

🌸 Francesca:

Hello—thanks for being with us tonight, this **third Sunday of the month at 10pm atlantic**, for **sleep and her brother death**, program 02, the trail to slumber and sex, hosted by Ratna Dhaliwal.

LICENSED FOR PRIVATE HOME EXHIBITION ONLY. ANY PUBLIC PERFORMANCE, COPYING OR OTHER USE IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED. ALL OTHER RIGHTS RESERVED.

(This is our twice-monthly bootleg screening series from bed, but it's okay if you're not in bed, 🤪)

While this isn't the cinema—Ratna has much to say about **how and where**—what's a film without a review? Post-screening, please send us* your [Siskel-and-Ebert](#) style thumb reviews—up, down, or a shouting match—we'll publish your reviews in **these program notes**, before the next screening, which is on the **first Sunday of next month, at 9am pacific**.

And now, Ratna—

🐘 Ratna:

I love film.

I love it but I'm picky.

I don't really like the idea of watching a film at home on a TV that isn't going to be a throwaway film that I can watch while knitting, puttering about, or letting co-watchers consume crunchy, slurpy, or aromatic foods. Not to say that I don't like watching films at home on streaming service or DVDs, it's just to say it is a different experience. Like the experience of watching a ripped copy, where you have the feeling that what you are watching is considered haram, illegal, or immoral. Perhaps that is where the pleasure lies. Like watching a throwaway flick on Netflix while lounging with a pizza and

beer feels good, watching something you had to seek out against the normative grain, also feels good.

This is the unique element to watching ripped copies. It's the thrill of watching something that otherwise is not readily or easily available to you. Watching an art house film. A weird long-forgotten short. A new release in cinemas that isn't "coming to a theatre near you." Something a bit racy, or a cult film making the circuit anew. What is the commonality here? Well, these films – bootleg copies – run the whole gamut of genres just like (and perhaps in parallel to) the real thing. It's the other side to legal capitalist consumption.

This is what I began thinking of when

Francesca proposed this screening idea: how watching films in bed on a Sunday morning (or evening), has for me a lifelong equation to the thrill of watching something that I shouldn't be.

I've chosen one short film by Agnès Varda, **Plaisir d'amour en Iran** which will be opened by a round of trailers from a VHS rip of Disney's **Pocahontas**.

The **trailers** (slash) adverts that we start with, are from 1996 and show a world that I'd long forgotten (although, I'm intimately familiar with).



Trailers are a thrill of their own, but a rare thrill these days.

Streaming services have trailers akin to doomscrolling while you try and figure out your evening's viewing pleasures.

Theatres pump more adverts in than trailers, so that most of us actively try to avoid showing up early for films. But there is something – and excuse the reference – **magical** about a trailer. A good trailer can be better than the actual film, and sometimes can make you forget what you have actually come to watch.

Beyond this, I also want to throw back to a Goliath of fairy tales. Disney is by far one of the most iconic filmmakers of all time. Classic fairy tales have visual references with Disney faces.

For many of us, Disney continues to symbolise the value

of stories and not only reveals social thought but also shapes our understanding of social issues.



From the frail beauty who must be saved by a knight in shining armour, to sisterly love and girls saving their kingdoms, Disney holds the authority on the Zeitgeist und Volksgeist on the status of love and women.



Varda's short film, **The Pleasure of Love in Iran**, on the other hand, is more commentary on the place of women and the absurdities of romance.

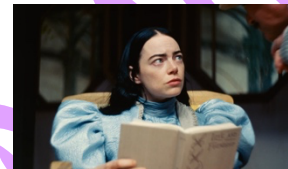


Here is a tale that in one breath speaks of: sex, separation, form, culture, love, religion, freedom, oppression, man, woman, colour, and poetry. Six minutes, folks, and she runs through all of this with humour and her signature quirky take on feminism.

I don't want to say too much more about this film. It's a lesser known and appreciated film of hers that was filmed during the opening up of Iran in the 70s, and actually is an extension and a rejection from another film project, **One Sings, the Other Doesn't/L'une chante, l'autre pas**.

So, I hope you find some thrill from watching these two items this evening. And as bootleg viewing can only exist in opposition to the legitimate, this week, I would like to

encourage, nay, **plead** that you all [rush out to watch](#) Yorgos Lanthimos' new film, **Poor Things**.



Rarely do I discourage consuming culture in whatever way and means possible to you, but in this instance, I will say, you need to watch it on the big screen. And just as there is a thrill in consuming something illicit, there is also a certain kind of thrill for consuming something as it was intended.

So, happy viewing

[trailers](#) (to 08:47)

[film](#) (05:38)

and good night, z^z

REVIEWS:



and a