

Savagely photogenic horses

By Mr. Stanisław Barua

The allure of cinematography seems because its basic tools – light and time – promise cogency via enigma; the true nature of both light and time seems beyond much contemporary language. Light is both electromagnetic radiation travelling through space – a traverse, electric and magnetic wave, one practically without medium, and a stream of particles, photons without mass – vector mesons and quark-antiquark pairs. Wave or particle, both, and neither. This “pure act”, as light has been called, is a term increasingly anathema to ‘our most photogenic’. The cause, as always, lies in pride, sloth, disobedience, and – most pointedly – the glorification of savage Fatherlessness.

Six seconds from now, you will live in the Future, and the Present will be Past. The real present will only be a sixth of a millisecond as you measure the extant per the firing of electricity between the neurones in your brain. That, indeed, is what savage detachment from *persons*, and the denial of own personhood begets. We used to know that human action is affected by cycles within and without us – not only of day and night and seasons, and of what we understood as maturing, ageing – but what was beyond recurrence, by a lucid trajectory, a wilful purpose. For, man needs time both for the restitution and for the affirmation of reality and value, as well as for the restitution and correct affirmation of self. Our fixation with light and time was not just emotional and cranial but very rightly religious. Affirmation and restitution point to cogency’s contingency being beyond physicality. The alternative is savagery. Therefore, what is time and light, really, to the Catholic? Had not Saint Augustine already given us the answers?

Cyclical and Linear Time reveal your approach to the rudiments of economy. Economy – or more exactly, its Greek original *οικονομία*, which literally translates to, and denotes, *order in the home* – is a key to cogency, and heaven. The art of cinematography offers an exceptional glimpse into order and disorder because of the primitive elements it is built upon, and the manner of its consumption.

According to Jerzy Wójcik, the late veteran Polish cinematographer and professor teaching one of the world’s “best” cinematography courses – at the State Film School in Łódź – the cinematic “frame” is not primarily built with the elements enclosed within the space denoted by the camera’s lens, and the “shot” is not to be understood as camera operation. Wójcik correctly stressed the cogency required to tie light and time to matter, to form. Art is contingent upon us, as creature is on Creator.

That, notably, was in the Orwellian years *circa* 1984, in communist-run Poland. Spiritism was as close a mention to true religion that a timid prof at this very atheist state academy, in this very Catholic country, permitted himself to get. What would be the implications were a Christian cinematographer to stop at spiritism and reject Creation, in biblical, Catholic terms, few artists need reminding. Pope Saint John Paul II had recently (22 April 1981) read his “Reflections on the Ethos of the Human Body in Works of Artistic Culture”¹. My gentle musings, here, present savagely the resultant economy that spiritism – animism, paganism, demonism – furnish artists, for purity and light are linked.

Instead of cogency and contingency, animism suggests we operate by intuition – such as the *nakira* of the Mangbetu of north-eastern Congo; *nakira* understood as “the sudden thought before an act, which often turns out well”. Hollywood North culture’s pillars today differ little from Mangbetu cult

and dogma. Physicality overruns true human nature, pliers and syringe supplant hammer and sickle, blind hunch hinders the recognition of true contingency, usury slays love, but foul collectivism still pretends to prevent unhappy atomization. Time, space and light are garbled. Dysphoria and identity theft make savage duets like Harvey Weinstein-and-Feliks Dzierżyński not just possible but expected. Combinations such as Mahmud al-Ghazni-and-Mao Zedong, mind-and-body-doubles of such pairs as Alaul-Dhil Khilji-and-Margaret Sanger plague the screens and streets of Liverpool, Dubai, Durban, Bangalore. Deranged sensuality embraces sadism. Impassioned utopia, expensive algebraic, architectural, business, virtual pursuits have historically never precluded their one, steady ideological call to Catholics: "Convert or die!"; on the contrary – they accompany them. Savagery not only relentlessly, unashamedly pushes people to this cannibalistic, degrading, 'impure act' of self-worship, but Charles Darwin and Karl Marx underprop it still. For what, essentially, is Jurassic Park? Or Dune?

Yes, there is the tendency to imagine pagans of the past, present and future as blissfully unaware of the linearity of time. Cultures yoked to either horribly cyclical or tyrannically linear processes of elapsing, don't just exhibit diminished cogency but cataclysmic dystopia. Savage culture is also one where there's increasing difficulty grasping reality of the personal outside the institutional and the experimental, where culture is but a byword for 'horrors grown in state laboratory Petri dishes', where the reality of *being* is perceived only within ramifications of appetite. All God-created covenant is reduced to Gnosticism and electroencephalography, metabolism, meteorology, photosynthesis. Retinas capture image, but false ontology demolishes both order and likeness. Derived from this barbarism is the myth of the Noble Savage, with avatars – environmentalism, Jakub Leibovitz Frank, Malthus, Gates, Schwab, and 5G + graphene oxide – all on the world's film set, already in make-up.

Like time, light is an enigma wherever humans attempt to define *all* within the ramifications and definitions of matter, energy, velocity, "maximal capacity and minimal lag". To reduce shots and *being* to absurdly limited perceptions, the lighting cameraman is asked to mask his face, soul, with savagery. Such reduction stems not so much from intelligent, empirical science as from, yes, man's self-deification, then dehumanization and animalization, watching chimpanzees and fetishizing elephants, and shoving austral pithecanthropes and metal-glass cobots into a "human phylum".

The 7th century B.C. "Infinite Time" God-Creature fusion is the Noble Savage's - and Darwinism's - prototype. Creator and creature are deformed into a neutered phantom that knows neither good nor evil, neither love nor gender. Steeped in *Summa Technologiae* science-fiction, Darwinists extrapolate "self-creation of the Absolute" through death, mistaking the adaptability of man for the survival of the fittest. Their "scientific theory" denies the contingency of everything on the ultimate, uncreated Father. With cogency denatured, the order of micro evolution gets confused for the absurdity of macro evolution. These pagans adopt death as a form of being, whereas for pagan Aristotle and Socrates death was an absence of being. Subsequently, for Darwin and Sanger and millions of their followers, "species selection" is death, just as Process Theology, Liberation Theology, Prosperity Theology, AI/Transhumanism, condoms, divorce, and eugenics are. *Nyimbo za kufunzwa hazikeshi ngoma*, say the Swahili: foreign songs won't sustain a dance through the night. Indeed, they won't do through man's rendezvous with any godless darkness.

In building frames and shots there's another, curious, element – dance. It ties light, space-time with festival, majesty, and with heaven. *Penye wazee, haliharibiki neno*, my Mijikenda relatives say – where the elders are, word doesn't spoil. Man's ability to dance is contingent on our ability to talk, our

capacity for language and syntax. A Mangbetu elder's ability to coordinate body movements with music, to hold a steady beat, to perform with a style that captured the attention of his people signified not just cognitive maturity but his ability to rule. As a *premier danseur noble* "does not lie", thus the *mzee's* character is laid bare. Commoner and aristocrat has always expressed identity, nobility, paternity this way. Today – long after monarchic, natural οικονομία – attendants at avant-garde faux-dances *don't* judge their rulers' cognitive development on the Public Health Ministers' coordinated footwork. They ought to. They'd see that deoxyribonucleic acid chains don't dance.

Dance, ideally, presupposed at least a spectator. *Penye wengi, pana Mungu*: where there are many, there God is – a false, Swahili comment on the dependence of God's presence on multitude. Yet, no, Jesus is crystal clear that God's presence is contingent upon *Christ's* invoked name and authority: "For where there are two or three gathered together *in My name*, there am I in the midst of them" (Matthew 18:20). Deists, Freemasons and other pagans have Peeping Tom spectator gods. Roman Catholics have a Father engaged enough to rescue man from secrecy, death, damnation, perdition. Light, measure, and time are not toys. Dancing points beyond photogeneity; cameras ought to also.

The Creator's use of time – His revelation, incarnation, transfiguration, transubstantiation – affirms what is creational, universal, καθολικός. But, nihilistic happenstance and its ever pagan epiphanies have engulfed humans globally. Savage idols pretend to dispense salvific grace to the enslaved. The elders whose "word does not rot", continue to demand "a king over them" (Samuel 8:4-22).

Thus, the Great Pandemic starts not in 1984 nor in 2019 but on the day a daughter is shot with a cellphone camera, long before she enters kindergarten to meet the god Pedagogue. The day she attains the apex of transformation – and no, not the diploma, degree, doctorate, 'nth specialization, habilitation – her brain washed clean of guilt, shame, personal sensitivity, "this deep inscription – or rather incision (of her femininity)"² violated, Educators will have released your child from all inhibition, dependence, all sense of contingency, to an ecosphere of amoral under-achieving and threatening oblivion. They will claim that they will have built her back better.

Only an amoral parent asks "Why give fatherhood, motherhood when a portable camera, gadget, fad, pad, slogan, an injection will do?" Yet, it perplexes self-identifying "tolerant", "modern man" that being *servus* (Romans 1:1) to true God could liberate her completely, eternally. The pseudo-praise-worthy photographer, the "Changemaker Award" recipient, is but the pitiful paralytic needing to know "Which is easier?" (Mark 2:1-12)

Our life's very happiness depends on whether we can perceive beyond *whole* time, beyond time as both a cyclical concept and a linear concept. Our perception of time has bearing on our sense of contingency, ultimacy, but also free will. Even the *whole* of time, you see, only ends at eternity. Christ was there before that. Assorted pagans distort Our Lord or reject God the Son altogether. Communism and atheism necessarily use Cyclical Time to parody recurrence and rest. Pretend to be, pretend to believe, pretend to act purely, pretend to reward, pretend to rest. Malthusian, Marxist "selective breeding" and Darwinist "selection" are monuments to bondage, to sloth, to an addiction to self. Heretics castigate dancers, and aren't alone in accusing "evolving God" of *abusing* humankind to attain "God's self-perfection" through death. The Word of God derided, cogency lost, the plot lost.

Denial of intrinsic and personal value leads billions to "a screen near you", where cinematography promises cogency but diligently services putrid Fatherlessness. Einstein's General Theory of

Relativity, with matter in motion describing the geometry of space-time, leaves you wondering if *persons* can be primary phenomena active anywhere. Where there is no God, no persons, only time and Higgs boson, there is no *Logos* – just irrational mandates to “follow the science”.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him: and without him was made nothing that was made. In him was life, and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness did not comprehend it. (...) That was the true light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. (...) And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and we saw his glory, the glory as it were of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.

Douay-Rheims Bible (Reims, 1582), The New Testament, The Gospel of John, Jn 1:1-5, 9-10, 14.

Why on earth do humans – *persons* – still entertain Darwinists’ brutish, false “scientific theory”? Perhaps, we do so because pseudo-dance is the οὐκονομία of The Internationale revolution, disassociating sex from fecundity, linearity from cyclicity, light from time, art from mental processes, dance from patriotism, a desert circumambulation. Crotch-grabbing gesticulation treats carnality as human apex in the hands of the unbridled – and no behaviour seems to scare these proverbial horses anymore. They roam the “social media” landscape with amoral, photogenic abandon. Gnostic, Agnostic, Scientific, Globalist and Marxist cultures’ icons’ perception of time and light does not “turn out well”. When οὐκονομία goes bad, so does dance.

They Shoot Horses, Don’t They?³

1. Pope Saint John Paul II, “Reflections on the Ethos of the Human Body in Works of Artistic Culture”
[Reflections on the ethos of the human body in works of artistic culture](#)
2. Ibid.
3. They Shoot Horses, Don't They? is a 1969 American psychological drama film directed by Sydney Pollack, from a screenplay written by Robert E. Thompson and James Poe, based on Horace McCoy's 1935 novel of the same name.