

Sherry Steiner
from *Etienne*

etienne returned in a half-hearted manner only to fade again in small isolation segments. classic tracking shots that in a spurious moment drown characters in their surroundings while the vertical pan deletes memories.

how he figures others lives is somewhat akin to peeling the potatoe in the dark. phillip on the other hand relinquished all rights to his environment when his socioeconomic status clearly faded out. confusion rained on all planes. where was the theme - where was the plot. it was a crime. he went around telling everyone about the special implications in idiomatic language.
etienne.

dominated by the tilt of the shot he views attitudinal statements passing through canal street. screwdrivers, nails and hammers. whatever you need you can get. pierre snickers. a triangle pointing straight up to the sky in 1941 like superimpositions were vague and very random factors. dream idioms grab the guts of sleepers and get strung in a matter of fashion. someday they roll out of his mouth like mothers of pearl.

so how long should a shot be? overlapping fragments punctuate the editorial sophistication that is seldom found anywhere. in this last paragraph they all believed in lower subjective tempos. bathed in information that for the most part is useless the three shed tales. etienne spoke of the middle east - the endless heat. phillip recalls rome saying too little. pierre talked of his time in miami with his rental car. words from one mouth to another's ear. instantaneous validation.

once it was 1912. a new england clergyman had said that the baroque is unlike and like a cube.