

The Following was received from Vancouver:

Some tape recorded thoughts played before two films shown at a mixed-media event at the Burnaby Art Gallery last May.

(The complete program, including tape, is my mixed-media work to date:

slides: *Lost Lakes Chronicles*, Cecil Green Park, Steff and Sue, the making of a feature film.

film: *Sun Movie* - 2 min. 16mm color, wild sound.

*Epicenter* - 12 min. 16mm color, wild sound.

Films made with assistance of Vancouver Free University Film Workshop and Byron Black.

Sincerely,  
Randy Thomas



# randy thomas: the metaphysics of film

Film is a dangerous alchemy no matter how you approach it. These are heavy explosives we are dealing with; the forces released through the medium of film are cosmic in dimension. Consider cast and crew being assembled for the simplest production. Plot each person as a separate vector, a unique energy direction arrowing at random. The problem of film is to deflect these vectors according to a pre-arranged plan, to bend them, warp their flows until these various energies converge through the four dimensions of space/time onto an infinite number of points located on a single plane, perforated, steadily unwinding.

This channeling process is an immense task and the filmmaker's responsibility is commensurate. The more variables involved in a given production the greater the chances of wasted energy, gradual atrophy and an overworked cutting room floor. If the filmmaker is skillful enough or very lucky or both most of the energy passing through his hands will be brought

to focus on the microcosmic area of a theater screen. Then everyone is left to look after his own mind as best he can.

We are talking about the primary source of universal energy: light. In essence, film is light. Light channeled through a precision valve, trapped in a complex chemical web, then re-released - as light.

Light is energy in motion: atoms whirling faster than imagination, electrons colliding, repelling, releasing and exchanging energies across the entire spectrum. This is Hiroshima, baby. Atom bombs are exploding on the screen.

Energy. Light. The stuff that powers the cosmos. Film. A collection of particles vibrating each at its own special frequency. As corpuscles mass, wavelengths form and become visible, expanding, shifting, delineating colors... form.

All is chimeral. All is energy, vibration. Our mind projectors, unable to operate at the speed of light, (which is the rate of input after all), distort this process of

chaotic change into slow-motion fantasy, a motion picture so retarded that it seems to stand still.

Table. Chair. Mountain. Such pictures we call the "real," the "tangible," the "solid." But this is myth. Nothing is "solid." Everything which exists is simply a collection of rapidly orbiting energy. Film demonstrates this fact at 24 frames per second as apparently solid objects fill the screen. Here is some heavy acid indeed. These are not solid objects at all. All we are really seeing is light vibrating at different frequencies.

To alter these frequencies that define the universe, to reshape and focus them on a single point, this is the essence of filmmaking and the source of its considerable power. You are viewing stranger things than you think. Just who is in charge here? Through what strange forests is your subconscious so frantically riding? The British are coming! Paul Revere shouts in your dreams. ●