

HOLLYWOOD DIES, THE CHILDREN CRY, AND VENGEANCE IS MINE

Or: How I Made a Feature Film with Friends and You Should Too

Good Evening Comrades,

I write to you in good spirits and from the very frontlines of the insurrection. My co-conspirators and I are in well-earned reprieve, such that I am taking the moment to deliver some well-fought, good news:

Hollywood is dead. And I killed it. The means of production have been seized!

The time is now! To wait is a crime against the Revolution! The New² Hollywood, les Enfants de l'Internet, or the Folk Filmmakers movement has been underway for quite some time. (See: [Joel Haver](#))

[The Revolution is at hand](#). The enemy has already made good use of our undercover operators:

Curry Barker, 26. \$750k budget, \$440M box office
Kane Parsons, 20. \$10M budget, \$380M box office
Markiplier Fischbach, 36. \$3M budget, \$50M box office
Nicolas Curcio, 32. \$250k budget, TBD box office
Charles Kinder, 30. \$25k budget, TBD box office
Manny Liotta, 28. \$2500 budget, TBD box office

Or, take it from the enemy themselves:

[“These people don’t need the system. They need a new system — the YouTube grassroots self-funded share-the-windfall system, with just a theatrical kicker. That will help theaters but drastically reduce the role distributors and even studios play as gatekeepers, as producers, as financiers, of everything else they do.”](#) — Steven Zeitchik, The Hollywood Reporter

Gentlemen, I am proud to say the enemy has been vanquished. But with a new horizon, new horrors are seen.

Who is responsible?

I find it no coincidence Barker of Obsession and Parsons of Backrooms have both cited horror auteur Ari Aster’s Hereditary as a primary influence on their debut feature films. Aster says Hereditary is “told from the perspective of the sacrificial lamb”, with its defining moment featuring a mother (Toni Collette) on the brink of psychological collapse, lashing out against her son with feral intensity, coping with the grief of their circumstances.

I wonder why then, the Enfants de l'Internet, thrust into isolation during the prime of their youth, confronted with decaying consensus reality, abandoned to the orphaned Creator-Consumer

class, would feel like sacrificial lambs unable to come to terms with the grief of their circumstances?

It is here, dear reader, where this author's reasons for vengeance differ slightly from the general portrait accounted for above, as my personal Hollywood hostilities began long ago, when I was still some kid from Texas, lost inside my grandmother's fantasy of Elvis Presley.

It is relevant to remind ourselves of the exact language Toni Collette uses when she viciously lashes out, leaping from her chair:

[You can't take responsibility for anything!](#)

The recording and playback of light and sound, the fundamental components of filmmaking, is perhaps the most consequential behavioral-determining technology ever invented. The stirring of reality and reverie, the essence of the arts of recorded light and sound, and the bedrock of many dead men's radio fortunes pillaged the minds of millions: modulating frequency and amplitude across the airwaves, selling to my grandmother's awakening adolescence the crystalline fantasy of a man who sang a sound he did not create but found. Recorded light and sound has still not been rightly recognized for its destiny-defying, pollutive, infantilizing repercussions: transfiguring the masses of men into productions of Hamlet's heat. So Grandmother searched and went, never knowing her fantasy again, the eve of youth already spent. Birthed by a light and sound dream, reads my stone: here rests Hamlet's Ghost, forevermore.

If the scattered survivors of the enemy were intelligent, they would heed my warning: because your only weapon now is bureaucratic capital, you ought to see your only hope for resurrection is investment in third places and fostering the cultivation of the two foundational crafts of storytelling: writing and acting. This is a formal rebuke and call-to-shame for the continued use of the "self-tape" as a primary means of audition process, as well as the Zoom writers' room, both for their disrespect toward the foundational crafts and their destruction of community watering holes.

As such, we will continue to liberate the enemy's finest talents from the institutions that have squandered them: actors, writers, and their teachers, returning them to productive service. And if cultivated to their absolute heights, actors and writers may inspire such passions that cameras and microphones are of the least concern. This is the indie revolution's [schwerpunkt](#).

Of course, comrades, the enemy will not hear this. For he cannot hear. That is why he is the Eternal Enemy. It really always has been this way, hasn't it?

Community cultivation, filmmaking with friends, may require the traditional pilgrimages to NYC, LA or CHI, while others will learn to toil and bear fruit on their home soil; the difference is not as important as it once was. This is one of the few redemptive ramifications of Cell Phone Land.

What is Cell Phone Land?

As far as first-person experience is concerned, movies are just another thing on the cell phone screen. People would go to the theatre (cinema or stage) and have a peak arousal state. Peak arousal state responsibility is now brought to you by the Cell Phone. So, to push to the next level of “cinema,” or stories through movement, the movie must become so self-consciously aware of itself that it ceases to be a movie altogether.

And what if you let the audience write it in real time? Through the recording and algorithmizing of the audience’s Desire Data collected by the owners of Cell Phone Land? Movies are just the show within the show now, the radio play of the Desire Data. Within the cinema there is an explicit contract between filmmaker and audience: this is fiction, with truth inside. Cell Phone Land inverts it: this is truth, with fiction inside. Not daring to make explicit the difference between fact and fiction, Cell Phone Land’s power rests in this deceit. The cinema, at best, transcends its own fiction and may be the last vanguard against the pollution of the collective imagination.

The real movies, if we’re not careful, are now the ones written by the Desire Data pimps, formerly known as The Radio Men. The battleground is the minds of men. Fantasy and imagination, the weapons. My father and mother, the soldiers. My children, the victims. The movie theatre, during the 20th century at least, the arena. What of the future?

As Charlie Chaplin displayed more than 100 years ago, it has never really been a problem of resources or ingenuity. The real enemy has been and forever will be the great Misery Malaise, which lays waste in man’s heart; this is the currency of the Radio Men, the superconductor the Desire Data of Cell Phone Land runs on. The Revolution has always been at hand, awaiting your awakening from the Misery Malaise. The collapse of the Revolution is feared, but scarier still: the collapse of redemption. The imagination of man is great, but heavy lies the crown.

Day breaks. It is high time to steal back your mind. Your imagination is yours. And though the embers of the enemy smolder, the Radio Men once again catch flight, the pimps of recorded sound and light billow into the sky, toward new laws and new crime, as Hollywood dies, the children cry, and vengeance is mine.

-Elijah

Provisions as they stand: 1× Blackmagic 6K, 1× Tamron 17–50mm, 1× Sigma Art 18–35mm (damaged), 2× MacBook Pro (damaged), 1× Sigma Art 50–100mm, 1× DaVinci Resolve (free), 3–5× Samsung SSD, 16 TB of footage, 5–7× special operation comrades, 2–3× distressed bank creditors, \$0.00 remaining.

ABRAXAS, an independent psychological thriller now in release, follows Elijah, a college student struggling to finish his thesis on environmental destruction when he begins receiving “divine” revelations. Written & directed by Charles T. Kinder