Please reply to:

National Film Theatre

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Chairman: Denis Forman
Director: Keith Lucas
Deputy Director: Alan Hill
Secretary: Vernon Saunders

July 16, 1973

" The great Sun himself
Comes to eat at my heart..."

Robert Duncan

" Angels (they say) are often unable to tell
Whether they move among the living or the dead..."

Rilke.

PROVISIONAL RAVINGS - I.

The cinema of Heaven, vast galactic Sun machines flashing shadow images onto our retina-screens and thus to our dreams and imaginations - non-stop screenings at the mystery theater, price of admission our ecto-plasmic, vanishing flesh. A cinema of unspeakable purity, light restricted only by its own absence. Ourselves the captive audience, and all of us with our favorite story, 'star', image. A chain-distribution set up - all the Sun - machines in the Universe are connected by light, right?.. Nerve - network. The title of this lavish spectacle - "Pure Being". Human brains struggling fiercely to penetrate the skull-wall, bulging from our heads, as "eyes", to seek out the light.

All this reflected exactly in the earthly cinema - divine ingenuity - ghostly paws shaping dirt - metals, crystals, - into a 'Maya' - machine - duplicate of eye-brain procedures, forcing access to dreams and 'magic'. Illusory shadow, forms, movements - light passing thru obstructions of various densities. Intimate penetration of brain. Visual aids? Refinements of nerve-reference possibilities? Perhaps a means to 'see' - clear sight in innocence, seraphic eyes, angel-humans escaped at last from dreary prejudice and opinion, the "sight of pure being", necessarily ecstatic. The old sense of light beamed outward from eyeball and brain; sight a 'magical' process, involving the total creature at every level at maximum intensity. 'Seeing' as access to the light, and light as the literal substance of matter, of the very eye that "sees" - light as the hallucinatory "thought" of the golden brain of the Sun.

Consider myself an illusionist, enchanter, after Melies. My hope is to make, or help come into being, luminous film-creatures which have their ghostly being somewhere in that beam of energy between projector, screen, eye and mind and which/who will hopefully help you to an ecstatic "state of mind" from being in contact with them. Ghosts, shades. The hand writing these words is a ghost-hand, the eyes reading it are ghost-eyes. Ghostly projector, ghostly film, the projectionist equally ghostly; an audience of ghosts, dreaming ghostly dreams, fluttering in the wind of the light.

For myself, to 'become' light, to enter it at the last possible moment. Good-bye.

"Fire is called the Principle, and magic is called Desire"

Jacob Boehme.