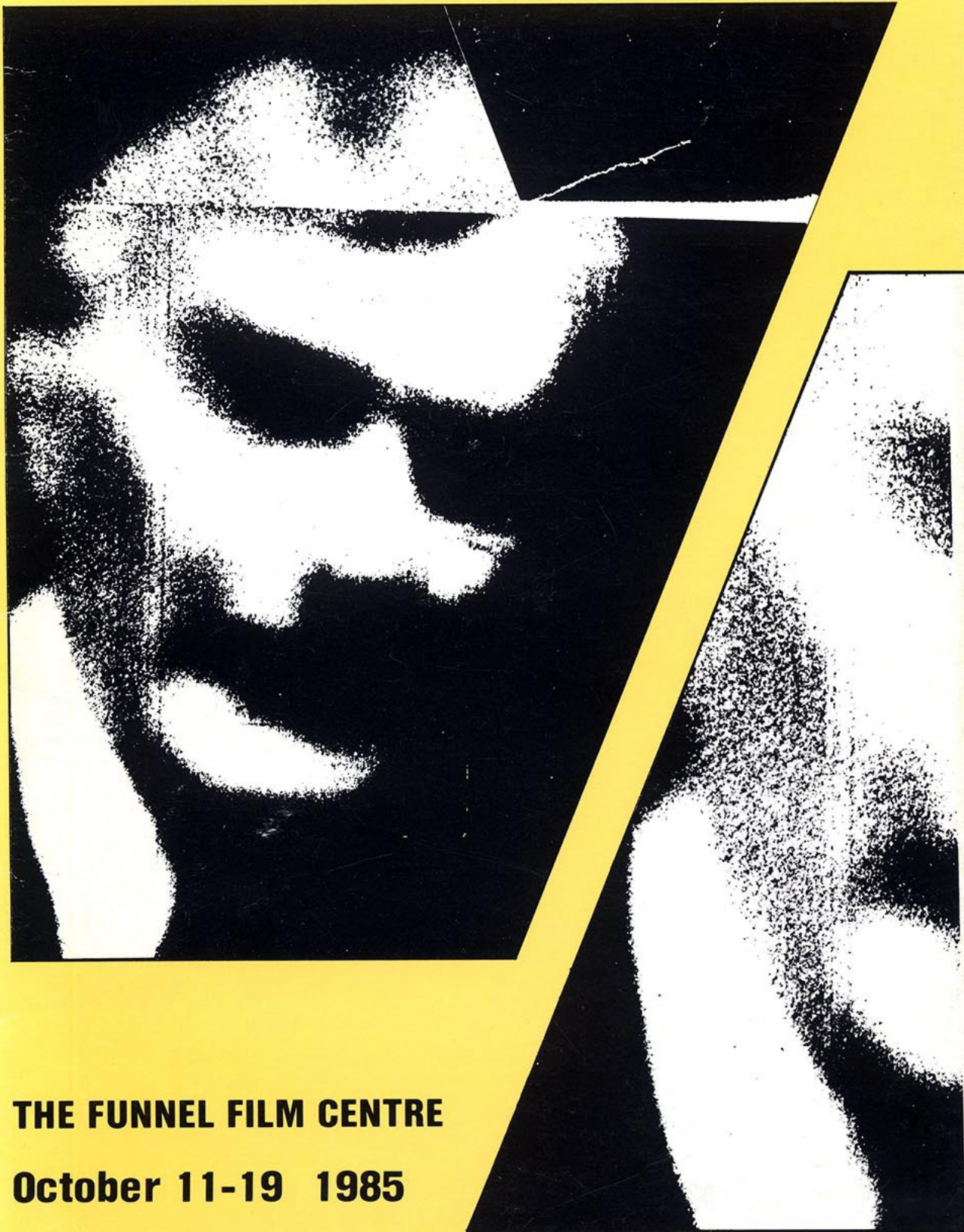


The **L**oved **O**nes



THE FUNNEL FILM CENTRE

October 11-19 1985

The Loved Ones **A FILM PROGRAM**

SCHEDULE

Program 1:

THE FILMS OF TOM CHOMONT

Ophelia, The Cat Lady, Phases of the Moon, Oblivion, Razor Head, Joe's Maison, Endymion, Love Objects, Minor Revisions, Untitled, Multiple Exposure (the artist will be present)

Friday, October 11, 8 pm

Program 2:

FUSES by Carolee Schneeman

SIGMUND FREUD'S DORA by Anthony McCall, Claire Pajaczkowska, Andrew Tyndall and Jane Weinstock

Saturday, October 12, 8 pm

Program 4:

STANDARD GAUGE by Morgan Fisher

BED-SITTERS by Franz Zwartjes

EATING by Franz Zwartjes

SPARE BEDROOM (home sweet home)

by Franz Zwartjes

Friday, October 18, 8 pm

Program 3:

ASPARAGUS by Susan Pitt

BABY GREEN by Ross McLaren

THRILLER by Sally Potter

Saturday, October 19, 7 and 9 pm

All screenings are at The Funnel, 507 King Street East,
Toronto 416-364-7003

INTRODUCTION

In the eight years of its existence, The Funnel has progressively developed expertise and recognition in all three areas of its activity: production, distribution and exhibition of artists' film. We have consistently stressed the importance of an integrated approach to these three aspects of film culture and believe that this is a major factor in our continued success as an artist-run centre.

Exhibition at The Funnel is a key component of our activities - both in terms of this integrated approach and as our contribution to a broader understanding of avant-garde film. The Funnel continues as the only permanent ongoing site for the exhibition of such work in Canada, offering a richly varied program of films by both emerging and established artists from Canada and around the world. In our last exhibition season, we expanded our programming by introducing a number of curated series, each of which was accompanied by a catalogue with program notes and critical essays. We saw this as an important contribution to the developing theoretical discourse around avant-garde film and as a means of documenting and disseminating this information.

Based on last year's success, we have invited Independent Curators to prepare series and critical essays for our current exhibition season. This year the curatorial strategies revolve around: the relations between theories and practices; the effects of dominant cultural codes on avant-garde production; and interactions between film and other media of artistic expression. We have also encouraged curators/writers to approach their critical writing experimentally, given that the subject of their curation is experimental film. The four series we will present this year address these matters in exciting and innovative ways.

The first series, *THE LOVED ONES*, curated and documented by Michael Hoolboom, is concerned with sexual imaging in avant-garde film and the related theories and practices. Hoolboom is a filmmaker whose work has been screened throughout Canada and whose current film projects have lead him to a consideration of sexual imaging which informs this series. His essay, as suggested by Samuel Delaney in his novel *Flight From Neveryon*, attempts to "break up, analyze, dialogize the conservative, the historically sedimented, letting the fragments argue with one another, letting each display its own obsolescence, suggesting (not stating) where still another retains the possibility of radical development."

The Funnel Programming Committee 1985/86

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THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING PENIS

BY MICHAEL HOOLBOOM

It's hard to say. It should start with the sound of waves, with a story set by the water, or better perhaps than showing water we could start with the water beneath the two of them. There's a park in the middle of the city where she used to work built up on a rise over the water reservoir... so although you can't see it, beneath the grass and trees and tank where the water goes to be cleaned, that's where they'll start, not on one side or the other, but somewhere in between."

"It's different for each of them, of course. Their meeting in the reservoir is for each a kind of a road not taken, an unfinished business that each will mistake for love. They can speak only of what they already know, that is, of themselves. This history is not so much a love story then, but the beginnings of a will to power, of writing."

"Providence has made the species depend on a process of coupling of the sexes, called fucking. It is performed by two organs, that of the male is familiarly and vulgarly called a prick, that of the female a cunt. Politely one is called a penis the other a pudenda. The prick, broadly speaking, is a long, fleshy, gristly pipe. The cunt is a fleshy, warm wet hole or tube. The prick is at times and in a particular manner thrust up into the cunt, and discharges a thick fluid into it, and that operation is called fucking. It is not a graceful operation - in fact it is not more elegant than pissing or shitting, and is more ridiculous, but is one giving the intensest pleasure to the parties operating together, and most people try to do as much of it as they can."

"She can walk outside, when she walks, only under lamplight, when the darkened shadows of a city asleep lie so much closer to her own obscurity. For her it is always the same question: where to begin? While every moment speaks to her in passing there is no one louder than any other. Every face that walks into her own seems borne up by its own history, stolid, immutable, certain of things she has long forbidden herself to speak. The faces of others are an impossibility for her. They are the face of history, or what history has left after it had its way, a wound that cannot help but desiring her, opening in her presence to reveal the sickly effusions of wealth, class and privilege. It is the vision of her own death she reads there, as the times of a story already told wait with her to be told again."

"In a primarily oral culture, the expression 'to look up something' is an empty phrase; it would have no conceivable meaning. Without writing, words as such have no visual presence, even when objects they represent are visual. They are sounds. You might 'call them back' - 'recall' them. But there is nowhere to 'look' for them. They have no focus and no trace (a visual metaphor showing dependency on writing), not even a trajectory. They are occurrences, events."

"Because she lacks a method, because she has no way of putting one thing next to another, because for her there are only differences without relation, she is without desire. She tells him, 'I want to want'."

"There is no way to stop sound and have sound... If I stop the movement of sound, I have nothing - only silence. All sensation takes place in time, but no other sensory field totally resists a holding action, stabilization, in quite this way."

"Her mouth is shaped to a round, it is the site of water, history and becoming. In her mouth language becomes a brand not for exposition but for ecstasy. Her desire is so perfectly met because it is so imperfectly founded. Her sentence does not seem so much to leave her but to fashion her in its own shape. They all have this to say about her: that language becomes her, that there is nothing between the two, that she is profligate, indiscreet, in a word, open. She is the red margin of language, parting to reveal her essential relation, that here is a sphinx that poses questions after answers. There is no right to refusal here, only an endless departing submission. On her mirror she writes, 'Show me'."

"Print encourages a sense of closure. By isolating thought on a written surface writing presents utterance and thought as uninvolved with all else, somehow self-contained, complete... Print makes for tightly closed verbal art forms, especially in narrative... Print culture gave birth to the romantic notions of 'originality' and 'creativity', which set apart an individual work from other works even more, seeing its origin and meaning as independent of outside influence."

"For him, it is completely on the other side. He already has a story, he reads it in the newspaper and recognizes it immediately. So while their story together is just beginning, is always moving back to their first words together, this is exactly what is impossible to say. For him it is different. He reads it in the newspaper. For him it always begins in the same place. The reservoir is a word to which he can't help returning, he finds his own waiting for him there."

"When I was twelve my mother, sister and I visited my grandparents in the village where they lived, formerly 'the oil capital of the world' (as a tattered banner over the main street proclaimed) but by then virtually a ghost town (the wells had run dry). My grandmother let me bunk with my grandfather and he and I made passionate, unending love all night. So far so good, but in the morning I heard him in the living room telling the others, "That Eric is such a sweet boy, we just hugged and kissed all night long". My grandmother cooed with affection, "Well, isn't he the sweetest thang," but my mother and sister subsided into ominous silence. I slid out of bed and turned on the gas burner in the corner without lighting it; it was one of those free-standing grills, blue flames reddening bone-coloured asbestos, fed by a hose out of the door. Though I intended to kill myself I chickened out, turned off the tap and at last crept sheepishly into the living room. My mother was clearly alarmed, my sister derisive, but my grandparents beamed at me with all the charity in their innocent hearts. So gay love must have been in the eighteenth century. Other Texas boys have told me their own tales of gay idylls on farms and in small towns where general ignorance assured them personal immunity. I do not want to romanticize rural life, nor do I long for a return to Arcadia. I am simply suggesting that in the old Texas what could not be named was unknowingly tolerated... "

"I have nightmares every night", the woman said. "Now I've got it in my head to find out who those unknown people are whom one meets in one's dreams."
She plugged in the fan. "Last week a woman appeared at the head of my bed", she said. "I managed to ask her who she was and she replied 'I am the woman who died in this room twelve years ago'.
"But that house was built barely two years ago", the colonel said.
"That's right", the woman said. "That means that even the dead make mistakes."

"The nineteenth century homosexual became a case history, and a childhood, in addition to being a type of life, a class and category, with an indiscreet anatomy and a mysterious chemistry. Nothing that went into his composition was unaffected by his sexuality. The sodomite had been the quietest sort of diversion, the homosexual was now a species."

"Eric doesn't come by so much anymore, and when he does it's not the same, that's all. When he talks he leaves his language heaping on the floor until I can hardly find my way to the bathroom for the words. We don't see each other anymore, we just talk. There's someone else now, I don't know, we're not really seeing each other, in fact we've hardly met. I went down to the water park Sunday wandering through the trails when I saw him looking up over the treeline. He came by to say hello and we talked. That's all."

"I think he spends his life up there in the water reservoir selling himself to the men who walk behind the shade, you can see them when the light goes, smoking on the trails waiting for their turn. He has known them all there, and for them, he is the solitary image of their sex. His mouth and memory are finally for them. He comes not because of the money but because he must. His writing is here, the rest of him is waiting."

"Central to his appeal is the appearance of inhabiting his flesh with complete ease and confidence, with a fullness and freedom from ambivalence rarely available to his customers. Because he is just a body, because he never under any circumstances allows himself to be involved in any apparent denial of that body - in the strategies of, say, effeminacy - he is taken to be intensely virile. Because he is all body, he is taken to be all man."

"He seems to embody the impenetrable mystery of how he has given his body permission to be itself. He for his part refuses to acknowledge his divided experience... in fact, his wholeness, the confirmation of his own flesh, transforms the impulses of self resolution into a sexuality defined by an incessant, almost helpless act of giving, putting out. He seems to embody the mystery of self possession, a mystery he then proceeds to violate. But there is no mystery. He has gained that permission by allowing the body to be itself so long as it is never allowed to be for itself. His being, his body is for others."

"Later, when they return to their homes, they secretly preserve him in his place, just as the princes of the pope, the emperor or the king gloried in having been, a thousand years before, simple soldiers in a heroic band. For himself, he reserves only the right of betrayal, that he could lie across a stranger's lap and rehearse all of their cruel impressions, the final muttered words before becoming. If his eye is given over to the sight of strangers then his mouth is for me. He wants to take me to the cliffs of Acapulco where the young boys dive for the tourists. His sister passed away, I don't know so much about it. I have to go there now to see him. Joseph? Good-bye."

"There is no mother tongue, but a seizure of power by a dominant language within a political multiplicity. Language stabilises around a parish, a diocese, a capital."

"We only met after that in the reservoir, she'd just finished with a man, Eric. I was standing on the downslope side, I like to wait there sometimes just out of sight of the walkway and strollers. There's some people I know there, they know where I am, and she found me before that, just kind of bumped into each other there."

"She spoke in a breathless kind of triumph, in a voice already intimate with desire, with bodies, the body of language and the body of the speaker. Between body and language. The voice belongs to the body, is produced by it. It is one of those emissions of the body which play such an important part in the structures of desire and fantasy. It is the product of an underground operation which, once it has fallen out, becomes an object distinct from the body, without its qualities of sensitivity, reaction and excitability, and which acquires a value which interests the desire of the other."

"I'd lost my sex so late, not until nineteen or twenty, and when it was finally there for me, for her, it was in a kind of unasking, washed over first love together. Being completely ignorant of how things could go wrong, they simply didn't, at least not in those first years. We both tried so goddamned hard that it was never less than a shared becoming, in a movement aimed not so much at resolution or definition... not an outline of definitive terms but the stalking of the multiple, the tracing of difference, an otherness that became us both."

"It was after that came apart when it all became different for me... nights spent with a simple desire resting quiet between the knees as an object separate now somehow, distinguished from the rest. That's when I began to talk it over with others, imagining that conversation too was a kind of intercourse. And in the coming to write about it, this thing, this sex seems hardly separate from anything around it. It's there in the way we sit to shit or sleep or make our way downtown; the point at which our sex left off and the rest began became impossible to say. So I began to find my body of writing, a writing of the body."

"The Bible they translated calls it 'knowing', while the Stuarts called it 'dying'; the Victorians called it 'spending' and we call it 'coming'; a hard look at the horizon of our literary culture suggests that it will not be long before we come to a new word for orgasm proper - we shall call it 'being'."

"I am not speaking of the majority of gays; they, like straights, want a lover, a house, a stable life. I'm speaking here of a style that a new permissiveness has made possible. There is no reason desire cannot be ambiguous, fertile, fragmented, ubiquitous and bisexual. In this light we might learn the overheard fantasy at the baths as a voice of decoding, the simultaneous playback and erasure of the unconscious. Two strangers meet. The divisions between them, between fantasy and reality, are weakened by the building's banishment of time, seasons, weather and everyday responsibilities (there is no view of the outside streets and the only clock is in the front office). Our inhibitions are lowered by the fiction that here, in this place and for the space of this encounter, we can act freely (that is, compulsively). The ordinary social restraints have been lifted, including the need to behave in accordance with one's already established social personality. In this freedom one may speak in tongues. The writing of desire, the naming of the parts of the body and their place in fantasy exposes what has created our culture's particular vision of desire in the first place: words."

"Our life as a species extends some 50,000 years into the past. Writing began only with the Sumerians around 3500 B.C. We might say, if writing were a story to be told, that this writing begins with a calling that is both vocation and invocation. It is both a course to be followed and a rule to be applied. Between a context bound meaning and a boundless context there is a word wanting place, a sentence to be applied, a story to be told. This story is a calling between bodies read and written, the site of reproduction. Mass production also produces the mass, the quantity of its intentions, the sum of its dispositions, we could say it reproduces itself in all of the bodies that hope to engage it."

"The Nigerian novelist Chinna Achebe describes how in an Ibo village the one man who knew how to read hoarded in his house every bit of printed material that came his way - newspapers, cartoons, receipts. It all seemed too remarkable to throw away."

"If writing can be said to begin with a calling, with some inborn need for expression, then this vocation is also a call for submissions, a hierarchy of place that applies itself to its submitting subject, supine now between the lines of a word twice turned. Here is the calling of a life raised to monologue, caught up in a difference that will not depart from the yes and knowing wiles of its own manufacture, imagining that somewhere between a mind and its method there is a word waiting, that life could be the same as this. It is a story intent to remake its subject in its own image, not content to be simply understood, but attempting always to become."

"Player: Generally speaking, things have gone about as far as they can possibly go when things have got about as bad as they can reasonably get.

Guil: Who decides?

Player: Decides? It is written. Now if you're going to be subtle we'll miss each other in the dark. I'm referring to oral tradition. So to speak. We're tragedians, you see. We follow directions - there is no choice involved. The bad end unhappily, the good unluckily. That is what tragedy means. (Calling) Positions!"

"When they named some object, and accordingly moved toward something, I saw this and grasped that the thing was called by the sound they uttered when they meant to point it out. Their intention was shown through the movements of the body: the expression of the face, the play of the eyes and the tone of voice which expresses our state of mind in seeing. Thus, as I heard the words repeatedly used in their proper place in various sentences, I gradually learnt to understand what objects they signified, and after I trained my mouth to form these signs, I used them to express my own desires."

"Widya is an Indonesian art student of twenty five, a classic beauty with a brilliant smile. For a long time, she writes, 'I am dreaming to have baby from American gentleman... About his age, etc. no problem for me.' Betty from the Phillipines is twenty nine, with lively intelligent looks. She wants a mate from this side of the Pacific, 'about forty to fifty.' She adds: 'I'm not hard to please. I enjoy the home life and fulfilling the needs of my intended mate. I make no demands except he love me'."

"These are just two of the thousands of educated, attractive, eager Oriental women competing for a booming business in the United States and Canada: mail order Asian brides for white men. Betty and Widya are among 270 women who smile from the latest pages of the leading catalogue, a bi-monthly called Cherry Blossoms, produced by a Harvard educated former sociology professor, John Broussard, 56, and his wife, a Berkely graduate, Kelly Pomeroy, 41. Cherry Blossoms has pictures of women aged 15 to 55 from a dozen Asian nations with a short self description or declaration. Another list gives their addresses. It is not just another international penpal club for those seeking friendship but a matrimonial marketplace where the business is one way only. Correspondence usually continues for months, with prospective partners exchanging frank details about themselves. Women's inordinate capacity did not evolve for monogamous, sedentary cultures. Neither men nor women, but especially not women, are biologically built for the single spouse, monogamous marital structure, or for the prolonged adolescence which our society imposes."

"With 1,000 men writing to him every month, Mr. Broussard has watched his business increase five fold in less than three years. He says the letters show a deep dissatisfaction with U.S. women. Even among younger men - and his best source of customers is, astonishingly, Rolling Stone magazine - he finds a clear 'fear and resentment' of the women's movement. They are not necessarily just male chauvinist pigs, he says. 'They have simple old fashioned ideas about women. They want them to be home loving, caring, submissive without being servile. They often want a virgin, an almost extinct species in America these days.' He added that his men customers may have badly misunderstood feminism 'but that's the way they feel. They are really turned off by their own women, so they are going elsewhere'."

"In this category is Bob, an overweight retired navy officer with a law degree living in California. He is 55 and his closest friends would not call him good looking. he divorced in 1971, dated scores of U.S. women, then wrote to 90 Asians. He corresponded with Lulu of the Phillipines, a teacher of 31, of average looks and about half his size. They married a year ago and seem to be quite happy. She had said: 'I don't care how a guy looks as long as he is presentable and clean.' Lulu is certainly impressed with Bob's cleanliness - 'it's the navy training', she says. Bob was not impressed with U.S. women: 'A lot smoked', he said. 'Then I remember eating breakfast at one woman's house and she asked if I wanted some butter on my toast. When I said I did she told me it was in the fridge - go get it - that's typical'."

"He summed up his experiences of women with a little essay on how to distinguish the six major types of cunt: clean cut, straight cut with stripes, lipped with flappers, skinny lipped, full lipped and pouters." " Medical knowledge opens up to investigation a domain in which each fact, observed, isolated, then compared with a set of facts, could take its place in a whole series of events. The eyes of science refer individual actions to a whole that is at once a field of comparison, a space of differences, and the principle of a rule to be followed. They trace the limit that will define the difference in relation to all other differences, the external frontiers of the abnormal."

"U.S. women may not miss Bob very much, although he seems kind and attentive to Lulu. Other satisfied customers of Cherry Blossoms seem to be quite eligible North American men. Many are professional or white collar earners of good salaries (with a Canadian emphasis on lonely engineers in Alberta and British Columbia). But many have unhappy liaisons with their countrywomen behind them. Their misty eyed fascination with 'exotic' Orientals is not new, of course. Their determination to seek them out may be. While Asian women are culturally acclimatized to marriage arranged on a business like basis, the North American man certainly is not. He has been exposed to a romantic ideal now disappearing in the West."

"Late one night Bob and his friend Fillmore pick up two whores and bring them back to his room. As they all undress and he becomes lost in thought, one of the whores wraps her thighs around his head and he finds himself staring at her vagina. She had shaved herself clean, not a speck of hair on it, and after a lifetime of hunting he suddenly discovered that he was repelled by a woman's vagina. It appeared to him like a dead clam or a world reduced to zero. You get all burned up about nothing, about a crack with hair on it, or without hair. He must have studied it for ten minutes or more. When you look at it that way, sort of detached like, you get a funny kind of feeling. All that mystery about sex and then you discover that it's nothing - just a blank."

"Seeing and sounding are different. Seeing is analytical and reflective. Sounding is active and generative. One might say that everything in the world was created by sound and analyzed by vision. God spoke first and saw that it was good second. Among the creators, sounding always precedes seeing, just as among the created, hearing precedes vision. It was that way with the first creatures on earth and still is among the newly born. Thus auditory space is more primal than visual space. We are always at the centre of auditory space, listening out with the ear. Visual orientation faces forward; but aural orientation is centred. If I wish to change the world, I must become visionary. But if I wish the world to change me, I must learn to listen."

"Statistics deal with the world of quantities that is presumed to be silent. Philosophy deals with a phenomenal world that is presumed to be silent. Even religion deals with a God who has become silent. In the Western world the eye has become the referent for all sensory experience. The glance has simply to exercise its right of origin over truth; for us, seeing is believing. Our senses do not copy reality, they symbolize it. All major themes of science and mathematics developed in the West are silent: the space-time continuum of relativity, the atomic structure of matter, the wave corpuscular theory of light. And the instruments developed for their study are silent likewise: the telescope, the microscope, the equation, the graph, the number and the camera."

"I always prefer to work in the studio. It isolates people from their environment. They become in a sense... symbolic of themselves. I often feel that people come to me to be photographed as they would to a doctor or a fortune teller - to find out how they are. So they're dependent on me. I have to engage them. Otherwise there's nothing to photograph. The concentration has to come from me and involve them. Sometimes the force of it grows so strong that sound in the studio goes unheard. Time stops. We share a brief, intense intimacy. But it's unearned. It has no past... no future. And when the sitting is over, when the picture is done, there's nothing left except the photograph... the photograph and a kind of embarrassment. They leave... and I don't know them. I've hardly heard what they've said. If I meet them a week later in a room somewhere I expect they won't recognize me. Because I don't feel I was really there. At least the part of me that was... is now in the photograph. And the photographs have a reality for me the people don't. It's through the photographs that I know them. Maybe it's in the nature of being a photographer. I'm never really implicated. I don't have any real knowledge. It's all a question of recognitions."

"It would not be wrong to speak of people having a compulsion to photograph, to turn experience itself into a way of seeing. Ultimately, having an experience becomes identical with taking a picture of it. As people quickly discovered that nobody takes the same picture of the same thing, the notion that cameras furnish an impersonal objective image yielded to the fact that photographs are evidence not only of what's there but of what an individual sees, not just a record, but an evaluation of the world."

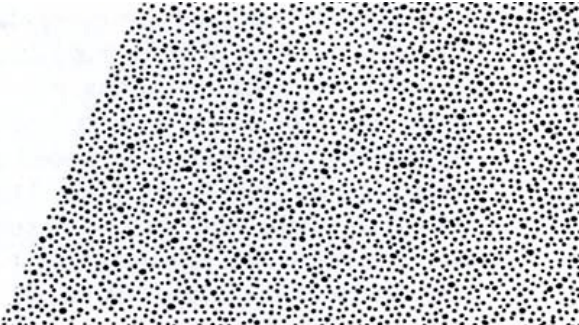
"This camera, I take with me everywhere now... I took it last night into East Berlin. I was, from the very entrance, in a state of terror that I had not imagined existed before. Finally the tension mounted till I felt compelled to take an image, which is the only time I do work, when that compulsion or need arises directly from something in living. I had nothing to work with but empty streets and a few lights, and as I worked with these, with a fast speed colour film, I tried to make an impression of my feelings just from those lights as I was there, inside. I have always taken seeing to be anything that comes to me in the form of an image, whether it be closed eye vision, the dots and shapes that come when the eyes are closed, memory, the remembering of images or ingathering of light in the immediacy of the eyes opening. I took the images as I could, I've trained myself to hold this camera so that it will reflect the trembling of the feeling of any part of the body; so that it's an extension, so that my body and the body of the camera become a thing together to ingather the light... "

"The history of the arts is a history of choice, deciding which objects in our world of objects are worthy of attention. No one saw as much of the variety and subtlety of the human face before the movies. This history, with its standards of worth and worthiness, is interested first of all in directing attention, in appropriating for itself the qualities of attention. This would make a nice picture. When we place a value on what we see we allow our history to speak through us, to say in our place, here is a good thing, and there an exhibition of a quality that is merely indifferent. A modernist would have to rewrite Pater's dictum that all arts aspire to the condition of music. Today, all arts aspire to the condition of photography."

"In the art of the past the deformations of the human figure were ritual; today they are aesthetic and psychological: the aggressive rationalism of Cubism and the no less aggressive emotionality of Expressionism are witness to a subjectivity taking its revenge. The passage from religion to philosophy and from aesthetics to politics was the beginning of the disincarnation of the body. The 120 Days of Sodom is a treatise on Revolutionary philosophy, not a manual of sexual good manners such as the Kama Sutra or a guide to illumination such as the Hevajra Tantra. The ancients knew of the practices that Sade describes so what was really new was not recording their existence but transforming them into opinions: they ceased to be abominations or sacred rites, depending on the civilization, and became ideas. The new phenomena is not eroticism but the supremacy of politics."

"Faced with the awesome spread and alienness of a newly settled continent, people wielded cameras as a way of taking possession of places they visited. Kodak put signs at the entrances of many towns listing what to photograph. Signs marked the places in national parks where visitors could stand with their cameras. What is beautiful became just what the eye can't see: that fracturing, dislocating vision that only the camera supplies. If images did not exist it would be necessary to invent them."

"The man, bold and vigorous, is qualified for being a protector; the woman, delicate and timid, requires protection. Hence it is that man never admires a woman for possessing bodily strength or personal courage; and women always despise men who are totally destitute of these qualities. The man, as protector, is directed by nature to govern; the woman conscious of her inferiority is disposed to obey. Their intellectual powers correspond to the destination of nature. Men have solid judgement which suit them to governing, women have sufficient understanding to make a decent figure under a good government; a greater portion would excite dangerous rivalry between the sexes, which nature has avoided by giving them different talents. Women have more imagination and sensibility than men, which make all their enjoyments more exquisite; at the same time they are better qualified to communicate enjoyment. The gentle members of the female sex tend to soften the roughness of the other sex; but wherever women are indulged with any freedom, they perish sooner than men."



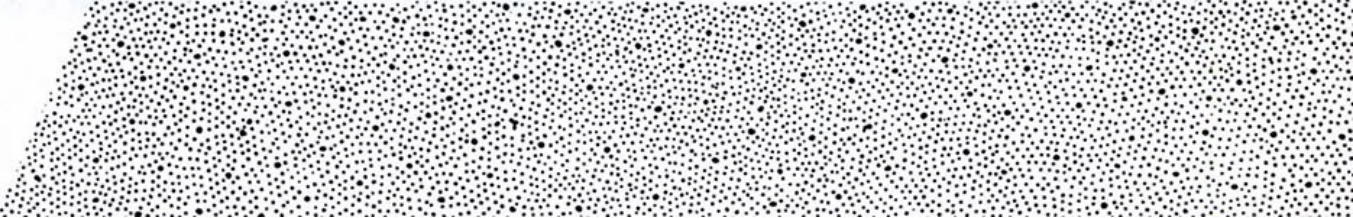
"Every day the urge grows stronger to get hold of an object at very close range by way of its likeness, its reproduction. In teaching us a new visual code, photographs alter and enlarge our notion of what is worth looking at and what we have a right to observe. They are a grammar, and even more importantly, an ethics of seeing. Retrospectively, it may prove necessary to concede to the period of mass marketing the creation of a means of a new world order in beauty as well as commodities. In the past a discontent with reality expressed itself as a longing for another world. Today this discontent expresses itself by the longing to reproduce this one. Our age prefers the image to the thing, the copy to the original, the representation to the reality, appearance to being. Freed from the necessity of having to make narrow choices (as painters did) about what images were worth contemplating, because of the speed with which cameras record anything, photographers make seeing into a new kind of project: as if seeing itself, pursued with sufficient avidity and single mindedness, could reconcile the claims of truth and the need to find the world beautiful."

"The subject being tested is shown a series of cards bearing the portraits of people and is asked to pick out of them the one person she would most like to sit beside if she were on a train trip, and the person pictured that she would least like to sit beside. What she is not told is that the people shown on the cards are all thoroughly disordered. Each suffers severely from one of eight psychiatric disorders (sadist, hysterical, catatonic, paranoid, manic depressive). It is assumed that we will sense a rapport with some more than others, and that in choosing a riding companion we will choose the person suffering acutely from the same emotional state that affects us mildly."

"Yesterday the twenty eight year old woman attracted a mostly male, mostly young crowd at a cigar store in the Toronto Dominion centre where she signed photographs of her fully clothed self. Several women were also lined up to get photographs for their boyfriends and husbands. Ann Morgan, 27, of Etobicoke, said she felt that 'pin up girls are very attractive, and they give me an incentive to look good and feel good'."

"Cameras miniaturize experience, turning history into spectacle. In the eighteenth century the order of individuals in education is by rank or row, a rank assigned to each pupil at the end of each task and each examination, that he obtains from week to weekend, from commencement to graduation, from classlist to class. Instead of bending all its subjects into a single, uniform site it separates, analyzes and distinguishes, training the useless multiple of students and schooling into regular intervals that may be measured and marked. Schools and poorhouses extended the life of the monastic communities to which they were often attached. Its three great methods: to establish rhythms, detail duties and regulate the cycles of repetition, were soon to be found in schools, workhouses, prisons, asylums and hospitals."

"We do not seek sexual freedom in the name of the body, which is not a subject with rights; we change it into a political entity. In the West eroticism has been intellectual and revolutionary since the eighteenth century. The libertine philosophers were primarily atheists and materialists, and only secondarily sensualists and hedonists. Their erotic philosophy was a consequence of their materialism and their atheism - a part of their polemic against the repressive powers of church and monarchy."



"The final aim of the camera is not only to slow down, dissect and control a process of motion but ultimately to bring that process to a halt, to transform each phase of that process into an infinite present. The camera directs attention to the stop motion gesture, teaching us how to recognize and ultimately expect human behaviour to present itself in a succession of decisive moments and graduated ambitions."

"On Wednesday evening English television broadcast for the first time a live transmission at a psychotherapist's. In the first part of a new series called 'Psy-Show' viewers saw a couple that had been married for fifteen years discussing their sexual problems with psychoanalyst Serge LeClaire. The couple talked about their problems openly and in detail during this one and a half hour broadcast."

"John lived in her building but in a different apartment. One day, when I was going to see my girlfriend, I bumped into him in the elevator. I wanted to get out on the fifth floor where she lived, but she said she wouldn't be home yet; he had just talked to her on the phone. He suggested I go up to his apartment on the ninth floor and wait for her there. I hesitated because I didn't like the way he was looking at me. But then I thought, hell, he was always looking at me like that, and maybe that was the reason I didn't like him. Do you know what I mean? I thought he may be okay, and if I didn't like him it was only because he was attracted to me when I wasn't attracted to him which wasn't his fault. I can't explain it any better."

"It is spaces that provide fixed positions and permit circulation, they carve out individual segments and establish operational links; they mark places and indicate value; they guarantee the obedience of individuals but also a better economy of time and gesture. It was a question of organizing the multiple, of providing oneself with an instrument to cover it and master it, of imposing on it an order."

"Anyway, I went to his apartment. The truth is, I kind of hated myself for doing it, because I knew my friend Jennifer wouldn't understand it. She was, you know, very jealous when he was with other girls. Search me why, because he was just a jock, with a big, ruddy face, and she was a very intelligent girl and could have done a lot better. We were really good friends, but she was always jealous of me, maybe because she was kind of flat chested, and we were both doing commercials but I was getting a lot more work."

"I knew what she would have said. She would have said to me, 'Well, if I was late, couldn't you have gone and done some shopping?' Because she wouldn't have liked me to wait for her in his place at all. Well, there wasn't much waiting involved, I can tell you. He didn't even bother shutting the door properly. As soon as I stepped into the hallway he was all over me. Of course I objected, what do you think? I said to him not once but several times, I said: Come on, behave yourself! I said, What would Jennifer say? But it was as if he didn't hear me at all, he was just grabbing and clambering and sprouting more arms than an octopus."

"The act of reaching for a lighter or a spoon is familiar routine, yet we hardly know what really goes on between hand and metal. Here the camera intervenes with the resources of its lowerings and liftings, its interruptions and isolations, its extensions and accelerations, its enlargements and reductions. The camera introduces us to unconscious optics as does psychoanalysis to unconscious impulses."

"No, I didn't exactly scream. I wasn't going to create a scandal in my girlfriend's building. She would never have understood it. I mean, she might have been very mad at him, but she would have been much madder at me for going into his apartment in the first place. She would have said it was my fault, and she was my closest friend."

"So what did I do? Nothing. I did nothing. I certainly did not co-operate with him, if that's what you mean. I just stood there at first, and then I just lay there, and I thought that's really stupid, I'm being raped. All along, I had no other thought in my mind. Was I afraid? You mean of him hurting me or killing me if I made a fuss? I don't know. That question didn't even come up. I was too busy being terrified Jennifer would never talk to me again. I'd never, never, never have gone to his place if I'd thought that he'd do to me what he did. I mean sure, I knew he had been looking at me, but alot of guys look at you without trying to rape you right away."

"Order is, at one and the same time, that which is given in things as their inner law, the hidden network that determines the way they confront one another, and also that which has no existence except in the grid created by a glance, an examination, a language, and it is only in the blank spaces of this grid that order manifests itself in depth as though already there, waiting in silence for the moment of its expression."

"Then what happened? Nothing. I took a shower, and went to see Jennifer. Didn't tell her I was coming from his place, of course. The fact is, I was more worried that he might be sick enough to tell her, though I had asked him not to. But he didn't, not even when they split up a few months later. In that sense he'd turned out to be okay, a gentleman, I suppose, except that he'd raped me."



SIGHTINGS (listing by paragraph)

- 1 Michael Hoolboom
- 2 Michael Hoolboom
- 3 *My Secret Life* by anonymous New York: Grove Press, 1966.
- 4 Michael Hoolboom
- 5 *Orality and Literacy* by Walter Ong London: Methuen, 1982.
- 6 Michael Hoolboom
- 7 *Orality and Literacy* by Walter Ong London: Methuen, 1982.
- 8 Michael Hoolboom
- 9 Michael Hoolboom
- 10 Michael Hoolboom
- 11 *States of Desire* by Edmund White New York: EP Dutton, 1980.
- 12 *No One Writes to the Colonel* by Gabriel Garcia Marquez New York: Harper and Row, 1968.
- 13 *Sade/Fourier/Loyola* by Roland Barthes New York: Hill and Wang, 1976.
- 14 Michael Hoolboom
- 15 Michael Hoolboom
- 16 *Stargazer* by Stephen Koch London: Calder and Boyars, 1974.
- 17 Ibid
- 18 Michael Hoolboom
- 19 *On the Line* by Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari New York: Semiotexte, 1983.
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- 27 *Orality and Literacy* by Walter Ong London: Methuen, 1982.
- 28 Michael Hoolboom
- 29 *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead* by Tom Stoppard London: Faber and Faber, 1967.
- 30 *Confessions* by Augustine New York: Penguin Books, 1961.
- 31 *Men of the West Re-Discovering Mail Order Brides* by Christopher Reed *Globe & Mail* Oct.1, 1981.
- 32 Ibid. and *The Nature and Evolution of Female Sexuality* by Mary Jane Shirley
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- 36 *Men of the West Re-Discovering Mail Order Brides* by Christopher Reed *Globe & Mail* Oct.1, 1981.
- 37 *Tropic of Capricorn* by Henry Miller New York: Grove Press. 1961.
- 38 *I Have Never Seen a Sound* By R. Murray Schafer (record sleeve)
- 39 Ibid.
- 40 *Richard Avedon in On Photography* by Susan Sontag New York: Farrar, Strauss and Giroux, 1977.
- 41 *On Photography* by Susan Sontag New York: Farrar, Strauss and Giroux, 1977.
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- 46 Encyclopedia Britannica 1842 edition
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- 48 Mnemonic Psychology by John Hendricks New York: Grove Press, 1965.
- 49 Toronto Star August 19, 1983.
- 50 Discipline and Punish by Michel Foucault New York: Random House, 1979.
- 51 Conjunctions and Disjunctions by Octavio Paz New York: Viking Press, 1974.
- 52 On Photography by Susan Sontag New York: Farrar, Strauss and Giroux, 1977.
- 53 Private Pictures by Joachim Schmid in European Photography Magazine Vol.5 issue 1, Kassel:Andreas Muller-Pohle, 1984.
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- 55 Discipline and Punish by Michel Foucault New York: Random House, 1979.
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- 58 Illuminations by Walter Benjamin New York: Schocken Books, 1969.
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- 60 Ibid.
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- 62 Toronto Sun April 29, 1985.

The **L**oved **O**nes

PROGRAM NOTES

PROGRAM 1

THE FILMS OF TOM CHOMONT

OPHELIA and THE CAT LADY 1969, color, sound, 2 3/4 minutes

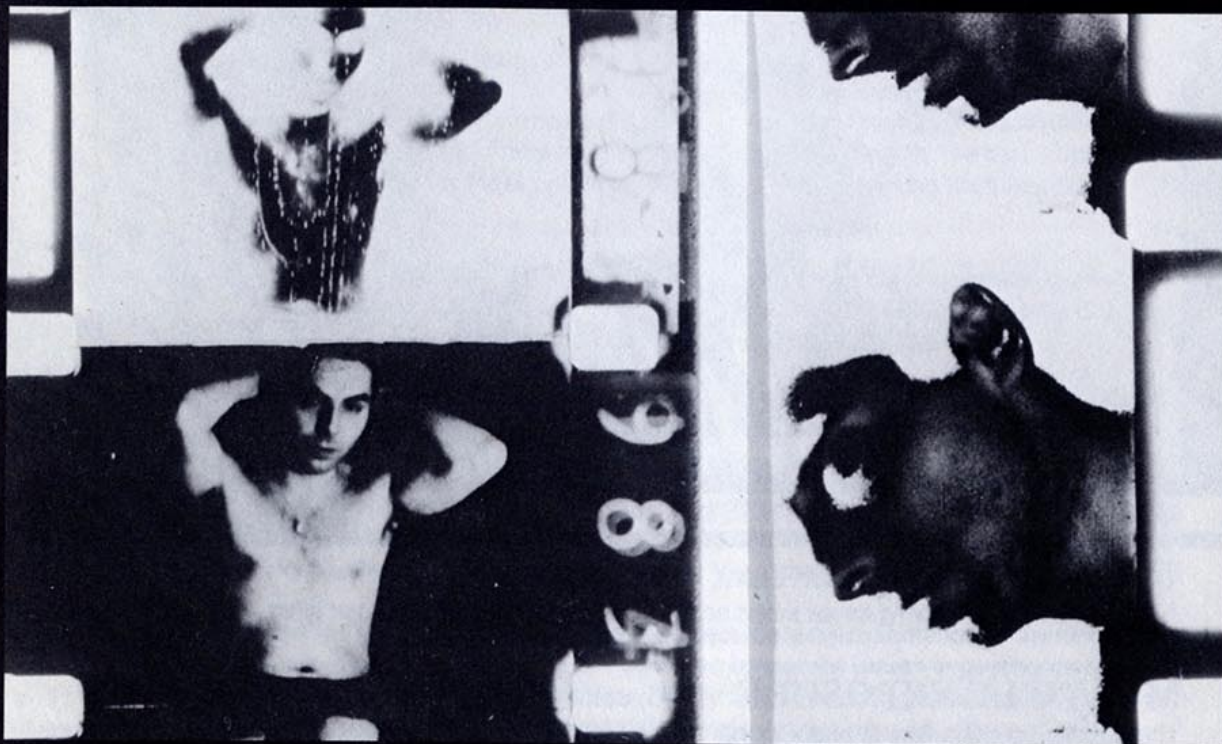
With Liz Reiner (OPHELIA) and Carla Liss (THE CAT LADY). On one level the films are portraits; on another level the first is inspired by reading about the painting of John Millais' "Ophelia" and THE CAT LADY is an homage to the horror films of my childhood movie-going.

PHASES OF THE MOON [The Parapsychology of Everyday Life] 1968, color, silent, 6 minutes

With Loyd Newell. "...It is a film poem and nothing else. A small miniature film poem, a jewel, if the word masterpiece is too stuffy." - Jonas Mekas, THE VILLAGE VOICE, October 1973.

OBLIVION 1984, color, silent, 6 minutes

"OBLIVION successfully blends elements from both the poetic and diary modes. In the process, Tom Chomont has created one of the few truly erotic works in cinema." - J.J. Murphy, "Reaching Toward Oblivion", MILLENNIUM FILM JOURNAL, No. 3.



Frame enlargements from OBLIVION. Copyright 1969 by Tom Chomont. All rights reserved.

RAZOR HEAD 1981, color, silent, 8 minutes

The film was made on the request of the participants as a record of a two-day erotic ritual. 400 feet of film was shot and later permission was obtained to treat the material as an aesthetic composition, approximately 250 feet long. Originally the film was intended as part of a series of films dealing with non-genital sex and symbolic eroticism.

JOE'S MAISON 1984, color, silent, 5 minutes

The film began as a record of the painter Joseph Glin and his series of paintings inspired by LA MAISON DES MORTES by Guillaume Apollinaire. After filming Joe destroyed the paintings and closed his gallery, Shekhina, where the paintings were filmed.

ENDYMION BY JOSEPH GLIN 1978, black & white printed on color, silent, 9 minutes

With Tom Chomont, Rob Baker, Joseph Glin and Eric Ruff. Glin brought to the work a strong vision and familiar themes and imagery from both his paintings and an unpublished novel. I acted as a cameraperson, a technical advisor, cutter and assistant editor.

LOVE OBJECTS 1971, color, silent, 14 minutes

With Pol Arias, Luc Mollet, Reggi Grovers, Henno Eggenkamp, Marianne Pituk, Paul Graaf. The project was initiated in Brugghe during a period preoccupied by readings on yoga, alchemy and Tantra. I thought in terms of the Medieval parable of Les Noces du Roi et Reine and of the marriage of opposites... dichotomy resolved in unity.

MINOR REVISIONS 1979, color, silent, 11 minutes

The original idea was to approach the physical/metaphysical as the theme of nourishment, both spiritual and gastronomical. This was somewhat altered by three visits from a friend entering the US army.



MINOR REVISIONS. Copyright 1979 by Tom Chomont.

UNTITLED 1985, color, silent, 9 minutes

A second study of shaving as an erotic activity ... in completion and not yet titled.

MULTIPLE EXPOSURE 1985, color, silent, 9 minutes

The original intention was to make a portrait of a friend about to embark on a trip to Europe. The sexual undertones became unexpectedly overt and the form of the film became an attempt to relate the resultant images.

ALL DESCRIPTIONS BY TOM CHOMONT

PROGRAM 2



Copyright Carolee Schneeman.

FUSES USA, 1964-67, Dir. Carolee Schneemann, 16mm, color, silent, 23 minutes
"A fluid, oceanic quality that merges the physical act with its metaphysical connotation, very Joycean and very erotic." - Gene Youngblood

"Integral and whole - imagery compounded in emotion. We are equally, interchangeably subject and object. As woman (image) and as image maker I reclaim, establish and free my image and my will. Using borrowed Bolexes (wind-by-hand), natural light, the seasons over three years. Movement of myself and my partner filmed by myself. There was an additional cameraperson: the cat. Fugal structure; gesture, color sequences, collage, montage, super-imposition, painting frame-by-frame, breaking the frame." - C.S.

"... hand-colored, heated film of artist's sex joy cycle. Tantric deployment on the emulsion, genital rites. Peeking, slippery in out cunt cock tongue tit. Watch Kitch, 17 year old feline familiar to Carolee, a constant presence power transformer." - Michael Berkely, Berkely Barb, 4/19/74

SIGMUND FREUD'S DORA UK, 1979, by Anthony McCall, Claire Pajaczkowska, Andrew Tyndall and Jane Weinstock, 16mm, color, sound, 40 minutes
Eighty years on Freud's case history of Dora is remade here in the mouth of her mother. A three part montage of television commercial, super 8 hardcore and the analysis itself make up the round that is the body of the film. Dora's letters follow, read by her mother in postcards in the concluding sequence.

Today, only a few years after its manufacture, this film has become a touchstone for a new kind of woman's filmmaking. Slick, narrative and theoretical, informed by current issues in psychoanalysis and film theory, Dora has become emblematic of the curiously English wedding of theory and practice in the avant garde film of the seventies. It is a movement that begins in writing, and leaves off with the unmistakable impression of a condom at work, the insular membrane containing the seed of its best loved first born, the he of herring, Hesta, hectare, herpes, heretic, hero and here.
- Michael Hoolboom

PROGRAM 3

STANDARD GAUGE USA, 1984, Morgan Fisher, 16mm, color, sound, 35 minutes

A kind of autobiography of its maker, a kind of history of the institution of whose shards it is composed; the commercial motion picture industry. A mutual interrogation between 35mm and 16mm, the gauge of Hollywood and the gauge of the amateur and independent. - Morgan Fisher

Morgan looks back through time on a back lit light box, re-telling the strip tales of a cast away history, restored to its pass of passion here in the lamp of the machine. - Michael Hoolboom

BED-SITTERS Holland, 1968, Frans Zwartjes, 16mm, B/W, sound, 18 minutes

An intimate expose of communal living. This film is about the colon: the eyes of hindsight returning to the primal scene as defecation. BED-SITTERS is a house movie in the tradition of Dr. Seuss, a rallying flag for the anally anorexic. - Michael Hoolboom

EATING Holland, 1969, Frans Zwartjes, 16mm, B/W, sound, 10 minutes

Thought is made in the mouth. Three women chew themselves into a solipsistic fury while the camera looks on in his place. Processed by the filmmaker. - Michael Hoolboom

SPARE BEDROOM [Home Sweet Home] Holland, 1970, Frans Zwartjes, 16mm, B/W, sound, 15 minutes

The gestures of work and love are here raised to an erotic rite. Their faces whitened to the wide angle glance of one another, this is not a film about generating the multiple, about one becoming two, but flourishing in each of its parts to produce the unconscious. -Michael Hoolboom

PROGRAM 4

ASPARAGUS USA, 1979, Susan Pitt, 16mm, color, sound, 10 minutes


An animated short with colours reminiscent of cell drawn Disney, preening primaries plied between windows, stage settings and toilet covers. ASPARAGUS speaks of make-up, of composition and the body, about the making of a waking life and its dreamed double in art. - Michael Hoolboom

BABY GREEN Canada, 1974, Ross McLaren, 16mm, colour, silent, 10 minutes

A penetration of the veil which separates ordinary life from the hidden world of sensuality. -J.B. Mays
BABY GREEN reveals the underlying polymorphous desires which men suppress in their social construction of heterosexual identities. -D.Tuer

THRILLER Great Britain, 1979, Sally Potter, 16mm, b/w, sound, 35 minutes

THRILLER goes further than many feminist films by not only re-claiming the past, not only re-reading the official history in light of the present, but, in addition daring to imagine the future... Sally Potter charts a course through operatic form, women's history and contemporary theory, and skeptically moves past them into a vision of women working together at a new kind of art... By delving into the area of subjectivity, point of view, humour and fantasy, THRILLER begins the work of re-construction by which the personae and materials that once were invisible, omitted, or unspoken, become inevitable and get to play out their own evolution on the screen. -B. Ruby Rich



BABY GREEN by Ross McLaren, Photo by Gary McLaren

The Loved Ones

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