

7:00

Doors

8:00

Gordan Koang

8:30

Welcome To Country

8:45

Festival Welcome

FILMS:

21:00

How to Live with Regret

Dir. John Wilson

10 minutes

21:10

Kempinski

Dir. Neil Beloufa

13 minutes

21:25

Can and Slippers

Dir. Khavn De La Cruz

5 minutes

21:30

Jai

Dir. Anocha Suwichakornpong

5 minutes

21:35

Mermaids, or Aiden
in Wonderland

Dir Karrabing Film Collective

26 minutes

22:30

Hailstorm

Dir. Garden Reflexxx

5 minutes

22:35

Inheritors in Discord

Dir. Abounaddara

6 minutes

22:40

Display Suite

Dir. Emmett Aldred

7 minutes

22:55

Pescados

Dir. Lucrecia Martel

4 minutes

23:00

Hero(es)

Dir Aaron Claringbold and

Rebecca McCauley

8 minutes

23:10

Pretty Gross and Incredibly
Intimate

Dir. Ella Sowinska

19 minutes

23:30

Off to Diner

Please tune in to
92.7 FM for this
evening's broadcast



FESTIVAL STATEMENT by Charlie Freedman

There are towns in faraway places where the circus comes from, and there are towns in neighbouring districts where the circus comes to, and then, there's a town, perhaps this very town, where the circus lives.

Welcome to the Dead End.

Tonight, we present DEFF III, a dystopian tourist attraction where the cinema is site for celebration.

DEFF 2019 transforms the Coburg Drive-In into a carnival of disruptive wonder. We, the artful governors of this town, invite you to join in celebration for the third annual Dead End Film Festival. It's a long drive to get here, we appreciate you stopping to stay a while.

Now that you're here, the Dead End residents encourage you to take part in their live-action postcard. Their mayor and your tour guide for the evening is Callan. Roaming the carpark with her performing troupe, she will request your attention between the screen and the stage.

The pixel house atop the asphalt will broadcast a series of moving images and public announcements, while the

pageant wagon presents live performances throughout the evening.

Should you wish to support the residents and their cultural exports, feel free to browse the Gift Shop for all your Official Dead End souvenirs.

In 2017, DEFF was born to provide refuge for cinema that is spontaneous, accessible and resourceful. These founding principles govern a program of filmmakers, artists and performers that reject dominant narratives and conventions in favour of alternative and subversive storytelling. We believe this approach can free artistic production, no matter the medium, from the economic restraints of making.

Dead End Film Festival 2019 is proudly supported by Moreland City Council & Triple R.

We would like to recognise that this event takes place on stolen Wurundjeri land. We acknowledge Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people as the first sovereign owners of this unceded country. We pay our respects to Elders, past, present and emerging and actively support the ongoing resistance of colonial powers operating in so called 'Australia'.

WRITTEN PROGRAM STATEMENT Jo Pugh

We so often need stories to fit somewhere. In somewhere, into something. If you are asking what symbolises, it does not. It is for you to narrate.

Words too, harbour the power to subvert the ways in which we engage with film and, with film festival etiquette.

The program's creative texts have been commissioned from writers, artists, activists and performers whose experiences and intersections firmly ground their responses in thought, and not necessarily, film. Words gesture to check in, to open up, to unlearn, to reconfigure.

The texts grouped together ignore the rules of mutual understanding, instead uniting in their creation of an alternative, subversive form of communication and interaction with – or without – film.

FILM PROGRAM STATEMENT by Lucie McMahon

Desire conflicts and ill-fits. It is possible, or maybe even likely, that thought is always formed with errors. Because of the recognition of this ambivalence, acceptance that the paradox will never be ours to fully hold and, the possibility of failure, I think it is important to create and resist from a place that acknowledges and listens; to the warmth of touch, to the ways that another's presence can soften the unforgiveness of the mind and to the trust that the body knows what to do.

I see in these films, bodies churning through and reorganising the world, calling 'the promises of narratives out on themselves'1 with attentiveness to 'how they are able to and with the resources they have been given'2, expressing in and through not-quite-rightness for the possibility that to see it demonstrated could 'move others toward the rightness that we miss'3.

I am learning that there is an abundance in wrongness. That, if held, can instead of moving us forward and separate, move us sideways and together, as we face the dead ends.

PESCADOS

Director:
Lucrecia Martel

Country: Argentina
Year: 2010
Language: Spanish

Text by Anna Savage

A beguiling short on the experience of being a school of fish.

The older fish says to the younger one, 'how's the water?' The younger one says, 'I don't know about that but I sure wish people would stop almost hitting me when they throw coins in here.'

Apparently, the next step for a new industrial revolution, is a new mode of transport, and a way to share information.

I heard somewhere that before we created radio waves and sonar and Wi-Fi and all other types of information noise that whales could hear the song of a whale on the other side of the world.

The night before I saw this film, I had a dream that there was this small dry frog on a table at work and that the people that were sat at the table and I were all looking at it, but it was looking at me. Straight in the eyes like it saw me, you know. It looked me dead in the eyes and then turned and in one leap, threw itself through the air and into a puddle on the road. It looked back at me and I could see it start to flourish. It was dangerous on the road, but it was better than drying up to a crisp on the table in an adult contemporary-style cocktail bar.

A weird and uncanny coincidence.

I wonder if rain on a car feels like rain on the top of water to a fish; if it's as soothing. I wonder if they feel like a character in an early 2000s indie movie too, like Abbie Cornish running away in Somersault or the end of Garden State where Natalie Portman yells into the rain.

PRETTY GROSS
AND INCREDIBLY
INTIMATE

Director:
Ella Sawinska

Country: Australia
Year: 2018

Language: English

Text by Chelsea Hart

An intimate portrait of love, entanglement and the artistic practice of Brisbane-based collaborative, Parallel Park

'The kinds of connections that impact upon people, and on which they depend for a living (if not a "life"), do not always respect the predictable forms.'

— Lauren Berlant in *Intimacy*

In *Pretty Gross and Incredibly Intimate*, Holly and Taylor build a coffin to bury their dildo. Together, they perform a ritual around queer and messy intimacy that is witnessed and sanctioned; others gather around the grave to pay their respects to the relationship with lube and spit.

In capitalism we are asked to turn to the specific structures of marriage, monogamy and private property to affirm intimacy. But, beyond a politics of recognition (in which we all can be included in these structures), we know that closeness to others often exceeds these forms.

Among other things, intimacy is grosser than this. It's plucking belly hair in bed before they go to work. It's entangled and mediated by what is external and public.

For instance: 'It was so wholesome, you and Monica shaved my underarms [for work], and then we lost the bar of soap, trying to get it with our feet.'

Real Intimacy here takes place in moments in and around paid for or contained intimacy, which one may depend on for a living. It's in someone removing your body hair, applying your makeup, and painting your nails so that you can perform a fantasy of femininity, for pay. It's in kissing your co-worker in the bathroom between clients, and it's in knowing that same co-worker would remove your dislodged tampon or menstrual sponge for you.

It is through highlighting these encounters that *Pretty Gross and Incredibly Intimate* reveals the way that intimacy is not as clean, proper, private and contained as its conventions lead us to believe. As sex workers have long pointed out, the fact that heterosexual intimacy is so often performed and sold, reveals how constructed, laborious and un-private it was to begin with.

But being incredibly intimate is what exceeds and spills out of the conventional structures of sex, both paid and unpaid for. It's shared labour, shared body fluids and shared knowledge beyond what is accepted and acceptable, contained and containable — 'it's pretty gross, but you feel good about it.'

KEMPINSKI

Director:
Niël Beïoufa

Country: France
Year: 2017
Language: French

Text by Diego Ramirez

An experimental dystopian science fiction capturing a kind of environmental anxiety reflective of our times by statinoing us with a man who lives in close cooperation with oxen. Content warning: Death

It is in my single bedroom, where I'm typing the following words on an outdated iPhone: the time has come for me to run away and join the oxen. No more heartbreak, no more disappointment, no more reason. Naked fantasies take hold of my imagination, where I see myself lying flat on the ground and facing the grass without feeding on it, unlike the hungry creatures that surround me. My human ass is exposed but it's removed of sexuality as it means nothing to these animals; currently out of heat. My act may seem aimless, but it has a specific purpose, which is waiting. I am waiting. This is a perpetual state of 'wait' and I'm in pain. Like an amorous subject confronting unrequited love, I hold still to receive every second with shreds like a whipping. What am I waiting for? An ox to do my silent bidding by tipping over and crushing my bones, to cease my consciousness. However, the oxen remain standing and I grow old. We grow old together. I discover in seniority that I am fully committed, and, I am in love. Not with life, but with its sinister twin: death. There's neither life nor death in my bedroom though, only the glow of my old iPhone. I want to wait.

HAILSTORM

Director:
Garden Reflexxx

Country: Australia
Year: 2019
Language: English

Text by Oscar Perry

Not your average day on the green for two friends having a putt on a desolate golf course in the face of a humbling hailstorm.

Did Acid House originate on the golf course? Is the programmed four-on-the-floor with the squelching sounds just an inside joke about wet golf shoes and wayward drives? Or is Acid House about freedom? I don't know anymore. I have no answers. Just questions. Questions I stumbled over in the dark.

The second summer of love came along with happy faces and adapted plastic flairs But I wasn't there. I missed the party. Look me in the eye and tell me the truth: How cold is the water? How sharp are the rocks? The WC. The *Jacaranda Atlas*. The Roland TB-303

Remember Burt Lancaster running alongside the horse in his shorts, he's trying to find his childhood home in 1968s The Swimmer? Affluent encounters, private pool parties, cocktails and one-upmanship And then it falls apart.

Pissed cis white winos. sipping the bad trip.

The Psychotropic par 4

A good walk spoiled

Remember the time we found footprints in the bunker?

The Callaway Yeti

Ancient spirits hacking at heather

Titleist pinned in thistle

We meet in the rain with sticks

Land surveyor K. and your mouth

The award-winning architectural firm

Pitching for greener grass

For something left of field

All this talk of etiquette is making me thirsty

If you're the Acid House

I'm the phantom limb

Holding the flag in rain

THE INHERITORS
OF DISCORD

Dir.
Abounaddara
Films

Country: Syria
Year: 2010
Language: Arabic

Text by Klara Li Scheutz

A young man tries to exchange a CD he believes has been faulted in the process of copying. A dispute arises about the quality of the artist and the original recording.

We watch as he enters the archive. We look into the room, or we are at the threshold, in it, but not quite. In here, as it were, as it is, others are already present. Something's up. There is a dissonance — the dispute resid-

ing in the very middle of the film will take place around it — what seems to be an error, calling quickly upon an ancient conflict: is this 'fault' original or the result of copy? Underlying, this splits the conflict again; can it be said to be faulty if a nature of the original? Is it simply then, H/history with roots and a reason? With whom lies the fault if the dissonance is a nature of the copy?

Either way, what plays out is conflict nonetheless between the parties present: three men discussing a sound that is (and on this they all agree) special, specific, disharmonious. It is on a musical recording that the man who enters at the beginning brings with him, one that he has gotten from the archive that the other two men keep, and which he now returns to resolve.

We can think of the Archive as a cultural phenomenon, containing and enacting the past as a presence in the present. *

We can remember that the copy can be thought of as something that has lost its Aura*, while being an instrument of historical development.

We can remind ourselves that dissonance is not the opposite of resonance*, but a foundation for it.

*Gloria Wekker
*Walter Benjamin
*Hartmut Rosa

DISPLAY SUITE

Director:
Emmett Aldred

Country: Australia
Year: 2019
Language: English

Text by Kat Capeł

A real estate marketing director employs the help of a videographer to record what should be a simple talk to camera about her current project.

UNWRAP THAT

we all become accustomed to electric stoves self-consciously cooking the couscous sprinkling the quinoa

let's go on a shopping mall tour do you actually like what you don't do or do you just not do it because you're sick

scourers for teeth we lean on kitchen counters

smile and cry like puppies and pepper spray say

who is the master of taking lives like apples and orchards one by one

or, in defence I am a blank slate of a person grandma truism, orchid

using our hearts like puppets we say I can't tell how hot it's going to get or, even worse hello, hi, I'm Jackie

HOW TO LIVE
WITH REGRET

Director:
John Wilson

Country: US
Year: 2018
Language: English

Text by Thom Mitchell

An informational short documentary that stitches together incidental footage to shed light on 'regret' in the twenty-first century.

Larry is leaving the lab. He's locking cages, pacing, putting papers and packets of rat food in order; fussing, really. The work here is done. As he flicks the fluorescent lights out, Larry's rats squeal. He smiles. It's amazing. The rats feel regret. Larry's research, completed today, printed and placed in the manila folder clutched under his arm, proves, for the first time, that rats feel regret. This will make his career.

In the lab's centre, Larry had built a maze of tunnels he calls Restaurant Row. It was open at the top, so cameras could observe and record the rats' choices. It was all about choices. There were four stalls in Restaurant Row. Inside each, Larry would place a different flavour of food, at random, each day. When the rat arrived at a stall, the door would be closed. Censors triggered a tone, which, by adjusting pitch and length, Larry signalled to the rats how long before the stall door would open, and which flavour of food he'd placed inside. He calls these switch-or-stay points. The decisive moment between delay and greater reward, or instant gratification.

In his paper, today Larry wrote:

An economically maximising rat should distribute its time among the offers, waiting for

Air Dancer as Black Body

Steve Rhall

Air Dancer as Black Body (Bad Boi edition) responds to figurative 'black bodies' within dominant exhibition and curatorial frameworks. Within this space, First Nation art practice often arrives to operate across two modalities: the artwork as liberated yet restrained by bureaucracy, it performs yet is tired and tropiac, the work may be of affect yet is fetishised. These various dualities contributing to a third space of competing intentions and tension reflected in the idea of the pharmakon.

Rather than to 'cure' an artwork through curation, the presented work as pharmakon has traces of both remedy and poison, finding itself ill - borne from motions of the colonial project as triggered by a public.

Represented as curator and audience, the public are main constituents of the 'exhibition' and thereby are perfect conduits and carriers of the colonial parasite. This parasite thrives in the ambiguity of the third space, finding new carriers in the body of both the public and artwork, replicating itself with each encounter.

Opposed to its predecessor, Bad Boi has developed a capacity of self-awareness, performing the third space and ideas of both an infestation and a casting of the parasite from its body. Air Dancer as Black Body (Bad Boi edition) was originally co-commissioned by Liquid Architecture for Dark Mofo's A Forrest (2019)

Just Sit (If You Want To)

Sam Petersen

My artwork has this tendency to be alive.

I'm inviting you to do an intimate action, to put your butt print with hopefully many other butt prints. Your weight and warmth sinking into the yellow plasticine, of the cushion.

Funny, I'm making an artwork I will never sit on. I don't have the ability to just sit on anything anymore. Sure, I have a comfy seat wherever I go, but you are very isolated in a wheelchair. You can't sit on a couch with loved ones or potential loved ones, thereby leaving my butt pretty lonely. They should invent something, and we should have more love. But, this was such a fun idea; I had to do it and, I will have multiple butt prints when it's over.

I guess that is my point, some butts can join the multiple butts and some butts get left out.

I'm interested in what can be done with one's identity and the space around it. Both my body and mind, touching everyday feelings between the rational, the playful and the political.

Of course, this is often to do with my disability and my sexuality. My work has been focused on access, and the lack of it - to places, people's minds and opportunities.

I find plasticine is a great subverter of space and potentially, of people's minds. The continued flexibility of it is something I am really enjoying - covering or filling up gaps and playing with crevices. But I'm finding that my work is drawing more and more to spoken word as a powerful format.

Merchandise

by Debris Facility

Merchandise as a mechanism to stage an embodied event, staging of the participation of Certified Audience of DEFF 2019. Car-boot sale will be kicking, prices Hi & Lo, cash n card, sweat and tears, trash n treasure.

Featuring products from Artists: Meg Addison, Archie Barry, Kat Botten with Liam Osbourne, Tyson Cambell, Hana Earles, Brigid Fitzgerald, Jess Gall, Ceri Hann, Maddie Hardy, Brennan Olver, Ander Rennick and Chi Tran with production and management from the Debris Facility Pty Ltd. given semi-free-reign to generate commodities, tokens of disaster capitalism made available to purchase with funds split evenly between future funds of DEFF 2020, and the artists personal accounts. A co-working Factory Floor enacts collaborative knots, interruptive mutational production lines, to U-turn repurposed products, un-commodities for your consumptive pleasure.

A night of Cruising Dystopia, revving Petro-capitalism's wheels against the dirt, black and white flagging the drag race to the bottom with gritted teeth. Memorabilia to recapture lost mirage-memories of the one night cruise, evidence of the night. Disembodied call of last drinks, flickering utility or attention span. One off, none off, 0 off. Curb-side collection. Credits roll, debt rises, curtains fall. A precious rubble of neural nets keep us ensnared, token reminders keep us climbing over the roadblocks of Dead End's.

PERFORMER BIOGRAPHIES

CALLAN

Callan is a performer, artist and MC who has performed in music venues, parties and festivals across Australia. Her outrageous and poignant work explores queer identity, sexual identity and spirituality through music, cabaret and clowning. Callan was the focus of Otto Ivor's documentary short Transcend (2017), and has appeared on ABC's You Can't Ask That, at Melbourne Writers Festival and in music videos by Habits, Chela and Kylie Minogue. She is honoured to return to the Coburg Drive-In as your MC for the night.

FERRYMAN

After striking it lucky at the dog track, Ferryman treats himself to a night out on the town.

GRETA NOW

Greta Now is the solo project of Sydney's Greta Balog (G2G, DEN). Her first solo album was first released in April 2017 and explores memories of her childhood and documents friendships and past lovers. Along with an ancient dirt-cruised Yamaha Music Computer she found while bushwalking, Greta Now recorded all the instrumentation at home. Greta Now only started playing shows again very recently after playing at The Sydney Opera House in June 2018. She is currently polishing off her second record which is due to be out in early 2020.

MAGIC STEVEN

Magic Steven is a Melbourne-based artist whose work has been described at various times as autobiographical storytelling, deadpan comedy, guided meditation, group therapy and long-form beat poetry. He has performed around Australia at festivals including Dark Mofo, Camp Doogs, the Melbourne International Comedy Festival, Liquid Architecture, White Night, the Inland Concert Series and Blindside Festival. Internationally he has performed in cities such as Berlin, Paris, Moscow, Athens, Tbilisi, Stockholm, Auckland and London. In 2016-2017 he established an ongoing monthly night at the Trades Hall in Melbourne where he writes and performs a new show each month about 'whatever happens in his life each month', with guest musicians and DJs appearing at each show. He is also a visual artist, creating black and white ink drawings which have been collected in a number of self-published books.

GORDON KOANG

Gordon Koang hails from the Upper Nile region of what is now South Sudan. Accompanied by his cousin Paul Biel, Gordon performs a blend of traditional Neur rhythms and original compositions in English, Arabic, and his native language, Neur.

Gordon is currently seeking asylum in Melbourne, Australia, where he hopes to reunite with the rest of his family.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS AND CREDITS

The third annual Dead End Film Festival will take place on stolen Wurundjeri land. We acknowledge Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander people as the first sovereign owners of this unceded country. We pay our respects to their Elders, past, present and emerging and support the ongoing resistance of colonial powers operating in so called "Australia".

Artistic Directors:
Charlie Freedman & Emmett Aldred

Program Managers:
Lara Gissing & Nathan Senn

Film Programmers:
Florence Holmes, Lucie McMahon, Otto Enos & Rain Cloud

Written Program:
Lucie McMahon & Jo Pugh

Merchandise Manager: Debris Facility

Design:
No Clients

Stage:
Nina Tory-Henderson

Marketing:
Holly Edward

Production Coordinator:
Olivia Fay

Sound:
Julian Cue

Website: Hector Kemp (Build) & Declan O'hara (Admin)

RESEARCHERS

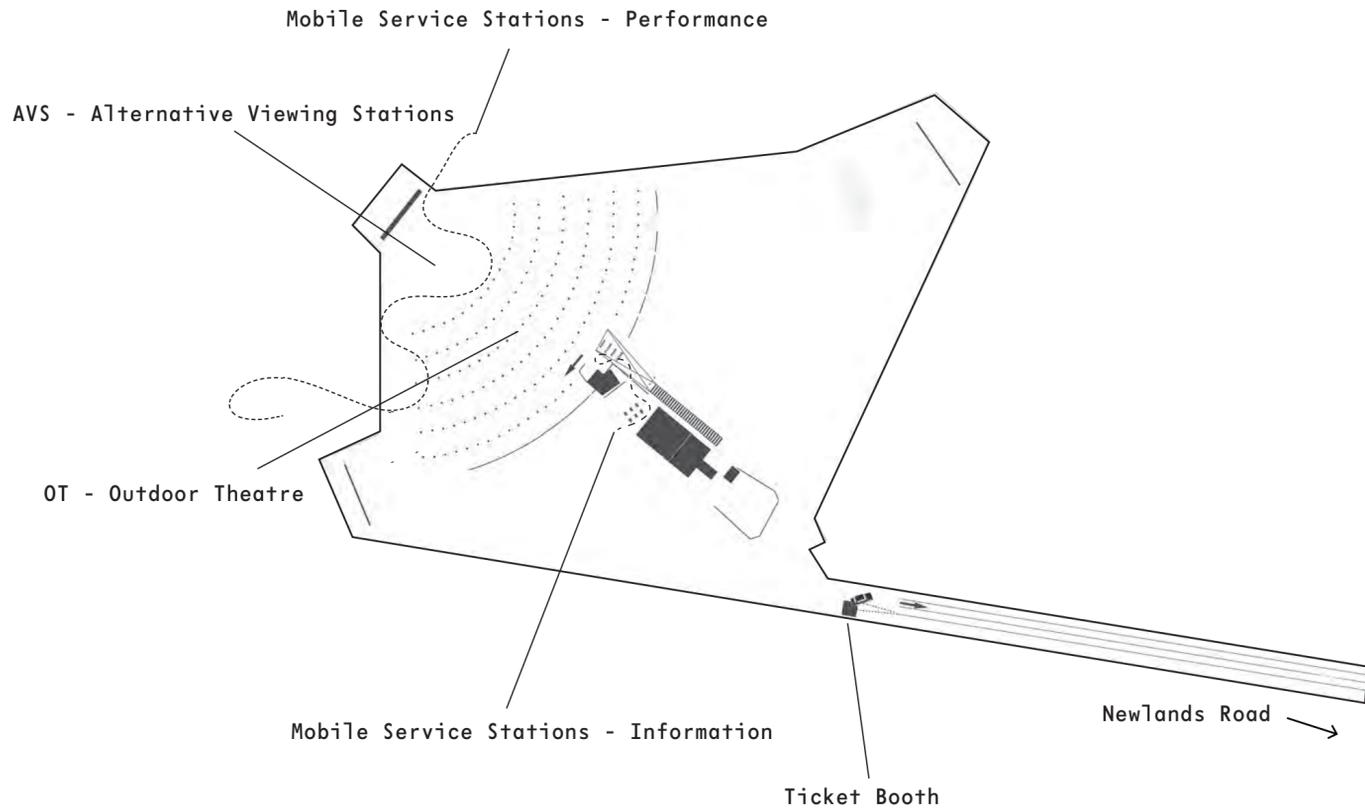
Angela Garrick
Bill Mousoulis
Celia Pouzet
Charlie Freedman
Emmett Aldred
Florence Holmes
Florian Habicht
Giles Fielke
Jacintho Muiños
Jackson Lapsley-Scott
Jack Sargeant
Lara Gissing
Laura Moss
Liam Barton
Lucas Haynes
Lucie McMahon
Nathan Senn
Otto Ivor Enos
Rain Cloud
Jesse Brossoit (Canadian Filmmakers Distribution Centre)

SUPPORT

Moreland City Council
Mankoushe
Triple R
Post Lab
Flowers

SPECIAL THANKS *
Unfinished
James Vinciguerra,
Chrissi Charles,
Harry Weir, Rosie Wilson, Loop Project Space & Bar, Edward Service,

SITE AND SAFETY



THE PAGEANT WAGON;

Rolling through the field of bitumen, the pageant wagon and its troupe will bring roving live performances throughout the night. From screen to stage, the carnival continues on this medieval vehicle for the Coburg Drive-In.

ALTERNATIVE SEATING;

Please make good use of our alternative seating located in the middle of Field 2 if you have made your way in without a windscreen.

URINATION;

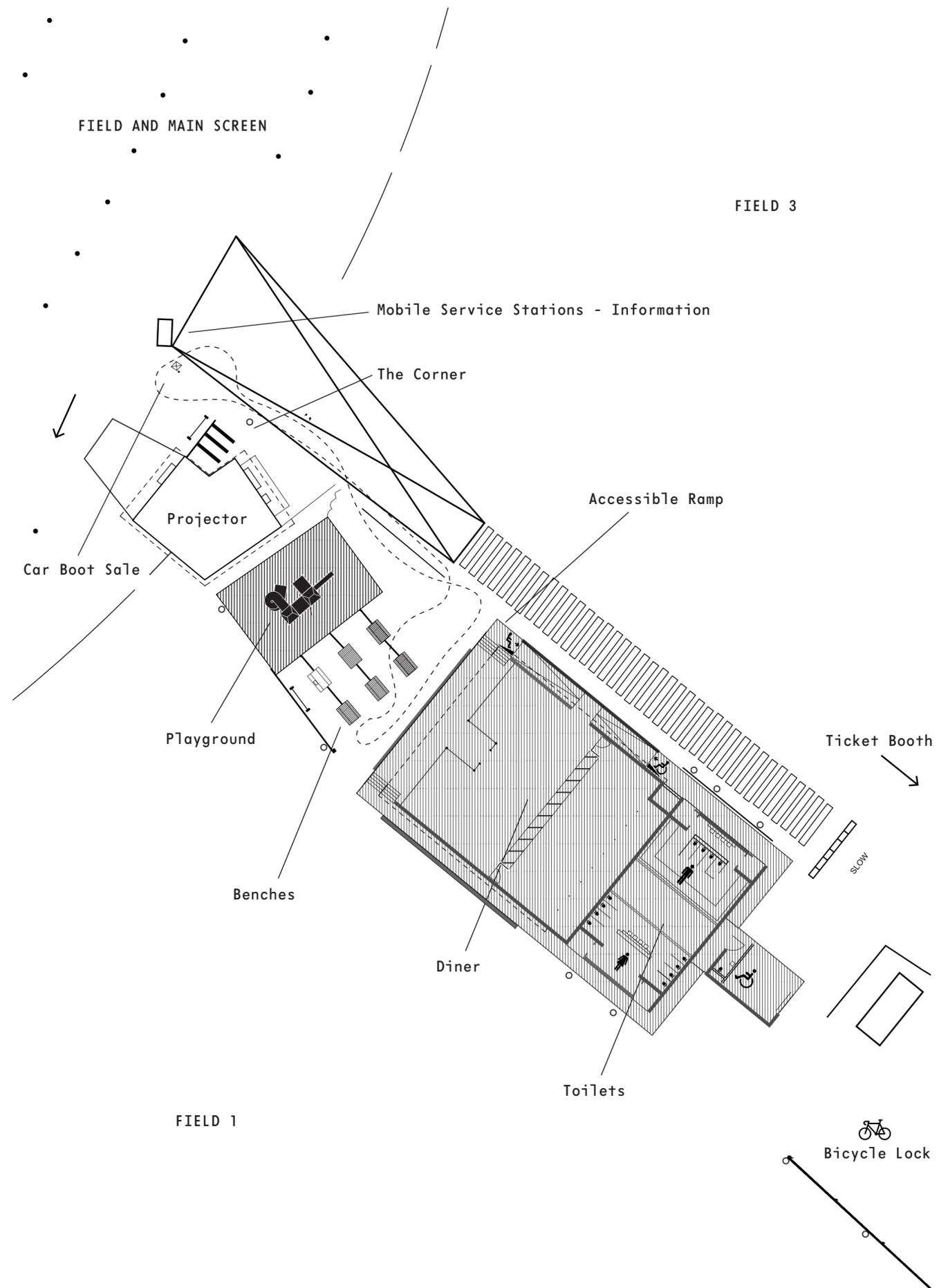
Dead end film festival wishes to advise its patrons that gendered toilet signage

was not able to be altered or removed for this event.

We respect this is particularly stressful for trans and gnc attendees.

Dead end film festival encourages its patrons to disregard gendered toilet signage and endorses the demise of gendered restrooms. Dead end film festival encourages free for all style urination. Dead end film festival will not tolerate exclusionary behavior that limits others' ability to urinate and wash hands et al., Comfortably.

If you witness shitty behaviour, please see one of our safety angels stationed outside the bathroom block.



29 November

Coburg
Drive-In

Tickets
available at
www.deff.tv

DEFF
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M
2019
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