



# HYPERBOREA

REVISTA DE ENSAYO & CREACIÓN

obligatory

# manifesto

*Ceci n'est pas le cinéma.  
C'est une pipe.  
Et la pipe est un autobus.*

*Deathly silence, that special lack of M.O.S., has been broken. R.I.P. Rip.  
"All writing is pigshit." -- Antonin Artaud.*

*SPEED rises loudly from these ashes promising to be a more provocative, substantial, and controversial forum for dialogue on concerns of the so-called independent filmmaker and film artist. In the current neo-conservative climate of fear to speak openly for fear of reprisal, SPEED encourages uncompromised and original points of view that do not pander to necessarily popular or 'correct' opinions and theories, but instead stimulate fresh currents of thought which inform another forum of discourse which unfolds not on paper but upon the screen.*

*This is pigshit.*

*Pigshit is fertile.*

*Things grow in pigshit.*

*We demand our place in the pigsty-- to wallow in cinematically fertile pigshit. This is the higher meaning beneath Cineworks, big words and Hollywood.*

*In other shitty words, we demand fresh (not outdated) raw stock, processing and workprints, all post production and distribution costs, and a small per diem adequate to subsist meagerly upon.*

*In short, we claim our right to be filmmakers and film artists, our right to free, unrepressed filmic discourse. Film itself is a motion which transgresses ideological stasis, and outmoded thought processes which ruminate in the mire of deepest snivelling cosmic awareness born out of the absolute terror of mortality.*



*We must stand up as women and men  
that are pigs in sheeps clothing. We reveal the sky which is the totality  
of emptiness inscribed on the insides of our bloody eyelids. This is  
tomorrow as yesterday is today and, in the meantime, we demand an end  
to all such idiocy. In between time, we allow and disallow the filling and  
emptying of screens, glasses, bellies and graves. In the same breath, we  
personify and deny the lies of monuments, museums, film histories,  
theoretical reckonings, the hardening of concrete, and the gravity of our  
own enunciations.*

*We inject the institutional pedagogy of our own heirarchical nemesis into  
our celluloid veins. Industrial work ethics and technocracy run rampant  
in silicon chips which fire the empirical solenoids of our consciousness.  
The transmigration of intentionality takes away from film and changes  
into the fabric of the institution of film. The embalmed optimism of  
circular production and distribution chasing its own tail.*

*The language of the possible is corrupted by the administration of the  
material, egocentrism, the acid reigns of star wars factories, gluttony,  
patriarchy and matriarchy, and gutter filth of promised utopias and  
wealth. Corrupted language, glimpsed in its making and unmaking,  
epitaph to sterile stream, the fashionable, and the risings and fallings of  
the fortunes of our excesses. Slaughtered forest forgotten. In the flash  
of the instantaneous, flickerings of future projections, a moment of re-  
cognition, resistance, submission-- death and birth of effective  
response. The jaded romance of a trapeze without net, the elegance of  
rope taut around neck. We step briskly over these chasms.*

*Our mouths are stopped with the dust of our own intimidation,  
oppression and exploitation-- our own complicity in the enterprise of  
cultural internment. We make designs of impartiality in midst of  
mindless acquiescence to political amnesia, fantasy gardens of untenable  
premises and nauseating redundancies.*

*These are the tapeworms of nuclear annihilation,  
the same plague that has infected the luminous body,  
our body-- our cinema today.*

*The torture of our understanding on racks of the acceptable-- Imagistic  
nonsense, proper angles, proper lighting, proper plots, cancerous  
hemorrhoids of desire and apparent delight-- cultural dissemination,  
sinews of stance, the structure of freedom and its utter confinement  
within the dictates of ownership and the owned, the separation of the  
viewed and the viewer.*

*This vacuous meeting place where there is no meeting.*

*The consequence of: a) text which we both write and are written into,  
b) the Pepsi challenge which implies Coke and the assassination of  
Allende, c) profits of napalm reinvested in Nicaragua, El Salvador and  
South Africa, d) General Electric projection and exciter bulbs, advanced  
weapons and missile guidance systems, and e) the bloodletting of our  
textuality, the blunt incision of our readings and misreadings within the  
convenience store of interpretation.*

*We pull all our teeth out, our tongues flap in the wind over the violated  
image fields, rain comes to our desicated hands, multiplied in singular  
absence. Our eyes, our vision, our blindness.*



Photo: Scott Haynes

WE REJECT THE REGURGITATION AND REGULATION OF IDENTITY.  
WE REFUSE THE DISAPPEARANCE OF OUR SPECIES.  
WE PRONOUNCE DEAD ON ARRIVAL THOSE ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL  
OF THE GRAY SCALE.  
WE REPUDIATE NATIONALISTIC APOLOGIES FOR NARCISISM.  
WE CAST TO THE WINDS THE PETTY FORMALISM OF PRETTY MOTION  
PICTURE MAKERS.  
WE FEED TO THE DOGS BOOTLICKING AND BROWN-NOSING  
CAREERIST OPPORTUNISTS.  
WE DISCARD SOAP OPERA REVOLUTIONS.  
WE REFUSE THE LIMITS OF HUMAN SIGHT AND PERCEPTION ITSELF.  
WE TORTURE MECHANISMS OF CINEMATIC MANIPULATION AND  
CONTROL.  
WE GARROT DEVICES OF ROMANTIC IRONY AND SENTIMENTAL  
NOSTALGIA.  
WE REJECT THE APPARENT FINALITY OF OUR OWN REJECTIONS.  
WE REVILE THE PLASTIC BASE OF DOMINANT CINEMA.  
WE ERASE MYTHOLOGICAL SYSTEMS OF AUTHORITY INCLUDING  
OUR OWN.  
WE DENY THE DISAPPEARANCE OF IMAGES IN WHITE LIGHT AND  
DARKNESS.  
WE ADVISE YOU TO DO THE SAME.



WE SMILE UPON THE SCREEN UNINHIBITED BY DOGMATIC, BARK-  
BARKS.  
WE SALUTE THOSE BEYOND THE LAWS OF DETERIORATING  
RETURNS.  
WE ORDAIN INSPIRED PHOTONS WASHED-UP ON OPEN CINEMATIC  
SHORES.  
WE BASK IN UNACCOMMODATED TONGUES OF SPONTANEOUS  
UTTERINGS -  
AMORPHIC CURB SIDE ENGAGEMENT WITH CONFLUENCE AND  
PLEASURE  
GUARDING THE MATERIAL OF CONFIDENCE  
LIKE A YELLOW BOARD AGAINST SOMETHING NEITHER YOU NOR I  
WILL EVER GET BACK TO:  
PUT IT TO YOUR EAR AND LISTEN,  
SPEECHLESS FROM THE SHOTS OF TODAY  
WE SEE BETWEEN THE DEVELOPMENT OF CATEGORIES THE PRACTICE  
SUCCEEDING EXPECTATIONS OF SHOCK.

*Haynes and Hockenhull, with Chomyn*

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