

Hello, good morning, good afternoon—whatever time it is where you are—and welcome, to sleep and her brother death.

sleep and her brother death is intended to be a twice monthly bootleg screening series from bed, on the first Sunday of the month at 9 am pacific, and the third Sunday of the month at 10 pm atlantic, programmed by Ratna Dhaliwal, my co-host in Halifax. To reconfigure the “mattress” of Yvonne Rainer’s Parts of Some Sextets, “very much on my mind [are] the immanent meanings [of bed]—sleep, sex, death, illness—which I [hope will] lambently surface” over the coming year.

But, while we have no idea what this will become, for a year at least, we invite you to watch films, videos, and other clips with us, sourced from the width and depth of the internet, and presented through Zoom, this most double-faced of ordinary and pandemic tech—in short, we’re aiming for a communal experience of internet clips that, of course, we could all just as easily watch on our own.

zZ zZ zZ

However, I’d also like to point past the screen and the internet to the real world and extend invitations to support the programs and places that make the shadow economies of the internet possible—as a real film scholar and librarian who grew up in a video store, I’m gonna go ahead and say in advance that Ratna’s references are broad and perfect, but I’ll likely be diving deep in Ubu Web all year, that marvellous archive that Kenneth Goldsmith says, “proposes a different sort of revisionist art history, one based on the peripheries of artistic production rather than on the perceived, or market-based, center.” That said, not too far from those margins, for those of us in Vancouver, I’d love to see you at The Cinematheque for Peter Hutton’s 2007 film At Sea, programmed by Michèle Smith for DIM Cinema—7pm, this Wednesday, January 10th, get a ticket pack and share it with your friends!

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[thecinematheque.ca/films/2023/at-sea](http://thecinematheque.ca/films/2023/at-sea)

[~/series/dim](#)

[~/shop/ticket-pack](#)  
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Today, at this beginning of a new calendar year, and for this first program, I’m thinking about beginning again, again, and I chose two very different clips—Yvonne Rainer’s 1966 film Hand Movie, and Doug Aitken’s 1998 video electric earth. Curiously, both the film and the video start in bed, but only the first ends there—Hand Movie is a very-favourite silent film in black and white, shot in a single take with no camera movement, and the titular hand is Rainer’s, reaching skyward from her unseen hospital bed. Yvonne Rainer was hospitalized three times in the 60s for catastrophic failures of her gut, and removal of lengths at a time—in early 1967, she danced her now-and-even-then famous Trio A under the title Convalescent Dance at a festival of protest against the Vietnam War. It’s no surprise to me that in 2016, I thought of Hand Movie as I read Johanna Hedva’s Sick Woman Theory in [the now-defunct] Mask Magazine: “I listened to the sounds of the marches as they drifted up to my window. Attached to the bed, I rose up my sick woman fist, in solidarity.”

Oops! I said MICE—both were great. :)

There could be much more to say about this, but for now I’ll keep it brief—for sleep and her brother death, I’m interested in imperfect pairs, and I’ll be focusing my attention on screening two short films or video clips that don’t know about each other, but that may nevertheless be or feel related.

electric earth is a new-to-me cacophony of sound, colour, and movement, that is, in the real world, presented as an eight-screen, multi-channel installation, but here as a single screen, unfolding in edited, but still apparently linear, time—reading Kate Mondloch’s description of the installation in her 2013 Screens: Viewing Media Art Installation is a concise rejoinder to letting documentation slip in place of the real. But for us here, the camera—and perhaps others—apparently follow a young man—dancer Giggy Johnson, whose Mo’ Money Mo’ Problems set for Showtime at the Apollo Amateur Night, which I found on YouTube, is totally buoyant—in any case, the camera follows a young man, dancing across what

curator Philippe Vergne describes as “anywhere one might confront a feeling of loss: laundromats, car washes, parking lots, airports, deserted streets” and—like Rainer— “[h]is restless motions seem self-generated though also imposed, as we can no longer[—or perhaps never could—]distinguish the source of the initial impulse.”

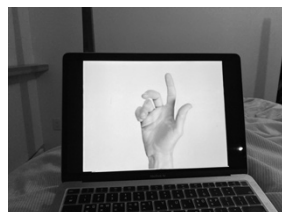
In both films, I'm interested in the repetition, compulsion, perseverance, and imperative of movement, which is always in the present. And, there is a beautiful brief moment of almost synchronicity that caught my attention and prompted this duet—you'll see.

Today's runtime will be 21 minutes and 8 seconds, and just like at the cinema, when the films stop, the screening ends—your thoughts are your own to run your fingers over in the light or the dark. But, just like good movie critics, please write a review—send us a thumbs up, thumbs down, five fingers spread in the air, a full paragraph text message just like I do, a wink, a wink at that wink, whatever... we'd love to hear what you think!

[Now, to dim the lights, camera off, fumbling—it wouldn't be Zoom without fumbling—starting the films...

Phew!]

zzz zzz zzz



Yvonne Rainer
Hand Movie, 1966
ubuweb.com/film/rainer_hand-movie.html

🗣️ more:

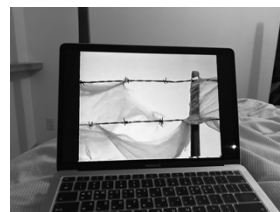
Yvonne Rainer, Feelings are Facts: A Life, 2006
worldcat.org/title/61353153

Catherine Wood, The Mind is a Muscle, 2007
worldcat.org/title/153578140

Carrie Lambert-Beatty, Being Watched: Yvonne Rainer and the 1960s, 2008
worldcat.org/title/174112632

Judson Dance Theater: The Work is Never Done, MoMA, 2018
worldcat.org/title/1028845952

Johanna Hedva, Sick Woman Theory, 2016 (re-published 2022)
topicalcream.org/features/sick-woman-theory/



Doug Aitken
electric earth, 1998
ubuweb.com/film/aitken_electricearth.html

🗣️ more:

Doug Aitken: Electric Earth, LACMA, 2016
worldcat.org/title/946076253

Broken Screen: 26 Conversations with Doug Aitken, 2005
worldcat.org/title/61260647

Kate Mondloch, Screens: Viewing Media Art Installation, 2013
worldcat.org/title/311310205

It's Showtime at the Apollo, Amateur Night, excerpt, n.d.
youtube.com/watch?v=fLRjgwAorSk

🌟 And, Saul Anton on Doug Aitken at artforum.com

send a message to itsjoycewielandthanks@gmail.com for next screening link

🍿 reviews:

that was amazing, thank you!!

👤 Jessica—hope to see you at DIM!

Today 11:01

Um I just woke up— I slept through my alarm

Next time, Sydney—💕

Saul Anton said that Electric Earth functions like “an immersive landscape of motion and fractured information”, he goes on to affirm that the project’s “viewers are meant to experience as much as to watch”. Throughout both screenings today, I kept thinking about the mobility of the protagonists set against my own mobility in bed, a landscape where I found myself rolling my fingers onto bits of hair in a tangled restraint, to keep my body still and present as I watched the small moving images on my phone’s vertical screen. The Rainer piece is something I’ve summoned every time I think about making art with my hands. It’s hard not to imagine that every-work-of-art-made-with-hands after it has something to do with it, the effects of synchronicity I suppose. It’s almost as if Rainer’s film were a perma fixture on a museum’s vitrine, representing ALL hands in art, like dinosaurs show the path of evolution. The GOD work of hands, a feeling of wanting to paint with bold strokes using nothing but the vitalizing force of our clumsy fingers, their electricity passing from one screen to the next. Wunderkind. From my receptors to yours. The phrase the protagonist repeats playing over and over in the aftermath, what was it he said? The “now” that I’ve got feels dated, but it’s a now now not a there, there, and that in itself is perfection! So I deem this a great start to your screening series. Thanks for sharing this new project with me. Next time, I would love to hear more from Ratna too, her notes on the collaboration. Sending my best to you always, for this project and beyond, from my sore hand to yours tenderly. xF

Speechless, Fabiola—💕

Errata noted Saturday, January 27, 2024