

THE
INTER-
MITTANT.



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Anecdote of
expanded
cinema
1

When I was in
highschool I worked
as a runner for a
country auction company.

one
1



I'd wake up early,
climb into the vantruck,
drive an hour or so
to a strange, new
locale, climb out and
sell the contents of
an estate to an
eager public, sitting
and sweating under
a vast yellow tent.

My strangest memory from four colorful years in that line of work is of a trick of light that came to me on each morning's commute.

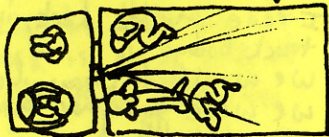


The auctioneer and his assistant rode in the front while the other runners and I rode in the dark, in the truck body.

We wouldn't know where we were going nor how to get back.

A small square window between the cabin and the truck allowed for beers, jokes or doughnuts to be handed back to the workers.

it also allowed a little bit of light through.



Being attracted to the light, the workers and I sat close to the hole. While the other boys slept, I'd fold my arms across my chest and train my eyes on the inside of the trailer's back door.

There, light converging to--and diverging through the small window gathered, forming a projected inversion of the road on which we were driving.



Variations in the road's surface became vibrations, becoming sound.

Together with the van's camera obscura, this movie would tell me the roads we'd taken and I'd be able to trace a path home.



anecdote of
expanded
cinema
#2

Pauli is one of the
bartenders at
"Puck's Fair" in NYC.



He jumps with other
skydivers, takes pictures
of them and then sells
them the pictures later.



→ and a skydiving photographer

The night that I met Pauli I was with two friends of mine who knew him, Draper Minot, the filmmaker and Rachel Wdf, the photographer.



Pauli was excited to tell Rachel about some particular images he'd recorded earlier that week, saying that in a few exposures he'd managed to capture the transformation from backpack to parachute.

Pauli had already
given away all of
the prints he had
made but he
still had
the negatives.



and handed them
over to Rachel as the
only proof that he had.

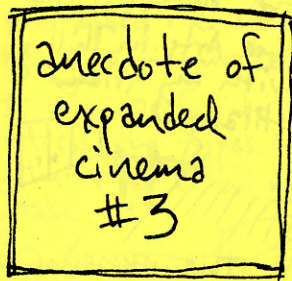
The strip of 35mm
negatives that he
gave her had been
cut by a lab
into a strip
of four frames.

It was too dark for
Rachel to read the
negatives, so I handed
her a candle from
the bar.

She held the candle
up behind the strip
of negatives and slid
them back and forth...



...trying to recreate
a sequence of life in
time and inadvertently
holding the cinema in her
hands.



Once I went to ^{TIME} 3
the Museum of
fine Arts in Philly
with my friend
Hilary.



The museum was
closed so we took
a walk around the
city. It was a nice day.

we talked about her
being a violinist and
she asked me about
being a filmmaker.

I was careful to
stress the types of
films that I did not
make.

?
so, she asked
me about the
types of films that
I did make.



when she asked me, the
sun was low behind
a plank fence
beside us.

I asked her to close
her eyes and -- taking
her hand in mine --



I led her along
the sidewalk.

The dangerous traffic
roaring alongside us
competed with my
voice for her trust
and attention.



I led her forward
while shards of light
and slips of shadow
played upon her
eyelids.



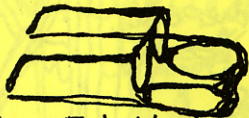
And she smiled.

anecdote of
expanded
cinema
#4

My good friend Shawn ^{four}
Morin, the visionary
perceptualist, and I were
out gathering images
the other day.



I laid my sunglasses
on the ground and
photographed their
shadow, which was
fluid and pretty.



Then I held them a
few inches from the
ground and rotated
them in space, making
their shadow flow in
form.

"Wow," said Shawn,
"they look like
they're being
projected."



Then we looked behind
us, back up into our
star and realized that
they were, realized that
we all are projections
of light.



eighty-eight times
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