

TREASURE BEACH

In the 1920s, Russian film workshops would write scripts, set up scenes, and direct and act them out; but, due to shortages of celluloid, there would be no film in the camera reel. Perhaps these are some of the greatest films ever made.

More than the work itself, its form, its genre, its existence in tangible form, what interests me is the secret channel that connects the work to other work. Tarkovsky calls it "poetry," this link that allows different kinds of excellence to understand one another. I think this is the best word we have for it, although that very word "poetry" is, in English, debased and sometimes taken to mean the mere communication of sentiment.

Nothing that remains solely within its genre succeeds as poetry. When I make a work, no matter how small, no matter how doomed to be forgotten, only its poetic possibility interests me, those moments in which it escapes into some new being. If everything else succeeds but the poetry fails, then everything has failed. Poetry is precisely that which can be translated in higher (or perhaps I mean inarticulate) realms. When one encounters these diverse forms of poetry, there is a certainty that they are mystically related to one another: everything is there, everything, everything except the proof, like those Russian films from the 1920s made without celluloid.

