

Super 8 Late

Curated by Chris Kennedy

Thursday April 9
11 PM

Theatre Centre (1087 Queen Street West)
Admission: Pay What You Can



Aufhebung
François Boué
Germany/USA, 2007, Super 8, 8 min

1997A (Arrival)
Steve Polta
USA, 1997, Super 8, 10 min

Mylar Balloon Rip Off
Jason Halprin
USA, 2007, Super 8, 3 min

Light Speed
Karen Johannesen
USA, 2007, Super 8, 6 min



Light Speed



1997A (Arrival)



Mylar Balloon Rip Off

A House Full of Dust
Steve Polta
USA, 2007, Super 8, 10 min

Some Days Ago (Kajitu)
Takehiro Nakamura
Japan, 2008, Super 8, 5 min

Des nuages aux fêlures de la terre
Philippe Cote
France, 2007, Super 8, 18 min

On a descriptive level these films are unambiguous—documents of movers, a train entering an underground station, moments in an apartment. To stop there, however, is to ignore the expressive undercurrents that resonate through each of these films. It is appropriate that these films exist solely and singularly on the intimate format of Super 8, transforming the smallest of frames into the richest of experiences. This is a format so unassuming that its obituary has long ago been written, but these six filmmakers show that even evaporation creates beautiful clouds.

Most of these filmmakers start from the commonplace, the everyday, recognizing the medium's history as a home-movie format. In *Light Speed*, Karen Johannesen creates an extremely kinetic film from the light coming through her blinds and the parallel patterns she finds in her immediate vicinity—her fire escape, the brick wall of a passageway and the chain-link fence of her yard. Steve Polta's approach is more contemplative. *A House Full of Dust* finds him capturing the detailed moments of a home, foregrounding the passage of shadows, dust and light, while *1997A (Arrival)* succinctly draws out a beautiful abstraction from his morning commute. Takehiro Nakamura also abstracts his surroundings in *Some Days Ago (Kajitu)* by shooting through a crystal glass apple, the kind that innocuously sits on a family coffee table, distorting his neighborhood into an apocalyptic nightmare.

Philippe Cote's film is anything but commonplace, harnessing instead the energies of high altitudes. Its title roughly translates as the clouds in the fissures of the earth, and it finds him traveling up the French Alps to Mount Blanc. Through beautifully graphic compositions and a stunning use of time lapse, he reveals the furious cloud patterns that circulate around the glaciers and peaks of the mountain range. Jason Halprin's *Mylar Balloon Rip Off* watches more sedate air currents, this time man-made, in a subtle film that belies both the irony of his title and of his muse.

François Boué's document of New York movers lifting large crates up a stairwell is given the German title *Aufhebung*, which is another clue to the tension in these films. The title literally means up-lifting, but in philosophical circles it also translates into sublation—superseding, putting an end to, but simultaneously carrying forth a tradition. Perhaps this is the process at work in these finely wrought films, made in a medium so precariously balanced—each projection is a small act of destruction, but also an act that brings forth and preserves a future.

On Screen

