WNDX
winnipeg's festival
of film and video art
thursday october 8 to
sunday october 11, 2009
WWW.WNDX.ORG

WILLIAM F. WHITE INTERNATIONAL INC.
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Please join the Winnipeg Film Group for the release of our latest publication

PLACE

**PLACE**, a 128 page book featuring 13 essays on 13 independent feature filmmakers from Winnipeg

**Wednesday**
**October 21 2009**
**5 – 7 PM**

→ 100 Arthur Street

→ Filmmakers and authors in attendance

→ For Sale: **winnipegfilmgroup.com**

WINNIPEG FILM GROUP

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# Festival Information

## About WNDX

Established in 2006, WNDX places special attention on the most innovative and ground-breaking work by Canadian filmmakers and video artists, with a special focus on the work of Manitoba and prairie artists. We celebrate the impetus to create in motion picture as a means of artistic expression and bring to the forefront works that may be overlooked by the mainstream. WNDX is a film festival that was created by filmmakers, in support of filmmakers.

## Dates

Thurs October 8 to Sun October 11, 2009

## Tickets

**Festival Pass**: $20
($15 Students and Seniors)

**Single Admission:** $8
($6 Students and Seniors)

**One Take Super 8 Event Screening:**
$5 all admission

**Great Experiment!**
**Just For Kids Screening:**
Free To All

## Locations

Artspace - 100 Arthur Street
(at Bannatyne)

- Winnipeg Cinematheque, main floor
- PLATFORM, main floor
- Winnipeg Film Group's Studio, 3rd floor

The Gas Station Theatre - 445 River Avenue (at Osborne)

## More Information and Updates

**www.wndx.org**

## Credits

**Programmers and Curators:**
Cecilia Araneda,
Jaimz Asmundson,
Clive Holden and Solomon Nagler

**Writers:**
Cecilia Araneda, Scott Birdwise and Mike Hoolboom

**One Take Super 8 Event:**
Alex Rogalski

**Festival Coordinator:** Liz Barron

**Festival Publicist:** Leslie Stafford

**Website:** Cecilia Araneda

**Digital Mastering:** Jaimz Asmundson

Schedule subject to change

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## WNDX

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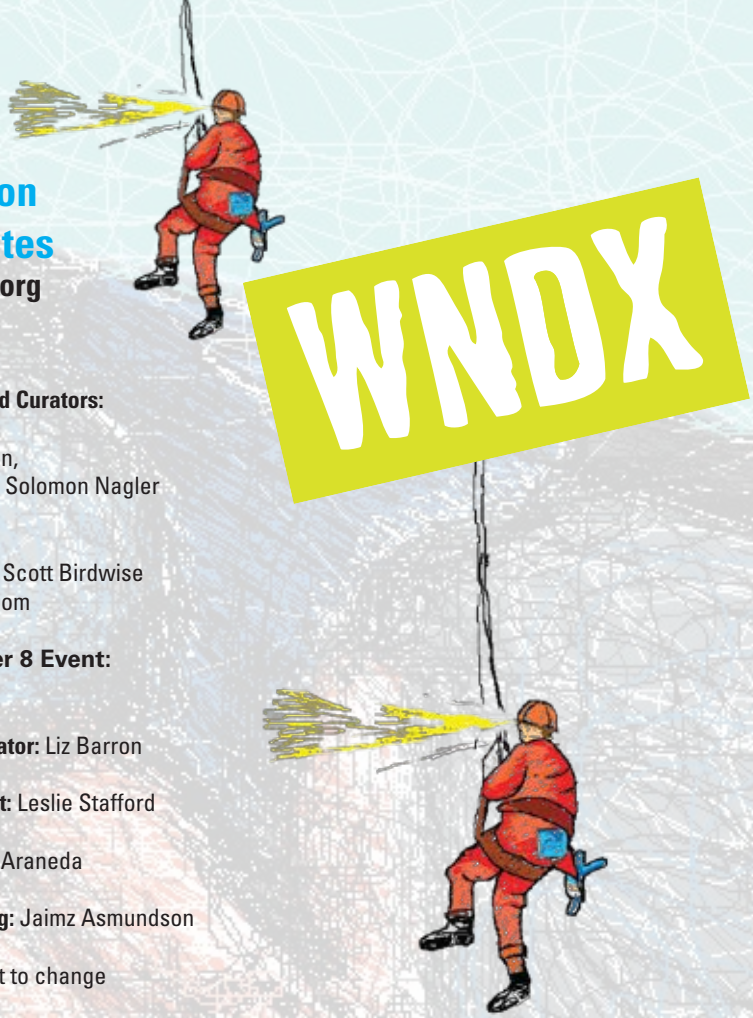

# Funders and Sponsors

## Operating Funder

Canada Council for the Arts | Conseil des Arts du Canada

## Project Funders

MANITOBA ARTS COUNCIL
CONSEIL DES ARTS DU MANITOBA
YEARS/ANS

WINNIPEG ARTS COUNCIL

WINNIPEG FILM GROUP

## Festival Sponsors

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# Schedule

## Special Parallel Presentation

### wed oct 7

**7 pm** | Philip Hoffman Retrospective I – Cinematheque (pg 9)

**9 pm** | Philip Hoffman Retrospective II – Cinematheque (pg 9)

## Festival Schedule

### thurs oct 8

**5 pm** | Philip Hoffman Master Lecture on Diary Cinema – Cinematheque (pg15)

**7 pm** | New Prairie Cinema – Cinematheque (pg 5)

**9 pm** | Opening Reception – PLATFORM

### fri oct 9

**5 pm** | Panel Discussion: Distributing Your Independent Short Film – Cinematheque (pg 15)

**7 pm** | John Price: Second Childhood – Cinematheque (pg 10)

**9 pm** | Canada Avant Garde – Cinematheque (pg 6)

### sat oct 10

**5 pm** | A Fragile Transition: Past and Present in Chilean Canadian Cinema – Cinematheque (pg 12)

**7 pm** | All Fall Down, by Philip Hoffman – Cinematheque (pg 8)

**9 pm** | Video Alchemy: Tasman Richardson vs RKO (Paris) – Winnipeg Film Group Studio (pg 8)

**11 pm** | The Underground Party – Winnipeg Film Group Studio

### sun oct 11

**12 noon** | Video Vulture Workshop: the Jawa Editing Technique – Winnipeg Film Group Studio (pg 15)

**2 pm** | Great Experiments Just for Kids – Cinematheque (pg 14)

**7 pm** | One Take Super 8 Event Screening – The Gas Station Theatre (pg 8)

## Opening Night Screening

**Thursday, October 8**
**@ 7 PM – Cinematheque**

**Followed by a post-screening opening reception**

This program features innovative short films and videos from creators working across the prairie region – Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

## Intuition

**(Sean Garrity | Manitoba)**
**– 5 mins, video, 2009**
*** World Premiere**

The prairies, when seen from the sky, are etched with dark black lines, with intricate, canvas-like textures, like a series of expressionist paintings, at turns reminiscent of Miro and Klee.

## Tourism Toronto

**(aka A Hayseed in Hogtown) (Bryan Besant | Manitoba) – 3 mins, video, 2009* World Premiere**

Tourism Toronto is a Super 8 one take experiment shot with the intention of generating audio from the film by capturing geometric imagery shot frame by frame and lights utilizing a long exposure.

## Shatterglit

**(Robot Pasternak | Manitoba)**
**– 5:00 mins, digital video, 2008**

A metaphysical synopsis of a human life flashing before your eyes. A human beings life essence, crystalized to 5 minutes showing the molecular residual patterning of the mental, physical and spiritual inner vibration from conception to death.

## Sitka

**(Olga Zikrata | Manitoba)**
**– 5 mins, video, 2009**
*** Manitoba Premiere**

Sitka ("net" in Ukrainian) is composed of threads and ruptures into the folds of memory, love and loss. Body, skin, touch, movement, man and woman, mother and son, memories are awash in a haptic eroticism of film grain.

## Loving the Bomb

**(Alison Davis | Manitoba)**
**– 4 mins, video, 2008**
***Canadian Premiere**

Atomic positive propaganda and historical accounts of nuclear explosions infiltrate the daily existence of a family living in a town supported by atomic bomb production.

## Revival

**(Heidi Phillips | Manitoba) – 8 mins, video, 2009 ***
**Regional Premiere**

Words half-heard, momentary silences, sounds of technology and rhythmic repetition create a hypnotic, entrancing soundscape to echo extensively hand processed found film footage. Revival is a spiritual search that gives us an inkling of our ultimate destination.

## Fair Trade

**(Leslie Supnet | Manitoba)**
**– 4 mins, video, 2009**
***World Premiere**

A young woman experiences heavy nostalgic trauma, as she purges herself from her past. Fair Trade is a story of one woman's quest for a psychedelic transformation.

## Vacation Suit

**(Paul Atkins + Ian Campbell | Saskatchewan) – 5 mins, video, 2009**
*** World Premiere**

While on a European vacation, Bernie likes to be well equipped. His friend Chuck acts as his guide.

## all this way

**(robert.daniel.pytlyk | Saskatchewan) – 5:00 mins, video, 2008**
*** Manitoba Premiere**

After almost 25 years, the face of the American landscape has not changed.

## Visages

**(Lyle Pisio | Alberta)**
**– 8 mins, 16 mm, 2008**
*** Manitoba Premiere**

Ely discovers that his perception of reality depends on the face he chooses to wear.

## Static

**(Tyler Funk | Manitoba) – 4 mins, video, 2009**
*** World Premiere**

A tortured musician trying to cope with the need to create.

## My Life in Dreams

**(Cam Woykin | Alberta / Manitoba)**
**– 8 mins, video, 2008**

My Life in Dreams follows a man's trance-like recollection of a recurring dream he has had since childhood.

## Open Call Program: New Prairie Cinema

### Going, going, gone...
**(Aubriand | Manitoba) – 3 mins, video, 2008**
A young girl's dispute with her mother… and its unexpected poetic unraveling. She waves to us, and as her turmoil disappears so does she.

### IKWÉ
**(Caroline Monnet | Manitoba) – 5 mins, video, 2009**
*** Regional Premiere**
*** WNDX Special Jury Prize**
*IKWÉ* is an experimental film that weaves the narrative of one woman's (IKWÉ) intimate thoughts with the teachings of her grandmother, the Moon, creating a surreal narrative experience that communicates the power of thoughts and personal reflection.

## Open Call Program: Canada Avant Garde

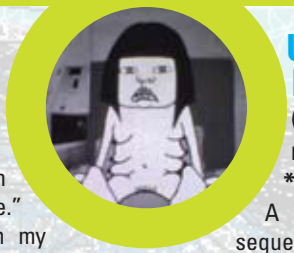
**Friday, October 9 @ 9 PM – Cinematheque**
This program features innovative short films and videos from creators working across Canada, outside of the prairie region.

### LoopLoop
**(Patrick Bergeron | Quebec) – 5 mins, video, 2008**
*** Regional Premiere**
Using animation, sounds warping and time shifts this video runs forwards and backwards looking for forgotten details, mimicking the way memories are replayed in the mind. LoopLoop is made from a sequence I captured in a train going to Hanoi in Vietnam.

### Introduction à l'usure: R-10
**(Pierre Luc Gouin | Quebec) – 2 mins, 16 mm, 2009**
*** World Premiere**
Introduction à l'usure: R-10 is an essay on changes: changes through time, manipulation and perception. Degradation is everywhere and it is constant; nothing escapes it. In this introduction, Kodak colour reversal 3383 film is treated with Kodak R-10 bleach. Colours and shapes of the pre-exposed film are revealed to create an ever-changing abstract landscape.

### Lacuna
**(Shannon Harris | Quebec) – 10 mins, video, 2008**
*** Western Canadian Premiere**
Lacuna: 1. an empty space or a missing part; a gap, an absence. 2. a discontinuity in an anatomical structure.

### lay claim to an island
**(Chris Kennedy | Ontario) – 12 mins, video, 2009**
*** Canadian Premiere**
Texts from the 1969 American Indian Occupation of Alcatraz and letters from supporters propel an exploration of political yearning, emancipatory architecture and failed utopias. What does it mean to claim land that has more value as a symbol than as a potential home? And how does that symbol function beyond the boundaries of its geographic limits?



## Snap Shot

**(Kim Kielhofner | Quebec)**
**– 4 mins, video, 2008**
*** Regional Premiere**

"I watched a movie one afternoon and this is the story of that movie." A fictional story combined with my personal archives of photos. Together the story and images walk the line between fiction and autobiography, hero and villain, humor and melancholy.

## Kinestasis

**(John Kneller | Ontario)**
**– 13 mins, 16 mm, 2009**
*** World Premiere**

Kinestasis consists entirely of advertising still images. They are collaged and heavily image processed using a custom built 16 mm animation art table, showing multiplicities from opposing sides of the capitalist coin.

## Block B

**(Chris Chong Chan Fui | Ontario/ Malaysia) – 20 mins, 35 mm, 2008**
*** Regional Premiere**

A building becomes a living painting. The concrete homes and contradicting soundscapes frame the lives of an expatriate Indian community in Malaysia.

## Up the Rabbit Hole

**(Asa Mori | BC) – 5 mins, video, 2008**
*** Regional Premiere**

A surreal Super 8 dream sequence unravels as a six-nippled creature finds herself trapped in a capsule with a dead rabbit and a bloody hole. With trusty rabbit ears, she taps her way through bizarre TV scenes: Japanese men on carousels, people in monster suites with balloons, and disturbing garbage bags in bathtubs.

## Resonance Mark

**(Brian Kent Gotro | BC)**
**– 4 mins, video, 2008**
*** Regional Premiere**

Resonance Mark references the most serious of dramatic movie scores, then begins to visually deconstruct the imagery on screen before pushing it into total audio-visual obliteration.

## The Garden of Earthly Delights

**(Izabella Pruska-Oldenhof | Ontario)**
**– 8 mins, 16 mm, 2008 (silent)**
*** Manitoba Premiere**

A visual duet consisting of a 16mm film and a 16mm photogram self-portrait collage. It is inspired by the earthly pleasures and wonders as revealed in the vibrant marvels of Stan Brakhage's cinema, and in the central panel of the 1504 triptych by Hieronymus Bosch titled The Garden of Earthly Delights.

## Chronicle Reconstructions

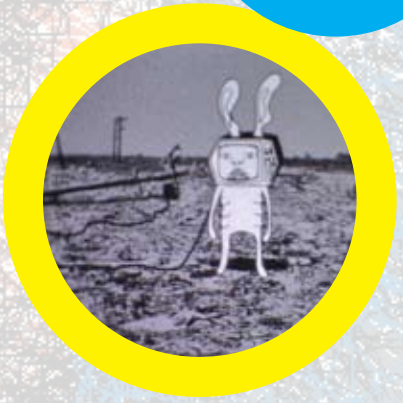
**(Steven Woloshen | Ontario)**
**– 3 mins, video, 2008**
*** Manitoba Premiere**

I believe that filmmakers in the future will have to establish an archaeological approach to their subject matter. Instead of photographing images, we may have to dig them from the ground and paste them together – film will look like today's Dead Sea Scrolls.

## 1 to 8

**(Amy Schwartz | Quebec)**
**– 5 mins, 16 mm, 2009**
*** Regional Premiere**

A series of 30-second sequences, all based on the original frames of a super 8 mm film and re-worked on the optical printer using difference rhythms and methods. A play on light and colour.



# Special Presentations

**Saturday, October 10 @ 7 PM**
**– Cinematheque**

## All Fall Down

**(Philip Hoffman)**
**– 94 mins, HDCAM, 2009**
*** Regional Canadian Premiere**

***All Fall Down*** is an experimental documentary that takes as its starting point a nineteenth-century farmhouse in Southern Ontario, Canada, and asks the questions 'what has been here before?' The film weaves together a complex temporal structure that juxtaposes the lives of two figures, one historical (Nahneebahweequa: a nineteenth-century Aboriginal woman and land rights activist) and the other contemporary (an ex-pat drifter and father of the filmmaker's stepdaughter) across two hundred years. The film is structured through Hoffman's extraordinary landscapes of Southern Ontario, which make the temporal fabric shimmer, bringing us meditation on childhood, property, colonialism, ecology, and love.

* World Premiere: Berlin International Film Festival, 2009

*North American Premiere: Toronto International Film Festival, 2009

**Saturday, October 10 @ 9 PM**
**– Winnipeg Film Group Studio**

## Video Alchemy: Tasman Richardson vs RKO (Paris) live video performance

We're casting a net, catching a broad sample of disposable sounds and images and then picking through them, reducing them to recurring themes, distilling the essence of what we catch and stripping away the fat and the filler. We're taking lead and making gold. We're using trash and mediocrity to create intense, immediate, sensational, spectacle. Basically, it's video alchemy. It's clear that our video cultures are so homogeneous that very little national distinction remains. What does remain is unifying symbolism and universal experience. This performance will feature the two artists going head-to-head using found media from their culture to communicate in a non-language based video performance.

**Sunday, October 11 @ 7 PM**
**– The Gas Station Theatre**

## The One Take Super 8 Event Screening

Now in its fourth year, the Winnipeg edition of the One Take Super 8 Event is always an audience favourite. This year we will feature over three dozen minty new short works by Manitoba filmmakers from Winnipeg, Lac du Bonnet and The Pas!

## Curated by Cecilia Araneda

## Introduced by Philip Hoffman

**Wednesday , October 9**
**@ 7 PM and 9 PM – Cinematheque**
Death, life, love, memory and loss together comprise the essential stuff that forms the oeuvre of Canadian experimental documentary filmmaker Philip Hoffman. Indeed, in an interview with Barbara Sternberg, Hoffman acknowledges that "not all filmmakers deal with death so directly, or so often" as he has within his body of work. And yet, this is just the start, because there is no single way to merely 'watch' a Hoffman film; when you enter the darkened space of the cinema, you become a participant within Hoffman's memories and you come to know Hoffman as a person perhaps better than you know yourself. - Cecilia Araneda

Read the essay, Poetic Passages: Thinking the Film of Philip Hoffman, by Scott Birdwise, on page 16.

**7 PM – Philip Hoffman Retrospective I – Cinematheque**

### Kitchener-Berlin

**(Philip Hoffman) - 1990, 34 mins, 16 mm**
***Kitchener-Berlin*** is a naming of recall, a movement into the city's Germanic traditions, and its rituals of memory, bereavement, and technology. It is Hoffman's most frankly "poetic" film, employing image phrases across a wordless field of interlocking fragments, gathering the sum of a diary travel in overlapping movements that quietly course through a rectangle of introspection. - ***Mike Hoolboom***

### passing through / torn formations

**(Philip Hoffman) - 1988, 43 mins, 16 mm**
passing through/torn formations accomplishes a multi-faceted experience for the viewer. It is a poetic document of family, for instance - but Philip Hoffman's editing throughout is true thought process, tracks visual theme as the mind tracks shape, makes melody of noise and words as the mind recalls sound. - ***Stan Brakhage***

**9 PM | Philip Hoffman Retrospective II – Cinematheque**

### ?O, Zoo! (The Making of a Fiction Film)

**(Philip Hoffman) - 1986, 23 mins, 16 mm**
In ***?O, Zoo!*** Hoffman grapples with the Griersonian legacy of Canadian documentary cinema. Largely shot around the production of Peter Greenaway's *A Zed and Two Noughts,* the film constructs a labyrinthean fiction out of "documentary" materials, and places the story of a death at its unseen centre. - ***Images Festival***

### What these ashes wanted

**(Philip Hoffman) - 2001, 55 mins, 16 mm**
'If you had to make up your own ritual for death, what would it be? Would it be private or shared?' asked his partner, Marian. Hoffman's answer is this beautiful document. - ***San Francisco International Film Festival***

**Friday, October 9 @ 7 PM – Cinematheque**
A selection of recent works selected and introduced by John Price.

Read the essay, *John Price: Second Childhood*, by Mike Hoolboom, on page 21.

## Remembrance Day Parade
**(John Price) – 2005, 16 mm, 2:45**
A somber parade shot on a laboratory printing stock not intended to be used in a camera. The roll was processed by hand in a very active developer.

## Fire #3
**(John Price) – 2003, 16 mm, 2:45**
A hand-processed silent film created on a bitterly cold winter evening. In a windowless bathroom with a single candle and a roll of very outdated color print stock, it became - through the alchemy of light, silver, and color chemistry - a hazy, abstract hymn to the warmth of the sun.

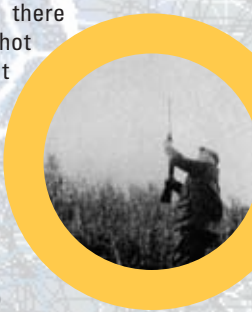
## Eve
**(John Price) – 2006, 16 mm, 7:00**
A regular under my Vancouver window for 6 months shown here at her most tragic… a child soliciting herself while under the influence of crack. It is an excerpt from an earlier film "After Eden" completed in 2000.

## Naissance
**(John Price) – 2008, 16 mm, 6:00 minute version**
New life... rolls from before and after.

## Party #4
**(John Price) – 2006, 35 mm, 2:45**
A special one for my first son.... his last as a lone ranger (only child). Shot on double perforation black and white 16mm, the film ran through the camera twice and doubled the consumption of ice cream and cake.

## Making Pictures
**(John Price) – 2005, 35 mm, 13:00**
In May 2005, I was hired to work as a camera technician on a documentary film about a Canadian fine art photographer who 'makes pictures' of massive industrial projects. In that 3 week period our small crew traveled constantly from one alien landscape to another to observe the photographer at work. There was something intense and odd about the exercise that I could not fully articulate in the moment. Something about the contrast between the 'work' of the photographer and that of the millions making appearances in his photographs. Though I was thoroughly preoccupied with the job that had brought me to these unbelievable places, I did manage to record tiny fragments of the trip with my own super-8 camera.

## Gun/Play
**(John Price) – 2006, 35 mm, 9:00**
After shooting a strange episode that occurred spontaneously on a secluded beach, I realized that there were two other rolls shot years earlier that might work as a triptych. A subconscious reaction to the escalating gun violence in the city.



## Camp #2
**(John Price) – 2007, 35 mm, 7:37**
A Thanksgiving weekend with the family at a duck hunting camp on the Ottawa River.

## The Boy Who Died
**(John Price) – 2007, 35 mm, 7:35**
Impressions of Beauval, Saskatchewan during a day off while shooting a documentary film for Gail Maurice about the dreams of aboriginal youth at different latitudes in Canada. The images were shot after hearing that one the subjects we had followed for a week had been in a devastating skidoo accident. She managed to survive despite the hours of exposure to the arctic winter night before she was rescued. Her friend who was driving did not.

## View of the Falls from the Canadian Side

**(John Price) – 2006, 35 mm, 7:00**

In 1896, William Heise photographed the first 35mm motion picture images of Canada at Niagara Falls. The 4 perforation camera system he used was designed and built by Thomas Edison and William K. Dickson. The stock was manufactured by George Eastman to Edisons' specifications. This film was photographed using the same essential technology and is dedicated to the visionary ideas of those pioneers.

## Intermittent Movement

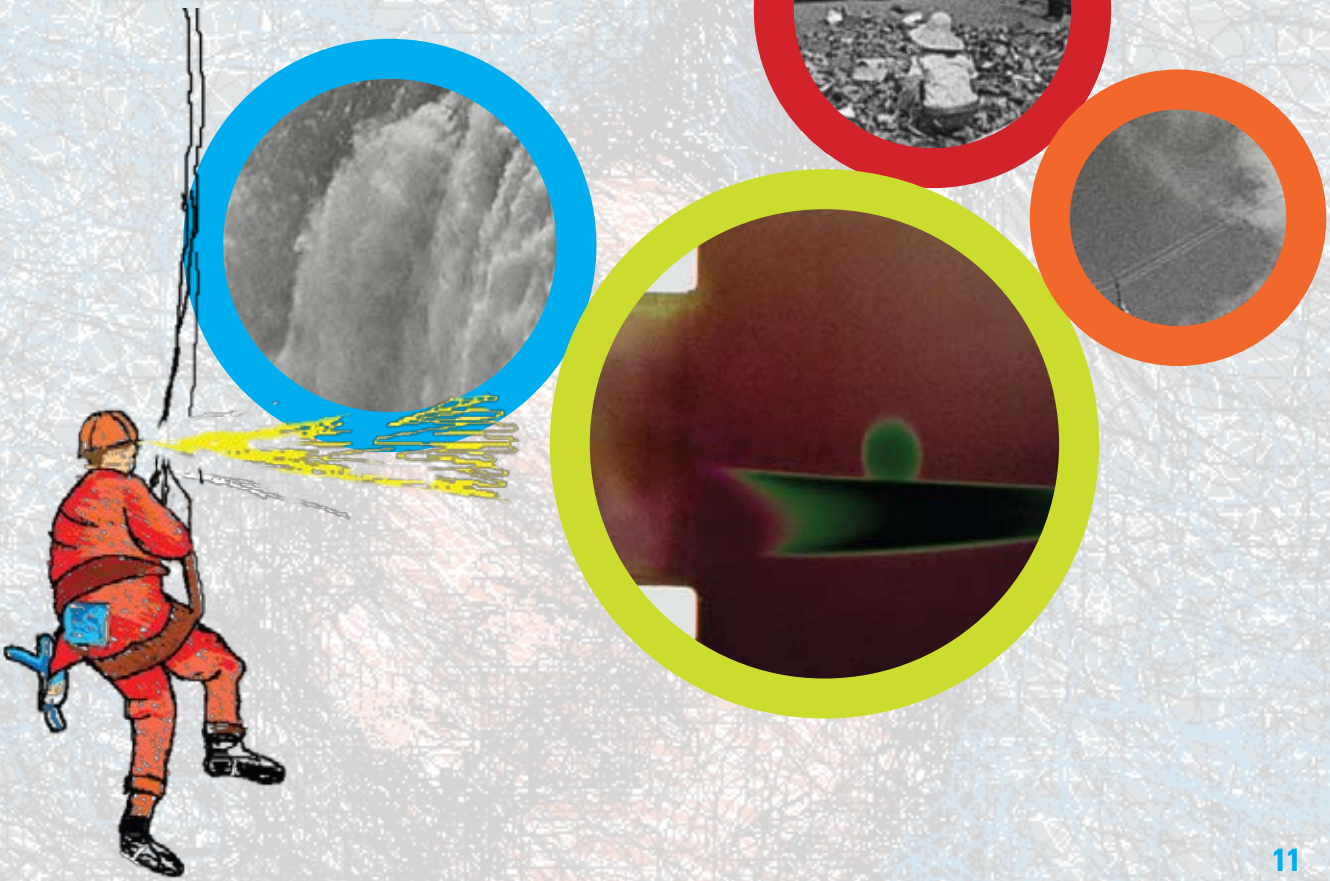
**(John Price) – 2005 – 2009, 35 mm, 7:00**

Disparate moments.... some shot on 16, some on 35, some hand cranked, some not, some spherical, some anamorphic, some black & white, some color, some grainy, some not, some solarized, some not, all processed by hand. The film was commissioned by Niagara Custom Labs for their "Short & Wide" 35 mm omnibus project.

## The Sounding Lines are Obsolete

**(John Price) – 2009, 16 mm, 10:00**

An irradiated time capsule of home movies and human rituals... dark global forecasts refracting through the light of my sons eyes... a hand processed science fiction documentary...



## Curated by Cecilia Araneda

**Saturday, October 10 @ 5 PM**
**Cinematheque**

There is one constant, and that it is there and we are here. But in as much as a new generation of Chilean Canadian filmmakers have in common with each other, there are also significant differences. The trajectories of three filmmakers – Francisca Duran (Toronto), Eduardo Menz (Montreal/ Edmonton) and Claudia Morgado Escanilla (Vancouver) – reveal strong tendencies towards alternative forms of filmmaking, but have manifest themselves in different directions and paths. - Cecilia Araneda

Read the essay, A Fragile Transition: Past and Present in Chilean Canadian Cinema by Cecilia Araneda, on page 27.

## No Bikini

**(Claudia Morgado Escanilla) – 2007, 35 mm, 9 mins, drama**

A young girl pretending to be a boy discovers the freedom that comes with no bikini.

## Bitten

**(Claudia Morgado Escanilla) – 2002, 35 mm, 15 mins, drama**

A mysterious man meets a mother and daughter with some delectable secrets of their own.

## Angustia

**(Claudia Morgado Escanilla) – 1996, 16 mm, 5 min, experimental**

A long and lingering look at a woman seducing herself with caresses of poetry and music.

## Mechanism / Organism

**(Eduardo Menz) – 2005, video, 7 mins, experimental**

The methods of recording human movement have evolved; have humans evolved with it? With razor-sharp choreography and a pulse-pounding soundtrack this work question's photographer Eadweard Muybridge's techniques for recording organic movement mechanically. Dance represents organic movement, while the camera symbolizes mechanical movement; at different points within the work, the two movements become confused and merge as the dance becomes mechanical and the camera organic.

## In The Kingdom of Shadows

**(Francisca Duran) – 2006, 16 mm, 6 mins, experimental**

In the Kingdom of Shadows documents a paragraph being typeset on an early twentieth-century Ludlow Linecaster. The text is taken from Maxim Gorky's 1896 review of the Lumiere Brothers' film Arrival of the Train at La Ciotat (1895). As the words melt into a pool of lead, the alchemical magic of printing is linked to that of cinema. The work was commissioned by LIFT (Liaison of Independent Filmmakers of Toronto) for their 25th anniversary program, ***"Film is Dead! Long Live Film!"***

## Time for Airports

**(Eduardo Menz) – 2009, video (5.1 surround), 16 mins, experimental**

There is time that drags itself out, a chronology that hesitates, a present moment that persists, hours that never end, feelings of confinement, moments of vacancy and unconsciousness, days without a date, brief instants of an 'individual destiny', a bombardment of announcements in foreign languages, a synchronization of perpetual movement, all occurring in a space of circulation that holds no history, yet a thousand stories in a single moment.

## Cuentos de mi niñez

**(Francisca Duran) – 1991, 16 mm, 9 mins, experimental**

In this experimental autobiographical film, Duran remembers and recounts difficult childhood memories of the 1973 coup in Chile, when her family was forced into exile.

## Retrato Oficial (2009)

**(Francisca Duran) – 2009, video, 4 mins, experimental**

***Retrato Oficial*** animates the desimulation and reconstruction of the great liberator of Chile, nineteenth century revolutionary and republican Bernardo O'Higgins, and the historical reach of the late twentieth century dictator Augusto Pinochet. Based in part on a conceit borrowed from Raul Ruiz's essay "Images of Images" and orginal footage shot by Patricio Guzmán on September 11, 1973, this short video is an exploration of the mediates image and the mnemonic possibilities of video and still image technologies.

## Retrato Oficial (2003)

**(Francisca Duran) – 2003, 16 mm 1 min, experimental**

After declared unfit to stand trial in England, former Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet stands up out of his wheelchair and greets supports in Chile.

## Las Mujeres de Pinochet

**(Eduardo Menz) – 2005, video, 12 mins, experimental**

In this experimental short, the viewer is invited to role-play through the repeated employment and alteration of the text, sound and image until his or her expectations have been truthfully realized. This video examines class structure, the meaning of beauty and forgotten history through two very different but significant women during Pinochet's brutal regime of the late 1980's.

## Una Frágil Transición

**(Eduardo Menz) – 2009, video, 6 mins, experimental**

Unsettling found images are brought together to form a brief history lesson into Chile's past of the late 80's and early 90's, a time that parallels the filmmaker's own childhood. As a child of the Chilean coup, the filmmaker brings forth the notion of looking in from outside. Through memory, through history, through images – it seems – lies our humanity, our connection to our world and to each other. This work attempts to take part in this idea by expressing a political yet personal viewpoint into a small fraction of a country's history and how thousands watched from a safe outside.

## Manitoba Experimental Shorts... Just for Kids

**Curated by Cecilia Araneda and Solomon Nagler**

**Sunday, October 11 @ 2 PM – Cinematheque – FREE ADMISSION**

**35 minute program suitable for kids 8+**

Quirky, fun and loveable – the recipe of many independent short films being produced by Manitoba filmmakers right here at home. Ranging from innovative animations to fun performance work, this collection of ultra short works will bring out the child in everybody!

## Cattle Call

**(Mike Maryniuk and Matthew Rankin) – 4 mins, video, 2008**

A high-speed animation documenting the art of livestock auctioneering.

## Spider Pig

**(Scott Stephens) - 4 mins, video, 2007**

Spider pig, spider pig, does whatever a spider pig does…

## Praying Mantis Upskirt

**(Allison Bile + Jenny Bisch) – 2 mins, video, 2007**

A swarm of mischievous Insects run amok in Saskatchewan.

## Moving

**(Leslie Supnet) – 1 min, video, 2007**

We all leave things behind when we move.

## A Miracle

**(Daniel Barrow) – 3 mins, video, 2003**

A boy uses the light of the moon to make shadow puppets on his bedroom walls.

## The Last of the Nepinaks

**(Darryl Nepinak) – 5 mins, video, 2001**

A young boy's journey to the unkown.

## Primiti Too Taa

**(Ed Ackerman and Colin Morton) –3 mins, video, 1988**

Simply, an animated film made on a typewritter.

## Bubble Canopy

**(Michael Stecky) – 4 mins, video, 2002**

An atmospheric video shot entirely with a web cam using kitchen utensils, toys and other household objects.

## Super Feminist

**(Shawna Dempsey and Lorri Millan) – 3 mins, video, 2008**

A reworking of the Wonder Woman opening sequence from 1970s television, a new superhero kicks butt!

## Winnipeg to Saskatoon

**(Brenna George) – 2 mins, video, 2009**

A sketched road trip video.

## Automoto

**(Neil and Cathy McInnes) – 5 mins, video, 2007**

An animated re-imagining of the filmmaking process takes place inside the ornately mechanized cinematic workshop of a wooden skeleton.

**Thursday, Oct 8 at 5 PM**
**– Cinematheque**

## Philip Hoffman Master Lecture on Diary Cinema

In this core lecture within his Independent Imaging Retreat, ***Philip Hoffman*** analyses the construction of 'truth' within diaristic practices, and documentary in general, breaking down montage constructions that create insinuated realities in viewers' minds. This lecture is a co-presentation of WNDX and the Winnipeg Film Group.

**Friday, Oct 9 @ 5 PM**
**– Cinematheque**

## Panel Discussion on Distributing Your Independent Short Film

For new and emerging filmmakers, navigating the festivals and presentation systems often seem like an impossible pursuit. This panel discussion and open dialogue with distributors and programmers - including ***Alex Rogalski,*** a programmer with the Toronto International Film Festival and ***Pablo de Ocampo*** (Images Festival) - will focus on how programmers assess and evaluate work, and key deciding factors that will impact their decisions.

**Sunday, Oct 11 @ 12 Noon to 4 PM**
**– Winnipeg Film Group Studio**

## Video Vulture Workshop: the Jawa Editing Technique

The sound track is the image track when music concrete meets scratch video in this cut and paste editing lesson for video culture vultures. Why reinvent cinema when we can pull clips from history like words from a dictionary? What is subliminal micro composition? How can you build complex, layered, musical compositions using nothing but source video clips? What's this JAWA stuff about and where did it come from? Join Tasman Richardson, the founder of the JAWA technique (1996) and fellow guest artist ***RKO*** (Paris, France) for an explanation of what, why, and how. Bring your laptops, any timeline based video editor, and some sample clips to follow along. Attendees will be provided with a pdf of notes, a history of JAWA, sample clips, and one example video from each visiting artist. ***No registration required.***

**Friday, Oct 9 to Sunday, Oct 11**
**– Advance registration through the Winnipeg Film Group**

## 35 mm DIY Film Experiment

This master level workshop led by ***John Price*** is open to alumni of the Winnipeg Film Groups S8 or 16 mm Film Experiment workshop series, or people with comparable hands-on photography experience. This workshop includes hands-on instruction on a 35 mm non synch camera, along with a hand-processing component. This workshop is a co-presentation of WNDX and the Winnipeg Film Group. ***Maximum six participants.***

# Essay: Poetic Passages: Thinking the Films of Philip Hoffman by Scott Birdwise

*"looking through the lens*
*at passing events,*
*I recall what once was*
*and consider what might be"*

***Somewhere Between Jalostotitlan and Encarnacion*** **(1984)**

## Too Early, Too Late

It seems so often the case with experimental film in Canada and elsewhere that one hears or reads about a film or filmmaker before one can experience any of the work - if one is tenacious or lucky enough to come across the work at all, that is. Indeed, in the Information Age, it is far easier to come across commentary on an experimental filmmaker than it is to see the work, especially in a public screening. One, it seems, is always either too late or too early: if you read about the film first, you have of course arrived after the fact, for textual commentary is only ever secondary, at (at least) one remove, delayed, somehow inauthentic. Ideally, one sees the film first, with fresh eyes and an unbiased perspective, without the taint of someone else's interpretation; to see the film after a text is to somehow spoil the authentic experience. Paradoxically, one has arrived both too early (interpretation too soon) and too late (always after *the* screening, after *the* event, etc.). Too early, too late: this is how I arrive(d) at the films of Philip Hoffman.

The ambivalent nature of my arrival at Hoffman's films finds an illuminating parallel in what philosopher Giorgio Agamben identifies as the three modalities of human temporality: *post festum, intra festum,* and *ante festum*. Agamben focuses his discussion on the subject's experience of itself - the subject's body as well as its subjectivity, its "I." According to Agamben, "Post festum temporality is that of the melancholic, who always experiences his own 'I' in the form of an 'I was,' of an irrevocably accomplished past with respect to which one can only be in debt" (125). The melancholic is directed toward the past, ever seeking to reclaim the lost moment of an event only to feel that (s)he is "after the celebration," always already late, and, therefore, guilty. On the other hand, ***ante festum*** temporality "corresponds to the experience of the schizophrenic…For the schizophrenic, the 'I' is never a certain possession; it is always something to be attained, and the schizophrenic therefore always lives time in the form of anticipation" (126). The schizophrenic of *ante festum* only ever looks ahead, experiencing the present in relation to a projected future "celebration," where (s)he becomes in essence all of her/his potentialities, without remainder. For this reason, the schizophrenic constantly risks arriving too soon, thus missing the moment. The schizophrenic is poised just before the event, the melancholic, just after.

Does Agamben's second category, *intra festum*, reconcile these two poles of human temporality and describe the event of "living in the moment," however fugitive and fleeting it may be? Agamben says no, for *intra festum* takes two shapes: one is a kind of obsessive neurosis, where "the obsessive type seeks through repetition to document his own presence at a celebration that constantly eludes him" (127). In her/his efforts to assert and record her/his self-presence in the moment, the neurotic in fact splits the moment and fractures its unity through the force of repetition. (In terms of media, I would place much of what is called Reality TV in this neurotic category.) Agamben takes epilepsy as his second example of *intra festum*, where the subject loses consciousness at the moment of self-presence, the result of a kind of "ecstatic excess over presence" (127). The subject's experience of presence either leads to a physical transformation or death, both cases where the subject is altered irrevocably, where, especially in death, the subject ceases to exist as such. The epileptic of *intra festum* would then not be a middle point between the melancholic and the schizophrenic but rather a zone of indistinction between the two, an undecidable oscillation between past and future, before and after. Indeed, for Agamben, "man seems necessarily to dwell in a disjunction with respect to himself and his own *dies festus* ['day of celebration']" (128). Ultimately, the "I" is the space of disjunction as such. I am tempted to offer, then, that the film screening itself is such a disjunction, its own "ecstatic excess" flickering between multiple temporalities, light and dark, the image and nothingness. To repeat, this is how I arrive(d) at the films of Philip Hoffman.

## First Person Cinema

For me, Hoffman's films are a beautiful example of the strangest of coincidences and of the absolute workings of inexorable fate. In their having given cinematic shape to the temporal condition of humanity, Hoffman's films are testimonies to a continued engagement with discontinuity, to a coherent and sustained exploration of life before and after the "celebration." At risk of overshadowing the specificity of each of his works, I think that if we refer to Hoffman's oeuvre as a kind of "first person cinema," we can do so in the (implicit) terms of Agamben's discussion

of the melancholic and the schizophrenic, the obsessive neurotic and the epileptic. Subjectivity, the "I," caught in the intermedial, ever-changing flux of time, is the disjunctive marker of time itself. The "I" is the contingent and mutable, yet necessary, spectral presence of the body and the voice differentially related in and to a community of speakers and listeners. That is, the performative utterance of the "I" is always struggling to catch up to the body (just as criticism struggles with its object, the film); the "I" shifts from body to body, offering and exchanging its power.

Hoffman's films stage (embody) the encounter (relation) between the "too early" and the "too late," which often turns on the function of memory. Indeed, if humanity's temporal existence is the ongoing to and fro of past and future, Hoffman addresses this by making memory's workings explicit in the very construction and reception of his films, which meditate on the conditions of cinema as such. Again, Agamben is valuable in setting the terms of the issue. In one of his articles on cinema, he states:

> *Memory is, so to speak, the organ of reality's modalization; it is that which can transform the real into the possible and the possible into the real. If you think about it, that's also the definition of cinema. Doesn't cinema always do just that, transform the real into the possible and the possible into the real?… Cinema takes place in this zone of indifference. (316)*

Often critics writing about Hoffman stress how his films blur the boundaries between experimental and documentary film, and it is to Hoffman's credit that his work explores both but abandons neither. Rather, the two categories are exposed in their mutual implication: Hoffman shows us how experimental film is also a document of people, places and time; of bodies and voices and breath and gesture; of how film can affect the very stuff of the world in a direct way and is not merely a question of aesthetics. He shows us how documentary is an intervention in and transformation of the world, as much an exploration of the (im)possible as an archive of the known. It is as if Hoffman's films somehow remember back to when documentary and experimental practice were one, before their solidification and objectification into distinct categories and discursive systems. Against the positivist epistemologies and certainties of state documentary, Hoffman's experimental documentaries are nonteleological and noninstrumental, open to the wellspring of difference that animates the world. Concomitant with this openness, however, is the avowal of a profound unease and disturbance, a perpetual threat of disconnection that leads to a sort of unreality, a corrosion of all foundation. This is a risk in Hoffman's films.

This risk is something that never really seems to trouble Canada's neighbour to the South, at least in so far as its mythology is concerned. In Agamben's sense, the US is schizophrenic, for in its emphasis on the individual and manifest destiny it looks ahead to the celebration when all things coincide, when one is oneself and no one else, in *the* moment. In *The Road Ended at the Beach* (1983), for example, Hoffman meets beat generation filmmaker Robert Frank in Nova Scotia, only to find that he has arrived too late, that *the* moment (so heralded in the writings of Kerouac and Ginsberg) has passed. The mythology of the beats runs up against what I am reluctant to call a "Canadian experience," which seems to partake of a melancholic temporality, where one is never fully oneself as they perpetually ask where they are and why and how they got (t)here. Indeed, our (colonial) past weighs heavily on the past/future as an "I was" (I was British, Indian, German, Czech, Chinese, etc…), and the landscape, far from offering itself as the (American) frontier, responds with a kind of echo of the question - an effect, perhaps, of its vast nature. Again, Hoffman's films navigate these questions by traversing the paradoxical space of *intra festum*, epileptically traversing the space between the past and the future in their use of the "I." Allow me to furnish all of this with a couple of examples from two of Hoffman's diary films from the 1980s.

## The Celebration and I

Hoffman sets seemingly innocuous images from a trip to Mexico and elsewhere against a poetic text telling of the death of a young Mexican boy in *Somewhere Between Jalostotitlan and Encarnacion* (1984), a travelogue involving 28-second takes with a Bolex camera. The image and text are intimate with one another: they do not didactically affirm the same point in unison but maintain their relative autonomy - together, intimate, by virtue of their difference and disjunction. We never see an image of the dead boy and, in this way, it acts as a kind of absent centre to the film. The event of the death is suspended, apprehended as something past that cannot be grasped, yet continually suggesting the possibility of future meaning in every potential association each viewer constructs. Indeed, the space of *intra festum* in *Somewhere* is between, and, it seems to me, the strongest authorial imprint Hoffman makes in the film is his editorial choice to exclude the image of death. Hoffman's "I," then, is an absent centre manifest in the suspension of the image.

In one of his most well-known films, *passing through/torn formations* (1988), Hoffman attempts to take stock of memories from his mother's side of the family, crossing back and forth between

Czechoslavakia and Canada. Histories of birth and death, mental illness and war overlap in the peripatetic trajectory of the film, with Hoffman adopting a multitude of perspectives from which he perceives the fragments of family history. The "I" narrating the film is a singular-plural "I," a shared signifier of subjectivity. The centre of the film, so to speak, is Hoffman's description of his mentally disturbed uncle Wally's corner mirror, which, mirroring itself, is said to show "the real you." We are told the mirror was constructed for the purposes of restoring Wally's sense of self, which he believes was fractured in his youth. The central metaphor of the corner mirror, then, embodies the experience of *intra festum*, at once situated between a past traumatic event and a projection into a future sense of wholeness (doubled, of course, in the superimposition of past and present in the images and narrative of the film). *passing through/torn formations* is a sustained attempt to possess one's own ungraspable nature, to articulate the epileptic experience of the "celebration."

## War and Cinema

Hoffman brought an end to his "autobiographical film cycle" with *Kitchener-Berlin* (1990), a dense, multilayered meditation on his father's side of the family. It is a warp of interwoven trajectories; of the tissues that connect the personal and the political, exposed via the cinematic linkage of the securities and familiarities of Canadian domesticity with the destruction of a seemingly distant war. The idea of home conjured by the sum experience of *Kitchener-Berlin* is profoundly, poetically dispersed: home is nowhere; home is now here. Here, a town, Kitchener (previously named Berlin), Ontario, is in the process of being built and later being lived in: archival photographs and home movies testify to the presence of life and thoughts of prosperity; there, a city, Berlin, Germany, is crumbling beneath the bombs of WWII; then, later, the population of Berlin uncannily echo the inhabitants of Kitchener at a mass. The two cities fates are linked by logics of expansion and technologies of vision, cinema not the least among them. In Kitchener-Berlin Hoffman mobilizes the cinema to filter through the debris of the past: the separating and sorting powers of the cinema – its temporal as well as spatial frame, its filters and depths of field, its impositions and superimpositions – are used to suggestively conjoin the ruins of place to the poetics of the trace.

Made in collaboration with filmmakers Heather Cook and Steve Buston, *Technilogic Ordering* (1994) explicitly takes up problems related to the (re)presentation of war in a climate of audio-visual hysteria. The film is a construct of short sequences of snippets taken from the audio-visual simulacrum of television during the first Gulf War. These pieces are manipulated by the home or consumer version of special effects, compliments of the VCR, into ever-changing patterns of grid-works, combining images and sounds of rocket fire and smart bombs with the utter banalities of CNN commentary and television aerobics. (Incidentally, it is around this same time, 1992 to be more exact, that Hoffman began his *Opening Series*, an ongoing collection of film fragments structured according to various processes of free-association and interaction.) In this politically charged work of reappropriation, Hoffman pushes the fetishism of consumer images of war – aerobics and advertisements included – to hyperbolic extremes, in the process giving some sensitivity to the derangement of the senses that is/was the representation – that is, the extension – of war on television. In this way, *Technilogic Ordering* is a kind of metacommentary on war and images, or, the war of/in images: the film questions the sovereignty of readymade images that presume not only to document or remember but, indeed, preemptively "think" for the viewer. In a sense, Hoffman's filmic remediations expose and make audible the univocal silence at the centre of television's cacophonous "celebration" of war.

## Live(d) Cinema

Thus far I have devoted attention to some of Philip Hoffman's early, explicitly autobiographical films and his work from the early 1990s involving elements of war, technics and representation. I would like here to consider a few of his later works in light of a kind of poetics of film and filmmaking, a lived cinema, where it becomes increasingly apparent that for Hoffman cinema is not merely something one does – to show or document life, say – but in fact is something one does to live; that cinema is a kind of life; that cinema is inextricably bound-up with living, everyday. *Chimera* (1996), for instance, is a form of travelogue, a documentation of places as disparate and diverse as Helsinki, Sydney, Leningrad, Egypt, London, and Uluru, shot between the years of 1989 and 1992. The shooting technique of the film, however, opens the doors of perception to a far different logic of representation than what is customarily known to the travelogue. The film employs the use of a super-8 camera with a single-frame zoom; Hoffman radically slows down the film in editing and thus the viewer perceives the images of the world in startling intensities bordering on abstraction, streaks of light and motion charging the frame with energy somewhere between absolute movement and stasis. There is something ontological about *Chimera*: it is about a way of being in

the world, as Hoffman said in an interview, "Gathering speed." Chimera is a document of seeing, of seeing seeing; it is about life manifested in the means of cinema; the qualities of light and movement registering subjectivity in a medium. As Christopher Rohde puts it in his article "Experiments in Disorientation," "Chimera functions not only as a poetic evocation of Hoffman's own travel experience, but also as a primer for the experience of travel itself… It shows us not where to go, but how to be moved" (43).

Jumping ahead in time to one of Hoffman's most affecting films, *What these ashes wanted* (2001), we find the filmmaker coming to terms with the death of his longtime partner, Marion McMahon. The film is moved by the presence of death in life and - through Hoffman's public ritual of mourning – life in death. What these ashes wanted opens with the following lines from poet Mark Doty, and they capture something of the profound link between Hoffman's lifeworld, the terrible event of death, and the art of filmmaking:

> *What these ashes wanted,*
> *I felt sure, was not containment*
> *but participation.*
> *Not an enclosure of memory,*
> *but the world.*

*What these ashes wanted* is less Hoffman's epitaph for his deceased partner – clear and well-defined, formal in its presentation, a sort of mastery - than a kind of working-through of *intimacy* in its many forms, including: the intimacy of life and death, a man and a woman, a husband and a wife, a grandson and a grandfather; the intimacy of text and image, of sound and image, of pieces of film, of light and dark, of sense and nonsense, of the one and the many, and so on. The film stutters with Hoffman's grief – a window flickering in the dark, a chorus of answering machine messages, Hoffman speaking to Marion and speaking to us - but this stuttering is equally marked by an honest embrace of loss; fetishism of the past this is not. Rather, Hoffman excavates numerous images and moments for something of what Barthes might consider their "punctum" – a wounding detail outside historical or symbolic determination – and in the process shares with the world the paradoxical, communal nature of death. In life, one never loses something at the "appropriate" time – this is precisely why things are lost. Death is the paradigm of the order of losing and with *What these ashes wanted* Hoffman explores the breakdown of order that is the (dis)order of death – the very condition of life - with the (dis) order of film – one of the conditions of his life. Hoffman is the bereaved husband and filmmaker, at one and the same time, and his plight to survive his living beyond Marion is a problem of filmmaking, of film-inhabiting, with and through what Agamben calls the "irreparable past."

## Poetry

*ever present going past* (2007), the final film I want to mention, speaks to many of the concerns I have already laid out with respect to Hoffman's cinema: the fleeting nature of human temporality; the bonds between memory, history and cinema; the zone of indistinction between documentary and experimental film; the logic of war and the image; and the intimacy of death with life. Here, I want to briefly note how this film haiku of sorts, composed with text by longtime Hoffman collaborator Gerry Shikatani and only about seven minutes long, beautifully takes up the question of how the image – verbal and visual - is a kind of "gate" through which one passes to reconnect with sense impressions and, vice versa, with how sense impressions can be evoked in order to prompt/allow/invite the viewer to "think" or engage the image. At one point toward the end of the film, we witness an image of Hoffman and his camera; he is pointing it at what must be a mirror. Suddenly, the image comes apart and we realize we have been looking at Hoffman in the reflective surface of the interior of an elevator. We have been watching both Hoffman and his reflection: a man and a door. We awaken to the fact that we are with an image and that it took the image to show us itself. The image opened: a gate.

A closing line from *ever present going past* offers this:

> *A garden includes water.*
> *It also includes thirst.*

The garden conjured here suggests many things, among them the archetype of the "original" dwelling of humanity in Eden, in a zone of indistinction between the natural wild and the order of civilization; another is that the film image itself is a kind of garden, included in its bounty the visual and aural material of the world. But the garden-image also includes its own loss, its own blindness – a thirst. Loss, blindness, thirst: these are some of the necessary conditions of life and the cinema. The cinema – in particular a form explicitly concerned with memory work such as documentary – not only responds to loss and thirst, using its power against (inevitable) ruin and decay, but is in fact also a part of the process of loss and thirst. The sensitive filmmaker opens her/his film to this loss, to the always already passing. Recognizing this, Hoffman's *ever present going past* responds to humanity's poetic need, however aporetic, *to be* in the trembling space of *intra festum*, in presence *and* absence, to sense loss and the passage of time, to claim an "I." These are the poetics of (a) life in film.

## A Passage

In this piece I have considered Philip Hoffman's films in three superimposed, yet ostensibly distinct, levels: one, my own experience of his films within the context of access, exhibition and reception (a situated, historical perspective); two, in the philosophy of Giorgio Agamben (an ontological perspective on the human condition); and, three, in terms of his films' form and content (analytical, critical). For me, the consideration of one illuminates the other, especially in regard to gaining a sense of humanity's (temporal) condition. Indeed, whether the result of convention or ideology, if we wander through our lives in arrogant bliss or in misery without history or connection, Hoffman's films help us to clear away our assumptions and readymade conclusions. In his attention to the disjunctive connection between historical and personal memory, between the subjectivity of the "I" and the body, Hoffman's practice subtracts ossified certainties and adds to our collective spectrum of experience, reinventing our relation(s) to the past and the future. In Agamben's sense, Hoffman's cinema is neither a repetition of nor an absolute difference from the world; it is, rather, an act of thought *intimate* with the world. Hoffman's films invite multiple points of entry for they are passages that offer themselves without predetermined destination. If I arrive at Hoffman's films in the paradoxical state of too early, too late, so be it: it fits. I arrived. I arrive. I will have arrived. Now, where and how will his films take me?

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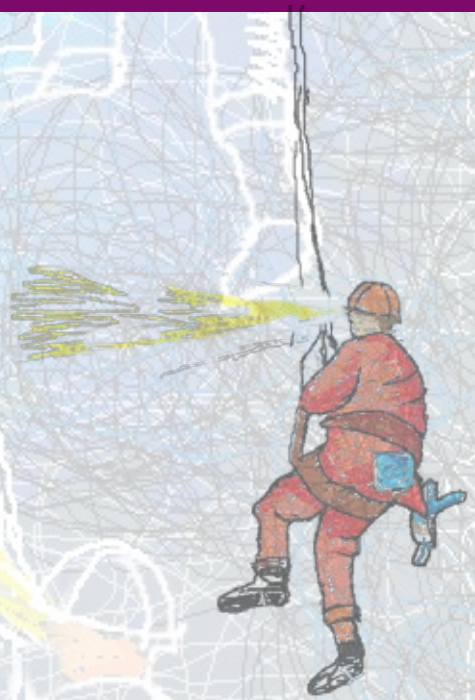
*A shorter version of this essay appeared as "Tales of Hoffman (Expected Time of Arrival)" in *Rivers of Time: The Films of Philip Hoffman*, edited by Tom McSorley, and is available from the Canadian Film Institute (http://www.cfi-icf.ca).

Scott Birdwise is a Programmer at the Canadian Film Institute in Ottawa, Ontario. He is currently completing a Master of Arts at Carleton University. His dissertation, a study of the videographic practice of Montreal artist Dongian Cumming, is titled Life Support: The Documentary Means Without End of Donigan Cumming.



## Precedents

The Canadian fringe has had a long engagement with the home movie, from Mike Snow's *Wavelength* (a 45 minute zoom across his home), to Joyce Wieland's *Watersark* a film famously made on her kitchen table, to the post-colonial narratives of Richard Fung (*My Mother's Place, On the Way to My Father's Village*). John Price has stepped into this tradition of the untraditional, collecting and transforming the sights and scenes around him, recuperating the stuff of everyday life as his material– the birth of his two children, the incessant passage of the trans-national railway just steps outside his front door, and rituals of masculinity (hunting, fishing).

## Home Movies

Most home movies are staged moving picture albums. Getaways, birthdays and Christmas cheer events all stage the family. It is striking how generic most home movies appear, even as they aspire to show the intimate, the personal. How often they return, in reel after reel, to the same themes, the same looks, the same gestures (more presents opened, more squinting into the camera). This tendency was parodied in Steve Reinke's *Excuse of the Real,* the first of his The *100 Videos*, in which he proposed making a documentary which would require the use of home movies. "I would need some home movies, flickering super-8. I would use these as visuals. If my subject didn't have any, another's could be used. Everyone's home movies are basically the same and it would simply be a matter of matching hair colour and body type."

But unlike most home movies, John doesn't deliver a sentimental shorthand, or perform the act of covering up. Instead, his camera is not afraid to encounter, to challenge, to witness both the wonder and terror of his children. There is certainly awe in his first glimpse of his newly born daughter with the good light running across her belly, and the placenta which is soon brought into the garden. But his daughter's face is covered over in spots and hives, she is not a "traditionally beautiful" baby. Later on, interactions between the children do not appear entirely harmonious. Instead, there is an interplay of close/distance, of attraction and fear. When Charlie, John's son, is shown a barnful of dead chickens hanging to dry, he is repulsed and fascinated. Charlie becomes the locus of a generational conflict as his grandparents try to draw him closer to the world of these animal deaths, while his mother intercedes to protect him. The filmmaker does not weigh in on one side or the other, he lets the viewer decide; it is more than enough to present these primal encounters.

## Scale

One of the exciting things about John's project is that he is intent on taking moments which are so very small — like his son Charlie eating a slice of chocolate cake on his birthday at the family's lunch table — and then blowing it up very large. His shifts in scale elevate these acts and make them into something very different. I have sat, thrilling, while the leaves of the theatre frame open wide to admit John's scope film *View from the Falls.* The clarity and size ensure that I am able to move my eye across the vast picture, and create a living montage.

I am a breathing, blood pumping, editing machine, collecting moments across the picture plane, putting them together as I choose, according to my own design. Even when the frame is still (which is rare), the viewer grants it movement because of its scale. Part of the mystery of his work is the way John makes small things large.

## Politics

Common wisdom states that families and art don't mix. Who has the time to pursue the idle dreams of art any longer? Yet John has stepped into this traditional dichotomy between work and life (and while his partner Lea is everywhere present, he is very much a primary caregiver, days and weeks are spent with his kids, his priorities are clear). But at the same time as he is living, as his children are running and swimming and learning how to talk, the camera is turning, and the emulsion is shaking. Everything is moving, and somehow, magically, everything is moving together. The old dichotomies have been left behind, at least for now, and in their place there is an adventure of discovery. He is open to receiving what is around him, and he is busy using his many years of technical skills to make this possible without letting it stop anything. He finds a way to express his own fears and hopes and longings through his camera work, his daily living, and his chemical reinterpretations which condense a hundred looks into a single roll of film. He doesn't feel the important things in the world are happening "over there" or somewhere else, they are happening where he is. How else but to understand this small-large cinema as a political gesture.

# Essay: John Price: Second Childhood by Mike Hoolboom

## The Artist Says

"I don't make movies from scripts... there are no actors... I shoot movie film like a traveller would shoot stills... as a diary or memory of experiences... travels... birthdays... christenings... break-ups... weddings... parades... holidays... good-byes... using old 16mm film and processing it myself is cheaper than going digital... the emulsion's texture somehow communicates on an emotional level and the process fascinates me... editing is like organizing a scrapbook... it is a process of reflection... who you were when the images were recorded and who you have become and how you have changed... how everything changes... an intensive process of observation, meditation and reflection... I think it's an attempt to communicate a sense of the richness of humanity... the theatre of the absurd... the fragility of past and present... besides, friendship and loving is the only way I know how to make sense of this place." (August 2001)

## The Story

This is the way we learned to tell the story of tradition and the individual talent. The artist burns with something raw and unspoken and necessary in their youth, and somehow it doesn't manage to come out of their mouth. It is before or after language, or mathematics, or signs of any kind. It doesn't live out there, instead it is attached to the body, and to the body's media extensions, its necessary prostheses. So the young artist learns their craft — whether scratching on pewter, or mushing clay in their hands. The first efforts offer a screened glimpse of that quiet burn inside that pushes the artist, hour after hour, to return to the studio, to the material, to the thing inside that wants to find its dreamed double outside. It's only a story and yet. How many stories have I lived before now, and how many are left, waiting for me to step into their well worn shoes? And then the art arrives, ready or not, the burn leaves an impression hot enough to be shared, to be seen by perfect strangers, a light visible for kilometers, the brightest star in the firmament.

## Second Childhood

John Price became a child again in the playground of film's chemistry. He learned the difference between colour toners which worked into the shadows (the unspoken, the forbidden), and the tinters which headed for the light areas of a picture (the things which are too much looked at, the clichés which must be made new again). He was one of those handy men who knew how to fix things — plumbing errors, wiring judgments, small structures — he could look at a thing and know how it was made by the feelings inside his fingers. His hands knew the secret of how things that look solid and forever can come apart just like that. And how to put it all back together again. And how temporary that is too.

## In-tuition

He's a handyman. A handsome, curly-haired, soft-speaking man's man happy to let his pictures do the talking. Even at the beginning of the beginning, back in school, where every step should be outlined in chalk like a corpse and then followed right up by the autopsy squad — the scriptwriters and crew members justifying the catastrophe of pre-production planning — he didn't want any part of that murder scene. Instead, like so many men before him, he liked the feeling of leaving, he lived to feel the road rushing past him going fast nowhere in particular. He found that when he was lost, when he had run enough miles past his brain, he could finally swamp the storyteller inside, the one forever busy attaching itself to nearly everything around him (that street light is my street light, that bus driver belongs to me). Once he could let go of those stories, once he had run up enough miles, his mind would clear, and then he would be ready to begin shooting. In other words, to notice what was right there in front of him the whole time.

## Clearing

"So writing involves some dashing back and forth between that darkening landscape where facticity is strewn and a windowless room cleared of everything I do not know. It is the clearing that takes time. It is the clearing that is a mystery." (Anne Carson, Economy of the Unlost)

## First Steps

John's early movies found him running some of his found fragments through wide-eyed, and occasionally wide-angled, alchemical reworkings. There was a train wreck in Saskatchewan (*Wreck* 4 minutes 1997), a flag waving rally in Montreal (*Nation* 5 minutes 1997), a raging fire near the Coulee Dam (*Sunset* 2:45 minutes 1997), a hallucinogenic roller coaster ride in Vancouver (*PNE* 2:45 minutes silent 1996). These are moments of looking, sometimes just single rolls, each subject to a single, delirious chemical refashioning that underlines the original moment of encounter.

## Michael

Everything John made was fine, or at least OK, or at least yes, that will do, a pass, a workmanlike effort. Until he made *nine + 20* (10 minutes 2001), the touching film about his friend Michael Dolan, a dancer who talks casually to John about his hopes as they stroll together up the mountain in Montreal. In the end, facing

a future whose only certainty is that they won't be seeing much of each other any more, Dolan breaks into a dance, very casually, as casually as picking up a pen or a spoon or a word because it's the only thing that can save your life. The only way you have left to say good-bye.

## Practice

But this exceptional movie was the exception, mostly John was laying down tracks. The artist steps up to the microphone and says, "Testing, testing…" They are steps along the way, part of a necessary passage. And then the catastrophic thing happened that is not supposed to happen to an artist, a real artist, the ones staring back at us from the magazine racks. Or at least, this is how the story goes. After the initial burn, the artist pours their wordless heart into makings of every kind, and then the burn is spent. These efforts may be noticed or unnoticed, they may bring gallery dealers and buyers and fame or nothing at all. Sorry for being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Sorry for not fitting into the prevailing wind of ideas. (Most of us fit the economy of present ideas very well, but we don't fit urgently. We are footnotes, another thing in a world already too full of them.)

Visibility, or the knack of being noticed, strikes artists like lightning. Randomly, here and there, once in a while. Luck has so much to do with it. And drive. Please don't let them tell you any different. Talent? Sure, it's always fine if you have talent, but talent is a luxury few can afford, and is actually pretty far down the list of what is required to be an artist. Drive, for instance, is a hundred times more important than talent. The urge to get up at three in the morning and start cutting your movie. The need, the absolute uncategorical necessity to motor for three days across the country, nearly sleepless, in order to make it to a certain deserted beach where the light will be perfect. And not simply this one day, but every day after day. This is how artists are made, from the inside out, via a practice that is daily, every step after step, and John was busy taking these steps, no doubt about that. Running the film through his fingers, his basement chemistry, his chance encounters. This is how the story goes: the artist is dedicated, and resolute, and usually it is not enough. There are modest successes OK, but the magic, the shine, still manages to elude. Or it lights up a small corner of his house, it might extend to his neighbourhood perhaps, where the other seekers, the other like-minded devotees, might come to witness. And then that passes away too.

After the initial burn, most artists give in, give way, give up. There's no more, there's nothing left to say, real life decisions about how to make a living need to be made. As the artist gets older, the walk becomes a little steeper. It's harder to stay up all night when the joints hurt, when the results aren't coming quickly enough, when you've already been there through the night after night. The happy and inspired moments don't look quite as fine whenever you show them to anyone else, in the presentation instant those monuments to cinema shrink back down into something that looks plain and ordinary. And then you start to wonder: am I just an ordinary person, living an ordinary life? An ordinary artist, making ordinary art?

## Kid Stuff

Let's go back to the story, the way it always goes. The home truth. The gospel. The artist does the best they can, and sometimes that's good enough, and sometimes it's not. And then they get older, and make the unthinkable decision to find a life partner. The old story goes that if they get married to someone who does all the work, OK fine, no problem, no worries, the struggle of making can go on pretty much as before. But if they start having children, and actually pay attention to them, I mean, noticing that these small humanoids are separate from the artist, perhaps even taking a hand in their raising, even throwing themselves into the new life that surrounds them, then that's it, sorry, you might as well hand in your smock and beret and paint brush, because it's over. No real artist could survive that.

That's how the story goes. But with John it didn't work that way. He and Lea found each other, and two years later they had Charlie, and after Charlie came Estelle. And it's true, it has to be said, the magic didn't happen right away. He was so stunned and excited and astonished about Charlie that he couldn't stop shooting him, and then rewinding the camera and shooting more of him, until he had made *ten thousand dreams* (6 minutes 35mm 2004), a footnote of a home movie, and then there was *The Almanac* (52 minutes 35mm 2005), shot with a small, hand-cranked 35mm motion picture camera, offering observational vignettes which didn't quite become more than the sum of its handsome parts.

## Making Pictures

But after that he found himself at the crux and crossroads, all of a sudden he was making the movies he was supposed to make all along. It's true, the initial burn was gone, drawn out in a raft of emulsion experiments and happenstance. But now there was a renewed purpose to his shooting. For me it begins with *Making Pictures* (13 minutes, 35mm b/w 2005).

"I shot some super-8 in China that I blew up to 35mm and hand-processed which looks almost like things are happening in a

blizzard... gigantic grain that documents Edward Burtynsky shooting with his grainless 4x5 camera... and Peter Mettler shooting super-16mm off a tripod. Despite the fact that there is no sound, I sense that the film will end up as a critique of the documenting process. My camera managed to see both things going on at the same time: people working with cameras and people working with concrete and steel. It makes the observers seem completely out of place in the landscape (which they are). I created shots on the optical printer, fading in from white into a still frame of Ed, or a peasant, or a landscape, and then it comes to life for a bit, and then usually ends on a freeze frame of a child, or a couple of children, or a group of children... and then it fades to white. It was an amazing process that way, no video transfer, just the super-8 that I processed as a negative in the projector and a bit of guesswork. Not a lot of editing was required, more like sequencing."

Could it be his best movie? Not that there has to be a best here in the fringe we have done away with tops and bottoms, except when it gives us pleasure (when we want to try that on too). In order to pay for the habits of his living (a roof for instance, his old car fetish) he works as a camera assistant on mostly sub-optimal movies, large budget spectaculars requiring dozens to produce the place where an image could be, if there was one. But occasionally there are gigs of another kind, like Jennifer Baichwell's documentary on Canadian photographer Edward Burtynsky. Shot largely in China, at the site of ruinous dam projects which have tragically displaced hundreds of thousands across the country, Baichwell follows Burtynsky as he maps out his coolly framed, large format panoramas. The people in them are small and crushed and part of some larger (globalized) project of power (electricity for the new century).

Behind the photographer Peter Mettler works his own camera charms for Jennifer's documentary. And between these poles of representation, between image and tragedy, daily life and work, is the super-8 camera of John Price, flinging his body into other bodies, meeting their look, walking their streets, searching for a place to begin the work of greeting. These are pictures made between other pictures, between frames, in the off time, the margins, when the real work has been done. He rushes into these off-camera spaces with deliberation and an empty mindfulness, guided by voices, because to work of looking has not yet ended. Back home, he looks at these raw camera rolls through another camera, finding a structure for these live moments through a camera's camera, an optical printer, where he makes a blow-up ("live"), freezing frames and sending them into white oblivions before allowing the next encounter to appear in all its daily opacity and wonder. His looking is an invitation and a refusal. Can you follow? Yes, absolutely. Can you see what I see? No, it is too singular, too wrapped up in the life of John's body, and the strangeness of the bodies which he meets, which he meets without meeting. But nonetheless, between these blank punctuations there are moments which open the heart. More than we dared hope for.

## The Devil in the Details

Perhaps he is most at home as a miniaturist. Never mind the symphony, the orchestra, I'll just sit here at the piano bench and lay it down one note at a time. I don't need the curtains, the baton, the big swelling sections all heaving together, it's just as good to dedicate oneself to this small moment. In John's work, this impulse often takes the shape of a single roll – shot between madcap beer adventures at his kid's birthday parties, or up at a friend's cottage, or at the side of a road. They are moments caught in passing, and then run through his chemistry maneuvers. But he always wanted more, even at the beginning. He had rolls of silver happiness filling the drawers, but weren't they all really part of the same film that he had been making all his life? Couldn't they be coaxed together to produce a larger statement, a more sustained reflection? Oh God, how he tried. He got into the habit of spending long months in the editing room, sweating the relations between instant of shooting which had been gathered on the fly, trying to push and pull them into some kind of larger shape, trying to find some subterranean current that ran underneath all that looking. Running the pictures over and over. *After Eden* (30 minutes 2000) was both a summary work and a portrait of his Vancouver life, with one eye fixed on a rear view mirror that kept changing focus. And then there was his travelogue *Passages* (24 minutes 2003) that probably cost him a couple of summers, huddled together with his pictures in dark rooms, trying to develop a conversation between a few rolls he shot while wandering through the remains of empires abroad.

These retrospective stitchings were never quite as perfect as each individual stand. He was making beautiful pictures, but they weren't flowing together. It's as if he had beautiful words which didn't want to collect into sentences. Now what?

## Rescue

His children came to the rescue. All of a sudden there was no more time to be spent on the editing machine, rolling the same images over picture heads in every possible configuration. Instead, there were diapers to be emptied and urgent wordless needs that needed deciphering over a hundred sleepless nights. If he was going to keep making movies, he was going to have to find the in-between moments, in other words, like so many artists before him, John's process had to change. This crisis was also (like every crisis) his opportunity, the way out of his own blind spots. What he was supposed to do was build a wall and stay on the other side, or get angry, or simply drop the whole situation like a thousand thousand other neglectful fathers, never mind artists. But instead he opened both arms and swan dived into fatherhood, reveling in every moment, feeling his feelings and theirs, content to let the movies take a second place, knowing that some bit of his footing, his core, was bound up in that making, that he needed to make a little window of time for it so he would feel alright. But that was ok, he had a new subject now, the miracle of his boy. He had never thought he could love anyone as much, for as long, or accept so much, and then his girl Estelle came, and it all happened again.

## Children not art vampires

He was supposed to become a sleep-deprived, baby-talking, ass wiper who would cry while reading Christmas cards. But I think it's only after the birth of his kids that John has really come into his own as a filmmaker. He continues to be drawn to moments of a landscape, or a child's face, or an afternoon spent in the company of his friend's children. But these brief observational bits are now made with a profound assurance, even an easiness, that some of the earlier work strived for. Even his throwaway moments are golden, like *Party 4* (2:45 minutes, 35mm, 2006) which shows Charlie's second birthday party, smeared in chocolate cake and ice cream, all shot in the kitchen with a doubly exposed wind-up camera which takes these tiny joyfuls and blows them up outrageously. Or *gun/play* (9 minutes 35 mm, 2006), a three-parter which finds him running around with a young boy and his trusty weapon, and then alongside his own father in a grainy bird watch, and finally looking on as a boy makes disturbing and enigmatic gestures at a beach. Or *Naissance* (10 minutes 35mm 2007) which narrates (in silence) the birth of Estelle, the afterbirth luminescent in John's hands as he buries it in the backyard garden, Lea's nipple glowing like some lighthouse beacon for this new life.

He followed up with his reigning masterpiece (so far), V*iew of the Falls from the Canadian Side* (7 minutes, 35mm, 2006). Shot with a small, hand-cranked, 35mm camera, Price visits a tourist's playground and returns with the mystery intact. Instead of using his camera as a shield, to protect himself from seeing, here he strips away the layers of culture and artifice and returns us, in a sublime chemical reworking, to a primal scene of witness. Those vast supernal bodies of light: they're us! He shoots both the tourists and Niagara Falls, and lets us wonder at both parties, marvelous and mysterious.

"A film commissioned by LIFT (Liaison of Independent Filmmakers of Toronto–a film production co-op) for its Film is Dead-Long Live Film omnibus project. In 1896, William Heise photographed the first 35mm motion picture images of Canada at Niagara Falls. The 4 perforation camera system he used was designed and built by Thomas Edison and William K. Dickson. The stock was manufactured by George Eastman to Edison's specifications. This film was photographed using essentially the same technology and is dedicated to the visionary ideas of those pioneers." (John Price)

The opening gesture is in colour, in a wide screen extravagance that turns watchers into watched. The tourists have gathered round the world to gape, and owing to John's chemical magics they appear reconfigured, touched, and transformed. They have come with their large bellies and small digital cameras to try to keep a distance, to try to keep the miracle from happening. But what is astonishing about the Falls, viewed and reviewed on postcards and T-shirts and Marilyn Monroe movies, is that the encounter itself strips all of that away. Some old wonder continues, and by running the footage through his chemical soaked hands, John adds a devastating light that comes up out of the watery cascade.

When the tourists are released, after a single camera roll, the Falls appear in black and white in single rolls arriving out of a soft focused haze, and then dissolving back into it (which permits the processing marks, in watery baths of a different kind, to be seen more clearly.) How to see what has been seen too often, how to make visible what becomes invisible not via repression, but through overexposure? The steady pulse of these pictures, turning in and out of the focal plane, allows the Falls to become visible, exactly because they are so fragile and momentary; this small window of focus is already slipping away even as it appears. I accompanied John on one of these excursions, and it was a mid-afternoon delight to see him set up his small wooden box of a camera, entirely blind (there is no way to see "through" the camera", rather, it is pointed towards the subject in wide-angled hope), steadily cranking

the film through the device after looking and looking again. I think he exposed two rolls that day, a couple of minutes at most, which were taken home and processed in his basement. That was the beginning of his camera visitations, the movie took shape as a result of the evidence, the encounter, the act of seeing with his own eyes. Editing meant cutting these rolls together, end to end, in between playing with his son Charlie and his daughter Estelle. The wonder of their appearance arrives in the basement chemistry because he is busy all day letting them teach him how to see, how to turn the neighbourhood into small wonders just like this. A crack in the concrete. A patch of grass folded back, leaving the impression of a head. The cataract of water. In the final roll of the film the spectators leave, rendered in high contrast black and white, their bodies glowing with the charge of all they've seen. Then it's time to go home and live those miracles.

## The Present

He doesn't have to drive across the country anymore to stop the storyteller any longer, his kids look after that for him. He was never a planner, a conceptualist, he was never married to the big idea. What he has found, in his playtime and child rearing, and an admission that experience needn't be curtailed by the Frontal Lobe Surveillance Society day and night.

What makes John so special as a person, and as an artist, is that he is really here. Right here in front of you, right there on phone, right here behind his camera. He's not wishing he was somewhere else, or complaining about how it is, instead, he has learned the most difficult art of all, which is to embrace and accept what is actually going on. When I speak with John, which is not nearly often enough these days, I feel him pulling me here alongside him. Come here. Come now. He urges me in the softest way possible. In this, as in all the important matters in his life, he takes the lead from his children, who are his first and best teacher. Let them take us out of the prison house of adulthood. Watching John run alongside his kids I understand at last: we only live twice.

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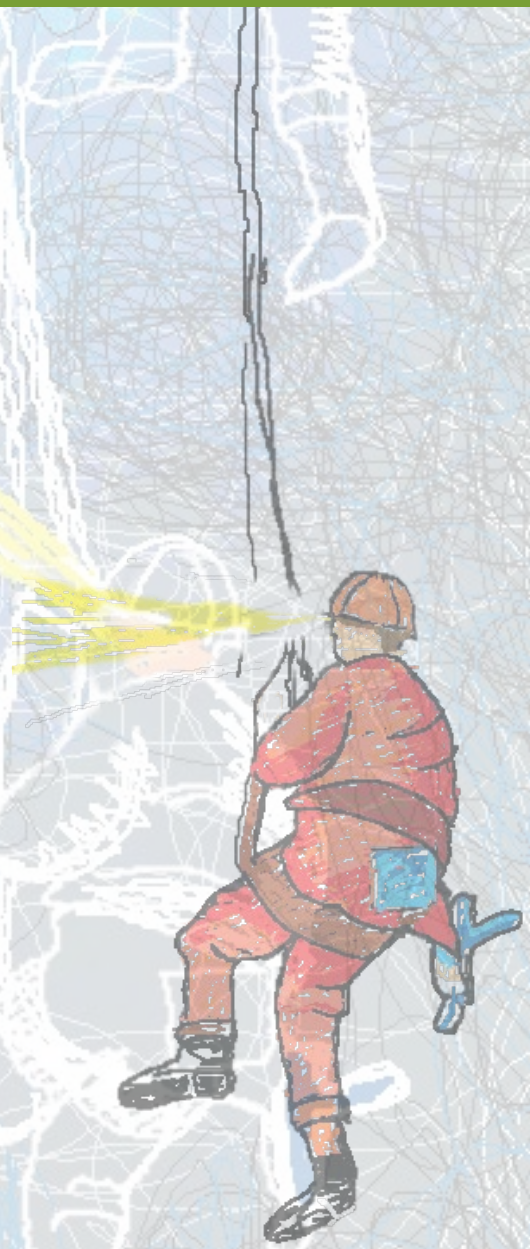
Mike Hoolboom is a Canadian artist working in film and video. He feels lucky that the fabulous John Price is his friend.



There is one constant, and that is that it is there and we are here. But in as much as a new generation of Chilean Canadian filmmakers have in common with each other, there are also significant differences.

The trajectories of three filmmakers – Francisca Duran (Toronto), Eduardo Menz (Montreal/Edmonton) and Claudia Morgado Escanilla (Vancouver) – reveal strong tendencies towards alternative forms of filmmaking, but have manifest themselves in different directions and paths. Born in different decades, in different countries and subjected differently to what is the single defining moment in modern Chilean history which defines and polarizes Chileans still to this day, 36 years after the fact – the Chilean coup d'etat of September 11, 1973 and the aftermath that followed – as well as living in culturally-distinct different Canadian cities, these three filmmakers leave no doubt that they are working within the fringe (in Hoolboomian sense of the word), as neither wholly Anglophone (or Francophone) and revealing a sense of separation from the mainstream, but yet without a sense of disenfranchisement from it.

Though Duran and Morgado Escanilla have close 'surface' similarities – both females close in age and both born in Chile – it is actually Duran and Menz who demonstrate similar trajectories in terms a habitual back and forth weaving between grappling with the impact the coup had on their personal identities and pure technical experiments in moving image, for Duran in film and Menz in video.

During the 15 years that followed the coup, Duran and Menz lived mostly Canada - indeed, Menz was born here – while Morgado Escanilla lived mainly in Chile, coming to Canada in the early 1980's, when she was in her twenties. In as much as she is clearly Canadian, she has also clearly retained her identity as an unhyphenated Chilean at the same time, reflected in the very Chilean practice of utilizing both of her family names. The fringe within which Morgado Escanilla works, in terms of the alternative nature of her work, is not the impact of a complicated geo-political history on an expanded sense of self within the world, but rather rooted in challenging established notions of female sexual identity.

Indeed, Morgado Escanilla is most known for the strong LGBT thread that runs through her work, including being recognized with a Teddy award at the prestigious Berlin International Film Festival in 1996 for her short docu-drama *Unbound* (1996), where sixteen women of different cultural and religious backgrounds free themselves from society's expectations and stereotypes as represented by the bra. Her most recent work, *No Bikini* (2007) – a work equally as well received as *Unbound* – is a short drama that traverses a similar terrain, as the young protagonist decides to take swimming lessons free of her impractical bikini top.

In the chapter "Beyond the Homeland: Latino-Canadian Film and the work of Marilú Mallet and Claudia Morgado," of the anthology *Women Filmmakers: Refocusing*, scholar Elena Feder notes that in Morgado Escanilla's films is an "absence of discourses of belonging... Issues pertaining to the representation of ethnic, national, or subnational identities are depicted as simply one element among many within a wider cultural field..."(362-363). Feder observes that Morgado Escanilla's mode of working "is to take not only homosexuality but also national, ethnic, and linguistic differences for granted, with the result that they come to be perceived as the natural or the norm..." (363). Indeed, this is clearly the case with her most recent work, *No Bikini*, where the *'freeing'* effect of being released from the bikini top is not only literal, but also figurative as well, and presented in a way that is completely devoid of any complications of self-doubt or negative ramifications from society. At the same time, however, Morgado Escanilla's work is not devoid of references to the Canadian immigrant experience. In the article "The big picture: Looking at immigrant filmmakers", published online at *canadianimmigrant.ca*, writer Margaret Jetelina notes that the immigrant experience is always a part of Morgado Escanilla's work. "My immigrant self is there because the music is Latin or one of the characters is a little darker than the rest. It's always there," Jetelina quotes the filmmaker.

Unlike Morgado Escanilla, Duran and Menz broach topics that are more common among second generation immigrant Canadian experience of living with a split cultural identity – one which was experienced within the home while growing up and the other beyond the door to the outside. In this context, Chile (the mother country) is more a mythology than an actual place. Menz explains, "I do think that culture partly defines and artist's practice... I have always questioned my own identity because of the conflict between my birthplace and my culture and I have tried to examine that issue with some of the videos that I have made." In a very parallel explanation, Duran notes "All of my work deals with Chile (or my particular experience as a Chilean and as a Canadian) even when it is not overtly mentioned in the work. These 'cultural' connections are a part of me, difficult to tease out."

But, at the same time as Duran and Menz engage in socially aware works that often address square-on the contradictions of public interpretations of recent Chilean political history, their methods of working in experimental forms spoke out from a centre that moves beyond – or, perhaps, which is a natural extension of – addressing the Chilean roots of their personal identity: in Duran's case, a search for remnants of that which has been lost, and in Menz's case a mode of assembly that forces viewers to actively participate in the construction of reality they are perceiving.

Menz notably repeats a pattern of 'inviting' viewers into creating meaning within his work, first leading them into an initial conclusion through juxtaposed sound and image, and then guiding them from that point to a greater awareness of meaning. This mechanism of construction is squarely evident with *Fracas* (2007), which juxtaposes children's school portraits with the voices of children participating in a spelling bee to an ominous conclusion, and repeats itself as the underlying framework to varying levels in other works, also very strongly in *Las Mujeres de Pinochet* (2005).

For Duran, her work is an exploration of "the intersection points of memory, history and technology within a poetic framework that reveals that material presence of the film (or digital) medium." Indeed, the materiality of the medium with which she is working is always a foreground presence in her work, as much in her 'non Chilean' work (*In the Kingdom of Shadows* (2006), which documents a paragraph being typeset on an early twentieth-century Ludlow Linecaster; *Mr. Edison's Ear* (2003), an exploration of the nature of sound and how we learned to capture and reproduce it over time), as in her 'Chilean' work, most especially through her in-progress, multi-year *Retrato Oficial* series.

And yet, as both cycle into other themes within their body of work, Menz and Duran's most personally affecting work is directed specifically to audiences who comprehend first-hand the cultural markers they are playing with - Chilean Canadians who have spent most, if not all, of their lives in Canada: the transformative meaning of flying and flight, the human degradation of the Chilean coup as an image system that serves as the symbol of the root of separation, the mythology of martyred Chilean President Salvador Allende and a fluid shift between Spanish and English without translation into the other.

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thurs oct 8
5 pm | Philip Hoffman Master Lecture on Diary Cinema
7 pm | New Prairie Cinema
9 pm | Opening Reception @ Platform
fri oct 9
5 pm | Panel Discussion on distributing your independent short film
7 pm | John Price: Second Childhood
9 pm | Canada Avant Garde
sat oct 10
5 pm | A Fragile Transition: Past and Present in Chilean Canadian Cinema
7 pm | All Fall Down, by Philip Hoffman
9 pm | Video Alchemy: Tasman Richardson vs RKO (Paris)
Live Video Showdown @ WFG Studio
sun oct 11
12 pm | Video Vulture Workshop: the Jawa Editing Technique @ WFG Studio
2 pm | Great Experiments Just for Kids screening (FREE!)
7 pm | The One Take Super 8 Event @ The Gas Station Theatre
WNDX Pass: $20
($15 students/seniors)
Single Tickets: $8
($6 students/seniors)
Super 8 Event: $5
all admissions
WNDX Passes include all screenings + events and are available for advance purchase at the new Artspace Kiosk.
Single Tickets are available at the door.
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