street in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, populated mainly by immigrants, where he spent a lot of time.

As though to confirm the role of authenticity and the authentic self, Mekas associates a second term of value with "realism"; this second term is spontaneity. An entry in his Diaries, from September 5, 1960, praises filmmakers who work through "ignorance and confusion," and who have freed themselves from a "trust in clarity, in pre-planning where everything is predictable." He proposes a similar conception of the value of spontaneity in his 1960 text, "The Cinema of the New Generation."

The spontaneity of the new American artist is not a conscious or an intellectual process; it is rather his way of life, his whole being; he comes to it rather intuitively, directly.

The new artist neither chooses this spontaneous route himself, nor does he do it consciously; it is . . . the only possible route.

Mekas kept a diary from his boyhood in Lithuania until some time in the 1960s.. Here is a characteristic passage, from the time he spent in the Schwäbisch Gmünd DP camp, about three months before leaving for America:

May 17, 1949

8 P.M.

Two drunks are walking along the street.

“Let’s go, let’s go . . .”

“Where do you want to go?”

“What? It’s raining.”

“Let’s go to the Truman street, *joptvaimat* (a Russian curse).”

They have a silent exchange, I can’t hear it

They both walk away.

A woman comes through rain, pressing a large empty plate to her side.

Down the corners of buildings noisily run streams of rain water. At the other end of the street—music, boyan. A man in green pants, his hands in pockets, runs by, his head pulled into his shoulders, wet. A girl runs by. A voice from the window:

“Where are you running? Lost your key?”

The man in the window is whistling, the girl keeps running without acknowledging him and without turning back.

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The method adopted in these selections from his diary, of collaging impressions, is

exactly the method of Mekas' diary films. Mekas' films evolved towards this form when he put the influence of Grierson and Rotha aside and so came to understand the photographic/cinematographic image as a matrix of self and world. Cage reinforced this new tendency in his film work, as through his influence Mekas came to accept that chance procedures (either the chance processes of accepting what comes to one in filming or the chanced process involved in simply stringing footage together) can produce meanings that transcend those conceived by the limited self and embrace those that arise at the point where self and world meet. This meeting of self and world is reflected in his poetry as well:

"From Nowhere: 2"

I pick

one thing,

the

thing itself

is

poetry,

dream

and

reality: (translated by Vyt Bakaitis)

In a text of 1966, delivered at the Philadelphia College of Art, Mekas traced the

origin of his ideas about the authentic individual and value of spontaneity back to his experience of war.

And then came the war, and I went through horrors more unbelievable than anything I had read in the books, and it all happened right before my eyes—before my eyes the heads of children were smashed with bayonets. . . . Everything that I believed in shook to the foundations—all my idealism, and my faith in the goodness of man and progress of man; all was shattered. Somehow, I managed to keep myself together. But really, I wasn't one piece any longer; I was one thousand painful pieces.

It's really from this, and because of this, that I did what I did. I felt I had to start from the very beginning. I had no faith, no hope left. I had to collect myself again, bit by bit. And I wasn't surprised when, upon my arrival in New York, I found others who felt as I felt. There were poets and filmmakers, and painters—people who were also wailing like one thousand painful pieces. And we felt there was nothing to lose anymore. There was nothing worth keeping from our civilized inheritance. Let's clean ourselves out, we felt. Let's clean out everything that is dragging us down—the whole bag of horrors and lies and egos.

The return to humanity degree zero correlated with a reduction of cinema, an elimination

from the cinema of all that is artificial, contrived, false.

In cinema, this search is manifest through abandoning all the existing professional, commercial values, rules, subjects, techniques, pretensions. We said: We don't know what man is; we don't know what cinema is—let's go in any direction to break out of the net that is dragging us down.

The lexis that Mekas used in developing these ideas reflects the poetics of projective verse that Charles Olson, Robert Duncan, Michael McClure, and Allen Ginsberg championed. As in their writings on poetics, in Mekas' writings, artmaking takes on a performative dimension. The artist's sensory involvement in the immediacy of the situation, and his or her unconceptualized response to that situation has paramount value. The artist's key abilities become the capacity to feel and the spiritual strength and freedom to respond to the "urgencies under hand," as Olson put it. This is what Mekas proposes when he says, "Let us be completely open and listening, ready to move to any direction upon the slightest call, almost like one who is too tired and too weary, whose senses are like a musical string almost with no power of their own, blown and played by the mystical Winds of the incoming Age, waiting for a slightest motion or call or sign." This tack, of following what "the field" (as poet Robert Duncan terms it) prompts one to do, reflects a longing to apprehend, even to assimilate oneself to, an uncontrolled reality,

a longing to fuse art and life.

Autobiography, of course, is an ideal mode for reconciling art and life, as autobiography plays itself out in the space between art and life; its goal, as *Lost, Lost, Lost* (1975) shows, is to form a new consciousness, to bring forth “the new human.” Autobiographical film levels the distinction between art and life precisely because it turns the practice of shooting into an event within life. Mekas wrote in the catalogue of the New York Filmmakers’ Cooperative

To keep a film (camera) diary is to react (with your camera) immediately, now, this instant: either you get it now, or you don’t get it at all. To go back and shoot it later would mean restaging, be it events or feelings. To get it now, as it happens demands the total mastery of one’s tools (in this case, Bolex): it has to register the reality to which I react and also it has to register my state of feeling (and all the memories) as I react. Which also means that I had to do all the structuring (editing) right there, during the shooting, in the camera. All the footage you’ll see in the *Diaries* is exactly as it came out from the camera.

The spontaneity that Mekas advocates, the desire to capture experience in its immediacy is a methodological response to the dismembering of reality by the Second World War. The temporal coincidence of the diaristic recording of the event with the

event itself holds out the promise of a way to heal the breach, to overcome division between the self and world war had opened up.

Immediacy thus became the key criterion of value in this new cinema. We can discern the marks of this immediacy in the resultant film's heterogeneous surface. The popular misconception of Mekas' films represents them as being shot off-the-cuff, a frame at a time, resulting in a relentless, extended pixillation. The most evident feature of this caricature is its misrepresentation, for there is extraordinary variety in Mekas' works—to accuse them of being composed a frame at a time, in relentless pixillation, is a little like accusing a poet of composing one word at a time. In Mekas' films, the shifting relations between image and image, sound and silence and the alternation of intertitle and image creates a variegated surface. Mekas' films generally have an episodic character, and Mekas treats each episode differently. The caricature fails to note that Mekas is a camera virtuoso, who plays the camera like a musical instrument, and he constantly generates new riffs. Watch any section of any of Mekas' longer films, and ask yourself, "How is reality being transformed?" If you keep this simple question in mind while watching *Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania* or *He Stands in the Desert* (1986), and keep asking it and answering it, you'll see that Mekas' work possess extraordinary variety. These are extremely heterogeneous films that proceed principally by parataxis. The effect of this parataxis resembles the effect of Ezra Pound's use of that form of construction—it transforms the image into a matrix where subjectivity and objectivity meet. For the images seem, at once, both to belong to the consciousness of

their maker, and charged with the emotional valences his mind (or soul) gives them, and autonomous, objective fragments.

Furthermore, these fragments seem to be both of this world and above the world—of the world due to their immediacy, and above the world, because of the transformations to which Mekas subjects representation. The principal trope Mekas employs is synecdoche, both spatial and temporal synecdoche, and cinematic synecdoche, paradoxically, relates shot-fragments to the world from which they derive, inasmuch as it implies its continuity with that world. At the same time, the trope transforms these fragments by assimilating them to a new relational context, a context in which their meanings are wholly intrinsic. More than that, their fragmentary quality and their isolation one from the next suggest a series of epiphanies, each of which is wholly autonomous, but charged with a fullness of meaning that makes it self-sufficient.

Mekas' *magnum opus*, the sprawling diary film he has created across decades, is an open-form work, a work whose form emerges in the process of the work's being created. Nothing makes this more evident than the way Mekas portrays his becoming a filmmaker. Artists' autobiography traditionally accorded special privilege to the artists' moment of election, the moment when they are called to assume the artist's vocation. By contrast, part way through *Lost, Lost, Lost*, Mekas comments, casually, that he bought a Bolex. His *magnum opus* has a non-hierarchic form, a form that accords equal value to all its contents. This is characteristic of open form works.

An open form is permeable to reality – and so open forms incorporate

heterogeneous elements. From moment to moment the work can move in new directions, take on a new shape. This serialized method of composition accords considerable autonomy to each fragment, and this autonomy increases the force with which each fragment asserts itself—and thus adds to the sense of immediacy and presence. This feeling of immediacy is increased by the use of the characteristic features of the home-movie and other spontaneously created cinematic forms, including flash-frames, swish-pans, over- and underexposure, variable focus, lack of establishing shots, jump-cuts, hand-hand camera, abrupt changes of space and time, unusual camera angles and camera movements, shifting cast of players, etc.

The disjunctiveness of the work, the shifting styles of ironization, and those characteristics that we associate with spontaneous cinema give Mekas' film diaries a quality of immediacy. However, Mekas' diary forms also evoke a sense of pastness, a sense of absence—a sense that memory, not immediate perception, is the faculty that generates to his films. Both mournful and celebratory, Mekas' films are intensely personal meditations on memory, time, loss, and recovery. For the voice-over, with its poetic, subjective, vernacular, and tentative formulations—tentative to the poet of allowing interruptions, digressions and reformulations—, situates the imagery of the film in the past. As he edits, Mekas constructs his sound-tracks at his editing table—many of these tracks consist of first-person commentaries mixing remembrances with immediate responses to his images that are, by definition, ghosts from the past.

It might seem that the spoken text of Mekas' films belongs to the present and the

image belongs to the realm of memory. In fact, in his films, presence and absence cannot be separated according to media. Consider the text Mekas he wrote for the Filmmakers' Cooperative catalogue: it stresses the need to be intimate with the camera's operations because the camera "has to register the reality to which I react and also it has to register my state of feeling (and *all the memories*) as I react." The image itself is a matrix of presence and absence.

There is more: the voice, with its heavy weight of the past—the weary delivery that only increases the words' sensuous weight, the hesitancy that leads him to separate word from word, loaning each successive word its peculiar material force, and by that very discontinuity stressing Mekas' distance from the experiences he recounts—all these features suggest the voice carries the burden of pastness, and acting together with the film's montage transforms the immediacy of experience into a chronicle assembled by the faculty of memory. A particular strength of Mekas' films develops from this intricate and, at times, paradoxical relation between sound and image.

Autobiography involves the artist's turning his or her gaze upon the self. In literature, it is possible to represent the self reflected on by using one of the simplest, most basic signs of our language: the word for the first-person singular. Film, curiously, cannot deal with this being ubiquitous in our consciousness with anything like the simplicity that language does. For, short of depicting oneself shooting by using mirrors or resorting to other mediating contrivances, a film has no way to represent the subject of the enunciation or pronounce its sign.

The perfect coincidence between art and life, seemingly guaranteed by autobiography, is disrupted by the incapacity of film to represent the subject of its enunciation. The only hope for disclosing the transitory states of the filmmaker's subjectivity is to foreground the act of enunciation instead of its subject. Only the filmmaker's power to take an object from the real world and turn it into a self-object can reveal the subject's potency. We believe that we can sense something about the artist's emotional state by examining the quality of the camera-handling, or the use of light, or colour. These are essentially projective methods – and other filmmakers too have found Olson's projective methods attractive. What makes the application of Olson's projective method especially attractive to filmmakers is the fact that, in film, the subject of enunciation can never really be the enunciations' represented subject. That inability creates a need to foreground the act of enunciation. Foregrounding the act of enunciation provides a way for film, a medium that cannot easily represent the enunciating self a means of conveying aspects of the self. But that presence only highlights a central absence of the "I."

Here then is another matrix of presence and absence: the absent subject of the representation is presented by the representation's formulation. This mingling of presence and absence is a cardinal feature of Mekas' films, reflected in the interplay in his films of perception and memory, actual and ideal, reality as experienced and the reality that the artist longs for.

If only the image could be pure presence. But the image furnished by perception

is overlaid by memory, and reshaped by memory. The rendering of images, apprehended in their raw immediacy is a mode of experience Mekas longs for, and sometimes attains, but only fleetingly. Mekas' films acknowledge that the reconstituting and restructuring of the image by memory does not begin with the editing, but only concludes there. This restructuring by memory begins right with the experience itself. Perception only rarely escapes the clutches of memory; the processes that structure memory almost always structure perception itself.

Mekas stressed this immanence of memory in perception when, in a lecture on *Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania* he stated,

In my film diary, I thought . . . I was capturing life, bits of it, as it happens.

But I realized very soon that it wasn't that different at all. When I am filming, I am reflecting. I was thinking that I was only reacting to actual reality, I do not have much control over reality at all, and everything is determined by my memory, my past. So that this "direct" filming becomes also a mode of reflection.

Thus, in *Diaries, Notes and Sketches*, the image of the New York is shaped by the image of Seminiškiaj, the image of Central Park is shaped by the image of the nearby fields, the image of New York's artistic community reflects the village community of his home. The absence that haunts every image reveals itself, too, in the fact that

meaning is not immanent in the image. Mekas stresses this in *Lost, Lost, Lost*, when he says, "Everything is normal, everything is normal. The only thing is, you'll never know what they think. You'll never know what a displaced person thinks, in the evening and in New York." There is a horrible breach between experience and its representation.

Pure immediacy is impossible, in representation and in experience. The vast purview of Mekas' diary films, the massive heterogeneity of their surface which suggest a form of textual excess, their elliptical manner of self-presentations (that reinforces this massive heterogeneity) suggests the desire to merge the self and reality, to integrate art with the text of life itself.

But resolute presence of reality—of the local, the domestic, the quotidian—exists in tension with a second moment, of absence. This absence is arises out of never fully achieved effort to spiritualize the image or, at least, to turn it into something ideal. We could conceive this tension as one between the Emersonian man and the European, between, on the one hand the self-authenticating, self-reliant man who brings forth the world, in its full presence, through the act of genuine, Adamic perception and the European man, for whom making art is a constant effort at reparation, whose end is to restore the unity that is once lost. Mekas negotiates the conflicting visions with remarkable adeptness

Take the more recent *As I was Moving Ahead, Occasionally I saw Brief Glimpses of Beauty*: the work includes portraits of friends, family, and children—but what perhaps impresses one the most is the image it presents of nature in New York: snow, puddles of

rain, or intense sun. The sun, heat, phenomena of nature seem to rule, even in New York: we see streets in New York, with friends talking; we see people spending lazy summer days in the park or on the beach, people making food, intimate scenes, of love, a marriage, the birth of two children and glimpses of them growing up. The effect of the flow of images is that all images seem equally immediate, their object matter equally present. One even experiences at times the joy of living in the present moment – of living in the ecstatic present (expressed, *inter alia*, in intertitles like ‘Ecstasy of summer and being in New York’). But one realizes after some time that the film spans more than two decades (roughly from the late 1960s to the early 1980s). One realizes, then, that the film is a composition of journals—an effort to keep the past present, to keep it from slipping away.

On the sound track of *Paradise Not yet Regained* (1980), Mekas recounts a tale that suggests his mythologizing bent, a parable that offers his reworking of the story of Adam and Eve. After they were driven out of Eden, while the pair rested in the deep shadow of a rock, Eve looked back and saw the glow of paradise exploding into little fragments. The pieces fell to earth in a heavy rain, covering the ground and Adam, who remained asleep. Eve did not tell Adam of this. So now, for Adams descendents, paradise still exists: the filmmaker gathers together the fragments of paradise that are scattered all over the world. This fiction offers the deepest truth about filmmaking anyone has articulated. It is also story of lost unity and shards we use in an attempt to recreate that paradisiacal moment.

Mekas' affirms of the redemptive powers of beauty and of art.

You may be wondering, sometimes, why we keep making little movies, underground movies why we are talking of Home Movies. . . We want to bring him down, into his small room, to bring him home, where he can be, once in a while, alone and with himself and his soul– that's the meaning of the home movie, the private vision of our movies. We want to surround this earth with our home movies. Our moves come from our hearts–our little movies, not the Hollywood moves. Our movies are like extensions of our own pulse, of our heartbeat, of our eyes, our fingertips, they are so personal, so unambitious in their movement, in their use of light, their imagery. We want to surround this earth with our film frames and warm it up, until it begins to move. . . There is pain in the arts of the last few decades. The whole period of so-called modern art is nothing but the pain of our ending civilization . . . Now we are looking, we are being pulled by a desire for something joyful deep within us, deep in the stars, and we want to bring it down to earth so that it will change our cities, our faces, our movements, our voices, our souls—we want an art of light.

What he declares here is hope for recovering a lost unity, the unity of total presence.

In his memoirs, Mekas wrote about staring at New York from the deck of a ship

called the General Howze, adding, "I am still staring at it, in my retinal memory." Much of his memoirs are consumed with a core loneliness of a man displaced by war and ideology. Displaced from his own country, dropped by the U.N. in New York, he plunged into his new life, filming all the while. Practicing an art few know if, he remains an outsider; but, too, he has increasingly found—and founded—a new country, a new nation, conceived in liberty, composed by those figures of capable imagination who have dedicated themselves to keeping the soul from going rotten. With them, he has made himself a home. In his remarkable "Anti-100 Years of Cinema Manifesto" he concludes: "The real history of cinema is invisible history. History of friends getting together, doing the thing they love. For us, the cinema is beginning with every new buzz of the projector, with every new buzz of our cameras. With every new buzz of our cameras, our hearts jump forward my friends."

R. Bruce Elder, filmmaker

