

sleep

and her

brother

death

is a monthly screening series
from bed, co-hosted by
Francesca Bennett and Ratna
Dhaliwal on the last Sunday of
the month at 9am pacific, on
Zoom.

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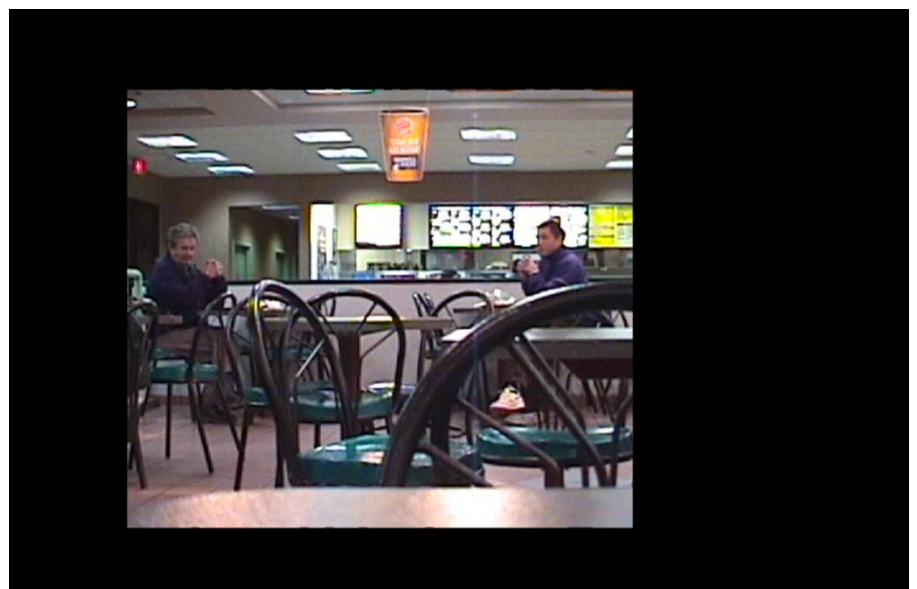
program 18: time after time

Ron Tran, excerpt from *Dinner
with a Stranger*, 2003

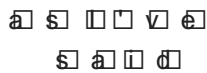
Sunday, September 28, 2025, at
9am pacific

run time 3 minutes, 20 seconds,
looped for 40 minutes, no
remarks

[https://us05web.zoom.us/j/8346
4754229?pwd=oSbCaLXGWRb3o
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When I say that I am thinking of "the body and the screen"—



—I'm also thinking of the audiences to these screenings, mostly friends of ours—by which I mean Ratna's or mine—or friends of the artists, so, in some way, friends who are not necessarily friends of each other—now, yet, or maybe ever.

So, in one way or another, we may be strangers in this (Zoom) room, and yet, we are all—should the instructions be followed—in bed, so perhaps, like me: propped up but covered, hair undone and eyes of sleep, laptop on lap, open to several other worlds, multi-windowed and multi-tabbed.

The point is: ldk.

The other point is: TY, for being here, with us, and with me!

Last weekend, I was having another conversation, about friends and strangers, with another friend, who said that she had seen a video once, long ago, that she had never forgotten: one shot on a plaza, no one around, but mics, electric guitars and snare drums in the foreground, and slowly, and then all at once, pigeons on the instruments, busy, a cacophany of sound, then a shadow, flight. Later, she said, years into a friendship with an artist, Ron [Tran], she found out that the video was his.

Ron was, for a long time, a stranger to me, but is now a friend, but—in a reverse—"Ron Tran" has been, for longer than I have known him, one of the artists in this city that I most admire. True of him, as an artist and as a friend, is that he is both more perceptive and more gracious

than almost anyone else I know.

He dug deep in his archives for me this week—I asked him if he still had "the video of you eating dinner 'with' strangers at fast food restaurants" to which he replied "my goodness let me have a dig....deep!"*

Dinner with a Stranger was made in 2003,* and I first saw it only a few years later—at the Charles H. Scott Gallery, Ron reminded me, just yesterday, on the back stairs of his apartment, after I walked through the alleys to pick up a DVD—and while I am certain that I watched it all the way through at the time—only 22 minutes—when I watched 3 minutes and 20 seconds of the work again last night—all that Ron could find ready—I was surprised by what I didn't remember, which was almost everything.*

I forgot the sound, the colour, the tables and the chairs, and I forgot the mirror—by which I mean the real mirror, behind what I was looking at, which I also forgot: the tender way that even Ron's crossed leg and extended foot mirrors what it mirrors, even obstructed—for him and for us, by which I mean all of us, here, in bed—by the tables and the chairs that create just enough distance for strangers to be doing the same thing, together, but not quite.

Because I—by which I mean me, Francesca—am behind these days or months or years, this monthly free 40 minutes of Zoom is a delight that is also—lately—a reminder: time goes by, and time can do so much.*

So, may this be intro and program notes both—for now—for sleep and her brother death, program 18, ♥