

Landslide

Revelation is the correlation between a human face and a landscape. Both reveal in silent belief. They act by the means of Nature but cannot hide what they stand for. When concentrated, they can tune into the *state of mind*. Truth be told through the rhythm of landslide.

Landslide washes out the acts of faces and the landscape – reducing them only to their belief. The form of art that puts the landslide into its rhythm is cinema, for cinema can fixate the concentration of the *state of mind* into the objective phenomena of time. Cinema observes without intervention; it truly cares about what it sees in front of it; it never has anything to say but takes the whole at its entirety – and most importantly, it always stands by what it observes. It is an artistic medium that loves.

Filmmakers who try to convey something through cinema force the medium to intervene and say something – they thus force cinema away from its loving capability. Hence, most filmmakers take advantage of love. If they spend fraction of their time critically approaching cinema they could possibly start to believe in cinema. The reality, however, is that they are too proud and spend majority of their time refining their pride as hours of loveless aesthetics on screen.

Montage and continuity filmmaking cannot achieve the landslide because they break the rhythm into segments of intellectual sophistication of ideas rather than simply manifesting the rhythm of belief. But most films rely on montage and the modes of continuity, and thus act in front of their audience. They are inferior films and they manipulate the audience into emotive expressions and exposition of didactic narratives. They have no concern for faces and landscapes. They rely on explanation over revelation.

Superior cinema begins and ends side by side with its essential revelation. And a superior filmmaker concentrates on one revelation at a time. One cinema, one revelation. Faces and landscapes slide together by the objectivity of cinema as rhythm.

There once was a church on top of a canyon. After a night of heavy rain, the land slid and swept away the church. Standing by the artifacts of the house of holy, people prayed in silence 'til the wake of dawn.

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