

1: Jonas Mekas (Author of I Had Nowhere to Go)

Daybooks: Letters, etc.

Mekas is a titan of world cinema, not so much for his movies, although some— notably *Walden and Lost, Lost, Lost* —are great autobiographical documents, as for his organizational skills, passionate advocacy, formidable energy, creation of institutions in support of other artists, and capacity to enable careers, mine included. In , he published two pieces in *The Village Voice*, one on *Flaming Creatures*, the other— under a pseudonym— on some recent films by Stan Brakhage that I had simply sent in over the transom. Jonas I can call him that is a contradictory man. Casper, a doctoral candidate in history at UCLA, working on a dissertation on how Jews negotiated the demands of citizenship and national identity in the interwar Republic of Lithuania where Jonas was born in , has published a number of reports on Lithuania in *The Forward* and elsewhere. Initial response was intense. What did it mean? Had Mekas been a German collaborator? Who the hell was Casper— pushy nuisance or character assassin? Was *Anthology Film Archives* endangered? In short there was an urge to protect Jonas, more beloved at 95 than at any point in his life, from his past. Almost by accident, I learned that two years before the NYRB published *Casper*, a version of his article had been commissioned, fact-checked, legally approved and then mysteriously killed by *The Nation*. Neither Casper nor his assigning editor John Palattella received any explanation. Jonas has defended himself in a circulated but as yet unpublished letter on the grounds that he has been grossly misrepresented and even invented by Casper. How painful it must be to have someone else telling his story! The idea is credited to Jean Cocteau, perhaps not the best choice given his accommodationist behavior during the German occupation of Paris, but better certainly than Ezra Pound. Begging the question as to who or what makes a poet a poet, this is a defense, if not an argument, that Mekas has made before. Was he saying that anti-fascists looking at *Triumph of the Will* would see anti-fascism? And Jews could look at the movie and see— what? That his statement precludes the possibility of a Jewish viewer? But there was more. It was made in Nazi Germany. The film was shown by Nazis as an anti-Jew film. Veit Harlan was punished after the war for making what they called the most cruel anti-Jewish film. I was a student during the Nazi occupation of Lithuania. We were actively engaged in underground anti-German activities. We saw the film and we left the theatre all deeply moved and I remember even now, how we sat long into the night talking about the movie. We thought we saw the greatest pro-Jewish film and anti-Nazi film. We could not understand how Germans could allow the film to be shown in occupied territories. We thought only the Jew in the film was portrayed as a human being and the Germans were portrayed as brutes and idiots. We told all our friends go see the film and they all thought the same. It was perhaps a goof for them to see a duplicitous Yid put one over, albeit temporarily, on the dumb Krauts. Later, time went by, things changed. I found myself in the west. I remember reading in the papers about Veit Harlan. I remember reading about his trial, and I remember not understanding anything. The war was over, millions of Jews were dead and the Nuremberg trials finally winding down. Had Jonas really learned nothing? In fact, Harlan was charged with crimes against humanity in , exonerated by a Hamburg court and, even though his acquittal was reversed by a British court in , able to resume his career. Like Riefenstahl, he was an artist. Lanzmann does not divide the world into poets and others. Shoah is largely a movie of victims, perpetrators, and bystanders, very few of whom even acknowledge their passive role in the extermination of the Jews. History decreed that Jonas would be one such bystander. Jews do not seem exist in his memories of Lithuania— nor do many exist there today. Almost all of us, each and every day, are bystanders to all manner of atrocities. During the occupation, Germans and Lithuanian nationalists murdered nearly , Lithuanian Jews— some of whom Jonas might have personally known. Some of the Righteous were killed by the Germans; others by their fellow Lithuanians. Jonas, then 20, was neither the best nor the worst. Who could ask this kid to risk his life? Or to fully understand the terror set loose on Lithuanian Jews. There were plenty of extenuating circumstances— youth, fear, the fog of war, concern for his family, perhaps the fact that, as a Protestant, Jonas was himself a member of a minority even less numerous than Lithuanian Jews. Still, I would like to think that Jonas was haunted, if not traumatized, by the fact that while he found refuge in poetry if

refuge he found , thousands of his neighbors were slaughtered in the woods. Some have taken this as an attempt to implicate Jonas in anti-Semitic violence. I hardly think so. For the historian Casper, Mekas was a witness. He is not looking for evidence of guilt but knowledge of what took place. Not one Jew is remembered by name.

2: Jonas Mekas | English poetry

Jonas Mekas was born in in the farming village of SemeniÅ¼kiai, Lithuania. He currently lives and works in New York City. In , he and his brother Adolfas were taken by the Nazis to a forced labor camp in Elmshorn, Germany.

From a conversation with T. Your book, *A Dance with Fred Astaire* , presents an abstract portrait of your life. When you make a collage there is no real logic. You cannot explain it. It is similar to what I would do in my films. I permit a lot of chance. Exercising too much control is no good. The book represents my life, which is not an island. I was very connected within so many different people and events. They are all reflected here, memories of some of those events, people. There is very little truly personal stuff in it. Were you ever interested in writing a straightforward memoir about your life? There are fragments of that in this book, but I think my films are my biography. Much of your life is documented in your films, going all the way back to beginning of your filmmaking. These days everyone documents themselves all the time, but back when you started that notion seemed very novel. It just felt normal to me because before the films, I wrote everything down. Before I got the camera, I wrote things down. This year there will be a new edition of my book, *I Had Nowhere to Go*. That book was written before I made films, when the only thing I could do was write down what was happening to me. All the way back to age six I was writing things down. I kept a diary. Even before I learned to write I was trying to keep a diary. Why did I do that? I have no explanation. Was it a way of making sense of what was happening around you? People talk a lot about your films, but you have a poetry practice as well. Occasionally I still write poems. It comes from a different part of me. When you write, of course it comes from your mind, into your fingers, and finally reaches the paper. When you write, you could write about what you thought 30 years ago, where you went yesterday, or what you want for the future. Not so with the film. Are most of your decisions intuitive? I feel that I have to take the camera and film. The same when I write. Not planned at all. Because one can always afford to film 10 seconds in one day or shoot one roll of film in a month. I always had a job of one kind or other to support myself because I had to live, I had to eat, and I had to film. How do you feel about art schools? Is being an artist something that can be taught? I never wanted to make art. I would not listen to anybody telling me how to do it. No, nobody can teach you to do it your way. You have to discover by doing it. You may not need any of it. Maybe what you are doing needs lighting. You just sing by yourself with your camera or with your voice or you dance. On one side it is being a part of the Balanchine , on the other side it is someone dancing in the street for money. Did you always feel like you were still learning, still figuring it out as you went along? I would act stupid sometimes when people used to see me with my Bolex recording some random moment. You need a script! I was actually filming. There is not much to learn in this kind of cinema, other than how to turn on a camera. What you learn, you discover as you go. What you are really learning is how to open yourself to all the possibilities. How to be very, very, very open to the moment and permitting the muse to come in and dictate. In other words, the real work you are doing is on yourself. You have always been a pioneer, not only in how you have made your films, but also how you show them. How has technology changed that for you? Now I do a lot of installations with multiple monitors or multiple screen pieces. As a viewer you begin to edit, make your own movie, just in the way you look at them. The film remains film, but then you can do many other things with it. I can do many other things with it. You are a kind of master archivist. How important is it to not only document your work, but to also be a steward of your own archives. For me there is constantly somebody who wants to see something in the archives, so I have to deal with it. I cannot neglect them. These are my babies. I have to take care of them. For example, I have thousands of audio cassettes, in addition to all the visual materials. I have a very careful index of every cassette. You tell me the name of the person or the period and I will immediately, within two or three minutes, be able to retrieve it. I always carry a camera with me in order to capture or record a couple images and sometimes conversations. Evenings, parties, dinners, meetings, friends. I advise everyone to do this. For two years I have been working on fundraising for an additional floor on top of the current building for a paper materials library. We have a huge collection at Anthology and most of it is in boxes, not available to scholars or anybody. On the side of the building, there is an empty lot. We are losing

our programs. So we are actively raising funds for that, but we still have several million that we need to raise. Artists have been very, very generous and understanding. Aside from all of those projects, do you still have a sort of day-to-day creative practice? I never needed a creative practice. I just do things. I grew up on a farm where we made things, grew things. They just grow and you plant the seeds and then they grow. I just keep making things, doing things. Has nothing to do with creativity. Do you still keep a journal? Here is my pen. I stopped writing maybe 30 years ago. I stopped keeping a written diary. Now my diary is video. In the future our collected emails will be defining historical documents of our lives. Yeah, maybe, but computers crash, everything disappears, and technology changes. And the last remaining company that still made VCRs recently went out of business. You could almost look at it from a spiritual angle. All technology is temporary. Everything falls to dust anyway. And yet, you keep making things.

3: Jonas Mekas - Poems, Biography, Quotes

I do not know, whether the sun Accomplished it, The rain or wind - But I was missing so The [].

Rain without whims, and rain without suffering. These last fragments, so to speak, written between Europe and America, contain something that Mekas has saved from his native land. Not as just now, from a distance – so festive, so full of sunshine. Every landscape speaks intimately now, for his native land is no longer there – still life is beautiful and one needs to continue living. In these poems Mekas turns to philosophy and mysticism, of the real, actually existing kind. He makes peace with fate and begins to find new values in the everyday things which surround him each morning. Mekas started writing fairy tales around, with his brother Adolfas Mekas publishing three selections: These tales, meant for grown up children, abound with symbols, suggestions, and dreams. The themes of his fairy tales are sometimes a bit naive, but never dull. At times they become allegorical, with a concrete moral lesson. His first true accomplishment came with Proza Nr. Perhaps he found the traditional means insufficient to express the post-war DP camp mood which he saw and felt, or was influenced more than others by western literature of James Joyce or Brecht. However, Mekas did not continue long in this line, and we see it taken up again only ten years later in his films. Paul stays in bed, eating community kettle soup and quarrels with his roommates; he has no way out, no chance for a job, being a burden unto himself and others, a real displaced person of any period. However, one day tired of hopelessness, he quits the camp and goes out, hopping unto the nearest train. After the initial delight with freedom wears off, he begins to feel the same as before – useless, just an object for fun or remarks. Nothing changes outside of him. But between his departure and final return he does discover something – a human being: A strange thing is man. A piece of meat. Riding around like this much longer you could cook alive. Bodies are so hot pressing against each other. You can feel them through clothes. What a juicy girl. All young bodies are juicy and crisp It takes all kinds. Collapsed bodies, fat and bloated, steaming, heavy bodies and flabby ones, elastic bodies encased in tight clothes, bodies hidden and exposed, bodies denuded, dewy. Red cherry, ripe and dry, clever and wise, and chapped lips moving in stiffling mucus, the last saliva, lips closed and lips frightened, surprised. The second issue of Proza comes with more maturity and a richer vocabulary. Narration is simpler, more direct and creative, revealing personal experience. Here is a characteristic example of an auto-confession: In high school and the university they used to take me for a poet, a musician and painter – depending on whom I came in contact. I was patient to all these arts, and knew them well, but I was not creating anything myself. Today Mekas keeps a scrupulous personal and a film diary, so that no situation, emotion, or experience worth attention goes unrecorded. Mekas and the New American Cinema It all started in Mekas landed in America, bought a film camera, and set out to look for the new man whom he had already glimpsed lost in post-war Germany. He knew what he wanted and went slowly to his purpose without fear and compromise, often through disillusion and error, facing reality and doing what he could under the circumstances. More by intuition than method, more through improvisation than study, more through emotion than logic, but nevertheless with discipline, he started a fight for ideas, for the arts, the chance to be creative; and later, more concretely, for the New American Cinema. He was its founder, leader, and one of the most important moving forces. Being aware of the social mission of the film-maker, he felt an important obligation to society other than entertainment. Every art, no matter how far removed from literary expression, often needs to be presented verbally – though philosophy of art and critique are not essentials, without them it would be difficult to understand and present painting, music, or the ballet. It is the same with cinematic art. Mekas spends a good part of his time presenting this art to the audience "for the advancement of a more profound understanding of the function and aesthetics of cinema", as he said in his first issue of the magazine Film Culture in In its discussion and constructive analysis, Film Culture somewhat resembles Cahiers de Cinema, and Mekas proudly affirms this in his manifesto: We side with Cahiers de Cinema in our interest in making films and in our search for a living cinema, a cinema in action. No respectful liberation, no messages, no esthetics can bind us to anything. We mistrust all film theories and the entire traditional line of film criticism in America. We have the whole field of cinema open before us – for experimentation, re-evaluation,

creation. In film-making, everyone had been waiting for a new surge for some time. The antimony of business and art could not stand together any more, and some break between them was expected. The New American Cinema NAC proposed to liberate the artist from commercial involvement and center his purpose in searching for art. Enthusiasm and courage is what this movement needed when the odds seemed against it. Jonas Mekas, in the summer of , wrote a manifest in *Film Culture*: The New American film maker seeks to free himself from the over- professionalism and over-technicality that usually handicaps the inspiration and spontaneity of contemporary cinema, guiding himself more by intuition and improvisation than by discipline; he aims desperately, as his colleague action painter, or poet and dancer, at art in its very flight, at a free, a spontaneous inspiration: Everyone with a little talent, a lot of ambition, and a freshly made roll of film is welcomed to show it, even though his taste and technique differs from everyone else. The NAC shows the other side of American cinema, perhaps not as "entertaining" as a Hollywood production, but certainly more self-critical and authentic. It documents present-day society and the protest of American intellectual rebels against uniformity and mediocrity, against presentation of digested thought and explained emotion in film, against the standartization of mind. Obviously this protest attitude is not being accepted without some irony and opposition. To this day the American avant-garde is not generally accepted in the United States. Recognition at first came from elsewhere. The NAC participated in European festivals since In it revealed itself more fully at the Spoleto Film Festival; afterwards several successive festivals included the NAC in their programs as "the only real American cinema in existence". But a group as such does not necessarily have to be "creative", it is enough that it provides an impulse and the opportunity for true talents, who are already appearing on the scene, and who, in most cases, do not play just with the meaningless "aggression against society". At this point the disorganized and anarchistic movement badly needed some order not only for financial reasons, but so that it could be heard. This organization also acts as an international distribution center for the NAC as it did in by sending films to Stockholm and Latin America. Secondly, it shows to the American avant-garde what is going on at home and abroad. And thirdly, it encourages new forces by finding new talent. Mekas as a Film-Maker Mekas is not only a theoretical leader of the avant-garde. He has produced some feature stories widely shown all over the world, among them *Guns of the Trees*. After having seen this film many times, one thing stands out clearly – the anarchy. It seems Mekas had too many things to say and tried to say them all at once. I am not trying to suggest that this is a good or a bad film, but would merely like to find out what led to some of the confusion. In this first full length film he tries to apply all of his theoretical knowledge, his vision, and his philosophy. At times it is hard to approach the film because it does not have a concrete story which would be of help, but on the contrary is a mix-up of questions and images without answers, set in a fresh poetic-mood, convincing in language but poor in photography and editing. Most of it is filmed from reality, out in the street. Obviously this experiment needed some very good selecting and editing. The film starts off with a question which continues through the picture without ever finding an answer: Why does anybody commit suicide today? Frances and the other four main characters are looking for an answer to their lives through the eyes of the cameraman, who records the daily incidents of New York life: The false values of the society, on which Mekas tries to put all the blame for the suicide, are not as new as might appear. Are there new reasons for suicide today other than those that existed in other societies? Of course, as Mekas shows us, the menace of the bomb is something that the other generations did not have, neither was the issue of complete destruction as disconcerting as it is now – but are these reasons enough to justify suicide? If life becomes meaningless, is the romantic suicide a solution? Mekas does not attempt to justify it. What Mekas is really looking for in this film is nicely summed up in a sentence of Gregory, one of the four leading characters of the film: Take away the police, take the army, take the atom away, and they will have something else. The minds of men must be changed. We shall win, only through the minds of men. Ben, whose wife is a Negro, says in the movie: The next rain will be full of strontium But to live is the only certain thing. So let us struggle for survival, for only a living man can fight the dark forces which annihilate flowers and eclipse the sun. Joseph Freeman, in his evaluation of this film says: To Marxism, to religion?! Mekas the poet chooses a poetic solution which does not satisfy completely, but at least leaves us a little hope: What seems to be so unclear even in literary language was almost impossible to express in cinematography. But he tried and he will try again to find a

movie expression. Alberto Moravia says about it: It resembles, instead, the modern poetry, especially that anglo-american poetry which came after Eliot and Auden.

4: Jonas Mekas on documenting your life – The Creative Independent

Jonas Mekas (Lithuanian: [jõˈnõs ẽˈmãikẽs]; born December 24,) is a Lithuanian American filmmaker, poet and artist who has often been called "the godfather of American avant-garde cinema".

Passion for something that pulls me into it. Jonas Mekas We often talk, a bit blithely, about art as a place, a haven. We talk about artists as exiles, as extra-societal scouts or even outcasts, living on the margins, out there, on the periphery. We may even think of the work they do there as a kind of map-making, charting pathways deeper, further, higher, elsewhere. But what of real exiles, displaced from their actual homes, what kind of haven can they make in the land of art? What pathways can they find or make there? For more than half a century, Jonas Mekas has been one of the great architects in that hinterland, building, with his widely celebrated poetry, criticism, and legendary film work, the only place he can rightly call home. After leaving the farm where he grew up in Lithuania when he was 22 years old, Mekas migrated through various purgatories—including work camps and refugee camps in Germany—until he finally made it to New York. Once there, he started to build a community of artists and thinkers that would change, at the very least, film and criticism forever, and build his own body of work. With his films, Jonas has given us a direct personal response to the world, keeping the direct contact between his camera and the moment preserved. Writings , giving us all access to this treasure trove and making witnesses of us all. Well, we met, actually, in the theater. I went upstate to see your production of *Was it the Tennessee Williams?* You have a good memory. The *New Yorker Theater* times, where we spent a lot of time when you did the programming there. And then, of course, we got more involved because of *Film Culture*, which I was editing and wanted you to write for. You did a lot of good writing. Are you still writing? Your writing somehow always went together with your filmmaking and your television work—all the biographies of filmmakers. I have a new book that I may publish. And that was a very big period for me because I went to California and I got into pictures. I am publishing almost 50 years of my diaries. The video replaced my written diaries. You appear in my video diaries. And, of course, you appear in my written diaries, too. You have a fascinating life. Where were you when the Soviets invaded Lithuania? Some of my first images will be of those trucks full of soldiers on a dusty village road entering Lithuania. Run home before anything else happens to you. How old were you? You see, on a farm, there is no money, no income. When I graduated the fourth grade, our teacher took all of us to the city to see a movie. The city was about 15 miles from the village, but I had never seen a movie before. It was some kind of American melodrama, and a Mickey Mouse cartoon. I still remember the Mickey Mouse cartoon. And you joined the resistance in , is that correct? When the Germans came in, I joined other young people in the resistance. My function was to do the typing for the underground newspaper. It was against the Germans and the Soviets. I was more than two years older and already in high school. I was in the city, and he was still in the village on the farm. I could not tell him. I could not tell anybody. It had to be very, very secret. But my work with the underground was the reason why I ended up in the West. My typewriter was stolen and I could not take chances that it would be discovered by the German police because they were searching for typeface that would match that. I was advised to disappear, the further the better. So I persuaded my brother Adolfas to join me. We were very close, so he felt that he had to go with me. And we boarded a train for Vienna to go to the University of Vienna, but on our way there, the German military police got us and sent us to a forced labor camp near Hamburg. I heard you escaped. We managed to escape, and we thought that if we could get to Denmark and from Denmark maybe to Sweden But it was all a pipe dream. What followed was five years of displaced-person camps. Like the refugees that you have now in Lebanon and all those other places—all those millions of refugees, homeless. Our situation was very similar to that. We did not know, though, at that time. We connected, like, ten years later. It was not possible to write. Those were very hard days. Were you always interested in art? I did a lot of reading, and I began keeping a diary when I was about 6 years old. Not a written diary; I learned to write comparatively late, but I made a diary of drawings. But those drawings are all gone. I began writing poetry when I was about Bad poetry, but you start with bad poetry. How did the hardships of the war affect you? One result is that I missed my teenage years. I

was never a teenager. But forced uprootedness is not the same as when you leave home on your own, seeking luck or adventure abroad. An adventurer can always return home; an exile cannot. So I decided that my home would be culture. But the deeper I went into culture, the more confused I got. So I needed something more real. I will always be split. There was a time, maybe, I was in, like, parts. I managed somehow to put them together—thanks to New York and to my new friends, including you. But I will never be able to put myself back together completely. I am still Lithuanian. My early life is poetry, Lithuanian poetry. It never really disappears. Where I am now in Brooklyn, I seem to look east. But at the same time, Brooklyn is not exactly America. Like all immigrants, I stayed around there for a couple of years, earning my bread by taking any job I found, but then I had to run. I had to run to Manhattan. At some point I ended up in a place called Graphic studios, doing photographic work, working with huge cameras. Actually, we did work for the international edition of Life magazine. I was starved for culture. Adolfas and I would go to theater or movies every evening. She was already holding her own court in her loft on Chambers Street. And we became friends. I gave her her first job in America, at Film Culture, so she could stay in the States. I also met Maya Deren very early on. And we became good friends. I was already on Park Avenue South. He was a very curious person and was interested in what was happening in this so-called underground at that time. And then he decided to make a movie himself. What we are doing here is dropping names. By chance, the fates led me to many of those people—people who are very famous. But as far as Jackie, she needed somebody to tutor her children in cinema and photography.

5: Diaries Notes and Sketches () - IMDb

Best Famous Jonas Mekas Poems. Here is a collection of the all-time best famous Jonas Mekas poems. This is a select list of the best famous Jonas Mekas poetry. Reading, writing, and enjoying famous Jonas Mekas poetry (as well as classical and contemporary poems) is a great past time.

Anthology is about to embark upon an important new expansion project lead by its founding father, the filmmaker Jonas Mekas. Like so much of what Anthology has achieved over the years, it will be a team effort. The international artistic community has come out in force to support the project. It was a decade when a fierce independent voice had put cinema in the hands of its makers, changing it forever. The following conversation took place one rainy day in December. I met Jonas and Jim in the lobby of Anthology Film Archives and we decided to head over to a small bar across the street, on the corner of 2nd avenue. Where is poetry in your life? I read a lot of poetry. Parts of my life William Blake has been my guide. Koch still has to be recognised properly. Joe Brainard I love also very much, and Ron Padgett. Ron Padgett wrote the poems for our new film. The character is a poet. I called the character Paterson, in the film, because of the poem Paterson by William Carlos Williams. He makes a metaphor in the poem of a landscape above the waterfalls there as being like a man. Anthology Film Archives c. We discussed the project, he had no patients that day. We agreed I would make some notes and then he would make some notes, and then we would meet again. But I do not remember what happened next. Those were the first years of Film Culture magazine, and I became very busy, and I never pursued the project. To me he was very important. I heard a funny story that Allen Ginsberg, when very young, because he lived in Paterson, gave some of his poems to William Carlos Williams. William Carlos Williams responded but said: You must find your own voice. But if you desire to be a poet you must continue to work at it. Thank God he kept writing. Ah, one of my favourites, certainly, American poets. Amazing, what she did with the language. So modern and beautiful, amazing. And you read in German and French and English and Lithuanian, of course. And I can get to Italian and, with a dictionary, Spanish and Russian. He wanted me to take anything I wanted. The number of lines, anything, and make a new poem. What Zukofsky did from the Latin poets â€” he translated by sound. And of course Robert Kelly did that together with Schuldt. They published the project. We all have those memories: I think it was E. Somehow you know what the characters are feeling and saying. People say you should not watch video copies of the films. But sometimes that is the only way for somebody in a remote part of the world to see those films. When I went to primary school in a remote village in Lithuania, there was a shelf full of books, and there was one book on Renaissance art. It was on black and white, miserable paper and already old. I was so impressed with those miserable black and white reproductions; I always wanted to see the originals. Somehow in those miserable reproductions, the essential came through. I was just looking through a small amount of different artists â€” film artists â€” that you have preserved or celebrated. This is only a small amount of people that have really moved me: And we have not only their finished films, but unfinished materials. Anthology is the bastion of poetry and cinema and we are here to stay. This is the building where the poets of cinema live. It is a metaphor, this building. I always thought, visually that it is a badass piece of architecture. Myself, Stan Brakhage and P. Adams Sitney, we all came from a background of poetry. Researchers often come from Europe because they cannot find the materials we have anywhere else. Not only the film materials but also the extensive paper material collections in our library. But we also have hundreds of boxes of materials that are not available to researchers, as we simply do not have the space. And the library will be on top? Yes, one new floor on top of the current building. We will also improve film and video archival facilities and will have a gallery space so we can protect, preserve and display all these incredible materials properly. As well as improving the two film theatres we have now. It has to happen. All of this is now a seven million dollar project. I really hope that between the auction and donations we can raise the budget needed to compete the project. I remember when you were struggling years ago, when you were just starting to renovate â€” we shot the first Coffee and Cigarettes there. Where a guy, a young gangster named Kid Dropper was assassinated by Louis Cohen â€” a notorious gang member â€” and he killed him right outside of the doors there. Of course, it

was a courthouse. The building was built in and the original plans were for a storey building. But the war started, so the building remained on two and a half floors. The structure as it stands now is very strong and could carry another ten floors. We want to make it very very special. I want a new hang out, and I need a new hang out. There is no place right now in New York where, you know, poets, filmmakers can go â€” like in the 60s there were several. Can you name one? But we need one in Manhattan. We need one in downtown Manhattan. It will be just wine, good simple food â€” not a restaurant. And with good coffee! Well that would be fantastic. Of all styles, forms, periods, genres, countries. We mentioned the people whose work has been preserved, but we also have to mention how incredible a living place it is, with an incredible catalogue of programming and amazing people coming through and speaking, appearing, presenting. Can I ask you, how do you feel about the present? It can go bad or it can go well. No matter who says what, you just do it. I feel we are still in this transitional period when we have so much respect for all that, that we are re-hashing the same. There is no new explosion. We need like a new booster. But I think that the computer â€” there is something to that, there in this computer generation, I think there is something new beginning that is there. Yeah, I think we are before the explosion. And are you worried, as cycles of history, are you worried about repression of speech and ideas? I think that people will protest. If he does something against immigrants or women â€” they will really fight him. When people rise up with passion, anything is possible. I found one of the best recent descriptions of what poetry is in this book. You can read the whole passage silently for yourself. You must above all find lightness, buoyancy, the permanent defiance of gravity. The permanent defiance of gravity.

6: Jonas Mekas - Jonas Mekas Poems - Poem Hunter

I do not know, whether the sun accomplished it, the rain or wind - but I was missing so the whiteness and the snow. I listened to the rustling.

7: Jonas Mekas - Walden (Excerpt) on Vimeo

Most of Jonas Mekas's life is unpredictable. He was born Decemeber 24, in Semeniskiai, Lithuania. He would go on to become one of the most important figures of the American independent cinema.

8: Jonas Mekas - Wikipedia

I do not know, whether the sun Accomplished it, The rain or wind - But I was missing so The whiteness and the snow. I listened to the rustling.

9: Jonas Mekas: Advice to the Young on Vimeo

Jonas Mekas was the co-founder, in , of the seminal publication Film Culture. He was the first film critic of The Village Voice, and his self-chosen beat was the noncommercial cinema.

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