STRUCTURAL FILM

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Suddenly, a cinema of structure has emerged. The dominant evolution of the American (and outlands') avant-garde cinema has been the pursuit of progressively complex forms; so this change of pace is unexpected and difficult to explain. Two points demand immediate clarity: First, what is the tendency toward complex forms? And, second, how is the structural cinema different? A view in perspective of the independent cinema over the past twenty years and, perhaps more pointedly, in the work of those individual artists who have been outside of the sponsored cinema for more than a decade will show the development of a cinematic language of *conjunction*, whereby diverse strands of themes are fitted together, or a language of *metaphor*, whereby the most is made of limited material. Those who have seen the whole work of Brakhage, Markopoulos, Kubelka, and Anger, for instance, will immediately grasp the concept of an "evolution of forms" by contrasting *Reflections on Black* (1955) to *The Art of Vision* (1960–65), *Swain* (1951) to *The Illiac Passion* (1964–66), *Mosaic in Confidence*

(1955) to *Our Trip to Africa* (*Unsere Afrikareise*) (1966), or *Eaux D'Artifice* (1953) to *Scorpio Rising* (1963). In every one of these films, the early as well as the recent, the film-maker attempts to make disparate elements cohere and to make cinematic architecture; yet, in the later examples, the themes (within each film) are more varied and the total more compact.

In the past five years, nevertheless, a number of film-makers have emerged whose approach is quite different, although definitely related to the *sensibility* of those listed above: Tony Conrad, George Landow, Michael Snow, Hollis Frampton, Joyce Wieland, Ernie Gehr, and Paul Sharits have produced a number of remarkable films *apparently* in the opposite direction of the formal tendency. Theirs is a cinema of structure wherein the *shape* of the whole film is predetermined and simplified, and it is that shape that is the primal impression of the film.

A precise statement of the difference between form and structure must involve a sense of the working process; for the formal film is a tight nexus of content, a shape designed to explore the facets of the material—the very title of Kubelka's first film, *Mosaic*, is an expression of this conscious aspiration. Recurrences, antithesis, and over-all rhythm are the elements of the formal; in essence, a film whose content is, at root, a myth. In this magazine, Kubelka, Markopoulos, Brakhage, and, to a lesser extent, Anger, have discussed working processes, which share in common a scrutiny of the photographed raw material so that the eventual form will be revealed; their faith has been in editing. I exclude here, of course, certain recent films of Brakhage and Markopoulos made completely in the camera.

The structural film insists on its shape, and what content it has is minimal and subsidiary to the outline. This is the clearest in *The Flicker* (1965) of Tony Conrad and *Ray Gun Virus* (1966) of Paul Sharits where the flickering of single-frame solids—in the former black and white, in the latter colors—is the total field.

Four characteristics of the structural film are a fixed camera position (fixed *frame* from the viewer's perspective), the flicker effect, loop printing (the immediate repetition of shots, exactly and without variation), and rephotography off of a screen. Very seldom will one find all four characteristics in a single film, and there are structural films that avoid these usual elements.

ORIGINS

We find the sources of the first three prevailing characteristics of the structural cinema in the immediate history of the avant-garde

film. Andy Warhol made famous the fixed frame with his first film, *Sleep* (1963), in which a half dozen shots are seen for over six hours. His films made a little later, cling even more fiercely to the single unbudging perspective: *Eat* (1963), forty-five minutes of the eating of a mushroom; *Harlot* (1965), an eighty-minute *tableau vivant* with offscreen commentary; *Beauty #2* (1965), a bed scene with off and on screen speakers for ninety minutes. For this, Warhol is one of the two major inspirations of the structuralists (he even used loop printing in *Sleep,* although Bruce Conner had done so more outrageously in *Report* (1964) a few months earlier). Yet Warhol, as a pop artist, is spiritually at the opposite pole from the structuralists. His fixed camera was at first an outrage, later an irony, until his content became too compelling, and he abandoned the fixed image for a kind of in-the-camera editing. In the work of Ernie Gehr or Michael Snow, the camera is fixed in mystical contemplation of a portion of space. Spiritually, the difference between these poles cannot be reconciled. In fact, the antithesis of the structural film to the pop film (basically Warhol) is precisely the difference between Pop and Minimal painting or sculpture, where the latter grows out of and against the former. Here the analogy must end, because the major psychologies of structural cinema and minimal art are not usually comparable.

The second forefather of structural cinema is Peter Kubelka who made the first flicker film, *Arnulf Rainer,* in 1960, and who pioneered much of the field for the structuralists with his earlier minimal films *Adebar* (1957) and *Schwechater* (1958). One could not really describe Kubelka as a film-maker involved in the recently emerging structural tendency for several reasons: As an Austrian who created his films in a relative vacuum (seeing and caring for little but the work of Dreyer until late in his career), he would be outside the climate and mentality of the others; he is in the middle of his career, whereas the others, for the most part, are beginners; and the direction of his work seems to be away from the structural into the more complex forms.

Ken Kelman suggested to me that the sensibility of the structuralists derives from the aesthetic of Brakhage. This is true to a certain extent—Brakhage, more than anyone else, has emphasized in print the primary importance of a visual cinema—but his films, until a very recent exception, which I shall discuss, have been rhythmic rather than static. Actually, if we are to seek a pioneer sensibility for the structural cinema, it would be Robert Breer, who literally founded the cinema of speed, single-frame dominance, in the early 1950's.

The effect of all of Breer's work is kinetic, as opposed to the static quality of the structural cinema. Nevertheless, his work is the historical precursor of Kubelka's *Arnulf Rainer* and, subsequently, an important link in the prehistory of our theme.

[The initial publication of this article brought me considerable criticism, especially in respect to the above consideration of "origins." Peter Kubelka considers himself both the originator and master of the structural tendency, noting that he employed several kinds of loops in *Schwechater* and invented the flicker film with *Arnulf Rainer.* Typically, he refuses to believe that neither Conrad nor Sharits had seen or even heard about his film before making theirs.

George Maciunas, of Fluxus, also contested my historical accuracy. His rebuttal to the article, in the form of a chart, will be found at the end of this essay. Like Kubelka, his argument comes from a misreading of my intentions. In these pages, I have tried to define and describe a prevalent tendency within the avant-garde cinema. In discussing its origins, I have moved *a posteriori* into the *immediate prehistory* of both the forms and sensibility under consideration. Naturally, one could go further and further back into film history to discover precursors: Marcel Duchamp's *Anemic Cinema,* a study of his rotary spirals with words printed upon them, might be called a distant ancestor from 1926; even Lumière's style, from the turn of the century, with composed and random movement into and out of a single fixed frame, implies an extension into the structural.

The fact is that the examples Maciunas cites had no more direct influence on the sudden and ubiquitous emergence of the structural cinema than did the work of Duchamp and Lumière. He is right when he claims that this development grew out of the other arts, yet that evolution has never been within the scope of this essay.

I am grateful to Kubelka and Maciunas for the opportunity to clarify my subject. It is unfortunate that the films I am discussing have been confused with "simple" forms or "concept art." It is precisely when the material becomes multifaceted and complex, without distracting from the clarity of the over-all shape, that these films become interesting.

For years, film-maker—aestheticians equated poetry with condensation. Not a frame should be "wasted" (Kubelka still says that). The films of which I speak are extensive rather than compressed, static rather than rhythmic. In the films of Markopoulos, Brakhage (excepting those included here), Kubelka, and Anger, information comes so quickly that time is condensed, if not obliterated. Snow, Sharits, Wieland, Landow, Frampton, and others, elongate their

films so that time will enter as an aggressive participant in the viewing experience. This is a radical shift of aesthetic tactics. No overlapping of mechanisms or processes can reconcile it.]

EXAMPLES

The structural film has appeared in filmographies where it was not to be expected. Were it not for three short films of Bruce Baillie, Gregory Markopoulos's *Gammelion* (1968), and *Song 27, My Mountain* (1968) by Stan Brakhage, a case might be made for a casual link among the new film-makers of that area of cinema. These five works, all by artists in mid-career, indicate a general collective attitude has emerged. Its causes and meaning are obscure.

Perhaps the poetic form had reached such a sophistication in the complex works of Markopoulos, Brakhage, Anger, Kubelka, and others (for certainly their forms more approximated the elements of poetry in this century than any other art) that these film-makers wanted a new investigation of pure image and pure rhythm; or, in other words, they sought to incorporate the aesthetics of painting and music (previously the domain of the animation film-makers). No accident that Snow, Landow, and Wieland are also painters; Conrad, a musician.

The films in their simplicity are easy to describe.

Bruce Baillie made his three structural films all at about the same time (1966–67). *Show Leader* has one black and white shot of the film-maker washing himself, nude, in a stream. Over the soundtrack, he introduces himself to the audience. He intended this film as an epilogue or introduction to one-man shows of his works and gives it without rent on those occasions. The shot and sound is loop printed to extend a few seconds into a couple of minutes. This unpretentious, friendly film represents the structural cinema at its most casual.

All My Life is a one-shot film and *Still Life*, Baillie's most sophisticated structural composition, is a one-shot, fixed-image film. The former is a pan shot in color across a fence trellissed with roses and then up to the sky and telephone wires. It lasts as long as it takes Ella Fitzgerald to sing "All My Life" on the soundtrack.

The title gives *Still Life* away: A fixed image of a tabletop floral arrangement, ash tray, and table objects; beyond the table, out of focus is a room backed by windows. There seem to be figures in the far background: Perhaps they are the men whose voices we hear on the sound, talking of Ramakrishna and apparently discussing a series of photographs of shrines in India. In the immediate background,

just beyond the table, a female figure crosses the screen and returns later. Her costume is rich and elusive.

There is a metaphysics of irony; and the severe minimalization of Robert Indiana in a dumb felt hat taking forty-five minutes to nibble a mushroom evokes it, especially when the camera doesn't budge. That's Warhol's *Eat*, a good instance of deadpan cinema. *Still Life* is a sweeter put on; the humor is there, a particular form of Zen screwball native to hipper California, but, also, there is a sincere devotion to the apotheosis of space, the space framed within the camera field.

The overt principle of this film (and of some others we will discuss here, notably Michael Snow's *Wavelength* [1967]) is that the action or event is a function of the given space. It is not the floral arrangement that excites us in *Still Life*, but the whole field of action—the talking men, the passing female form, the flowers, and the ashtray as constants—constitutes a single experience. Besides, the conscious concentration on a fixed quarter of space implies a conscious duality of the field—what happens, occurs either within or outside of the frame.

Again Warhol has explored this binary space, tongue in cheek, in *Blow Job* (1964), where the field of the frame, the subject's head, is obviously only the echo ground for the title action. In *Beauty #2*, an offscreen actor taunts Edie Sedgwick and her lover who are seen in bed. The idea of offscreen action as the focus of interest is certainly older than Warhol. Stan Brakhage first realized and pointed out that the major invention of Jerry Joffen, whose indescribable endless film is too seldom seen, was precisely the suggestion of significant action out of the camera's field. Brakhage himself utilized this principle in *Song 6* (1964), an early anticipation of the structural film, in which a moth is seen dying against the flower pattern of a linoleum floor. It is sometimes center screen, but more often in a corner or just out of the screen. Because the moth is so close to the floor, there is little sense of space. The linoleum is a backdrop rather, which becomes metaphorically an image of the veil of death because of the minimalization of the essential action—the moth death.

The importance of *Still Life* and the similar structural films is that the fixed camera electrifies a space, revealing in itself (not as a metaphor, as in Brakhage or Joffen, or as coy side-glancing, as in Warhol). Within the context of Baillie's production, the structural films can be seen as an outgrowth of the Japanese *haiku* form, a sensibility he had previously attempted with *Mr. Hayashi* (1961), the portrait of a Japanese gardener, and with *Tung* (1966), the

negative "shadow" portrait of a girl walking. If the essence of *haiku* is the welding of two images into a synthetic mode, then, in *Still Life* and *All My Life,* Baillie has attained the form, with the union of picture and sound into an elemental structure.

Before continuing, I must again allude to a technical antecedent in Warhol's work: the camera moving freely within the limits of a fixed tripod (right–left, up–down motions) and a zoom lens (in–out motion). This, too, is a manifestation of fixed space on a more intricate level. We saw it for the first time in *Party Sequence: Poor Little Rich Girl* (1965) and emphatically in the Marie Menken episode of *The Chelsea Girls* (1965). When the tripod is fixed and the camera roams, there is still a sense of minimalized space, less solid than in the fixed image, but more or less felt. *All My Life* is a pan or tracking shot, yet its structural monotone is apparent.

Michael Snow utilizes the tension of the fixed frame and some of the flexibility of the fixed tripod in *Wavelength.* Actually, it is a forward zoom for forty-five minutes, halting occasionally, and fixed during several different times so that day changes to night within the motion.

A persistent polarity shapes the film. Throughout, there is an exploration of the room, a long studio, as a field of space, subject to the arbitrary events of the outside world so long as the zoom is recessive enough to see the windows and thereby the street. The room, during the day, at night, on different film stock for color tone, with filters, and even occasionally in negative is gradually closing up its space as the zoom nears the back wall and the final image of a photograph upon it—a photograph of waves. This is the story of the diminishing area of pure potentiality. The insight of space, and, implicitly, cinema as potential, is an axiom of the structural film.

So we have always the room as the realm of possibility. Polar to this is a series of events whose actuality is emphasized by an interruption of the sine-wave blasting soundtrack with simple synchronized sound. The order of the events is progressive and interrelated: A bookcase is moved into the room, two girls are listening to the radio; so far, we are early in the film, the cine-morning, the action appears random; midway through, a man climbs the stairs (so we hear) and staggers onto the floor, but the lens has already crossed half the room and he is only glimpsed, the image passes over him. Late in the film, its evening, one of the radio girls returns, goes to the telephone, which, being at the back wall is in full view, and in a dramatic moment of acting unusual in the avant-garde cinema calls a man, Richard, to tell him there is a dead body in the room. She insists he

does not look drunk but dead and says she will meet him downstairs. She leaves. The call makes a story of the previously random events. Had the film ended here, actuality in the potent image of death would have satisfied all the potential energy built up before; but Snow prefers a deeper vision. What we see is a visual echo, a ghost in negative superimposition of the girl making the phone call, and the zoom continues, as the sound grows shriller, into the final image of the static sea pinned to the wall, a cumulative metaphor for the whole experience of the dimensional illusion of open space. The crucial difference between the form of Brakhage's *Song 6* and this film is that the *Song,* true to song form, is purely the invocation of a metaphor, while *Wavelength* uses a metaphor as the end of an elaborate, yet simple structure whose coordinates are one room and one zoom.

[One can see in an earlier Snow film, *New York Eye and Ear Control* (1964), the conceptual origins of *Wavelength* (1967) and ⟷ (1969), his latest long work. Numerous dualities make the film cohere: The cut-out figure of The Walking Woman (an obsessive image from his paintings and sculpture), at times white, sometimes black, recurs throughout the film, which has two different parts. In the first half, the flat cut-outs contradict the deep spaces of the landscapes, rockscapes, and seascapes in which they are placed. The second half occurs indoors, within a small unoriented space, where black (black and white) pose in relationship to the cut-outs and their negative moulds.

New York Eye and Ear Control suggests a declension of ideas, of black and white, flat and round, stasis and ebullience, silence and sound; but (despite the film-maker's articulate description of the over-all construction, in our conversations) it is architectonically naïve. What is Snow's primary weakness here becomes the central strength of his later work: the vision of a simple situation permeated by a field or rich philosophical implication, which *duration* elaborates.] Like Brakhage's *Song 6,* it is an epistemological metaphor. What is particularly interesting is that, like Landow's *Fleming Faloon* (1963), which I shall soon describe, it is a first attempt to make a structural film by the film-maker who later achieved that form, before the form had emerged.

[Snow considers the primary historical contribution of *New York Eye and Ear Control* to be its direct confrontation with aesthetic *endurance.* If this was his intention, he has been more successful in a later film, *One Second in Montreal* (1969), where more than thirty still photographs of snow covered parks are held on the screen

for very long periods. The shape of the film is a crescendo-diminuendo of endurance—although the first shot is held very long, the second stays even longer, and so on into the middle of the film, when the measures begin to shorten.

The central fact of ←→ (1969) is velocity. The perpetually moving camera, left–right, right–left, passes a number of "events" which become metaphors in the flesh for the back-and-forth inflection of the camera (passing a ball, the eye movement of reading, window washing, and so on). These events suggest the elements of contemporary dance (Yvonne Rainer, and others). Each activity is a rhythmic unit, self-enclosed, and joined to the subsequent activity only by the fact that they occur in the same space. They provide a living scale for the speeds of camera movement and solid forms in the field of energy that the panning makes out of space.

The continual panning of the camera creates an apparent time in conflict with the time of any given operation. In the film's coda, a recapitulation of all the events, out of their original order and in multiple superimposition, the illusions of time dissolve in an image of atemporal continuity.

The overt rhythm of ←→ depends upon the speed at which the camera moves from side to side, or up and down. Likewise, the overt drama of *Wavelength* derives from the closing-in of space, the action of the zoom lens. The specific content of both films is empty space, rooms. It is the nature and structure of the events within the rooms that differentiate the modes of the films].

A set of films by Ernie Gehr, *Wait* and *Moments* (1968), work an area similar to that of *Wavelength* on a simpler level. Both are fixed-tripod–zoom structures, but the zoom movements are staccato and not the primary organizational principles of the films. Both are structured on rhythmic variations of the film stocks' exposure to fixed light sources. In *Wait*, the source is an overhead lamp, giving the film a series of red-dominant intensities. A couple is reading in a room. There is no sound.

Moments is another interior: a room with a cat and apparently someone in bed; yet the source of light is an outside window, in whose image we can see a firescape when the exposure is very low. The tones are bluish, and again there is no sound.

Brakhage has, of course, used variations in exposure as formal elements of a film, but to the best of my knowledge, Gehr deserves the credit for first using exposure differences as the prime material of an entire film and for composing with the *f* stops as a rhythmic instrument.

[In 1969, Gehr made *Reverberation* by filming off of a screen or

an optical printing device on which his original material was projected. Nothing happens in the film. A couple stands on the street, posing. By a reduction to slow motion and through the flattening of space by second-generation photography, the image giggles, pulses, and almost breathes a brilliant white light. The instability of the image and the nervous variations of the light intensity become the subject of the film.

Gehr was not the first of the structuralists to utilize photography off a screen in a formalist manner. Landow had done it a year earlier in *The Film that Rises to the Surface of Clarified Butter*. Yet it was probably from Ken Jacobs that Gehr received his inspiration in this direction. For a long time, Jacobs had been working on a long film involving photography off of a screen, *Tom, Tom, The Piper's Son*, which has been screened in several versions, the latest of which, in 1969, seems to be definitive.

Tom, Tom begins and ends with an old film, made in America in the early years of the century, of the same title, quoted entirely both times. For about seventy minutes (the original lasts about ten minutes), Jacobs gives us his variations on the images and movements of that film. His *Tom, Tom*, as opposed to the original, has a grainy pointillistic texture (an inevitable result from filming off of a screen or home-made optical printer, which he uses gloriously) and a compressed depth of space. In transposing, he changed the time of the original with slow motion, the scale with close-ups of background details, the sequence with repetitions and backward movements, and, above all, the kinesis by radically retarding the narrative of the original. Here the principle of elongation rather than condensation—the aesthetic crux of the structural film—finds its clearest demonstration. It is almost as if the film intended to prove once and for all the postulates of Russian formalist criticism, where the theory of the structural cinema has its historical origins. Victor Shklovsky writes in *Art as Technique* (1917):

We find everywhere the artistic trademark—that is, we find material obviously created to remove the automatism of perception; the author's purpose is to create the vision that results from that de-automatized perception. A work is created "artistically" so that its perception is impeded and the greatest possible effect is produced through the slowness of perception.

and

The technique of art is to make objects "unfamiliar," to make forms difficult, to increase the difficulty and length of perception because the process of perception is an aesthetic end in itself and must be

prolonged. *Art is a way of experiencing the artfulness of an object; the object is not important.* (his italics)

Jacobs's film is didactic in a specifically Modernist tradition. In the first place, it is sublime film criticism, revealing the intricacy of the original by literally transfiguring it. Stravinsky did the same for Pergolesi; Robert Duncan "set Shelley's *Arethusa* to new measures." In addition, Jacobs has revealed a nexus of composition and imagery, latent in the film, akin to Seurat and Manet. We see a sensual tight-rope walker whirling a hoop in slow motion, a hunchback rolling over and over himself, a crowd falling, one by one, slow as molasses, out of a barn and, almost floating, into a haystack. There are intimations of Picasso's harlequins as well.

Because of the directness of the mechanism he employs, *Tom, Tom* must be considered within the structural sensibility despite Jacobs's tendency to rupture the forms of all of his films. Between the two versions I saw, there was a marked difference of architecture. Both successfully violated the symmetry by appendixing a series of slow-motion details after the second presentation of the original film.

The latest version, however, has color inserts of a shadow play, which violently interrupts the continuity of the black-and-white film. Visually, they are relaxing (so Jacobs describes their function), but, structurally, they are extremely disorienting. More in keeping with the texture of the film, but nevertheless digressive, is a passage in the latest version in which the film-maker literally lifts away the screen off of which the film is being "copied," and we are confronted by a flicker of the bare projector-bulb, which was behind the screen. Since Jacobs began making films, he has been obsessed with the notion of a form that breaks down and starts up again falteringly. His earlier long films, *Star Spangled to Death* (begun in the early 1950's and still incomplete) and *Blonde Cobra* (1963) have wildly eccentric architectures.

Before making *Tom, Tom*, or at the same time, Jacobs shot *Soft Rain*, a single long take, from a fixed position, shown three times in a row. The film looks out of a window with the shade half-drawn (or a black masking device near the camera) on a flat store-top and a street during a light rainfall. The rain is so light that it often takes more than one cycle of the shot before a viewer becomes aware of it. Likewise the shade (or mask) is so ambiguously posited in the depth of the field that its extreme proximity to the camera is not immediately apparent. Perhaps the success of this simple structure is related to the relative simplicity of shape in which he has left *Tom, Tom*, even in its latest version.

That simplicity is all the more evident by contrast with the possibilities the materials offer. I saw the film for the first time with Parker Tyler, who suggested that it would be more "mysterious" (a ritualistic presence he much admires in films) if the original were not shown. At times during the projection, I considered the potential for restructuring the sequence and, thus, the causality of the states of the original. Had either possibility been employed, the result probably would not have been such as to find consideration in the context of this article.]

Joyce Wieland, the wife of Michael Snow, has used loop effects for at least two kinds of structure. In *Sailboat* (1968), the loop * gives an illusion of continuous movement as a boat sails from screen left and out of screen right repeatedly; in *1933* (1967), a single shot of a street taken from a high window with people rushing in fast motion and slowing down to normal motion (without a change of shots) is seen about a dozen times. Occasionally the title, *1933*, is printed over the entire shot, and between each set of repetitions there is white leader marked by different red flashes.

Of all the film-makers included in this article, Wieland is closest to Andy Warhol and the mentality of the pop film. In *Sailboat*, the structural principle is clearly ironic, while *1933* is a pure and quite mysterious structural film. In *Catfood* (1968), she shows a cat devouring fish after fish for some ten minutes. There seems to be no repetition of shots, but the imagery is so consistent throughout—shot of the fish, the cat eating, his paw clawing, another fish, the cat eating, and so on—that it is just possible that shots are recurrent.

[Her latest film, *Reason Over Passion* (1969) is her strongest. A description of the film's plan, its argument, suggests an epic form; for she has attempted no less than to cross Canada from ocean to ocean, filming. In the middle of it all, a portrait of Trudeau, the Prime Minister (the title is a phrase from one of his speeches), interrupts the journey. His image has the same reduction to the granular as the optical or the off-the-screen printings of Gehr, Jacobs, and others. The word "epic" would not apply to the moment by moment experience of the film, which is one of aggressive elongation punctuated by a mild sadness. She does not glorify the land, but seems to mourn for it. The film's title is superimposed over the passing landscapes, in the form of an anagram, continually shifting (a computer made the permutations), a simile to the variant sameness of the shots.]

* I have subsequently learned that this was not actually a loop, but several different sailboats in sequence.

I have had occasion to mention Stan Brakhage's work several times in these pages and to single out his *Song 6*. The nearest he has come to a structural film yet is his recent *Song 27, My Mountain*. To single out any one *Song* as a formal organism is to ignore the complex over-all emerging form of *Songs* as a single home-movie serial, some of whose images and many of whose themes, sporadically recur. Then, excluding the coda called *Rivers, Song 27, My Mountain* studies a mountain peak for thirty minutes, from a few different angles, with shots of clouds and a rainbow included.

How is this a structural film? The notes I have given so far describe a method of construction based on a fixed image, loop printing, and slight variations of this, and I have promised to discuss the flicker film. The minimalization of technique accompanies the minimalization of image in these instances, which is not strictly the case with Brakhage's mountain song.

The extreme concentration in Brakhage's film upon the mountain as durable energy—it survives several seasons, persistently emerges from engulfing clouds—creates a kind of tension and a sense of potentiality comparable to the most dynamic structural films, *Wavelength*, Landow's *Bardo Follies* (1966), Markopoulos's *Gammelion* (1968), and Sharits's N:O:T:H:I:N:G (1968). The space of a mountain, an arrogant young Rockie at that, is not that of a room. Harry Smith once proposed that Warhol film Mt. Fuji with his fixed camera. The gesture would have been ironical and true to Warhol's world-view: a diminishing of the energy of the subject. Brakhage has again shown his genius by moving the camera positions, allowing the seasons to change and, thus, finding the structure that would hold the terror of a field as big as a mountain.

In his recent lectures, he has spoken of the growing influence of Dutch and Flemish painters over his compositional sense and has seen, in Van Eyck especially, an awareness for slight movements at the edge of the frame. Appropriately, in *Song 27, My Mountain*, the tension that a single shot could easily create over thirty minutes is sustained through a multitude of shots by careful coordination of the minute movements at the corners of the screen. He did not use a tripod, but he approximated the stillness of the tripod to make these tiny excursions more emphatic. Thus, he keeps the unit of the image; thematically, and reaffirms the space of the film frame. The synthetic unity of these forces is his structure.

The most devout of the structural film-makers and perhaps the most sublime is George Landow. His first film, *Fleming Faloon* (1963), is a precursor of the structural tendency, though not quite achieved. The theme of a direct address is at the center of its construction: Beginning with two boobs reciting "Around the world in eighty minutes," jump-cuts of a TV newscaster, and image upon image of a staring face, sometimes full-screen, sometimes the butt of a dollying camera, superimposed upon itself, sometimes split into four images (unsplit 8mm photography, in which two sets of two consecutive images appear in the 16mm frame) televisions, mirrored televisions, and superimposed movies are interspersed. Although I have seen the film many times, I could never find a structural principle after the opening, which Landow has called the prelude. *Fleming Faloon* is simply a series of related images.

The sensibility that created *Fleming Faloon*, a film-maker more than any other nonanimator devoted to the flat-screen cinema, the moving-grain painting, is the primary force in the structural film. Perhaps he actually invented it when he made *Film in which there appear sprocket holes, edge lettering, dirt particles, etc*. He derived its image from a commercial test film, originally nothing more than a girl staring at the camera, a blink of her eye is the only motion, with a spectrum of primary colors beside her. Landow had the image reprinted so that the girl and the spectrum occupies only one half of the frame, the other half of which is made up of sprocket holes, frilled with rapidly changing edge letters, and, in the far right screen, half of the girl's head again.

Landow premiered this film as loop at the Film-Makers Cinematheque, calling it *This film will be interrupted after ten minutes by a commercial*. True to its title, the film was interrupted with an 8mm interjection of Rembrandt's "Town Council" as reproduced by Dutch Master Cigars. A luscious green scratch stood across the splice in the loop, which gave it a particular tonality during that single performance, since only that identified the cycling of the loop, and contrasted with the red overtone of the image.

When the loop, minus the commercial, was printed to become *Film in which*, etc., Landow instructed the laboratory not to clean the dirt from the film but to make a clean splice that would hide the repetitions. The resultant film, a found object extended to a simple structure, is the essence of a minimal cinema. The girl's face is static; perhaps a blink is glimpsed; the sprocket holes do not move but waver slightly as the system of edge lettering flashes around them. Deep into the film, the dirt begins to form time patterns, and the film ends.

There is a two-screen version of this film, projected with no line separating the two panels and with the right images reversed so that

a synthetic girl, with two left hand sides of her face, is evoked between the two girl panels.

Bardo Follies (1966), Landow's most sophisticated film, describes a kind of meditation analogous to the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*. The film begins with a loop-printed image of a water flotilla carrying a woman who waves to us at every turn of the loop. After about ten minutes (there is a shorter version, too), the same loop appears doubled into a set of circles against the black screen. Then there are three circles for an instant. The film image in the circles begins to burn, creating a moldy, wavering, orange-dominated mass. Eventually, the entire screen fills with one burning frame, which disintegrates in slow motion in an extremely grainy soft focus. Another frame burns; the whole screen throbs with melting celluloid. Probably, this was created by several generations of photography off the screen—its effect is to make the screen itself seem to throb and smolder. The tension of the silly loop is maintained throughout this section, in which the film stock itself seems to die. After a long while, it becomes a split screen of air bubbles in water filmed through a microscope with colored filters, a different color on each side of the screen. Through changes of focus the bubbles lose shape and dissolve into one another and the four filters switch. Finally, some forty minutes after the first loop, the screen goes white. The film ends.

Structurally, we have the gradual abstraction of an image (originally emphasized through loop printing) through burning and slow-motion rephotography off the screen. The final images of air bubbles are metaphorical extensions of the process of abstraction. The entire opus is open to the interpretation suggested by the title, of the pursuit of the pure light from the "follies" of daily life. The viewer comes to see not the images of the earth, the girl on her flotilla, but the colors and tones of the light itself in a chain of purification.

In his latest work, *The Film that Rises to the Surface of Clarified Butter* (1968), Landow extends the structural principle of the loop into a cycle of visions. Here, we see, in black and white, the head of a working animator; he draws a line, makes a body; then he animates a grotesque humanoid shape. In negative, a girl points to the drawing and taps on it with a pencil. This sequence of shots—the back of the animator, the animation, the negative girl looking at it—occurs three times, but not with exactitude, since there is sometimes more negative material in one cycle than in another. Next, we see (another?) animator, this time from the front; he is creating a similar monster; he animates it. Again we see him from the front;

again he animates it. Such is the action of the film. A wailing sound out of Tibet accompanies the whole film. The title as well is Eastern: Landow read about "the film that rises to the surface of clarified butter" in the *Upanishads*.

The explicit ontology of the film, based on the distinction between graphic (the monsters), two-dimensional modality and photographic naturalism (the animators, even the pen resting beside the monsters as they move in movie illusion), as a metaphor for the relation of film itself (a two-dimensional field of illusion) and actuality, is a classic perception implicit since the beginning of animation and explicit countless times before. Yet what film has been built solely about this metaphor? No other, I can recall. Landow's genius is not his intellectual approach (even though he would be among the most intelligent film-makers in the country), which is simplistic, that is, the variations on announcing and looking (*Fleming Faloon*), the extrinsic visual interest in a film frame (*Film in which there appear sprocket holes, edge lettering, dirt particles, etc.*), a meditation on the pure light trapped in a ridiculous image (*Bardo Follies*), and the echo of an illusion (*Film that Rises to the Surface of Clarified Butter*); his remarkable faculty is as maker of images; for the simple found objects (*Film in which*; beginning of *Bardo Follies*) he uses and the images he photographs are among the most radical, super-real, and haunting images the cinema has ever given us. Without this sense of imagery, all of his films would have failed—as a few of his early 8mm works do. Because of this peculiar visual genius, his work is the most consistently pertinent, on a spiritual level, of all the film-makers considered here (excepting, of course, Brakhage and Markopoulos, whose works are really tangential to the themes of this article).

The occurrence of a structural film among the works of Gregory Markopoulos is, to say the least, a surprise. His most outstanding contribution to the language of cinema has been the use of single-frame flashes in film narrative. But the whole point of this speedy image, which he confirms in his writing, was toward the elaborations of more complex forms, an articulation of simultaneity. Robert Breer was perhaps the true pioneer for the single-frame film sequence (although, of course, Eisenstein, Vertov and, even, Griffith had used rapid flashes in the past), and remotely the forefather of the structural film, certainly long before Kubelka or Warhol. His speed of imagery is quite opposite in effect to that of Markopoulos, and his sensibility would be labeled more precisely "kinetic," along with Len Lye, his one equal.

It might be noted in passing that Breer too has created his most structural, certainly most minimal film during the past two years. It is 66, an animation of primary color shapes interrupting the stasis of the previous image shape. The film is still too much of a natural outgrowth of Breer's process and career to be considered an unusual deviation toward the structural.

To return to Markopoulos, what is interesting in *Gammelion* is that it takes the shape of a flicker film and still remains a narrative. Perhaps a thousand times, the screen fades into white and out again, creating the impression of a great winking eye. Sometimes, the fades in and out are colored, sometimes not. After the first minutes of these slow blinks, a single image is injected into the film; then a little later there are more, perhaps four or five frame shots. Until the very end, *Gammelion* evolves as it began, a minimal narrative in a structural matrix.

For many years, Markopoulos wanted to film *The Castle of Argol* of Julian Gracq, and he chose Caresse Crosby's Roccasinabalda as the site. In 1963, I read a film script of some 400 pages closely following the novel. This was while Markopoulos was editing *Twice A Man*. The project was postponed to make *The Illiac Passion* and never resumed in the original form. Yet, when Markopoulos found himself in Italy in 1967 and with only enough money to purchase about two rolls of color film three minutes long apiece, he went to Roccasinabalda and filmed. He shot the entrance of the castle, the corridors, some rooms, the flag which is a black sun, a naked couple in the fresco, a spot of blood on the pathway. These are the elements of his narrative along with the sound of a trotting horse, some romantic music (Wagner, I think), and the following lines from Rilke: "To be loved means to be consumed. To love means to radiate with inexhaustible light. To be loved is to pass away. To love is to endure." The details of the shooting experience can be found in *Film Culture* No. 46, where Markopoulos has written "Correspondences of Smells and Visuals," the most revealing of all the articles I have read from him.

As we sit before *Gammelion*, we see the winking screen. The flashes are interruptions of the structure, as if the implanted narrative were taking place somewhere else entirely. Within the terms of Markopoulos's previous work, the technique of fading in and out may be interpreted as a psychological distancing or phrasing of the images as in a remote memory. A few years ago, he began to employ the fade as a formal device in *Eros o Basileus* (1967), where it syncopates the rhythm of the long erotic tableaux. In spirit, that film is close to *Gammelion*, even though, in mechanics, they seem so opposite, the earlier being composed of the longest shots Markopoulos has ever taken and the latter made up solely of flashes. The crucial difference of form concerns us here; for *Eros o Basileus* is a serial film, and *Gammelion* is structural.

By making *The Flicker* (1965), Tony Conrad brought a new clarity to Kubelka's *Arnulf Rainer*, which he had not seen. Both films are montages of black-and-white leader; Kubelka's is melodic and classical, with bursts of phrasing, pauses and explosions; the sound, white noise and silence, is likewise symphonic, sometimes synchronous with the image, more often syncopated; Conrad built one long crescendo-diminuendo (*The Flicker* is four times as long as *Arnulf Rainer*) with a single blast of stereophonic buzz for the soundtrack.

Film Culture published a series of articles by and about Conrad in 1966 (No. 41). Here one finds the most articulate expression of the consciousness of structural form of any published record of the film-makers involved. In a letter to Henry Romney, he wrote:

So I always try to give the impression of serenity and repose whenever I work with extreme materials.

A word on the subject of the static style and its place in art, since I have just implied a bias in this direction. The static seems to be regarded with some suspicion in the age of rock n' roll; although it is a basic dimension of all creative work, it easily gets labeled as exoticism or as very far out. Naturally this imagery is by that very fact a part of the picture, but I do not feel that static style can sustain itself on these alone as a thing in itself for very long. Like other "new" things, it has to incorporate itself as a tool into a moving stream of artistic creation. Among the current exponents of this style, I, long ago, sought out La Monte Young, and I have felt that our long collaboration has proven unprecedentedly fruitful as a continuous evolving development. On the other hand, I have never been able to cure myself of suspicions that Andy Warhol's static films, for example, are incurably opportunistic and basically devoid of the intrinsic interest or freshness that I feel to be the real challenge of static work.

Here Conrad mistakes the quality of most structural films "static" for the form and thereby includes the work of Warhol in this classification. As I have elaborated earlier, Warhol's form is something quite different as becomes more and more apparent the more films he makes. Yet the use of the word "static" is a helpful guide to the difference between Conrad's *The Flicker* and Kubelka's *Arnulf Rainer* and, by extension, a definition of the image in the structural cinema.

The structural film is static because it is not modulated internally by evolutionary concerns. In short, there are no climaxes in these films. They are visual, or audio-visual objects whose most striking characteristic is their over-all shape.

Conrad's second film, *The Eye of Count Flickerstein*, begins with a brief Dracula parody in which the camera moves up to the eye of the Count; then, until the end of the film, we see a boiling swarm of images very similar to, if not made from, the static on a television screen when the station is not transmitting. Aesthetically, *Count Flickerstein* lacks the ambition of *The Flicker*, but it is not without visual interest.

Both Conrad and Kubelka have worked with the fundamental primitive energy of the flicker principle, and it is obvious why they would use black-and-white film for this charge. Paul Sharits has made three color flickers, sensitive films, without the ecstatic power of either *The Flicker* or *Arnulf Rainer*, but he has done more than either of his predecessors to develop the formal potential of the flicker film.

Ray Gun Virus was his first attempt in this genre, and it is the simplest. It is a splattering of colors. Its effect is distanced, a calm look at the modulations of rapidly changing color tones. In essence, *Ray Gun Virus* is the base for both of Sharits's intricate structures, *Piece Mandala* and *N:O:T:H:I:N:G*. In *Piece Mandala* (1967), he elaborates themes of sex and self-violence within the tissue of the color flashes. In this way, he raises the dramatic power of the flickering colors by metaphor rather than visually. A mandala is a meditation wheel. Literally, it derives its name from the Sanskrit etymology of "a circle." The film begins and ends the same way, with staccato stills of lovemaking, mostly of postures of entry, some cunnilingus, breast feeling. As the film progresses, the color flashes grow longer, the still more isolated, until in the middle of the work, there is the photograph of a young man's head; he is pointing a gun at his skull; animated dots outline the bullet's path. Then the film completes the circular form; the flashes grow shorter, the loving stills more excited. The film ends as it began with the flashing titles: Peace, War.

Before I had seen *N:O:T:H:I:N:G* (1968), I had a limited respect for Sharits's art. Now I can see the two films discussed above only as preparations for his one fully developed film. In *N:O:T:H:-I:N:G*, the flashing colors have the sense of potential space-time that we noted in the fixed image structures of Baillie, Landow, Snow, and Markopoulos.

This film is much longer than the earlier two, about forty minutes, and, to a much greater extent, the colors group in major and minor phrases with, say, a pale blue dominant at one time, a yellow dominant at another. The colors tend toward the cooler shades. The ultimate aspiration of Sharits's cinema must be the synthesis of whiteness; because the natural effect of his blazing colors is a blending that will always tend toward a bleaching. In *Ray Gun Virus*, the bleaching affected me as a weakness, but in *N:O:T:H:I:N:G*, the related contextual images and the sound, as well as the title, utilize the theme of evaporation (which is the converse of potentiality, which is the mode of all structural films). From the very beginning, the screen flickers clusters of colors; the titles gradually flash on, the letters and colors separately, while the sound suggests a telegraph code, or chattering teeth, or the plastic click of suddenly changing television channels.

The first image interlude in the chain of color shows us a chair animated in positive and negative; it floats down-screen, away into nothing, or the near nothing of the mutually exterminating colors. The interlude is marked with the sound of a telephone. The remaining and the main body of the film is continually interrupted for short periods by the image of a light bulb, two-dimensional like the chair before it, dripping its vital light fluid. From the first occurrence of this image until the last drop of bulb fluid has leaked out, a series of static beeps are heard, gradually spaced further and further apart. In the end, we see only long passages of color clusters whose dominants are synchronized to the moos of cows.

In essence, there are only three flicker films of importance, *Arnulf Rainer*, *The Flicker*, and *N:O:T:H:I:N:G*. The first is the most dynamic and inventive. The second is a splendid extension (who of those who knew Kubelka's film would have thought it possible?) into the area of meditative cinema. In terms of the subjects we have discussed here, it is Sharits's *N:O:T:H:I:N:G* that opens the field for the structural film with a flicker base. In all instances, even the overtly psychedelic use of the flicker by John Cavanaugh in *The Dragon's Claw* (1967), the employment of color has diminished the basic apocalypse of the flicker. Sharits has worked this to his advantage. His latest film builds wave after wave of colors, each modulated by the minor of the spectrum, as a context of minimalization for his images.

POSTSCRIPT

The distinction between the "Fluxus" films that Maciunas speaks of in his rebuttal to the first printing of this article and the films about which I have written is subtle, because it is not a matter of

definition but of degree. If we think of the structural films as cinematic propositions in a rigorously ordered form, the "Fluxus" films would be tautologies. For example, Chieko Shiomi's *Disappearing Music for Face*, shows the end of a smile filmed with an ultrahigh-speed camera so that the muscles relax over a twelve-minute period; Yoko Ono's *No. 4* presents one walking naked ass after another, without any depth of space (they were walking on a treadmill); and Maciunas's own *End After 9*, is simply academy leader from 1 to 9 followed by a title, "End."

Recently, a number of distinguished sculptors have begun to make films in the halfway ground between the subversive "Fluxus" works and the complex structural films. There are Richard Serra's films of various hand manipulations (catching, untying, standing on them) and his film of measuring the size of the film frame at a given distance away from the camera (which I have not seen) and Bruce Nauman's films of handball, violin-playing, and a loop of a mouth repeating the expression "lip synch." The most interesting new film by a nonfilm-maker in this arena has been an untitled two-screen work by Robert Morris, which shares a dialectic of wide views/details with Jacobs's *Tom Tom, The Piper's Son*. On one screen, Morris has a wide-angle view of a gas station in Southern California with houses in the background and the ocean behind them. The shot is fixed and uninterrupted for about forty minutes. On the adjacent screen, he shows the same scene from the same camera position, filmed simultaneously, with a zoom lens that picks out details and follows them.

Morris wants the two images projected by synchronous machines. The evening I saw it they were slightly out of phase so that the details sometimes preceded and sometimes followed the overview. In addition to this, the zoom camera occasionally slips beyond the borders of the static one. For me, both the spatial and temporal asynchronisms enriched the experience of the film. Like Jacobs's film, Morris's has a sensual involvement (implicit in their common principle, which is that of art historical criticism) which the "Fluxus" works reject.

The most critical case of the ambiguity of the definition of the structural film arises from a consideration of the work of Hollis Frampton, a young film-maker who has produced some sixteen films in the last three years, all of which bear upon our considerations here. His latest, *Artificial Light* (1969), summarizes, in its permutations, many of the concerns of his earlier works. Frampton is the rare example of an intellectual film-maker, perhaps the first since Sidney Peterson. (This is not to denigrate the intellect of many intelligent film-makers. I am distinguishing intelligence from the particular commitment to abstract formulations characterized by the epithet "intellectual.") Because of his critical awareness of the function of his own work within the contexts of film history and Modernist Art, he has made films that are especially difficult to categorize, which is certainly to his credit.

Artificial Light repeats variations on a single filmic utterance twenty times. The same phrase is a series of portrait shots of a group of young New York artists informally talking, drinking wine, laughing, smoking. The individual portrait-shots follow each other with almost academic smoothness in lap-dissolves ending in two shots of the entire group followed by a dolly shot into a picture of the moon. In the following synoptic outline, this entire phrase, which lasts about one minute in black and white, will be called A:

Artificial Light

1. A, upside-down and backwards.
2. A, in negative.
3. A, with superimposition of sprocket holes.
4. A, with eyes painted blue and mouths red.
5. A, scarred with a white drip mark.
6. A, covered with transparent stripes of red and green.
7. Still shots in sequence from A; a stroboscopic or flicker effect.
8. A, almost obliterated by scratches.
9. Shots from A, toned different colors by dye, in an asequential order.
10. A, with faces and hair outlined by scratches, dissolves marked with a scratched slash (/).
11. A, spotted with multicolor drops.
12. Superimposition of A, with a copy of A in which left and right are reversed.
13. A, with all faces bleached out.
14. A, with a flicker of colors (red, green, blue).
15. A, covered with "art-type" printers dots.
16. A, toned sepia.
17. A, superimposed over itself with a lag of one-and-a-half seconds.
18. A, interrupted by two-frame flashes of color negative.
19. A, colored, as if through an electrical process, in a series of two primaries.
20. A, with a closeup of a moon crater substituted for the expected moon shots.

It should be obvious from the outline that the filmic phrase func-

tions like a tone row in dodecaphonic music and serial composition. Frampton has made two very interesting manipulations of the experience of this phrase. In the first place, by opening the film with a backwards and upside-down run of it, he dislocates the viewer for several repetitions; one comes *gradually* to realize that there is a fixed order or direction. That progression is rigidly fixed by the first third of the film. The ninth variation violently jars us with its elliptical disorder. The rest of the film proceeds logically until the last shot which has a feeling of finality both from its variation and from being held on the screen longer.

I saw this film in the company of two friends, a film-maker and a philosopher of art, who raised first the relevance of Stan Brakhage to this film (for Brakhage has worked with repetitions and variations in a serial order more than any other film-maker in his epic *The Art of Vision* [1960–65]) and then the question of the appropriateness or inappropriateness of Frampton material for serial treatment. There is a chasm between the phrase A and its formal inflections. That chasm is intellectual as well as formal. Frampton loves an outrageous hypothesis; his films, all of them, take the shape of logical formulae. Usually, the logic he invokes is that of the paradox—a Modernist tendency that finds its literary apogee in the stories of Jorge Luis Borges. In a recent lecture at The Millennium in New York, Frampton hypothesized an atemporal alternative to the history of cinema, illustrated by a sequence of his works. With *Artificial Light*, which was not completed in time for that lecture, he challenges the newest historical phase of the formal cinema, the structural film.

GEORGE MACIUNAS (DEC.5,1969): SOME COMMENTS ON *STRUCTURAL FILM* BY P.ADAMS SITNEY *(FILM CULTURE NO.47,1969)*

We have heard of *3 EMPTIES* and *3 NOTHINGS* (response of Vietnamese villagers), *3 HOLIES, 3 TRUTHS*, etc. and now P.Adams Sitney has contributed *3 ERRORS:* (wrong terminology, wrong examples-chronology and wrong sources for origins).

category	error	cause of error	proposed correction of error
terminology	Term of *Structural Film* is semantically incorrect, since structure does not mean or imply simple. Structure is an arrangement of parts according either to complex or simple design, pattern or organization. **Complex structures:** fugue, sonata, serial form, indeterminate statics of concrete frame, desoxyribose nucleic acid molecule. **Simple structures:** continuous crescendo, pivot support beam, helium molecule, *So Sho* painting, *Haiku*, held tone, etc.	Misplaced dictionary and ignorance of recent *art-philosophy* such as definitions of *Concept-art* and *Structure-art* by Henry Flynt in his *General Aesthetics*, or *Concept Art* essay in *An Anthology, 1963*	(As proposed in *Expanded Arts Diagram*, by G.Maciunas, *Film Culture No.43, 1966*) **Monomorphic structure** *(having a single, simple form; exhibiting essentially one structural pattern)* **Neo-Haiku.** This monomorphism tends to border on *Concept-art*, since it emphasizes an image or idea of generalization from particulars rather than particularization (arrangement into particular design or pattern) of generalities. In *Concept-art* realization of form is therefore irrelevant, since it is an art of which the material is *concepts* (closely bound with language), rather than particular form of film, sound, etc.
chronology of each category		Cliquishness and ignorance of film-makers outside the *Coop.* or *Cinematheque* circle.	George Brecht: *Two Durations, 3 lamp events, 1961* Dick Higgins: *Constellation no.4, 1960; Plunk, 1964* Eric Andersen: *Opus 74, 1965*
single staccato	no examples given		Anonymous: *Eye Blink, 1966*
linear progress, held image, tone, straight development.	Andy Warhol: *Sleep, 1963-4; Eat, 1964.* John Cavanaugh: *The Dragon's Claw, 1965* Paul Sharits: *Ray Gun Virus, Piece Mandala, N:O:T:H:I:N:G.* Joyce Wieland: *Sailboat,* etc. *1967*	same as above	La Monte Young: *Composition 1960 No.9,* realized in 1965 Jackson Mac Low: *Tree Movie, 1961.* Nam June Paik: *Zen for Film, 1962-4.* Dick Higgins: *Invocation of Canyons & Boulders for Stan Brakhage, 1963* (endless eating motion of mouth) Brion Gysin: *Flicker machine, 1963-4.* George Brecht: *Black Movie, 1965* Paul Sharits: *Sears, 1965* (single frame exposure of Sears catalogue pages), *Wrist trick, Word Movie,* etc. John Cavanaugh: *The Dragon's Claw, 1965* (flicker) Milan Knizak: *Pause, 1966* James Riddle: *9 Minutes, 1966* George Maciunas: *10 feet, 1000 frames, Artype (lines)1966*
arithmetic or algebraic progression. transition, zoom f stop or focus change; crescendo or decrescendo	Tony Conrad: *The Flicker, 1966* Michael Snow: *Wavelength, 1967.* Ernie Gehr: *Wait, Moments,* etc. *1968* George Landow: *Bardo Follies*	same as above	Nam June Paik: *Empire State Building, 1964* (f stop change) George Brecht: *Entry—Exit, 1962* realized in 1965 (black to white transition, either by f stop change or devel.) Takehisa Kosugi: *Film & Film for Mekas, 1965* Chieko Shiomi: *Disappearing Music for Face, 1965-6* Tony Conrad: *The Flicker, 1966* George Maciunas: *Artype (dots), 1966* Michael Snow: *Wavelength, 1967,* Ernie Gehr films,1968, George Landow: *Bardo Follies,* Ayo: *Rainbow, 1968-9.* (color wheel: yellow to green)
wave motion; back & forward	no examples given		Paul Sharits: *Dots, 1965* Yoko Ono: *Number 4, 1965* (buttock movement of walker) Michael Snow: ←→, *1968*
readymades & found film	George Landow: *Fleming Faloon, 1965*		Nam June Paik: *Zen for Film, 1962-4* (film with dust) George Landow: *Fleming Faloon, 1965* Albert M.Fine: *Readymade, 1966* (color test strip)
origins and precursors	Peter Kubelka: *Arnulf Rainer, 1958,* which is not monomorphic but polymorphic (complex) in structure. Andy Warhol: *Sleep, 1963-4,* which to begin with is a plagiarized version of Jackson Mac Low's *Tree Movie, 1961* just as his *Eat, 1964* is a plagiarized version of Dick Higgins' *Invocation...* or his *Empire, 1964* a plagiarized version of Nam June Paik's *Empire State Building.*	Ignorance of precursory monomorphic examples in other art forms, such as music, events and even film.	Zen chant, Haiku poem, So Sho painting, Eric Satie: *Vexations* John Cage: *4'3", 1952* (silence) Yves Klein: *Monotone Symphony, Blue Movie* etc. *1958* La Monte Young: *Composition 1960 No.7 & 9,* etc. (drawn continuous line, held tone, etc.) George Brecht: *Drip Music, 1959; Direction* (→ ←), *3 Yellow events* (for slide projector), *Word Event (Exit), 2 Vehicle events (start,stop)* & many other 1961 pieces. Ben Vautier: *Intermission,* & many other 1961 pieces. Nam June Paik: most of his 1960-61 compositions. Robert Morris: *Print* (till ink runs out) Walter De Maria: *Beach Crawl, 1960.* Etc. etc. etc. etc.