DISTANCE Object to lens Inches	DEPTH OF FIELD AT LENS STOPS					
	f: 2.5	4.5	6.3	9	12.5	18
	Inches					
39½	1	1¼	6¾	19	8	18½
35½	1	3¼	4½	6½	9	13¼
31½	1¾	2½	3½	5	7	10¼
27½	1½	1¾	2½	3¾	5¼	7½
23½	1	1¼	1¾	2½	3½	5½
19¾	¾	1	1¼	1¾	2½	3½
17¾	¾	1	1	1½	2	2¾

Above figures are rounded off to nearest ¼



Fig. 54 Depth of Field with Iris Diaphragm Open.



Fig. 55 Depth of Field with Iris Diaphragm Closed.

Fig. 369 Normal Blue Eye
From a Kodachrome Lens Transparency

Fig. 371 Corneal Opacity
From a Kodachrome Lens Transparency

Fig. 372 Corneal Opacity
Ramon Castroviejo, M.D.

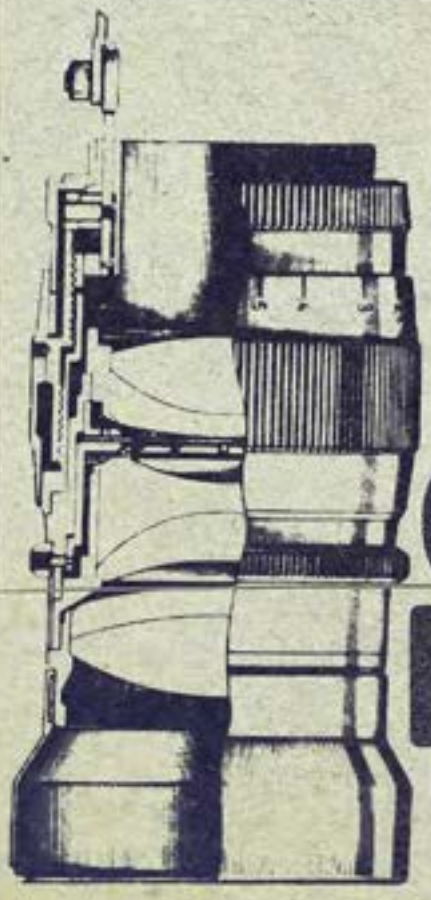


Fig. 50 Cross-section of the Hektor 73mm f:1.9 Lens

CHINE DOME



CINEDOME ISSUE
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INTERVIEW  23K
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AN ARCHIVE OF FILMS THAT
DEPICT SOLIDARITY AND STRUGGLE

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I Believe
in Signs

I Believe In *Signs*

M. Night's Finest Work
Feels Like A Miracle



by Casper Kelly

WHEN I WAS A KID, I had a telescope. I looked at the rough surface of the moon and strained my eyes trying to see more than I possibly could from **thousands of miles away**, more than what this last-second Christmas present was capable of.

Scanning my eager eyes over the moon's strange surface, I found it **hard to believe** it really existed. It looked **unreal**, like clouds.

Like God painted it there. I imagined licking my thumb and smudging it out of the sky as if it were a stain on glass (my **hyperactive brain**, as usual, redirects to the nearest ~~Jhonn~~ Jim **Carrey** movie reference).

I've **inexplicably** felt compelled to look into the night sky just as a shooting star whizzed past in a blink; I've happened to look out my attic window at the **icy fog** rolling over the neighborhood and I've seen a firebolt in the air materialize, flash then resign before I could shout **"Aliens!"**

All of **these things** were temporary and elusive, **but the moon** was a sign of something that refused to leave—it invited me to wonder about outside of our world. I prayed to God and wondered if he would ever pick up on my **rogue signal** buzzing naively into the ether. Is there anyone up there and **why** did they make all of this?

AS LONG AS MOVIES EXIST, childhood wonder will never resolve completely into adult logic, but find a home in our most deeply felt works of art. One auteur, **above all**, dives headfirst into our emotional core: M. Night Shyamalan.

Some may sigh when they see that **"From M. Night Shyamalan"** card before a trailer nowadays, since his name became household almost against our will: **The Sixth Sense** [illegible] was an event in the very essence of the word, standing at $670 million today. From that moment on, he was legend.

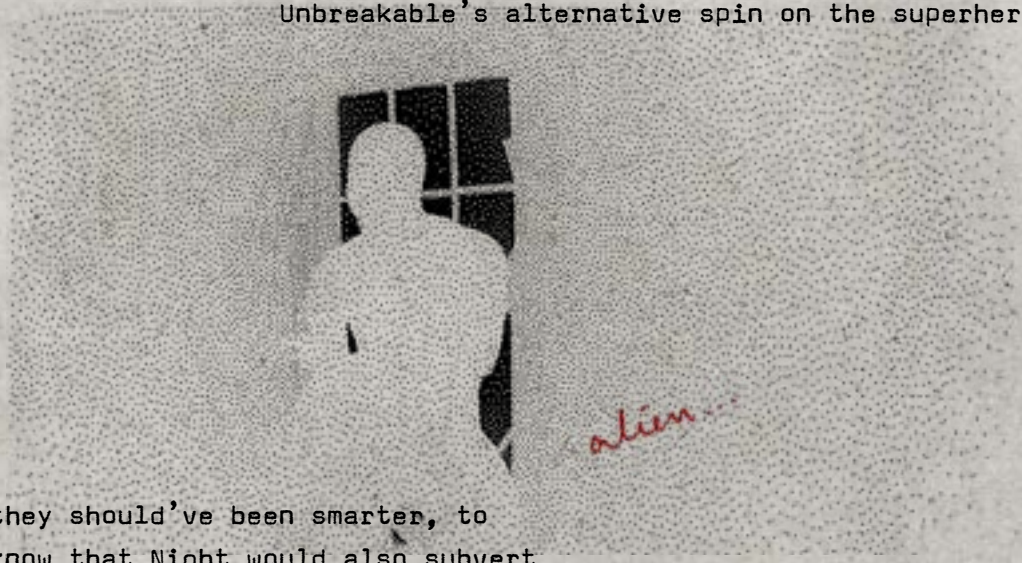
looks like my house...



But in 2002, audiences began to suspect his **end times** were nigh. He who was once considered the next Spielberg, surely one of the most promising compliments you could receive, was to become the next Tommy Wiseau as far as cynics were concerned.

For people growing up on the internet and browsing film forums and early YouTube film criticism, it was not difficult to adopt the idea that Night was **a hack** obsessed with **nonsensical** plot twists, hammy dialogue, and profoundly disappointing concepts. [illegible] 4.7 million people have watched the 19-minute-long video called **"Everything Wrong With Signs"**.

SIGNS OPENED IN 3,264 THEATERS, had the **second-highest** August opening weekend, and became the biggest opening weekend of Mel Gibson's career. However, whilst Night was now trusted with **creative blockbuster** freedom from studios, this would prove to be the beginning of a new era of public opinion. After audiences were surprised by Unbreakable's alternative spin on the superhero genre,



they should've been smarter, to know that Night would also subvert the **alien invasion** blockbuster. Signs was envisioned as two things: a family-based alien flick and an **"end of the world"** thriller.

In typical Shyamalanian fashion, he sought to uproot sci-fi, thriller, and **horror** conventions by merging them with the Christian movie genre. With their equal parts of cornball sincerity and crowd-pleasing scares, Night's movies have the brains of a blockbuster movie but possess a Hallmark Channel heart.

His signature move, the plot twist, is often deemed **cheesy**. Curiously, fellow emerging directors such as David Fincher and Christopher Nolan infused their flicks with plot twists but it is Shyamalan who's known for his penchant for climactic reveals.

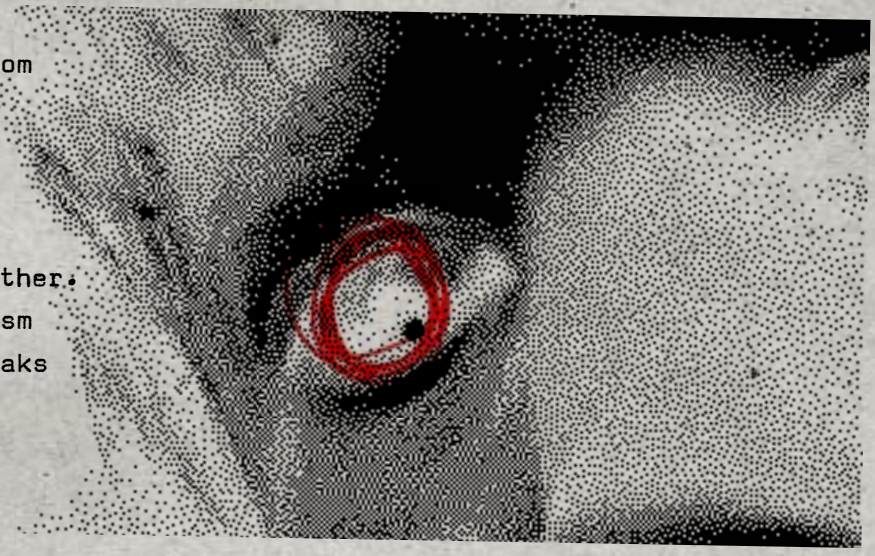


FIGHT CLUB'S PLOT TWIST is a 'gotcha', Memento's is a 'huh?!'; but despite their iconic rug-pulls, Night's plot twists have always been rooted in reason, contrary to their **growing unpopularity** amongst audiences. Signs' infamous reveal that the aliens were vulnerable to water became a 'plot hole', a point of **ridicule** that still exists today. A quick browse through film boards will reveal loud mocking aimed at everything from the CGI to clunky dialogue to the film's inadequacy to stand up to the hype of **The Sixth Sense.**

One Letterboxd review reads, "Allow the people who make these movies to exit the gene pool". Somewhere along the line, audiences and **film circles** alike have severely misjudged Night's unique expression as clunky and ~~birdbrained~~ birdbrained, misunderstanding the **rarity** of his flicks. More than just a great movie, Signs feels like **a miracle.** Night makes movies as attention-grabbing and elusive as crop circles themselves—signs of **otherworldly communication,** intricate in design, considered phony by most.

SIGNS channels the existential crisis of Close Encounters, the **post-9/11**, end-times panic of War of the Worlds, and the **messy family** dynamics signature to almost all Spielberg films.

But this last component is key to the difference between these two directors: **family is the medium** by which Night imbues his films with the true sentimentality missing in Spielberg's classics. For Night family equals triumph; whereas for Spielberg family is a failure felt personally in his own disappointing **childhood experiences.** His movies present a transparent criticism of the family unit's **volatile design,** from Sammy's pining for cinema to escape from his parents' divorce, to Frank Abagnale Jr.'s breathless but doomed quest to financially save his father. The Trojan horse cynicism of Close Encounters sneaks into its iconic finale.



Despite the lights, music, and spectacle of nonviolent **visitors,** Roy boards the ship and deserts the family unit, often portrayed as the toxic but essential main ingredient to Spielberg's wounded **vision.** Spielberg is unparalleled in his **ability to weave** such honesty into family cinema, and yet they are often mistaken for sentimental. He gets away with it as he's now part of the canon of bulletproof directors, whereas Night has been exiled for close to **two decades** for the crime of wearing his heart on his sleeve, **unguarded** to the point of veering into silliness. Shyamalan is not our generation's Spielberg. He is our generation's Shyamalan. That is why we should love him.

Perhaps Night is a simpler, more sincere filmmaker. He presents a flattering and optimistic portrait of families, and **communication** between family members always results in harmony. In Signs, the baby monitor's **signal** requires togetherness to be strong enough to reach **the universe.**

In the end, it is that very togetherness that wins a war against an entire invasion of monsters.

THE HESS FAMILY IS IMPENETRABLE, surviving in the rubble of faith, trauma, and loss. **"But what if this really happened?"** Night asks in The Making Of Signs. Spielberg's movies are often absorbed in the suspension of movies; his movies are **escapist** whilst Night's are desperate to **return home.**

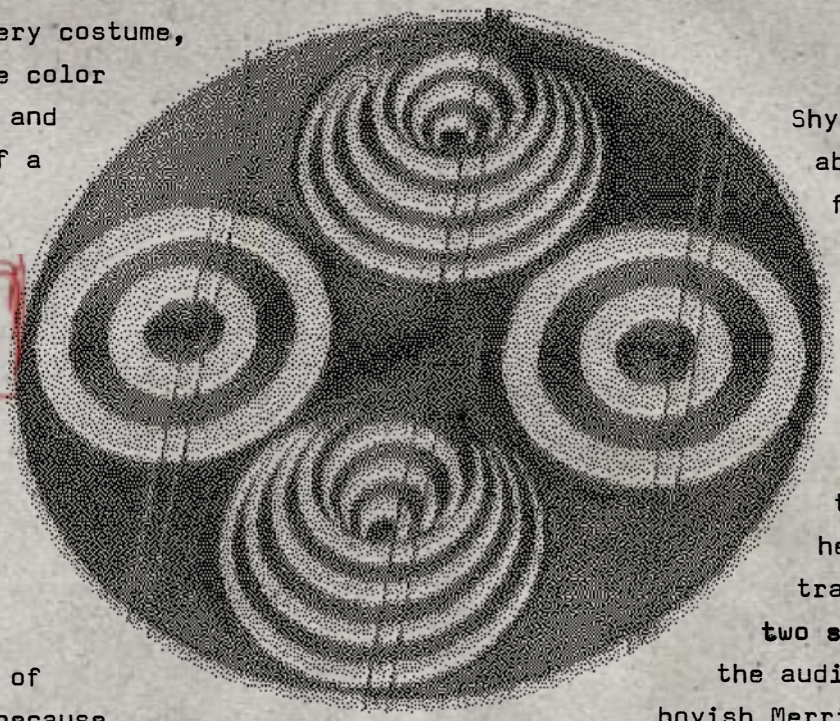
Naturally, if family is Signs' theme, its ~~setting~~ setting is the home, moodily shot and coloured by Night's returning cinematographer **Tak Fujimoto,** who reminds us of when movies looked like movies: Being a second unit director on Star Wars proves blockbuster intelligence is in his DNA. He is no doubt the source of the **familiar color** in flicks such as Singles, Ferris Bueller's Day Off, and **Silence Of The Lambs,**



movies that are enduringly watchable and pleasing to the eye. The world is worse off as of Fujimoto's 2013 ~~retirement~~ retirement, and Night's recent efforts look more like Apple TV originals rather than the rich warmth of The Sixth Sense.

WITH SIGNS' PALETTE of auburn and beiges, a classically handsome Gibson is rendered **world-weary** and ranch-tanned by Fujimoto, as skin tones blend into **anonymous interiors** and flannel patterns.

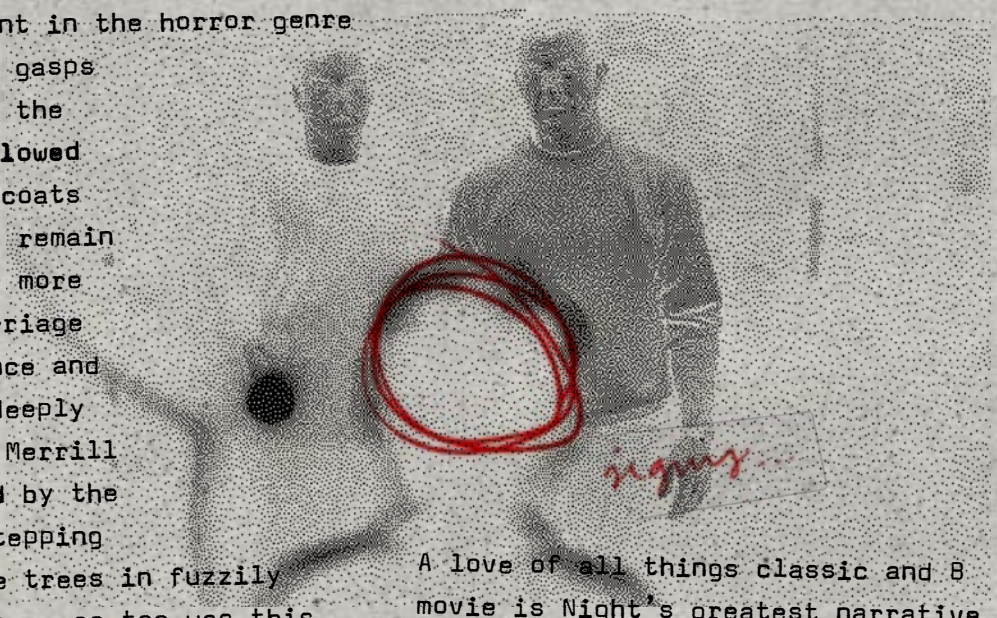
Sometimes, when wondering why a movie looks so damn lovely, you consider the deliberation put into every costume, setting, the color of **the sky**, and the color of a character's car. **Everything is familiar.**



Night and Fujimoto create comfort in the harmony of aesthetics because he understands suburban quiet like no other—**the world** looks as though it is painfully unaware of its impending doom. Nothing looks **out of place**, but it is. Night and Fujimoto achieve peak partnership with Signs, a movie full of small ~~heart~~ heartbreaking details: clasping of hands on denim, **reflections** in television screens, flashlights in **cornfields**, the stain of a cross taken off the wall, nighttime glow on teary eyes... these are are the "nerve endings firing off" described by Graham's vulnerable soul. The thrills, jumps, and sense of **unease** throughout the movie are only heightened by their irony in the **textures and details** of a home. This film grabs at dormant memories and feelings and magnifies them. Distant, painful, joyous. Like Ebert said in his glowing report: "M. Night Shyamalan's Signs is the work of a born filmmaker, able to **summon apprehension** out of thin air."

Shyamalan's ability to frighten is so good that in one of the most iconic scenes of the 2000s, he makes fear travel across **two screens** to the audience. The boyish Merrill becomes obsessed with watching TV coverage of the impending invasion, ~~full~~ full of speculation and conspiracy until one night the newscaster warns **"what you are about to see may disturb you"**. Night knows how to make us feel choked with suspense—juxtaposed against the **wide fields** of the Hess ranch, we are trapped inside a tiny cupboard with a TV showing obscured footage of a birthday party. Spanish commotion ~~disorient~~ disorients us. Merrill's face lights up. The audience near the edge of our seats, until the camera focuses on an empty alley.

OUR EYES SCATTER and search for signs of life as Howard Shore's score drags us unprepared toward revelation. Suddenly, a huge green figure, **apelike and menacing,** dashes across our screens. Perhaps the defining jumpscare of Night's career - among **millennials** and zoomers alike, this is an enduring and signature moment in the horror genre ~~genre~~. Merrill gasps and sinks into the cupboard, **swallowed** up by hanging coats while his eyes remain open and never more awake. The marriage between audience and character is deeply felt; just as Merrill is **traumatized** by the image of it stepping out behind the trees in fuzzily captured footage, so too was this haunting frame seared upon the minds of a million 10-year-olds who sneakily watched Signs with our older siblings when we were supposed to be asleep one night in 2003.



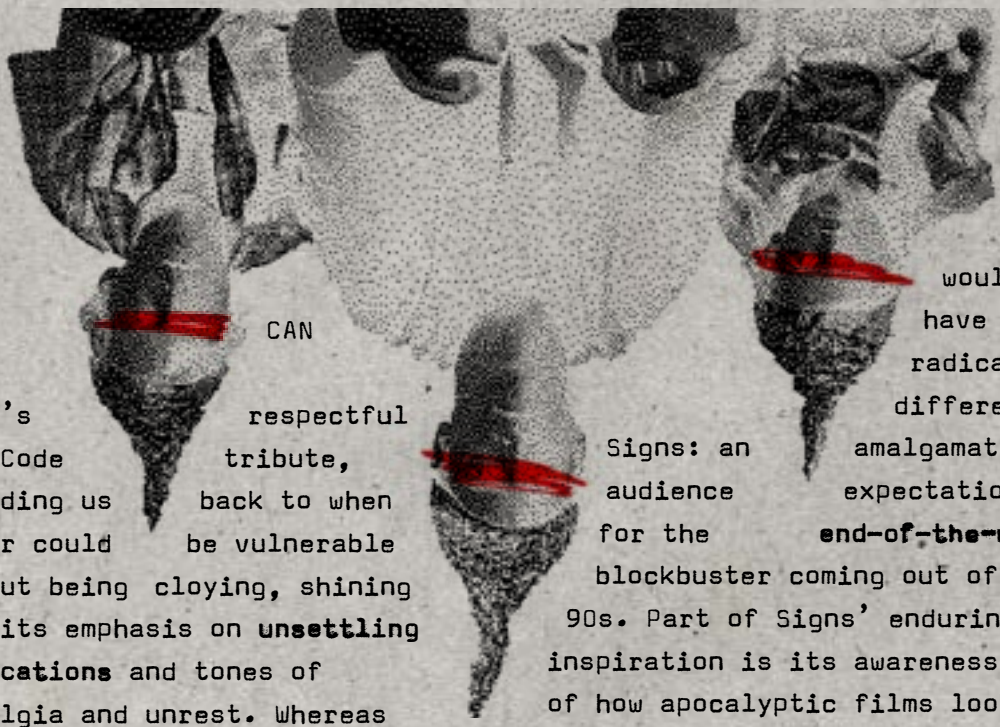
A love of all things classic and B movie is Night's greatest narrative strength, from recalling comic book delight in Unbreakable to environmental horror schlock such as **Day Of The Triffids** in The Happening and the suburban terror of The Birds in Signs. The over-designed 'Eldritch Horror' of today's horror monsters are exhausting; they lack the simplicity of ~~beloved~~ our most beloved **horror monsters,** created over centuries to speak on universal themes. Zombies are our fear of lack of autonomy. Vampires are our fears of blood, disease, and addiction.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, The Invisible Man, and Frankenstein **haunt** our ideas of technology and **biology.** After the uniqueness of recent hits such as Independence Day, Men in Black, and even Galaxy Quest, Night opted for classic **alien imagery** such as crop circles, giant-eyed aliens, flying saucers, and tinfoil hats. Pulpy images of burning ranches and slain families from **the wrath** of a pill-shaped spaceship manifest Graham's worst nightmares; Night suggests rewinding back to our **timeless fascination** with simple, unembellished aesthetics of the unknown and **strange humanoids.**

Perhaps it is their dark and **unpredictable eyes,** their elongated heads and limbs that evoke imagery of disabling human conditions, or it could be their ghoulish skin color that reminds us of disease or the **archetypal** bogeyman of our childhood nightmares. Their **sexlessness** not only expounds our Freudian fears but strikes us as heavenly: these are Night's angels and they're here to test our faith. Sunday afternoon fiction becomes hauntingly real, grandiose **apocalyptic visions** of the Bible ring true and Humans are dwarfed in the magnitude of God.

Everyone is aware of today's pandering and prestige horror—**A24**'s brand is, as Indiewire writer Ryan Lattanzio describes, "imbued with **metaphor** and strong craftsmanship over jumpscares and schlocky twists". If his career has proven anything, it is that Night doesn't make **"elevated horror"**, but he elevates horror; he brings impressive dignity to it. He makes what I'd call "soft horror"—Signs is a movie about family for families. His **scares are cerebral,** silly and relatable as they entertain and frighten adults and children alike.

Most of all, his scares are not mean-spirited. Before the new wave of faux-intellectual horror, where horror is softened and injected with corny and blatant timely metaphor (and mistaken for **"elevated"** above the rest, which is implied to be meaningless shlock) horror films were both **gleefully horrific** and terribly tender, with auteurs such as Frank Hennenlotter presenting grotesque imagery with indiscretion whilst surprisingly emotional turns could be made by Abel Ferrara with Bodysnatchers.



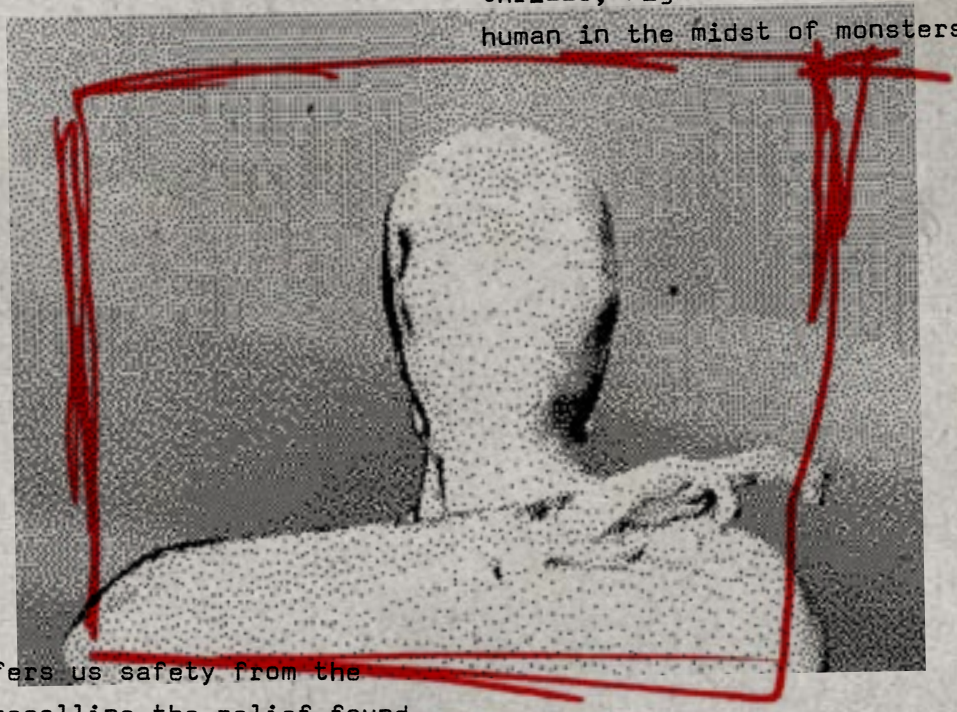
TODAY WE CAN ENJOY Night's respectful Hays Code tribute, rewinding us back to when horror could be vulnerable without being cloying, shining with its emphasis on **unsettling implications** and tones of nostalgia and unrest. Whereas zoomer audiences ignore the richness of emotion and relevant themes communicated in **classic horror** in favor of obvious modern horror commentaries, Night is here to conjure the former's timelessness in a time of sordid media illiteracy.

What does the end of the world look like? The **disaster genre** saw Dante's Peak, Deep Impact and Volcano stack humanity up against nature itself. The apocalypse genre **manifested** itself through The Matrix, Waterworld, End of Evangelion, and Terminator 2. The **alien invasion** flicks of the time had already made their mark on pop culture: Independence Day's iconic mothership bursting through the clouds, blasting a huge laser beam into the White House.

But without these, we wouldn't have the radically different amalgamation of expectations Signs: an audience for the **end-of-the-world** blockbuster coming out of the 90s. Part of Signs' enduring inspiration is its awareness of how apocalyptic films look, sound, and feel... and **subverting it.** Instead of blistering action, Night crafts a sobering drama. Rather than action heroes, we are met with shattered spirits reeling from grief. And most importantly, the alien invasion, which should be the central action set piece, is **obscured and ambiguous.** Night has proven to operate best when drawing outside of the lines: whereas The Last Airbender and After Earth fail to live up to their YA blockbuster formula, his best films punctuate the conventions of the superhero, apocalypse, and horror genres with a renegade tactility.

NIGHT CHOOSES deeply felt drama over an easier crowd-pleasing affair. The medium itself is toyed with—the alien is **first seen** by the audience on television, while in the final encounter with the invaders, the audience sees the defeated alien in **the reflection** of the **broken TV set,** as if Night has captured our fears within cinema, like trapping a ghost with an object and then destroying it.

Reflections are used in these final moments to drive home the film's themes of staring right back at the humanity that survives an **incomprehensible tragedy,** a Shyamalanian signature move. When so many movies focus on the cheap thrills, Night invites us to feel human in the midst of monsters.



Night offers us safety from the danger, recalling the relief found in certain **retro horror:** the monster is defeated, mankind survives, and the audience goes home happy—much unlike the bitter taste left behind by **modern horror,** usually bookending their flicks with a last-ditch effort to establish a sequel.

Faith is the resounding theme of Signs. Millennials dealing with the aftermath of **Generation X's** loss of faith find themselves thrown into a **new wave of 2000's** sincerity, a yearning for God once again.

IN THE ENDING BATTLE between the Hess family and the rogue alien, littered **glasses of water** remain half full of water—they also coincidentally contain the invader's special weakness (overlooked by audiences as a silly plot twist when Night's emphasis on water suggests the **aliens are demons** that can be defeated with holy water). As Graham resolves his lost wife's final words into a resounding **premonition**, the family comes together.

For a movie so full of loss, Signs returns everything in the end: faith, value in life, and familial **connection**. The first time I saw this film, I remained wide-eyed and [illegible] overcome with optimism for the world, but in the latter years of my atheist life—I finally **believed** in Signs. Why do we believe? Why do we believe in God, in film, in the indomitable spirit in which we share that heavy yoke? Night understands our need for belief in **something**, anything, so that we are never alone. It is our survival instinct to have faith. Be it in our religions, our fathers, our children, our love for the world; we hold these things as true in our hearts and often find their **signs of life** in the movies we adore.

As Arthur C. Clarke said, "Two possibilities exist: either we are alone in the Universe or we are not. Both are equally terrifying." Alone in this universe or not, one thing is for sure. M. Night Shyamalan's Signs is the work of miracles.



ROBBIE BANFITCH: AN INTERVIEW

Robbie Joseph Banfitch is an American director best known for the feature length found footage horror The Outwaters which he wrote, directed, edited and starred in. The Outwaters premiered at the New Jersey Film Festival and was released theatrically in select locations by Cinedigm and had a limited blu-ray run through SCREAMBOX. The film centres on a film crew making a music video in the Mojave desert, where they encounter “menacing phenomena”. The tension built in the first half explodes into a cacophony of surreal and almost unintelligible terror in the last act, lit entirely by flashlight and soundtracked by primal, nightmarish screaming. Hints at a greater narrative are sewn throughout, but even those uninterested in deciphering the mystery will surely find at the very least a searing image or quote that’ll stick with them long after the runtime of the movie is over.

Having worked in the film industry for well over a decade and financing the film largely out of pocket, as well as starring in and directing it, The Outwaters is both a passion project and culmination of many years of tireless work to achieve one’s filmmaking dream. The film has become something of a cult hit amongst fans of DIY extreme horror, earning a reputation of repulsion and respect. Naturally, having been terrified by the film myself, I had to speak to the man behind it:

Q With the release of films like Enys Men, Skinamarink and others, some have started to speculate a new wave of horror, low-budget, experimental films that seem less concerned with what the audiences think of them and more willing to push the genre in new directions. Do you see your film as a part of this movement and would you say this was intentional?

A Definitely unintentional and I was never thinking of myself as being part of any film movement other than "get it done on your own". I just followed the logic and chaos of my story and it wound up coming out a little different.

Q Your film has proven incredibly polarising with audiences, was this the reaction you were hoping for, or do you think that it’s a case of the film leaving its target demographic?

A I wasn't expecting as much anger as I'm seeing, but I was never thinking it would be embraced by the masses. I figured it would find its audience over time and that it would hit hard for certain people, which it has. Who might like it is completely unpredictable though, which I find interesting. Critics seem to. Audiences are all over the place in their reactions.

Q You've dedicated a lot of your body of work to this universe and these characters. What is it exactly that keeps you coming back to these characters?

A I simply had a few more ideas that felt like they needed to be fully realized.

Q Some might consider the found-footage genre to have become somewhat stale in recent years, what drove you to try and revitalise it with your own spin?

A I had a clear idea, clear images, and a plan I knew I could execute. I wasn't trying to revitalise. For me, a film is a film and found footage is no exception. I just tried to make art.

Q One question I'm always curious about: is there any question you've always wanted to be asked in an interview but haven't?

A At this point I can't think of any. But I'm also knee-deep in delivering the film for Blu-ray so my brain is mush.

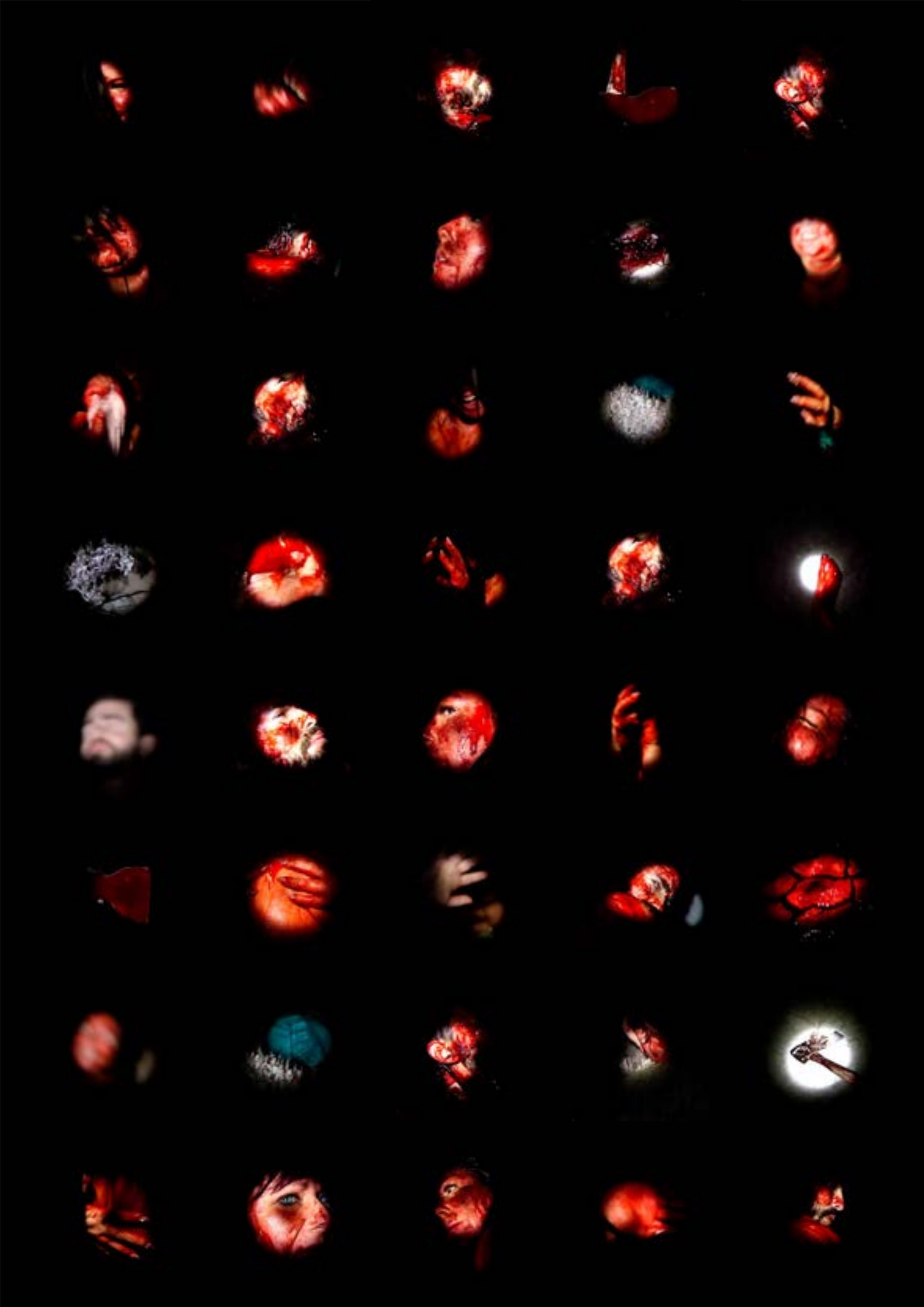
Q Clichéd question, but given your somewhat unique position of having a grassroots hit, is there any advice you'd give to other aspiring filmmakers pursuing a similar path?

A I read '8 Days in the Woods' [the book detailing the making of The Blair Witch Project by Matt Blazi]. Listen to the audio commentaries and watch the making-of docs of your favourite guerrilla films, and create your film ideas based on the tools and resources you actually have. Work with people you trust.

Q And, finally, a question I think a lot of fans of your work must ask you: Are you okay? I mean, is everything alright? Do you need help?

A I'm fine. Real Housewives and exercise keep me light. Imagination is just that. I don't take myself too seriously.

Robbie Banfitch
Writer/Director
The Outwaters (2022)
speaking to
Evelyn (TheZad) Dolan




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Know Your (Film) Zines!



We're not the first and we won't be the last. Film zines. What are they? If you read the first two editions of *CINEDOME*, you can figure it out. But if not, here's a little recap.

Pim Vogels

Where film magazines are professionally published with a large quantity of prints, film zines are self-published, small-scale magazines that focus on a particular aspect of film culture, film making, or film history. Usually, like in our case, they are created by cinephiles, or independent filmmakers who are passionate about cinema and want to share their knowledge, opinions, and creative work with a like-minded community.

Film zines have a long history, dating back to the 1930s, when fans of science fiction and horror films started creating their own publications to discuss the works they loved and hated. Fan letters sent to Hugo Gernsback's science-fiction magazine 'Amazing Stories' would be published with sender address and all, which took out the middleman, eventually leading fans to start their own zines together like 'The Comet.'

In the 1960s and 1970s, film zines became a popular medium for avant garde filmmakers and experimental artists who wanted to challenge the dominant Hollywood narrative and explore alternative forms of storytelling.

Today, the DIY culture of film zines is bigger than ever, since an online landscape makes it easier to create, publish, and access zines.

To clarify, we're not talking Sight & Sound or Cahiers du Cinéma in this article, since those are more traditional magazines, but we will make some detours to the art zines and self published newspapers. Many film zines eventually turned into—to an extent—professional magazines, but we're discussing them as zines, since that's what they started out as.

With that out of the way, let's take a trip down memory lane and discuss the ones that paved the way, the ones that came before our Cinedome.

Little Joe

Let's start with a recent one that is an example of how to do it right.

In 2010, filmmaker and poster artist Sam Ashby brought a gem of a zine to the world with the first edition of Little Joe. For the title, Ashby got inspired by his childhood crush: Warhol superstar Joe Dallesandro, a fitting character for a quite sensual zine.

The six editions of the zine primarily discuss queer history in cinema and are filled with essays, artwork, in depth interviews, and even comics. You might think, 'six editions since 2010 is not a lot,' but I would argue Little Joe is much more than just any zine, as it's more like a series of books. The first edition was 80 pages long, while the sixth one, which came out in 2021 after a six-year hiatus, is a staggering 192 pages long. The zine is carefully curated and designed and there is a very limited amount of prints of each edition.

If the thought of Little Joe makes you tingle, I'd suggest buying a copy of Little Joe 6 right now, you for sure won't regret it.

Film Threat

Yes, that website with all the paid reviews and the rants about Hollywood started out as a zine.

In 1985 Chris Gore envisioned a movie magazine with a punk-rock attitude– A common trait of zines we will discuss later on. During his time at Wayne State University, Chris met Andre Seewood and together they started out making 500 copies of their first 6-page-long zine using Xerography and spreading them around campus. It would include jokes, parodies, reviews and essays. These Xerography copies lasted for eight editions, afterwards Chris started out scamming copy shops into copying more professional looking magazines of Film Threat. It was only in the mid-90's when Film Threat launched its website.

The punk story of the birth of film thread is a fun deep dive, best listened to in interviews with Chris Gore himself.

Bright Lights Film Journal

With a very early interest in world-, experimental-, underground-, exploitation- and marginal cinema, Gary Morris published his first zine in 1967 at the age of 16. After becoming a typesetter post-college, he soon teamed up with his brother who was a lithographer, and a group of East Coast auteurist friends, including Howard Mandelbaum, Roger McNiven, Robert Smith, and Jeff Wise. The group had experience in publishing zines themselves and had access to a large archive of movie stills. Together they birthed the first issue of Bright Lights in 1974 as an American counterpart to the European Cahiers du Cinema.

For six years the zine appeared quarterly and combined popular and academic styles of writing and included humor and politics and everything in between. Afterwards it existed on and off, until in 1996 it transitioned to the online landscape as many zines did in the time. It's still going strong today, so it's definitely one to look out for when you're interested in reading more zines.

Camera Obscura

Camera Obscura was first published in 1976 by a group of feminist film scholars and activists, including Claire Johnston, Claire Wilbur, and B. Ruby Rich. The zine was printed using a photocopier, like many of the zines at the time. The contents were focused on feminist film theory and it challenged cinema from the feminist perspective. This included writings about women's representation on screen while pledging for inclusivity, the politics behind productions, and the attitude towards gender and sexuality.

Eventually Camera Obscura evolved into an academic journal, but to this day it is a key player regarding feminist film studies.





And now, with those four amazing zines out of the way, let's talk NEW YORK. Punk city. The epicenter of counter culture. The Valhalla of the experiment. The birthplace of many zines throughout the years. A personal favorite I won't discuss here is 'Fuck You, A Magazine.'

A punk-rock attitude as a trait of many zines was briefly discussed before, but this is best done in relation to New York. Punk was birthed here in every industry; in music think The New York Dolls and Patti Smith, in art think Andy Warhol, in fashion think Jackie Curtis, and of course in film think Jack Smith, John Wathers, and Kenneth Anger. All these people came together in famous places like Max's Kansas City, the Factory, and most important for this article: Jonas Mekas' Filmmakers Co-operative.

Before he turned his loft into the Filmmakers Co-operative in 1962, Mekas already did plenty for the underground film scene. As early as 1954 he published his own zine named Film Culture together with his brother Adolfas. Film Culture, first a zine, then of course in time becoming a full fledged magazine running until 1996, was an important print for the underground scene. It explored the experimental and presented awards to independent filmmakers like Stan Brakhage (for The Dead and Prelude, 1962) and Michael Snow (for Wavelength, 1968).

A compilation of articles from the zine can be read in the book 'Film Culture Reader.'

Afterwards it didn't stop for Mekas as he had a reappearing column about the independent film scene in the Village Voice since 1958. The Village Voice, somewhat like the East Village Other, is not a zine at all, but I still want to discuss it briefly as more important names had writings about film in this used-to-be-little newspaper.

The Village Voice has a long standing tradition of film criticism, and was known for its coverage of avant-garde cinema. The earlier mentioned B. Ruby Rich coined the term 'New Queer Cinema' in a 1992 article for the Village Voice. It was even reprinted later in Sight and Sound magazine.

From here on the 60's in New York were a birthplace of many more zines, partly thanks to Mekas and his efforts to celebrate the outcast filmmakers, not only with the Co-operative, but also with the New American Cinema Group, of which the manifesto is a fantastic read. Knowing your film manifestos would make for another great article, which we might see appear in a next issue of Cinedome.



Anyways, let's talk more zines, specifically another NY zine in Cineaste!

Cineaste began as a zine in 1967, founded by Gary Crowdus and friends, dissatisfied with mainstream film criticism of the time. Eventually turning into a quarterly magazine, it featured in-depth articles, interviews, and reviews by prominent critics and scholars. It is known to be an important voice for films made by women and people of colour.

Cineaste is still going strong as a magazine and in addition it has a website with extra, free articles that are definitely worth the read.

Then lastly, another personal favourite zine is The Underground Film Bulletin.

In 1984 Nick Zedd coined the term 'Cinema of Transgression' in the Manifesto of the same name, which he published under one of his then many pen names 'Orion Jeriko' in his zine 'The Underground Film Bulletin.'

Cinema of Transgression talked about filmmakers using shock value and black humour in their films. Besides Zedd himself, filmmakers in the movement include Kembra Pfahler, Jon Moritsugu, and David Wojnarowicz among others. It was a radical zine that embraced violence and sex and championed a DIY approach to filmmaking. The zine was short-lived, as it ended publishing new editions in 1990, but the importance can still be felt in the underground film world today.

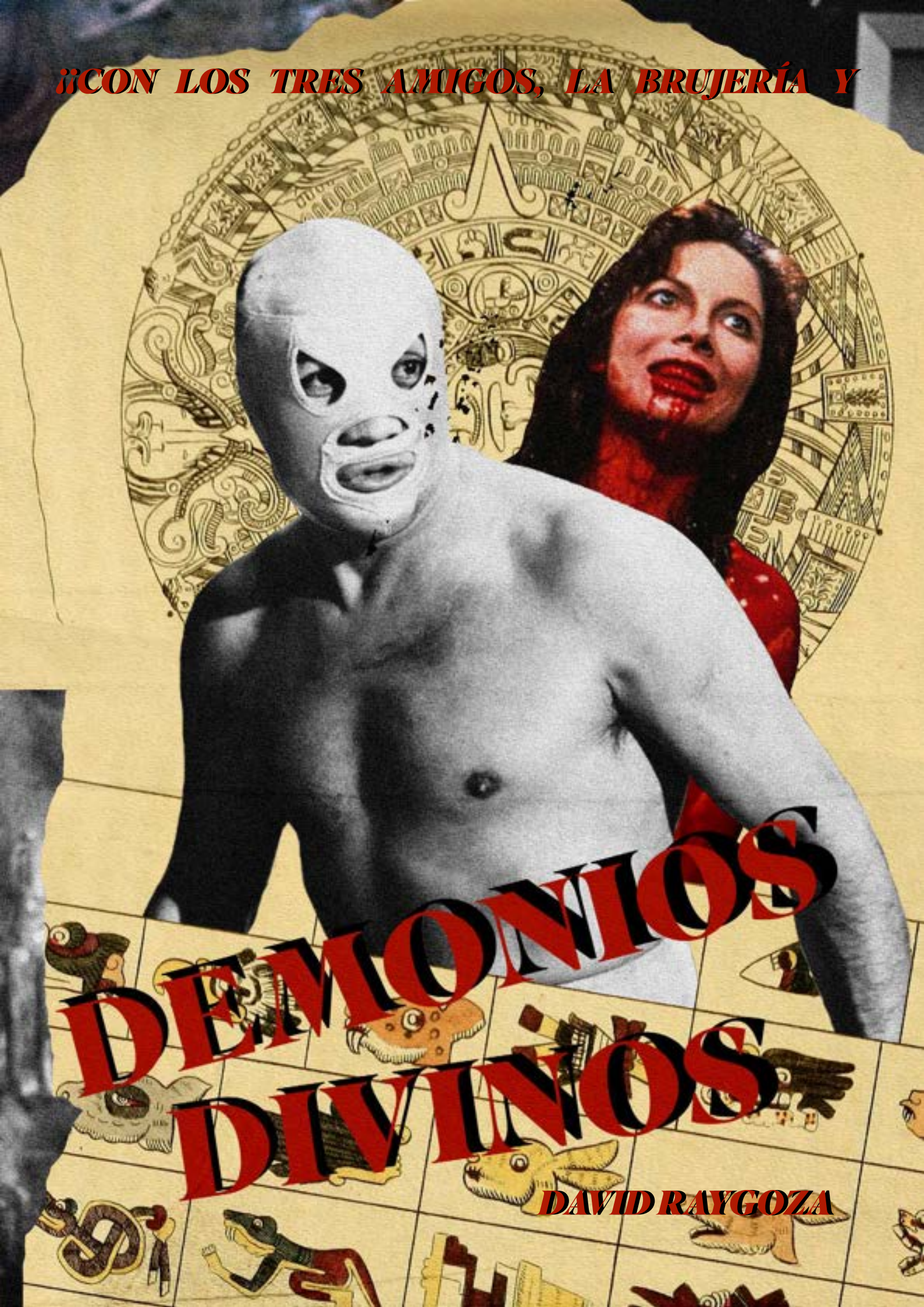
Editions of the zine, which have beautiful covers, can be still found online.



Of course, there's plenty more zines that are up for discussion, as we didn't go into a deeper dive on any zines outside of the English language, as well as some more big names from the U.S (at the last moment of writing this I scrapped music zine The Big Takeover). Also, film magazines specifically deserve an article of their own. But here's where hopefully some reader letters come in, like in the days of Amazing Stories. Wouldn't it be nice if readers share their favourite zines that can take the forefront of discussion in the next Cinedome issue? Maybe even an archive of all the ones that came before us can be created, including both zines and magazines, as the line between them can be so thin. And finally, if these zines inspired you to write yourself, why not apply to contribute for Cinedome?

Check out how on cinedome.org!

¡¡CON LOS TRES AMIGOS, LA BRUJERÍA Y



DEMONIOS DIVINOS

DAVID RAYGOZA

LOS MEJORES LUCHADORES DEL MUNDO!!



t'd surprise few cinephiles if within your personal canon you counted a film from the contemporary Mexican cinema trifecta known colloquially—*con mucho cariño como*—as los "Three Amigos," del Toro, Iñárritu, and Cuarón. Mexico boasts these fortunate sons proudly, three friends who found success as expatriates. ***Sólo con tu pareja***, Cuarón's first feature, wrapped production in 1991 funded by el Instituto Mexicano de Cinematografía, a federal institution for film production, and the government refused to distribute it domestically until 1993. All three amigos would go on to 'international acclaim' before their domestic due could get paid.

When I mourn nostalgia for Mexico's cinematic halcyon glow, there is a competitive spirit in me that wants domestic Mexican films to launch out of home-turf *towards* the States the way South Korea, Japan, France, fucking Danish cinema regularly does. Not just prestige pictures positioned for the awards market, either. Pedro Infante as a statue looms so large. *Pero queremos ver a estos personajes en el malecón*, to see genre characters shake audiences out of the realist trap of (Mexican president) AMLO's bleak state.

So what say we pour one out and see what it sprouts. *Ahuevo* ~



iche distribution labels and the work of independent genre filmmakers have brought clear market appreciation toward grindhouse cinema. There's no dust on these sleeves. Box sets compiling Andy Milligan films, Giallo collector's sets, revival house retrospectives on Umberto Lenzi. And the pastiche homage to these eras has become fashionable enough for A24 to bite big time.

Between 2015 and 2017, Álex de la Iglesia began a yet-unfinished ritual to conjure back Mexico's most massive grindhouse icon: El Santo. Its development went on too long, the project was passed to other hands, and nothing came of it save some artwork and a reminder of how long it's been since Mexico's heyday as a genre contender. What few details exist now (Álex once tweeted more concept art that's now been deleted) all smell of a *franchise*, but that's a boon and not a detriment. In the 60s and 70s alone, El Santo had **48 films** battling She-Wolves, Mummies, Dracula, Merpeople, Martians, Grave Robbers, and the list goes on. You name it, El Santo brought 'em the beat down.



YouTube hosts a fantastic library of Mexican cinema. Some of these are reflected on archive dot org and ***Santo en la Venganza de la Momia*** (1971) is up in such good quality that it makes me salivate to imagine what the rest will look like once they've been properly restored and uploaded. By this point, El Santo's cinema had made the jump to colour, but the B&W pictures of the 60s are still worth their weight in celluloid, combining the lush lair-and-tomb sets of Hammer pictures with the comic-book stylings of wrestler-cum-superhero boom-pow impact.



rom that same year, ***Los Campeones Justicieros*** (1971) culminated the past groovy decade's worth of superhero action into an Avengers-esque supergroup: Blue Demon, Mil Mascaras, El Médico Asesino, La Sombra Vengadora, Tinieblas, and Black Shadow all appear in one picture to face off against a mad scientist. Branching off into Blue Demon or Mil Mascaras' own series of films make for more adventures than the Marvel movies. Like Zatoichi or Lone Wolf and Cub across the Atlantic, grindhouse tales of triumph against the impossible.

Mexico's history with the otherworldly is as old as its soil. David Rubin's concept art for the El Santo reboot project directly combines Rey Pakal's myth as an ancient astronaut with HR Giger's Space Jockey. And you don't have to venture into Mesoamerican lore to find our culture bound to begrudging gods—the reigning Catholic God of modern Mexico will suffice. Many Mexican grindhouse films involve *brujería*, witchcraft, and often conflate the practice with Satan rather than a feminine god or an abstract demon. Patriarchal consequences of the state's Catholic dogma will rain down on any sorcerers and covens!

From cults and crypts, Satan's most willful daughter is born: ***Alucarda, la hija de las tinieblas***. Released in 1977, ***Alucarda*** threads together a possession flick with nunsploitation cloth. It's best experienced without knowing precisely what turns it will take, so without going into too many plot points, drawing from *Carmilla*, the film focuses at first on a convent where two girls strike up an adolescent romance. From this sapphic affair, a satanic accord is offered.

I've glazed over Buñuel and Jodorowsky's massive involvement in cult Mexican cinema for two reasons. Although they were pivotal to Mexican productions, and filmed mostly *en nuestro pais, lindo y querido*, they're Spanish and Chilean, respectively, and their jagged films may have leaned into grindhouse but they were certainly arthouse and a tad academic.



lucarda communicates in pure grindhouse entertainment 'sleaze'. Maximised tropes, like Jean Rollin or ***Don't Deliver Us From Evil*** channelled through pastoral Mexico. It revels in hysteria and expressionist design, Satan's voice growling over the sound design overpowering any dialogue or score track. Bodies bared for Church and Underworld.

El Instituto Mexicano de Cinematografía would fund Mexico's most accomplished cult act of witchcraft in Carlos Enrique Taboada's ***Poison for the Fairies*** (1984, released in 1986). Recently re-released in a restored transfer as part of Vinegar Syndrome's 'Mexican Gothic: The Films of Carlos Enrique Taboada' Blu-ray set.

Its design is so specific that, once clued into the trick being played on us, all framing becomes claustrophobic and enchanting. Forcing itself onto the viewer is the 'child's gaze', let's call it. Laced with pure over-the-shoulder and point-of-view shots, no adult is given identity or third dimension. Our dual leads, played by Ana Patricia Rojo and Elsa Maria Gutierrez, are our only eyes.

Alienated from the world of adults, we're back behind the veil of childhood. Innocence and the unknown. Beyond, its evil counterpart cackles at us. Eternal possibilities of the child's imagination warping from blissful meadow to macabre, twisted ends. What ought to be a fairy tale becomes unreasonable horror.

This is the spirit of grindhouse that Mexico can champion. New folklore. And if it reanimates I have no doubt we'd feel thunderstruck by the vengefulness of the images, against our Federale-heeled administration, and a constant state of *secuestros y femicidio*. It's only a matter of time. And when it's conjured again, it'll be primed and ready for the stamp of some 'Del Toro Presents' label.


CINEMATOGRAFICA GROVAS, S. A. PRESENTA UNA
PRODUCCION DE ROGELIO AGRASANCH
BLUE DEMON
MIL MIL
A COLORES
LOS
CAMPEONES JUSTICIEROS

P R E L U D E

Through the publication of my first English Letterboxd-Treatise »The Recapitulation Of My First {FLESH CITY Rising}-{Orgasm-}Research Trip And The Initiation Of My Holistic Deep-Dive Into The Research Field Of Sexuality, Virality & Virtuality« I not only established quite a wide-ranging spectrum of terminological constellations to elaborate upon, but also initiated a cryptesthesiac orgasmo-magickal methodology of onto-experimental cinematographic transmutation, which is geared towards the visionary immersion into the onto-generative »Nagual Simultaneity« of Being's Innate Rhizomatic Artistic Prayoga-Sadhana, i.e. Process/Practice of Experimentation. From the aforementioned arose the intention to initiate the creation-process of my first »Work-In-Progress Experimental Porn Short«, momentarily exercised within the »Glimpses«-Series, which will however at a certain point culminate within my upcoming, yet untitled first "Experimental Porn Short". This is exactly why I launched myself into the study of what I would refer to as the nexus of (Filmmaker MM Serra's conception of) »Artcore« and "the poetic cinema of shock"(Jack Smith, John Waters, Kenneth Anger, "Cinema Of Transgression", Carlos Atanes, Matthew Barney, Albert Serra, Etc.), as Susan Sontag coined it in her Essay "Jack Smith's Flaming Creatures" In "Against Interpretation And Other Essays", p.159–160. Interestingly enough, Serra also elaborates upon Smith's infernal Masterpiece within her essay "Art(core) and the Explicit Body", besides Barbara Rubin's similarly groundbreaking "Christmas on Earth" and Carolee Schneemann's "Fuses" as well as her own films "Soi-Meme", "Bitch-Beauty" & "Enduring Ornament". Other Examples of »Artcore«, I might add, are Phillippe Grandrieux's recent works, Dietmar Brehm's "Perfekt"-Trilogy, Joan Jonas' "Vertical Roll", Paolo Gioli's Eros-related works "Quando la pellicola è calda", "Quando i corpi si tòccano" & "Tessitura calda" as well as Marc Hurtado's majestic, Orgasm-Scrying-induced Masterpieces "L'Autre Rive", "Blanche", "Aurore" & "Le soleil, la mer, le coeur et les étoiles". All of these works are deeply immersed and engrossed within the aforementioned occult orgasmo-magickal Process/ Practice . Through this specific cinematographic research the intention arose to create a concise essay, in which I would elaborate upon the integral aspect of "Abjection"(as analyzed by Julia Kristeva in "Pouvoirs de l'horreur. Essai sur l'abjection"["Powers of Horror: An Essay on Abjection"]) or as I prefer to call it "Abjectivity", i.e. within the context of the orgasmo-magickal cinematographic "Artcore-Practice" but primarily through the prisms of three specific auteurist creation-constellations. This is by no means supposed to be an absolutistic interpretation of "Abjection"/"Abjectivity", but rather a playful initiation into the study of the traumatic and orgiastic intricacies of this crucial antenatal aspect, which is graciously connecting and contextualizing all these beautifully uproarious cinematic works. Our youngest specimen is one of very recent memory, i.e. Dasha Nekrasova's 2021 debut effort:

ABJECTIVITY, »ARTCORE« & »THE POETIC CINEMA OF SHOCK«, ASCERTAINED THROUGH DASHA NEKRASOVA'S "THE SCARY OF SIXTY-FIRST", CARLOS ATANES' "GALLINO, THE CHICKEN SYSTEM" AND THE EARLY WORKS OF JOHN WATERS

DANIEL ZANDER



I. “The Scary Of Sixty-First”: Obsessively Propagandistic Psychosexual Abjectivity

“The Scary Of Sixty-First”'s splendidly abhorrent Abject Horror is constituted through an overarching hybridity, which is fusing absurdist existential ennui with delusional dysphoria, omnipresent predatorial paranoia, ecstatic hysteria, erotomanic dread, excessive fetishization and a nuanced genuinely mournful exploration of disconnect, loneliness and systemic self-abandonment within the spiritual chaos of the »Digital Age«. It is simultaneously drenched within repugnant barrenness and uncannily disconcerting scornful decay of identity as well as in lavish voluptuousness and enthralling verve, equally accentuated through Hunter Zimny’s gorgeous 16mm cinematography, Sophie Corra’s accomplished editing and Eli Keszler’s superb score. Well, first of all I presume it is obligatory to elaborate upon the narrative constellation from which the aforementioned hideous Janus-esque Abject Horror of this debut feature stealthily emerges: Roommates Addie(Betsy Brown) and Noelle(Madeline Quinn) unknowingly move into a Manhattan apartment that used to belong to Jeffrey Epstein. This revelation solidifies through the arrival of a third character(Dasha Nekrasova), a self-proclaimed researcher, whose primary obsession lies within the investigative deciphering of Epstein’s death. While Noelle becomes unhingedly entangled within the schismatic subversive aura of this shared research endeavor Addie’s identity is slowly but surely being dissolved through an ominously visceral psychosexual possession process. It is through this tragic triumulierat of characters that the abyss of the obsessively all-devouring »Digital Abject« entrancingly ascends. Due to my humble assessment that a unified interpretative crystallization of the mimetic assimilatory vastness of “Abjectivity” is negligently futile, I will merely elaborate upon distinctive facets of “Abjectivity”, which are of course specifically tailored to the pictures in question, yet transgress the mere account of the canon of performative signifiers of abjection, which are present within these works.



“There looms, within abjection, one of those violent, dark revolts of being, directed against a threat that seems to emanate from an exorbitant outside or inside, ejected beyond the scope of the possible, the tolerable, the thinkable. It lies there, quite close, but it cannot be assimilated.” [Kristeva, Powers of Horror, 1.]



“A whirl of abjection that can be borne, that can be written only if it can also provide itself with objects, hateful of course, the most stable ones, the most archaic, ensuring the most precise, the most certain jouissance.” [Kristeva, Powers of Horror, 136.]

The occult propagandistic »Digital Abject« lying dormant within the heart of Nekrasova's “The Scary Of Sixty-First” opens us up to the harrowing potentiality of realizing the integral inseparability of *Abjector & Abjected*, i.e. through the accentuation of this abyssal non-assimilability of “Abjectivity”, which eventually percolates all of the three characters, although in distinctively differing manners. Nekrasova however subtly fractures the layering of trauma-ambience, dysphoria, eros, paranoia, ennui and therefore the mounting labyrinthine dread/ecstasy of the abjection process amongst her three central characters in such a manner that it becomes palpably apparent that Epstein, who could specifically in the context of Addie’s ghastily erotomanic metamorphosis be considered as some sort of ominous *Abjector Spectre*, is revealed as a sepulchral cypher for the cistemic propagandistic abject toxicity, which functions as the subliminally oppressive underbelly of the contemporary digital *Identity Matrix* of Humanity. It is due to this propagandistic »Digital Abject« that the evolutionary onto-experimental potentiality of »Virtuality« is condemned to remain unfulfilled, all the while creating a collective aura of possession, contamination, dispossession and obsession imbued by an universal absence of genuine resonance, solidarity and empathy. In support of this the blatant illusionism of »spiritual hygienics« and the commodification of Spirituality/Magick is poignantly emphasized, for example in the amusing Wscene with Jason Grisell (who played the titular Jobe in the beautiful “Jobe’z World” by Michael M. Bilandic (“Hellaware”, “Project Space 13”), who also plays a small role within this film) portraying an apothecary clerk, who is foretelling an imminent upheaval of horror to Noelle and the researcher. Within this conversation, he also hints at the notion of the expansion of consciousness amidst the dawning of this inevitably impending cathartic tragedy, which poses the question to what extent the undead Janus-esque »Digital Abject«, which interestingly enough is conjured up through the juxtaposition of Materiality (the cinematic materiality of the 16 millimeter cinematography, the print sources involved in the Epstein research endeavor as well as the “fucking royal” publicity photographs in Addie's »*Squishing Session*«[We'll elaborate on Addie’s character trajectory in just a moment.]) and the wholesomely inverted trauma-ambience echo chamber of »Digital Interconnectedness«, has perennially & *a priori* impregnated itself within the energetical bowls of one’s innermost Orgasmo-Magickal Potentiality.

Or perhaps it is precisely through the ravishingly unapologetic catachrestic embracement of this undead »Digital Abject« and the cistemic psychosexual toxicity embedded within it that the unbridled flourishing of a genuinely radical orgasmo-magickal "Artcore-Practice" is being preemptively accomplished. By no means accidentally does the researcher come across a book belonging to Noelle thematizing "*Erotic Slavecraft*", for it is at last Noelle who is casting a defilingly abject counterspell right into the camera lens. One may however proclaim that all sorts of sordid possession spells are being subliminally and untraceably woven throughout the whole of the picture, which, if implicitly detected, will yet at no imaginable juncture lead us back to a definitely identifiable *abjector inception*. This hauntingly abject psychosexual consanguinity is definitely the most evident in Addie's character trajectory: the oneiric turmoil instilled by a malicious scrying device installed above her bed; the exquisite scene in which her gut-wrenching somnambulistic prowl is intercut with the researcher's attempt to verify the manner of Epstein's alleged suicide through an (autoerotic) asphyxiation experiment, which leads both to the initial intimate solidarization of Noelle and the researcher as well as to the sex scene between Addie and her boyfriend Greg(Mark Rapaport), which is also partially shot through a mirror and in which the inverted dialectics of "Dirty Talk" are refracted through Addie's infinitesimally amnesiac relapse into the unacknowledged abject possession; then the brief but astutely poignant scene involving her beautifully somber inquiry "*Did I have any mail?*", which subtly signifies the gargantuanly delusional hyper-vulnerability and vacuous desolateness systemically imbued by digital abjection dynamics and at last the lusciously sybaritic orgasmo-magickal »*Squishing Session*«, in which the abject beatific beauty of the systemic "*Jouissance of Eradication*", which is bookended by the final sardonic punchline of the film, is operatically crystallized through an unabashed embracement of the underlying possessive abject toxicity.

II. "Gallino, the Chicken System": Rhizomatic Orgasmo-Magickal Abjectivity

This brief intermezzo will function as a connecting tissue of sorts, which is grounded within the assessment that "*Gallino, the Chicken System*"(2012), the as of yet final feature-length masterpiece by infamous Spanish underground film director Carlos Atanes, could be regarded as a crystalline specimen within the genealogy of "the poetic cinema of shock", but that its foundational core conceit is more integrally tied to what I would refer to as the "Metaphysics of Art-Core". Allow me now to concisely elaborate upon this integral aspect, insofar as it relates to Atanes' "*Gallino, the Chicken System*" and its phantasmagorical orgasmo-magickal transmutation of abjectivity, i.e. through the rhizomatic exploration of the orgiastic porno-philosophical metaphysics of a genuinely transgressive cinematographic Artcore-Practice, which in the context of the work is primarily focalized within the character of underground art film director Gropius Cantor, whose boxy countenance interestingly enough strikingly resembles Bertrand Mandico's





Walerian Borowczyk in *"Boro in the Box"*(2011). The evolutionarily defiant trajectory of Cantor's transgressive methodology, which is elaborated upon by the narrator in the gelotophobic phrenologist actresses "flashback" sequences as well as by the host of the "Cardboard TV Channel" Cantor-discussion in which she engages with a jaded cynical film critic, who completely disavows Cantor's artistic relevance by labeling his entire oeuvre "a vulgar and disgusting concatenation of pseudo-pornographic shots lacking any appeal", "obtuse, cryptic, unwatchable" and stating that "His contribution to the History of Cinema is less than zero.", is being characterized as having transcended visual cinematography (being concerned with the portraiture of motion, light, countenances & nature) by finalizing his last visual work entitled *"The Unabomber's Dream"* which was inspired by Kaczynski's research in Complex Analysis which was devoted to the rigorous investigation into the universe's inter-entangled hyperdimensionality, therefore ascending towards the dawn of "absolute negation" by inventing the "film without film, the Noh film, the perfect invisible film", manifesting the "terminal Vanishing Point of Cinema" through advanced hyper-dimensional hyper-real Kneading, Groping, Squishing, Gooning & Squirting Consciousness Expansion Experiments, which enabled him by means of a "complex libidinous calculation" to "travel prodigious distances in just a few seconds", "circumnavigate far-away galaxies and peek into the black hole abyss situated millions of light years away from earth", hence creating the orgasmo-magickal foundation for a universalized Pornocratic & Pornoscopic Quantum Artcore Cinema. Cantor's organism however eventually experienced a terminal holistic metabolic inversion due to his subsequent circumnavigation of the entire universe, which henceforth evoked the aspiration within his remaining core collaborators (Sabine, Espasmo & phrenologist actress) to embark upon a visionary immersive initiation into the vastly rhizomatic evolutionary potentiality of Cantor's residual organ-less energy body, in a perpetual attempt to once and for all transgress the mortal repercussions of hyper-dimensional travel upon the hemispherical earth- and fleshbound organism. With the phrenologist actress at the helm, the disciples initiate a universalized orgasmo-magickal alignment with the infamous anthropomorphic civilization of Tanlion [which also appears in Atanes' second feature film *"Proxima"*(2007)] through the *perpetuum mobile* Gropius Cantor Consciousness Feedback Loop Orgasm-Scrying-Totem Sabine & Espasmo created out of Cantor's organically inverted carcass and energetically interspliced it with the hyper-dimensional travel device of the phrenologist actress, who proceeds to interact with the two protagonists of the central narrative thread of the film, Alucinio and the poulterer, i.e. in all sorts of orgasmo-magickal interpenetrations and transgressively performative porno-philosophical erotikon rituals, through which the pornoscopological transmutation of this unhidden numinous universe of ours is focalized with exorbitant panache and tremendous vigor. (I will surely eventually publish a whole treatise about Atanes' oeuvre and especially about *"Gallino, the Chicken System"*, with due diligence to all of its facets. This brief characterization however already poignantly emphasizes the integral orgasmo-magickal onto-experimental philosophical & cinematographic ingenuity of this as of yet final masterful feature of his.)

III. John Waters' Early Works: Satyrical Countercultural Abjectivity

Due to the fact that the majority of Waters' earliest short and middle-length 8mm/16 mm productions are widely unavailable, e.g. "*Eat Your Makeup*" & "*Roman Candles*", we will initiate our excursion through a brief analysis of his 1969 feature film effort "*Mondo Trasho*"(1969), which struck me not only due to its stark yet wondrously stellar black and white cinematography, the first major magnificently divine appearance of Divine, but first and foremost due to its inventive, playful utilization of Sound: In quintessential mid-to-late-60's Experimental Film Fashion the auditive hemisphere of the work is comprised of staccato-esque intersperses derived from popular musical sources (50's/60's Rock'n Roll, Blues, Movie Soundtracks, Etc.), classical and operatic pieces & genuinely avantgardistic arrangements, voluptuously abrasive sounds effects work and occasional voice-work, through all of which Waters zaps in a unrelentingly manic velocity. He even whimsically appropriates certain verses or hooks from the lyrics of these popular musical sources, which then jollily commentate upon the fervently freakazoidal transgressions unfolding on screen, all the while accentuating this through the implementation of recurring looping-patterns and the overarching interspliced "frugability" of this deliciously wretched, asynchronously defunct Scratchtrack Soundscape. It is through this ingeniously playful reappropriation that the underlying sinisterly normative and oppressively abject underbelly of the overtly stagnant "popular culture"-hegemony and especially its canonized, ideologically approved jouissance-matrix of (despicably muted) musicality is distinctively revealed, yet Waters' *modus operandi* in all of this is that of a cheerful, oddly empowering





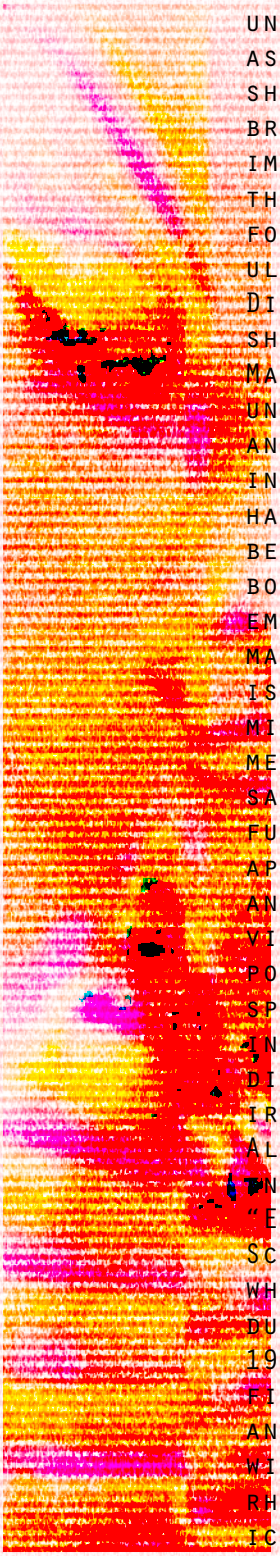
“The symptom: a language that gives up, a structure within the body, a non-assimilable alien, a monster, a tumor, a cancer that the listening devices of the unconscious do not hear, for its strayed subject is huddled outside the paths of desire. […] In the symptom, the abject permeates me, I become abject. Through sublimation, I keep it under control. The abject is edged with the sublime. It is not the same moment on the journey, but the same subject and speech bring them into being.” [Kristeva, Powers of Horror, 11.]

and ecstatically deranged “*transmemberment*” of this undead illusionistic ideography. Ascertained through this particular vantage point, the odysseical narrative of the film; which follows a character credited as “The Bombshell/Cinderella”(Mary Vivian Pearce), who, after being seduced into a beautifully orgiastic foot fetish adoration excess by a bearded stranger in a nearby park, accompanied by a phantasmagorical Cinderella-esque scene, in which her rabidly invidious stepsisters ravish her and her beautiful black dress, which later on becomes a striking leitmotiv within the film, just to gloriously triumph over them once her bare foot effortlessly slips into the magic leather slipper, winds up being hit by Divine’s car, who then continually exerts herself to accomplish the obligatory healing of this blonde unconscious stranger, even through the aid of several divine interventions (“*Mary, Mary!*”); becomes crystal clear: On their luridly frenzied voyage they encounter several agents of the aforementioned systemic/cistemic ideologically oppressive abjectivity (Police Officers, the butterfly net carrying wardens of the “insane asylum”, the newspaper reporter, the corrupt doctor, who eventually proceeds to amputate Cinderella’s feet, which he then replaces with a pair of urine-soaked stumps[at the end of the film however these stumps enable Cinderella, in classical “Wizard Of Oz” heel-tipping fashion{prior to this a portion of its main theme is even briefly heard on the Scratchtrack} to zap through the abject dynamics of the spacetime-continuum], the drunkards in the car and the two female characters at the very end of the film, Etc.), with the satyrically symbolic emancipatory intent in mind, which is geared towards the triumphant crystallization of this systemically rejective abject toxicity – a radical purging, accomplished through the unapologetic embracement of the innermost orgiastically fetishistic artistic veracity of being. Additionally, this picture also features one of the most divine usages of Wagner’s “Walkürenritt“ ever committed to film, i.e. of course besides “*Apocalypse Now*” & Russ Meyer’s “*Up!*”. Well, the aforementioned thought-thread however is further flushed out in Waters’ next feature film “*Multiple Maniacs*”(1970), which we will now briefly elaborate upon, until we conclude our concise excursion by focusing in on his undying classic “*Pink Flamingos*”(1972).

The satyrical thought-thread carrying the notion of the arduously systemic agency of rejective toxic abjectivity, which is operatically exorcized in "*Mondo Trasho*" & "*Multiple Maniacs*", is however from a much more orgiastically bellicose vantage point crystallized within the latter picture, which in its own sort of raunchy, clunkily put together way is truly mondo-esque, in the sense that it is devoid of the stellarly pictorial mise-en-scène, the Scratchtrack antics and odysseical narrative structure of "*Mondo Trasho*", in favor of a much more concise narrative framework as well as a decidedly utilitarian shooting style and sync sound (with only a handful of relapses into the Scratchtrack aesthetics, e.g. Divine's voicework in the "*Rosary Job*/Stations Of The Cross'' sequence), last of which is facilitating the first major instance of Waters' very own incommensurably inventive and voluptuously obnoxious dialogue style, which is why, although it might not be as cinematically engaging as "*Mondo Trasho*", it is nonetheless the more crystalline Waters flick in that sense. Within that vein the picture starts off with Mr. David Lochary luring unsuspecting bourgeois couples into "*Lady Divine's Cavalcade Of Perversions*" through his over abundantly enticing (carnival) barker-esque proclamations, which are then juxtaposed with the corresponding gloriously fetishistic acts and the audiences' delightful revulsion. Already within this first scene Waters is rigorously emphasizing the interconnectivity between Performance Art, i.e. in an overarching sense cinematic Performance Art, and the seductive suggestive creation of a playfully subversive cinemasochistic resonance spectrum for the satyrical emergence of genuine abjectivity & affectivity. After the lethal finalization of the collective performance act through the unveiling of Lady Divine, who proceeds to assassinate at least one of the abject-fueled attendees, the "*Cavalcade Of Perversions*" becomes hastily disassembled, which is why for the remainder of the film, the unfolding of the plot primarily revolves around Lady Divine, which after a sudden Robbery-Rape by two former cavalcade accomplices is guided by an angelic apparition towards her constitutive "*Rosary Job*" encounter with Mink Stole (this particular processual leitmotif is undoubtedly harkening back to "*Mondo Trasho*", just to exuberantly culminate within a symbolical as well as literal "edging of the abject with the sublime"), with whom she then partners up to exterminate her boyfriend Mr. David, who cheated on her with a cavalcade patron named Bonnie(Mary Vivian Pearce). Another enlightening detail which is complementarity alluding to the sinisterly abject underbelly of the "popular culture" hegemony and which I wouldn't dare to brush over is the fact that Lady Divine repeatedly indicates Mr. David to have been majorly involved in the notoriously grisly murder of Sharon Tate, her unborn son, Jay Sebring, Wojciech Frykowski, Abigail Folger and Steven Parent on August 9th 1969, even after the officially approved "Manson Family Narrative" is already making headlines, which might indicate towards the notion of the terminal unresolvability and inescapability of ideological systemic abject media dynamics. Ascertained from this particular vantage point the final superbly executed thirty minutes of the picture become crystal clear: the trepidatious interpenetration of these two newly formed

character alliances, which are solely focused on their mutual extermination ramping up into a frenzied orgy of vengeful bloodlust and mere tragic coincidence. Lady Divine is even revealed as an orgiastically bellicose *Anthropophagus*, which is immersed in the fertile crystallization and ergo ultimate reclaiming of the abyssal furious vastness of the erotomanic phenomenon, which we've referred to as "Abjectivity". This process of reclaiming however, which is then even further accentuated by her operatically abject scrying session summoning of the "*Lobstora*", becomes invertedly transmuted into a deeply and inevitably assimilatory impregnation of universal ideological decay as well as the hideous abject uncollapsedness of systemic mass media hysteria dynamics, which is why she then proceeds to orgiastically act out one final majestically egregious stanza of sublimely transgressive counter-abjectivity, which yet in return enables the silent abject-fueled majority to recognize her as a monstrous non-assimilable tumor whose sole purpose it is to become removed from the canescent putrid collective organism. In "*Pink Flamingos*" however this tumultuously rhizomatic reclaiming process is exuberantly accomplished through Divine raucously fending off "two would-be filth bowls named Connie and Raymond Marble"(Mink Stole & David Lochary), who instigate a treacherous futile attempt to seize her well-earned title of "*Filthiest Person Alive!*" The even more bellicose yet simultaneously hearteningly celebratory aura in which this is achieved is that of a radically insurmountable self-love, primarily of course in regards to Divine and her familial clique of trailer co-inhabitants but also when it comes to the Marbles and their villainous infant smuggling ring. A self-love in fact that is capable of crystallizing within itself all imaginable dimensionalities of doom, dread, horror, abjectivity, toxicity and rejectivity, culminating in a state of hyper-lucid anti-fragility. In support of this certain motifs reappear: Divine strolls by a white brick wall on which the demand "*Free Tex Watson!*" can be read, which of course harkens back to her revelatory insinuations in "*Multiple Maniacs*". Another reemerging motif is that of *orgiastic anthropophagy*, as the police officers which attempt to enforce their adversarial agency of repressive abjectivity due to the Marbles denouncing Divine's bacchanalian birthday festivities eventually get torn to shreds and are feasted upon in a magnificent manner. Complementarily, the abjection process is assiduously characterized as a (*magickal*) *miasmic impregnation*: For once perhaps abjectivity is to our hereditary forcibly collectivized embedding into the cistemic »*Identity Matrix Hegemony*«





what the atrocious cellar of the Marble Estate is to the newly born infants functioning as »*Human Capital*«: a incontestable excruciatingly sickening traumatic underbelly beyond all bearing. This sinisterly abject aspect is emphasized due to the fact that we're bluntly shown the capturing of yet another young girl who is then brought into the aforementioned cellar where she becomes impregnated by means of pipette insertion. Obligatorily, the phallus from which this sepulchral semen had sprung forth belonging to the Marble's servant Channing ultimately becomes dismembered through the assistance of Divine and her son Crackers, who beforehand are being shown casting a potent abject counter-spell upon the Marbles, that is through saliva gland activation and an unhingedly incestuous fellatio skit. The pathetic decline and defeat of the Marbles is however already foreshadowed in the preceding scene, in which Raymond, who previously had been portrayed as an avid and unabashed exhibitionist, becomes vanquished once he encounters a beautifully boisterous act of transsexual counter-exhibitionism emanating from a sublimely unfazed trans-woman. The majestic culmination of the Marbles' terminal subjugation is subsequently realized through Divine's ingeniously mischievous reappropriation of the maximalistic mediality's inherent abjectivity within the final satyrically rip-roaring crescendo of the film, which functions both as an calamitously carnal symbolical appraisal of being's intrinsically organismic viscera and therefore as an ultimate manifesto dedicated to the victorious reclaiming of the liminal evolutionary potentiality of the entire sanctimoniously defiled spectrum of abjectivity, just to further accentuate this indelible process of abyssal devourment through the last-ditch jollily graceful *coup de grâce* emanating from this irrefutably valiant sempiternal "Filthiest Person Alive!". Waters' constitutive early work is not only enlightening when considered as a pioneering example of "Experimental Ensemble-Cinema"(Warhol, Fassbinder, Schlingensief, Verrow, Duncan, etc.), but more importantly when it comes to mapping out the genealogy of abjectivity during the crucial Zeitgeist-transition from the late 1960s into the early 1970s, therefore enabling future filmmakers such as Nekrasova for example to continuate and actualize this constructive processual artistic witnessing of the traumatic yet uncannily emancipatory rhizomatic vastness of the spectrally assimilatory iconographic genealogy of abjectivity, in her case within the context of the delusionally abject digital mass media hysteria dynamics of the intricately ascendent coronal initiation of the early 2020s.

The Rotoscoping industry has been the center of animation for years and has been popular with the styles of filming before the animation started until it wasn't that popular anymore, but some rotoscoped animated movies are still made to this day.

That's why we still need to talk about the process when there's another project when it happens in the foreseeable future. And I hope there are more movies and stuff made with this style and more people talk about this technique and it gets more love too.



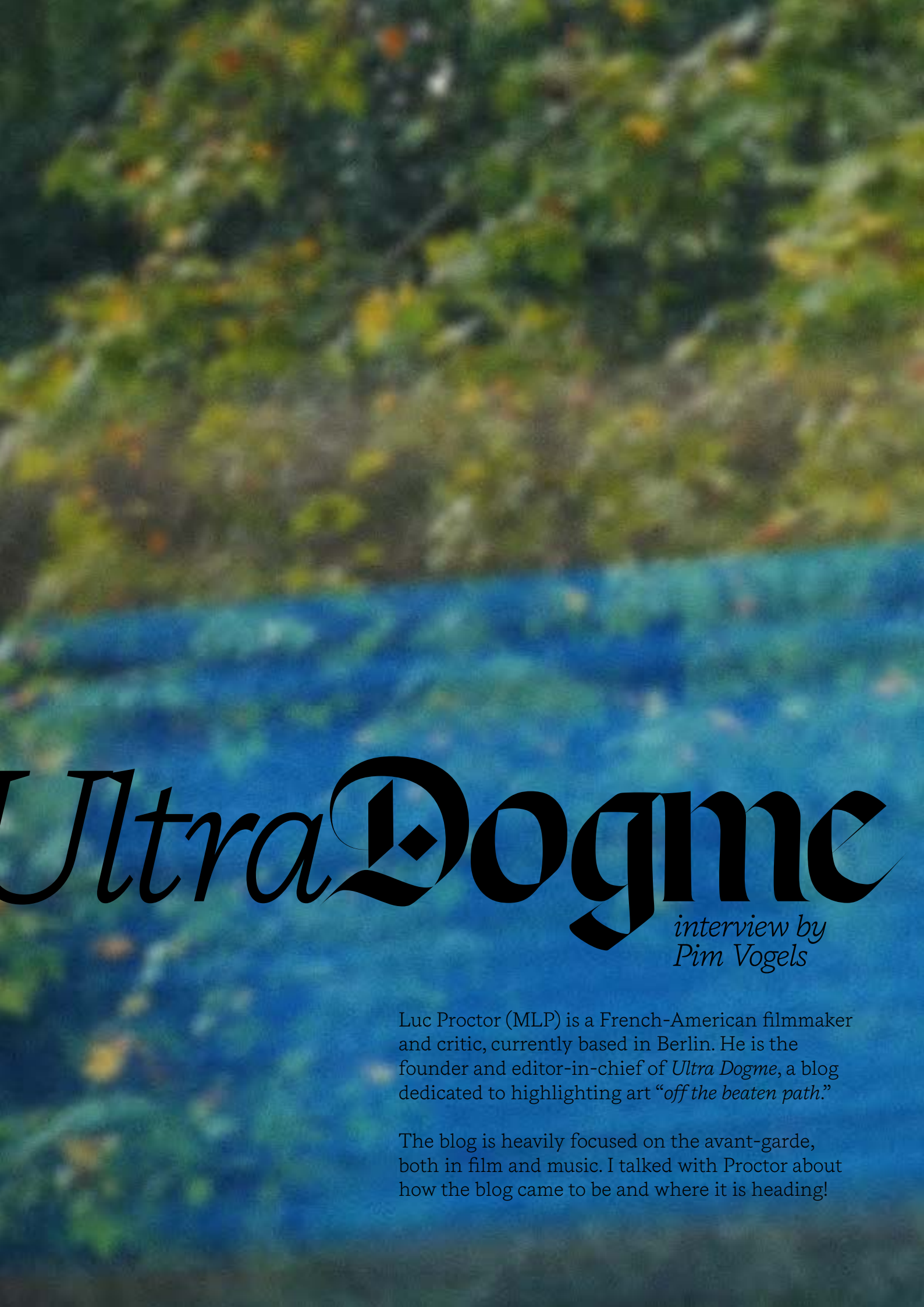
ROTOSCOPED MOVIES THAT NEED TO BE TALKED ABOUT

WRITTEN BY NATHAN SMITH (AKA. NATHBOI)

Even if the technique is not talked about, or anything else there's still hope from when it started.

Rotoscoped films you need to see (some I haven't seen yet):

- Loving Vincent
- Apollo 10 1/2
- A Scanner Darkly
- Wizards
- Waking Life
- The Case of Hana and Alice
- Heavy Metal
- Fire and Ice
- The Spire Of The Night
- Ralph Bakshi's Lord Of The Rings



Ultra Dogme

interview by Pim Vogels

Luc Proctor (MLP) is a French-American filmmaker and critic, currently based in Berlin. He is the founder and editor-in-chief of *Ultra Dogme*, a blog dedicated to highlighting art "*off the beaten path*."

The blog is heavily focused on the avant-garde, both in film and music. I talked with Proctor about how the blog came to be and where it is heading!

Correct me if I'm wrong; filmmaker, musician, writer, and critic,

For starters, some of this is
was a curator for *Fracto* for
the festival but had to give
commitment on a virtual v

workin
Photoge

Photogénie, on the other hand, is practically an extended and globe-spanning family (which also pays its contributors fairly), but I was really only an editor there for the first and seventh 'issues', which were both published in 2021.

I mean, how do you balance all of that? And how does Ultra Dogme fit into it?

Although I started Ultra Dogme by myself, within a couple of years I brought aboard Ruairí McCann and then Malkah Manouel as co-editors, which was an extremely important point in the site's growth and development.

slightly outdated information: I
the 2020 and 2021 editions of
it up because it was a huge time
olunteer basis.

**g as contributing editor for
énie, curator for *Fracto*, and
founder of Ultra Dogme.**

e
s
?

Essentially, yes, all roads led to Ultra Dogme, where my editorial and curatorial experience came together so that I could establish a virtual space which presented articles as well as film streaming programs.

Did it come first and led it to your other endeavors or did all your work lead to Ultra Dogme?

It would not be going as strong as it currently is without either of them. Ruairí and Malkah are talented, creative and hard-working and I am extremely grateful to work together with them as a team.

I've got to ask about the name and its obvious nod to Dogme 95. In what way did Dogme inspire you?

I was sincerely drawn to the *Dogme 95* approach when I came across it in high school. I watched Gummo (which is not a Dogme film) on YouTube and could hardly believe what I was seeing. It was extremely enticing and wild and fresh to my young senses. After that, I eventually saw Julien Donkey-boy (which is a dogma film) and liked it, but it was certainly no Gummo.

The idea of making films with simple means stayed with me, but by the time I started Ultra Dogme, I was leaning a lot more into the comedic and absurdist side of things. I thought that to name your ideas based on dogma is already a crazy thing to do, so why not take it further and make it 'ultra'?

How would you describe Ultra Dogme? Of course, there's no real 'about page' on the website, other than the satirical manifesto – that in a way – perfectly describes what you stand for. But if there would be a ... regular About page, what would be in it?

I would describe it as a virtual home for writing about art that's off the beaten path. I am personally very interested in analog and experimental filmmaking, and I think the site largely reflects that. But on a larger scale, it is about rejecting a lot of the norms associated with visual media and publishing cultures (i.e. we have always been completely ad-free, and we are not interested in publishing free PR for films that already have multi-million-dollar budgets and marketing teams).

About the Manifesto, which other manifestos inspired you to write that? Was it just Dogme or are there others?

At the time when I wrote it (around the beginning of 2019 if I remember correctly), my biggest 'manifesto' influences were Robert Bresson's Notes on the Cinematograph, and the writings of filmmakers like Stan Brakhage, Gregory Markopoulos, Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet. At the end of 2019 I also published a long manifesto on filmmaking through photogénie, 'Digital Notes on the Corporeal Manifesto'.

The focus of Ultra Dogme seems to be on film writing, but there are some music writings on there as well. Are you wanting to expand on that? Or how do you envision the perfect balance of content on the platform?

Before it was christened 'Ultra Dogme', the site was just 'maximilienproctor.wordpress.com', a place where I wanted to collect links to my various writings and art publications from across the net. A big part of that iteration of the site was discovering that because I had a blog (even though it was just my name), musicians were open to doing interviews for it. It certainly helped that I was asking to interview smaller and DIY rock bands. So when the site grew to become Ultra Dogme, I wanted to leave that window open. I'm fine with the balance as it stands currently, with most of the site's focus on film. But I definitely want to keep room for interesting pieces on music as well.

Ultra Dogme is based in Berlin, but the crew is from a wide variety of places. How did you find each other? (Also, how do people become writers, if you're looking for any more?)

The site is based in Berlin because I live here. Ruairí and I found each other through Photogénie and their Young Critics Workshop... at Film Fest Gent (I am a 2015 alum and he is a 2018 alum). We found Malkah through our mutual friend Christian Flemm, who has curated a handful of streaming programs for the site. If someone wants to write for us all they have to do is send a good pitch at the right time. Timing is everything in terms of what we have the budget for at any given moment, but a strong pitch depends on several factors, but first and foremost whether or not the material (and the writer) seem to be a good fit for the site.

Could you tell me a little about the virtual Filmfest? How did it come to be in Covid time, how do you curate it, and is there a chance for independent makers to send in their films somewhere?

At this time, the 'virtual film fest' has effectively transitioned to the 'Movie Club' and our occasional public streaming programs (like this month's 'Five Films by Ellie Epp' program). Thus, we are not actively accepting film submissions.

But the idea at the beginning of UDVFF (Ultra Dogme Virtual Film Festival) was to give our contributors the opportunity to curate streaming programs using...

... only films that were already available to stream somewhere since there is such a glut of amazing stuff readily and easily accessible. The idea was to highlight some lesser-known but easy-to-access films for our readers, and it was a continuous project to try and keep up morale during difficult times of being stuck at home (or at least close to home).

I wanted to create some small sense of virtual community.

The platform lives on through its donation through Patreon. Are you looking to change this? Also let's shout out the Patreon and what people will get out of it!

Yes, at the moment the Patreon is our sole source of money for the site. Almost all of that money goes straight into commissioning articles and paying filmmakers to let us screen their work. Ideally, we would like to grow the site to a point where it can pay us editors to run it full-time as well. We've still got a ways to go...

... before we reach that point, but the rate of growth over the last year has certainly been promising, ever since we started our Movie Club, wherein patrons who subscribe for $7 a month get access to a unique (usually experimental film) streaming program each month. The main draw for the Movie Club is its uniqueness: these are films that you can't really find anywhere else, especially not on other streaming services, and we typically offer some kind of 'special feature' or two, like an exclusive essay about the films or an interview with the filmmaker.

Where are you heading with Ultra Dogme and where are you heading yourself? What's in the future?

Good question! Ideally, both are headed toward self-sufficiency.

I am currently at a point in my life where I am striving to grow my main activities to also be my main sources of income. It's been a years-long, uphill battle, but it looks like it is slowly starting to pay off. I'm very excited about it.

You can find Ultra Dogme here:
https://ultradogme.com/

If you want to get access to the Movie Club, join the Patreon:
https://www.patreon.com/ultradogme

A One-Shot Critique on Violence
How Haneke forces the viewer into meditation with Funny Games (1997)
Written by Jack O'Keeffe



FUNNY GAMES

It's about halfway through the film when they are free, free indeed. The two young men, Peter and Paul, the two young men dressed in white with gloved hands yet not afraid to show their faces, have finally left the family to follow their own devices. The young men's names, Peter and Paul, are a stark reminder of the two biblical saints. The Feast of Peter and Paul takes place annually on June twenty-ninth, bright summer days like the ones spent in summer homes in terror.

Funny Games is a 'grim masterpiece' in arthouse cinema and Haneke's filmography. It's funny yet disturbing for grim, unconventional reasons. There's barely any on-screen violence; the most disturbing moment, the brutal murder of the terrorized family's son, shortly before our halfway mark of freedom, happens off-screen. Though we hear a single gunshot—one of two from the shotgun—and shrieks, we're not sure who is dead. This all happens off-screen; we instead see Paul making a sandwich. Even after he hears the unexpected gunshot, he shows no worry. He finishes making his sandwich before learning who was shot.

In comparison with films far more renowned, the off-screen killings of Funny Games are tame, though they are far more effective at haunting the viewer. Why? One could quickly point to the repetitious acknowledgements of the viewer. Paul continually breaks the fourth wall, asking for the viewer's input—though, like Georg and Anna and their son, the viewer has no control over their fate; we simply must watch on in terror. Or must we?



Funny Games is a true testament to Hollywood's treatment of violence—the glorification and heroization—as well as an indication of the diminishing marginal returns which are a product of on-screen violence. If one were to look back only a few decades, the controversy stirred by releases of films such as Spielberg's Jaws (1975) was insurmountable; the violent thrashing of the school girl in the opening scene, the floating limbs and pale blue faces. Jaws was scary, Jaws was violent. But now, having seen Jaws, having completed the film, allowing the violence to take place on-screen, the viewer must look for something more disturbing to fill their appetite for "realistically violent media". They find that with Funny Games. Some will call the film "too disturbing" but will continue watching, finding a sadistic satisfaction through the supposed disconnect between reality and the actions on-screen.

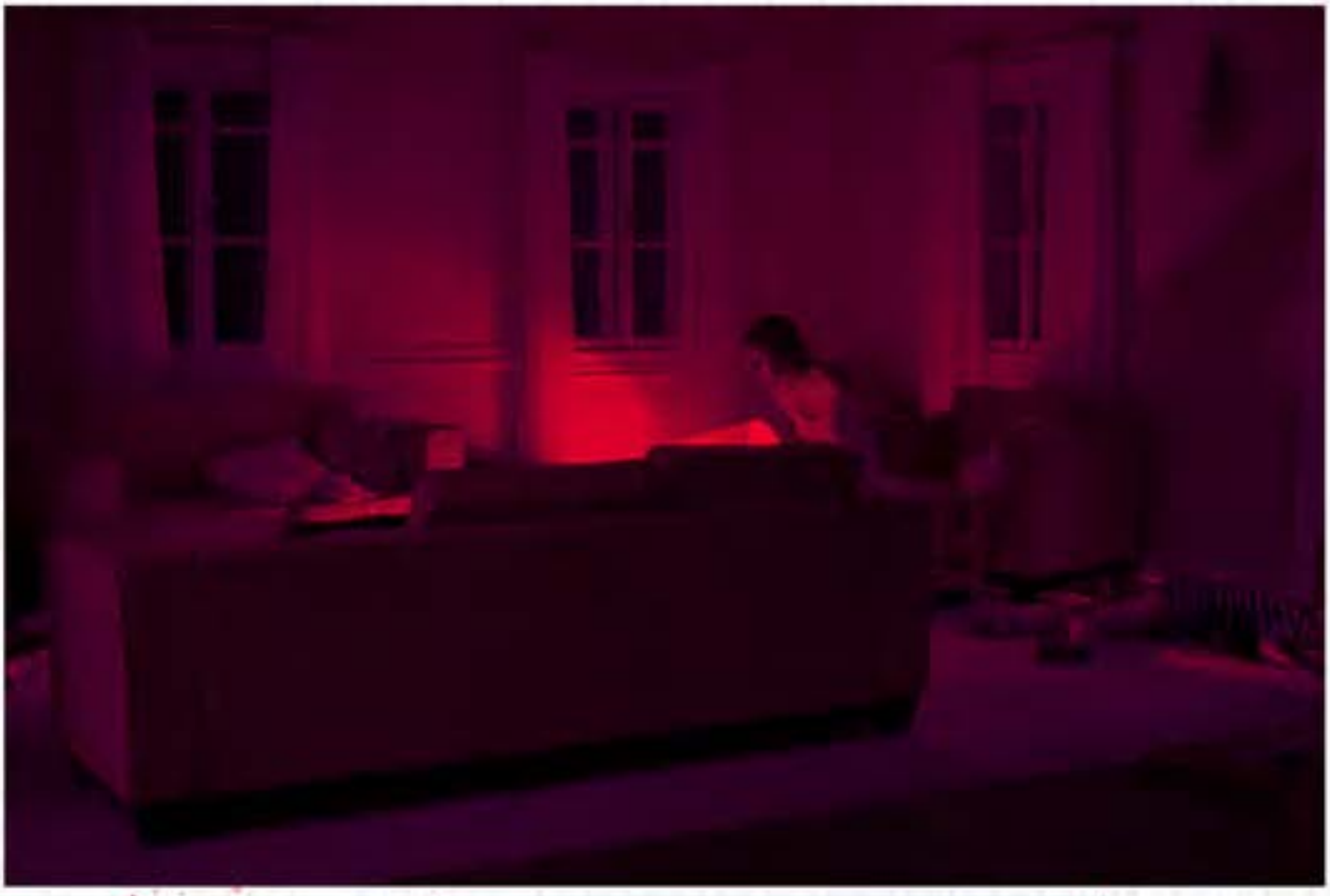
For as violent as Funny Games is, it's a critique of not only film, media, and the glorification of violence, but of the viewer who allows this film to exist (to quote Nabokov's Lolita: "I need you, the reader, to imagine us, for we don't really exist if you don't"), who takes satisfaction from and finds entertainment in the sadistic on-screen rituals of violence and trauma. The film practically scoffs in the face of the viewer, putting them into more and more uncomfortable positions, testing their will, hoping they'll succumb and shut off the film. Unlike Jaws, the breaking of the fourth wall in Funny Games entraps the viewer within the film and shatters the supposed disconnect between the viewer and the actions taking place on-screen. The viewer is a victim just as much as Georg and Anna, while being just as much as an assailant as Peter and Paul. Though feeling

to continue. If the viewer were to truly find Funny Games' use of violence reprehensible, they would shut the film off. But Haneke, poking fun at the viewer and understanding the sadistic tendencies which are product of the glorification of on-screen violence, knows the viewer will continue the film, letting the torturing continue. Paul asks the viewer: "Is that enough?" as if questioning their lustful hunger for violence; he may as well have asked "Do you want to see more? Are you curious to see if they'll survive?", while the viewer knows very well the ending in store. This breaking of the fourth wall shatters the screenlike barrier between the violent perpetrators and the audience, reminding them that the film is a product of their imaginations and would not exist without that lust for violence.



Peter and Paul make a bet with the family; they bet the family will be dead by 9a.m., twelve-hours time. This could, in theory, give the viewer a sense of hope, a reason to continue the film, but to accept this grain of hope, the viewer must remain willingly ignorant of their intuition. The viewer knows the family will die, for their fate lays in the hands of Peter and Paul, unable to rebel. Still, like the games played by the two boys, their sudden departure at the halfway mark, leaving Anna and Georg on the floor in their living room, their son dead, by the TV, gives the viewer relief. They survived. If one finds hope in the film, it wouldn't have been conceived through the bet propositioned by Peter and Paul. They have control apropos who dies and who survives; they watch the family bound in duct tape with broken legs. The fate of the family is in their control, so—once they leave, one may possibly find that sliver of hope to rationalize continuing the film, seeing their great escape from violence and trauma.

And just like the games Peter and Paul play, the games which they will always win due to their competitive advantage of fully working limbs and shotguns and duct tape, Haneke continues his game with the viewer, forcing them to accept the fact that they found entertainment in the torturing of the family. Where most films keep the disconnect between the viewer and the actions transpiring on-screen, showing violence without trauma and death without mourning, Haneke breaks this disconnect, reminding the viewer that actions have consequences and that, although ignored by film and media, violent acts have grave consequences.



The first stage of Haneke's triad: Anna in silence, her son and the television to the right.

Following their departure, this aforementioned scene: Anna sits, Georg lays, unseen by the viewer, and on the right-hand side of the screen the television televises a car race. The son's body and blood frame the television set. This same TV has already mocked the viewer: as Peter sat flipping channels shortly before the death of the son, the family held hostage before him, he skipped through every channel, only resting on news footage showing the aftermath of a hurricane, watching it for a few moments, then switching to the race, watching a crash. After a few moments, realizing the driver survived the crash, unscathed, he turns to inflict violence upon those before him; the on-screen violence proving too tame for his liking.

The film's longest shot follows. A haunting shot void of violence or dialogue, thrills or action; no more torture, freedom from their captors… but the unrelenting notice that, though they are free, the trauma will haunt them just as the blood of their son paints the television in the corner. No violence or dialogue, simply two parents silently mourning the death of their child, reflecting on the horrible traumas so suddenly inflicted upon them. If the rationale for wanting to view violent films was to see a realistic depiction of violence, what is more real than these silent mournings of parents for children?

As Anna sits still, staring into the carpet, the viewer can quickly become bored. As aforementioned (from Jaws to Funny Games) the necessity for realistic and gruesome violence in film is addictive; what was once satisfactory is no longer good enough. But now Haneke plays with the viewer; there is no violence, simply a haunting yet almost boring take of Anna sitting still as the bloodied television continues playing the race in the corner. And if the viewer acknowledges their newfound boredom, they must acknowledge that they found entertainment in the previous torturings and that they wished not for realistic depictions of violence (because what is violence without trauma), but that they wished solely to view the sadistic tortures without the consequences which follow, mourning.

If bored by the realistic mournings, hoping to distract themselves from the reflection forced upon them unwillingly by Haneke, like the torture forced upon Anna and Georg, the viewer is left two options:

A) They play along in the meditative state Haneke provokes, reminiscent of Akerman or Ozu, accepting that the film, no longer filled with violence, is okay and refusing to become bored, keeping their focus on the stagnant and immobile Anna, realizing that by indulging in violence, even through the barrier of the silver screen, the consequences of trauma and grief exist as non-negotiables—a realistic depiction of violence, far more realistic than blood and guts without tears and misery. Few products of art reckon with this, the consequences of violence, the most notable being Dostoevsky's Crime and Punishment, the punishment being feelings of regret and paranoia following a violent act; an exigent inspiration upon Funny Games.

B) Or, the more realistic option, the viewer becomes completely bored. What was once a thrilling, haunting and suspenseful movie—although sadistic—grinds to a halt. The viewer who continually wishes for action, for provocation, for violence, must turn to the television in the corner, watching the televised race which remains visible, for it is the only movement within the frame. Your eye is attracted there against your consciousness so that, in a moment of mourning, watching television as an attempt to distract yourself from meditative reflection is inappropriate and unfitting with the tone of the scene. But to focus on the TV, against their will, in an attempt to entertain themselves, constantly consuming rather than meditating, means ignoring the blood of the young boy who was shot so shortly before, the blood decorating the screen.

Haneke forces the viewer to feel the guilt which should be intrinsically associated with their actions. The position of this scene plays just as much of a role in manipulating the viewer as the content; this reflection takes place in the middle of the film. Both the terrorists have left and the viewer must imagine that, like the stereotypes played out constantly in modern cinema, the rest of the film will not involve Peter or Paul—they've left, why would they return—and will follow the recovery and trauma of Georg and Anna. Spoiler: it does not.



The second stage of HanT'Teke's triad: Anna framed by her son's body and the splatter of blood.

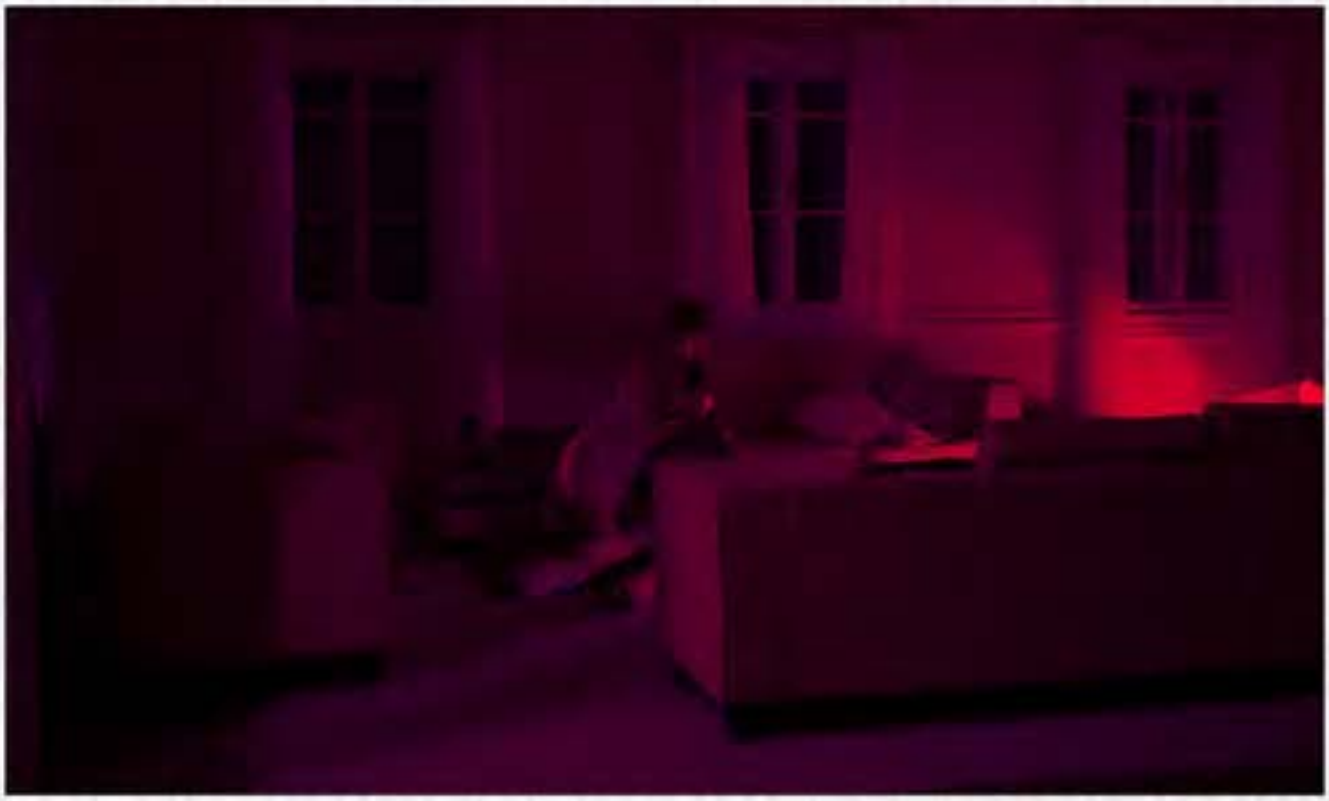
If the viewer hadn't already admitted to their bloodlust, Haneke continues with his game, stepping up the difficulty. Anna, finally moving, crawls to the television and turns it off, removing the viewer's once source of direct and cheap entertainment and distraction from Haneke's forceful meditation. Now Anna kneels before the shut-off television, framed by the bloodied walls—from her child's death, a reminder of the traumatic past which will forever haunt her. Haneke furthers this boredom, using the classical elements of slow cinema to challenge the viewer's patience (see Jeanne Dielman, 23, quai du commerce, 1080 Bruxelles, or Haneke's own The Seventh Continent). Haneke forces the viewer to pay attention to the trauma so commonly ignored by film and media, using these stages of removal—from violence to none, cheap entertainment/distraction to none, nudging the viewer and bringing notice of the purposeful 'boredom' present within the scene. The viewer is very aware that all distractions from the on-screen trauma are being swept away without their control—like the control of Anna and Georg swept away by the boys—and Haneke uses this consciousness to bring attention to the trauma inflicted upon Anna and Georg, the consequence of the viewer indulging in the earlier sadistic violence.

As media and film so commonly portray violence, glorifying and heroizing it, never forcing the viewer to deal with the burden of guilt for what they partake upon, unlike real violence, a disconnect exists. This disconnect between reality and film; stripping reality of reality as it is played out for entertainment value; stripping the sacredness of death. For as Bob Dylan sang in his 'grim masterpiece' (as pronounced by biographer Howard Sounes) It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding):

Disillusioned words like bullets bark
As human gods aim for their mark
Make everything from toy guns that spark
To flesh-colored Christs that glow in the dark
It's easy to see without lookin' too far
That not much is really sacred.

Like Gods, we strip what is intrinsic, the elemental, the essence (as declared by "the master of those who know"), of matters such as death to portray them differently (as entertaining rather than sacred)—for what religion does not deal with violence as sacred? The death and martyrdom of Christ (freeing those within Hell), the untimely death of Krishna (pronouncing the start of Kali Yuga, 'the age of darkness'), Buddha (attaining Nirvāna through death), and so forth. Haneke reckons not with this sacrilege and uses his violence to critique the industry's violence. If anything, Funny Games is anti-violence. It, like every other film, presents the violence so wished by the sadistic viewer—though likely presenting a situation too personal for true enjoyment; a family stripped of control and put into the hands of unpredictable sadists—yet forces them to face the consequences of their decision to view the immoral, the sacrilege. Haneke retains what is sacred of death, forcing the consequences upon the viewer. And though the viewer can walk out of the theater, as they very well may turn off the film, by doing so they admit their own guilt, they admit they solely embarked upon the film for the sadistic violence and would rather remain willfully blind to the consequences of true violence, verifying Haneke's thesis on violent entertainment.

Anna mourns, in silence, still, in front of the blackened television, framed by the direct aftermath of the violence, the walls bloodied. Forced into the situation with no further distractions, the viewer explores the room only to come back to Anna, sitting still, mourning quietly—quite a tame response to such trauma, quite a docile punishment inflicted by Haneke upon a viewer who, likely—for they never turned the film off—took some sadistic pleasure, some entertainment in the suffering of another. It is only when the viewer, bored, becomes aware of their gentle punishment that Anna moves to Georg who, appropriately, wails and moans for minutes at end.



The third and final stage of Haneke's triad: Georg loudly mourning his loss.

The camera shifts to adjust the viewer to this new scene. Though there are no reminiscences of the violent past—the blood and body of their son are no longer within the frame—the wails and moans drown the scene for minutes on end; this is Haneke's final reminder of the pain inflicted by violence, so commonly subtracted from the medium of film.

Breaking Down Britain: The Constructs of *Secrets & Lies*



Words by J Taylor-Jones

Since my initial viewing of Mike Leigh's Palme d'Or winning opus, the acclaimed *Secrets & Lies*, I found myself fixated with it—an occurrence that often provokes a rewatch. Sometimes, this fixation comes about after a spontaneous clicking with it, with the filmmaker's intent finally reaching me and I come to a conclusion that makes me feel as if I need to recontextualise it with another viewing. Sometimes, a fixation develops when I hear praises sung for a piece of media that I didn't feel as strongly about. Sometimes I simply want to reaffirm my own opinion or give a film a second chance. Not this time, though.

Since leaving home for university, I have, in the eyes of my parents, grown up significantly. I'm no longer their vulnerable child who is under their protection — I'm out on my own, living in a different county, writing essays on subjects outside of their circles of thinking and making myself dinner every night and living without the luxury of their immediate presence. This means that, upon returning home periodically, I am welcomed to adult conversations; my parents know me not only as their eldest, but also as another adult who is also their child. I am involved with adult conversations and, finally, I am getting to know my parents as people, not just mother and father who raised me. It was during one of these conversations that my mum revealed to me a piece of information that altered my perception of her life before me — nothing huge, nothing as life-changing as the secrets and lies of the Purleys, but something significant enough to cause a shift in my understanding of my familial history — of how different life could have been.

[#]


SECRETS
&
LIES

This 'revelation' led to a lot of reflection on the relationship between me and my parents, my sister, and my family outside of my house. I thought about my aunts, my uncles, my grandparents, and my cousins. It occurred to me that I don't really know them at all. I am lucky in the fact that I was brought up with my cousins like they were brothers and sisters. I saw them most weeks as we stayed with my grandmother whilst our parents worked. This relationship has continued and, most likely, will continue for a long while, but when we gather every year for birthdays, to do jobs for my grandmother over Easter weekend when we all sit around the table on Boxing Day, we only know the images we put up for each other, tied together only by familial bond. I am left wondering what everyone talks about on the way home, what troubles ail them, and what lies in their past that they take to bed every night, never to spill into the river of knowledge outside of their front door.

> *"I REALISED HOW CLOSE TO THE PURLEYS WE ALL ARE AS THEY INHABIT CLASSICALLY BRITISH LIVES"*

This is a huge principle of British culture — it's rooted in the need for acceptance, the need to be perfect. It's probably deeply rooted in classism, as our whole society is in Britain. It's something that Mike Leigh examines and dissects with characteristic mastery in his milestone drama. Through the character of Hortense Cumberbatch (played by the remarkable Marianne Jean-Baptiste), a woman searching for her biological mother, Leigh highlights our tendency to corner ourselves in toxic echo chambers where the loudest noises are our own screams in a process of brutal curation of our own public lives. He touches upon the strong divides between races and classes in British society as a result of a skewed idealism but, most prominently, he recognises our instincts as humans, particularly British humans, to want to be perceived as strong, stable, happy and healthy.

I was drawn back to the film due to my mum's revelation, one that, to heavily judgemental people, might have connotations that would alter the image of the archetypal 'happy family' that the British public, particularly the British woman, is taught to strive for and uphold. I then remembered how I never mentioned my Asperger's diagnosis in public until four years after I received it. I remember being explicitly told not to mention a family member's poor mental health to the rest of my family who were unaware of its poor state. I remember my aunt hiding away in her room as she died of cancer, not wanting to be seen for fear that she may scare the younger members of my family as she withered. I realised how close to the Purleys we all are as they inhabit classically British lives, surrounded by hallmarks of late twentieth-century life in London. They are not necessarily representations or emblems of a wider public, but Leigh works in enough detail to characterise each member of the family deeply — intensely — and to convey a story with a vigorous accuracy that digs under the skin with its sharpness that finds the most vulnerable parts of the viewer's psyche. The film goes beyond representation and, through its famous long takes, it immerses the viewer until they project their own life onto those unfolding on screen.



When Cynthia Purley (Brenda Blethyn) discovers the child she gave up, having never set eyes upon it out of shame, is a black woman who wants to reconnect, her initial reaction is to flee, or the equivalent; hang up the phone. As similar, more plot-oriented, secrets and lies are uncovered, similar reactions are seen; explosions of anger, despair and disappointment lace the lives of those affected as their efforts to curate are broken down and expire. But nothing changes, everything remains the same as it always was before the curtain was drawn back. The second viewing reveals the even more relevant idea of one's secrets, or one's vulnerabilities, being at the forefront of the mind at all times. It's like when you're on a date and completely falling for the person you're with but you pick your words with the greatest care, because if they find out just how much you're attracted to them, something awful will — of course — happen. Maurice (Timothy Spall) and his wife, Monica (Phyllis Logan), have a secret, a harmless secret that embarrasses them, and it stands out like it's lit in neon hues upon rewatch. The film's construction communicates it through its lingering edits and gloomy depiction of middle-class suburbia: we let our imperfections haunt us whilst we work as hard as we can to paint over our pains with vibrant colours.

Maurice himself is a photographer, who, from his first moments, is seen encouraging a newlywed to smile, to place a seemingly dishonest smile before the apparent melting pot of emotions stewing in her mind. The bride's father waits outside, hurrying Maurice along, muddying the illusion of perfection on the special day. Later on, an entire montage illustrates Maurice's efforts further as his attempt to elicit smiles for a split second covers many subjects in his studio — itself coming from a somewhat imperfect beginning, now painted white and decorated in pastel blues and with flush wooden trims. Maurice and Monica's house has been given this treatment too, with guests — family, at least — seemingly being forbidden to enter as Monica perfects it, just in time for the gathering that leads to the eventual breakdown of the eponymous secrets and lies.

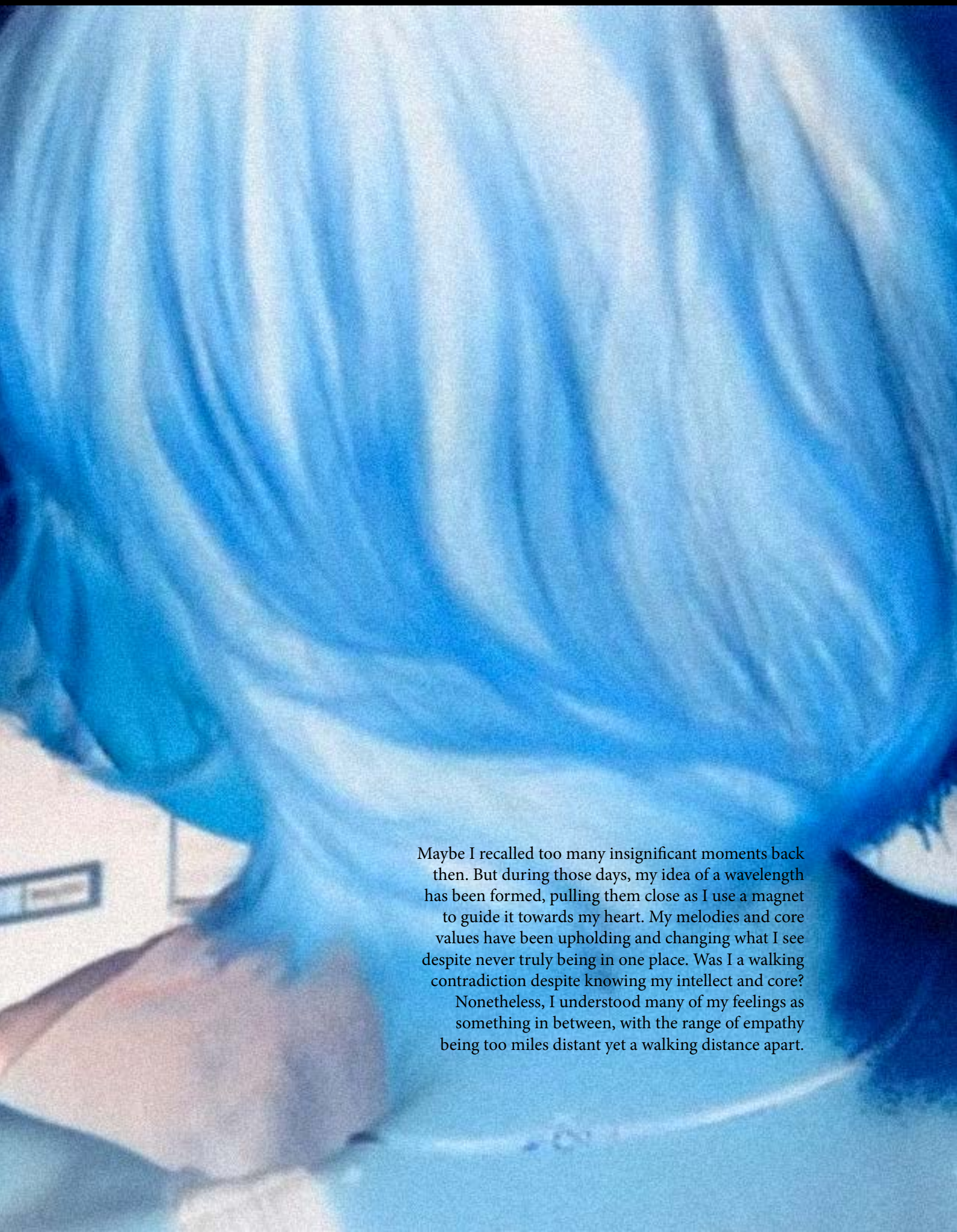
It's striking to see just how present everything is from the very beginning, from the introductions to our lead cast. It's striking to see the construction of our society reflected so accurately at us by a work of fiction in its production design, its editing and its emotional arcs. In Leigh's direction and his character's words, our lives are presented back to us, complete with anxieties, societal prejudices and protective etiquettes laid out bare. It's sometimes scary to try to imagine how we ended up this way but a strange relief to see it on screen, like a cooling balm for the wound that is our nature of self-flagellation for our personal trauma. Here is a film that understands the curse, the flaws of our societal mechanisms that grind us down little by little every single day. Here is a film that captures the shadows that hang over the heads of all of us, the spirit of being British.

ON SOMEONE'S EMOTIONAL CURRENTS



"Would it be okay if I didn't make sense?
These films and music that I had
Felt the same to me
Personal insides and textural intensities
Against my head
My heart was the righteous core
This modest core"

I remember when I stumbled upon my dad watching Nicholas Winding Refn's "Drive" on a pirated DVD. The scene in question was a serene montage of Ryan Gosling and Carey Mulligan's characters driving towards a riverbank as signature synthpop plays on top. A thought occurred to me at that moment, relating to the power of visual storytelling and how it contributes to internal elements and melodies. It remained my only memory from the film due to the romantic warmth with a surprising touch of an icy melody emitting from it. During that time, I could now feel the endless possibility of exteriors linked to supporting interiors, such as the emptiness of interior urban decay or the silence of a street scene on nearly expired film. Many years later, I realized that this was a neo-noir crime film with doses of graphic violence and contained only small interior slices of romance placed in the backseat where the exterior is the full front.



Maybe I recalled too many insignificant moments back then. But during those days, my idea of a wavelength has been formed, pulling them close as I use a magnet to guide it towards my heart. My melodies and core values have been upholding and changing what I see despite never truly being in one place. Was I a walking contradiction despite knowing my intellect and core? Nonetheless, I understood many of my feelings as something in between, with the range of empathy being too miles distant yet a walking distance apart.

Growing inside my house during the weekends and days that went by, I only had a small circle of friends, whom I ended up being with at some point, though our planets have long since brushed by. With a sheltered upbringing that continues to influence me today, it made me wonder if I should have engaged socially more, in between the human emotions and conversations. The silent space in between these social spaces remains something that I fondly admired up to the present day.

The space and whispers I yearn for can exist in the music I look out for, in Bark Psychosis to Mogwai, coupled with their taste for variety in soundscape but remaining consistent and distinct. I feel a quiet; soft-spoken person can say less in a conversation, but still stand out due to their internal vision, especially when one cares to hear them out. Sometimes they may be overlooked at first but over the years, people will start discovering their voice and end up admiring them. They're structured like minimalists on the outside, with their guitars, whispery voices, the typical rock band images, with an addition of the occasional genre-bending. With this, they end up becoming maximalists on the inside, maximizing the tone of the room inside your body, when your motto for artistry is looking for the textures and emotions that respond only to the ones who stumbled upon it.

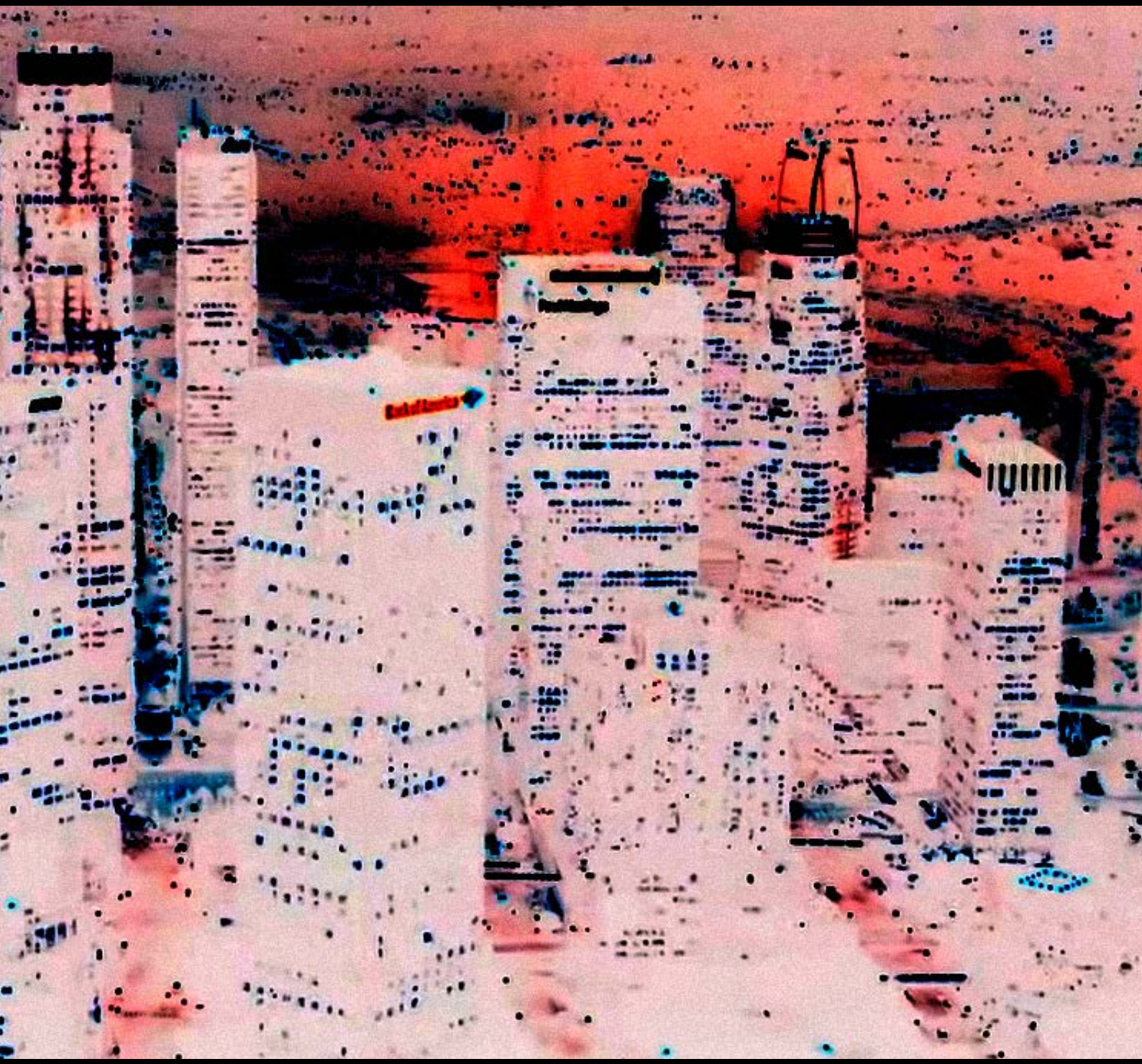
Who are the only ones? They are those finding long-lasting connections with films that are internally materialized to the textured response, compiling unsaid words and memories to a T. Whatever t or perfection you were wired to look or make for. But what is the meaning of a T? No one can answer that. A person's melody continues to improvise, but art itself can have a set melody. A portrait interpretable by anyone's definitions and ideals that are too easy to be influenced upon. No one can answer what one becomes.



I imagined myself at one point in the future where, in different colors and in different outsides, I conceptualized an album of emotion. All I want is for people to go inside this egg; see and listen to all the space unsaid, projected in front of a two-story building with a café below. After the egg hatches, the roll of film ends; dirt and static are then exposed on the projector. The portrait is done. The audience is left to linger on the established relationship of the images they've seen. I came up to the stage and asked everyone's thoughts on the story. Some thought it was hard to understand; some thought it was literal. The same goes for when asked for thoughts on the overall atmosphere. It is nothing. It is also everything. Different halves of the people in the room start to talk and argue with one another; With the realization that their interpretations are all different, everyone finds themselves in a large range of talks and discussions about the portrait they have seen. With this, my mind became free of thought, maybe due to the overwhelming room tone caused by the entire commotion. Everyone's mouths were still moving, still talking, but I could

no longer hear them as well. Suddenly, I had a feeling to act on. I built everything up to this; my ideals and creativity are here to support me, alongside the people in my life who I always had in my mind; this slow life building up to this grind to leave my mark on this world. As I started to continue contemplating on myself back then, there was a familiar feeling of cold and warmth, maximizing inside, like a color of deep red breathing in and out. Before I could start to comprehend this, I suddenly woke up, just sleeping in this dream.

--//PlaguDocta



PIRATE RECOMMENDATIONS

Plucked randomly from YTS at 2AM, Miracle Mile left me haunted by the idea that I may have never seen something so beautiful if not for piracy. Hollywood neglected director Steve De Jarnatt, so it's our responsibility to circulate his magnum opus.

Last really great film I had to pirate was Chantal Akerman's 'No Home Movie' - an essential piece of cinema that affirms documentary filmmaking as a multilayered reinvention and examination of memory; it's tragically beautiful.





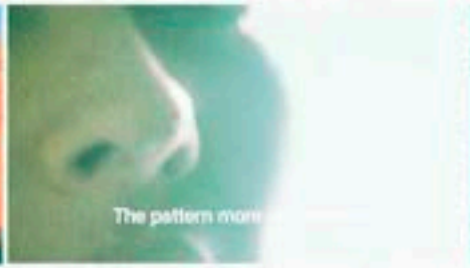

John Smith's "The Black Tower" released 1987 is a structualist short film that manages to be terrifying with only static shots and mundane narration. The experimentation with sound and edit somehow makes this short one of the most haunting films I've seen.






i'll go w harmony korine's julien donkey-boy.
impossible to find anywhere legally, but such a good film.







Beginning (2020) Was Executive Produced By The Great Carlos Reygadas,
Whose Works I So Deeply Love{"Post Tenebras Lux", "Our Time", "Japón" & "Silent Light"}.
While Taking This Particular Reference Point Into Account "Beginning" Could Similarly Be Regarded As A Crystalline Example Of Such A "Visionary Realism",
Yet Kulumbegashvili Transmogrifies This Sort Of Approach Into An Absolutely Singular Rhizome Of Unparalleled Viscerality By Means Of Exquisite Cinematographic Precision & All-Pervasive Sonic Meticulousness.



Cremaster 3 (2002)- both the final and central film in Matthew Barney's career defining 'cremaster cycle', Cremaster 3 combines the styles of the previous (and following) films into a bloated amalgam of absurdist comedy, mythology and abstract horror. Excessive and contrived, sure, pretensious, definitely, but never uninteresting.



Geographies of Solitude (2022) for when you want to be alone on a desert island

ART HOUSE
PLOITATION
R HORROR A
CULT EXPL

WATCH & WINE



JOIN

US







HERE

"Many works of videographic criticism seem to say, see, isn't it obvious? They tend to traffic in select methods of analysis: side-by-side comparisons, the accumulation of motifs. [...] This trust in the self-evidence of the visible is one way the practice differs from its (distant) relative, the essay film, a mode that embraces hesitations, gaps, uncertainties." Balsom, Ten Skies, p. 43

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IMAGES START

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(work in progress)

Thomas Watchorn

That which I cannot find a way to articulate, I write about. That which I cannot find a way to show, [or see,] I look for.

To create a Ulysses on images---academic courses, manifestos, stories, aphorisms, personal reflections, diary of filmmaking and sight, production kit lists and concerns, re::views, re::voirs, the disintegration and generation and continuation of images themselves.

appropriate - to steal
to steal and to use
take
One's own ends - a
ary text, one has to
owledge that a sentence,
phrase, is essentially
smallest constituent part
a text made of words.
ds are too small, too
eral, too multi-purpose &
USED to call, identify or
east perceive their source.
nly the rarest cases can
ord pairing, rarer still a
gle word, be used and still
led as borrowed material. MANDERLEY.

What is an Image 1:

""I am speaking of writing" she says in a documentary film of herself at work shooting Agatha in 1981: "I also speak of writing even when I seem to be talking about filmmaking. I don't know how to talk about anything else... I am not completely responsible for what I write... a word contains a thousand images" (*Apostrophes*)."
- p.44, 'Love and Mourning in Duras' Aurelia Steiner', Catherine Portuges, in *L'esprit Createur, Vol. 30, No. 1*, 1990

If a picture paints a thousand words, and a word contains a thousand images, then a picture holds within it, somehow, barely, splintering, a million images, shards. Crystalline, reflecting, distorting, agreeing, arguing, interrelated, nesting and wholly discrete. Suggestions, allusions, aphorisms, diversions. Commas, apostrophes, colons and m-dashes. No full stop. No period. Time indiscrete, never stopped but bracketed, interrupting and unfolding forever.

"In a[illegible] depicting a human body, Sekula argues that the photographic machine is the blurred and almost [illegible], a shoe shine. But there are two ghosts in the machine, erasing the role of the labor that [illegible] worker shining the shoes of the bourgeois, gets erased in photographic capture" 'Capitalism and the Camera' by Kevin Coleman and Daniel James, in *Capitalism and the Camera*, p.29

The ghost is the machine, the hazy foggy figure in the middle of the room, obscuring the space as it (re)presents a body.

On a camera, I :

"This is why the cinema is psychic. It offers us a quintessence, a product twice distilled. My eye presents me with an idea of a form; the film stock also contains an idea of a form, an idea established independently of my awareness, an idea without awareness, a latent, secret but marvellous idea; and from the screen I get an idea of an idea, my eye's idea extracted from the camera's; in other words, so flexible is this algebra, an idea that is the square root of an idea."

- Epstein in *Afterimage No. 10*, p. 14 (The Senses 1 (b))

--

And here it is: the divining rod, walki stick, crut gun, cock



The Fly and The Kid

Of course there are other time capsules embedded in an artwork's constitution. Just as surely as all ghost stories are a form of metaphysical time travel, all history is comprised solely of ghost stories. And cinema is perhaps the ultimate ghost story. A billion lifeless faces, frozen in time, summoned to thin apparition through an alchemical mix of light and air and movement.

Forty-three/fifty-six minutes* into The Kid (1921), Charlie Chaplin's first feature, we witness a fly cross the frame in a close-up on a newspaper. Once the medium passed its centenary, it became safe to start tacitly presuming death had met these early film figures, but that doesn't help any in visualising the passing of time and the multitudes it contains. It often just engenders an uncanniness, an eeriness now inherent in performance, shapes with their own agency, although emanating from long-gone corporeal forms.

The fly that crosses the frame in the newspaper close-up forces for me contemplation on the passage of time in a different way. It's a confluence of events so unique and specific. The life cycle of a fly is normally brief, by human standards, but instead a few moments from this life are forever preserved, quite by accident.

It's

hard to imagine this effect in any other such
singularly
authored contemporary works as
music or literature. A trespassing



fly
flatt
ened on a page, cleaving a stanza
in two
, or forcefully

a r p e g g i a t i n g

that symphony. The accident of outside influence
that
intrudes
into the art,
r e s
h a p
i n g it

completely free of human
intention or
intervention

save for the choice to include, through un
conscious
or conscious
ignorance, this

ghost in the machine.

(imagine perhaps an M.R. James story
being physically haunted, itself, by the faded text
from an almost inkless printing press)

*(depending on the iteration)

On a camera, II.

And here it is: carrier bag, funnel, yawning abyss, negation.

An ~~image~~ is, before all else, a lie. It is a moment from a continuum, an absolute carved from the mutable constant, that indefatigable stream of existence begging an infinite stream of accompanying visual documents. Yet a moment that never exists. It is impossible to slice the passage of time into small enough pieces to render it as frozen, still ~~image~~. With any shutter speed, be it 1/4000 of a second or 2 minutes, the ~~image~~ is a composition, not (just) physically—piling contents in a space and so on—but temporally, piling [a period of] time in space onto itself, so it is happening simultaneously in the ~~image~~, and not at all in reality. The 2 seconds shows the ~~image~~ to be the lie it is, light arcing all at once, the process of movement smashed into a single object that cannot exist. But the 1/4000 is no different, just a better lie. More is hidden. It is not an accident of technology that if the shutter is left open long enough, capturing all reality before its gaze, the ~~image~~ overexposes and fades out of existence. Too much truth to preserve. To contain.

It's this tension, the sense/sensation of a lived thing in the body of something that never lived, the experienced existence eliding presence that makes ~~images~~ compelling. The nearest sense/sensation analogue, perhaps, staring in a mirror, immobile, so tight and close to a thing that is you, but isn't you, is flat, evoking depth; solid, intangible; unheimlich, addictive; and yet that is the inverse of an ~~image~~ in synchronous temporality, unpreservable.

Both haunt, approaching the epitome of reality — reality itself without reaching it, from opposite directions, taking on some qualities of reality, defined by those qualities they don't. Asymptotic reality. The mirror and the ~~image~~.

Nothing matters. Everything is matter.

What is an ~~image~~ 3:

Moving ~~image~~ making is simply a later incarnation of a lineage which includes folk singing. Both industrio-chronologically in terms of its creation, utilisation, existence, and in terms of bio-chronology. The folk tradition is an alive record, an experience, mutable, while painting is a dead record, an object, a frozen experience*. Film is a half dead medium, freezing an alive experience into a series of apprehended slivers. A film of the folk tradition is ultimately the merger of something alive, and something half alive, and so the threat from film, from moving ~~image~~ making, is that it will kill what it depicts dead, flooding the space with amber, or maybe encasing it in formaldehyde, where the decay is impeded, but not prevented.

*you can pick up and use the dead media of paintings and film to create something else, but that end result is not more alive or responsive than its first iteration. Like the mutilation of a corpse, or necrophilia, or an autopsy - "the act of seeing with one's own eyes".

"We look with the eyes of unskilled aesthetes who confuse natural facts with human facts, who observe the product of human actions — the face that a hundred centuries of working the soil have given the land — as though it were the sea or the sky, where the wake of man's passage quickly fades away. We do not know how to see this reality, so near and so vast, these forms creative labour has produced." Lefebvre, *Critique of Everyday Life (Vol. 1)* p. 152

"The cinema abolishes the notion of 'decor'. A landscape or a fairground are huge collective characters who must live, love, grow, shrink, age. There are no props in the cinema; each of them is a gnome full of wit or malice and is also active, the cause of an effect, evolving with the action."
- Epstein in *Afterimage No. 10*, p. 19 (The Lens Itself)

"The reporting of public affairs must go deeper and concerns catch you and flow through you and abandon you over time, and the creations are more akin to skin sheddings, an accident of engagement. my favourite art is tossed-off, or the go than viewpoints altogether. It must go the deep of fantasy and feels spontaneous, rough hewn, niggling. Art as dispatch from experience, not perfect from creation.

In some regards it's probably gauche to do this, and as a dead author I want to stay out of the way of peoples responses to my creative endeavours as much as possible, but at the same time it's a compelling notion, to grapple with one's own creations, especially now, as the creations are so limited in number there's not much opportunity for novel navel gazing. I just like talking about creation, my own, friends', strangers', and its not really narcissism unless you view creation as an act of ego, not exploration, as a static discrete complete unit, not a continuum, in which interests

"Although cinema has not lived up to the promise of a **new anti-representational art**, it is not because of any capitulation to the rule of commerce. Rather, there was always something contradictory in the very wish to identify with a **language of sensation**. Cinema was being asked to fulfil the dream of a century of literature: to replace yesterday's stories and characters with the impersonal deployment of signs written on things, restoring the speeds and intensities of the real world. Literature has been able to carry that dream because its discourse on things and their intensities stayed written in the **double game of words**, which hide from the eye the palpable richness which shimmers in the mind. **Cinema just shows what it shows**. It could only take up the dream of literature at the cost of making it a pleonasm: pigs cannot be both piglets and words at the same time. The art of cinema cannot only be the deployment of the specific powers of its machine. It exists through the play of gaps and improprieties."
Ranciere, *Intervals of Cinema*, p. 11



"Looking at photographs is both a transgressive and comfortable act — difference is domesticated, brought home for inspection, open to critique, but the everyday is also glaringly made strange, remarking on one's own position even as another's life is revealed" Rabinowitz, *They Must Be Represented: The Politics of Documentary*, p. 35



"Imagine photographers, journalists, and other experts of the documentary tradition going on strike against the regimes of which they are a part. It's time for photographers to unlearn the central deal of their profession that authorized them to claim ownership of photographs generated through an encounter with others in exchanged for exclusive rights" 'Towards the Abolition of Photography's Imperial Rights' by Ariella Aïsha Azoulay, in *Capitalism and the Camera*, p. 56

I can only speak with a borrowed voice, you can only see with a borrowed eye.

TAKE BEGIN

DARKNESS, LIG

A LENS, SCRE

WED ON,

HUMAN SHAP

MOVE,

FOCUS,

SOUND

ACTION

Cinema was first seen
Cinema was first seen in 20xx, with the creation of xx
And before that, in xxxx, with xx
And before that, in xxxx, with xx
et en 1981, with the Atlantic Man
In 1945, in the camps' records
… And before that in 1927, with the clarion of sound
……
attractions
… Mitchell and Kenyon
… light and sound machines
……
lantern slides
… mirror theater
In 1492, in the mining of cobalt
The Highland fog
In Lazarus
Walls of hieroglyphs
Walls of caves
The oceanic glint
Halide ions

photography ≠ index of the world

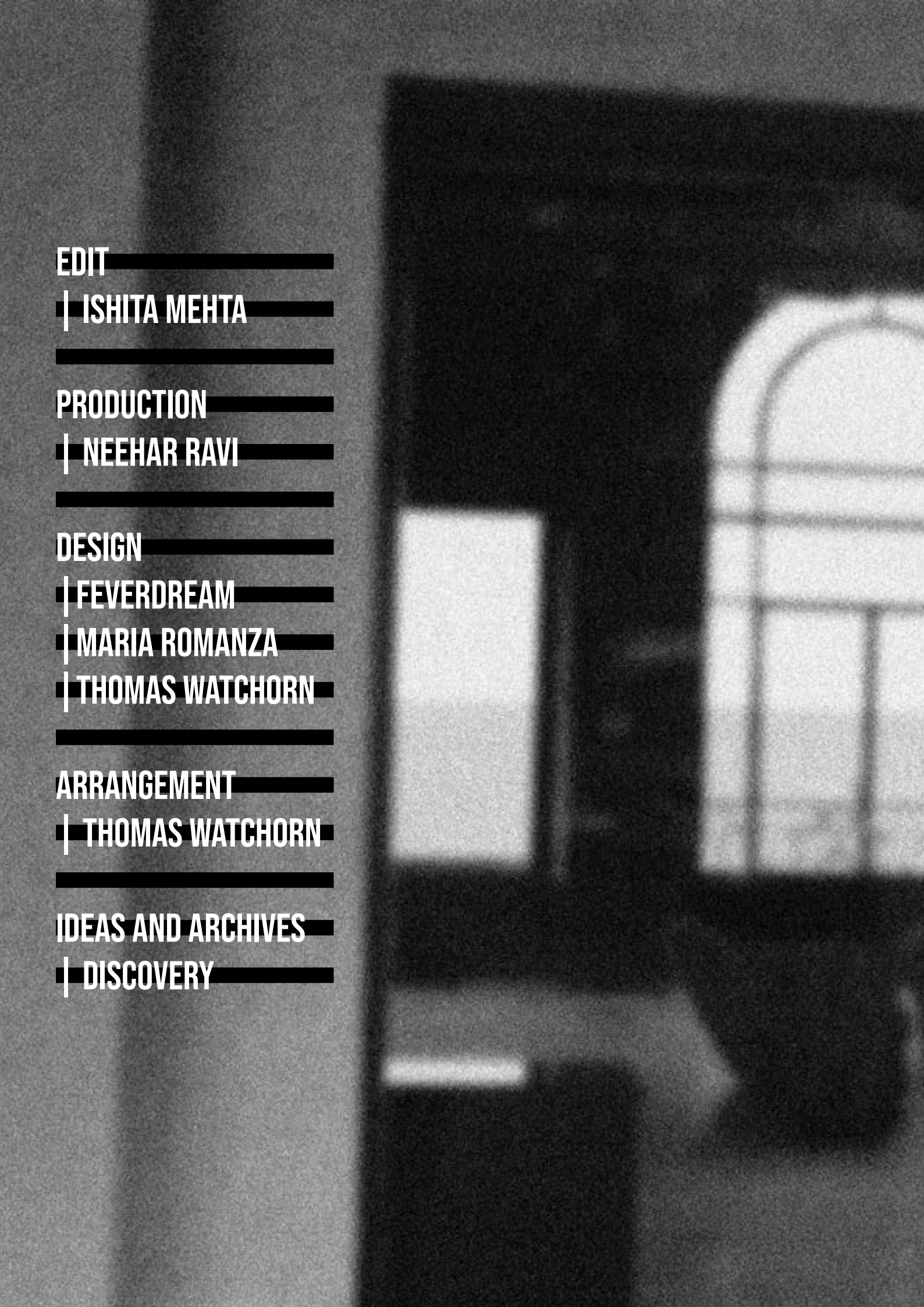
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index of the light of the world

2 steps removed – A kind of Vorticism – the energy of the world

I WILL NOT SPEAK THE
WORDS IN THE TEXT
YET BECAUSE I KNOW
THEY ARE IMPORTANT
AND WHEN THEY
LEAVE THE SAND AND
HIT INK THEY WILL
HAVE BEEN TAINTED
BY INDUSTRY

- M KITCHELL



EDIT
| ISHITA MEHTA

PRODUCTION
| NEEHAR RAVI

DESIGN
| FEVERDREAM
| MARIA ROMANZA
| THOMAS WATCHORN

ARRANGEMENT
| THOMAS WATCHORN

IDEAS AND ARCHIVES
| DISCOVERY



The

CINEDOME

FILM COLLECTION

