

You approach a camera. You are *in* a camera. You have a camera *on* you. You *are* a camera.

You've been hit by. You've been struck by. *Mutunus Tutunus*.

*America* turned inside out spells *Camera I*. Blame a certain Cristoforo Colombo, photographer extraordinaire. Oedipus and Jocasta are pregnant. They will name their kid *Kino*. For *Milf* is an anagram of *Film*.

If photography deals in death, then cinema is a zombie. Cinema is the reanimated corpse of the photograph. The *Foto*, reborn, endowed with a new anima, is called *Kino*. The most famous zombie of them all, of course, is Jesus Aitch Christ. This is amply reflected in his teachings. For Jesus transformed Point-of-View. *POV*. From Him to You. A film is four films at once. The film you *write*, the film you *shoot*, the film you *edit*, & the film *itself*. Point-of-View, or *POV*, is of four kinds too. First person, Second person, Third person, & *You*.

Light travels in straight lines. Real quick too. Quite a feat to slow it down. A near impossibility. But we can bend it to our will. Anything that bends light is called a *lens*. Lenses are bodies of revolution. They twirl around an axis. All sorts of things can be lenses. Glass, feldspar, amber, you name it. Gluhwein will lens. Gravity lenses too. Anything massive bends light. This thing in your hands, that sculpture over there, Jesus Christ, the Earth. Look around. Every object you see is a lens. I am a lens. So are you. If we play it right, we can concentrate. Lets call it *focus*.

Art warps spacetime around it. In a most peculiar way. A show of contemporary art elicits familiar choreographies. You walk around artwork. You revolve. A satellite. A *sputnik*. Perhaps you peer at it from a distance. Sometimes someone will touch. This is typically verboten. Performance is viewed in silence. On your haunches perhaps. Arms crossed.

The telescopic lens is a phallus. The camera itself is a *box*, which is slang for *pussy*. The apparatus is androgynous; a hermaphrodite. You have *Ardhanarisvara* in your hands.

The first photograph was the blink. The sneeze came next. Now we had a sound to emulate: the shutter. The snore was the first soundtrack.

We have developed an ornate vocabulary of violence around the Cyclopean eye. We *shoot* to capture. A vast military, industrial, & theological complex produces arsenal to *shutter*, *fix* & *stop*. The *subject* is caught in crosshairs, mediated by an overarching narrative, an *objective*. Development is encouraged, but only if arrested. The latent image lies prone, sado-masoch, blind as a mole, gagged & bound.

The Roman cure for envy was a flying penis. Really. The Evil Eye can be remedied with a *fascinus*. Kodak got it right. The Brownie was the first

modern cure. Today the phallus in your pocket flies around willy-nilly. *Big Dick Energy* is merely the spacetime around it. *Mutunus Tutunus* is your sidekick. The philosopher's stone has been found. It is *Mutonium*.

In Game Theory a *Focus* is a solution that people use in the absence of communication because it seems natural or special. *Foci* are *each persons expectation of what the other expects him to expect to be expected to do*. Tomorrow you have to meet a friend in the city. When & where do you meet? The most common answer was found to be *noon at Grand Central*. Tomorrow you have to meet a friend within the White Cube. When & where do you meet?

*Deep focus* used to be all the rage. A cinematic technique using a large depth of field, in deep focus the foreground, middle, & background are all in focus. This is no longer in vogue. No one can focus. Welcome to the neue economy, where attentions are scattershot & deep focus has fallen out of favour.

Black begins. White follows. Light follows Dark. In cultures which have only two words for colour, White follows Black. Simple binary contrasts. Good & Bad, Yes & No, Night & Day, *Mas-o-Menos*. The third word for colour is Red. Universally so. Not Gray. Not a mix of b&w. Not this or that. The third word is Red. But why is this? If Paracelsus is to be believed, blood is condensed light. Maybe thats why. Red follows White. White follows Black. Black, White, & Red. The colours of Anarchy, and Tantra. The fourth word is Blue. Blue follows Red. Red turns to Blue. A *bluening* is upon us. This is a Doppler shift, a so-called *blueshift*, when the *Source* approaches the *Object*. Perhaps this is why were drenched in porn, in *blue* film. And in sado-masochistic violence. We are all *Black & Blue*. White Cubes are Black Boxes. So White is Black. But blackboxes on airplanes are Orange. So White is the new Black, & Black is the new Orange. There you have it. The Rainbow is complete.

Stripmine the *Sanctum Sanctorum*. Let us begin.