If *Exploding* was an enactment and analysis of "existential revolt" against the symbolic, *Confessions of an Image* would be a questioning of image and imaging itself—not so much cinema, but the image event.
In making *Exploding*, there were many delays, money problems, control issues—so it took some time to find a way to make films going forward.

I turned my attention to writing again, while at the same shooting more and more material with these newer and newer small digital cameras.

In *Confession of an Image* I ask what is it to make an image, what is this realm of the image and imaging, what happens when incandescent light becomes electromagnetic light, when everything becomes seen and imaged?

*Confessions* is an essay film on the image, on the image as it moves and stops, how image in movement and sequence becomes a language of cinema. It is made mostly of still images and voice. I would shoot the film with my Sony digital micro-tape camera and record the voice track with a separate cassette micro–tape recorder. Both recordings happening in parallel, each with a life of its own and each reflecting the fact that cinema is a technological construct. In the digital and in the network environment of ubiquitous recording, narrative, its beginning, middle, and end, all of this would begin to take on very new meanings and usage.

*Confessions* was my end of cinema as a medium essay. At least the cinema that I knew. It is a series of twenty-one visual essays, about the image, cinema, and memory, written, filmed, and edited by myself.

The making of the world is inevitably a becoming, precisely because it is happening anew before our very eyes. How could I make such a cinema?
Where do we begin?

With the great luminosity of the sun?

In its radiance, in its warmth, in its travel we mark the day.

This great engine in our solar system, as it moves along the horizon, intimately connecting us to life and all its force.

Our images were a celebration and awe of this terrific force.

All of this changed with cinema, with a construction of an image projected by an artificial incandescent light.

Only in darkness could we see.

The light of the world gave way to the light projected mechanically through the celluloid of still image.

Projected light has now been replaced with electronic information.
Information is now part of the equation of energy and matter.

This is the story of that transformation.

This is the story of the disappearance of astrophysical luminosity, as it becomes the pulse of electronic signal, of total vision.

Our vision has been absorbed such that we can no longer see.

Cinema is a machine to forget.

It is a history of disappearance.

This is the story of the disappearance of astrophysical luminosity, as it becomes the pulse of electronic signal, of total vision.
Our vision has been absorbed such that we can no longer see.

We are blind.

As such the world becomes image, and the world is imaged and arranged for us.

As the world is arranged so are the people.

Constructed as a subject of image.

The arrangement of image gives construction to a worldview.

We no longer go to the world but the world is brought to us through image.

We now move to the organization of our sight.
In mise-en-scène we move along, a relay of the gaze and the author arranging the gaze for us.

We now see through others’ eyes.

Cinema becomes an instrument of artifice.

The camera is an instrument in the construction of suspense, mystery, and melodrama—cinema is a mirror.

Who is it that we see in this mirror?

Cinema is an illusion, and yet every illusion has its truth.

The succession of episodic narrative and the media notion of perception in time through video and further scientific instrumentations of recording and visualization placed us in an extensive field in which perception moves in varying kinds of repetition and scales of visualization always on, always available, always in play.
How then do we situate ourselves in a world of pervasive images and imaging?

What responsibility do we have in making an image?

Perhaps images for a moment give us the illusory perception of stability.

This stability is the stability of time itself.

Cinema, a motor, an engine to see the world.

It now enacts the world and replaces it—until of course catastrophe.

Each singular book now becomes one book, each one electronically interconnected to the other, each discrete text as spoken to by contemporary philosophy is the organization of a series of fragments of other books.
No work stands alone.

Each book here isolated, individual.


Is this our memory?

Our story?

When does knowledge become lived? And a living force?

When does knowledge become understanding?

When it becomes feeling.

When we are one with understanding.
That is when knowledge is felt.

When knowledge is innately one, invisible with the process of life.

And so this innate curiosity, this need to understand, to give ourselves a sense of being—it is the struggle to tell the story of ourselves.

Everything in process.

Everything changing.

Open to reengage and immerse ourselves in being.