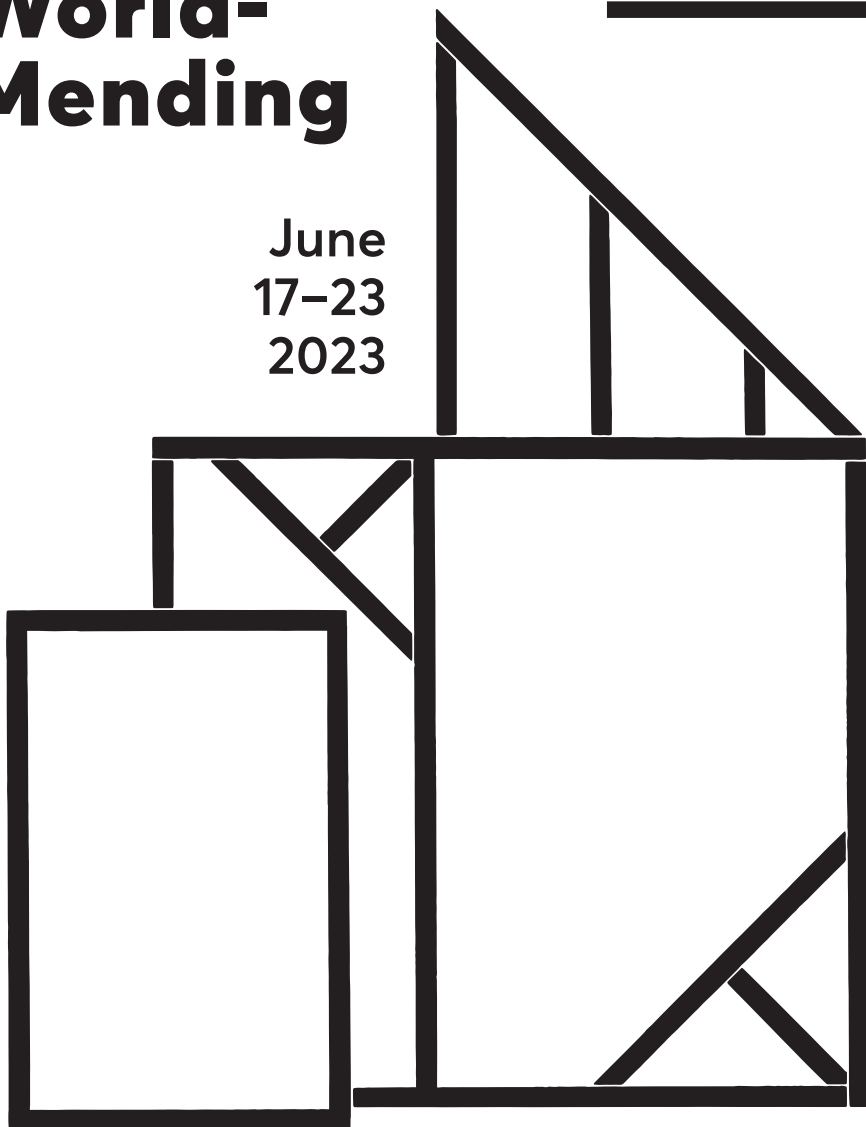


Queer World- Mending

The 68th Flaherty
Film Seminar

June
17-23
2023



ART BY EDIE FAKE

Programmed by
Jon Davies
Steve Reinke

Skidmore College
& Online

The 68th Flaherty Film Seminar

Queer World-Mending

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The Flaherty Film Seminar

The annual Flaherty Film Seminar is revered as one of the most significant convenings around non-fiction cinema in the world. Each year filmmakers, scholars, students, curators, critics, archivists, and cinephiles gather for an immersive, week-long program of film screenings, in-depth discussions, artist talks, installations, and/or performances around a theme. Unique in its rigor and scope, “the Flaherty Seminar has got to be the toughest, most valuable, most stimulating arena in which a filmmaker can present his or her work.” – WILLIAM GREAVES, 1991

The Flaherty occupies a unique space within the non-fiction film ecosystem, one where artists and audiences are asked to confront the core of the creative process itself—independent of both social agenda and industry trends—to explore film as a pure expression of our complex humanity, and to challenge filmmakers to push the limits of the medium itself. Through thoughtful curation, exhibition and discussion, we strive to understand the impact of the moving image on each of us as individuals as well as on the greater global society. In all our programming, we work to elevate the human experience, expand consciousness, and encourage critical thought about the world in which we live.

theflaherty.org

Queer World-Mending

**“Better a mended sock than a torn one
— not so with subjectivity.” – HEGEL**

The world—wounded, wasting, wheezing—needs mending. But our feral subjectivities, our libidos, need to remain torn, agape, asunder. So how can we mend the wounded world if we are open wounds ourselves? Sexuality is a force that cuts through histories and identities, and offers an embodied approach to thinking. Perhaps queer desire, through its very non-productive fucked-upness can mend the world better than more stable, normative approaches.

It is hard to have any hope these days, now that so many of the flaming creatures are literally flaming creatures. As the world burns, one can barely determine which fires to put out, which to ignore, and which to fuel and fan. This program will join the living and the dead because the only way into the future is through the ashes of the past. Queer World-Mending will be a playground of desire, a laboratory for developing and performing new subjectivities. And if we can't build a new house, we can at least change the wallpaper. Long live the new flesh!

Jon Davies
Steve Reinke

Feelings Are Not Facts

Jon Davies



LESSER APES, EMILY VEY DUKE & COOPER BATTERSBY

“None of your crying will unsick or unkill anyone.”— BILLY-RAY BELCOURT¹

Unfolding during a moral panic around queer/trans people and pedagogy— which posits that children must be protected from becoming queer/trans— Queer World-Mending was a visceral response to widespread attempts to neuter the disorienting power of sex. Sex is a force that *undoes*; it cannot be used to shore up the ego in a “sexual identity.” We often try to tame its disordering intensity by binding sex not only into identity but into community, and we stridently police both of these.²

When we are constantly being compelled to name, identify, describe, and position ourselves in discourse, we have to ask ourselves whether our essentialisms are really so strategic after all and what we lose in the process, particularly when desire so insistently refuses to be tamed

or instrumentalized. “Queer” has long described that which unsettles binary views of gender or sexual orientation, but it also has the capacity to disorder firm distinctions between, say, fiction and documentary, form and content, past and present, living and dead, self and other or self and the collective, pleasure and pain, wounding and mending, and victim and perpetrator.³ “Queer” also demands we refuse to throw any human being in the garbage bin for misbehaving.

Take, for example, the “big stink”⁴ at the 1996 Flaherty Seminar, *Landscapes and Place* (curated by Ruth Bradley, Kathy High and Loretta Todd) at Wells College. After participants took in social documentary work by Black and Indigenous filmmakers Ngozi Onwurah, Merata Mita and Alanis Obomsawin (who returned for the heated 2022 seminar *Continents of Drifting Clouds*), queer underground filmmaker, video diarist and teacher George Kuchar was assailed for his navel-gazing—or rather turd-gazing—in his Oklahoma-shot *Weather Diaries*, the videos cast as merely the colonialist rumblings of an out-of-touch white man. In the heat of the moment, Kuchar’s emotional response to the political discourse he was thrown into was pernicious and unhelpful, decrying the previous films as reveling in brutality rather than speaking in a personal artistic voice. The story became Flaherty lore and is chronicled in his 1996 diary *Vermin of the Vortex*.⁵ Kuchar lashed out at the Flahertians:

You know my main idea is to offend the audience. You know to hell with them, you see them they’re awful—a lot of people also pay money and they don’t feel fulfilled unless they’re offended. And over the years you realize that. And if you don’t offend them one way you’ll offend them the other—so just offend them off the bat. I mean just do it. And that’s been my motto and it will continue to be my motto ‘cause it’s even getting much more restrictive now. You’re told what to do, what you can show, what you can’t show, you know it’s ridiculous. And that’s why underground movies are dead. The spirit is gone out. The camera is being used as a megaphone to boost all these intellectual things and ideologies and politics and stuff and everything else is thrown right out the window, anything human, anything with feeling. To me it’s disgusting and I’d like to disrupt it as much as possible.

After Kuchar's passing in 2011, could we return him to the Flaherty to see if the story could have a different ending? I think of the experimental pedagogy he developed over forty years at the San Francisco Art Institute, where students and teacher alike undressed, yelled and writhed with each other to create zero-budget B-movies about alien abductions, naughty nuns and psycho killers such as the sublime *Club Vatican* (1984). I think too of his long-term collaborative relationship with his student Curt McDowell and the diaries he made in memorial to Curt after he died of AIDS in 1987, *Video Album 5 / The Thursday People*. Call it camp, punk, the willingness to take risks and to court shame, or working through power dynamics with free play—all these queer cultural practices that are cast as antiquated now—it felt urgent to assert their continuing relevance and value at a time when conflict and emotion are bureaucratically managed.

As the Queer World-Mending program was unfolding in the Gannett Auditorium at Skidmore College, the figure of the (non-human) animal appeared again and again, coming to embody unconscious urges and drives, the potential for wildness to break through our society of control. In Emily Vey Duke and Cooper Battersby's *Lesser Apes* (2011) a bonobo named Meema speaks to us, taking great pride in how the word "pervert" describes her romantic relationship with the primatologist Farrah. This love story is troubling because it asks us to accommodate a divergent sexual ethics; we hesitate to do so because it would make our own highly regimented views on sexual appropriateness and impropriety, for example, seem shaky and ultimately arbitrary.

We came of age at a time when queerness was largely invisible in mainstream culture and queer people forged their lives out of being hated by society. One could not rely on dominant institutions for a sense of self-worth and power so did not seek out their approval. A framework of fragility, where institutions both perpetrate harm and promise to keep us safe from harm, divides us into either perpetrators or victims. (This carceral approach has, oddly, intensified just as abolitionist views have come to wider visibility.) Politically, it was very important for us to present a Flaherty program that refused to position sex primarily in terms of harm, and instead to share varied, perverse sexual representations as serious aesthetic-political expressive forms.

Israeli-American artist Roe Rosen has spent his career examining what it means to occupy the role of the perpetrator. As Sarah Schulman and others have described,⁶ Israel's conduct viscerally illustrates the danger of making victimhood core to one's identity; if you have never imagined yourself as a perpetrator, you cannot see the blood on your own hands. This is also epitomized by the sense of innocence that the United States of America holds vis-à-vis the world it dominates. Seeing power through a libidinal lens reveals that no one is innocent: people are motivated more by base drives than by empathy or reason. This allows the us vs. them of group identity to fester, telling us who we are not, who to hate, rather than helping us all survive together.

Arts organizations have become afraid of their own audiences, reactively censoring, hiding or overzealously warning about what they show. Such tactics are often framed as acts of care or even equity but instead are based in a fear of offense—a potential aspect of every act of communication—and controversy. What is valuable about the Flaherty's commitment to “non-preconception” is that it does not provide a readymade framework for how to receive the films and the program. A content warning, for example, can't help but sow anxiety, suffusing the cinema with an impending threat. If you only have a hammer, everything looks like a nail: when a lens of harm is taken up, you see it everywhere you look. You begin to worry that someone might be offended by something that no one has been offended by, because every freely expressed utterance is a potential minefield. This is particularly dangerous with images of sex, which have historically been suppressed, based on an imagined threat. However, sex thrives at slipping away, evading and exceeding biopolitical governance. Billy-Ray Belcourt writes, “If I continue to romanticize sex, to pontificate in public about how it combats the suffocations of individuality, it's because sex is one of the few social interactions I choose that remind me of my unending penetrability. When I'm tangled in the body of another, something inside me shouts: *Even your precarious psyche isn't yours to mother!*”

During the Seminar, we were hesitant to issue proclamations beyond the manifesto-like Seminar description that called, via Hegel (!), for treating subjectivity like “a torn sock.” What does mending look like if we are all

open wounds ourselves? Hegel's beautiful formulation was echoed in *Strange Space* (1993), Leslie Thornton's collaborator with her friend Ron Vawter, who died in 1994, when he talks of "lay[ing] aside even one's proper name like a broken toy."⁸ For queer relationality to truly account for difference requires that terrifying porousness. The presence of historical works was not just to find a usable past or to dialogue intimately with the dead but to make us penetrable to history, to attune us to the vital *alienness* of the past. We soon realized our title was perhaps misleading: the screening room was more often a place of wounding than mending, but one cannot happen without the other. The week became a period of intertwined injury and convalescence that every participant had to feel their way through.

All the Flaherty artists offered us valuable tools or methodologies for how to reflect, shape and mend our various worlds. Rather than a vision of representation as a form of mirroring, we sought to foster the identification across difference that is necessary to repair social bonds and to escape the dehumanizing scripts we are currently cast in. For a program about desire to germinate from anything other than our own desires—our own contexts, histories, urgencies, and attachments—would be inauthentic, in bad faith. It had to be personal—and thus flawed and partial—to have any meaning or power at all. We could never hope to meet your desires, but throwing down the gauntlet of our own could at least provide a catalyst for discourse and feeling. I have come to understand that every attendee is doomed to arrive either too early or too late for their ideal Flaherty; its life-span—now approaching seventy years—is a cumulative project, an evolving collective experiment that is grander than any one seminar. The mismatch of desires—emerging from an exhausting, intensive week of programming, where participants cede control of their time and attention—is its fuel, generating difference not consensus. If we cannot force a queer community out of thin air, we can at least come together to stay apart.

In that spirit, this digital publication includes a modest handful of responses to Queer World-Mending, eschewing comprehensiveness to allow our guest writers to pursue their own diverging lines of inquiry.



Postscript | As I finish this text, a photo is widely circulating showing an Israel Defense Forces soldier in a decimated Gaza, raising a rainbow flag “for the first time” and urging Palestinians to throw off their oppressors—Hamis, not Israel—and embrace LGBTQ rights. Other than the young man’s smile, what is most horrifying is the inscription on the flag: “In the Name of Love.”

Notes

¹ Billy-Ray Belcourt, *A History of My Brief Body* (Toronto: Penguin Canada, 2021), 107.

² Oliver Davis and Tim Dean write, “Sex is rendered harmless under neoliberalism by annexing it to identity, with the excess coded as always potentially injurious to others and specifically sexual pleasure seen as extracted at others’ expense. Identity is one of the most powerful prophylactics through which sex is made safe. We have argued, to the contrary, that sex is not harmless: it violates propriety and the appropriate, just as its excessive pleasures threaten the coherence of human egos and thereby challenge identity. Sexual pleasure is both longed for and hated because it disrupts, disorders, renders deplorable, and shatters our dignity.” See Davis and Dean, *Hatred of Sex* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2022), 142–43.

³ Kadji Amin reminds us too that “queer intimacies, taxed with the burdens of pathologization, criminalization, and social abjection and with the precarity and psychic duress these conditions engender, are as likely to produce abuse, exploitation, and the renunciation of care as more loving, sexually liberated, and just alternatives to heteronormative social forms.” See Amin, *Disturbing Attachments: Genet, Modern Pederasty, and Queer History* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2017), 7.

⁴ See “The Big Stink” in George and Mike Kuchar, *Reflections from a Cinematic Cesspool* (Berkeley: Zanja Press, 1997), 108–23, and George’s 1996 letter to Steve Seid in *The George Kuchar Reader*, ed. Andrew Lampert (New York: Primary Information, 2014), 195–202.

⁵ “The low-end, lo-fi, handmade quality of Kuchar’s video contrasted sharply with the epic feature-length films of Mita and Obomsawin and the rigorous visual formalism of [James] Benning. The Kuchar attack advanced on multiple fronts—amateur form, misguided purpose, and offensive content. The debate congealed divisions between the avant-garde’s formal experimentation and social realist documentary. Shy and reclusive, Kuchar felt everything he had viewed in the seminar seemed ‘disgusting,’ a comment which agitated the audience even more.” See Patricia R. Zimmerman and Scott MacDonald, *The Flaherty: Decades in the Cause of Independent Cinema* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 2017), 217–18.

⁶ See Sarah Schulman, *Conflict Is Not Abuse: Overstating Harm, Community Responsibility, and the Duty of Repair* (Vancouver: Arsenal Pulp Press, 2016).

⁷ Belcourt, *History*, 90.

⁸ Belcourt writes, “If I’m more of a toy to be wound up than a man, can I write beautiful things? What I mean is that I don’t subscribe to the fantasy of self-sovereignty, knowing fully that the past starts into my brief body like a knife. My hands are made up of a set of hands that puppeteer me. The hands aren’t God’s. They are History’s. Its sores are mine.” See *History*, 31.

Jon Davies

Jon Davies is a Montreal-born curator and writer. He holds a PhD in Art History from Stanford University, where he wrote the dissertation “The Fountain: Art, Sex and Queer Pedagogy in San Francisco, 1945–1995.” He was a member of the Pleasure Dome programming collective before working as an Assistant Curator at The Power Plant Contemporary Art Gallery (2008–12) in Toronto—where he curated an exhibition of artists who grew up in the shadow of the first decade of the AIDS crisis called *Coming After*—and then as Associate Curator at Oakville Galleries (2012–15). He has curated artists’ film and video programs for venues including the Ann Arbor Film Festival, Aurora Festival, Gallery TPW, Images Festival, Inside Out Film Festival, and Vtape.

Jon’s book about Paul Morrissey’s film *Trash* was published by Arsenal Pulp Press in 2009 and his anthology *More Voice-Over: Colin Campbell Writings* was published by Concordia University Press in 2021. His writing on film, video and contemporary art has been published in many anthologies, catalogues, journals, and periodicals such as *Canadian Art*, *Criticism*, *Fillip*, *Frieze*, *GLQ*, and *No More Potlucks*. His articles include “Sissy Boys on YouTube: Notes Towards a Cultural History of Online Queer Childhood” for *C Magazine* (2014) and “Sell Your Parents: Marketing the Handwriting of Julia Warhola and Phung Vo” for *Master Drawings* (2020). He also co-edited issues #5 and #6 of *Little Joe* magazine—“about queers and cinema, mostly”—with Sam Ashby.

Notes on Co-Programming the 68th Flaherty Film Seminar Steve Reinke



KAFKA FOR KIDS, ROEE ROSEN



There are two cinematic moments that capture all of queerness, or at the very least, a good campy lump of it. Two lapidary statements. One is the scene in *Whatever Happens to Baby Jane?* (1962) in which Bette Davis reminds Joan Crawford that she is indeed confined to a wheelchair: “But you are, Blanche, you are in that chair!” The other I talk about below. (And although it comes from a lo-fi video, I feel fully justified in referring to it as “cinematic.”)

In George Kuchar's 1987 video *Cult of the Cubicles*, he gets into an argument with his mother about his dirty underwear. After the argument, he holds the offending briefs up to the camera, saying: "Dear Lord, I'm sorry I fight with my mother, but my underwear is my business, and the business of my audience. It ain't that yellow." Why is it our business and not Mom's? Here is how I answered the question some years ago in my essay for the Video Data Bank's box set, *The World of George Kuchar*:

This is not a confession, but a mock confession. The mock confession can never be submitted to the institutions of power, or it will become an actual confession and the carnivalesque joy will be drained out of it. The physical and moral abjection would then be subject to various regimes of surveillance, control and correction. Mom must never know.

(Or: of course, Mom will always know, but should keep it unsaid.) This is the nature of disgust, of the scatological, in Kuchar's work: it side-steps confession and avoids control.

Through queerness is there a kind of shame that transcends shame?

No, I think that would be overstating it. In queerness there does tend to be certain negotiations between, as they used to say, the streets and the sheets, how one performs publicly vs. what one gets up to privately.

Camp is a type of opacity.

Queer truth—which comes in short, sharp sentences, a bit too close to shame to be witty, a bit too bound in the quotidian to be aphoristic—is a truth that is necessarily beyond all ethics.

This truth is not Truth: just little facts that might remind us where we are, how we might best conduct ourselves to leave the room with a bit of dignity.

A queer person who identifies too much with the dominant social world will become a fascist, or end up working in an HR department, or both. We must not be led by our superegos. Desire is our only compass.

Queer pride is inverted shame.

The genital is superfluous.

More genital, less gender.



Like art making, programming/curating is a public act that can only be personal in limited ways.

When I, over the course of the Flaherty, began to increasingly describe the programming as “personal,” I meant something to do with the complex relations between programmer/s, audience/s and the institution (which is also multiple, though it may appear from a distance—particularly an historical distance—to be monolithic). The closest I can get to explaining what I mean by this claim is by way of analogy: curating as gift-giving.

Let’s say there are two kinds of gift-giving: personal and institutional/corporate. Or perhaps motivated and unmotivated. If you give a gift in order to open a channel of love and understanding, that’s personal, a gift between friends. If you give a gift to officially acknowledge something (a birthday or graduation) that might be a combination of personal and institutional. If you give a gift to honor a colleague or welcome a foreign dignitary, that’s institutional. Institutional gifts are meant to cement relationships, to honor admirable works, celebrate social (rather than personal) connections. It is honor, rather than love. Institutional gifts must be ethical and appropriate (that is, approved by the institution and administered correctly: at the right time and place, with the proper ceremony). They must also be the proper kind of gift: not too big and not too small. A gold watch for retirement, etc.

A personal gift comes from the id. This can be messy, but you’ll end up changed. Institutional gifts come from the superego. They can only reinforce existing beliefs and values.

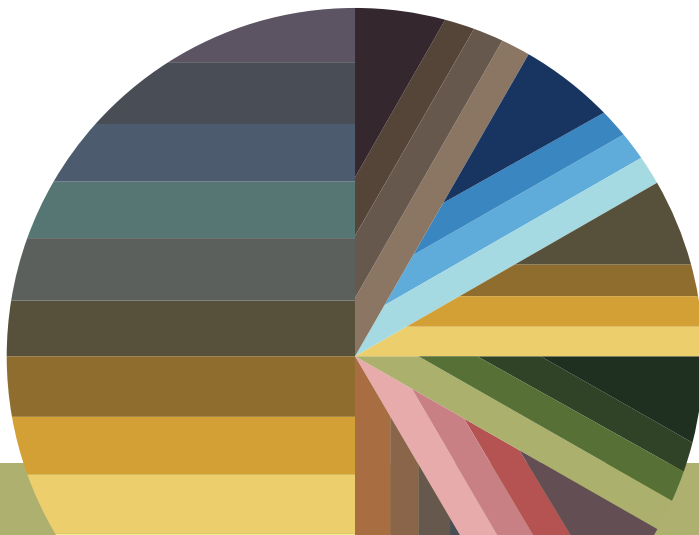
There are no ethics to personal gifts: let the dildos rain down.

Steve Reinke

Steve Reinke is an artist and writer best known for his monologue-based video essays. His work is in many collections including the Museum of Modern Art (New York), Centre Pompidou (Paris), mumok (Vienna), MACBA (Barcelona), National Gallery (Ottawa), and the Julia Stoschek Collection. He has shown work at film festivals including Sundance, Berlinale, Rotterdam, Oberhausen, BFI London, and the New York Film Festival. He has been in many exhibitions including the Whitney Biennial 2014. He is represented by Galerie Isabella Bortolozzi (Berlin).

The Toronto International Film Festival named his *The Hundred Videos* (1989–1996) one of the 150 essential works in Canadian cinematic history. In 2006 he received the Bell Canada Video Award. Two collections of his writings have been published, *The Shimmering Beast* (2011) and *Everybody Loves Nothing* (2004). He has co-edited several anthologies, most recently *Blast Counter Blast* (with Anthony Elms) and *The Sharpest Point: Animation at the End of Cinema* (with Chris Gehman).

He also works as a curator and critic, most notably assembling a box set of George Kuchar's video work for the Video Data Bank. His research interests include rhetorical and narrative strategies for visual art, artists' writing, queer Nietzsche, animation, the voice, and psychoanalysis. Born in 1963 in the Ottawa Valley, he now lives in Chicago and teaches in the department of Art, Theory, Practice at Northwestern University.



Wounded Healer, Garlanded in Veins

Fan Wu



this is just the beginning?

MAN'S COUNTRY, AMINA ROSS



“You will at once have done injury to a human being and be loved by that same being: this is the greatest happiness the mind can conceive.” – COMTE DE LAUTRÉAMONT, *LES CHANTS DE MALDOROR*

This john never kisses on the lips, prefers kisses of the forehead on principle; wipes the amphetamine pearls off his boys' brows, sits them down at the foot of king beds, yearns to rescue them from themselves. This john's meaty hands swaddle the boys in quilts and sweat, palms pressed to cortex, wet poultices administered thru skulls' holes. This john coos chromatic scales and chooses the moral high road over a cheap

fuck n' sleep. This john *buys now and saves!* each boy in his turn, tongued thumbs branded over third eyes. *Choices are, roll over like a corpse and die in the middle of the street, or come home with me where there's heat to the hearth and bologna provolone sandwiches.* This john becomes the all-hole in which the boys bury all their variegated addictions; this john pumps back as payload a singularity of all appetites swirled together: horse, horny, warhead, porno, playstation. Fucking is brutal—it's banal. Stay a week or three, be fed, need me. *We used to call it a Suicide when you mix a little of each soda from the soda fountain.*

What does this john do when the boys skip town, bored, seeking new, realer violences? Leashes fray, collars falter; towers of dependency come blubbering down. This john prowls for care of his next kill, someone not even to heal but who just by being touched will turn to touch the place inside he's never been touched before, somewhere that's gone quiet for so long but now he needs it to stir, it's become moment-to-moment a matter of mired air and closing throats. Sawdust loogies, this john spit-shines vengeance into pity. *I'll nurse you back to health, but show you more of life and more by the day so you never think to leave.* This john, with a hole at the center, a wounded healer unwound; it's summertime, and each boy floats face down in another backyard daddy's swimming pool.



“All men have seven holes in them, by means of which they see, hear, eat, and breathe,’ they said. ‘But this one alone has none. Let’s drill him some.’ So every day they drilled another hole. Seven days later, Chaotic Blob was dead.” – ZHUANGZI

How do you mend an unmeant world?

Hope without expectation, care without attachment, pleasure without dependency. I drum this mantra down the ribbon of my brain.

It's November, and even in my grief I see the heads of sunflowers on lawns picked clean of seeds, the ashtray my sister made with its drowned cigarettes, moon shy over the city.

I try to inoculate myself against my own worst object choices but the needle gets stuck and rusts in the vein.

The word *non-attachment* alone is a magic spell that dooms me to what it repeats, unable to hide its distress through a simple prefix of negation.

For we queers, the unsuckled impulse is tasted then drooled out: the pervert has the least attachment because they're always refreshing what's in their mouth.

Neither a definitive teleology nor a preordained script dictates what they do: they obey only the gourmand's attitude to the delectable present. Or so the fantasy goes.

Let every fantasy run wild but be wary: should they try to roost in reality, that reality becomes a cuckoo's nest.

I am a one-man self-soother-machine infomercial, a Snuggie on a rampage paid off on a monthly plan.

Beauty falls mute, stinking off everything mutely; halos of cold air and drained hope, flesh pried open won't close.

I give the gift of orifice to the unholey, to those who want it least; I need it all to become so sensitive that the ordinary once written off leaves us trembling.

We touch our heads together and sing as if we're alone; we lay our entire weight atop each other and match breaths; compressed, inhalation's met with exhalation.

We march along to a child who leads the chant and botches the slogan as everyone cheers him on, keeping him aloft with the force of a collective echo.

We find solace in the Southern Cross: a wounded healer contradicts despair and the radio plays: *at a time when the world seems to be spinnin' / Hopelessly out of control...*



**“You have been wronged
Tore up since birth
You have done harm
Others have done worse...”**

– JOANNA NEWSOM, “GO LONG”

My wound opens onto yours—crosswire waterfalls in a mutual pouring ritual—no blood—I forgive you—just Sodom—its Sunday night lights advancing fever to fever—

It’s not resolved—they fuck in dank tunnels—glory *glory* in sanctum—mouths rhyme with rims— we give our will to God with eyes rolled up—and all the splayed angles sing—sometimes I think you’re the wisest person I know—called his edging me *extended technique*—sometimes I think you’re ruined by your own guarded hurt—as a joke about music, as a way to not speak aloud the tenderness of his attention—sometimes I think you stoke the flames of your own pain to better lure it out in the ones you love—

It’s damning isn’t it—even if we can’t see each other any more I need you to know I still *love* you—*love* as in I keep the channel of care open—*you can call me anytime*—I’m no ghost—I promise not to ghost you—seasons the greens—stirs the pot—leaves splinters of cyanide in your chicken soup—

The wounded healer, overheated—nor a limit in sight—goat head, crown of sumac, a piano melody snatched from the prey—pours one over to their own self-sacrifice—

IV

“Beneath the quieted sky, the waters are still tumultuous, but they withdraw. The beach slowly appears at low tide. In a crevice in the rocks, a kind of jelly wavers, shines in the sun...

Vast stretches, coastlines, shoreline herbs and flowers, flying fish on the waters, then birds. Birds devour insects in flight. An immense variety of small animals and insects tear each other to pieces.”

– GEORGES BATAILLE, “NOTES FOR A FILM”

healer

Chiron half monst
er half man
looks up to a burn t world
himself infected in that slow bit
below ribs
bandage over
 a black hole poison spear-
tip poison
seersucker playing doctor
doles off to the boys that pharmakon
which rots what it ripens
damns what it salves
limns what it blows open
*I am one who has no answers save
for an open palm or two*
decline the dose
his unclosed wound behind him
in hot pursuit

shaman

any wound widens
to the size of Firmament
rising sun redbud solarskin
(a story told over the truth)
scarification at the cellular
level the world of values

to dust away the still
 suppurating still flux
 meet the immutable variety
 with dry eyes and an arm against
 the craning neck
 no molecule nor spire unadorned
 by the shadow the wound
 casts
 something to hold in lonely hand
 some lonely scion mutters
 some sunnier day-to-come
 some introvertive cultivation
 some last handful of trust
 some of it all frittered away
 somehow suppleness remains
 inflected by the unbearable
 spidersilk's (orb weaver)
 universal substance
 cocoon spun to the perfect
 fit of the contusion
alchemist
 Chiron
 "All the care I tried to offer him
 he understood as control."
 Chiron wounded
 by Apollo's arrow (Apollo whose
 bronze torso and bright pasture of Roman nose and thigh
 scream *I've never been hurt before* stoic self-
 complete)
 (Apollo's apothecary of untasted herbs
 of untested research chems)
 mortally
 wounded
 Chiron chose
 death over
 that undisclosed threshold
 that betweenness pose
 that fence-sitting stagnancy
 that spreads pin & needles across

that horse ass of his
 Chiron
 folds
 death into life neat
 as a flower
 who by folding
 receives a deep
 stoned light
 into the gash
 and
 bearing his wounds
 (Sodom undersexed
 tottering too clean groveling
 infirm in the daily abandoned to mania
 overthought underattended too quick
 to make light of)
 sublimates into
 star—

*Is it not time that lovingly we freed ourselves
 from the beloved—so love, quivering, endures?—
 as the arrow endures the bow-string's tension,
 and in this explosive release becomes more than itself.
 For there is no one place we can remain.*

Fan Wu

Fan Wu's dual drives are to play witness to beauty and to cultivate each other's blooming. He currently researches the omni-perspectival formless Void as it's conceived by Georges Bataille and Zhuangzi. You can find his written and sonic works online at *C Magazine*, *The Capilano Review*, *The Ex-Puritan*, and Metatron's Glyphöria Series (as part of the Toronto Experimental Translation Collective). Send him correspondence at fanwu4u@gmail.com.

Visual Sovereignty at the Flaherty

Simone Barros



EXTRACTIONS, THEO JEAN CUTHAND

“We have said, ‘Please don’t get out of your boat and try to steer our canoe. And we won’t get out of our canoe and try to steer your boat.’ We’re going to accept each other as sovereign—we’re going to travel down the river of life together, side by side.”

– G. PETER JEMISON, FAITHKEEPER, CATTARAUGUS RESERVATION, SENECA NATION, READING THE TEIOHÁTE KASWENTHA TREATY¹

Sitting side by side in a dark theatre, all eyes and ears await moving images and sounds, including the image of black frames and the sound of silence. Unlike film festivals or nearly all screening programs, the Flaherty Seminar audience does not know what they will see or hear next; they do not choose which film they will attend and attend to. Rather, to be in the room or not to be in the room—that is their question.

On this particular day of the Queer World-Mending seminar, the film playing carries forth a voice with the higher register of youth and images of a smooth round body. It delights the audience with a self-effacing, satirical story about seeking out lesbians first through media, specifically books, and then through experience, by hanging out with older lesbians. The filmmaker dissects and fragments the soft body with the squarish shape of a video camera's 4:3 aspect ratio into a torso, or hands or a head wrapped in a string of white Christmas lights. The filmmaker flattens all objects and bodies inside a neat box with a shallow depth of field. One of the few times that the youthful round body appears whole in the square peg of the screen is when naked, on all fours, collared around the neck and leashed, and draped by a cloth panel labeled "Baby Dyke."

All the while the supple voice with high, rising intonations on post-stressed syllables (which some audiences associate with a variety of Indigenous American languages), relates the discursive manners of cliquy older lesbians who all assert that the protagonist has fallen in love with each of them. The countercultural community failed to be the inclusive collective in which the protagonist hoped to find a balance of acceptance and freedom from heteronormative conditioning, a personal sovereignty allowing communion without dominance ("to travel down the river of life together, side by side"). Disenchanted, the voice concludes the tale with a theory about this particular group of people, about this particular, if you will, *ethnicity* (defined as any grouping of people according to common geography, nation, tribe, religion, language, culture, race imposed or self-identifying). The direct address of the protagonist's voice to the audience and the camera's singular perspective confirm that these observations were recorded as a form of ethnographic evidence. The verdict: the protagonist's search for acceptance within a countercultural community led them to further isolation, objectification, and a lack of personal sovereignty.

This humorous, beguiling, and interrogating short film, *Working Baby Dyke Theory: The Diasporic Impact of Cross-Generational Barriers* (1997) by Theo Jean Cuthand, confronts the audience with the sexual and emotional dynamics of a lesbian community as observed by a young person, as opposed to through the lens of pop-culture stereotypes.

The working theory posited by the baby dyke forwards a critique from the intersectional positions of sexuality, age, and indigeneity. With this approach, *Working Baby Dyke Theory* calls to mind Michelle H. Raheja's description of visual sovereignty: "to confront the spectator with the often absurd assumptions that circulate around visual representations of Native Americans, while also flagging their involvement and, to some degree, complicity in these often disempowering structures of cinematic dominance and stereotype."² Where Raheja focuses her study on Native American visual representation, Cuthand's *Working Baby Dyke Theory* takes on lesbian visual representation and in doing so proliferates visual sovereignty as a cinematic approach to critically looking through Indigenous gazes, perspectives and interpretations. Visual sovereignty's challenge to Western representations of Indigenous people pushes us to confront other disempowering conceptions—of sexuality, land, dreams, nationalism, memory, economic systems, physics, social constructs, consciousness, life, and so on—and to reimagine them.

Cuthand, a filmmaker of Plains Cree and Scots descent and a member of Little Pine First Nation, made *Working Baby Dyke Theory* prior to other films that more directly address Indigenous identity, politics and representation. Interpreting Cuthand's films as acts of visual sovereignty lends insight into cinema's role beyond the Western confines of art and entertainment, and cracks open an exciting potential: for cinema to act as a treaty between filmmakers and audiences, a pact that arguably elicits binding agreements between them.

In the 68th Flaherty Film Seminar, Queer World-Mending, programmers Jon Davies and Steve Reinke included, among others, Cuthand's films *Reclamation* (2018) and *Extractions* (2019), which exemplify the approach that Raheja posits as visual sovereignty. In *Reclamation*, three Onkwehonwe people, played by a member of the Kainai Nation, a member of the Thunderchild First Nation, and an Oneida/Mohawk of Six Nations member, speak directly to the camera. Through contextual clues in the interviews, a story unfolds about a "they" and a "them" who amid environmental wars left Earth and went to Mars. The three people tell the camera that those who left Earth had damaged the land, dumbled down the animals, shamed and put down the people. The trio

describes, in turn, their work cleaning up the land, farming and foraging for food, caring for animals, and going “back to their traditional ways of doing things... like trading things. Money doesn’t exist anymore.” Here Cuthand deconstructs the white-generated representation of Indigenous as spokespersons for the environment, propagated by a slew of media including the oft-cited 1971 Keep America Beautiful “Crying Indian” PSA. As the film imagines a world returned to Indigenous peoples, it intervenes in larger Landback Movement discussions such as those in *He Sapa* in Lakota Territory (South Dakota), *Mauna Kea* in Hawai’i, and *Lake Fox Cree Nation* (Manitoba).

In addition to narrativizing political and cultural issues of land rights, language, and preservation, visual sovereignty for Raheja “also involves employing editing technologies that permit filmmakers to stage performances of oral narrative and indigenous notions of time and space that are not possible through print alone.”³ As Cuthand peels back the explosion of a quarry in *Extractions* by reversing the video’s linear progression, for example, Indigenous notions of time and space become a tactile and sensorial experience felt by the audience. Using an editing technique to overturn Western conceptualizations of time, Cuthand ponders in voiceover: “I like to think there are alternatives... I know we lived on this land for many thousands of years before colonization and seemed to be doing well with it before industrialization happened. I feel like our systems of management were good and beneficial for everyone who lived here—even the animals, especially the animals.” The voiceover goes on to imagine collapsing time between past, present and future, and in this way uses the reversal technique to express Cree time concepts, invoked by the Cree filmmaker as “our systems.” The voiceover and the moving image of a quarry explosion sucking gravel back into the land mirrors Geneviève Reid and Renee Sieber’s explanation of Cree resource management practices, which “show that temporality is part of a complex web of relationships, where natural cycles like seasonality or changes to the environment are both a cause and a consequence of the movements and the behaviors of humans and animals.”⁴

Raheja writes that, “Under visual sovereignty, filmmakers can deploy individual and community assertions of what sovereignty and self-

representation mean and, through new media technologies, frame more imaginative renderings of Native American intellectual and cultural paradigms, such as the presentation of the spiritual and dream world, than are often possible in official political contexts.”⁵ However, Raheja’s study of Indigenous films begins with an example of visual sovereignty that is not a film: she frames *Teioháte Kaswentha* as an act of visual sovereignty, offering that this treaty between the Haudenosaunee and the Dutch recorded European concepts of sovereignty in Indigenous media. The *Teioháte Kaswentha* like other wampum of North America and quipu of South America record fiduciary exchanges both legal and economic, genealogies, calendars, inventories, societal positions, titles, and binding agreements. While paper, pressed plant fibers, dyes, and inks act as the material basis of much documentation, woven beads and fibers also serve well. The *Teioháte Kaswentha* communicates specific ideas in colors and shapes not letters, words or sentences; but just as European communications do, the *Teioháte Kaswentha* calls people into actions. The significance for Raheja lies in the Indigenous American record of a European concept to govern behaviors of both people’s interaction with each other. However, further interest exists in the difference between the recording media, the difference between pressed fiber and ink and woven fiber and beads (or, we could add, celluloid film or digital video). Wampum depend on reading aesthetics not letters. In this way it is both a document and an artwork. The *Teioháte Kaswentha*’s white and purple beaded rows convey a specific statement: “The purple lines represent the Haudenosaunee travelling in their canoe. Parallel to them, but not touching, is the path of the boat of the Europeans that came here... We’re going to accept each other as sovereign,” notes G. Peter Jemison, Faithkeeper.⁶ Unlike the *Teioháte Kaswentha*, Western aesthetic media objects are typically not legally binding. They are considered artworks, not objects of function, of ritual, or of spiritual power, but that does not mean they cannot actively entreaty us.

When we see visual sovereignty enacted in film and media, what actions do we take and what consequences do we accept for not taking them? In the dark theatre of the Flaherty seminar, we watched and were moved by Cuthand’s assertion of visual sovereignty and we inched toward a

responsive action: candid, challenging, intellectually provoking, and emotionally unnerving conversations about the films and their curation alongside those of many other artists. While we may not have consciously seen our conversations over the week as a pact or binding agreement, it does not mean we cannot do so moving forward...

The Flaherty already includes rituals such as the audience verbally reading a community agreement, communal meals and screenings that resist the preconceived notions that come with knowing the films and filmmakers prior to seeing the flickering screen or blinking pixels. How could we take these rituals a step further into actualizing visual sovereignty? The 68th Flaherty Seminar's global "pods"—in Bengaluru, Lisbon, Mexico, New York, and Toronto—offered an exciting opportunity, as in-person audiences across the world created video postcards in response to questions emerging from the film programs. They acted as post-screening open mics for impromptu responses: poems, musings, memories were shared, all holding the potential for acts of visual sovereignty. There must be more. How can we concretize the so-often-expressed sentiment of being changed by a film? As much as Indigenous and queer filmmakers change the way films are made, how may we change the ways we view films to be not a passive ritual but a binding one? The Flaherty could very well be the place to experiment with and potentially answer these questions.

Notes

¹ G. Peter Jemison, *Two Row Wampum: Symbol of Sovereignty; Metaphor of Life*, <https://www.pbs.org/warrior/content/timeline/hero/wampum.html>.

² Michelle H. Raheja, *Reading Nanook's Smile: Visual Sovereignty, Indigenous Revisions of Ethnography, and Atanarjuat (The Fast Runner)*, *American Quarterly* 59, no. 4 (2007): 1160.

³ Raheja, *Reading*, 1163.

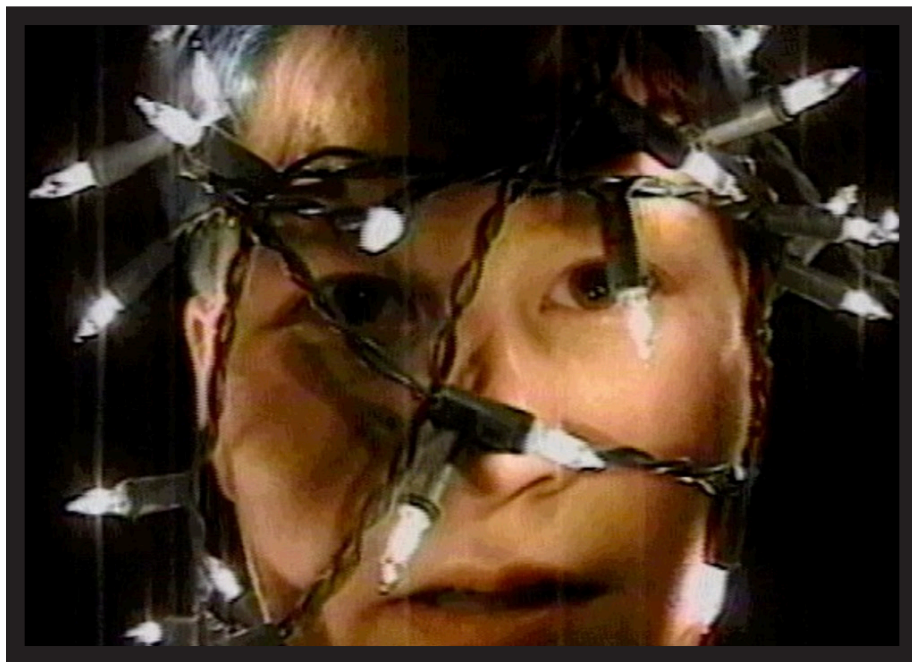
⁴ Geneviève Reid and Renee Sieber, *What is Time? Indigenous Conceptualizations of Time and the Geoweb*, McGill University, 2015, https://rose.geog.mcgill.ca/ski/webfm_send/405.

⁵ Raheja, *Reading*, 1165.

⁶ Jemison, *Two Row Wampum*.

Simone Barros

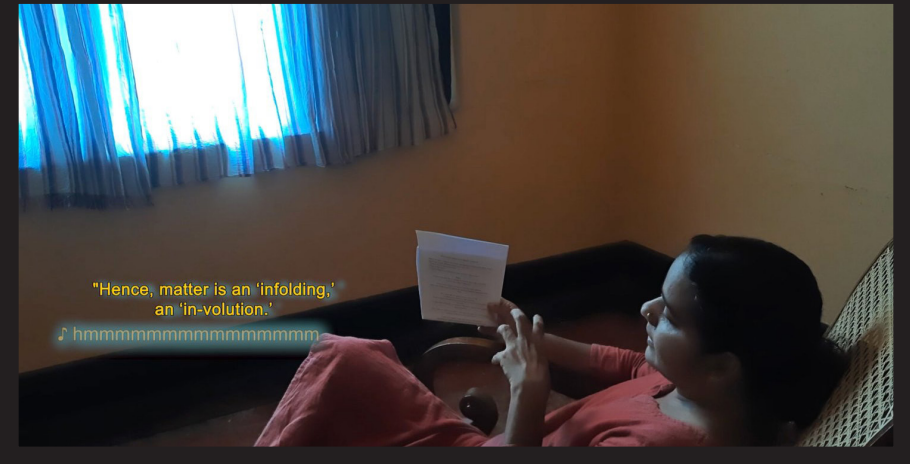
Simone Barros (BFA, NYU; MFA, Duke) creates films, plays and audio installations defying dichotomies of solipsism and symbiosis. Working with time as the material, she makes somatic cinema cognition artworks. Recent projects challenge hierarchies of memory, language, perception, and the Cabo Verdean diaspora. *The 8th Floor* by Shelley and Donald Rubin (2023), *Cosmic Rays* Film Festival (2023), *MONO XVI* Cinematic Arts Festival (2022), *Cleveland International Film Festival* (2019), and *Chagrin Documentary Film Festival* (2019) have screened Simone's works; *Third Coast International Audio Festival* and the *On Air Festival* have featured Simone's soundscape and audio drama; and *Cleveland Public Theatre* has staged Simone's plays.



WORKING BABY DYKE THEORY, THEO JEAN CUTHAND

The Body As an Archive

Imani Dennison
& Celeste Orozco



IF FROM EVERY TONGUE IT DRIPS, SHARLENE BAMBOAT

October 9, 2023

Dear Imani,

Spring is coming to Buenos Aires and there is a lot of pollen in the air. I love spring and I thought that it would soothe the flu symptoms I talked to you about, but they say that this is the worst time for people with allergies like me. The last day of the Flaherty, while we were all saying our moving goodbyes, I had a rush of allergies. I thought to myself, and laughed, *what an inopportune way to end this lovely week, dissociating myself while pretending everything is fine*. But in the van that took us to the station, one of the other Fellows gave me a pill, and waiting for the train, I was reassured by other presences including Shu Lea Cheang, our porn shaman. I learned about Shu Lea's work from a friend in Berlin and met her in person at the Seminar, one of my favorite night programs. Recently some friends organized a lesbian sauna down here, they asked

me to curate porn to screen and I included some excerpts from Shu Lea's films. It was a bit unexpected for me to come to the Flaherty in the middle of the year. The fact that I flew ten hours came as quite a surprise to several people I met. On the way to the campus, I experienced for the first time that feeling of your body arriving somewhere before your consciousness does, and then I automatically entered another state of mind: the one that arises from watching movies all day every day and chatting afterwards, my favorite thing in the world. This year's Flaherty theme reminds me of one of my grandmother's sayings: if she saw you chatting too much, especially about politics, she would say, *this one is fixing the world*. This Seminar proposed a *cuir*—that's the way we write *queer* here in Spanish, in our own voice—approach to mending and I felt involved and attracted to the idea of mending something as big as the world with our own broken bodies. Perhaps because my English is not as advanced as I would like from time to time, I let myself be absent from the spoken language and I was surprised by how well it translated that particular state of the body. My experience was completed by reading what is not words, for example by reading the density of the air. These were days of many thoughts coming to mind and then disappearing, as in meditation. I know they will come back in those moments when you realize how different things in your life are all chained together. Have you ever had a moment like this? By the way, our chained melody has already started—this program that answers, expands, all that we just saw. I must say that I was struck by the lack of Latin American artists and my first gesture is a desire to tell you who/what we are and what we do here, ten hours away. I spent the whole weekend at an osteopathy training seminar. That is a journey I started about two-and-a-half years ago now. Osteopathy is difficult to explain and it is good that that is so, it occupies an esoteric plane and the fundamentals of the practice are slow in being revealed during the sessions, it is something that works beyond us. What has this got to do with our film program? In this search to find words that can come close to describing how osteopathy works, yesterday the idea came to me that osteopathy works with memories, your body memories. What might be imperceptible marks for Western medicine hold a lot of sense for this kind of witchcraft science. I connected this with the theme that we were talking about for our program. I believe that by mysterious

ways, originating beyond us, every film we will bring together proposes a different angle on this idea: the body as an archive. You never know how you are going to end those intense weekends of osteopathic training. The other day I just started walking, strolling around with no thoughts, just existing... I got a little bit closer to my house and the idea of a cinema appeared in my mind. I was around a very classic cinema in Buenos Aires, the Gaumont. It was an unexpected memory of my body. I went in and watched a movie.

Celeste

October 20, 2023

Celeste,

This note was lovely and transported me many times. It's a sunny day here in New Orleans and I'm sitting in the airport, making my way back to Kentucky after a really colorful time. It was the first time my mother and I took a trip together and it was actually just what we needed. Like you, I spent most of the time sneezing and coughing since my body is adjusting to the ever-changing climate. We spent a lot of time observing trees and eating yummy food and it did remind me a lot of the kinship I developed at this year's Queer World Mending at the Flaherty this summer. I get so caught up with working and dreaming that I find myself in isolation, but this weekend reminded me that being with community and family is the recipe for joy. I remember being in such deep solidarity with the Black and brown folks at the Flaherty, going to screenings together, taking morning walks and see-you-later swims. Late-night laughs and talks about life were replicated this weekend with my mom as we watched movies and stuffed ourselves with too many treats. We toured the spooky town and talked about love, marriage and dating. We popped into goth stores as she fought her inner judgment of my personal style and interests, encouraging me to wear and buy what I wanted. This weekend was a great example of queer world-mending and the true meaning of allyship. I love hearing about your grandmother. I'm excited about our program in the spring, my favorite time of year. Things are transitioning, growing. The weather is breaking and the birds have returned from the south. It feels like the world is somehow putting itself back together. I'm happy

that we have a chance to collaborate in this season and I think that the joining of our worlds will be such a beautiful space. I love how no matter the distance, wherever in the world we may be, the archive is something to return to and remember. There is something quite fascinating and deeply powerful about the queer experience, especially in police states like America and Argentina. I'm interested in what this policing has done to our bodies, and furthermore our stories and how we are telling them. I love that we can gather people in the name of images and sound and bear witness to this type of presentation. I love how our program will travel across time and live in the already existing lineage of queer makers.

Writing this letter has also traveled across time. I apologize for the delay. I'm finishing up this letter at my family home in Kentucky. The leaves are changing and the weather is brisk. Pumpkins sit on the porches of the families in this neighborhood and I'm on my way to sip warm cider and see art with some friends.

Imani

October 31, 2023

Dear you,

It seems that here, there and everywhere, building community is decisive for our existence. Nothing new, I guess, but I love the fact that community is a concept we go back to, our destination always. When thinking about this, I also like to expand our sense of being. I don't mean only gender or sexuality but a way of being in the world, a queer vibe that can incarnate in different forms, contagious. I really believe we should include this movie I love called *Implosion* (2020) in one of our programs. The idea of mending, and I dare to say a way of queer mending is breathable in the air of the film, even though it explores traditional cis masculinity but also breaks it for some kind of redemption after a very traumatic experience for the characters, half-documentary, half-fiction. *Implosion*: the body as an archive shows up unexpectedly one night and heals in community. I'm curious how you feel about it. As we advance, the body as an archive takes up more and more space in my mind. Can any of us escape from this concept, anyways? Let me tell you about a movie scene I watched yesterday: two guys on the streets, saying they don't feel anything

anymore, and they burned their hands with a lighter... they get burned anyways, even not feeling it and somehow that awakens them. You were asking me about how police states like ours determine our existences... well, there are so many things to talk about... I'm thinking of revisiting that Chilean film about Las Yeguas del Apocalipsis (*Casa Particular*, 1990) that was prohibited during the transition between dictatorship and democracy, and I also have in mind this short experimental film about the Pride march in Buenos Aires that captures a time and space when the marches were not as massive as they are today... when our travesti moms such as Lohana Berkins were the ones that led, were our voice and taught us how to do it and how to survive. Because police abuse is part of our body memories as individuals but mostly as a collective, but there is also resistance, our burning without feeling, a decision to be happy despite it all, a revenge of joy and love. I'm glad we share and agree on that—every film you showed me, some of the ones I showed you, body movement, which also can mean partying, mends our sufferings, and not in a superficial way. The memories of our bodies in motion. It would be awesome to join together in a Latin Black and brown alliance.

Celeste

November 6, 2023

Hola, friend.

Greetings from my mother's kitchen table that I've somehow turned into a makeshift workspace. I really enjoyed your letter. Thanks for downloading me on your thoughts and feelings around our program and how you've been thinking of queerness as a spectrum. The last few weeks have somehow felt like both a blur and something to celebrate. Living in a time where Palestine is still experiencing a genocide has left me confused and feeling defenseless. I'm feeling pretty held by how much global internet communities have uplifted the Palestinian struggle by sharing news and resources. I've been trying to do my part by educating myself and spreading the word as much as I can but I am struggling with whether that's enough. Speaking of community, I am really grounded in the fact that people seem to generally care and want to help. I've been having necessary check-ins with friends and comrades about their heart spaces and it's been reassuring.

I'm excited to move into our program. It seems now more than ever the spirit of mending is growing more and more relevant. I'm excited to see how from our different corners of the world we are bringing our worlds together. I'm excited about our audience and conversations. I'm thinking about Naima Ramos-Chapman's short film, *In Place of Monuments* (2021) and how this filmmaker uses movement and somatic knowledge to move through a traumatic memory to reach freedom. It makes me think about this one you bring, *Anhell69* (2022), and how these two films are rooted in memory and a retelling in their own observational way. There's a stillness to both films that is both powerful and a call to action. I'm also excited about *Shakedown* (2018) by Leilah Weinraub and Onyeka Igwe's works too. What an honor to program filmmakers who are documenting histories, from their own memories and identities to community spaces and faces they don't want to forget. It's such an exciting time to be a filmmaker and programmer, what a radical act. Talk soon friend!

Imani Dennison & Celeste Orozco

Imani Dennison is a multidisciplinary lens-based artist and curator based in Brooklyn by way of Louisville, Kentucky. A graduate of Howard University, Imani is Curator and Programmer at Black Science Fiction.

Celeste Orozco is a film programmer based in Buenos Aires who works at Raymundo Gleyzer Cinema (aka Conti Cine), "Futures" Queer Art Festival and Cineclub Secreto, as well as FEMCINE in Santiago de Chile.

They were the Flaherty Curatorial Fellows for Queer World-Mending, and they conducted their epistolary dialogue between North and South.

Films

01 Sat June 17

Autre fois j'ai aimé une femme / Once I Loved a Woman Edward Owens, 24 min, 1966, USA

In November 1966, Owens completed his first film *Autre fois j'ai aimé une femme*. Upon viewing it, his teacher Gregory Markopoulos wrote: "[Owens] may well be one of the few for whom amateur and professional need have no significance whatsoever: true to his own native talents, with grim determination uncanny, whether the mind in the arts is for or against beauty or its opposite twin, chaos." – THE FILM-MAKERS' COOPERATIVE

Sync Touch Barbara Hammer, 10 min, 1981, USA

A lesbian/feminist aesthetic proposing the connection between touch and sight to be the basis for a "new cinema." The film explores the tactile child nature within the adult woman filmmaker, the connection between sexuality and filmmaking, and the scientific analysis of the sense of touch.

Courtesy of the Estate of Barbara Hammer, New York and Electronic Arts Intermix (EAI), New York.

Multiple Orgasm Barbara Hammer, 6 min, 1976, USA

A sensual, explicit film that says just what it is plus visual overlays of erotic rock and cave formations.

This film was preserved by Electronic Arts Intermix and the Academy Film Archive through the National Film Preservation Foundation's Avant-Garde Masters Grant program and The Film Foundation. Funding provided by the George Lucas Family Foundation. Courtesy of the Estate of Barbara Hammer, New York, and Electronic Arts Intermix (EAI), New York.

Loads

Curt McDowell, 22 min, 1980, USA

McDowell offers an account of his “adventures with straight boys and the hospitality he extends to them.” William E. Jones writes: “Curt was a sexual pioneer, making movies about practices that most men preferred to keep quiet, then as now. Curt found his own fun, and most importantly for him as an artist, he also found a number of men who were vain, indifferent or desperate enough to be filmed while they reached their climax.” Preserved by the Academy Film Archive.

The Eddies

Angelo Madsen Minax, 16 min, 2018, USA

From below ground, a man named Eddie describes flood lines, levees, and trivial histories of the crumbling infrastructure of Memphis, TN. In this same city, the filmmaker, a recent transsexual transplant, watches war films and contemplates masculine connectivity as he attempts to integrate into the American South. He posts a Craigslist ad asking men to masturbate on-camera with their firearms. He receives a single response from a man whose name is also Eddie.

Stay with Me, the World Is a Devastating Place

Angelo Madsen Minax, 9 min, 2021, USA

The result of a deep dive into the Channel 8 News archive in Dallas, a group of news anchors, politicians, athletes, celebrities, and Texan bystanders time travel from the year 1970 to heed a dire warning.

Curious About Existence

Emily Vey Duke & Cooper Battersby, 11 min, 2003, Canada/USA

Curious About Existence is a collection of short episodes incorporating music, animation, and live action. It employs a deft combination of humor and humanism to maintain the engagement of the viewer as they are drawn through a number of divergent narrative worlds. The thread that holds these worlds together is a persistent curiosity about the spiritual and material world and its inhabitants: humans, animals, the laws of nature, and so on.

02 Sun June 18

Lessons in Baby Dyke Theory

Theo Jean Cuthand, 3 min, 1995, Canada

In 1995, when Theo Jean Cuthand was sixteen, they felt like the only lesbian at their Saskatoon high school. This turned out to be untrue, but the lack of visibility coupled with the lack of representation of Queer teenagers in the 90s inspired their video—a comedic short about teenage lesbian loneliness and trying to bribe classmates to come out with the promise of candy.

Working Baby Dyke Theory

Theo Jean Cuthand, 1997, 6 min, Canada

A teenage lesbian's attempts to form friendships with older lesbians leads her on a disturbing ride through the ageist terrain of the dyke community.

Untouchable

Theo Jean Cuthand, 4 min, 1998, Canada

A girl with a bad habit of falling for older women befriends a boy lover. This video is an examination of relationships between adults and teenagers. It involves ice cream trucks and bowie knives.

Helpless Maiden Makes an "I" Statement

Theo Jean Cuthand, 6 min, 1999, Canada

By using clips of evil queens/witches this video plays off the sadomasochistic lesboerotic subtexts commonly found in children's entertainment. A helpless maiden is tiring of her consensual s/m relationship with her lover and "evil" queen. She wants to break up. An impassioned monologue in a dungeon with our heroine in wrist cuffs quickly becomes an emotionally messy ending in flames. This video was inspired by the artist's own childhood "kiddie porn"—Disney movies which turned her on to no end and kicked off many prepubescent masturbation sessions.

Anhedonia

Theo Jean Cuthand, 10 min, 1999, Canada

Anhedonia doesn't play to the back of the church. It shoots directly to the point, with poetry and images that evoke controversy in one mindset and passion in another. Depression and suicide are met head on with Cuthand's honesty. *Anhedonia* shocks people into opening their eyes to the source of the illness in the Aboriginal community. Statistics, split images, words, and flesh meld together, making this short film long on compassion, screaming out for help and recognition of the mentally ill's dream of someday having a normal life.

You Are a Lesbian Vampire

Theo Jean Cuthand, 3 min, 2008, Canada

In the dark night of a prairie city, a vampire considers her future with a fetching mortal. But requiring blood for sustenance brings a host of problems to the relationship.

Bigger on the Inside

Angelo Madsen Minax, 12 min, 2022, USA

From an isolated wooded cabin a trans man stargazes, Scruff chats with guys, watches YouTube tutorials, takes drugs, and lies about taking drugs—feeling his way through a cosmology of embodiment. Relative to the immensity of longing, the bodily insides become both portal and lens through which to probe the porousness between interior and exterior, the micro and macro. Nudes and landscapes are equally erotic, as Eros is an issue of boundaries: When I desire you, a part of me is gone.

The Source Is a Hole

Angelo Madsen Minax, 24 min, 2017, USA

A treatise on transexual mourning told via love letters to goddesses.

No Show Girls

Angelo Madsen Minax, 4 min, 2012, USA

A silent transexual striptease.

03 Sun June 18

Puce Moment

Kenneth Anger, 7 min, 1949, USA

The film reflects Anger's concerns with the myths and decline of Hollywood, as well as with the ritual of dressing, with the movement from the interior to the exterior, and with color and sound synchronization.

– AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

Private Imaginings and Narrative Facts

Edward Owens, 6 min, 1966, USA

A montage of still and moving images, mixing and alternating black people and white people, fantasy and reality, a presidential suite and a mother's kitchen. Brilliantly colored and nostalgic, it comprises a magical transformation of painterly collage and still photographic sensibility into filmic time and space. – CHARLES BOULTENHOUSE

Remembrance: A Portrait Study

Edward Owens, 6 min, 1967, USA

A filmic portrait of the artist's mother, Mildered Owens, and her friends Irene Collins and Nettie Thomas, set to a score of 1950s and 1960s hit songs. Using Baroque lighting techniques, Owens captures the three women drinking and lounging one evening. – TATE MUSEUM

Strange Space

Leslie Thornton & Ron Vawter, 4 min, 1993, USA

This collaborative work, created specifically for the 1992 Day Without Art, addresses what Thornton terms "the relationship between the medicalization of the body and the personal." While the actor Ron Vawter reads aloud from a poem by Rilke, a doctor is heard discussing Vawter's medical condition. Medical photographs of internal organs and images of the moon's surface create landscapes of inner and outer space. This haunting rumination suggests the disparity between medical interpretations and personal experiences of physicality and mortality.

The Last Time I Saw Ron

Leslie Thornton, 12 min, 1994, USA

Arising out of a film and theatrical collaboration with the late Ron Vawter, this moving elegy to his memory employs footage of Vawter taken just before his death, as well as starkly beautiful sequences of distant human forms.

Crossing

**James Richards & Leslie Thornton, 19 min, 2016,
Germany/USA**

Crossing emerged not from a linear mode, but from a constant trading and reworking of ideas—a porous movement that switches between menace, anachronism and dream. The work exudes the pleasure of grasping for a new and yet shared language, where one's decisions flow in and out of another's. Harnessing an associative logic that guided its construction early on, *Crossing* takes the material undercurrents of Richards' *Radio At Night* (2015) and Thornton's *They Were Just People* (2016) as its dual starting points. This is a work full of overlays and sutures, creatures artificial and living. Everywhere in the video one sees not just holes but eyes. This, after all, is a dense habitat, teaming with life—stormy, wet, fecund. – MASON LEAVER-YAP

The Misty Suite

James Richards, 6 min, 2009, UK

The Misty Suite begins in silence with shadowy images hard to identify. After almost two minutes there are fragments of sound, and then an actor reading from a John Updike poem, taken from a late night radio broadcast. This is laid over what looks like an industrial film about face recognition software. After feeling somewhat alienated the viewer is then drawn in via a series of slow moving zooms cribbed from *Nightmare on Elm Street* (1984), an instructional video featuring a drawing class, and a journey into the cosmos taken from who-knows-where. An unknown poet softly recites: "Bear down, breath... Bear down, bear down, breath..." Seduced, bewitched, and then released, the effect is like waking from a particularly fuzzy erotic dream and finding yourself staring at the DVD screen saver... it's now late, and someone is singing about loneliness.

Rosebud**James Richards, 13 min, 2013, UK/Japan**

Rosebud takes as its starting point a series of images found by Richards in a Tokyo library. Filming the open pages of monographs of Robert Mapplethorpe, Man Ray, and Larry Clark's works, amongst others, Richards searches over areas where the print has been carefully sandpapered away. Japan's obscenity laws prohibit images of nudity and sexual imagery, meaning that any imported printed matter deemed "too arousing" is carefully censored by customs officials. Scratched back to the blank support of the material paper, a culture of desexualisation is captured which is both violent and devotional in its intensity. Through the process of erasure a further potency is overlaid, where the void of desire is sutured into vision.

04 Sun June 18**Girl Talk****Wu Tsang, 5 min, 2015, USA**

Girl Talk features author and scholar Fred Moten dancing in slow motion, with a Josiah Wise rendition of the jazz standard playing over the performance. In light drag—a studded cloak hanging loosely over his body—Moten spins in a sunny garden. The amateur nature of the performance at times renders it less an exploration of identity shifting than observation of the collaboration. The power dynamics are in flux throughout, as the dominant discipline of each performer—text and speech for Moten, visual and physical communication for Tsang—takes alternate precedence. Each party has their moments of vulnerability and domination... exchange and play and allowance leading to what comes.

– RACHAEL RAKES

Wildness**Wu Tsang, 74 min, 2012, USA**

Wildness is an award-winning documentary about the Silver Platter, a historic bar that is a home to Latina and immigrant transgender

communities in Los Angeles. With a magical-realist flourish, the bar itself becomes a character, narrating what happens when a group of young artists create a weekly performance art/dance party, which explodes into creativity and conflict. At the Silver Platter, the search for answers to these questions creates coalitions across generations.

05 Mon June 19

The Wind Sleeps Standing Up

Sharlene Bamboat, 12 min, 2017, Canada/Pakistan

Memory and biography are examined through experiments in narration as Bamboat plays with ambiguous boundaries between fact and fiction. Lists of personal preferences of various quotidian textures such as pop culture, food and sexuality are described both in first and third person, sketching a constellation of clues to form a biography. Footage shot by the artist in Pakistan several years apart becomes both an indicator of image technology and a metaphor for memory. – IMAGES FESTIVAL

If From Every Tongue It Drips

Sharlene Bamboat, 68 min, 2021, Canada/Sri Lanka/UK

If From Every Tongue It Drips is a documentary film that explores questions of distance and proximity, identity and otherness, through scenes from the daily interactions between two queer women—a poet and a cameraperson. Created between three locations: Montreal, Batticaloa, and the Isle of Skye, and connected through languages — Urdu, Tamil and English, personal and national histories, music and dance, and the gaze of the camera lens, they explore subjects both expansively cosmic and intimately close—from quantum superposition to the links between British colonialism and Indian nationalism.

06 Mon June 19

3x3x6 10 cases 10 films

Shu Lea Cheang, 100 min, 2019, Taiwan/Germany

3x3x6 refers to a highly surveilled industrial imprisonment: a three by three square-meter cell constantly monitored by six cameras. *3x3x6*, a mixed media installation presented at Venice Biennale 2019, restages the four rooms of Palazzo delle Prigioni—a Venetian prison from the sixteenth century in operation until 1922—as a high-tech surveillance space in which the stories of the ten prisoners across time, space, histories, and cultures unfold. Taking as its starting point the story of libertine writer Giacomo Casanova, imprisoned in the Prigioni in 1755, *3x3x6 10 cases 10 films* recounts ten historical and contemporary cases of subjects incarcerated because of gender or sexual dissent, including Marquis de Sade and Michel Foucault, as well as seven contemporary cases. Borrowing from legal documents, fake news and historical accounts, the ten fictionalized portraits are expanded with myths and fantasies to construct a collective counter-history of sexuality, where trans-punk-science fiction, queer and anti-colonial imaginations provide visual and critical frameworks. Ultimately, these ten cases recount the histories of subjection and resistance, aiming to activate critical proliferation of poetic and political actions for digital times.

3X3X6 10 CASES 10 FILMS, SHU LEA CHEANG



07 Tue June 20

Bad Ideas for Paradise

**Emily Vey Duke & Cooper Battersby, 20 min, 2001,
Canada/USA**

Funny, touching and ambitious in scope, *Bad Ideas for Paradise* deals with themes of addiction, spirituality, identity, relationship dynamics, and the ongoing quest for joy.

Songs of Praise for the Heart Beyond Cure

**Emily Vey Duke & Cooper Battersby, 14 min, 2006,
Canada/USA**

Rather than offering transcendence or redemption, *Songs of Praise for the Heart Beyond Cure* suggests that the distinction between desperation and hope is a question of degree and not kind. Critic Sarah Milroy writes: "To describe Cooper Battersby and Emily Vey Duke's new video as ironic doesn't do it justice. Irony implies brittleness, cleverness and world weariness, but these two artists have a sense of wonder at the endearing weirdness of life and all the vulnerable, furry little creatures immersed in it (mostly us). *Songs of Praise* consists of a sequence of vignettes that share a kind of bleak humor, but the force of these artists' imaginations makes the whole anything but depressing."

Lesser Apes

**Cooper Battersby & Emily Vey Duke, 13 min, 2011,
Canada/USA**

Lesser Apes tells the story of a love affair between primatologist Farrah and female bonobo ape Meema. Bonobos are the species with which humans share the most DNA, but unlike our species, they are matriarchal, live with limited conflict and are unabashedly sexual. A paean to perversion, the film combines animation, live action and song to challenge attitudes about sex, language and our relationship to nature.

The Infernal Grove

**Emily Vey Duke & Cooper Battersby, 38 min, 2021-23,
Canada/USA**

The Infernal Grove is a cross-disciplinary art project about drugs, crime, addiction, and recovery. It amplifies the message of harm reductionists, who advocate for a clean supply of drugs and safe, drug-user-led spaces in which to take them. The project provides an unconditional forum for dialogue among people with lived experience of drug use, including those dealing with legal outcomes of drug prohibition. It reveals the intersection of addiction and power; addiction read through the lens of material history, social difference and social justice.

60 Unit: Bruise

Paul Wong, 5 min, 1976, Canada

One of the first experiments with a color Portapak video camera in Canada. We see Ken Fletcher draw blood out of his arm with a syringe and then inject it into the back of Paul Wong, causing a random pattern of bruising to appear. This simple document captures a modern blood-brother ritual—with implicit reference to drug use—performed in innocence, though startling to an AIDS-aware audience.

Perfect Day

Paul Wong, 8 min, 2007, Canada

The artist records himself at home proudly indulging in the happiness of a drug-inspired perfect day. The music of Lou Reed: “Heroin” and “Perfect Day.” Recorded on Sunday—edited on Monday. Be Happy.

La Chambre

Chantal Akerman, 11 min, 1972, USA

In Akerman's early short film *La Chambre*, we see the furniture and clutter of one small apartment room become the subject of a moving still life—with Akerman herself staring back at us. This breakthrough formal experiment is the first film the director made in New York.

Restored by CINEMATEK and the Fondation Chantal Akerman.

Man's Country

Amina Ross, 8 min, 2021, USA

Man's Country Chicago—at forty-four, the city's oldest gay bathhouse—closed its doors on New Year's Eve 2017 with a thirteen-hour-long party called Loose Ends. While living in Chicago's Andersonville neighborhood in the early 2010s, Amina Ross often passed the bathhouse in its final months of operation, curious about what lay inside but concerned that they wouldn't be admitted because of their embodiment. Ross has used publicly available footage of Man's Country's interior to create a three dimensional animated model of the club's lounge and performance space, placing themself within the architecture virtually. This representation of a specific place in time becomes the vehicle for expansive visual-spatial thinking about structures coming undone, manhood, personhood, and belonging. – JOHN NEFF

Eclipsing (Body)

Amina Ross, 7 min, 2014, USA

Within this work the artist attempts to embody the definition of "to eclipse."

We hold where study

Wu Tsang, 19 min, 2017, USA

We hold where study is a short experimental film that takes a choreographic approach to image making and mourning. The film enacts a series of duets, both within and between images. Featuring choreography by boychild with Josh Johnson, and Ligia Lewis with Jonathan Gonzalez. Original music by Bendik Giske. Inspired by the essay "Leave Our Mikes Alone" by Fred Moten and Stefano Harney (authors of *The Undercommons*), the film seeks passage to sociality through the opening of impossible images.

One emerging from a point of view

Wu Tsang, 43 min, 2019, Greece

In *One emerging from a point of view*, the artist continues an ongoing exploration of a “third” space between two overlapping video projections, focusing on this overlap to create visual entanglement. As images cut and bleed into each other, two disparate narratives intertwine through synchronised camera choreography. Set three years ago on the northeastern shore of Lesbos, Greece, the work revolves around a scenario in which two women cross paths—although they never meet. One is a young woman from Morocco (Yasmine Flowers), who arrives in Athens after many months of travel through Turkey and Lesbos’ Moria camp. The other is a photojournalist (Eirini Vourloumis) assigned to document the “crisis,” who becomes personally involved with the fishing village of Skala Sikamineas, where locals have been first responders to the mass influx of refugees coming mostly from Syria, Iraq, Afghanistan, and North Africa. Since 2011, more than half a million refugees have crossed into Europe through the Greek island of Lesbos, located in the Northern Aegean Sea off the coast of Turkey. Rather than attempt to document a “truth,” Tsang takes a magical realist approach as she works in collaboration with her subjects to create a hybrid fantasy. Drawing from history, mythology and science-fiction, her film situates the two parallel narratives within both real and imagined landscapes in order to tell the story of the island and the migration across interconnected and overlapping space and time.

09 Tue June 20

The Skeleton Dance

Walt Disney, 6 min, 1929, USA

The Skeleton Dance, released in 1929, was the first in Walt Disney and Carl Stalling's Silly Symphonies series. When night falls at a church cemetery, amidst howling dogs, hooting owls and fighting cats, four skeletons rise from their graves for macabre merriment. Dancing and playing music by using each other as instruments, the skeletons party until the rising of the sun, where they frantically rush back into their graves, forming a skeletal chimera to get back faster.

Tse / Out

Roe Rosen, 34 min, 2010, Israel

Out's central scene presents a domination/submission thrashing scene, performed by two women whose real-life preferences entail BDSM. But in this session, the painful blows meted by the Dom cause the sub to spew out sentences, all of which are quotes from Israel's minister of foreign affairs, Avigdor Lieberman, an extreme right-wing politician. Thus, a scene of erotic pleasure and pain becomes a political exorcism, and the film itself a hybrid between a documentary and a fictional scene harking to horror movies and possession.

The ritual at the center of the work is framed by two additional scenes, each with its own distinct cinematic style. First, a preceding interview with the two participants seems at the beginning to be a straightforward documentary about their own experiences within the Israeli BDSM scene, but soon transforms into an exposition of the premise by which one is possessed, the other an exorcist. The final musical scene is a song set to the words of the Russian poet Esenin's "Letter to Mother." Executed as a one-shot, it complicates the emotional resonance of what preceded it, but is also pays homage to the final scene of another film that deals with hybridity, radical sexuality and politics: Dusan Makavejev's *WR: Mysteries of the Organism* (1971).

Seizure

Pat Hearn & Shelley Lake, 17 min, 1980, USA

Daubed head to toe in various colors of fluorescent paint, a nude Hearn appears in front of Lake's camera to a dance music soundtrack played on a boom box. The strobe machine flashes light against Hearn's body as she moves and dances, and the light repeatedly throws the automatic exposure of the camera off-balance as the image vertiginously zooms in and out of the scene. Halfway through the video, the camera falls to the floor, the music cuts out, and panicked voices can be heard off-camera. The scene then switches to a static shot of Hearn again under strobe lights, this time within the context of a hospital EEG test. The off-camera voice of a female clinician calmly explains the EEG process, remarking that strobe lighting can artificially induce seizures, and that the fit zone of such a seizure is approximately sixteen flashes per second. The film concludes with Hearn's EEG recording captured on camera.

– MASON LEAVER-YAP

When We Were Monsters

Steve Reinke & James Richards, 20 min, 2020, USA/Germany

Cinema is always Frankenstein; a composite being. Indeed, what is more monstrous than the cut? The filmic severing of an image from its origin reveals it, making it available for inspection. Working intermittently together since 2008, Steve Reinke and James Richards have been exchanging material across the Atlantic to their respective studios in Chicago and Berlin. Drawing upon a loose shared archive of found and self-shot footage, music, essays and, poetry, these dismembered fragments slowly assemble into an exquisite corpse. The starting point for *When We Were Monsters* was a video tape of projection footage made by the artist Gretchen Bender. Originally edited as a series of video projections for Bill T. Jones' dance piece *Still/Here* for New York's Whitney Museum in 1994, Bender drew upon a large cache of forensic images from a plastic surgeon. Clinical images of infections, deformities and morbid injuries are turned by Bender into an abject flicker-film. Made during the beginning of the Covid-19 pandemic in 2020, *When We Were Monsters* reflects lockdown existentialism with its combination of molecular

porosity and existential vastness. Expanding Bender's medical gaze to include a broader scientific gaze, the film combines new sequences and animations, interleaving texts and a rich soundtrack of audio and spoken word. Often collapsing into an abstract of erotics, we see glimpses of Pavlov's ghost dogs, fungi and fovea, wounds, flowers, dust and stains, fire ceremonies, organic flickering, hallucinations, and intoxicated language.

10 Wed June 21

Kafka for Kids

Roe Rosen, 111 min, 2022, Israel

Kafka for Kids is a musical comedy set up as the first chapter of a TV series purporting to make Kafka's tales fit for toddlers, offering a retelling of *The Metamorphosis*. Whereas the story of Gregor Samsa's transformation into vermin is rendered in animation based on Rosen's gouaches, the reading of the story, in live action, occurs in the magical story-house, where an adult reads the story to a nameless child, surrounded by a choir of animistic object-friends, such as Ms. Lamp and Mr. Table, who also dub Kafka's stories, and their singing is supported by a toy orchestra.

The film also features ad breaks, which gradually grow more complex and independent. The centrality of the law in Kafka's writings and thought, and the notion of childhood, leads towards the end of the film to a very different realm: an exposition of the complex and troubling ways in which childhood is legally defined in the occupied territories by military law. Through this shift, the film itself undergoes a metamorphosis.

11 Wed June 21

Nils Bech (Can't live if living is without you)

James Richards, 3 min, 2023, Norway/UK

Performance in car park, Oslo, 2005.

Not Blacking Out, Just Turning the Lights Off

James Richards, 16 min, 2011, UK

Not Blacking Out, Just Turning the Lights Off is concerned with processes of dissolution and exchange, asking what happens along the frayed edges of subjectivity as it meets, or attempts to meet another. The film stalks liminal states of exhaustion and sleep, we see bedrooms and the paraphernalia of intoxication, alongside X-rays, skin and globular liquids, sequences which build a heightened sense of inside and outside, the tender and the forensic, the sensual image and its abstraction. The soundtrack includes a reading by Judy Grahn of her poem "Plainsong: From an Older Woman to a Younger Woman." It is an incantation of the spirits passing between two same-sex lovers of different ages reflecting on mortality and desire as something physically and emotionally transmitted. The film also includes a modulated edit of The Incredible String Bands' folk-hippy classic "A Very Cellular Song," the track evoking the sense of cosmic unity when experiencing LSD.

Raking Light

James Richards, 7 min, 2014, UK

Raking Light takes its name from an examination method used in art conservation, where a strong light is shone directly across the surface of a painting to highlight details or irregularities. Looped fragments of moving image gathered from diverse sources including diaristic footage filmed on a hand-held camera and fleeting images from cult films come together to form an elliptical, allusive film about the act of looking, a "study of opacity and sheen."

Grave**Beryl Sokoloff, 9 min, 1972, USA**

Music by Andres Lewin Richter

My Name Is Oona**Gunvor Nelson, 10 min, 1969, USA**

The sound consists of Nelson's daughter repeating the names of the days of the week and saying "My name is Oona." The latter is edited into an expressive rhythmic structure that accompanies the visual structure of the film that plunges into the experience of a child (FILMFORM). "I think that her world and that of my childhood are mixed in the film. As a child you feel pretty secure in your own world, but the rest is mysterious and scary — maybe monsters and trolls are waiting there outside, even if you've never seen them before." – GUNVOR NELSON

Radio at Night**James Richards, 8 min, 2015, Germany**

Radio at Night grapples with the anxiety and pleasure of seeing and sensing in an era saturated by technology. Like his previous work, this short experimental video collages together appropriated footage from highly disparate sources: intimate fragments from cinema and medical film, an extract of an erotic movie that documents an imagined Venetian costume party, news broadcasts, negative footage of seagulls flying over the ocean, and imagery of pigs and fish being processed at a food facility. *Radio at Night* is especially preoccupied with the act of seeing and the ways technology makes this sensation mechanical. Accompanied by a soundtrack composed by the artist that includes vocal arrangements recorded with British harmony trio Vocal Juice refracted through his sampled electronics, Richards confronts his audience with close ups on faces as his subjects' eyes dart back and forth across the screen.

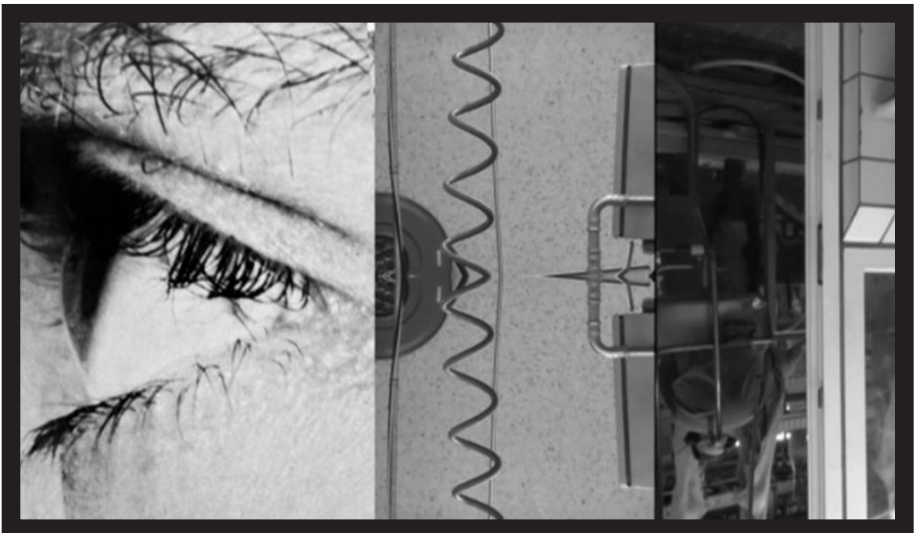
– MASON LEAVER-YAP

Commissioned by the Walker Art Center with major support from the Bentson Foundation.

Qualities of Life: Living in the Radiant Cold

James Richards, 18 min, 2022, Germany

The work is a material and metaphorical endoscope that records and compiles domestic still lifes, detritus and civic sewage systems into a poetry and music suite to look closer at the private and public dimensions of decay, hygiene and contagion. Over its stanzas, it focuses with granular attention on the different materials it collects, as if involved in the anamnesis of a self, a body, a house, a city. The film entangles the macro with the micro across nonlinear discourses, from the millennial evolution of bees' social structure—footage originally filmed by artist and collaborator Leslie Thornton—to the brief analysis of a body through an MRI scan. One of its guiding forces is a series of images from the archive of Horst Ademeit, whose obsessive, multi-decade imperative was to register the detrimental impact of radiations (invisible, "cold" rays, as he called them) on his body and his surroundings. In another stanza, various erotic, narcotic and nostalgic remains from Richards' apartment and studio are gathered, scanned and animated into mental conglomerates. Throughout the film, objects, subjects, bodies, and images solidify for a moment before smearing their borders, drifting into something else.



RADIO AT NIGHT, JAMES RICHARDS

Midnight Screening

Wed June 21

FLUIDØ

Shu Lea Cheang, 80 min, 2017, USA/Germany

Set in the post-AIDS future of 2060, where the Government is the first to declare the era AIDS FREE, mutated AIDS viruses give birth to ZERO GEN—humans that have genetically evolved in a unique way. These gender fluid ZERO GENs are the bio-drug carriers whose white fluid is the hypernarcotic for the 21st century, taking over the markets of the 20th century white powder high. The ejaculate of these beings is intoxicating and the new form of sexual commodity in the future. The new drug, code named DELTA, diffuses through skin contact and creates an addictive high.

12 Thu June 22

Affirmations

Marlon Riggs, 10 min, 1990, USA

Riggs expresses the hopes, dreams and desires of gay Black men in this ode to queer African American empowerment. Built around outtakes of interview and protest footage from *Tongues Untied* (1989), *Affirmations* begins as a candid, sex-positive confessional by poet Reginald T. Jackson about first-time penetration and evolves into a rousing chorus of calls for freedom, recognition and inclusion.

Medicine Bundle

Theo Jean Cuthand, 10 min, 2020, Canada

Medicine Bundle is about a bundle that was used in my family to heal my Great Great Grandfather from a smallpox epidemic and a life-threatening wound from a gatling gun used against him during the Battle of Cutknife Hill in 1885. The bundle was again used in 1918 when my Grandfather contracted the Spanish flu as a baby. It was buried in an unmarked grave to protect it from grave robbers, but the spirit within the bundle has continued to protect our family from more modern psychological effects of colonization like depression. As I finished this video, a pandemic was raging over the globe, and I wondered if the bundle would continue to protect us now as it has in the past.

Extractions

Theo Jean Cuthand, 15 min, 2019, Canada

A personal film about Canada's Resource Extraction Industry and the filmmaker's role being both a beneficiary and an adversary, as an Indigenous person. Cuthand parallels resource extraction with the rampant apprehension of Indigenous children and babies for the profitable foster care system in Canada. The filmmaker turns his attention to his own desire for children, and the processes he went through to retrieve frozen eggs to make a Cree baby. Larger problems caused by resource extraction, specifically climate change, threaten the planet and have made many people abandon the idea of reproducing, yet the filmmaker resists abandoning hope.

Specular Cry

Amina Ross, 3 min, 2019/20, USA

Within this work I render a fragmented eye that cries, in a stuttered and fragmented loop, it contains the reflection of a cityscape. I am curious about black interiority, the space of deep feeling that resides beyond and in spite of visibility. Atop this modeled and animated eye plays a channeled poetic text I wrote during a planetary alignment of Pluto and Venus some years ago. The words came to me just before sleep and I followed them.

Audio produced by Charles Rice (ORPHUN); text written and read by Amina Ross; 3D modeling, animation, and simulation by Amina Ross; 3D modeling and simulation advising by Max Crider.

Both, Instrument & Sound

Sharlene Bamboat, 30 min, 2023, Canada

Both, Instrument & Sound employs tension as an aesthetic strategy, to explore solidarity, collective struggle and the transformation of these values under neoliberalism. The film follows the life of Tony over two years as he describes his political activism from the 1970s onwards, which cannot be disentangled from his friendships and his lovers. In the face of a growing politics and language of individualism *Both, Instrument & Sound* questions how our discourses and practices of solidarity have changed since the rise of neoliberalism. Through hand-processed 16mm film, poetry and collective listening practices, the collision of flesh and friendship, sonic and visual tension, and the complications of solidarity are explored.

Bugs and Beasts Before the Law

Bamboat | Mitchell, 33 min, 2019, Germany/Canada/UK

Bugs and Beasts Before the Law is an experimental film that explores the medieval practice of putting animals on trial. This history of colonial law-making forged political and sometimes profane relationships between humans and animals. This essayistic work reimagines common perceptions of legal history and, in doing so, produces a world where past and present, fiction and non-fiction, human and animal fuse.

13 Thu June 22

Shtei Nashim Ve'Gever / Two Women and a Man

Roe Rosen, 16 min, 2005, Israel

Rosen dedicated six years to the persona of Jewish Belgian artist and pornographer Justine Frank (1900–1943). Frank, infamous for her concoction of Jewish motifs and explicit erotica, was active both amongst the French Surrealists and, later, the Jewish community in Palestine before the establishment of Israel, managing to provoke anger and hostility in both scenes. The film presents an interview by Frank scholar Joanna Führer-Ha'Sfari (Rosen in drag, with his voice dubbed by a woman) on the occasion of the publication in Hebrew of *Sweet Sweat*, the pornographic novel Frank authored in 1931. As soon became clear, Führer-Ha'Sfari was highly antagonistic towards Rosen, and only snippets of the interview were used in the program. Führer-Ha'Sfari discusses not only the provocative aspects of Frank's work, but an earlier work by Rosen, dealing with Nazism and the Holocaust, that stirred a scandal when shown in Israel. The split between two fake personae and Rosen's own is used to stage a moral split of self-incrimination.

International Dawn Chorus Day

John Greyson, 15 min, 2021, Canada

On International Dawn Chorus Day (May 3, 2020), birds from six continents join a zoom call. They gossip about storms and cats and wires and dates. They talk about Egyptian filmmaker Shady Habash, known for his satiric anti-dictator music videos, who died the day before in Cairo's notorious Tora prison. They wonder about Egyptian queer activist Sarah Hegazi, famously incarcerated for flying a rainbow flag at a Cairo concert, now living as a refugee in Toronto. They don't realize that a month later, unable to bear the pain of her prison trauma, Sarah will take her own life.

Reclamation

Theo Jean Cuthand, 13 min, 2018, Canada

Reclamation is a documentary-style imagining of a post-dystopic future in Canada after massive climate change, wars, pollution, and the aftereffects of the large-scale colonial project which has now destroyed the land. When Indigenous people are left behind after a massive exodus by primarily privileged white settlers who have moved to Mars, the original inhabitants of this land cope by trying to restore and rehabilitate the beautiful planet they belong to.

The Lost Art of the Future

Theo Jean Cuthand, 4 min, 2022, Canada

In *The Lost Art of the Future*, Cuthand talks about artists he has known who have passed while living with HIV/AIDS and the art he wishes he had been able to see them make if their lifetimes had been longer.

You Were an Amazement on the Day You Were Born

Emily Vey Duke & Cooper Battersby, 33 min, 2019, Canada/USA

You Were an Amazement on the Day You Were Born is a visually rich film that follows a woman through a life characterized by damage and loss, but in which she finds humor, love and joy. With a score that follows the span of Lenore's life, from her birth in the early 1970s to her death in the 2040s, the film takes us from moments of harrowing loss to poignancy and dark humor. Her life is narrated by performers who range in age from nine to sixty-nine, and is beautifully illustrated with images of animals/humans, insects and landscapes.

14 Thu June 22

Sodom

Luther Price, 16 min, 1989, USA

Sodom is viscerally graphic and disturbing through its hypnotic mirage of human fragment absorbed in mutilation. Based on the biblical story, *Sodom* recreates this destruction through an editing style that lends itself to a kind of organic image breakdown, creating a collage of moving image.

North by Current

Angelo Madsen Minax, 86 min, 2021, USA

After the inconclusive death of his young niece, filmmaker Angelo Madsen Minax returns to his rural Michigan hometown preparing to make a film about a broken criminal justice system. Instead, he pivots to excavate the depths of generational addiction, Christian fervor and trans embodiment. Lyrically assembled images, decades of home movies and ethereal narration form an idiosyncratic and poetic undertow that guides a viewer through lifetimes and relationships. Like the relentless Michigan seasons, the meaning of family shifts, as Madsen, his sister, and his parents strive tirelessly to accept each other. Poised to incite more internal searching than provide clear statements or easy answers, *North by Current* is a visual rumination on the understated relationships between mothers and children, truths and myths, losses and gains.

15 Fri June 23

In Memoriam: San Francisco Art Institute (1871–2022)

Considered the first art school in the Western US, the SFAI was a hotbed for not only aesthetic but social and sexual experimentation over much of its history. The context of San Francisco as the epicenter of sexual liberation fostered an art school with a particularly libidinal bent. This was most evident in George Kuchar's classroom, where no-budget filmmaking techniques were learned and boundaries pushed.

"The campus was a pleasant, sun-drenched environment, with any hint of tears and sweat kept to a minimum. At least on the surface. But like the earth beneath our feet, the California experience was riddled with potentially violent cracks that could shake one up pretty bad. We were going to grind the productions out from start to finish, and so the student-teacher movie factory opened for business: the business of education, art, entertainment, and creative expression on a shoestring budget; a kind of trash cinema that used actual trash for sets and strived to elevate the garbage into excrements of excellence. We put our hearts and souls into these movies, along with the rotten acting and inept direction. Without all these elements we would not be human..." – GEORGE KUCHAR

Club Vatican

George Kuchar, 17 min, 1984, USA

Kuchar's childhood was heavily shaped by Catholic sexual repression and guilt. Movies acted as an escape from day-to-day life, a parallel reality that reveled in sin and sensation. Teaching at the libertine San Francisco Art Institute from 1971–2011, Kuchar made numerous hot-blooded, Z-grade "classroom pictures" with his students. Several, including *Club Vatican*, *Motel Capri* and *Evangelust*, act as lascivious collective exorcisms of religious hypocrisy and sexual repression. *Club Vatican* is one of the most visually sumptuous of Kuchar's classroom pictures, and was recently restored by the Harvard Film Archive (alongside other of Kuchar's pedagogical free-for-alls). The frame is packed with visual

stimulation and the film unfolds as a series of writhing tableaux depicting clergy and sinners alike in perverse Catholic rites. Kuchar called it “a meditation on religious upheaval via mental strife.”

Video Album 5 / The Thursday People

George Kuchar, 60 min, 1987, USA

The comings and goings of the late underground filmmaker Curt McDowell—and the people and activities that came and went along with him—are the themes that run through this existential diary of daily life. McDowell was dying from AIDS-related illnesses during the production of the diary. Steve Seid describes it: “An elegy for McDowell, the videowork captures Kuchar’s mournful remembrances of his long-lasting friendship with the young filmmaker. But it also has the inquisitive charm, perverse humor and quirky candor that places Kuchar’s visual expressions in a gritty niche all their own.” The video ultimately leaves open the question of whether Kuchar’s and McDowell’s transgressive filmmaking spirit will be taken up by younger generations, poignantly considering the ravages of time’s passing and the fragility of cultural memory.



THE EDDIES, ANGELO MADSEN MINAX

Artists

Chantal Akerman

Chantal Akerman (1950–2015) was a renowned filmmaker, writer and artist, considered one of the most important directors of her generation. The daughter of Holocaust survivors, she directed over forty documentary and fiction films and created several art installations. *La Chambre* is an early short film that she made soon after seeing Michael Snow's epic structuralist film *La Région centrale* (1971), which opened up the possibilities of non-narrative cinema for her. Critic B. Ruby Rich claimed Akerman's first fiction feature *Je tu il elle* (1974) was akin to the "cinematic Rosetta Stone of female sexuality." In 2022, her film *Jeanne Dielman, 23 quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles* (1975) was voted the greatest film of all time in the *Sight and Sound* poll.

Kenneth Anger

Kenneth Anger (1927–2023) was the progenitor of queer avant-garde filmmaking in the United States, drawing heavily on mysticism and pop culture. His films include *Fireworks* (1947), *Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome* (1954) and *Scorpio Rising* (1963).

Bamboot | Mitchell (in person)

Sharlene Bamboat is a moving image and installation artist based in Tiohtià:ke/Montreal. Her practice engages with translation, history and sound to uncover sensory and fractured ways of understanding the relationship between the self and the social in transnational contexts. Her works examine the role of colonialism, globalization, culture, and desire through poetics, abstraction and collaboration by working with artists, musicians and writers to animate historical, political, legal, and pop-culture materials. Her most frequent collaborator, since 2009, is **Alexis Kyle Mitchell**. Mitchell is an artist and scholar based in Glasgow. Mitchell completed a PhD in Human Geography at the University of

Toronto and currently holds a Postdoctoral Fellowship at the Center for Disability Studies at New York University under the supervision of Dr. Faye Ginsburg. Screenings and exhibitions include Henry Art Gallery (Seattle), Mercer Union (Toronto), Berwick Film & Media Arts Festival, and International Film Festival Rotterdam.

Duke and Battersby (in person)

Cooper Battersby is an experimental moving image and object maker from Canada. He has collaborated with **Emily Vey Duke** for over two decades. Their work has been shown at the Whitney Museum of American Art, Walker Art Center, Institute of Contemporary Art Philadelphia, Musée d'art contemporain de Montréal, New York Film Festival, International Film Festival Rotterdam, Images Festival, Berwick Film & Media Arts Festival, and the Ann Arbor Film Festival, among many others. In 2011, they were shortlisted for the Sobey Art Award, Canada's most prestigious prize for artists under forty. A book about their work, *The Beauty Is Relentless*, came out in 2012. Emily Vey Duke is an experimental moving image and object maker from Nova Scotia. In 2016, her ten-year drawing and writing collaboration with Shary Boyle was made into an award-winning book called *The Illuminations Project*.

Shu Lea Cheang (in person)

Shu Lea Cheang is an artist and filmmaker whose genre-bending gender-hacking practices challenge existing operating mechanisms. She builds social interface with transgressive plots, constructs networked installation in participatory impromptu mode, and drafts sci-fi narratives in film scenario and artwork imagination. A net art pioneer, *Brandon* (1998–99) was the first web art commissioned and collected by New York's Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum. Her feature-length films *Fresh Kill* (1994), *I.K.U.* (2000,) and *FLUIDØ* (2017)—respectively termed eco-cybernoia, sci-fi cyberpunk and sci-fi cypherpunk—seek to define a genre of sci-fi new queer cinema. Cheang represented Taiwan with a mixed media installation *3x3x6*, at Venice Biennale 2019. She released her fourth feature film, *UKI*, a sci-fi Viral Alt-Reality cinema in 2023.

Theo Jean Cuthand (in person)

Theo Jean Cuthand grew up in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. He makes films about sexuality, madness, Queer identity and love, gender, and Indigeneity. His work has exhibited at the MoMA in NYC, the National Gallery in Ottawa and the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis. He completed his BFA in Film and Video at Emily Carr University of Art and Design in 2005, and his MFA in Media Production at TMU in 2015. He is a Whitney Biennial 2019 artist. He is of Plains Cree and Scots descent, a member of Little Pine First Nation, and currently resides in Toronto.

Walt Disney

Walt Disney (1901–1966) was an American motion-picture and television producer and showman, famous as a pioneer of animated cartoon films.

John Greyson

John Greyson is a video/film artist based in Toronto. Since 1984, his many features, shorts and transmedia works have explored such queer activist issues as police violence, prison, AIDS activism, solidarity, homo-nationalism, and apartheid (both South African and Israeli). His feature films include *Fig Trees* (2009), *Lilies* (1996), *Zero Patience* (1993), and *Urinal* (1989), and they have received numerous awards from festivals around the world. He is currently an Associate Professor in York University's Cinema & Media Arts department, and is co-editor of the groundbreaking anthology *Queer Looks: Perspectives on Lesbian & Gay Film & Video*. His oeuvre is the subject of the critical anthology *The Perils of Pedagogy: The Works of John Greyson*.

Barbara Hammer

Barbara Hammer (1939–2019) was a visual artist who primarily worked in film and video. Her cinema is multi-leveled and engages an audience viscerally and intellectually with the goal of activating them to make social change. She has been honored with retrospectives at MoMA in New York, Tate Modern in London, Jeu de Paume in Paris, the Toronto International Film Festival, and Kunsthalle Oslo. Her book *Hammer! Making Movies Out of Sex and Life* was published in 2010.

Pat Hearn

Pat Hearn (1955–2000) was best known as an innovative and highly respected art dealer who ran the Pat Hearn Gallery in New York from 1983 to 2000. She was formerly an artist and dancer who had studied at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Her and her gallery's papers —alongside those of her partner Colin de Land—are held by the Center for Curatorial Studies at Bard College, which organized the exhibition *The Conditions of Being Art: Pat Hearn Gallery and American Fine Arts, Co. (1983–2004)* in 2018.

George Kuchar

George Kuchar (1942–2011) was a legendary underground filmmaker and prolific video diarist. With his twin brother Mike, Kuchar produced an astonishing array of Super-8 and 16mm films in the late 1950–60s inspired by the Hollywood melodramas and Z-grade movies of their Bronx childhood. He turned from celluloid to the “despised” medium of video in the 1980s, making hundreds of witty and intimate self-narrated tapes that both observe and comment on his day-to-day life, veering from the scatological to the sublime. Kuchar taught filmmaking at the San Francisco Art Institute from 1971 to 2011, and he referred to filmmaker Curt McDowell as his “first student.” McDowell went on to be his lover, friend and collaborator (notably on the 1975 feature *Thundercrack!*).

Shelley Lake

Shelley Lake received her BFA from the Rhode Island School of Design in 1976. In 1979, Lake earned a Master of Science degree from MIT and became the first female graduate of the Architecture Machine Group (now known as the Media Lab). At MIT, she trained with Nicholas Negroponte and Harold Edgerton, pioneers in the fusion of science, art, and technology. Hearn and Lake collaborated on a number of videos in the 1980s, including *Seizure*.

Curt McDowell

Curt McDowell (1945–1987) was an American underground filmmaker. He left his hometown of Lafayette, IN, for San Francisco, initially studying painting at the San Francisco Art Institute before switching to film. He

studied under George Kuchar there, and they became lovers, friends and collaborators. McDowell's highly libidinal films ranged from crude skits to very personal experiments plumbing desire and power. Critic Glen Helfand writes, "Curt McDowell worked in San Francisco from the late 1960s until his death in 1987—a period that witnessed the Summer of Love, gay liberation and the onset of AIDS, to which he succumbed at the age of forty-two. He was the director of numerous films that recast the American dream of plenty in pansexual terms."

Angelo Madsen Minax (in person)

Angelo Madsen Minax is a multi-disciplinary artist, filmmaker and educator. His projects consider how human relationships are woven through personal and collective histories, cultures and kinships, with specific attention to subcultural experience, phenomenology, and the politics of desire. Madsen's works have been shown at Berlinale, TIFF, Sundance, NYFF, BAMCinemaFest, Anthology Film Archives, British Film Institute, and others. His film *North by Current* (2021) aired on season 34 of *POV* (PBS), was nominated for an Independent Spirit award, and won the Cinema Eye Honors Spotlight award, Best Writing award from the IDA and numerous festival jury prizes. A *New York Times* Critic's Pick, *North by Current* has been called "A beautiful, complex wonder of a film" by *Rolling Stone* and "A titanic work" by Criterion. Madsen is currently an Associate Professor of Time-Based Media at the University of Vermont, a USA Artists Fellow and a Guggenheim Fellow.

Gunvor Nelson

Gunvor Nelson was born and studied in Stockholm before moving to the USA in 1953 where she studied at Humboldt State College, San Francisco Art Institute (SFAI) and Mills College, graduating with an MFA in painting. Her films include *Schmeerguntz* (1965, with Dorothy Wiley), *My Name Is Oona*, (1969) and *Kirsa Nicholina* (1969). She taught at San Francisco State University from 1969–70 and the SFAI from 1970–1992 before moving back to Sweden in 1993. Her films have been screened at major art museums as MoMA in New York, Moderna Museet in Stockholm and at cinematheques in Europe and North America.

Edward Owens

Edward Owens (1949–2009) was a Chicago-born African-American filmmaker. As a painting and sculpture student at the Art Institute of Chicago who also made 8mm films, he was encouraged by his teacher Gregory Markopoulos to move to New York City. Arriving in 1966, he was soon ushered into the city's queer underground. In the late 1960s when he was still only a teenager, he “created a cluster of films that display an increasing mastery of form,” in critic Ed Halter’s words. After completing his acclaimed featurette *Tomorrow’s Promise*, he returned to Chicago to make *Remembrance: A Portrait Study and Private Imaginings* and *Narrative Facts* taking his own family as subject matter, notably his mother Mildered Owens and her friends. He stopped making films in 1971, living the rest of his life on the South Side of Chicago.

The films of Edward Owens were restored in a joint project undertaken by Chicago Film Society, The New American Cinema Group, Inc./The Film-Makers’ Cooperative, and the John M. Flaxman Library at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. This project was made possible with the support of the National Film Preservation Foundation’s Avant-Garde Masters Grant Program and the Film Foundation. Funding provided by the Hobson/Lucas Family Foundation. Restoration: BB Optics; Laboratory Services: Colorlab.

Luther Price

Luther Price (1962–2020) received a BFA in Sculpture and Media/Performing Arts from Massachusetts College of Art and Design, where he studied with Saul Levine, and was later a professor at the school. He worked primarily in Super8 and 16mm film, using found footage and physically intervening into the celluloid. His haunting work in film, performance and installation has been shown extensively, nationally and internationally. His 35mm slide-based work is in the collections of MoMA and the Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston.

James Richards (in person)

Known for his provocative and visually seductive moving-image works that collage together a range of source material—such as intimate home movies, archival footage, television signals, and rich musical soundtracks—Richards’ work addresses the relentless flow of imagery that has come to define the 21st century, carving out a space where personal politics and digital materiality might meet. Concurrent with filmmaking,

Richards has presented numerous exhibition projects informed through archival research and ongoing collaborative exchanges with other artists. He has made a number of collaborations with **Steve Reinke**, including *Disambiguation* and *What Weakens the Flesh Is the Flesh Itself*.

Marlon Riggs

Marlon Riggs (1957–1994) received his Master's degree in journalism from the University of California, Berkeley in 1981. He remained in the Bay Area, teaching at his alma mater and making a number of important documentaries for public television including *Tongues Untied* (1989), which was targeted by the Christian Right. Inspired by the Black gay poetry movement, this experimental testament is now recognized as a classic. Riggs was hospitalized for complications due to AIDS during the production of his ambitious final film *Black Is... Black Ain't*, and it was finished posthumously by his collaborators in 1995.

Roe Rosen (in person)

Roe Rosen is an Israeli-American artist, filmmaker and writer known for his multilayered and provocative work which challenges the divides between history and the present, documentary and fiction, politics and erotics. Rosen's *Out* won the Orizzonti award for best medium-length film at the 2010 Venice Film Festival. Several retrospectives of Rosen's cinema have been held, among them at the International Short Film Festival Oberhausen (2012) and FICUNAM, Mexico City (2018). His film *The Dust Channel* premiered in documenta 14. In 2018, an expansive one-person exhibition was held at Centre Pompidou, Paris. His most recent retrospective took place at Kunstmuseum Luzern, 2022. His books include *Justine Frank, Sweet Sweat* (Sternberg, 2009).

Amina Ross (in person)

Amina Ross is an artist, educator and lifelong learner. Ross makes videos, texts, sculptures, sounds, and situations. Ross worked as an educator at the Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago, was a lecturer at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago and a critic at Rhode Island School of Design. Ross is currently part-time faculty at Parsons School of Design | The New School. They received a BFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago

and an MFA from the Yale School of Art. They have recently exhibited work at Sentiment (Zurich, CH), Wave Hill (Bronx, NY), The Luminary (St. Louis, MO), Iceberg Projects (Chicago, IL), and M23 (New York, NY) among other venues. Ross is a current artist-in-residence at The Bronx Museum and The Lower East Side Printshop. They recently completed residencies at Skowhegan School of Sculpture and Painting (Madison, ME), Abrons Art Center (New York, NY) and Harvestworks (New York, NY).

Beryl Sokoloff

Beryl Sokoloff (1918–2006) was an artist of many mediums—a painter, a photographer, a photojournalist, a musician, and a filmmaker. In his filmmaking career, Sokoloff focused on portraits of numerous artists and the process of making art, observations of politics and society, and poetic evocations of both New York City and landscapes encountered through his travels, frequently weaving these various threads together in individual films.

Leslie Thornton

Leslie Thornton studied with filmmakers Hollis Frampton, Stan Brakhage, Paul Sharits, and Peter Kubelka at SUNY Buffalo. She has been honored with numerous awards, including a John Simon Guggenheim Fellowship as well as the Maya Deren Award, the first Herb Alpert Award in the Arts and two Rockefeller Foundation fellowships. Refracted through archival material, texts, found footage, and dense soundtracks, Thornton's rigorously experimental film and video work is an investigation into the production of meaning through media. She is Professor Emerita of Modern Culture and Media at Brown University.

Wu Tsang (in person)

Wu Tsang is an award-winning filmmaker and visual artist. Tsang's work crosses genres and disciplines, from narrative and documentary films to live performance and video installations. Tsang is a MacArthur "Genius" Fellow, and her projects have been presented at museums, biennials and film festivals internationally. Awards include 2016 Guggenheim Fellow (Film/Video), 2018 Hugo Boss Prize Nominee, Creative Capital, Rockefeller Foundation, Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation, and Warhol

Foundation. Tsang received her BFA (2004) from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC) and an MFA (2010) from University of California Los Angeles (UCLA). Currently Tsang works in residence at Schauspielhaus Zurich, as a director of theater with the collective Moved by the Motion.

Ron Vawter

Ron Vawter (1948–1994) was an American actor and a founding member of the experimental theater company The Wooster Group.

Paul Wong

Paul Wong is an award-winning Vancouver-based artist and curator known for pioneering early visual and media art in Canada, founding several artist-run groups, leading public arts policy, and organizing events, festivals, conferences, and public interventions since the 1970s. Capturing the everyday, he uses video as mirror and probe, both to discover his own identity and to reflect the world back onto itself. Wong picked up a Portapak video camera in the 70s as a renegade against the world around him and has become one of Canada's most renowned multimedia artists, known for his fierce engagement with issues of race, sex and death.



WILDNESS, WU TSANG

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Thank You!

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