

Text for film festival

*For
Carolina*

Austin, Texas, march 6, 2007

I have tried, over the past several years, to provide an example to people who otherwise, because of their age, might think of letting go of life, when that is never what you should do, until life is through with you.

So, I have been in the example business. In this business, it is a very good idea to have someone come along and make a film about you. So, whatever little good I might do by myself, artists can and do magnify that good. For that, I thank you; I thank Marlo Poras.

When I was a little girl I read books in the pink granite library in my home town, Laconia, New Hampshire.

Being without television and computer games and other intravenous forms of entertainment, we exercised the muscles of our imagination in the way a man without a car exercises his legs. Now, what happens when that is not the case? What happens when we become a nation of people with weak imaginations? It means we cannot

IMAGINE what poor people experience, and so we do not help them.

WE cannot **IMAGINE** what might happen if our nation attacks another nation, and so we go along. We cannot **IMAGINE** the pain someone else might experience if we are not responsible people, and so we act immaturely at dangerous times.

Indeed, a fit and well-developed imagination is required of a self-governing people; it is required of a successful democracy.

Of course, what the filmmaker does is to pick people up and set them down in worlds they have not imagined. We **DID** have the movies when I was growing up, and when our active imaginations were sent on these journeys, the experience was electric, transformative. Our lives were balanced between the self-improvement of our own imaginations, and the mind-opening visions brought to us on the silver screen—a proper mix.

By the way, all any of us wanted to do back then was to be in the movies. And look at me now. I

am in the movies. Thank you, Marlo! Again, I am in the example business. For there is nothing to say that your childhood dreams are ever out of reach, not until the day you die. Maybe not even then—who knows anything?

Filmmakers today take up the slack in our slackened imaginations. Getting people to walk in the shoes of the other fellow is always important and always hard. It is my opinion that today more than ever, the filmmaker is the person who allows people to step into other people's worlds, which is the path to wisdom and peace. Our ability to see the consequence of where we are going as a people and as an industrial planet are now crucial. Filmmakers can never be our own eyes. They can never be our own imaginations, our own conscience, our own soul. But they can and do take us by the hand through a dark world so that we might see for ourselves, imagine for ourselves, and grow wise ourselves.

Marlo was always in the corner with her camera. They say you forget they are there, but you do not. Her warm acceptance of who we are somehow provided an atmosphere of grace that made us better people. I think it is called the Uncertainty Principle in science that says you cannot measure

**something without changing it. Documentary filmmakers cannot record the world without changing it, and, from my own experience with Marlo, I see that it changes it for the better
Thank you Marlo thank you all.**