

Article**Abhishek Talukder**

From the Editing Room: The Nascence of Cinema

On the cusp of touching the height of beauty are the fragments of truth on a wishy-washy Sunday morning. They are about to erode the shore, while We, the two queasy albatrosses, are closely monitoring it from the great deep where the world begins. As the software gets loaded, We hold Our waves and control Our frequentative verbs with great verve. I kept the right honourable lens on a string and it lost its teeth in My service. The planetary repercussions were of seismic proportions, but the labour augured a signal success. Now We are ready to travel the unknown republic of images on the bum. Bon voyage!

This is for the first time the idea, which has hitherto abraded only My cognitive wall, rises to the realm of the physical reality. Yes, We are in the editing room - the physical pause in Our cinematic landscape. The images and sounds come out of their respective sensory abstraction and are now ready for redemption. The laptop - for an independent filmmaker, studio is a distant and thunderous dream - ignites the fire like a shot, while the wind winds sophomania. What is so earth-shaking about this joining or splicing? Magic? Caveat: Fallacy of composition.

Tomorrow romps in the nude,
We will chance the risks more liberal —

Screaming Meemies! I am furtively given to understand that the Editor is an alarming mixture of glum and glee; however, His expression is etiolated by means of platitudinal evasions, although He is all set to establish the inferior or superior conjunction between the visual verities that are captured with all modesty and dexterity. The certain uncertainness and incorporeality of the cinematic realities have become

a correlative of the cathartic immensity of My own inward voyage and of the vastness of the sea itself, making the Editor's job tougher; however, we hope to tough it out. The laptop notices the feelings of apprehension, dubiety, and vulnerability. Our souls carry a striking smile tucked between intensifying layers of labour pain. We approve, We annul, We advance, We assemble, and We break again. Filmmaking is a sweet torment. Days go by, and Our confrontation and conversation with the beauty-truth mark the silence. We repeatedly skim through the images, inviting malcontent pixels. After some time, I sand the jabberwockies, physic the Editor's rankness, and assume authority. A distant ship informs Me that He is a kook. Therefore, I devoted all my angers to him, so as to make Him understand that He has to follow My instructions to the letter. However, the Editor has a *je ne sais quoi* that makes him popular with the colours (and women). Our odyssey negotiates cumulonimbus. We enter into the conscious gravity of the pixels where the persistence of the historical memory lays the foundation for the dialectic between the artifice and the real and is waiting for the pious morn. Despite religious attempts, love and hate continue to share a common continuous space as We often cross swords vigorously in order to establish the 'synthetic unity of the manifold'. What travail of human spirit lies behind the making of Us! The problem with our diurnal exchanges over the clouds of the day is that we drift into a debate unaware by the elephant in the room: art of cinema. Besides, I unfailingly seek ways to disagree with my own self in order to gain sight of the true thoughts of Mine.

Time drifting in furrows,
Silent We stay to the core of the sun —

The sun radiating intense heat, My Editor exudes confidence; and although we involve in a web of difficulties, He vigilantly helps Us to bear down on a difficult island. It takes several sunsets, punctuated by the odd whispers, moonshine or evening out with Our shadows. We cater notions, establish relations, and forge connections. Finally, the day has come. My heart skips a beat. The first rough cut is born, but thou art not a sight for sore eyes, and thy face is crabbed. The spirit of delight has failed to recognize its echo born out of the stone of the unknown darkness. Now that art issues her fiat, we admire the denouement. We are not allowed to allow us to swath Ourselves in melancholy. And, we do not wish to welcome any facile solution to a complex problem like this. The soul again needs to look into the soul itself and carry the tranquil flame. We have become the mere bystanders of the dialectic and remained mute, although We are the main stakeholders. We start pouting since we did not get what We wanted. The road is long, the Saturdays and Sundays are many, but the mind should not fiat rest. We shall meet each other again at the cut points and converse with the agencies of sound before the daylight segues into the dusk. Another day puts its paper down, and We can only hope for better sunshine tomorrow.

We are confabbing with the false clock,
Eve leers like a crookedly beautiful harlequin —

The cuts and dissolves start grumbling quietly as the light slowly fades in. After a while, We arrive at a different island and rediscover the child in a different shape. We decide to travel further, as the horizon is yet to touch the sky and the images are yet to represent ‘the intimate sense of time’. So, lies where the beauty? Is it on the face of the child or through the journey itself? Who will show Us the route? The depth of this mysterious sea is becoming unfathomable, should We come back with the memories of Our discovery? I look at My script, She is busy exchanging Her views with the ceiling fan. Thought We would go back to our camera and ask Her to start afresh, but that ship has sailed. We decide to sleep on the shore, for the time being, and the surfs keep on asking questions. Few more days have passed, and at last, We conclude that the child has gotten its divine shape. We, with sickle hope, overcoming the albatross of desperateness, open the door and let HER see the sun in the secret hour; eternity will sound the rest.

▲ Mr. Abhishek Talukder is an independent filmmaker and writer, based in Kolkata.