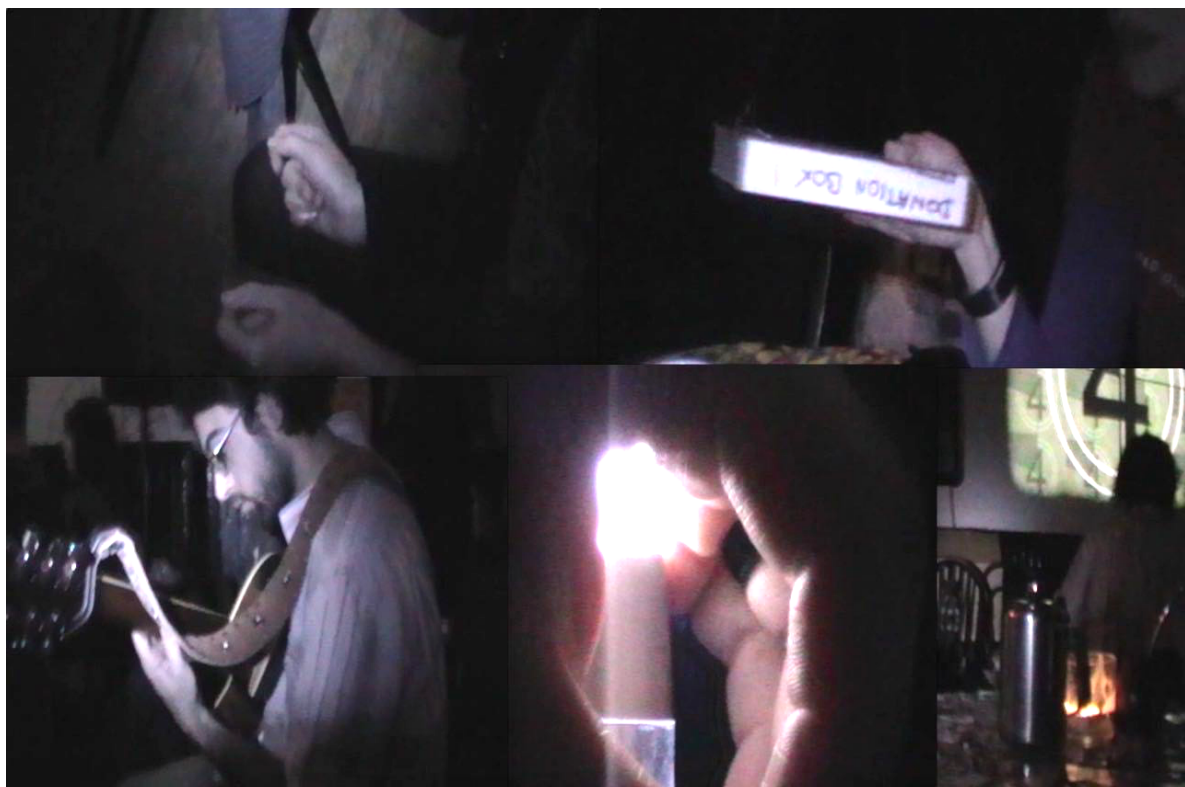


Appendix 8_TC Sinema Journal

Title: Memo and reflections based on Sinema audio & video recordings.
Type: Stills/Transcript excerpts/Promo Poster/Future notes
Audio recording: Justin Vitello, Stefanie Tan
Videography: Karoline Malinowska, J.Logan, M. Barber.
Date and time: 25th Feb 2011 1750-1940
Location: Forest Café, Bristo sq Edinburgh
Contributors: Forest Film Festival attendees.



Poster designed by Forest Café



Sinema Stills collage, Various, 2011

Audio description of the Jam (*reflection in italics*)

Musicians in the front, anticipation, gathering,
welcoming.
Films not loading? Technical hitch.

Karol, lead from the feel a film workshop, is on site
to document.

These are sounds caught on audio for the
imagination to reconstruct that evening of primal
exuberance.

pipe whistle
drum
snare
guitar

responding to the films stripped of audio.

5mins in

more drums

*improv, are they doing their own thing, are they
even guided by the films, every scratch every
intention, is it captured or there is room to follow a
note to its right place. Is there a right place?*

First film cycle for audience to warm up.
Café business carries on in background.

Drums call. utensils play, clappers go, pipe holds
the melody. bells jingle.
Lone claps treading gently.

and

8:37mins star of projector shines over sneezes.
Saxophone.

Films are almost too short for the music to catch
up.

Breathing, sighing, moaning a flare of snare.

*Should have been more encouraging - sounds
really good on playback but at the time was coping
with the heat of embarrassment and befuddlement
of what the idea had unleashed.*

*Second Film Cycle: Countdown 10-1 – could feel a
sense of anticipation among the audience when
invited to perform and be recorded.*

Mobile phone rings, interspersed with screams,
yelps, sounds a bit like a possession.

Tension too great someone screams to break
deadlock.

More voices enter —

drums make everything quite war cry like.
keys scraping and all sorts of implements are now
coming to the fore.

Visuals sometimes arrest.

Audience captive with aural feast, caught in the
lights of another's dreaming.

Tables jig, cups clap, door creaks and squeaks like
a make-shift accordion opened and closed.

Delicate sounds of water from a bottle being shook.

Together the organic sounds drown out the
conventional instruments who have trouble finding
a way in.

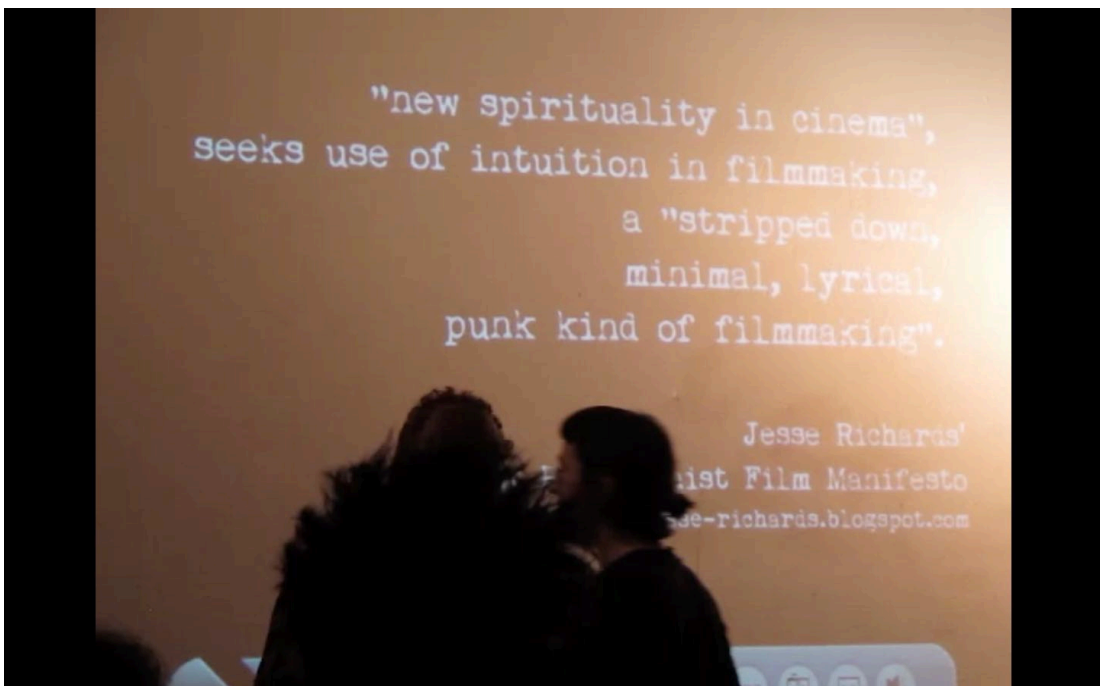
Digeridooo rounds off the clip.

Fade to black

Crowds stomp feet and cheer at the end



Mira, organiser calling for attention. Photo by K.Malinowska



Quote from Jesse Richards' remodernist manifesto:

"...new spirituality in cinema, seeks use of intuition in filmmaking a stripped down, minimal, lyrical, punk kind of filmmaking," Photo by J.Logan

In the din of an insecure found orchestra, a collective of strangers who are sitting in the dark watching the mute films made by anxious individuals watching and responding, feverishly strumming their guitars or their tapping their tea mugs with spoons, straining their voices to embrace the spontaneous moment. Spiritual Sinema. Inspired by exploding cinema we screened all the films in the order received. Invited folk to improvise a scratch response to the silent films. Some real folk emerged, almost aboriginal, flute, guitar, drum, teacups, mobile phones, keys, voice. All random and lost, an army with no general. An orchestra with no conductor.

I did something amazing and they asked me why – Man on the wire.