

It was a first time I went to the séance of the first-movie-ever-made shown together with the last-movie-ever-made. Not necessary in this particular order though. It made me laugh, this order.

I remembered the 20 years old photo-camera that I received when I was born. When it turned 35 years old I removed its shutter and objective and no one could put it back there. It was a moment of reverse engineering: I was trying to catch the glimpse of the site where images have to stop.

The lack of the central objective and the lens enabled my camera to be taking pictures all the time. Nothing, including myself, could block its view anymore. All the years that it took for the glass lens to be formed in the factory were removed now too.

I wondered what are the limits of what can be removed while looking at a face, which was out of focus like that character from a movie. It reminded me of a friend who used to roam in town without ever detaching her video-camera from her eye. Yet she never had a tape inside. Perhaps she didn't want to talk to anyone in that city. Interesting character.

I wondered when the first film ever made starts and the last movie ever made finishes, but I realised they were running at the same time.

I kept watching it further while it was rolling silently. I noticed the moment sound was removed: focus followed next. It made me think that nothing was left. But some ideas were still there. However, nothing, including myself, could block the view anymore

Raimundas Malasauskas - 2010

It was a first time we went with you to the séance of the first-movie-ever-made shown together with the last-movie-ever-made. Not necessary in this particular order though. "We are the movies now," you reminded and we laughed for almost one second.

I told you about a 20 years old photo-camera that I received when I was born: "When it turned 35 years old I removed its shutter and objective." "And no one could put it back," you knew precisely. "It was a moment of reverse engineering," I said. "I was trying to catch the glimpse of the site where images have to stop."

However you reassured me that the lack of the central objective and the lens enabled my camera to be taking pictures all the time instead. "Why?" I had a difficulty of understanding it. "Nothing could block its view anymore," you explained. "Nothing, including yourself. Also it takes many years for the glass lens to be formed in the factory – all those years were removed too."

You sounded like an outdated manual. "What are the limits of what can be removed?" I wondered looking at your face, which was out of focus like that character from a movie. "Which movie?" you asked, "Robert Barry's 'Blank Signal' or Friedrich Nietzches 'Sun Reversed'?"

Instead I told you about my friend who used to roam in town without ever detaching her video-camera from her eye. Yet she never had a tape inside. "What city it was?" you asked. "Somewhere where she didn't want to talk to anyone perhaps." "Even to time?"

"How amusing" a smile arrived. I wondered when the first film ever made starts and the last movie ever made finishes. "Yes," you came back, "they seem to running at the same time."

We kept watching it further while it was rolling silently. "First they removed the sound," I heard you saying. "No, first they removed the focus," you heard me saying. "They had to remove Nihilism before removing the focus," we heard you saying.

"What do you mean?" I looked back. "The idea that nothing is left when you remove almost everything from apparatus of the camera except the sensors of light and a hard drive?" "It is hard to remove ideas so easily."

"No, I am not talking about that. When they removed the focus of the film and what was far has seamlessly collapsed on what was close, they couldn't stop the film running. And then they removed the movement of the film."

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