

# IMAGES

April 13 – 22, 2000



THE 13TH ANNUAL IMAGES FESTIVAL  
OF INDEPENDENT FILM AND VIDEO



## TOURISTS AT THE END OF THE WORLD

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 TELEVISION WITHOUT BORDERS

## IN THE BEGINNING

Artavazd Pelechian, Armenia  
35mm 10 minutes 1967

Ten minutes that shook the world. Dedicated to the fiftieth anniversary of the October Revolution, Pelechian's high octane montage rips the lid off old world orders. Great assemblies mass and flee – here are the crowd scenes of history as newsclips from around the world jam in frenzied cascades of new hope. Lenin urges them on, though after he's laid to rest Stalin succeeds him, and state police take aim at order. Meet the new boss.

## FEELING MY WAY

Jonathan Hodgson, UK  
35mm 6 minutes 1998

Okay, this dude cut his chops on high end commercial animation but we won't hold that against him. This bravura eye jolt of a city walk slides in and out of rotoscoped fantasies, video verité, and overlaid drawings, creating a sharp-witted commentary aimed at the metropolis. Relentlessly entertaining and it looks great too.

## THE INHABITANTS

Artavazd Pelechian, Armenia  
35mm 10 minutes 1970

Pelechian's version of *The Jungle Book* puts the wild back into wildlife. Here is nature red in tooth and claw, the hunt in its most primal form. Elephants, deer and rhino take charge, stampeding in views that must have left more than one camera operator short of a full load. Masterfully cut with exploding aerial views, this breathless animal kingdom is never far from death or dinner. Framed with achingly beautiful birds in flight, above it all, if only for a moment.

## CREATURE COMFORTS

Nick Park, UK  
35mm 5 minutes 1990

Set in the London zoo, this Academy Award-winning animation dishes the dirt on life in captivity. Using a meta-doc style, a gaggle of the no-longer-wild sound out about life in the looking glass. Understated Brit hilarity underscores this BBC send-up, as the alternately shy, preening, and philosophical beasts lay it on the line for the omnipresent microphone.

WANTED



## MARTYRDOM VOCATION

Iván Ávila Dueñas, Mexico  
35mm 12 minutes 1999

Who would have figured the most transgressive flick of the fest would come from Mexico? And in 35mm no less. *Martyrdom* hosts a lost convent of half-naked nubile all aimed for heaven, and each has decided the only way to get there is via the body, a.k.a. the house of pain. Featuring fab shooting in half light, this ode to self massacre features body piercings of every sort and a sewing scene that didn't come out of Suzie Homemaker. If you've got

a boundary, this film is going right past it. Caveat Emptor.

## WANTED

Milla Moilenen, Finland  
35mm 11 minutes 1998

The Uppsala Institute for Racial Biology provided the images for this computer animated lament. *Wanted* maps the body's disappearance within its second skin: technology. But there are no droids here – instead, the restless morphs and hi-tech framings conjure

## NOBODY'S NOTHING

Bridget Farr, Canada  
35mm 4 minutes 1998

Jean-Paul Sartre meets Norman McLaren. This brooding bit of intoxication hails from the nation's capital and no wonder. Grim cityscapes are paced off by figures covered in a storm of scratches. Parades of the faceless wait by no-exit signs while traffic hurls around them. "...A precise and poetic articulation of urban angst and solitude. With minimal means and maximum imagination, Bridget Farr has rendered an absorbing and daring portrait of the nation's capital at the end of the 20th century..." (Tom McSorley, *Take One*)

## THANKSGIVING PRAYER

Gus Van Sant, USA  
Video 3 minutes 1990

Imagine you come home for Thanksgiving and just before chowing down, your father, who has morphed into William Burroughs, says a little prayer. "Thanks for the wild turkey and the passenger pigeons, destined to be shit out through wholesome American guts." This vid poem, set to an acerbically hysterical reading by Burroughs, features a non-stop montage of Amerikan moments where the quest for freedom shows its real toll. If God is in the details, that leaves devils chasing the big picture.

CREATURE COMFORTS



CREATURE COMFORTS



IN THE BEGINNING





## HERE WE ARE WAITING FOR YOU

A monster image jam from the past century which takes no prisoners, this is an essay flick told in pictures. Driven by Wim Merten's (Belly of an Architect) elegiac score, it reflects on lives small and large – of factory workers and usherettes, of generations of soldiers, of Nijinski and Freud.

Gravedigging never looked so sweet.

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HERE WE ARE WAITING FOR YOU



### HERE WE ARE WAITING FOR YOU

Marcelo Masagão, Brazil  
Video 73 minutes 1999

At last, the sequel to *Sans Soleil*. HWAIFY has already copped more than ten awards at fests around the world and has propelled its maker – psych-worker-turned-activist-turned-filmmaker – into a global phenom. A bold summary work, it hosts thousands of pictures, rubbing up the Berlin wall with Viet protesters, etc.

A monster image jam from the past century which takes no prisoners, this is an essay flick told in pictures. Driven by Wim Merten's (*Belly of an Architect*) elegiac score, it reflects on lives small and large – of factory workers and usherettes, of generations of soldiers, of Nijinski and Freud. Gravedigging never looked so sweet. A bold summary work, it hosts thousands of pictures, rubbing up the Berlin wall with Viet protesters, suffragettes on the march with Kiki in the bath, often using layers of images which shudder and swarm over the viewer. Everywhere the feel of lives passing drips from the screen, the letter of a kamikaze pilot to mom and dad, generations of sons passing through enemy limbs. Often just a line, a like or dislike, is enough to distinguish a life. "Her favourite movie star was Cary Grant." Or: "He liked Coca-Cola." Is this all we leave behind in the end?

Ravishingly beautiful, and assembled with painstaking craft, this remarkable lament casts a rare light back in anger and wonder. A landmark achievement in the found footage genre.

"If time does nothing except accumulating corpses, there is a kind of necrophilia in what we call history. In order to make a retrospective of this century we have to dig up tombs, disturb the sleep of the dead and bring them back to life. The twentieth century, reconstituted by Marcelo Masagão, is based on the examination of thousands of archival scenes, from Thomas Edison to today. These are presented as a necrology of characters which has made our century, be they great or small, visionary or vandals, some real, some imaginary (but always based on documentary lessons). No lesson, no moral, no pretentious analysis of the esprit du temps synthesizes the images. From a century that is going away, all that remains are small individual stories, scattered events, lost utopias. When the lights of this period are turned off, we shall do nothing but count the remains.

The film is structured in the form of small assembly units, as if they were audio visual haicais, where events apart in time and space are compared, confronted and explored in all their possibilities. People say the twentieth century is (was?) the century of images. Masagão's film proposes itself the double task of checking how the civilization built itself in the form of images and, alternatively, how these images rebuilt a civilization."

—Arlindo Machado



## HELL IS WHEN NO ONE BELIEVES

eye

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**SHORT OF BREATH**Jay Rosenblatt, USA  
16mm 10 minutes 1990

Adorned with prizes at festivals in Athens, San Francisco, Humboldt and too many more to mention, Rosenblatt's justly celebrated *Short of Breath* inaugurates his mature style – exquisite use of found footage, a meticulous attention to gesture, and an unerring sense of the dramatic. Birth, death, sex and suicide feature prominently in this anguished ode to family and maternity. Part psychiatric critique, part seething Oedipal drama, *Short of Breath* is the kind of flick Hitchcock would have made had he swapped whisky for mescaline.

**BED**Ximena Cuevas, Mexico  
Video 2 minutes 1998

A found footage moment using a marital bed as a projection scrim for a number of lurid fantasies which rub hard against conjugal bliss. Animal sex and sodomy in place of a life of happiness. Who could ask for anything more?

**CUERPAS DE PAPEL**Ximena Cuevas, Mexico  
Video 4.5 minutes 1997

This is girl-girl luv Mexico-style, set to a steaming salsa with melodramas playing on the box. Cuevas ups the ante by interjecting a hushed intimacy between lovers, forever lying in a gilded frame.

**NATURAL INSTINCTS**Ximena Cuevas, Mexico  
Video 3 minutes 1999

Blake wrote, "They became what they beheld," a century before American television. Cuevas visits a beauty parlour where the glam images flickering on matted-out billboards may come to life, the Frankenstein Übermodels of the new world filling Mexican veins with blonde desire.



LIFE/EXPECTANCY

**MEDITATIONS ON REVOLUTION, PART 1: LONELY PLANET**

Robert Fenz, USA

16mm 12.5 minutes (silent) 1997

A ravishing cine poem of rare intimacy; Fenz delivers a Havana which has never seemed so close. Alternately playful and rhapsodic, *Meditations* evinces a quietly powerful sense of observation. The filmer concentrates throughout on the ritual gestures of the public sphere – there are no parades in evidence here, no speeches or polemics (the film is notably silent). Instead, forty years after Che turned the impossible into the inevitable, Fenz returns to find the revolution steeped in the faces of those

who gather round his camera, playing with him, and us, as they insist that life is lived forward, but understood backward.

**THE EXQUISITE HOUR**Phil Solomon, USA  
16mm 13 minutes 1984

Suffused with a nearly unbearable tenderness, this is Solomon's elegy to his dying grandfather. In a luscious materiality which makes of the world a swarming mass of stars, he re-creates the old man's last moments, including a harrowing cycle through the last moments of the known universe – surveyed by his animal familiars, a pair of zebras who are eventually slaughtered in the chase. Meticulously conceived, this rare jewel of a film marks Solomon as the finest super-8 filmer of his generation.

**LIFE/EXPECTANCY**Michele Fleming, USA  
16mm 30 minutes 1999

Fleming pulls out all the stops in this bravura expiation of maternity and middle-age. Jaw-dropping visuals rub up against Orson Welles' funhouse



SHORT OF BREATH

mirror shootout in *The Lady from Shanghai* and Monroe's wrestle with Clark Gable in *The Misfits*. Movies are never far away in this pseudo-autobiography, as everyday noir moments mingle with cut-ups from a half-dozen flicks – most notably Taylor and Burton savaging one another in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Fleming makes a series of hair-raising turns around the scions of psychoanalysis, easing herself from the long shadow of her storyless mother. Ravishing, brutal and emotive, this is one film unafraid to wear its heart and its brains on its sleeve, and marks Fleming's arrival as a major American filmmaking talent. If you can't stand the heat, get out of the cinema.

MEDITATIONS ON REVOLUTION, PART 1: LONELY PLANET



SHORT OF BREATH



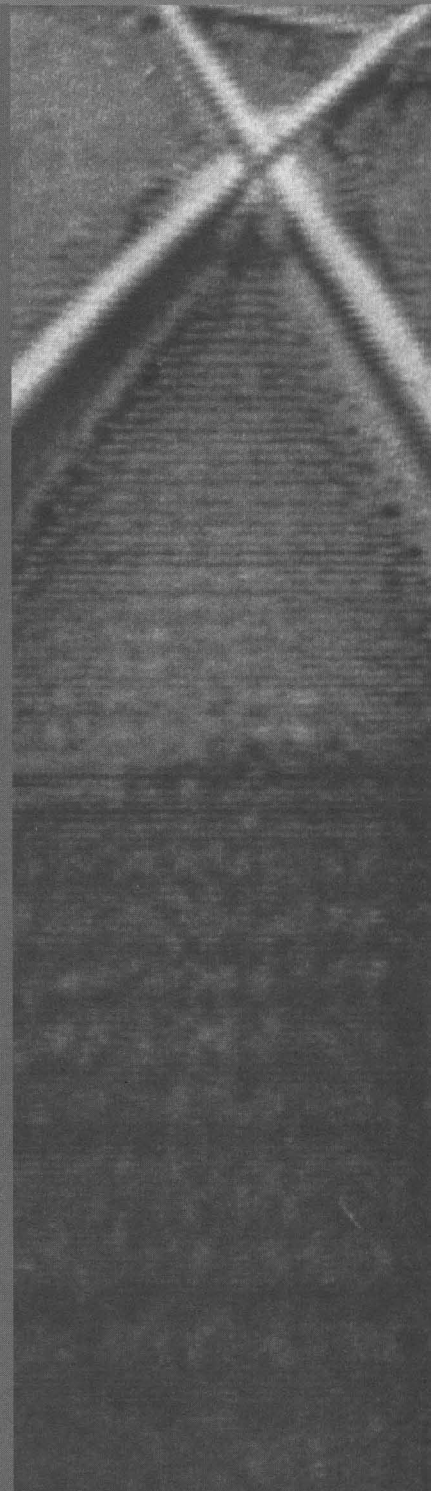


# (ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS) MATTHIAS MÜLLER IN PERSON

IMAGES is proud to host this in-person appearance by the maestro of the German fringe, Matthias Müller. His fab threads (polyester never looked so fine), old world charm and turn-on-a-dime montage have some whispering that he is the fringe's MVP for the nineties. He returns to Toronto with a batch of new work, six mini-movies lifted entirely from the corpus of Alfred Hitchcock.

"Easily the cleverest and most enjoyable new work of art I have seen this year is by two German artists, Christoph Giradet and Matthias Müller. Each part of their *Phoenix Tapes* focuses on a different theme in Hitchcock's work. *Burden of Proof*, for example, consists of a seamless compilation of all the scenes in which characters dial a telephone number, read a letter, board a train, open a door, handle a knife, or point a pistol. In much the same way, *Why Don't You Love Me?* is a wittily edited seven-minute recap of the numerous and surprisingly intense scenes between parents and children in his films. Most excerpts last only a few seconds. At first you spend time trying to identify the films from which the clips have been lifted, but after a while that begins to pall. When you look closer, a portrait of Hitchcock himself gradually emerges from each work, revealed in details that we are normally too absorbed in the plot to notice. And so the excitement and sensuality of the beautifully choreographed scenes in which pockets are picked, safes cracked and money packed into suitcases suggest an almost fetishistic delight in the minutiae of a perfect crime."

(Richard Dorment, *The Daily Telegraph*, London)



PHOENIX TAPES



**PHOENIX TAPES**

Christoph Giradet and  
Matthias Müller, Germany  
Video 45 minutes 1999

1. Rutland (10:45)
2. Burden of Proof (8:30)
3. Derailed (5:20)
4. Why Don't You Love Me? (8:20)
5. Bedroom (7:30)
6. Necrologue (3:30)

Phoenix is where Marian Crane, *Psycho's* beleaguered heroine, leaves on her alleged journey to freedom, though it is actually a trip towards death. Phoenix also refers to the mythical bird which rises again from the ashes, just as these films are re-animated from Hitchcock's work. Commissioned by the Museum of Modern Art in Oxford, this collection surfs the uncanny webs of Hitchcock, finding the master of suspense prey to Oedipal traumas, overbearing mothers, and femme fatales.

1. *Rutland* (10:45 min) is a geographical portrait, a collection of settings and establishing shots. Filled with entrances and exits, it is a narrative of waiting, punctuated with black-outs, as if the scenes themselves were losing sense of their narrative function. Forgetting. While a maze is usually constructed to enclose its inhabitants, here it is a labyrinth of exteriors, emptied vistas waiting for action, sites for deceit and discovery.

**2. Burden of Proof (8:30)**

Close-ups rule the roost in this elegant collage of moments collected across the Hitchcock canon to form a kind of meta-narrative. Collages of ID cards, packing clothes and parcels give way to keys withheld and hidden. As keys are dropped, a drain issues fluid, and then a series of bloodied hands follow, people trying to wash off blood. Notes are written, texts of various kinds appear – racing forms, telephone books – and then a telephone montage, telegrams, closed doors, hands trying to open doors, coffee cups, jewelry thefts, hands on the wheel of a car. Each fetishized moment seems to lead inexorably towards another, as these isolated bits of attention move together in a delirious vortex of deception.

**3. Derailed (5:20)**

This miniature drama is set in a train, its looped sleeper forced to dream the nightmare of journeys past. Faces leer at him, women faint, a crescendo of crowds build and fade until hands reach to thwart a terrible fall. Always too late.

**4. Why Don't You Love Me? (8:20)**

The wickedest film in the Müller canon, this take on maternity is blunt, unsparring and deliciously funny. A man waits by his mother's bedside hoping to rouse her, intoning over and over: "Mother. Mother. Mother." Once awake, she appears clearly in

with the knowledge of the dark thing which lies within his many faces. The mood darkens a last time as these impotent warriors vent their aggressions in a montage of brutality and rape, bondage and death. Murder is not seen here as the other side of love, but a part of it. Inevitable.



ALPSEE

control, as the collage of traumatized, guilt-ridden men make clear. Crafty and manipulative, and disdaining the romantic choices of her sons, she forbids any kind of sexual expression, while at the same time developing illnesses which ensure that the son will never stray far. The result, as Müller/Giradet take pains to point out, is misogyny and matricide. Every form of death in Hitchcock may be read through the overwhelming impress of maternity.

**5. Bedroom (7:30)**

Welcome to heterosexuality, Hitchcock style. Beginning with a collage of women waiting alone, the mix of dread and anticipation is already palpable here in their anxious turns toward empty doors and windows. Sleepless nights and preening before the mirror finally give way to moments of presentation, where women parade before their beloveds who cringe away in fear. Stricken and traumatized, they kiss, though She looks away, already filled

**ALSO SHOWING:****ALPSEE**

Matthias Müller, Germany  
16mm 15 minutes 1994

After meeting Müller just once, an astrologer friend of mine became convinced that he had lived his past life as a suburban American housewife. Offering this film as proof. If Douglas Sirk and Sergei Eisenstein had made a home movie together it would look something like this – overheated, frankly Oedipal, with a heart-pounding montage and fifties-lookalike sets. In a series of dazzling set pieces, we watch a young boy grow older, ponder the mysteries of stars, struggle with his mother. One of the most assured, complex and stunningly beautiful dramatic shorts ever committed to film, it took the grand honcho prize at Oberhausen and many others beside. Come and be dazzled.

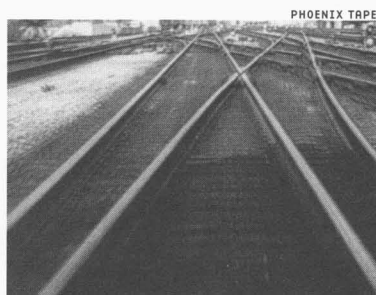
**PENSÃO GLOBO**

Matthias Müller, Germany  
16mm 14 minutes 1997

Set to a crackling operatic score by long-time collaborator Dirk Shaffer, *Pensão* is a psychodrama set in Spain where a terminally ill man comes to bask in the final hours of dread. Photographed in super-8, each action was shot from different angles, these multiple vantages then joined via front-screen projection. The result is a dreamy exfoliation of the body as it wends its way up tram station stairs or across the streets of the city, no longer seeking extension in the machines which surround it, but become, under the threat of AIDS, a body divided, a body filled with the ghosts of itself. A climactic chase leads to a cactus grove, desert plants grown barbs to protect themselves in hostile climes, their skin, like the man's own flesh, foreign and impenetrable.

**6. Necrologue (3:30)**

*Necrologue* is aptly named, combining as it does two words: necropolis: the city of the dead, and epilogue: the conclusion. It is comprised of a single shot of a woman waking from sleep. Slow dissolves show the faint tremour of her eyelids, which widen in hope, then dread, before falling closed again. Not: "Oh, it was just a dream." But: "Oh, it was just a nightmare." In other words, real life.



PHOENIX TAPES



PENSÃO GLOBO



# LIKE A DREAM THAT VANISHES

CO-PRESENTED WITH PLEASURE DOME FILMMAKER IN ATTENDANCE

Veteran Toronto fringe maker Barbara Sternberg steps into the spotlight for this, the first of a two-night look at her work. Tonight we'll be looking at her beautiful new movie. Sunday (April 16 at 9pm) she'll be strutting the best of her 80s work. Accompanied by a lip-smacking publication.

SPONSORED BY CFMDC



Pleasure Dome

AT PRESENT

## AT PRESENT

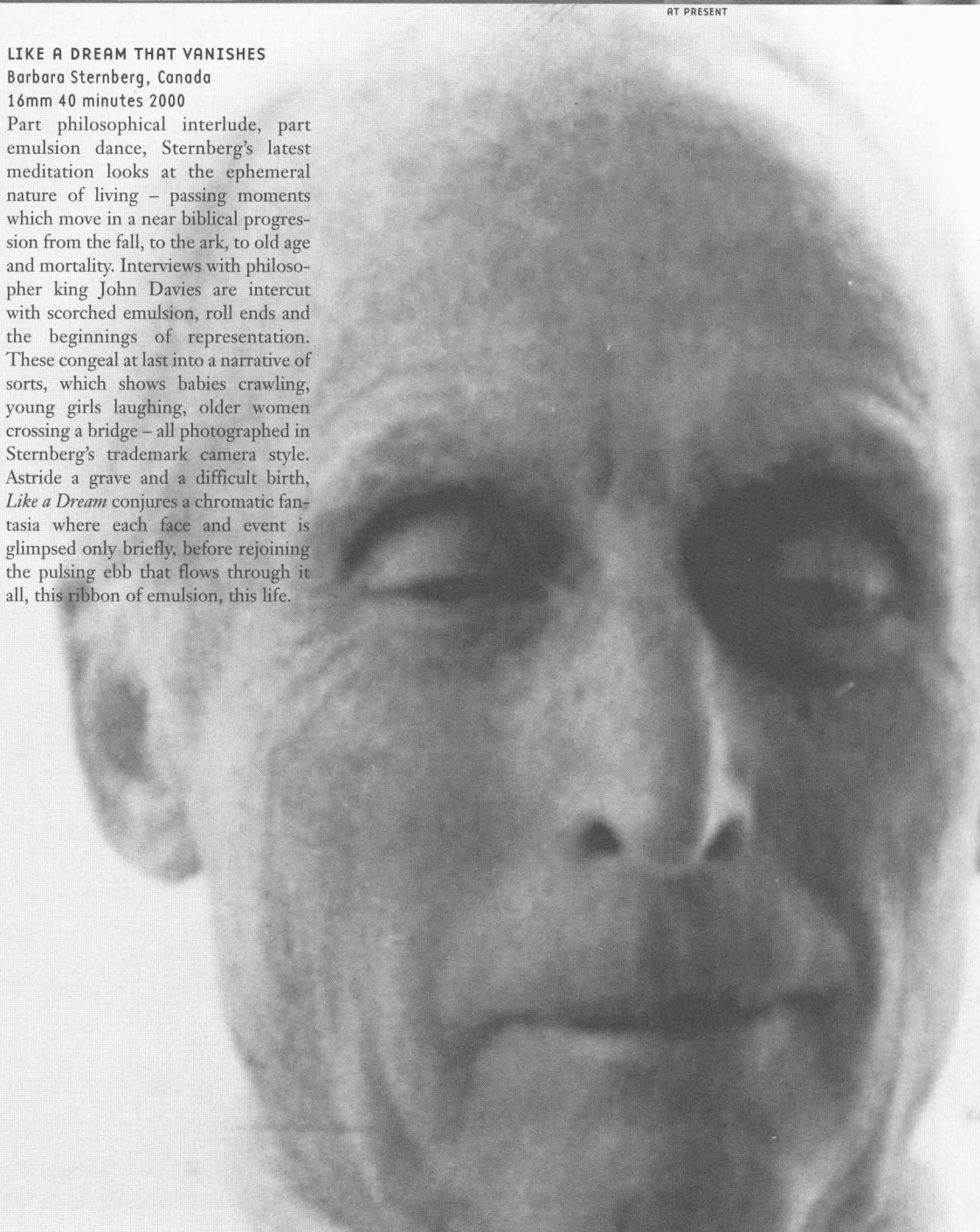
Barbara Sternberg, Canada  
16mm 18 minutes 1991

*At Present* is Sternberg's reaction to a male-dominated Toronto film scene. Especially incensed by its naked female subjects, Sternberg responds by reframing her subjects in isolation while a retinue of male suitors talk about love in a series of voice-overs. Each seems caught in that small circle of attention we call our personality. After the prelude we watch a quartet of sitters, each rendered in isolation. Photographed in a pervasive natural light, they perform a variety of domestic tasks – potting plants, sweeping floors, and rolling cigarettes. The film's trajectory moves from inside to out, from a domestic circumstance to a natural setting which finally de-emphasizes the differences of gender. In order to fuel this progression, the filmmaker invokes a primal fire. It is a torch of memorial and of castigation, brandished initially against images of naked men caught in solitary states of arousal, this fiery entreat a frank rejection of their alienated sexuality. The fire returns in a field-burning ceremony that destroys a rotting old growth to make way for new crops. The fire that is purgative and restorative is like Derrida's *pharmakon* – both poison and remedy. The film closes with a shot that echoes its opening image – an old man sits before the camera, staring speechless into the lens before breaking into a smile. Suffused with natural light, these documentary vignettes are witness to the image of a new understanding, raised in a reinvented soil of communion and celebration. Her perspective throughout is resolutely maternal, bent on rejoining her solitary protagonists with histories too easily left behind.

## LIKE A DREAM THAT VANISHES

Barbara Sternberg, Canada  
16mm 40 minutes 2000

Part philosophical interlude, part emulsion dance, Sternberg's latest meditation looks at the ephemeral nature of living – passing moments which move in a near biblical progression from the fall, to the ark, to old age and mortality. Interviews with philosopher king John Davies are intercut with scorched emulsion, roll ends and the beginnings of representation. These congeal at last into a narrative of sorts, which shows babies crawling, young girls laughing, older women crossing a bridge – all photographed in Sternberg's trademark camera style. Astride a grave and a difficult birth, *Like a Dream* conjures a chromatic fantasia where each face and event is glimpsed only briefly, before rejoining the pulsing ebb that flows through it all, this ribbon of emulsion, this life.





# FLUXUS OR LIVES OF THE SAINTS

SPONSORED BY MIX MAGAZINE

## ZEFIRO TORNA OR SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF GEORGE MACIUNAS

Jonas Mekas, USA

16mm 25 minutes 1992

From the godfather of the American underground comes this lamenting howl for the sparkplug of Fluxus: George Maciunas. Shot over decades, we look on as Mekas visits Fluxus performances and gatherings which include Yoko Ono, Nam June Paik, Herman Nitsch and John Lennon. But it is Maciunas' battle against cancer which figures most prominently, narrated by Mekas in a saintly Lithuanian husk, lending humour to the most dire moments ("Those bugs that bite him drop dead immediately.") If his camera turns always towards what is alive, offering flashing interruptive glimpses of his subjects in motion, the voice-over is always concerned with death. Here is a bouquet offered to the dead, and a demonstration of how history is made, not merely witnessed.

## ASPARAGUS

Suzan Pitt, USA

35mm 19 minutes 1978


This candy coloured nightmare rocked audiences upon its release and catapulted maker Suzan Pitt to the front ranks of indie animation. Stunning cel animation propels its blank-faced protagonist into the world of the phallus, rendered here as a field of asparagus, which she deep throats, excretes and flushes away. The film's stunning set piece occurs before a claymation audience who gape as the artist opens her Medusa's box to release rare wonders. A moving meditation on art and the cost of reproduction, *Asparagus* remains, twenty-five years after its release, a benchmark of single frame intensity.


## THE MAN WHO COULD NOT SEE FAR ENOUGH

Peter Rose, USA

16mm 33 minutes 1981

Unseen in Toronto for two decades, TMWCNSFE is Peter Rose's masterpiece, a visual oasis of rare beauty and painstaking craftsmanship. A lifetime's worth of dreaming is distilled into five chapters, each distinguished formally and geographically. These narrate his father's death, scaling the Golden Gate bridge, a total eclipse photographed off the coast of Mauritania. At several key moments the screen divides and multiplies, offering us a glimpse of the patterns we name as personality, and whose dark undertow may be seen in extreme moments of crisis. This film is one of those moments. One of the tastiest desserts of the underground.


 THE MAN WHO COULD NOT SEE FAR ENOUGH


 Certain spaces held great power for him:

THE MAN WHO COULD NOT SEE FAR ENOUGH



# FETISH FOR HIRE

SPONSORED BY LIFT

## RESTRICTED

Jay Rosenblatt, USA  
16mm 1 minute 1999

This one minute tasty from the mix-master of Amerikan collage features a panoply of eyepoppers from the 50s. Moral codes and limits of all sorts are tested as muscled chests twitch before the censorious codes of the church, buildings are scaled, babies are balanced in an outstretched palm four stories above traffic and numbers refuse to add up. Here is the nightmare of the hypochondriac come to life: danger is everywhere. Everything is forbidden. While the last voice left standing, remnants of a once-proud superego, intones: "Take a chance. Don't do it."

## PIRATED!

Nguyen Tan Hoang, USA  
Video 11 minutes 2000

Framed by meditations on a Vietnam his parents were forced to flee, Hoang's crazed karaoke mix-up finds his roots in the long parental boat ride to Amerika. Fuelled by cheesy 60s instrumentals and overheated orchestrals, Hoang finds solace in the arms of high seas muscle boys. Burt Lancaster, Christopher Atkins and Brad Davis look on as he gets his butt beat. Gay porn, home boy cocksuckers and clips of Fassbinder's *Querelle* walk the gangplank in this identity collage. Art from the TV generation.

## YOURS

Jeffrey Scher, USA  
16mm 3 minutes 1997

This luridly coloured piece of psychopop rescues a Bunnell sisters musical from the trash bin with a ferocious chromatic assault. As the sisters' million dollar smiles dish up another song of easy love, Scher sends us into psychedelic overload with a subliminal blitzkrieg of product adverts, comic covers and spectators. Offering, amongst other things, a summary of American paint styles from the past four decades, this is pop art at its most sublime. And most entertaining. Relax, it's only going to get more intense.

## MUSIC MIGHT HAVE DECEIVED US

Chris Chong, Canada  
16mm 6 minutes 2000

A Hoffman farm-school grad, Chong brings queer chops into new sightlines with this elegant mini-essay on desire. And you can dance to it too. A series of

peekaboo mattes admit moments glimpsed in passing. Scars of seeing. The throbbing, hand-processed emulsion begins with clouds then descends through traffic to arrive at the body, aching towards some new moment of release.

## MAKING MONEY WASTING TIME

Jinhan Ko, Canada  
Video 1.5 minutes 1999

Ko's miniature is part of an episodic series of short forms – the current fave shape for today's well-heeled video artist. While a popcorn maker slowly fills the screen with its spew, the artist sounds off in a hilarious monologue which describes what happens when he tries to get into his house using the cat hutch.

## DEUTSCHLAND

Deanna Bowen, Canada  
16mm 15 minutes 2000

Bad girl Bowen returns with a multi-screen fairytale about a haunted girl and her cousin. *Deutschland*, like her previous *sadomasochism*, strains cinema through language, asking that we read along with a woman recalling her German roots while a four-play of home movies flicker by underneath the grave. The English text in the present is both summary and benediction ("The war is over"), understanding that memory turns the people of our lives into characters, and that all the characters are us.

## THE SEASONS

Artovazd Pelechian, Armenia  
35mm 30 minutes 1972

Here is Pelechian's masterpiece, the issue of a lifetime's looking. Many of the images in this film are so fantastical, they appear as apparitions of found footage, part of some ghostly archive that only Pelechian can enter. Instead, they have been made under the maestro's careful attentions, in a mountain village in Armenia. Stirring together equal parts verité and myth-making on a grand scale, this four-sided eyeful watches shepherds at work, struggling across rivers with their charge or passing them hand-to-hand on horseback. *The Seasons* also features a harvest like no other, vast bales tumbling down mountains while Chaplinesque farm boys race alongside.



THE SEASONS



DEUTSCHLAND



RESTRICTED



# SHE'S GOT TO HAVE IT

BARBARA STERNBERG SPOTLIGHT, PROGRAM 2

CO-PRESENTED WITH PLEASURE DOME

FILMMAKER IN ATTENDANCE

## Pleasure Dome

### OPUS 40

Barbara Sternberg, Canada

16mm 15 minutes 1979

*Opus 40* is set in a New Brunswick foundry, looking on as men perform the simple and repetitious gestures that forge oven parts. Their movements are treated as a series of themes and variations, Sternberg introducing colour overlays and split-screens which echo the repeated gestures of the workers. Photographed entirely in super-8, *Opus 40* (the title derives from a forty-hour work week) is at once a documentary on labour and a meditation on repetition. Alongside Sternberg's admiring look at the bodies of men at work walks the ghost of Gertrude Stein, whose insistence on the importance of repetition and twice-told tales lends a solemnity to these proceedings.

### TRANSITIONS

Barbara Sternberg, Canada

16mm 10 minutes 1981

*Transitions* pictures a woman dressed in white caught between "asleep and awake." The restless insomniac never wanders far from her bedside perch, a linen enclosure which fails to ease her troubled reflections. The bed is drawn in the same white cast of its occupant, and together they constitute an arena of projection, a blank scrim on which the filmmaker inscribes the dreams of her protagonist. A flow of images passes over her – storms of insects and ocean waves, freight trains and fauna. Some of these moments caught in passing – like the seascapes and trams – are themselves metaphors for a mind let loose, rushing past the gates of reason. Elsewhere moments of narrative appear, as she dines with a lover, walks with him on the beach, turns to look at him. If these moments never last for long, perhaps it is because they are too painful to be recalled, and in their place an onslaught of metaphors ensue, each crawling with the horrors of division.

Her waking dreams are accompanied by a double-mouthed whisper on the soundtrack – the first offering philosophical expressions of time, repetition, and memory, the second marked by a more personal imperative, speaking of the demands of her mother and her husband. She is somewhere between them, between a dutiful daughter and a willing partner, between asleep and awake. Befitting its circular, psychodramatic form, *Transitions* refuses narrative closure, choosing instead to add light to the image until the screen glows a uniform blank, its white sheen the sum of all possible images, but also the white on which another night's restless solitude may be repeated.

### A TRILOGY

Barbara Sternberg, Canada

16mm 45 min 1984

*A Trilogy* is a moving and complex work which philosophically examines the separation of mother and son. Composed of a number of apparently discrete elements, the film brings them together in a masterful weave of archaic ritual, home movie, dramatic interlude, and speculative address. At the heart of this intertextual weave is the filmmaker herself and her teenaged son, Arlen. As he reaches the age of consent and prepares to make his final deposition of leave-taking, the film turns towards a reminder of all that has passed between them, and hints at what might lie ahead. A series of printed intertitles narrate coming-of-age rites in other parts of the world, providing a prelude to the film's spectacular close. In a bravura display of optical printing, Sternberg superimposes pregnant women, bursting geographies, home movie images and previous scenes in the film to conjure the simultaneity of the world, until we glimpse a new-born foetus, cut away from his mother, the fall into language and division.



A TRILOGY

TRANSITIONS





# KISS MY ABYSS

Vtape

SPONSORED BY V TAPE

## CONTRAFACTA

Roberto Arigonello  
and Chris Gehman, Canada  
16mm 15 minutes 1999

This painstakingly crafted medievalist tale utilizes a series of brilliantly coloured cut-outs to conjure a dreamland of floating royals and waltzing unicorns. Birth, death, plague and the gardening of souls all rub shoulders in this episodic surrealist fabula. In a dance of grace and punishment where miracles are commonplace, we follow the descent of a royal egg which hatches the changing shape of the world. Here is the Bible translated for the TV generation. Dante meets Monty Python.

## KING OF THE JEWS

Jay Rosenblatt, USA  
16mm 18 minutes 2000

This is the latest from the softest-speaking, hardest-hitting collage maestro from Amerika's western shore. Returning to childhood (à la Rosenblatt's earlier magnificent *The Smell of Burning Ants*), he looks on at the growing stain of Christianity as it seeps into the hood. For a Jewish kid growing older in Brooklyn, you tucked your Nietzsche under one arm and a switchblade in the other. N writes: "Religion begins in laziness." Jay writes, "As a child, I was terrified of Jesus."

## CASH AND CARRY

Andrew J. Paterson, Canada  
Video 10 minutes 1999

Toilet sex as Marxist teaching tool? Is a BJ cash quickie really an example of

acting locally while thinking globally? Welcome to the wonderful, twisted world of Andy Paterson. Playing both parts of an overheated exchange on capital, twin moguls rap on the digital/cash divide, looking on as the gestures of everyday life are converted into forms of commerce.

## STALLWORKS: ACT 1

Jeremy Drummond, Canada  
Video 1 minute 1999

Excremental culture you can dance to. Drummond's work harkens back to the early days of body art, performance video. Drummond's work harkens back to the early days of body art, performance video that required serious gym training in order to hand hold. The first of a four-part series of miniatures set in public toilets, this opening chapter is a scratch video for the butt, a shit samba that celebrates the body's most private opening. The gestures of opening and closing, admitting and repulsing, are subject to a digital review. Playtime not real time. This is what happens before the shit hits the fan.

## BONDAGE TELEVISION

Stev'nn Hall, Canada  
Video 10 minutes 1999

It's inevitable, isn't it? After the cleavage runways of Fashion TV, and the below-the-belt polemics of Sex TV, what else might the inner couch spud be clamouring for but a little dose of Bondage Television? In this extended trailer for a channel which will doubtless exist soon on a satellite feed near you, Hall stakes out a genre which has been lurking beneath the shiny pecs of the mainstream all along. Cum watch



CASH AND CARRY



CONTRAFACTA

your fave stars tie one on in this flash edit romp. Moses, are you listening?

## TANGO

Zbigniew Rybczynski, Poland  
16mm 8 minutes 1982

Poland's magician of motion made this live-action animation before becoming one of the most celebrated and notorious rock video jocks. Using an insanely laborious, pre-digital process known as

rotoscope matting, Rybczynski offers up the memories of a room, whose inhabitants slip in and out of its orifices like lovers in a dream, never managing to touch one another, or acknowledge one another's presence. In tightly scripted loops, the players appear and re-appear – the burglar, the lovers, the cop, the repairman, and dozens more – all gathered in a crowd of fantastics.

BONDAGE TELEVISION

BONDAGE TELEVISION





## BOOKS OF BLOOD

SPONSORED BY HOT DOCS

hot docs

Canadian International Documentary Festival

## CHEMISTRIES

Daven Gee, USA

16mm 9.5 minutes 1998

Winner of the Most Promising Filmmaker Award at last year's Ann Arbor Fest, this beautifully composed mini-opus is one of the finest, most assured found footage flicks of the 90s. Miss Universe pageants, Venus fly traps, boys in showers, science docs, sky divers and octupii all join beneath a periodic table grid and a fragmented confessional to show a world where biology is not yet destiny.

"The average man contains enough water to fill a ten gallon barrel, carbon for nine thousand lead pencils, phosphorous to make twenty-two hundred match heads, iron to make one million nails, lime to whitewash a chicken coop and sulphur to rid one dog of fleas."

## GLASS

Leighton Pierce, USA

16mm 7 minutes 1998

Astonishingly, this screening marks the Toronto debut of world renowned filmer Leighton Pierce. As modest and unassuming as his work is rigorous, Pierce unearths worlds beneath worlds in his exquisite meta-documentaries, revisiting the act of perception via his deeply held empathy with his own children. Softly focused planes of understanding shift to reveal again a world grown strange and wondrous. *Glass* is a fragment shorn from his acknowledged masterpiece, *Fifty Feet of String* (50 min 1998), a sparkling daydream of a film designed to light up the mind's eye.

## SUPERHERO

Emily Breer, USA

16mm 10 minutes 1995

In-your-face iconoclast Emily Breer returns with this fabulously crafted ode to comic books past and future. Casting herself as a winged Überfemme, she dispatches conscience with a casual flick of a superwrist, and punches out Batman, Archie and Spiderman along the way (causing them to chant "Down with spandex"). Funny and irreverent, Breer's characteristic blend of live-action and animation fuel this vignette-driven look into the two-dimensional superego.

Go suck kryptonite.

## THE ANDRE SHOW

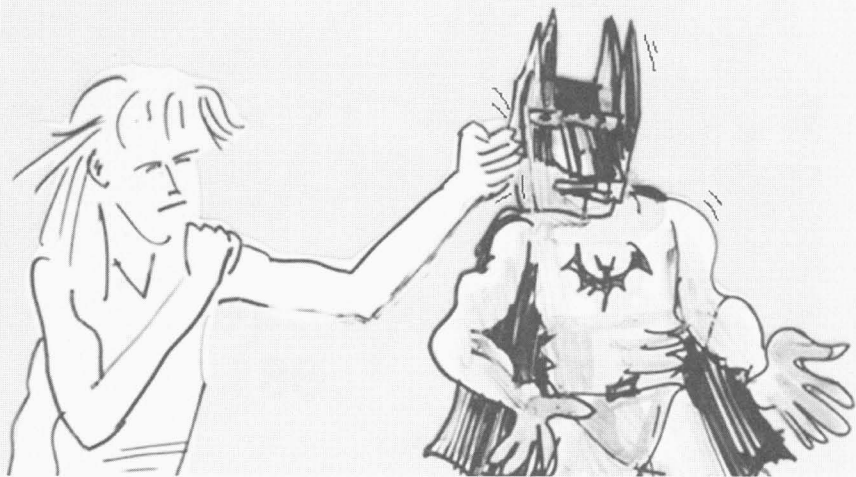
Beverly Peterson, USA

16mm 43 minutes 1997

This flick copped best doc honours at the Ann Arbor Fest and has played to acclaim at fests around the globe. Explosively intimate, it features charmaholic Andre, spiffing it up for the camera while dad cools his heels in the big house. When ma gets AIDS, Andre's adopted by Peterson, a social worker with a heart seven times normal size. With great compassion she lets young Andre tell his own tale, recorded over years, along with verité moments of almost unbearable poignancy. A diary movie that never stops delivering.



CHEMISTRIES





# YOU TASTE KOREAN

CURATED BY HELEN LEE

What is it about a war ending that makes people want to fuck their brains out? In these parts WW2 gave us the boomers, in Korea the Korean War gave them, at present, one of the youngest pops of the globe. Half of Korea is under thirty. Add to that a lifting of censorship bans, picture storms from around the globe, new bucks in cars and software and it all adds up to a country that is now jacking out 20–30 short flicks per month. IMAGES' fab overseas correspondent Helen Lee has spent much of the last two years there, checking it all out, and has brought back a program that will shake you to the roots. It's so mouth-watering we had to call it: You Taste Korean.



LINK



LINK

TORONTO Film & Television Office

SPONSORED BY TFTO

## VIDEO RITUAL

Kim Yun-tae, Korea  
Video 12 minutes 1997

The establishing shot of this video rite, the metropolis it inhabits and explores, is the body – though its pictures range across burning ships and trolleys, layers of the fantastic floating from the pores. A lush, grainy tone poem set in dream time, *VR* revisits the body as the ruins of a once empire, opening its cavities in a flickering caress of recall. If heaven is not so far after all, *VR* suggests, then neither is the other place.

## LINK

Kang Man-jin, Korea  
16mm 11 minutes 1999

Photographed in a single delirious take of descent, an ejection of Seoul's night life staggers into a drunken underground, identity purgatory for all those willing to rub themselves up against the possibility of change. What he uncovers there is the mystery of our attachment – not to others, but to ourselves. Metaphor for an individual's place in corporate culture or the genetic encodings of family. Fiendishly efficient.

## SUICIDE NOTE

Lee Hyung-gon, Korea  
16mm 15 minutes 1999

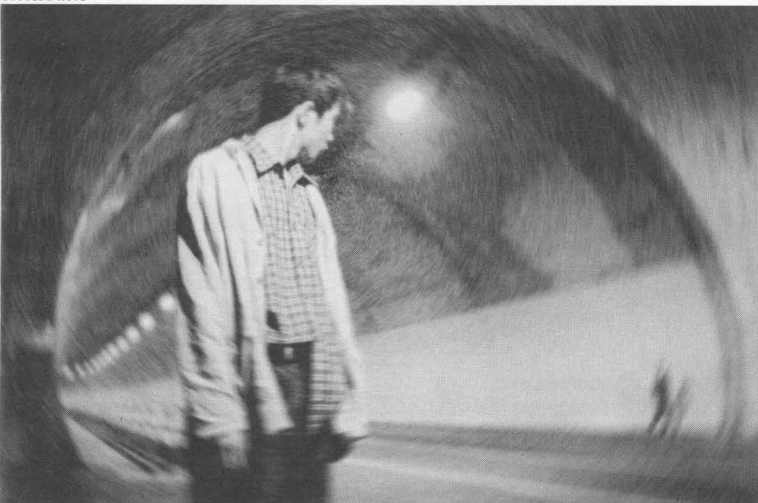
Vid girl meets sick boy in a traffic tunnel of love. Too young to know anything but the beginning and end of all things. Part drama, part techno-essay, it asks if our machines of hearing and seeing – cameras and radio – might also produce desire. Are there vid chips for jealousy, anger, sorrow? "The camera is my suicide note," she tells him, as he wonders if this is the last dream they have to share. When Cobain shrieked "I miss the comfort of being sad" he meant this kind of sad. Tune in here for the real jack on the MTV generation.

## THE REFRIGERATOR

Ahn Young-Seok, Korea  
16mm 29 minutes 1999

A major dramatic talent, Ahn offers a primer on naturalistic filmmaking so smooth you could land on it. The appearance of a fridge changes the lives of this familial foursome – the drunken screed of a father, the bent-to-the-mill teen daughter, home-slave ma and curious-to-the-bone homeboy. The choreography of daily life has never appeared so effortless, the collection of looks and gestures appearing as rare gems in a museum of the quotidian. A small miracle of perfect attentions.

SUICIDE NOTE



VIDEO RITUAL



THE REFRIGERATOR





# WELCOME TO THE UNDERGROUND

House of Toast

SPONSORED BY HOUSE OF TOAST



**SILVERY**

Caspar Stracke, Germany  
16mm 19 minutes 1993

“With silver feet I descended stairs of thorns... and the earth vomited up a child’s body.” With this demented tale of siblings grown too close, Stracke carves out a delirious narrative in the surrealist tradition of early Buñuel and Lynch. A horse drawn carriage transports brother and sister closer to the city of their re-birth, where they appear again as one person. He loses his face in a forest while she turns Bartok over in his grave. Party revelries lead to drunkenness and despair, friends are mated with and discarded, shame and suicide replace dinner conversation. A twisted ode to the family with a sex scene so harsh only a German could have lensed it. Achtung baby.

*Nadia Sistonen*

*Low-budget queen of sexual masquerade, Sistonen steps back into the spotlight with this look at works old and new. One of the key players in Toronto’s brief-lived super-8 renaissance in the early 90s, she has continued to produce no-budget flicks with one painted eyebrow raised to the avalanche of sexual possibility waiting inside everyday objects at home. Welcome to a world of rouged pussies smoking cigarettes, cats in bondage and cocksucking kids’ toys. Info-mercials for the inner deviant.*

**ANTI-SLEEKNESS WAS ALWAYS MY WEAKNESS**

Nadia Sistonen, Canada  
Super-8 6 minutes 1991

Sistonen worships at the altar of Tender Vittles in this home-brewed erotic ritual. Hammered breasts, soft-focus cellophane and kiddy-toy porn make way for Sistonen’s final appearance as a skeletal come on. Won’t you come die with me?

**THE CRUX OF THE GIST OF THE BISCUIT**

Nadia Sistonen, Canada  
Super-8 6 minutes 1992

Beginning with a near subliminal *Cat In The Hat* toon, Sistonen then parts the darkness in a sherriff outfit, looking like the remains of the law in the kingdom of unreason. Waddy rebelling against? Waddy got? Lipsticks are tried and squashed before she rouges up her pussy and puffs on a cigarette. One thing for sure, this ain’t Marlboro Country.

**THE BAD LADY OF FINLAND**

Nadia Sistonen, Canada  
Super-8 4.5 minutes 1992

Might have been named Daydreams of a Leopard Skin Bottle Sucker. Sistonen’s glam housewife suckles at a bottle and falls into an Elvis inspired reverie. Her alter ego jerks off with a bottle, dances in the street and makes with a jiggy bare butt jive. Last shot? A flower growing in concrete. Ain’t we all.

**CUL-DE-SAC**

Nadia Sistonen, Canada  
Super-8 4 min 2000

Described by its maker as “a situation from which there is no escape.” It’s new, it’s hurtin’, and commissioned especially for this year’s picture orgy.

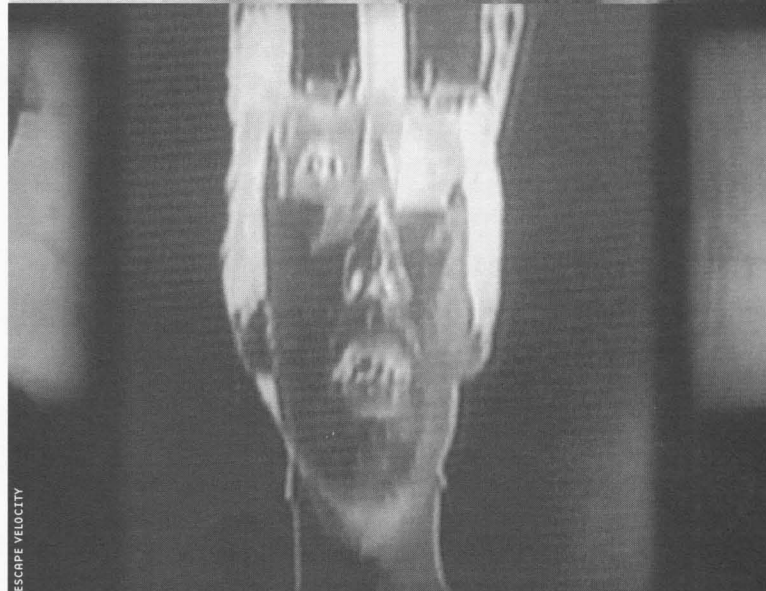
**ESCAPE VELOCITY**

Alex MacKenzie, Canada  
Super-8 performance 20 minutes

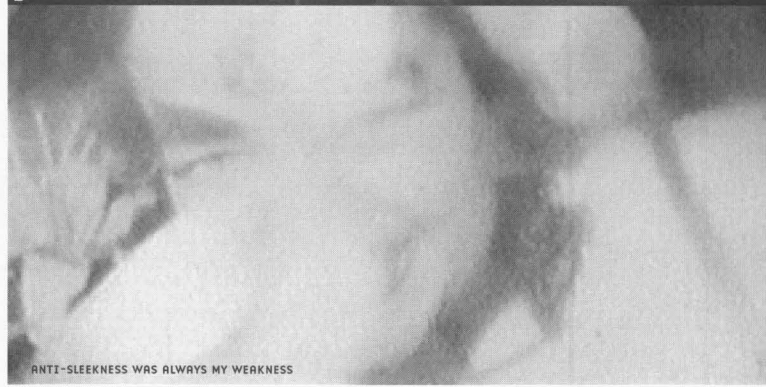
Best known as the honcho programmer for *The Blinding Light*, Vancouver’s alt/indie cinema devoted to underground delicacies, Alex MacKenzie is also a film performer, cranking up low-tech mayhems. Tonight, using a rare collection of 60s Technicolour-brand super-8 cartridge projectors re-loaded with original hand-processed and found footage, MacKenzie presents *Escape Velocity*. Seamlessly blends actual Houdini footage with early VR, jail cells, jaw-dropping scenes of domestic life and more. A projector duet widescreen LIVE presentation.



THE BAD LADY OF FINLAND



ESCAPE VELOCITY



ANTI-SLEEKNESS WAS ALWAYS MY WEAKNESS



# LAST ECSTASY BAR



THE GULF ISLANDS  
Film & Television School

SPONSORED BY GULF ISLANDS FILM & TELEVISION SCHOOL

WORK

## WORK

Kika Thorne, Canada  
Video 11 minutes 1999

Kika returns with a girlitude drama starring fab Shary Boyle. Set on two adjacent screens, this double vision watches Boyle turn from office prole to luv machine. Coolly precise framings and high-voltage improvs (this girl could give Madonna lessons on making out) are set to a techno-vulvic back-beat. Who said that youth is wasted on the young?

## RAPT AND HAPPY

Emily Vey Duke and Cooper Battersby,  
Canada, Video 17 minutes 1999

Here are the vid kids of Steve Reinke: wordwise, sexy, unafraid to wear their pop on their sleeve, and funny but not in a "I slipped on a banana peel" kind of way. Set in sixteen parts, *Rapt* is disarmingly fresh, smelling of the long summer in which it was made. Catfights, threesomes and daddy's porn emerge in videobyte succession, as this duo turn intimacy into playtime. Early fave for rookie of the year honours.

## AFTER MORNING

Kelly O'Brien, Canada  
Video 7 minutes 1999

Sex-TV guru and super-8 mistress Kelly O'Brien hits the Big Apple hard in this mini-doc about luv. Is there ever any other reason to leave home? This first person anecdotal is part confession, part activist doc (US health system gone AWOL) and part romance. These are mixed together in a funny/sad jam that never fails to cut to the chaser. Cheers.

## SHE CAN'T SLEEP

Helen Lee, Canada  
Video 20 minutes 2000

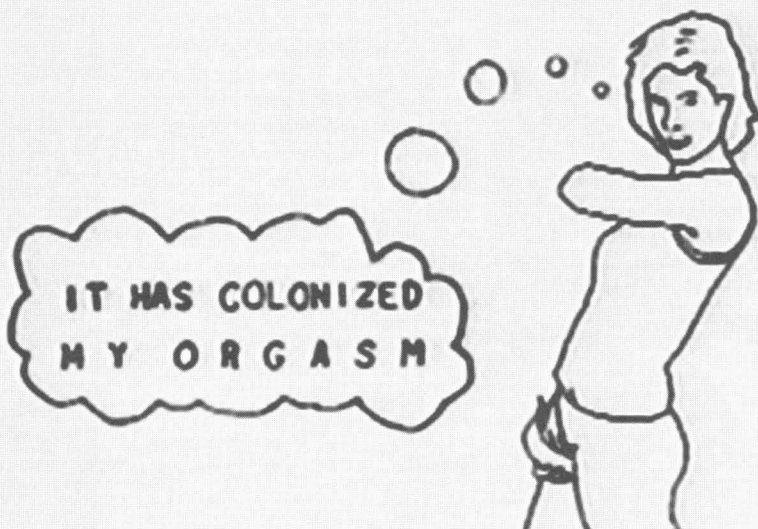
Mom's into the American GI's for the money, but honey, we all put out in the end don't we? Shot in Korea, this hot-off-the-video-press drama marks Lee's return to the big screen after a five year

hiatus. Homegirl Lea jams back into Korea's red light districts on the hunt for a mother who left only wanting behind. Characteristically spare, elegant and reflexive, this turn through the hard drive of family features fab performances and current fave indie format DV. In search of the tattoo that will make it all real.

## REMOVED

Noomi Uman, USA  
16mm 6.5 minutes 1999

Uman breaks out the bleach in this 70s porn re-visit. She's run a length of Javex through the women, causing them to appear as shuddering ghosts in fuck-me land. Luridly re-coloured by hand, the emulsion seethes and crackles, flickering into view a pair of dramatic vignettes where the men appear as cool observers, detached from desire, and from themselves. Sexy meta-porn from America with a soundtrack so cheesy you can smell it from the cheap seats.





# PLUNDER

A CHARLES STREET VIDEO COLLABORATION

"When commercial capital occupies a position of unquestioned ascendancy, it everywhere constitutes a system of plunder."

—Karl Marx

From da good folks at Charles Street comes this program of video pirates. Throwing open the pearly gates of high-end video post, they've invited a number of artistes to get down and dirty with some of their fave pix from the past. Rework some old groove into something that sweats like the present. That's right, it's video sampling time. Theft or appropriation? Hmm. Haven't had a good day until you've boosted something? Check out this tribe of likeminds.

SPONSORED BY SOLUTIONS IN COMPUTING

## MATINEE IDOL

Ho Tam, Canada

Video 15 minutes 1999

*Matinee Idol* features clips of Cho-Fan Ng, "the movie king of South China." Appearing in over 200 flicks from 1932-64 as an everyman sort, we watch him groom, argue, weep, and romance. Forced to answer his own gaze across decades of reproduction, he has entered into the nightmare of a universe where everyone bears the same face. Framed with a solitary walk in a desolate surround, the only place he may look forward to entering, the only future left open to him now, is the burden of staging his emotions. The imitation of life.

## ACCUMULATION

Istvan Kantor, Canada

Video 9 minutes 2000

The king of Neoism takes charge with another polished rant against the society of spectacle. Raging loops, animated

texts and an earload of sampled industrial mayhem ensure this video is always in your face. In case you hadn't noticed: the sun never sets in Totalitaria. Equal parts essay and provocation, Kantor digs up the roots of Capital and throws them into our laps. "It's not anymore just sucking your own cock as leisure but biting it off as self-defense."

## FOX PAST

Judith Doyle, Canada

Video 10 minutes 2000

Doyle visits the animal kingdom in this essay/doc about the increasing proximity of the untamed in the hood. "The history of animal movies is closely linked to the development of both the movie camera and field biology." Samples from Alex Wilson's *The Culture of Nature (Looking at the Non-Human)* impel this collage of beastly flicks which are layered, morphed, and strained through technologies of seeing. The end of nature? Or the beginnings of a new wildlife? The beast goes on.

## THE BLOB

Jubal Brown, Canada

Video 8 minutes 2000

Canada's best known art school brat continues his media re-visitations with this look at horror films, transformed here into monster media waves which lay down the backbeat juice for a new generation of ravers. It's the end of the world as we know it, and I feel fine.

## HELLO INGMAR? HAVE YOU SEEN ME? (A PILGRIMAGE)

Gunilla Josephson, Canada

Video 10 minutes 2000

For three decades he stood at the dizzying heights of world kino, his name synonymous with the term "art movie." But who would ever imagine finding a home in Ingmar Bergman's psycho-nightmares? Gunilla, that's who. Cast as a bit player in his little-known 1963 effort *Virgin Belief* and *Double Moral*, Gunilla travels the imagescape of Bergman's flicks, stopping its troubled interlocuters to ask

whether they'd seen her pass this way or not. In the original she actually had a speaking part, which consisted of just this one line: "Hello Ingmar, all my tanks were knocked out and the roads were impassable."

## KINDER

Robert Lee, Canada

Video 10 minutes 2000

Canada's most reluctant video star is back, with a copy of Freud in one hand and a channel zapper in the other. Past master of the elusive narrative, Lee's dead-sharp writing and anecdotal depressives stripsearch psychology for drama. Uncommon wit and incisive montage re-mark this Kinder-garten, in which the maker vows to "make one mistake after another." Pathos with a laugh track.



HELLO INGMAR? HAVE YOU SEEN ME?



MATINEE IDOL



MATINEE IDOL



## SHOUTING FROM THE HIPS

SPONSORED BY ED VIDEO

Ed Video  
media arts centre**BLIGHT**

John Smith, UK

16mm 14 minutes 1995

After Jarman and Greenaway, the pre-eminent Brit avant-gardist is John Smith. While he is a household name on the continent, his work remains largely unknown here, though it's hard to figure why. Smith is a structuralist with a conscience, and his in-your-face smarts and cry-till-you-drop soundtracks make his work user-friendly to boot. *Blight* arrives fifteen years after Smith picked up his first guillotine splicer, and unravels a construction site with breathtaking precision. Progress begins where history ends.

**MY GRANDMA'S BOYFRIEND**

Lisa Hayes, Canada

Video 11 minutes 1999

Born in 1918, Verna's shackled up with Irish boytoy Patrick, four years her senior. In this charming, breezy, chat doc, Hayes finds love in all the right places, looking on as Grandma lays out the story of family. They rap about golfing, sex (okay, she can't actually bring herself to say THE WORD) and the giggling fact that Pat is already married. Comfort food for those young enuff to remember what luv is.

**FLUKE**

Emily Breer, USA

16mm 8 minutes 1985

Emily rules okay? Breer's animal confection features yawning sharks, fish schooling in the desert and a dog biting off a man's hand. Freely mixing live-action, found footage and animation, this is one of a very few films which "makes" sense. Making no efforts to disguise the scars of reproduction, *Fluke* is a freewheeling masterpiece from the queen of fuck-you land. Where are we, the unconscious?

**STRANGER BABY**

Lana Lin, USA

16mm 14 minutes 1995

Since taking her opening bow with *I Begin to Know You* (1992) Lin has been

ripping a path through the avant-garde film microverse all her own. Her half dozen movies to date have already vaulted her past the status of hot young thing into a mainstay of the contemporary American avant-garde. *Stranger Baby* shows her in typically fine form. An elaborate allegory of race relations, Lin takes to the skies to conjure alien visitations, UFO sightings and a planet (Earth) which must be reckoned with for the first time. Beautifully photographed, with more ideas packed in its lean fourteen minutes than most features manage, *SB's* first person reminiscence and vivid mosaics make this a postmodern fairy tale. Close encounters of the fourth kind.

**INDUSTRIAL BODIES**

Khmasea Hoa Bristol, USA

Video 15 minutes 1999

Bristol takes us for a bravura ride inside the body in overlapping planes of video delicacy before heading back out into a world of mourning. Returning to her parental home of Vietnam, she looks on as her grandfather slips into oblivion. Here is the new face of identity politics: formally dazzling, emotionally resonant, with a storyteller's feel for the jugular.

**YOU SAY MARIA!, I SAY MARIAH!**

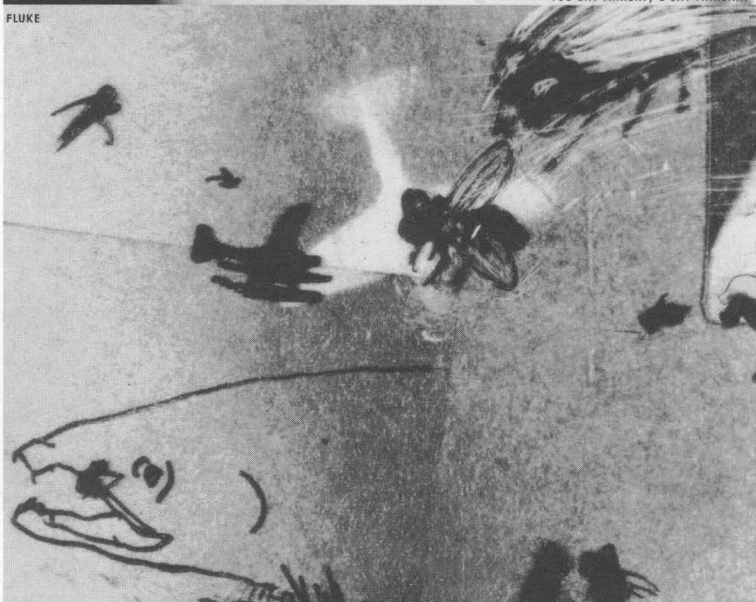
Ian Jarvis and David Collins, Canada

Video 4 minutes 1994

Hogtown's queer dynamic duo run a hundred childhood memories – from *The Sound of Music* to Disney flicks – into a gaggle of gay porn and spin the whole mix up with Mariah Carey's lung bender. Lurking behind the cum shots is a lament for a pre-AIDS, post-Stonewall queer nation where fuck freedom and identity seemed forever tied. While Carey croons "I can't live without you," a buff bevy boffs – and we are made to wonder how many are still alive. An essay film disguised as a musical? Dance if you dare.



YOU SAY MARIA!, I SAY MARIAH!



GRANDMA'S BOYFRIEND



# THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S LESSON

SPONSORED BY GALLERY 44

Gallery 44  
Centre for Contemporary  
Photography

GRACE



## DIE DYER

Alain Pelletier, Canada

Video 24 minutes 1999

A woman and two men – heroes of indifference – sign a contract, agreeing to be photographed anytime, anywhere, for three months. The results are not verité but a dripping, swooning Tanguy painting come to life, light preening from new apertures in the body which erupts into techno-incarnations never before imagined, each frame worked and reworked into something which could only be described as an inter-face. Wall-to-wall sound courtesy of musique concrete mistress Marcelie Deschênes. For any who thought Quebec cinema ended with Arcand and Brault.

## GRACE

Lorelei Pepi, USA

16mm 6 minutes 1999

Bodies simmer in this four part techno-stew. Computer programs they don't have a name for yet join extra-

terrestrial animations in trials of the flesh. After the cyborg revolution's complete, each of us become a living prosthesis (and no need to talk babe – we'll just port together okay?), we will look like this: smouldering electrical fields still longing to touch. Come watch the revolution unfold.

## MOTHERS OF ME

Alexandra Grimanis, Canada

16mm 15 minutes 1999

A feminist confessional lensed in breathtaking close-ups of the domestic, *Mothers* looks at three generations of women struggling to keep their heads. Family diaries and optically re-tuned still lifes loom against the shadows of unforgotten ancestors. Death, madness and the family. Strong stuff.

## HUS

Inger Lise Hansen, UK/Norway

16mm 8 minutes 1998

Shot one slow frame at a time in a West Coast picturesque, this unpeopled study shows the joy that may be had only in destruction. Allegories of settlement – shacks and shelters – are ripped apart before our eyes, a strip tease of architecture. Ever get the itch to absorb paintings like machine-gun fire? Watching this flick is like doing the Louvre in eight minutes flat.

## IF

Aggêo Simões and Marcus Nascimento, Brazil, Video 6 minutes 1998

From Brazil comes this lushly furnished ode to grrl world. A ravishing series of tableau with high-tech chops offer haikus on the five senses. This filmic dynamic duo pull out all the stops using pixillation, underwater photography, crane shots and rain machines as under-

lays for a floating text poem. "If you open your mouth and can't say anything maybe you are a sound." Hmm. Haptic video for voyeurs.

## THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S LESSON

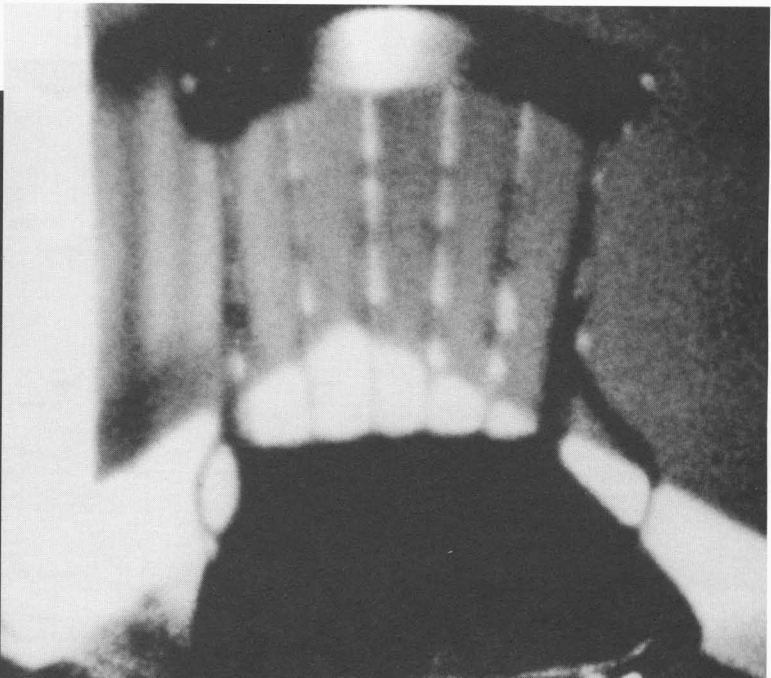
Jeffrey Paull, Canada

Slide show/performance

15 minutes 2000

From the prince of pedagogy, the secret beating heart of the Escarpment School, comes this new performance piece by Jeffrey Paull. Using a series of slowly dissolving slides shot in luminous black and white, he re-traces a history of looking, opening the apertures of our eyes to moments which should last a lifetime.

MOTHERS OF ME



DIE DYER





## A MECHANICAL MEDIUM

Zoe Beloff and Gen Ken Montgomery blow New York ghost winds into Hogtown for this once only, not-to-be-missed, 3D performance. Former collaborator with John Cale and the Wooster Group, Zoe dreams her way back into the past using a rogue arsenal of the antique: 78 rpm turntables, toy telegraphs, pocket theremin and a Kodascope 16mm projector.

Moving Pictures

SPONSORED BY MOVING PICTURES

### A STEREOSCOPIC SEANCE

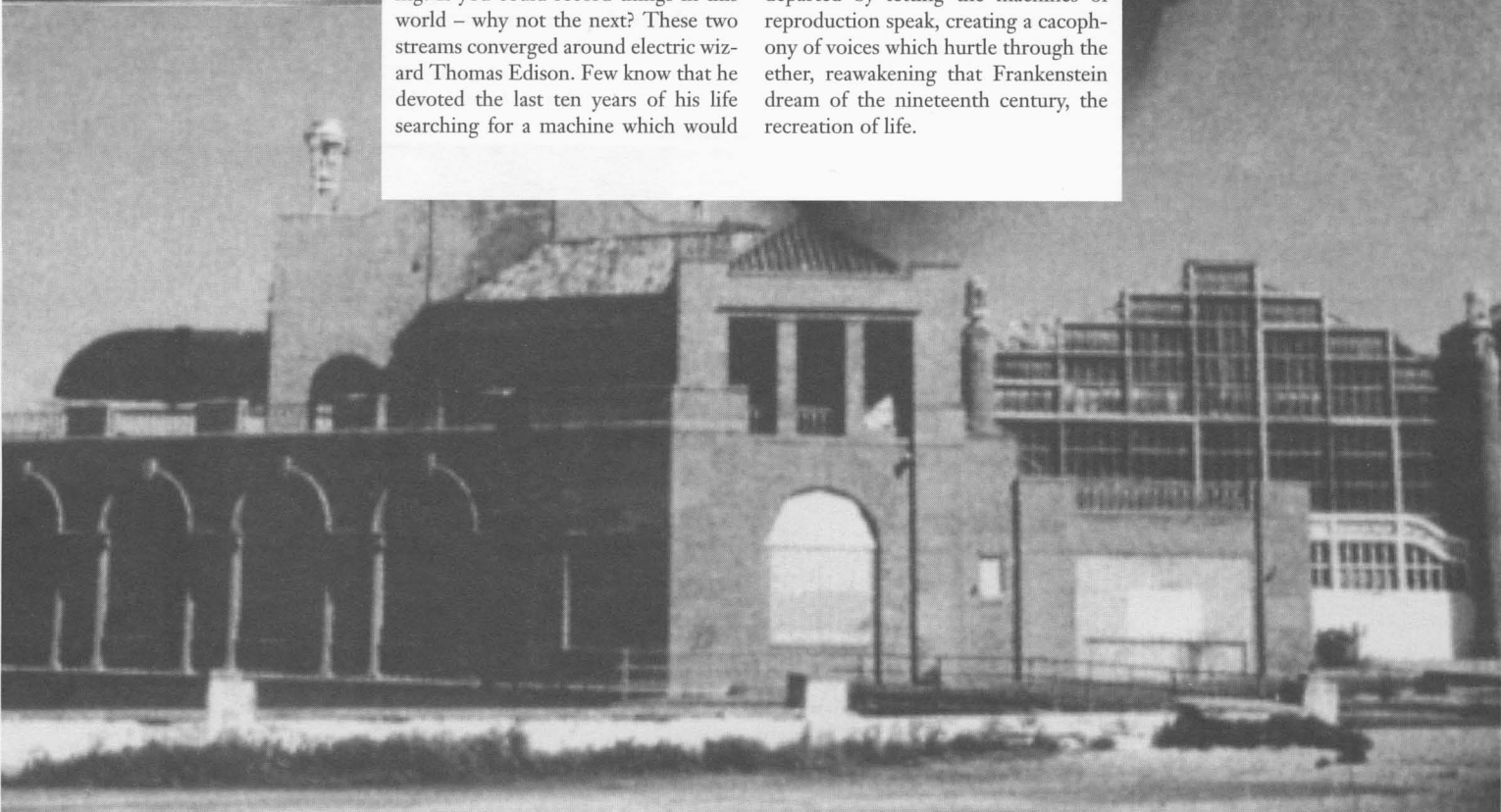
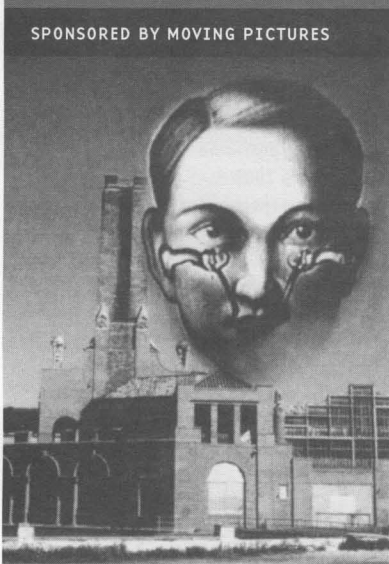
Zoe Beloff with live sound  
by Gen Ken Montgomery, USA  
Performance 60 minutes

The desire to cross frontiers has long been a dream of our culture, the greatest and most mysterious being the shadowy borderline between life and death itself. This exploration reached its boiling point a hundred years ago, driven by the spiritualist movement that promised its believers messages from beyond the grave. This was done in two ways: through folks known as mediums (living receivers) and new technologies of sound/picture recording. If you could record things in this world – why not the next? These two streams converged around electric wizard Thomas Edison. Few know that he devoted the last ten years of his life searching for a machine which would

communicate directly with the dead. A machine he named “A Mechanical Medium.”

### A Telephone Between Worlds

Proceedings open with a screening of a silent short from 1918: *Plastic Reconstruction of a Face, Red Cross Worker, Paris*. Then 3D slide-bursts show the once dreams of New Jersey’s abandoned carnival life, while a series of home movie moments are projected into the bends. Early science flicks work out Edison’s what-ifs on the reconstitution of the body after death. Sound conjures the spirits of the departed by letting the machines of reproduction speak, creating a cacophony of voices which hurtle through the ether, reawakening that Frankenstein dream of the nineteenth century, the recreation of life.





# THE HUNT



SPONSORED BY NFB

## UNSERE AFRIKAREISE

Peter Kubelka, USA

16mm 12 minutes 1966

"*Unsere Afrikareise* is about the richest, most articulate, and most compressed film I have ever seen. I have seen it four times and I am going to see it many, many times more, and the more I see it, the more I see in it. Kubelka's film is one of cinema's few masterpieces and a work of such great perfection that it forces one to re-evaluate everything that one knew about cinema. The incredible artistry of this man, his incredible patience. (He worked on *Unsere Afrikareise* for five years; the film is twelve minutes long.) His methods of working (he learned by heart fourteen hours of tapes and three hours of film, frame by frame), and the beauty of his accomplishment makes the rest of us look like amateurs." (Jonas Mekas)

## NUNAQPA (GOING INLAND)

Zacharias Kunuk, Canada

Video 58 minutes 1991

Life on the hunt follows a seal-skin-clad tribe as they venture into caribou country. Lensed with a rare grace and clarity, and set in an epic lunar-scape of featureless rock and forever horizons, this slow moving blood-rite ventures into an ancestral past in pursuit of ghosts and dinner. Winter forces the tribe into sod houses, while summer brings a nomadology of the heart, where the sum of the world may be fitted over one's shoulders, each step rooted in the soil of communion.

"This is not a documentary, for since the late 1950s the Inuit have generally not lived 'on the land' in small family groups, wearing handmade skin clothing, living by hunting alone. In the past forty years the Inuit have largely been brought into newly-established communities; they live in prefabricated houses and drive snowmobiles, wear clothing of wool and synthetic fibres,

do their shopping at the Hudson's Bay Company. *Nunaqpa*, like *Qaggiq* before it, is a recreation of a recent past that now exists only in memory... but it is a memory still alive for the elders of these communities. The lives depicted here are those lived by the actors' grandparents, who may perhaps be living still, and have the same names as their grandchildren." (Northern Lights' exhibition catalog, Canadian Embassy, Tokyo, 1992)

*In 1985 Canadian video artist Norman Cohn met Zacharias Kunuk, an Inuit video artist from Igloolik. This marked the beginning of a partnership and friendship that has produced internationally acclaimed work about the people of the North. In 1990 Cohn settled permanently in Igloolik and with Kunuk and Paulossie Qulitalik, co-founded Igloolik Isuma Productions Inc., Canada's first Inuit-owned independent video production company.*

*The tapes produced by Kunuk, Cohn, Qulitalik and the Isuma team of actors portray Inuit in the roles of their ancestors undertaking traditional activities. In 1988-89 they produced Qaggiq (Gathering Place), a 58-minute drama set in the 1930's. Nunaqpa (Going Inland), which followed in 1991, recreates the traditional summer hunt for caribou; and in 1993 Saputi (Fish Traps), which portrays the building of a stone weir to catch Arctic char during their seasonal migration up the coastal rivers. They have since completed production of Nunavut (Our Land), a series of thirteen half-hour programs for television that recreate life on the land in the Igloolik area in the years 1945-46. Nunavut marks the first time in any country that an aboriginal culture has produced a professional dramatic television series to tell its own story from its own point of view, to its own people and to audiences around the world.*



ALL STILLS: NUNAQPA (GOING INLAND)



# PUNISHMENT WHEN DESERVED IS LOVE

SPONSORED BY DESH PARDESH

## LITTLE FAGGOT

Steve Reinke, Canada  
Video 2.5 minutes 1993

A newborn reclines as a trio of bedside readers narrate a future of great height and low ideals. "I am a baby lying in the crib and my name is Little Faggot. I just lie here and nothing much happens. Occasionally someone bends over me and talks for a while. Just because I cannot keep my saliva contained within my mouth, just because my eyes tend to become unfocused and crossed, just because I seem to enjoy wallowing in my own shit and piss doesn't mean I don't understand their monologues. For I understand them with the innocence and purity of a newborn."

## SPEAK

Robert Todd, USA  
16mm 7.5 minutes 1997

Welcome to a land of giants, strange rites and garbled oaths. Todd strains moments of the everyday through a child's vision, looking on at family gatherings with wonder and terror

made palpable by a whip-like montage. A panoply of formal interventions including solarized, hand-processed negative, hand scratching, painted interludes and superimpositions all work to forge metaphors of vision.

## FRANCESCA WOODMAN

Kate Thomas, Canada  
Video 6 minutes 1990

In this haunting, lyric tale of obsession, artist Thomas takes on Woodman's birthday suit, plays un-dress up, and wraps herself in a coterie of shells and flowers. Woodman hit the bigs with her naked self portraits, though not before she'd offed herself at the age of 23. Her death adds a dark poignancy to this cross-current of identification, as Thomas offers her own body as memorial seance.

## DARLING INTERNATIONAL

M.M. Serra and Jennifer Reeves, USA  
16mm 22 minutes 1999

What do you get when you cross Queen Dom Serra (*L'Amour Fou*, *A Lot of Fun for the Evil One*) and babyface Reeves

(*Chronic*, *We Are Going Home*)? A butt-cracking, pussy-licking snatch fest is all. Resplendently photographed in slo-mo super-8, this travelogue of desire shows a city of women in heat. Set in noir New York, here is a story of a good girl gone bad, its cross-cutting interludes showing Serra as office avatar, and Reeves as a metalshop worker with a penchant for überfemme, after hours dress up. Is it any wonder she craves a little discipline now and then? Serra passes her charge onto another top, and stops to chat with Taylor Mead while they fall in lust. Just another night in the big city.

## BLUE TURNING GREY OVER YOU

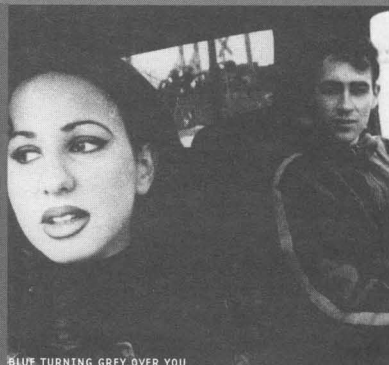
Ruba Nadda, Canada  
16mm 5 minutes 1999

The hardest working maker in the biz is back with this dramatic brief about unrequited love. Set in three acts, a trio of couples try to explain why they can't, they could never, not for now, no. Featuring luminous performances by Henrickson, Lambie, Trusty, Dinsmore and sis Laila. Nadda's minimalist decor and mise-en-scene lets the actors do the walking in this circle of departure.

## THE FRUIT OF THY WOMB

Barbara Albert, Austria  
16mm 27 minutes 1996

Austria delivers this deftly made drama about what else? The divide between body and soul. Told from the point of view of seven year old Natascha, dozens of scenes choreograph the blood rites of growing older as the public imaginaries of church and state rub up against the primal scene and schoolgirl sex. Its colour-soaked palette, rapid scene shifts and emotional candour mark its filmer as a rare talent. For any old enough to remember what it meant to be young.



BLUE TURNING GREY OVER YOU

DARLING INTERNATIONAL



DARLING INTERNATIONAL



FRANCESCA WOODMAN





# THE SEARCH FOR ART FAG 2000

CURATED BY ROY MITCHELL AND RM VAUGHAN

Cum watch eleven kinds of wonderful preen their way towards the crowning moment of ART FAG 2000. Celeb judges will guide us through a night of triumph and heartbreak. We'll screen the contestants' super-8 films, we'll ask them difficult arty questions and after a nail-biting evening of anticipation, we'll crown the winner at our blow-out closing night party. We've taken on the job of bringing you the glamour you missed so much in the twentieth century.



AT INNIS COLLEGE, 2 SUSSEX AVE CLOSING NIGHT PARTY TO FOLLOW

SPONSORED BY INSIDE OUT AND XTRA

## THE CONTESTANTS

**FRANCISCO ALVAREZ:** A former dancer, and currently involved in publicity, this contestant is involved with Inside Out, Moving Pictures Festival and Fashion Cares. He appears reserved and proper, but has been overheard in the men's room promising the judges more than just a drink for a favourable vote.

**AA BRONSON:** AA has chosen to come out of hiding and fight for a title similar to those he's held in the past. Once part of General Idea, he is no stranger to pageants, poodles and art. The others have their work cut out for them in competing with this one.

**CHRIS CHONG:** Chris thinks world peace can be achieved through cute guys on skateboards and art. His films have been screened all over the world, and although he's shy, he'd kill to win.

**KEITH COLE:** How does he do it? Involved in over 150 films he just keeps on getting better. Big girls rule okay? A self proclaimed Bear, Butch-Dom leather top who likes short shorts.

**ANDREW HARWOOD:** This contestant started campaigning for the Art Fag 2000 title in the mid-nineties. You'll probably recognize him from his frequent appearances in society columns. The beating heart of both Mercer Union and Zsa Zsa, he is the primo art fag in the West End.

**IAN JARVIS:** In his day job, this contestant handles stressed-out vidiots with the care of a dental hygienist. With Ian, we know backstage catfights will be kept to a minimum, and the only slapping sounds will be our lad re-loading the make-up. His video work has tackled such topical subjects as body piercing, hairdressers and bunnies.

**KELLY MCCRAY:** Born in the back of an art gallery, this contestant can spot a good piece of art in the middle of a snow-storm. He is one of the most affable people in Yorkville where he works. His red bicycle is the envy of the Mercedes crowd.

**WILL MONRO:** Fresh out of Art School, this contestant enjoys making things out of men's underwear, putting on make-up and listening to rock 'n' roll. Will believes queers should rock more and is responsible for queering up local rock dive, the El Mo, on one of the coldest nights this winter.

**ARIF NOORANI:** Arif has traveled the world and loved every minute, but realizes that Toronto is still the Fun Factory. A filmmaker, writer, and programmer, Arif believes that art and human rights make people more understanding and better dressed.

**BENNY NEMEROFKY RAMSAY:** This contestant has charmed his way into the hearts of many. He likes to draw, photograph and make film/video. His recent Cindy Sherman-inspired work

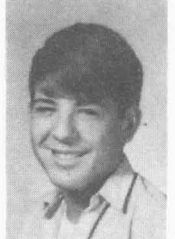
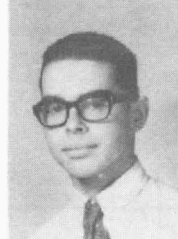
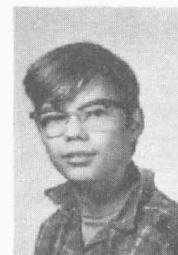
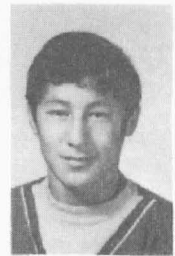
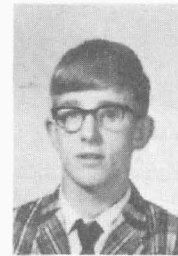
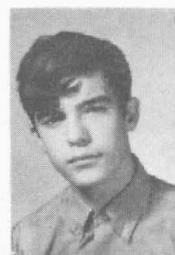
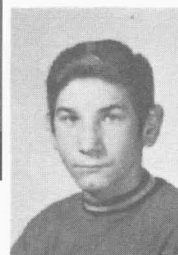
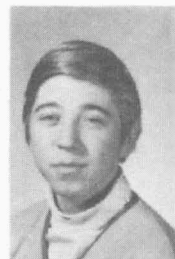
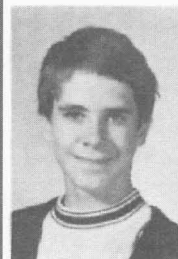
made Cindy jealous, but the poetry she heard on his out-going phone message melted her heart, and now she likes him too.

**JUNO YOUN:** This contestant's life is dictated by the Fashion of Tomorrow. While he might be the smartest dressed man in the bunch, Juno will still have to show that the art he creates is as beautiful as the shoes on his feet.

## YOUR EMCEES FOR THE NIGHT

**RM VAUGHAN:** Novelist, poet, journalist, filmmaker, and playwright. Mr. Vaughan has never had a "real" job in his life and intends to keep it that way.

**ROY MITCHELL:** Mr. Mitchell has started to dedicate his life to art in a film/video way. He gets a little nervous about most things, but his wit and fashion sense have got him out of more than one tight jam.



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# MOVIES

OPENINGS

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TORONTO'S COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE WEEK IN FILM

## Exercise your eyes at Images

By CAMERON BAILEY

**T**onight (Thursday, April 13, Innis College) when it strikes lucky 13, the 13th annual **Images Festival of Independent Film And Video** gears up to give all eyes a workout. What a day rave is to arms and legs, what your lover is to your tongue, Images is to peepers.

And it's all new school. This year, Calgary's **Kelly Langgard** takes over as the new honcho, and the inestimable **Mike Hoolboom** serves as artistic director. Hoolboom's fingerprints are all over this year's program, and that's only a good thing.

The selection reflects his taste for good scavengery and his sense of pure pleasure in images and sounds.

### Simple decisions

Then there are some startlingly simple decisions, like running an older piece if it fits the program. In the novelty economy of festivals, this may be Images' most radical move. It means we get to see everything from gems like **Nick Park's** still hilarious **Creature Comforts** (Thursday, April 13, 7 pm) to a taste of Armenian avant-gardist **Artavaz Pelechian**. His **The Seasons** screens Sunday (April 16) at 7 pm.

There's also room for **Peter Rose's** macho-sensitive masterpiece **The Man Who Could Not See Far Enough** (Saturday, April 15, 9 pm), from 1981. De-

signed in five parts, it's a structure-drunk reflection on the joys of looking.

In the eye-boggling third section, Rose frames a huge, vibrant blue sky. Crawling along at the very bottom of the frame — people. Heads and hands and cameras. Everything's pointing up at the sky. They're waiting for an eclipse.

Then it happens. Darkness rises, and blue bleeds into black. Rose then multiplies this frame into rows and rows, like bricks of light, and speeds up the movement so darkness and light pulse like mad. Later, he straps a camera to his body and climbs the Golden Gate Bridge. I

RATINGS	
NNNNN	Top 10 of the year
NNNN	Honorable mention
NNN	Entertaining
NN	Mediocre
N	Bomb
No rating — show not yet seen.	

### FILM WHEN • WHERE

**THE 13TH ANNUAL IMAGES FESTIVAL OF INDEPENDENT FILM AND VIDEO.** April 13-22, Innis College Town Hall (2 Sussex). \$7, stu \$5. 971-8405. [images@interlog.com](http://images@interlog.com). [www.interlog.com/~images](http://www.interlog.com/~images)

don't really do drugs, but **The Man Who Could Not See Far Enough** made me want to trip.

Rose's film would over-intoxicate at feature length, but a half-hour is just the perfect dose. And in this year's Images, it counts as one of the longer works.

The demands of putting programs of short tapes and films together have always been both a challenge for Images and a reason for its being. This year, on paper at least, it works.

Godard said that "a short film does not have time to think." Fine. Images' 10 days are filled with films and videos that bleed, come or eat their parents instead.

**Jeffrey Scher's Yours** (Sunday, April 16, 7 pm) is a sappy 40s musical, remade. Or wallpapered. Scher ravages the original film, racing a riot of wild, primary colours over the suffering emulsion. And a confession creeps in early on — Scher slips in a subliminal shot of Velveta.

**Naomi Uman's Removed** (Thursday, April 20, 7 pm) hijacks some



**TROUBLING TERROR:** Phoenix Tapes, part of the Images film festival, digs deep into Alfred Hitchcock's take on dread and desire.

**Tapes** (Friday, April 14, 9 pm), co-directed with **Christoph Giradet**.

Tapes mines the entire body of Alfred Hitchcock's films for a six-part excursion into dread and desire. In the first section, he erases what distance there was between Hitchcock and Antonioni. In another, he cuts together Hitchcock's killers and mothers.

If you think this stuff is easy, there's a place where you can edit your own version of the shower scene in *Psycho* ([www.saulbass.co.uk/psychostudio/](http://www.saulbass.co.uk/psychostudio/)). It's harder than it looks.

But Phoenix Tapes goes beyond compilation. It doesn't memorialize Hitchcock, like an awards-show montage might. Instead, it troubles the bones. It unsettles.

The whole thing ends with what Müller calls a Necrologue. He takes a single close-up of a woman waking and softly edits it into a drama of rising and falling between life and the dead of sleep. It's a technique that Müller's Austrian peer Martin Arnold has used to deconstructive effect in his *Andy Hardy* films.

But here, it's the definition of suspense, and the ultimate example of why Müller's work, even as it draws from other films, stands as wholly original art. Bottom line — Phoenix

at Images' ultra cool Web site ([www.interlog.com/~images](http://www.interlog.com/~images)), which even includes clips from five of the works in the festival.

The only big disappointment is **Marcelo Masagão's Here We Are Waiting For You** (Thursday, April 13, 9 pm). A collage of images from "the brief 20th century," it leaps through time with glossy abandon. In fact, its use of dissolving bits of archive footage, pithy captions and atmospheric music puts it just steps away from advertising. By the end, I felt like I'd just watched a brand launch for modernity.

### Bally collision

But ultimately, *Here We Are Waiting For You* lacks grace. And with a film like this, grace is what it needs most.

Over its 13 years, Images has grown from a ballys collision of film and video art, through the culture wars of the early 90s, and now into a riotous adolescence.

The thing has room for countless tapes, films, for art installations, chatfests, even book launches. A new issue of media arts journal *Felix* will debut during the festival, as well as a new volume by theory sensualist **Laura Marks**, and the book of **Lisa Steele** and **Kim Tomczak's The Blood Records**.

Even better, the catalogue itself this year is like a philosophy of cinema, or a mash note.

The whole show is what a friend of mine calls a staging. A staging for making meaning out of light. ●

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### CRITIC'S PICKS

- **Phoenix Tapes**, Matthias Müller and Christoph Giradet — April 14, 9 pm
- **Due North**, Ray Cowalchuck — April 14, 11 pm
- **The Man Who Could Not See Far Enough**, Peter Rose — April 15, 9 pm
- **A Trilogy**, Barbara Sternberg — April 16, 9 pm
- **Superhero**, Emily Breer — April 18, 9 pm
- **Video Ritual**, Kim Yun-tae — April 19, 7 pm
- **Work**, Kika Thorne — April 20, 7 pm
- **Industrial Bodies**, Khmasea Hoa Bristol — April 21, 7 pm

cheeseball porn shots and bleaches out the woman in each scene. It outs the power and control of commercial porn and cracks good jokes all at the same time.

In **Chemistries** (Tuesday, April 18, 9 pm), **Daven Gee** exposes his own found footage to "bodily fluids, seawater and dirt." Right on. Chemistries is proof of better living through science. Chemistry is why celluloid still rocks.

But the absolute master of archive footage at this year's Images is **Matthias Müller**, and his **Phoenix**

The Nathaniel Dett Chorale featuring the Joe Sealy Quartet

presents the Toronto premiere of Joe Sealy's

AND STILL WE SING

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