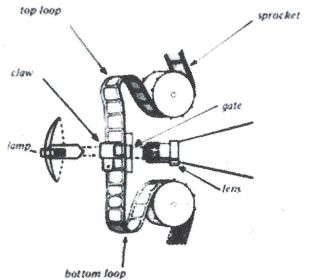


Full-frame

# Lines of Resolution



*Discriminatory-related beliefs and experiences of film and video: a qualitative DIY scripted study:*

We are inside of a condemned Blockbuster Video store now being used as a private practice law firm for personal injury cases. An office space flickers with bad luminescent lighting fixtures and electrical buzzing sounds. THE GYPSY enters the reception area that used to be a movie rental check-out counter and is now a secretary cubicle. She comes in limping with metal crutches, smeared make-up and a neck brace as if she had survived a hit and run car accident and lived to tell. She approaches THE SECRETARY, an older woman who sits at her desk, sifting through mail with an artificial demeanor of order. THE GYPSY hands her a completed 'free consultation' intake questionnaire. 'Hobbies' is the only area she has completed. All she wrote in it was the word, 'film'.

INT. CONDEMNED BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO STORE. THE BRONX - DAY FOR NIGHT.

The Gypsy  
Billy. I'm here to speak with Billy.

The Secretary  
Excuse me ma' am?

The Gypsy  
You heard me right, get me the owner. Get me the person who is responsible for the changes being made here. Get me the disruptor.

At first glance, all the secretary chose to observe was a cheap and insignificant looking thing. The secretary is now baffled by the gypsy's heavy British accent. The secretary had initially judged things based on how things 'looked' to her peripherally without giving anything a chance.

FADE FROM UNHINGED PIXELIZATION

The Secretary  
You must mean, Bill Grundy. Esquire.

The Gypsy  
Esquire? I did not come here for a magazine subscription. Do they still print those things called magazines? What a radical idea that is these days. I thought everything is read over the internet now.

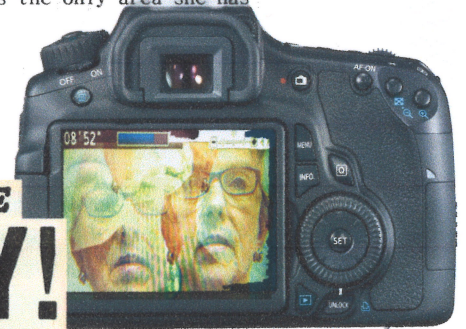
## OBNOXIOUS!

### When nothing can go wrong... it usually does

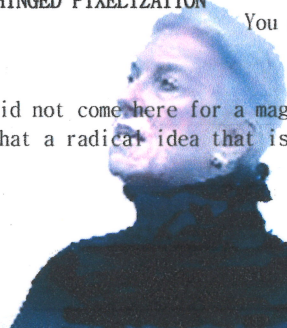
WHO ARE THESE PUNKS? PAGE NINE



## THE FURY!



WHAT THEY SAID





I really must be as crazy as I look. And btw, in Britain we call esquires, 'solicitors.' Wanna know why? Because that word makes far more sense.

Everything looked and felt distorted to the secretary, as if in need of some serious VHS tracking knob twists. The secretary knew that this gypsy was batshit crazy based on her proclaimed hobby interest - film. Also, is that a wig she has on? The secretary refused to accept what she was in front of her - this moving image.



The Secretary  
You know it's very late and Mr. Grundy is about to close shop.

The Gypsy  
Billy was the name of my dog.

The Secretary  
Did you hear what I just said? You look like you're not from around here so this is probably some sort of cultural barrier thing we're experiencing right now...where are you from... Syria?  
Silence.

The Secretary (tries to break the uncomfortable silence)  
I'm sorry for my messy desk. As you see, I don't have a lot of space to work with here.

The gypsy shakes her head, mumbling like a ventriloquist.

The Gypsy  
You do understand that you're working on holy grounds, right now? You're literally sitting on top of a cemetery, a 'be kind, please rewind' cemetery. You make me sick. No respect for the dead.

The Secretary  
Are you some kind of performance artist?

The gypsy fastens a safety pin to the back of her scalp to keep her bad wig from keeling over. She pulls out a head scarf and wraps it around her head.

The Secretary (cont'd)  
Listen, I studied the arts, but now I get can't anything I've ever made shown. I've been phased out by technology. Whatever I've done, or do, is immediately acknowledged as being old news. Ageism. I just couldn't keep up.

The gypsy bursts into laughter.

The Gypsy  
You killed me first!

The Secretary  
Excuse me?

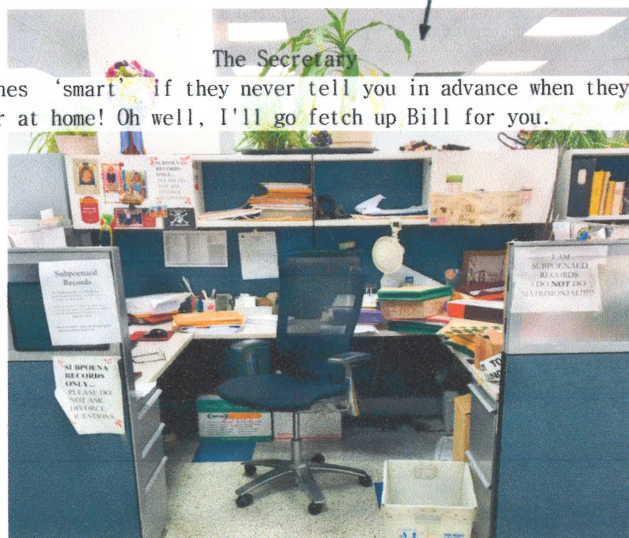
Gypsy  
It's a line from an old film. A film that's aged gracefully.  
The secretary desperately looks through the desk for a cellphone charger.





**MINI MIKE**  
This super compact, solid state miniature wireless microphone outperforms many other expensive units available. Picks up and transmits the smallest sounds without wires up to 300 yds away through any FM Radio. Only \$18.95 plus \$2.50 S&H. Ca. res. add tax. Money back guarantee. Send \$1.00 for full catalog.

SIZE  
1/4" x 1 1/2"



The Secretary  
Why do they call these phones 'smart' if they never tell you in advance when they are going to die on you. I left my damn charger at home! Oh well, I'll go fetch up Bill for you.

**THE BOOGIE DOWN BRONX**

**Too Kinky — Even For L.A.**





A middle-aged man, BILL GRUNDY, enters the reception area wearing a tacky mismatched jacket suit that looks like something from the Salvation Army, something used. He shamefully avoids eye contact, and stares at a flickering light fixture hanging from the ceiling during conversation.

Bill Grundy

Welcome to the United States of America, The Bronx. Some people call this rather integrated and overpopulated area, the 'boogiedown'. Now what brings you here at such a late hour of the night and how can I help you, zealously? My name is Bill Grundy (he extends a handshake that's refused by the gypsy). My expertise is personal injury law, but I will take any argument if there is a just cause worth fighting for at its core. And, I must admit that I love your British accent. It reminds me of home. South London accent? I lost my accent years ago, such a shame what the hustle and bustle of a city can do to a person's moral ethical code.

The Gypsy

Actually, yes. I'm from South London, Bromley. Have you heard of it? It's a wealthy suburb. Predominantly white. But, with a fringe group of segregated people called traveling gypsies. In fact, Bromley has the highest population of gypsies in Greater London. 'Outsiders', but by choice.

Bill Grundy

Of course I know Bromley. Leafy Bromley. Bowie, Billy Idol, Peter Frampton, Siouxsie Sioux and her Banshees, they all came from there, the buzzing pests that they were. You know the DIY punk movement started in that borough. Fascinating when you think about it all, such a dichotomy in which the rich class gave birth to a poor class, poor in taste that is. Bizarre. Self-proclaimed 'artists,' who came from good stock but ultimately opted to follow something called the Sex Pistols around Britain and then around the world despite the fact that everyone knew they didn't know or have an iota of respect for the creative instruments that they were using. Horrible event. Some things never change. Binge drinking remains a massive problem over there. I can still smell the vomit. You're right, outsiders were never welcome. But, one does have to take into account presentation. How a 'thing' presents itself does make a difference. It matters.



The Gypsy

Thing? Is that why you film fanatics still hate us, the digital gypsies? Is that why people like you continue to perpetuate the prejudice that still exists in this never-ending cold war of film vs video? Your hatred for us never really went away since we entered territory that you had notarized as being exclusively all yours. Experimental film enthusiasts, like yourself, have kept our credibility status below sea level with your whispering campaigns. You still adamantly refuse to admit that digital filmmaking can be as good as celluloid filmmaking no matter how far we have pushed the craft forward. The craft of the experimental moving picture experience is not yours, it's everyone's. Why would you continue to disparage the many new tools that now exist? I read about you over the internet. I googled you. You intentionally opened up this law firm to raise enough money to open up a film lab one day. You're a dreamer and a fool. You won't let go. Ambulance chaser!

**Uproar as viewers jam phones**

Bill Grundy

Funny you should say something like that. I feel exactly the same way you do. We gave you people a little room to breathe, we allowed you into our festivals and micro theatres and now you are trying to go in for full dominion. No good deed goes unpunished. I'm an educated person and video was designed for television purposes, not art.



The Gypsy  
Says who?

Bill Grundy  
Says me.

**outrage**

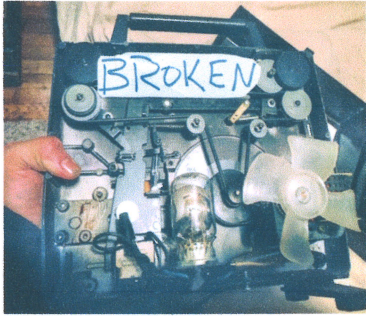




The Gypsy flips her middle finger to Bill Grundy with a devilish smile.

The Gypsy  
You've always belonged on episodic TV, swine.

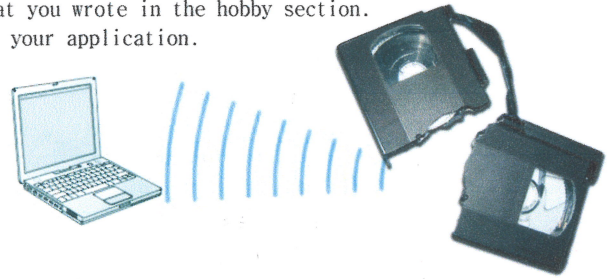
Bill Grundy  
You know I'm only meeting with you right now because of what you wrote in the hobby section.  
I'm starting to get a vibe that you lied on your application.



The Gypsy  
Exactly. I did.

Bill Grundy  
Get out.

The Gypsy  
I want to know why you truly purchased this land plot.



Bill Grundy  
I purchased this real estate to insure its demise. It all started here, with consumer's access. I want to kill it off. Eliminate history.

The Gypsy

I know that. But why, you know that VHS has become the new Super 8. We've come full circle. Why are you hell bent?

Bill Grundy

Because you represent pollution. Video imagery has no soul. The most one can hope for is a glitch.

The Gypsy

Do I have no soul? Do you see no value in me whatsoever?

Bill Grundy

You're real, you are an individual, you're different.

The Gypsy

No. I am not. I was ejected too.

Bill Grundy

You must mean 'rejected.'

The Gypsy

No. Ejected. Like what's done to a VHS tape. Bloke.

Bill Grundy

What's your grievance!?! I'm a personal injury lawyer. Do you have papers? Are you here legally? If you're an alien I really can't help you. Plus, my retainer alone is gonna run you anywhere between 720 to 1080. That's just how I see things from where I'm sitting.

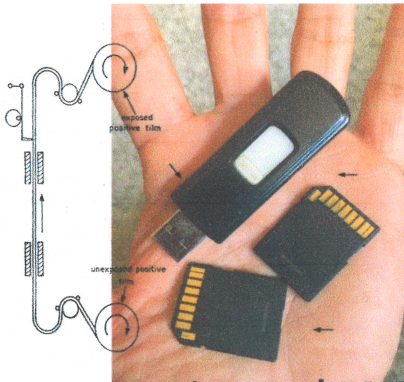
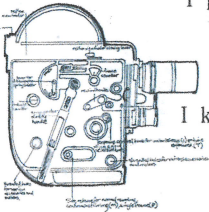
The Gypsy pulls off her neck brace and throws her crutches to the ground. She pulls out small camera recorders from her bra and pockets, throwing them to the floor. She proves to be an imposter with no physical injuries.

Gypsy

This is what I have for you.

Bill Grundy

Oh my God. You really are a crazy person.



(continued on next page)



### GYPSIES

"Society has always found the Romanies an ethnic puzzle and has tried ceaselessly to fit them, by force or fraud, piety or policy, coaxing or cruelty, into some framework of its own conception, but so far without success".

(Encyklopaedia Britannica, 1879)





Keep out The Travellers

spunkers!

The Gypsy

I'm here to protest you by traumatizing your conscience. I carry all of my portable 'video' camera and editing equipment on my person and in a backpack. I travel. I edit. I shoot. I don't stay working on a film in more than one place. Like the poet, I can roam around, experience and interpret ideas with immediacy thanks to this new light technology that exists today. I, and other gypsies, can travel the world with only a concern about battery juice, back-up drives and creating personal works of passion. No more booking editing rooms. No more film coming back from the lab fucked. No more test prints. No more color labs. I can create now from anyplace that I lie my head at night and call home. Video should not face discrimination. It's punk!

Bill Grundy  
Punk is dead.

OUTRAGEOUS!

The Gypsy

No, it isn't. Film is dead! Or, at least your definition of it is. Grundy turns his eyes to the Gypsy and makes eye contact.



Bill Grundy

Do you understand that now it's almost impossible for people who work on 16mm film to get anything shown these days! Most festivals won't even watch native film without it being transferred first to digital with passwords. It's ridiculous how much you have taken from us and it's still not enough.

You are bloodsuckers!

CLOSE-UP

The Gypsy

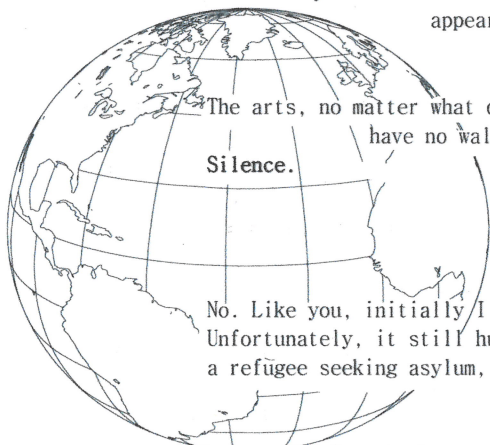
I am an experimental filmmaker and I will call myself that because that is what I am. You don't own that term. And, fuck you for trying to shut us down.

Bill Grundy

This war we have been quietly experiencing with one another has been a painful one, and may very well lead to the absolute annihilation of experimental cinema if not stopped, I agree. Why are you calling what you do 'film'? You really shouldn't. It's insulting to the history behind it all. Your appearance has now opened up the door to reverse discrimination.

The Gypsy

The arts, no matter what discipline, is a world language. Experimental film derives from traditions that have no walls or colors to discriminate against. Adaptation is the problem.



Bill Grundy

Did you always feel this way?

The Gypsy

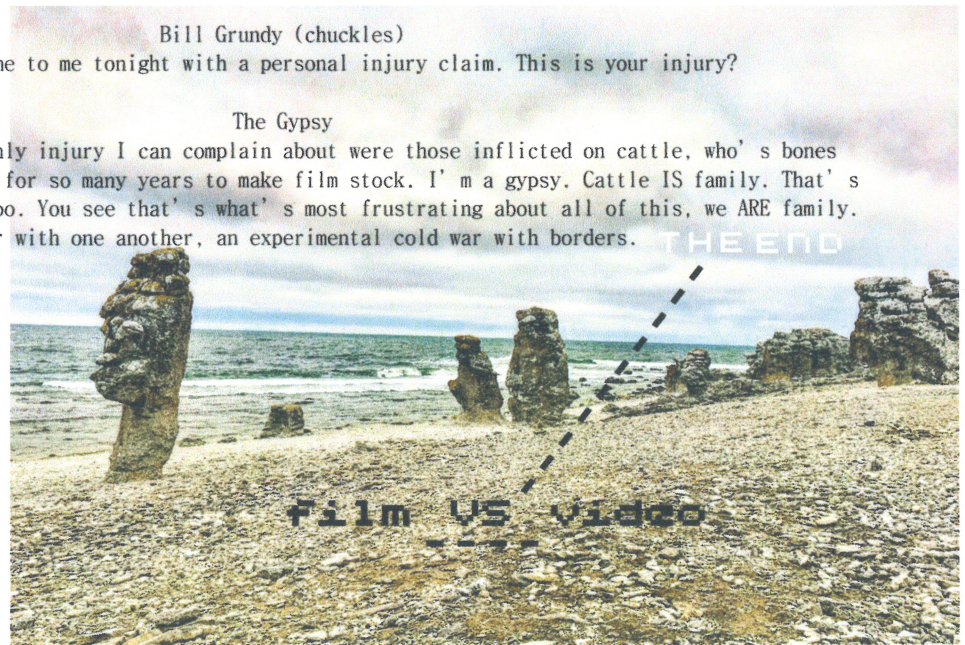
No. Like you, initially I refused to adapt. But, my desire to create took precedence over my arrogance. Unfortunately, it still hurts to use the word, 'video' because it remains a dirty word. Video was never a refugee seeking asylum, it was an awakened generation born with a birth right.

Bill Grundy (chuckles)

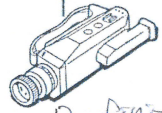
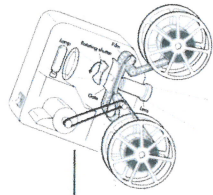
So, you have come to me tonight with a personal injury claim. This is your injury?

The Gypsy

No. I'm just angry. The only injury I can complain about were those inflicted on cattle, who's bones have been crushed and used for so many years to make film stock. I'm a gypsy. Cattle IS family. That's right Mr. Grundy- swine, too. You see that's what's most frustrating about all of this, we ARE family. We are just a family at war with one another, an experimental cold war with borders.







Definition filmmaker

Someone who controls the making of a movie, usually its director



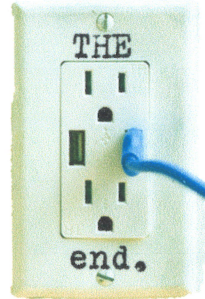
Bill Grundy  
I'm sorry.

The flickering light bursts from the ceiling and the law office goes pitch dark. There is no sound, Mr. Grundy illuminates the room with his smart phone. The secretary is gone. The gypsy is nowhere to be found. All that is left is an envelope on the floor where the gypsy last stood. The envelope is addressed to Bill Grundy and has a gypsy grave photograph with a stapled poem attached to it. The poem is an epitaph to 16mm and 8mm film.

Bill Grundy

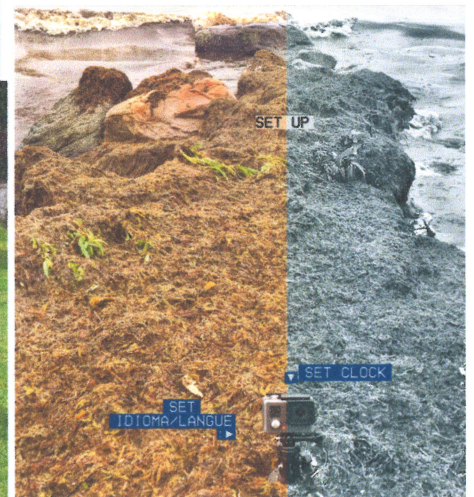
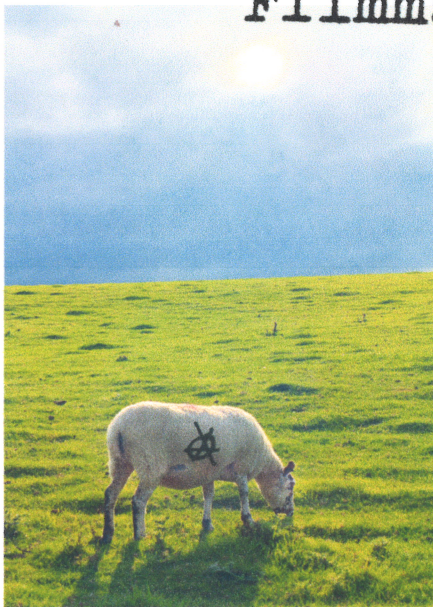
This poem looks stained. As if it were pissed on by a dog. Those damn gypsies.

Do not stand at my grave and weep  
I am not here I do not sleep  
I am a thousand winds that blow  
I am the diamond's glints on snow.  
  
I am the sunlight on ripened grain  
I am the autumn's gentle rain  
When you awaken in the morning's hush  
I am the swift uplifting rush.  
  
Of quiet birds in circled flight  
I am the soft stars that shine at night  
Do not stand at my grave and cry  
I am not here, I did not die.



ANYMORE  
~~ANYMORE~~

Filmmaking is not a tangible thing.



Traveling Digital Gypsy Disclaimer:

All cameras, phones and laptop equipment used for 'Lines Of Resolution' were not stolen from your home or trailer residence. And, everything in this piece was created during digital gypsy travels to St, Mary Cray cemetery, Bromley, North London, Glasgow, Scotland, Faro Island, Sweden and The Bronx (aka New York City).

The Players:

Anna Rita, Alexandra Montgomery, Rachel Lowther  
Cassie, Remco de Blaaij and Bill Grundy (deceased).

