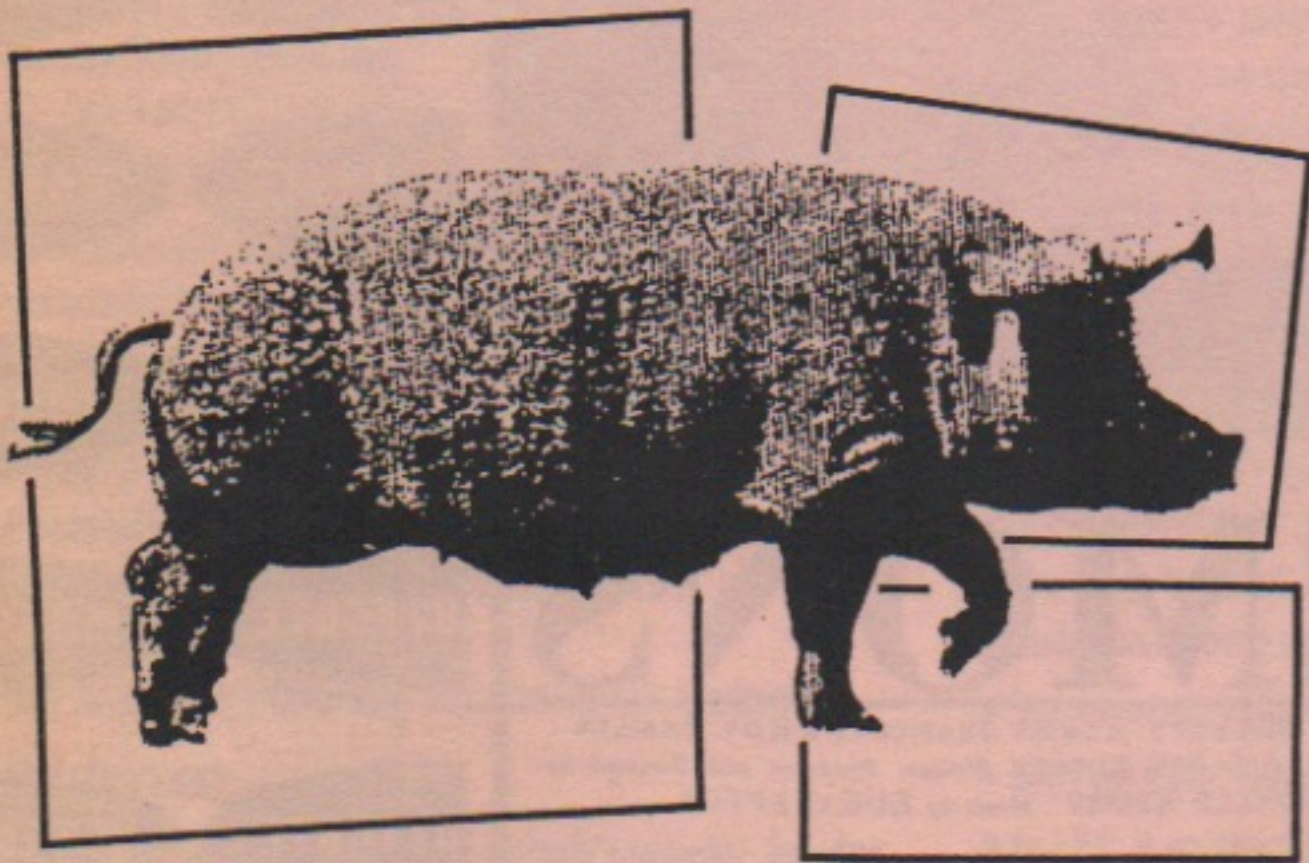


MONOZYGOTE

productions

\$3



DEMONS

MONOZYGOTE PRODUCTIONS

In Association With

**PUBLIC ACCESS TELEVISION
(PATV) CHANNEL 2, IOWA CITY**

Will

PREMIERE



A New Video by Robert & Donald Kinney

DEMONS

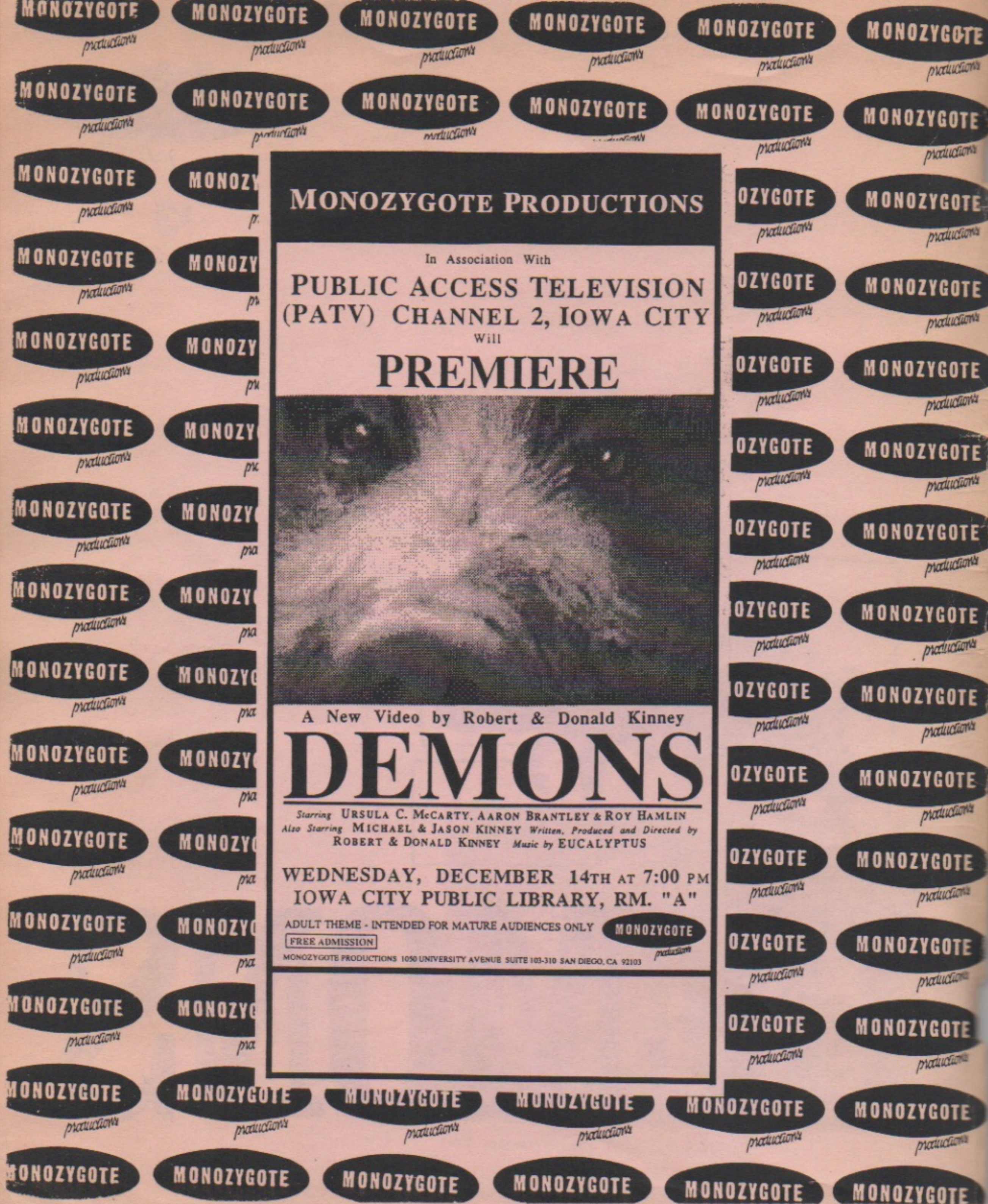
Starring **URSULA C. McCARTY, AARON BRANTLEY & ROY HAMLIN**
Also Starring **MICHAEL & JASON KINNEY** Written, Produced and Directed by
ROBERT & DONALD KINNEY Music by **EUCALYPTUS**

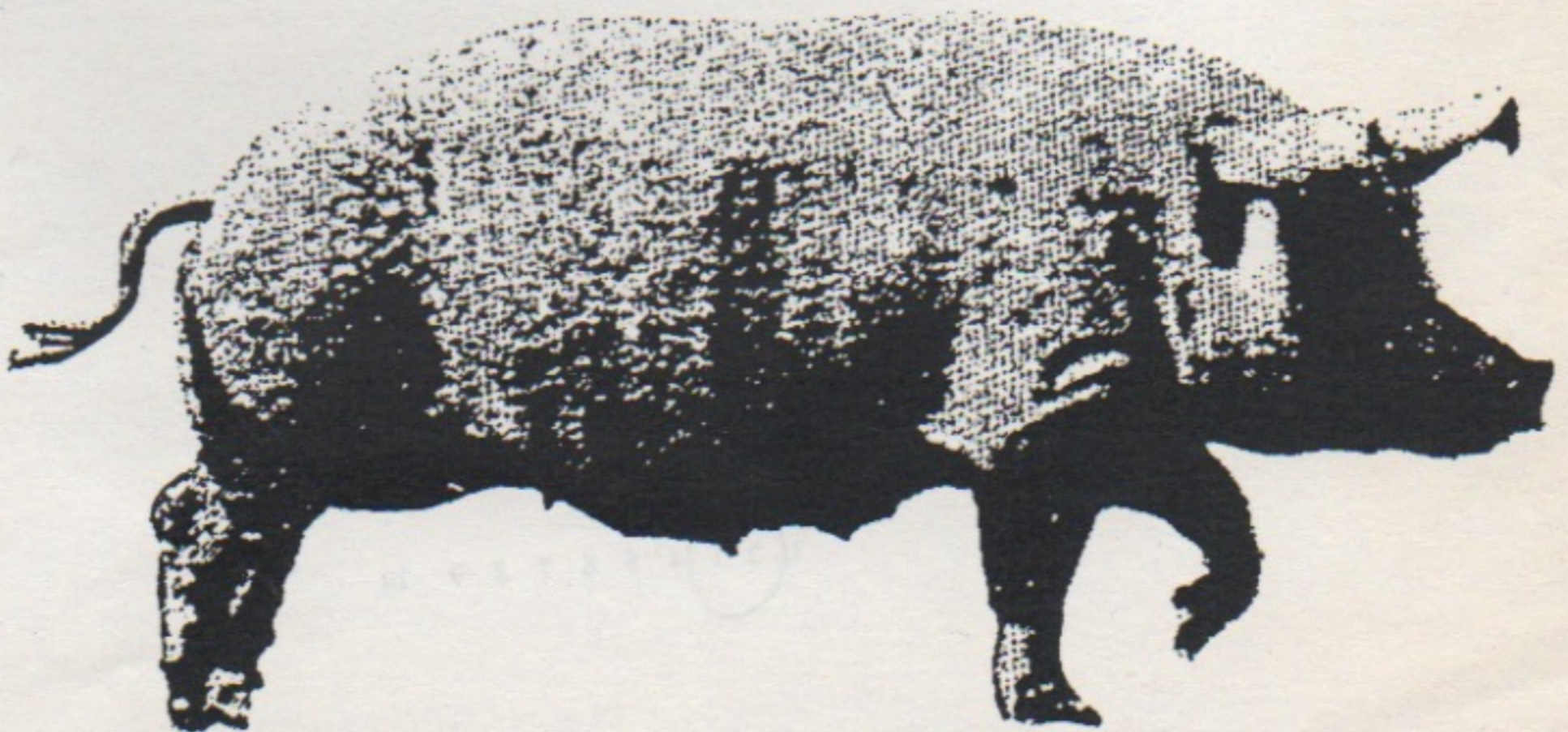
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MONOZYGOTE PRODUCTIONS 1050 UNIVERSITY AVENUE SUITE 103-310 SAN DIEGO, CA 92103





MONOZYGOTE PRODUCTIONS

Presents

DEMONS

A video by

ROBERT & DONALD KINNEY

With

URSULA C. McCARTY

AARON BRANTLEY

and

ROY HAMLIN

Based in part on ONIBABA by Kinedo Shindo

1 (2 3) 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

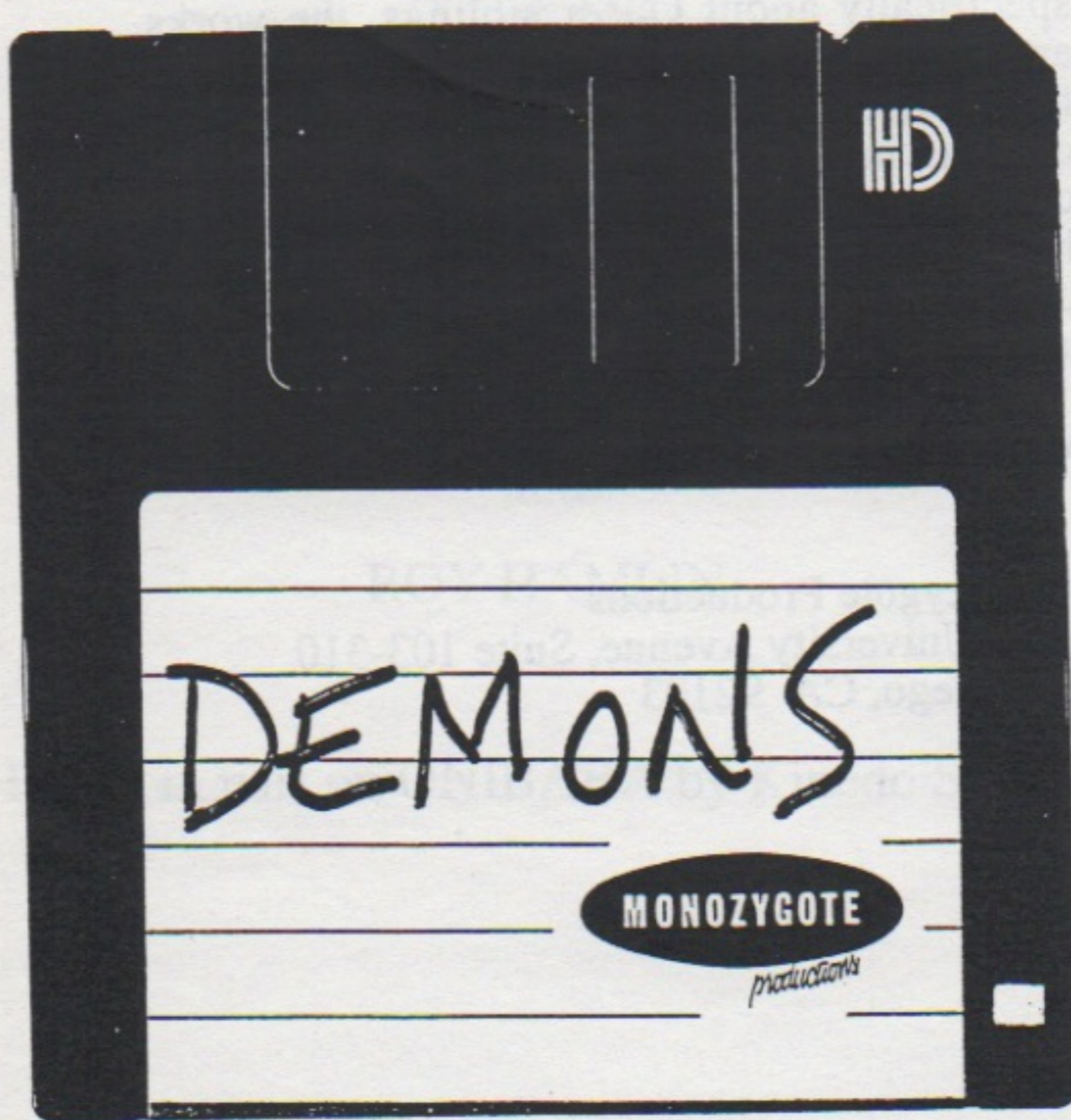
The video DEMONS is our 5th collaborative work under the Monozygote Productions label. This zine is our first and focuses on DEMONS as a Queer video project. As the writers, producers, and directors of all our productions, we understand the interest in our work in the past has been (more often than we'd like to admit) subject to the fascination with us as Queer twins. Though DEMONS and our previous work, AGORA, are not specifically about Queer siblings, the works are still products of what we both appreciate to be a unique collaborative endeavor. While our own fascination with the process of production continues to grow, explaining to audiences how we collaborate will always be a challenge. This zine is about DEMONS and about us.

We welcome your response.

Monozygote Productions
1050 University Avenue, Suite 103-310
San Diego, CA 92103

This 'zine was produced in part at the University of Iowa Weeg Computing Center and Main Library Information Arcade where Macintosh and IBM computers are made available to the general public free of charge.

Special thanks to our brother, Mike Kinney, David Hirsch, Ursula C. McCarty and Roy Hamlin for their contributions.





Dedicated to our parents

We returned to Iowa in early November of '92. It was the first winter either one of us had seen in over five years. For almost a week we stayed at an Iowa City motel, tramped the classifieds for an apartment, and worried that all our stuff locked in the trunk of the Olds would suffer frostbite. After choosing the least odious of student left-overs and human warehouses, we took our respective "job skills" to various temp assignments including local factories and our old stomping grounds, the University of Iowa.

Agora had premiered in October at the Wexner Center in Columbus, Ohio. We were dealing with fewer-than-we'd-hoped-for requests for the tape and still didn't have a solid *new* script to throw our energies into. Several months went by and the New Year saw us spending the last of the Wexner money; a grant eventually reduced to little white penny rolls wrapped in cut up envelopes with "Kinney" and our telephone number written on the side of each one. This was the end of an award we'd lived on for 6 months.

Falling into a habit that goes back as far as both of us can remember, we began nit-picking at each other. Poverty is one thing -- but being without specific designs for a video is hell on both of us. When unable to come to a sure consensus on a new project, big red questions get raised; why are we doing these collaborations?; do we want to do another?; is the payoff worth the effort?; maybe our work together had run its course? Indicative of a transience we feel between productions, the behavior and worries expose our relationship at its worse.

Demons arrived in February in the guise of a 1957 Japanese screenplay called *Onibaba* by Kinedo Shindo. After looking at dozens of titles, this one was attractive for

its potential as a model through which to explore our own work. Equally attractive was the size of the cast; only *three* main characters! This was heaven after working with a cast of 30 in *Agora*. Within a few days we had strong narrative possibilities bouncing off the Japanese screenplay. Roughly translated from the original, 'Demons' became the coined title of the new project.

What also interested us about Shindo's work is his use of a structure that doesn't rely on dialogue alone to further the narrative. With an expressionistic camera and cyclical construct, the story is told instead by a 'stacking' of images and repeated events that garner momentum and fold into a very contained and incestuous drama. With a fair amount of ease we were able to lay our own strategies onto the larger framework of the screenplay. Where *Onibaba* located three isolated and poverty stricken individuals amongst reed fields in medieval Japan, *Demons* presents three isolated and poverty stricken individuals on a hog farm in middle America in the early 1960's.

Appropriating a story certainly isn't new to us. In fact, it's been our *modus operandi*; a common platform from which to execute what eventually becomes uniquely our own. We had done so since our first project: A Tennessee Williams one-act, *Talk To Me Like The Rain...* (the one and only review published reduced the video to 17 minutes of whining). We did it again with Jean Genet's *The Maids* which is, to date, our own favorite indulgence and certainly least watchable. *Stephen*, the work that acquired us the most attention was a reworking of a chapter from Thornton Wilder's, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. *Demons* is our first project with a film as the original source material.

In the months that followed we did a complete breakdown of the image and

narrative score of Shindo's screenplay; edit by edit and line by line. In this way we were able to locate the rhyme and reason behind many of the director's choices. Then it was a matter of reconstructing our own work from the rubble.

After finishing a story board, script, and production notebook; getting props, costumes, sets, sites and performers together, the story about the making of *Demons* parallels the experiences of many low budget film and video projects. So much of production is about trial and error, faults, frustrations, time and budgets. Through the course of the project a lot of things took a beating: plans, egos, the camera, 3 tripods, the mic, the performers, the cars, relationships, and on the last day -- a cooler full of dead fish.

In many respects, *Demons* emerges as simply a 'remake' of a 40 year old movie... but within very specific terms. The 'terms' are not only evident from the beginning of our collaborations, but were the deciding factors in bringing us together to create works: Queer identities, an activist's regard to issues and a practical and intellectual pleasure in ideas of representation. We are also adamant that through the course of these projects we develop and expand our abilities. From the outset *Demons* has been, *by our own definition*, an internship with a dead director.

Demons is now in the final stage of post-production at PATV (Public Access Television) in Iowa City. Though we addressed several funding organizations with the project, we've had to rely entirely on the reserves from week to week pay checks. *Demons* was shot in a total of 19 days on a borrowed Sony Hi8 Procon. We shot only on the weekends beginning in June and finishing in early September. Several sites created the site of the farm, including our sister's boyfriend's hog farm in Sperry, Iowa.

CSPS, an alternative performance art/gallery space in Cedar Rapids, allowed us to use an upstairs room where old wallpaper and dark wood accents promoted the idea of a farmhouse interior. CSPS also brought us in contact with the band Eucalyptus to whom we owe so much for the soundtrack they created.

Endnotes

Compared to previous works, *Demons* is turning out to be very drab in color and the lighting less flat. Coming from California, we found ourselves commenting often on the almost puritan colors people in Iowa often wear and the prolific use of dark woods in paneling and furniture. The influence has been greater than we would have expected.











Agora was produced about our experiences growing up in the Midwest. *Agora ends* with all the characters fleeing a town where circumstances have become too oppressive. We had done so ourselves years earlier. *Demons opens* with a suspicious character returning to his place of origin; his only concern being the pursuit of his own interests. And so did we, to shoot this video.



MONOZYGOTE

ARTISTS

HACHI ARRIVES BACK HOME

	1	2	3	4	5
A	 <p>Heavy low light. Camera static on close up of Hachi.</p>	 <p>Very close-up shot of daughter. Quickly moves up to right to left pan up to mother sitting on left. Attention of them listening.</p>	 <p>END OF PAN FROM RIGHT TO LEFT. EMPHASIS ON TWO WOMEN LISTENING. LIGHTING HEAVY CHIAROSCURO.</p>	 <p>SHOT STARTS ON HACHI SAME AS 1A-1. SLOW ZOOM OUT TO TWO WOMEN FIRST TO DAUGHTER THEN HORIZONTAL PAN TO MOTHER →</p>	 <p>AND THEN SLOW ZOOM BACK TO CLOSE-UP SHOT OF HACHI. HACHI'S DAUGHTER LOOKS AT MOTHER.</p>
B	 <p>PAN TO MOTHER THEN END SHOT IN ZOOM IN ON HACHI.</p>	 <p>END OF SHOT. AFTER IMAGE W/ MOTHER & HACHI CAMERA ZOOMS INTO HACHI.</p>	 <p>CLOSEUP SHOT OF MOTHER SHE WATCHES HACHI INTENTLY. MOTHER IS ALMOST FULL FRONT IN THESE IMAGES WHILE DAUGHTER IS 3/4</p>	 <p>CLOSE-UP SHOT OF DAUGHTER CAMERA STATIC</p>	 <p>CAMERA OVER-HEAD AS IF CAMERAMAN IS STANDING. GOOD CHANGE FROM GROUND POSITION - NEEDED "WHY SON WAS KILLED"</p>

DAYTON: Be careful.

ALLIE: O.K. (She exits)

DAYTON is left alone in the house.

- * As the door closes, DAYTON catches his reflection in the pane.
- * As soon as the door closes, his smile leaves and a hard concentration comes over his face. His hand slowly comes to his crotch.
- * As soon as the door closes, he begins an energetic but quiet jump and hop about the room.

Cut to shot of ALLIE walking down the road. She turns and looks toward the house. Hard gaze.

Cut to shot of DAYTON leaving the house. (exterior)

Series of shots of DAYTON running thru the woods.

FOURTH RUN THRU THE WOODS



Suddenly, coming out from behind the trees is a pig-faced man in a dark suit. PIGFACE runs toward the boy. Shot of DAYTON, terrorized, he screams. Shot of DAYTON running back thru the woods and into the house. Interior shot of DAYTON inside the house. He runs in the house slams the door and backs into the room. Cut to exterior shot of the house. ALLIE is returning. Interior shot of ALLIE as she enters the house. Shot of ALLIE walking into the kitchen, livingroom to find DAYTON lying on the chair or couch.

ALLIE: DAYTON! (DAYTON leaps from the chair) What's the matter? Why are you sleeping in here? What is it? (Shot of a blanket being flung) Are you sick? You're awfully pale.

DAYTON: Nothing; what happened?

Cut to shot of GRAY in the trailer. He is drunk, sweaty and randy.

GRAY: Where the fuck IS he?

Shot of waving trees and sky.

DAY. ALLIE and DAYTON are performing some sort of domestic or farm related task.

DAYTON: Crazy people see things?

ALLIE: Crazy people see all kinds of things, I suppose. But it's all in their heads. That's what makes 'em crazy. It's their own imaginations that drives 'em crazy. You're not seein' things, are ya?

DAYTON: Why would I be seein' things?

EVENING. Shot of low sun, shot of DAYTON looking longingly out toward the woods. Shot of ALLIE preparing a meal inside. Shot of



Alice M. Perez
R...-Ridge Court
Baltimore, Maryland 21234

(Cut to shot of Mother learning)
Cut back to Dayton











HEAVY FADE ON BOY TO...

... ..

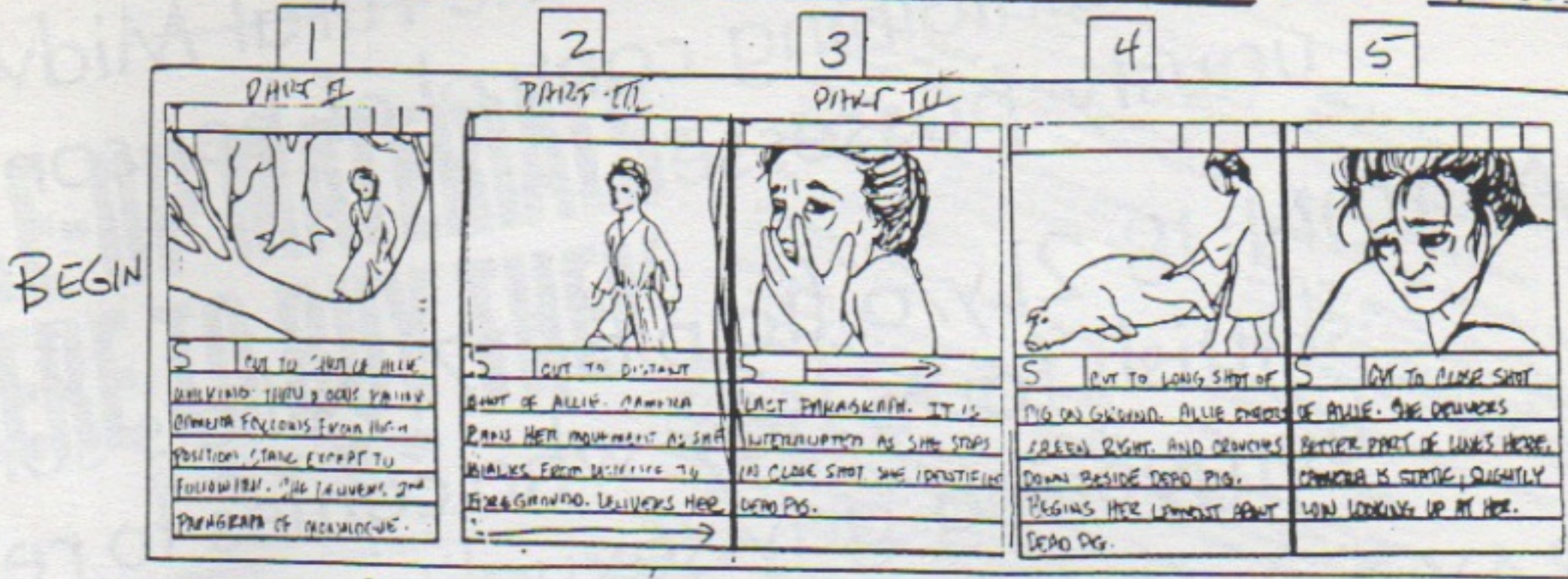
Camera moves w/ the mother

mom's 3/4 shot

SCENE : NIGHTMARE DRAFT # 2 ①

	1	2	3	4	5
A	 <p>S SHOT OF BACK OF BOY SLEEPING ON COUCH. CAMERA BEGINS SLOW ZOOM. BOY TURNS OVER IN HIS SLEEP TO FACE THE CAMERA →</p>	 <p>S CAMERA CONTINUES ZOOM ON BOY AS HE ROLLS OVER IN HIS SLEEP. CAMERA COMES TO REST ON MED CLOSE SHOT. →</p>	 <p>S STATIC CAMERA SHOT SHOWING BOY AND ALLIE SLEEPING. BOTH ARE INDIVIDUALLY SPOTLIGHTED AND BOTH BREATHE HEAVILY IN THEIR SLEEP. →</p>	 <p>S CUT TO SHOT OF GRAY MARCHING WITH DETERMINATION THRU WOODS TOWARD HOUSE. MED SHOT FOLLOWS HIM TO HOUSE - AT HOUSE SHOULD BECOME MED CLOSE SHOT →</p>	 <p>S CAMERA MOVES IN TO CLOSER SHOT OF GRAY AS HE PEERS IN WINDOW OF HOUSE. →</p>
B	 <p>S INTERIOR SHOT OF BOY AND ALLIE (IN FOREGROUND) SLEEPING. CAMERA ZOOMS OVER ALLIE RACKING FOCUS AS IT APPROACHES BOY. →</p>	 <p>S CAMERA ZOOMS OVER ALLIE TO FOCUS ON MED SHOT OF BOY. HE IS SLIGHTLY RESTLESS IN HIS SLEEP. →</p>	 <p>S CUT TO NIGHTMARE SHOT OF PIG WITH SCALPEL. MED CLOSE SHOT. CAMERA IS STATIC AS PIG THREATENS VIEWER W/ KNIFE. →</p>	 <p>S CUT TO VERY CLOSE SHOT OF PIG AND SURGEON'S KNIFE. LIGHT GLIMMERS ON SCALPEL AS IT MOVES TOWARD VIEWER. →</p>	 <p>S CUT TO SHOT OF BOY AS HE BOLTS UP IN BED W/ A SCREAM. HE IS RAGGED AND SWEATY. CAMERA STATIC. LET BOY PULL HIMSELF INTO FRAME. →</p>

Date: 6/26 Scene: 3rd Run Thru Woods Site: Woods/Road



Tape# 2 Tape# 2 Tape# Tape# 2 Tape# 2
 Takes 3 Takes 5/8 Takes Takes 5 Takes 2
 * 2 * 2,5/7,8 * * 4,5 * 2

Storyboard Pg./Cells 48(B5) 49 (A4-A5)(B1-B2)

Script Pg. 12

Shoot Order & Details

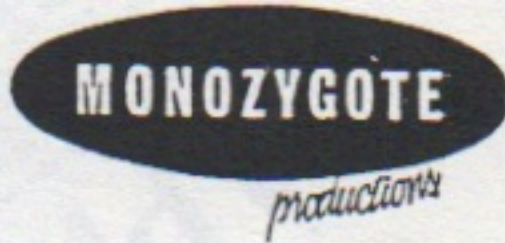
- | | | |
|-----|--|---------------------|
| | TAPES#4
TRAILOR INTERIOR | TAPES#4
INTERIOR |
| | | |
| | 1-2 | |
| 1. | HIGH ANGLE CAMERA POSITION OF ALLIE WALKING THRU WOODS. 2nd PARAGRAPH. 48 B5 | |
| 2-3 | ALLIE WALKING FROM DISTANCE 3rd PARAGRAPH Zoom INTO CLOSE SHOT. 49 A4-A5 | |
| 4 | CUT TO MEDIUM DISTANT SHOT OF PIG. ALLIE ENTERS FIELD OF CAMERA. 49 B1 | |
| 5 | LOW ANGLE CLOSE SHOT OF ALLIE AS SHE DELIVERS LINES. 49 B2 | |
| 6. | | |
| 7. | | |

PRECEDING CELL

TAPE# 4
3rd Run
 TRAILOR INT
 PG. 48 B4

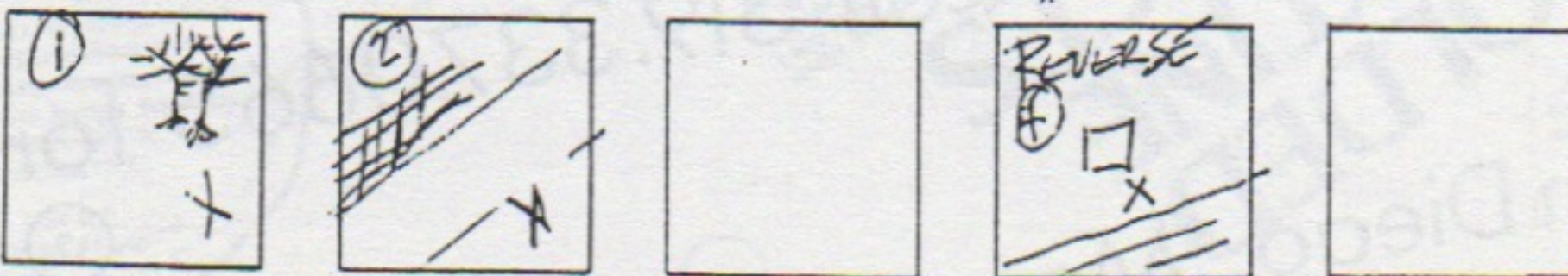
FOLLOWING CELL

TAPE#



Ambient Sound MOS Sound FX

Lights



(43)

1/3

...small hog farm in the rural Midwest. A hard-working, hard-working woman on maintaining control of her son and his various possessions.

DAYTON: 18-21 y/o (to play 17) Allie's son. A skittish farm boy who comes to realize his burgeoning gay sexuality. Partial to fu

GRAY: 25-35 y/o Allie's brother-in-law. A su rumors of mental illness in his past. His nephew brings all three characters into autonomy and sexual desire. Partial to

PLUS 4 non-speaking, male roles: SHERIFF, BU & 2 ASYLUM ATTENDANTS.

Please send a picture (snapshot OK) and resume to

Monozygote Productions
404 S. Governor, No. 9
Iowa City, IA 52240

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...d in San Diego, Monozygote
...ned in muse...

MAKE-UP MATERIALS- WHERE TO BUY THEM

* * * * *

Absorbent Cotton or cotton balls (drugstore). Non-sterile type is cheaper.

Acetone (drugstore or chemical supply). This is a highly inflammable solvent which must be used with extreme caution. Do not smoke up the same room or put cotton or tissues soaked with acetone in a trash basket where matches or cigarettes may be thrown. It is used to remove many adhesives and collodion from the skin, brushes, and wigs. It thins some adhesives and plastics. Buy not more than 8 oz. at a time and keep it tightly capped to prevent evaporation.

Adhesives (see entries for DUO Surgical and Spirit Gum).

Alcohol, Isopropyl 70% (drugstore). Flammable solvent but not as dangerous as acetone. May be used on the skin to remove such things as spirit gum.

Alcohol, denatured (hardware store) fuel for alcohol lamps.

Blood (Paramount, Kelly, Stein's, Kryolan). You can make a better and cheaper blood yourself. See chapter "Scars, Cuts, Bruises & Blood."

Brushes (see entries for Make-up Brush, Powder Brush).

Cake Make-up (Max Factor, Kelly, Stein's). Foundation make-up in a dry, cake. Applied with a wet sponge or brush.

Cellulose Acetate (art stores). Used for plastic fingernails and eyeballs. See chapters: "Artificial Eyes" and "Werewolf #2."

Cold Cream (Paramount, cosmetic companies). For cleaning make-up off of skin. Buy the cheapest.

Cotton (see Absorbent Cotton). Kelly, Mehron, Stein, collodion is used as a sealer. (See

Cotton (see Absorbent Cotton).

Cream Make-up (all cos. make-up is the smooth paint. It may come in round containers.

Crepe Hair (Para Imitation hair, and wigs. (See

Dental Wax number of "False Teeth"

DUO adhesive desirably

12

Fingertips lose acetone.

Food Colors (supermarkets). Harmless to make blood and some make-up in supermarkets, the colors

ounce bottles or in sets of four colors in 1/4 oz. bottles. If your markets don't carry any, look up a "Baker's supply company" in your classified phone book. They sell food colors in 8 oz. bottles. Gelatine, KNOX Household (supermarkets). Plain gelatine can be used in a number of ways for make-up as described in the text.

Glycerin (drugstore). Clear heavy liquid which may be patted on the skin to look like sweat or placed below (not in) the eyes to look like tears. Glycerol is the same thing.

Hair (see Crepe Hair).

Ivory Inlay Wax (dental supply stores). See chapter, "False Teeth".

KARO Syrup, Light (supermarkets). A clear slightly sticky corn syrup used to make blood and as a water-soluble adhesive. Baker's Supply stores sell it in cases of four one-gallon cans.

Latex (Paramount, Kelly, Mehron, Nye, Stein, Make-up Place). Latex is the sap from rubber trees or a synthetic. Most latex is preserved with ammonia. The smell is obvious and it may irritate some skins. Latex which is de-ammoniated is more suitable for make-up use. Paramount's Liquid Latex is the latter type.

Liquid Adhesive (Paramount). See entry on "DUO Surgical Adhesive".

Liquid Make-up (Stein and Mehron). Water-soluble liquid make-up base.

Make-up Brushes (cosmetic companies, art stores). You need a few good brushes to apply details of make-up. Flat red sable brushes such as an artist uses for oil painting are the best but expensive. However, art stores carry cheaper brushes made of synthetic bristles that are very good. You need a couple small ones about 1/4 inch wide or less and a couple between 3/8 and 1/2 inch. Brushes with short bristles (called "brights") are easier to control than ones with long floppy bristles ("flats"). You also need a small, round, pointed inexpensive watercolor brush for non-flex, collodion and a medium sized one for spirit gum.

Make-up Pencils (most cosmetic companies). Used for drawing in details of make-up. You need a black, brown and perhaps a maroon.

Model Airplane Paper (hobby stores). Useful for wrinkled skin textures (see the "Mummy").

Model Paints (toy & hobby stores). Testor's or Pactra paints are convenient for painting false eyes (see chapter, "Artificial Eyes").

Mortician's Wax (Paramount, Stein's). This is a soft waxy material used to build up facial features. Paramount's "Natum Plasto" is excellent. Stein's "Derma Wax" is also good. See entries "Nose Putty" and "Plastic Wax" for similar materials.

Nose Putty (Kryolan, Stein's, Kelly, Mehron, Factor). Nose putty is a sticky, rather stiff, molding material more difficult to shape than mortician's wax but more durable.

Pencils. See "Make-up Pencils".

Pink Base Plate Wax. See "Dental Wax".

Plastic Wax (Kryolan, Kelly, Mehron, Nye). A soft, sticky wax, firmer than mortician's wax but not as hard as nose putty. Kryolan calls it "Special Plastic", Kelly, "Molding Putty", Mehron, "Modeling Wax", Nye, "Nose & Scar Wax".

POLYGRIP (drugstore). An excellent dental plate adhesive in a tube.

Powder. See "Face Powder".

Powder Brush (Kryolan, Paramount). A soft brush, usually looking like a baby's hairbrush, used to dust off excess face powder. The Paramount brush with Nylon bristles is the cheapest.

Powder Puff (drugstore, dime stores, etc.). For applying face powder. The largest velour puffs are the best.

Putty. See "Nose Putty".

Rubber Mask Grease Paint (Kryolan, Kelly, Stein's, Mehron). A special greasepaint made with castor oil for making up rubber appliances.

Sealer (Mehron, Paramount). A clear liquid plastic solution used to paint a protective film over mortician's wax, etc. Mehron's is called "Sealer." Flexible collodion may be used in the same way.

Spatula (art stores, dental supply). A thin flexible metal, knife-like tool very useful in mixing soft substances. Artists' spatulas are about 1/2 inch wide; dental spatulas are half as wide and twice as expensive.

Spirit Gum (most cosmetic companies). This is the standard liquid adhesive used for gluing hair, wigs, latex appliances, etc. to the skin. Can be diluted or removed with alcohol or acetone.

Spirit Gum Remover (Kryolan, Stein, Kelly, Mehron). Using acetone or alcohol to remove gum can be irritating to the skin. Special removers make the job less uncomfortable. Kelly's is best.

Sponges. Every kind of sponge has its uses. White foam latex or polyfoam are used to spread or pat make-up on. Buy a one-inch-thick bunk in an upholstery store and cut it into convenient pieces. "Silk," natural or sea sponges (all the same) are used only to apply cake make-up. Cellulose sponges will do the same for much less money. Red rubber sponges at cosmetic counters are torn to give a rough texture with which to stipple on colors in a sporty way. Black coarse plastic sponges sold by some make-up companies are also used to stipple on colors.



Covering

Ben Nye Makeup

Creme Color Liner

CL-8 GOLDENROD

Apply with fingers, latex sponge, or brush. After blending, set with face powder.

CONTENTS: Isopropyl Myristate, Carnauba, Ceresine, Beeswax, Oxides.

MAY CONTAIN: D&C #6, FD&C Yellow #5.

Ben Nye Makeup

Nose & Scar Wax

NW-1 FAIR

On a bony surface, apply thin cotton wisp into tacky gum. Press wax into cotton. Contour with modeling tool. Use Makeup Remover on wax. Texture with stipple sponge. Apply a layer of wax. For realistic skin texture, Rouge and Shadow shades.

CONTENTS: Crystalline Wax, Petrolatum, Oxides, Butylparaben.

NET WT: 1/2 oz. / 28 gm.

Ben Nye Makeup

Creme Highlight

CH-0 ULTRA LITE

Apply with fingers, latex sponge, or brush. After blending, set with face powder.

CONTENTS: Isopropyl Myristate, Petrolatum, Carnauba, Ceresine, Beeswax, Butylparaben, Titanium Dioxide, Talc.

PERFUME FREE

NET WT: 1/4 oz. / 7 gm.

MADE IN U.S.A.

MOLDED GELATINE APPLIANCES

in one piece and up with soap and water. Rinse it before you remove it as a mask. Stuff it gently to preserve the shape while it dries. You must use the School quid make-up if you want the pieces together.

The Boston Reader

Arts & Style



Robert and Donald Kinney are being in love City where they are spending time working on new projects.

The Kinney Brothers

Expressing their pride by nurturing a growing gay video genre

MUSIC / By Thom Cox



By DAVID HIRSCH
I RECALL LAST Sunday Jerry Agresti...
DONALD KINNEY: And I put Kin...
DAVID HIRSCH: Some Barber...
AGRESTI: None of our tapes they've...
DONALD KINNEY: And Agresti had...

been raising very late at night. I...
DONALD KINNEY: And I put Kin...
DAVID HIRSCH: Some Barber...
AGRESTI: None of our tapes they've...
DONALD KINNEY: And Agresti had...

This interview was originally published in June of 1993 for our presentation and screenings at the Boston Lesbian and Gay Film and Video Festival at the Harvard Film Archive. The following is an unedited version of the interview.



BOSTON
THE HURTINGTON THEATRE
Company, (Huntington The-
atre, 254 Huntington Ave.
Boston) has been on a roll the past
and is now producing some of the
most noteworthy works.
George Bernard Shaw's *Arms and
The Man* (through June 20) is
performed with ease, savvy, and life.
The play, a delightfully irreverent
spoof of society's pretensions, reveals
about love and war, was first per-
formed in 1894 (Oscar Wilde was
in Athens a century later, as comic
satire still holds true).
On opening night, the laughter
grew with each passing moment.
Frances Cook, who plays the heavily
bearded monarch, Catherine Paskoff,
comes close to making the show, but
the highly 1991 cast holds its own.
See THEATER, page 48

AGRESTI: None of our tapes they've...
DONALD KINNEY: And Agresti had...

**PLAYING WITH STEREOTYPES:
A DISCUSSION WITH VIDEO MAKERS
ROBERT AND DONALD KINNEY**

By David Hirsch, 1993

*When introducing the videos of Robert and Donald Kinney, I feel like Sally Jessy Raphael when I say that they're identical twin gay brothers. The strangely titillating uneasiness I feel in describing them this way is by no means assuaged should I move to a description of their work. For in a series of three pieces produced between 1989 and 1991, the Kinneys unblinkingly explore the taboos and mythologies surrounding the emotional, psychological, and sexual complexities of twinship. Two of these videos, *The Maids* (1990) and *Stephen* (1991), along with their most recent production *Agora* (1992), will be screened at this year's Boston Lesbian and Gay Film and Video Festival in June, at which the Kinneys will be making a personal appearance. To view these videos is to realize quickly that, far from being sideshow barkers of the bizarre, the Kinneys are looking through their twinship at dilemmas common to many gays and lesbians living in a culture that both stamps us with freakish stereotypes and renders us invisible in popular culture. By reconstructing and reclaiming those images available in the marketplace of signs, Bob and Don Kinney dish up startlingly original slices of American life in all its melodramatic, tragicomic glory. We had a three-way on the phone recently, a bit different in tone from our usual banter.*

ROBERT KINNEY: Maybe you should preface it all this way: usually we talk on the phone about things like shoving Barbie dolls up our ass...

DONALD KINNEY: And I put Ken up on the table and make him watch.

RK: And sometimes I play Ken.

DK: Remember that pre- and post-pubescent doll - you'd pump her arm and her breasts grew?

RK: Can you imagine being a little girl and looking at it, and thinking, this is going to happen to me?

DAVID HIRSCH: *I can picture two or three flat-chested boys cranking their own arms, squealing, "It's not working..."*

PRIVATE POSSESSION, PUBLIC ACCESS

DH: *I thought I'd start by asking about the recent controversy in Iowa City, concerning your work and public access TV.*

DK: Well, I think to understand the controversy you'd have to understand the context. Public Access Television (PATV) here in Iowa City has a problem with that every year. Last year there were some images that caused a stink in the town, and then there was a problem when Frank Evans, a grad student at the University of Iowa, presented a video tape with gay content in it, more specifically oral and anal sex, I believe...

RK: Well, it had some explicit scenes in it, but they were very brief. And they were taken out of context of the rest of the tape, obscuring his intentions.

DK: And that sparked a controversy in the classroom, then in the newspapers, and the media had a go-around with it. And right after that, there was a fellow who unwittingly put a tape on the air that was actually pornography. Someone's nine year old little boy turned it on, his father got all nervous about it, sent the kid to bed and immediately called his city councilman. Again the city papers had an uproar about it. Then about a week later, *Agora*, which had been running for 2 months on PATV, suddenly got a whole rash of complaints. And again the media targeted in and wanted to know what the content was, what the problem was, and said that public access TV was being irresponsible.

DH: *What kind of complaints did they get?*

RK: It's really unclear to me exactly what the complaints were. The people who called didn't even leave their names. The whole thing was very cowardly, and it seemed to become sort of campaign, run by whom I don't know, but it seems to happen annually. They'll hinge themselves on one particular institution like PATV or the University, and they'll raise these issues.

DH: *Were they showing the uncut-I mean- well, the uncut version?*

DK: None of the tapes they've shown of ours are censored. And *Agora* had been running at a later hour, at 11 or 11:30 at night. I think people were upset about seeing two men in bed together.



DH: *The only scene I could think of that was close to pornographic is the one where there's a shot of a dick.*

RK: And that's actually just a rubber dildo.

DK: Sorry to disappoint you.

RK: You know, Doyle Detroit (PATV executive director) thinks they've been singled out because a lot of people viewing television feel that they have no real control over what comes over the box. Since PATV originates here in Iowa City, there's a stronger tendency to at least feel like you have some control over what's coming across the air.

DK: But at the same time, the purpose of public access television is to give the community the opportunity to create and air their own programs, and then respond to that. So in fact the response is indicative of what the mechanism is supposed to be about. But unfortunately they usually don't get up and complain about anything but gay-content sort of work.

DH: *In Agora itself, the lesbian and gay characters spend a fair amount of time watching TV in their motel rooms, trying to locate themselves in relation to the "general audience" that network TV targets. It's fascinating to see how disturbed this "general audience" can be when the table gets turned...*

RK: Rather than us looking at them, they're looking at us. As well as looking at themselves as we see them. There's a beautiful sort of conceptual loop that's happening there. If people can't handle that coming onto their televisions, into their homes, can they imagine growing up and never seeing a representation of themselves, and then what it would be like to suddenly see it. It's our way of trying to repossess our vision, our desire.

DH: *One aspect of TV "invasion," and attempts to control what comes into one's home is the whole idea of privacy. Do you think that such a thing as privacy exists, in this day of video technology, computers, surveillance, and all the things you're looking at in your videos?*

RK: At times the whole issue seems sort of spurious, the notion of privacy within a media-saturated environment, where our conduct and our vision of ourselves are so policed. Not necessarily like Big brother is watching, but we're watching it and following suit to whatever they give us and show us. I'm still wrestling with that idea of who I should and shouldn't be.

DH: *The whole notion of possession seems in some way to link the three videos that will be shown at the Boston festival, "possession" in two senses: both the idea of possessing something, and also of being possessed by something.*

RK: It's a constant negotiation of your own autonomy, your own inclusion or exclusion in the sense of ownership of the self, and a sense of involvement.

DK: You're trying to locate a gay subjectivity, and you're also trying to create a gay subjectivity, and the only way you've really known it is through the dominant media. We're still going through those dominant media to try to reflect them back, and to come out on the other side of it with something that's very individually or collectively ours as gay men and as lesbians. The culture still becomes that filter, and the problem sometimes is that we take on certain aspects of the culture to use as a filter, but we don't necessarily feel like we possess it; I think we actually have a better idea that we don't possess it.

RK: In *Agora* and in *The Maids*, a very central tension is the act of thievery that occurs. Swallow is a criminal, and in some ways the criminal represents an anti-assimilationist value, and for me there's a real value in our outlaw status. Swallow is in a position where he's never going to be given anything, and the only way for him to possess something is to steal it, to take it, because he wants and needs it to survive. I think that happens with Claire and Solange, as well: they take on and play with the possessions of the dominant culture because they are so excluded. And, in some ways, this is what happened with *Stephen* conceptually; we took back that narrative, out of a popular cultural context, and we made it our own. A bit of thievery.

CONSUMING PASSIONS

DH: *Your work seems to posit some relationships between gay culture and consumerism. Without giving away one of the funniest moments in *The Maids*, I'm thinking of the tension between the dark-haired, working-class sisters and an image of the glamorous bleach blonde that appears on a TV commercial, and in *Agora*, as well, TV commercials, and the marketplace in general, become important elements in your depiction of the making of gay and lesbian subjectivities.*

RK: For me, the inclusion of commercials and the weight of popular culture in our work is an immersion experience. It's not simply the situation of the early pop '60's painters and object makers, where

there was a somewhat condescending examination of popular culture, placing it in the gallery as a kind of kick at modernity. Our attitude is not looking down from a lofty height, it's really about being immersed in that culture and negotiating those types of representations and those objects that surround us, and relate to ourselves.

DK: A Trix box, or a bottle of Resolve, or a box of Tide is actually much closer to you than a distanced criticism on such products. And for us there's the knowledge that you actually come from a family that produces those sorts of items. In fact, the reading that we had at the kitchen table was the Trix box...

RK: We didn't read the New York Times. It was the back of the Post Toasties box.

DK: There's a real trailer-park kind of aesthetic going on that recognizes the kitschy quality of it but at the same time celebrates it and embraces it because it is so much a part of your experience growing up. We're taking on those representations in the popular media as reflections of who we view ourselves as or who we view ourselves not to be. The blonde-haired TV actress is an ideal that the maids will never be, the maids who are working-class, who don't have - who aren't allowed to have a full blown femininity like that blond bombshell of an actress. They are flat-chested; they're undesirable women.

DH: What do you think of the way advertising has recently been playing up on homoerotic desire - Calvin Klein, Marky Mark and Bruce Weber?

DK: It's problematic for me as a gay man. We're falling into the same traps of representation that have been explored and torn apart through regular straight advertising's representation of women. Marky Mark, who's this very cute, full bodied little bodybuilder; well, once he opened up his mouth, he revealed himself so horribly.

RK: Sometimes I feel it's the same kind of draw that I feel toward a lot of other kinds of advertising: at once I'm very seduced by it, but then I resist it. I don't like my life being served back to me as a hamburger, and I equally don't like my sexuality being handed back to me as a pair of underwear.

DH: So I take it you don't wear Calvins.

RK: Well, in fact I do. (laughter) And I don't like them. They shrink up. They look great the first time you put them on, and then after you wash them, it's

like, god, you hope nobody ever catches you with them. That's kind of a glib way of putting it, but I really have a lot of problems with becoming a specified market. The gay community is no less exploitable than any other. In some ways we're probably even more vulnerable, and if erotic images like that excite us a great deal, we will flock and drool over images of pretty boys. With that kind of opportunism we have to be careful to realize that we're not necessarily being represented; rather, our desires are being jerked around to get us to purchase something. And a lot of it is excluding difference in much the same way that mainstream advertising has always done.

DK: And they're doing the same thing in the very lush, very pretty gay magazines that are out there. There's Out, The Advocate, Lifestyle, a whole variety of them. They push these multicultural images of all these very handsome gay men, but basically they're all coming out of the same mold...

RK: Out of the same gym.

DH: How much of our sexual fantasies are based on these stereotypes taken from advertising? In *Agora*, there's a fascinating dream sequence, where Crab is fantasizing about being raped by Joe Camel. Do you mean that as a critique of how we can desire our own domination through the media? It doesn't seem that simple.

DK: It's not that simple, for as much as we've been criticizing this, it can become an extremely gay - I mean, gray - area, where things aren't so neatly set, like this is good, this is bad. When we designed that image it was going to be brutal, not a kind image at all. And once it was produced it was erotic: by putting it in the context of a surreal dream, it really became something sexually charged. That's a good example of how sometimes initially you bring up something really problematic, and it turns out to be this kind of desiring image. Just because we're gay men doesn't mean that we're going to be excluded from advertising that's not necessarily intended for us: we will go in, and we will, in our own minds, our own psyches, our own libidos, be able to locate our own desires in them.

RK: But you can't deny the image of Joe Camel raping this kid. I remember a year or two ago there were statistics saying that more children know who Joe Camel is than Mickey Mouse. So, at least for this brief market period, he is a highly visible icon of masculinity. And that's very different from who



Crab is, who Swallow is, who Katch and Joy are - they're people basically stuck behind a door in a motel room. I can't help feeling that one level of that image is about the marketplace raping this individual. Taking your desire and serving it back up to you as a Camel cigarette. But it also ends up being about taking back that image of masculinity, and finding some sexual desire in it.

DK: And then there's that very dangerous zone of eroticizing rape.

DH: *That's one thing I found very powerful about Agora, though, the way you've juxtaposed on the one hand, this male erotic dream, and on the other hand, the actual physical threat a woman might very well feel in our culture. When you step out of the dream fantasy of rape and into the actual world, it's not this icon of some glorious stud but it's a situation of drunken abuse.*

DK: Exactly. That's where we made a division between the fantasy and the reality. In Katch and Joy's situation they were not in control, it was certainly not their fantasy.

DH: *I'm curious to hear your thoughts on the linkage between misogyny and homophobia.*

DK: I think they're actually brother and sister, if you will - or sister and sister. In a patriarchal society, if you locate misogyny you're going to locate homophobia.

RK: Even now, with supposedly a new level of tolerance for gay and lesbian people, there's still much resistance to the feminine in the masculine, or the masculine in the feminine. In my own growing-up experiences, often times I don't think I was being attacked for homosexuality but for being feminine. It wasn't about my desire, it was about my presentation of myself as a less-than-masculine man. With those kind of complicated gymnastics, it seems obvious to me that many of the concerns discussed in feminism should be important to us.

DK: And just because we're a marginalized community (and lesbians with the double whammy of being both women and queer), doesn't mean that we don't have a great deal of internalized homophobia, and gross misogyny. I think *Agora* tries to indicate how profound the split is even within our "community."

DH: *But at the same time, when it was a localized emergency situation, there was the possibility of some collaboration.*

RK: Absolutely. You're talking specifically about the epidemic?

DH: I was hinting at that, but I was also referring to the emergency situation surrounding the attempted rape in *Agora*. It would be a nice fantasy to imagine that, like Jack and Swallow, gay men would generally be as willing to assist lesbians as lesbians have shown themselves ready to put their bodies on the line fighting a disease that affects comparatively few of them.

THROUGH THE MIRROR OF THE OTHER PERSON

DH: *In a 1991 interview with Liz Kotz in The Advocate, you said, Bobby, "I think of my aesthetic as having been influenced by Jean Genet and daytime television." You also said that, since your early visual information was primarily television rather than film, the first time you saw a Marilyn Monroe film your reaction was, "My god! She's ripping off Ginger Grant from Gilligan's Island."*

RK: Yeah, Ginger Grant was much closer to me than Marilyn Monroe. I didn't even know who Marilyn Monroe was, or James Dean was, or all these popular gay icons, but I knew who Ginger Grant was, I knew the Brady Bunch.

DK: When you take the model of Ginger Grant or Skipper and Gilligan, when you're exposed to that for a good number of years, and only afterwards encounter Laurel and Hardy or Marilyn Monroe, the original suddenly becomes a gross mockery...

RK: You take the original for the model. We grew up in the simulacrum.

DH: *What about melodramatic influences?*

RK: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* and *Come Back Little Sheba* were really important dramas to me somehow. Obviously, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* involves this very academic environment, and I had absolutely no relationship to that, but there was a kind of vitality and violence...

DH: *And bitchiness.*

RK: ...And bitchiness, to the melodrama, that was really inviting.

DK: For our parents, for their generation, Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor were the role models for behavior. Inevitably it permeated our household, they reflected the television and the television reflected them, so we had wonderful melodramas going on in our own home.

RK: One thing inviting about melodrama is that it provides an opportunity to deal with the messy and the sticky, those areas that are gray and not necessarily definable as good or bad. Like camp, melodrama has traditionally dealt with these very arch situations and dramatic responses to them - and that's fun.

DK: Our most available idea of melodrama comes from soap opera, and our work has sometimes been called soap operatic because of the construction of the scenes, that they are in fact little vignettes that rise up in emotion and come back down - they're targeted in their emotions, in their actions, and targeted in their intent.

RK: Melodrama has a way of titillating audiences with possibilities as well as showing up moral wrongs. Mildred Pierce's daughter was, from the moment you saw her on screen, this wretched child, this bad seed, and you just wanted to throttle her. And of course the good little child dies. But it's kind of pornographic, you were allowed to enter these seedy nightclubs and see her dancing. She really was quite beautiful in her badness: what you wouldn't give to put on one of those boas and be a tramp like that.

DH: *Your work seems to push for the provocation of melodrama. Far from shying away from potentially taboo subjects, your videos almost seem to use the lure of taboo to unsettle your audience, but in a titillating way, rather than a repulsive way, that doesn't take itself too seriously.*

RK: I think that's our mindset. In taking on the very taboo characters, it's not just a simple embracing of the marginalized, but a matter of locating ourselves within those taboo characters and saying, yes, this is a very strong possibility.

DH: *One technical aspect that seems to run through The Maids, Stephen, and Agora, is the use of mirrors in your shots, which is almost a marker of the melodramatic style of Sirk, or even Fassbinder, who was very influenced by Sirk. What are some of the valences of your mirrors - you can't show a mirror, or shoot through a mirror, in anything with a lesbian or*

gay theme without commenting on pop-psychological equations of narcissism and homosexuality.

DK: And as soon as you bring on twins in front of the screen, there's the very stereotypical idea that one is just the reflection of the other, or that it's some personality split.

RK: In a way, to demystify and de-psychoanalyze it, we have to work in very small spaces, and the use of the mirror was a very economic way to include both characters in the same shot. But of course we're playing with the implications of narcissism; it's a way of not only taking a look at these characters, but also reflecting these characters, so these characters almost become a reflection of one another. They're not necessarily looking at themselves, but they look at themselves through the mirror of the other person. And that's a constant negotiation you take on when you're involved with someone, whether it be Donnie and me, or lovers like Joy and Katch, Jack and Swallow, or whatever. You're reading yourself in that person - not necessarily losing yourself in that person or losing that person in yourself, but seeing who you are in that other person next to you. The mirror at least raises the possibility of that kind of dialog, or dialectic, being created visually in our work.

DK: In *Stephen* we had to be very careful with the mirrors, because we didn't want to dip into something that was too stereotypical about twins.

RK: Like *Dead Ringers*.

DK: Right, or *The Krays*, where they'd show one and then the other would come up in the mirror.

DH: *And they'd stage the actors with identical gestures, have them speak at the same time...*

DK: It reduces them down again to the split personality idea, dark side/light side, straight one/gay one, right side/left side.

DH: *In Agora and your current project Demons, you seem to be moving away from the whole taboo of twins and sexuality that you've explored in the earlier videos. Did you sense that viewers got some illusory Peeping Tom enjoyment, as if they knew who you are, as if there were no difference between the roles you play on screen and the roles you play in your life.*

DK: Well, our earliest piece together, *Talk to Me Like the Rain...* (a very maudlin piece), got attention for precisely those reasons. The majority of us are



not twins, and it seems a very popular fantasy to find twinship erotic. It's an intrigue even for me to encounter twins. We encountered twins up here in Cedar Rapids, and my eyes were just bouncing back and forth and I had all sorts of dirty thoughts. There's no doubt that sense of desire and fantasy comes into it. I think both Bobby and I are perfectly willing to give that to an audience...

RK: But it has to be given on our own terms. We try to show a complexity about twins that an audience doesn't necessarily expect. In answer to your original question, whether this voyeuristic fantasy makes people believe that they know us from watching our videos - over and over again we get the question pointed at us, "Are you sleeping together? Well I have a story about me and my brother you'd love to hear." You realize that people are making this mistake, which ultimately we have to give to them; you have to choose your battle.

DK: But certainly these pieces are artistic explorations of our own subjectivities. I think Bobby and I both came out learning a lot about each other and appreciating the opportunity to give that to each other, and being willing to cross very dangerous taboo lines for us, emotionally and physically, that we probably wouldn't have questioned with each other.

RK: It opened up a line of communication between us that's been very important for the collaboration in the production of the pieces.

CANNED IMAGES, SOAP, AND BAMBI

DH: *The last question I have is kind of a throw-away question. Can you imagine one day, walking into your local food store and seeing Agora there, for rent?*

DK: (laughter) I want as many people to see *Agora* as possible, with the possibility that there's one person, in Kansas, who's having some problems negotiating their own ideas about gay sexuality - and this is true not only for *Agora* but for any of our pieces. It's out there for audiences to view, and I can't say that I'd be disappointed if it were widely available to people, straight or gay. It's a continuing dialog, it is representation in a form that wasn't available to us growing up.

RK: But I think what you're getting at with your question about what we'd think if we saw *Agora* for rent in a grocery store, is that it's sort of locating the tape right in the belly of the beast that it's criticizing.

DH: *I was thinking of Warhol's Campbell soup images. For the high theoretical art crowd, it was a massive attack on high art, on the loss of aura in the age of mechanical reproduction, and all that. But what happened is that it became such a popular image that people who buy Campbell soup were also buying copies of the print as pretty images. There's something beautiful about the reabsorption but, at the same time, a political critique could be lost.*

RK: I remember talking with a friend in Columbus, about a gay character who was being included in one of the soap operas. And I can't help making this leap: a gay character in a soap opera is almost like a gay video in a family food store. With the kind of continuing narrative of marriage that a soap opera has, a gay person, the way we'd want to see a gay person included, can't exist there.

DK: For gay characters to exist and be three-dimensional within a soap opera format demands that gay artists take on that format, and re-negotiate how the characters operate in there, redesign it, completely reevaluate it.

DH: *I think they had a problem with that on the TV show Melrose Place. It's an all beautiful, all white 20 something, early 30 something crowd except for one black woman...*

DK: A very lovely black woman.

DH: *...she had to be - and also a beautiful, blonde, gay male. But they had absolutely no idea what to do with the black woman or the gay man. They were in there for diversity, but...*

RK: Once you jump out of the United Colors of Benetton image, and become three-dimensional people, what can they do? For a fair representation of a gay person you have to absolutely re-analyze the entire heterosexist unconscious of the piece, structurally from the bottom right up to the top. In the same kind of way, if *Agora* were in the grocery store, it really couldn't find a place, or couldn't stay in its place, not only because of its critical stance but because of who it represents. It's just not going to be put there next to Bambi.

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MONOZYGOTE

PRODUCTIONS

INTIMATE MATTERS

A History of Sexuality in America
D'Emilio & Freedman, Eds.
Harper & Row, Publishers 1988

The postwar years bred fears about the ability of American institutions to withstand subversion from real and imagined enemies. Political leaders mobilized the public to support a global commitment to contain Communism. The ensuing Cold War left Americans prone to hunt for scapegoats to explain how the fruits of victory in World War II could so quickly turn sour. In an atmosphere of such anxiety, homosexuals suddenly found themselves labeled a threat to national security and the target of widespread witch hunts.

Politicians first latched onto the issue of homosexuality in February 1950, the same month that Senator Joseph McCarthy initially charged that the Department of State was riddled with Communists. When a State Department official testified in Congress that several dozen employees had been dismissed because of homosexual activity, Republican leaders jumped on the revelation. Several senators charged that homosexuals had infiltrated the executive branch of government and that the Truman administration had failed to take corrective action. Guy Gabrielson, the Republican national chairman, sent a letter to seven thousand party workers warning them that "sexual perverts...have infiltrated our Government," and that they were "perhaps as dangerous as the actual Communists." After a District of Columbia vice-squad officer told a congressional hearing that thousands of "sexual deviates" worked for the government, pressure for an investigation built. In June 1950 the Senate authorized a formal inquiry into the employment of "homosexuals and other moral perverts" in government.

The report that the Senate released in December painted a threatening picture of gay civil servants. The committee alleged that homosexuals lacked "emotional stability" and that their "moral fiber" had been weakened by sexual indulgence. Homosexuality took on the form of a contagious disease imperiling the health of anyone who came near it.

The response to the panic over homosexuals in government was immediate and far-reaching. Dismissals from civilian posts increased twelve fold over the pre-1950 rate. In April 1953, just weeks after Eisenhower was inaugurated, the new president issued an executive order barring gay men and lesbians from all federal jobs. The FBI, charged with investigating the loyalty of all current and prospective government employees, initiated a widespread system of surveillance to keep homosexuals off the federal payroll. In an era when the military's role in American life was growing rapidly, the armed forces sharply stepped up its purges of homosexual men and women from the ranks.

Yearly discharges doubled in the 1950s, and rose another fifty percent in the early 1960s. Even homosexual "tendencies" became grounds for separation from service. States and municipalities, meanwhile, followed the lead of the federal government in demanding moral probity from their personnel, while also enforcing rigorous behavioral standards in the licensing of many professions. Corporations under government contract applied to their workers the security provisions of the Eisenhower administration. One study in the mid-1950s estimated that over 12.6 million workers--more than twenty percent of the labor force--faced loyalty-security investigations as a condition of employment. For lesbians, especially, who faced the constricted employment opportunities that all women confronted, the workplace discrimination of Cold War America imposed serious hardships.

The labeling of homosexuals as moral perverts and national security risks, along with the repressive policies of the federal government, encouraged local police forces across the country to harass them with impunity. Throughout the 1950s, and well into the 1960s, gay men and lesbians suffered from unpredictable, brutal crackdowns.

In some localities, the concern with homosexuality approached an obsession. In Boise, Idaho, after the arrest of three men in November 1955 on charges of sexual activity with teenagers, a fifteen-month-long investigation of the city's male homosexual subculture ensued. The town fathers imposed a curfew on Boise's youth and hired an outside investigator with experience in ferreting out homosexuals. Over 150 news stories appeared in the local press and newspapers in neighboring states gave prominent coverage to the witch hunt. Gay men fled Boise by the score as the police called in fourteen hundred residents for questioning and pressured homosexuals into naming friends.

That a nation would mobilize such great resources against an imaginary threat to its security suggests profound tensions in postwar American society. At one level, Cold War politics seem sufficient to explain the irrational preoccupation with an alleged homosexual menace. A nation at the height of its power searched for answers about why the world was exploding with danger. Just as hidden traitors were undermining the nation's physical security, so too did sexual deviates deplete its moral resources. But the growth of a gay subculture also called into question the strength of another prop of Cold War society, the family. Having been buffeted by the Depression-era and wartime shocks to family life, Americans after World War II were returning to domesticity with renewed fervor as the foundation for social stability. In the baby boom years of the 1950s, with their paeans to domestic togetherness, visible gay men and lesbians suggested the potential fragility of heterosexual familial norms..

The Daily Iowan

IOWA CITY'S MORNING NEWSPAPER

THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1993

Some IC viewers request block on PATV broadcasts

Complainants are disturbed by one program's content.

Jonathan Paterson
The Daily Iowan

Some Iowa City residents are saying they want to put a block on Public Access TV cablecasts after viewing a show Tuesday night, the Iowa City Broadband Telecommunications Commission heard Wednesday.

Drew Schaffer, Iowa City's Cable Television Administrator, told those attending the meeting that two callers had asked about the possibility of a channel block after watching the show "Agora," cablecast at 11 p.m. Tuesday.

The show, which has been running for two months, is described by the producers as a dramatic representation of the lives of five gay and lesbian characters in the Midwest. Part of a series of dramas produced by Robert and Donald Kinney of Monozygote Productions, the show featured no explicit scenes, and was shown at 11 p.m. at the request of the producers. Directors of PATV had also previewed the show at their request.

ICBTC Commissioner Cordell Jepsen said if a program was universally available, then people should have a right to block the channel. "As a parent I should be able to stop something coming into my house," he said.

TCI General Manager William Elough told the meeting that access to PATV could be blocked, but thought that was not what the commission really wanted to do. He said TCI sells technology that gives individual consumers the ability to block optional channels, such as MTV, which TCI is unable to stop due to contractual commitments.

Doyle Detroit, co-director of PATV, told the meeting PATV had also received complaints about the show — most of which had been made anonymously.

"Complainants were objecting to a gay-oriented show but they were not prepared to give their names," she said. "If it was a black-oriented program that was being objected to, I might say complaints were racist."

The role of PATV is to represent diverse interests, Detroit said. "We play gay shows, shows for elderly Catholics, children and TCI," she said. "That is what we are about."

Robert Kinney, co-producer of "Agora," said public access TV offered those members of the community usually denied access to the airwaves an opportunity to get their message across.

"There is no established venue for gay and lesbian productions in Iowa City," he said. "Cable access is a welcome sign."

Restricting the viewing audience of public access TV by blocking cablecasts would be against the spirit of PATV, he added. "Agora" has already been shown in gay and lesbian festivals in the U.K., Italy and the United States.

It was agreed that the matter of channel blocking would be raised at the next meeting of the commission.

In other business, it was revealed that a \$140,000 check from TCI covering PATV's annual budget had been delayed for over two weeks. Detroit said managers considered halving their wages, and the company was forced to operate on cash reserves when the \$140,000 check failed to arrive on April 1. The money did not appear until April 16, after PATV had contacted the Iowa City Council, TCI and an attorney, she said.



MONOZYGOTE

MONOZYGOTE

The Waves at Genji's Door

By Joan Mellon

Pantheon Books, New York

Excerpt from "The Samurai Film Without Samurai"

Onibaba, a *jidai-geki* from the point of view of the peasantry, is perhaps Shindo's most remarkable film. It is the story of a peasant woman whose son has gone off to war, enlisting in the service of one or another feudal lord. She and her daughter-in-law inhabit a marshy area where they waylay and kill wounded samurai. They then strip these fugitives from warrior battles, just as did Kurosawa's peasants in *Seven Samurai*. The two women sell the clothing and armor of their samurai victims to a local usurer in exchange for rice. It is thus that they are able to survive.

Shindo's people live like weeds amidst the tall grass which the eyes of their rulers cannot penetrate. Shindo's focus is on his people as outcasts, excluded from society's political protection. He seeks in his work to "capture their immense energy for survival."

The opening shot is of the swaying reeds that dominate the environment. A samurai on horseback enters the marshy land. The sound track intrudes a note of irony as birds begin to sing. When a second samurai appears, the two engage in mortal combat. Time seems



suspended. Suddenly, out of nowhere, the women peer through the reeds, readying themselves to finish off the samurai and strip their bodies. For both the murdered samurai and these peasant women, mutilation and violent death have become so endemic to their lives that they accept it without special notice. Drums beat as the women drag the two bodies to a deep pit nearby.

Having returned to their hut, the two women eat rice with their fingers. The condition of their lives has reduced them to an animal level of survival, even as it did their samurai superiors. Shindo has created a small, brutish universe emblematic of its fourteenth-century setting, when warrior clans decimated each other and the vast many starved and suffered in misery, unnoticed and unrecorded in history. Shindo, above all, is concerned to place at center stage the anonymous masses of people, the generations who perished in despair, ignored in a history invented by their superiors. Both art

and history reflect the consciousness of the educated and hence the privileged. Shindo seeks to recreate and celebrate the world of the victims, the people whose voices were never heard.

The two peasants are victims of samurai, but also of merchants like Ushi to whom they sell their loot, and against whose cheating they have no recourse. "nothing but junk," he declares, picking over their magnificent spoils. If the daughter-in-law would only sleep with him, he would give them one more bag of food. With no men around to aid in the planting, the farm women are starving.

We see the warriors through the eyes of peasants forever forced to fight for whichever side first captures them. When the least chance presents itself, these peasants desert and hunt for food. Hachi, one such deserter, returns and tells the old woman that her son had been beaten to death by farmers like themselves from whom Hachi and fellow conscript "warriors" had been stealing food. "It's sad," says the girl, so demoralized that even the news of her husband's death by torture fails to evoke much emotion. Hers is a response dulled in part by the knowledge that she and her mother-in-law have survived exactly as have the peasants who murdered her husband - by killing hungry warriors. So encompassing is the oppressive evil of this system that people, rendered victims by their very separation from each other,

survive by becoming predators on their own kind.

Among people living at so minimal a level of survival, sexual need becomes not only overpowering and uncontrollable but utterly indiscriminate. All else has been removed from these people, just as, in death, the samurai are stripped of their remaining armor. If, at any instant, violent death may come, all niceties become chimera, luxuries in which few can indulge except in madness. Yet even in such pain, people so thrust upon their own resources and their will to survive acquire a certain power and beauty denied those protected by the labor of others.

Shindo seeks to portray human nature unaltered by urban existence, as in *The Island* (*Hadaka no Shina*, 1960). If he loathes the brutalization portrayed in *Onibaba*, he also admires the physical vitality released by the "primitive beneath the civilized veneer." And he sees it as positive, expressed by the magnificent body of Jitsuko Yoshimura, who plays the daughter-in-law. Her flesh has been darkened and made to glisten; her breasts are thrust outward, her eyes are aflame and her mouth is sensuous. Shindo views such driven sexuality as an expression of the human will to live, embodying vitality and an urge for survival.

The love that develops between Hachi and the girl disturbs the older woman, who fears now for her own survival. It takes two to kill and strip a wounded samurai and without



the help of her daughter-in-law she may easily perish. In insular peasant fashion, jealous of her situation, the old woman has refused Hachi's offer to join them in this work: "We're us." Her disapproval, however, cannot overcome the sexual desire of the two young people, too powerful to be thwarted. At night Hachi and the girl race through the woods to meet. Their sex is frantic, involving affection indistinguishable from need.

A masked samurai enters the environment dominated by these three people. He has become lost among the marshes and seeks a guide. But he is no match for the old woman whom he asks to show him the way out. The samurai tells her that he wears his grotesque mask so as not to mar his beautiful face during combat. She replies in a winning and sympathetic manner, "I've never seen anything really beautiful since I was born." Her answer is pathetic and without guile. Shindo has drawn the old woman as expressing both the cruelty of the world and the remarkable capacity of some nonetheless to endure in it. It is evident why Shindo has remarked of her, *pace* Flaubert, "the mother is myself."

The samurai immediately retreats behind the prerogatives of his class, incapable of viewing her as another human being, an equal: "It's not a face to show peasants." His class superiority turns us against him. When the old woman traps him into falling into the hole - one more of her samurai victims - he has lost our

sympathy. "Men like you killed my son," is her ironic parting remark, which might as well be true, although her son died at the hands of fellow peasants. But the attitude towards peasants exemplified by the ensnared samurai is correctly seen by the old woman as the real source of the death of all her "sons."

Fearing now that unless she secures the girl's continued aid in hunting samurai, she will not survive, the old woman dons the samurai's mask. Thus she becomes a demon herself, emerging from the reeds to terrify her daughter-in-law into remaining home at night. In one such scene, lightning strikes behind her like a neon light. But Shindo does not long allow her the illusion that she can so control her world. People like these peasants are shown by Shindo as always acted upon and never the architects of their fate. Hachi surprises a starving, filthy samurai in his hut. The samurai's face is covered with beads of rice; he sits dribbling, then reaching for his sword and kills Hachi in a flash.

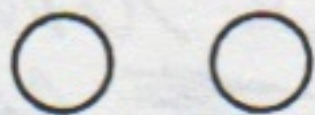
Meanwhile, the woman's mask has become stuck to her face. The girl agrees to chop it off, but only after the woman promises to allow her to see Hachi every night (she does not yet know that he is dead). The old woman cries in agony as the girl sadistically chops away. Blood trickles out between her face and the mask. "It's punishment," says the girl. Yet she does not blame the old woman for attempting to thwart her,

because the old woman's will to survive is akin to her own.

When the mask finally falls away, the woman's face is a horrific mass of bleeding, leprous sores. The samurai had worn this mask to conceal the advanced infectious disease which had disfigured his face. Having put on his mask to terrorize her daughter-in-law, the old woman enacted his role even as she assumed his visage. The degenerative disease affecting him, as it did his entire class, was visited on the old woman when she took on his role, even if fleetingly and only to survive. It is not easy to remove the face of feudalism stamped on its victims. Even when they are successful, disfiguration will remain because the disease of the culture also afflicts its victims. Shindo does not condemn the old woman in so punishing her. The affliction is born of her momentary spiritual convergence with the repressive samurai role when she used the mask to coerce the girl into abandoning sexual joy.

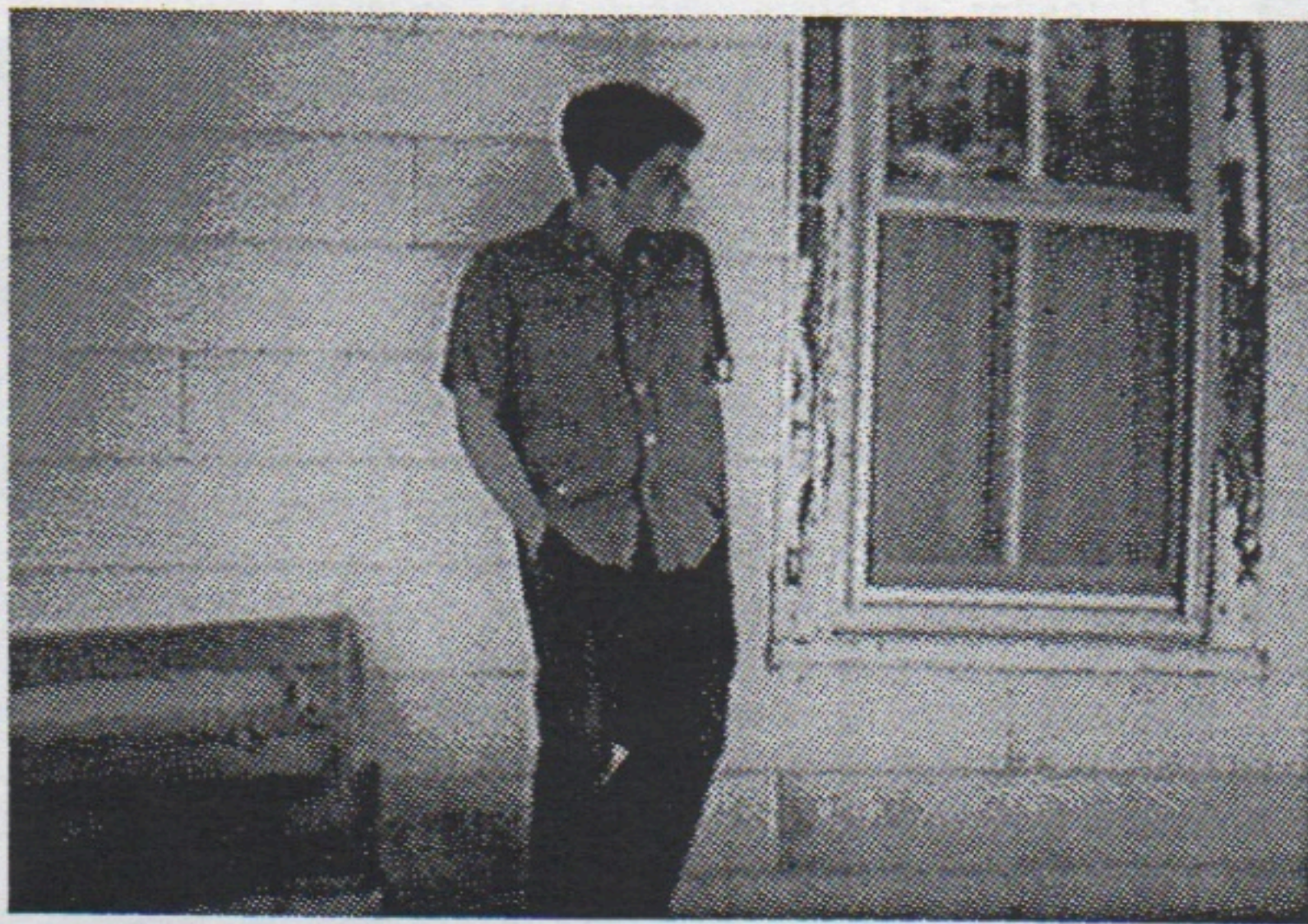
The girl, horrified by the sight of the woman's face, flees into the night. The mother-in-law rushes after her, pleading melodramatically, "I'm not a demon. I'm a human being." The girl leaps over the pit. In the last shot, the old woman is poised at the brim; whether she can clear it is uncertain. Shindo has said, looking beyond the formal ending of the film, that after the leprous disease afflicting her was cured, she would become a survivor, escaping the old life she had led. And her

resilience to leap across, Shindo has shown us how precarious life is under conditions of such pervasive ill-usage. Only this woman's extraordinary will and fierce determination have enabled her to survive this long. Such, for Shindo, was the lot of people during Japan's "glorious" feudal times and such were the choices open to the victims of samurai hegemony.



Of course many of us were loaded with self-hate and wanted to change. How could it have been otherwise? All we heard and read about homosexuality was that crap about how we were inverts, perverts, queers - a menace to children, poison to everyone else, doomed never to be happy. And so we went humbly to the doctors, and took whatever other nastiness they wanted to spew out about homosexuality, and we paid them and said thanks.

Excerpt from Odd Girls and Twilight Lovers
A history of Lesbian Life in Twentieth-Century America
By Lillian Faderman





IN A PIG'S EYE...

DEMONS is the fifth video by Robert and Donald Kinney under the collaborative identity of Monozygote Productions and, in many ways, the most difficult. It is the story of a recently widowed woman (Allie), who, along with her teenage son (Dip), operate a small hog farm in the Midwest during the early 1960's. Left with the debts incurred by her deceased husband and dependent on the cooperation and assistance of her son, Allie holds desperately to the farm as her one opportunity for survival and autonomy.

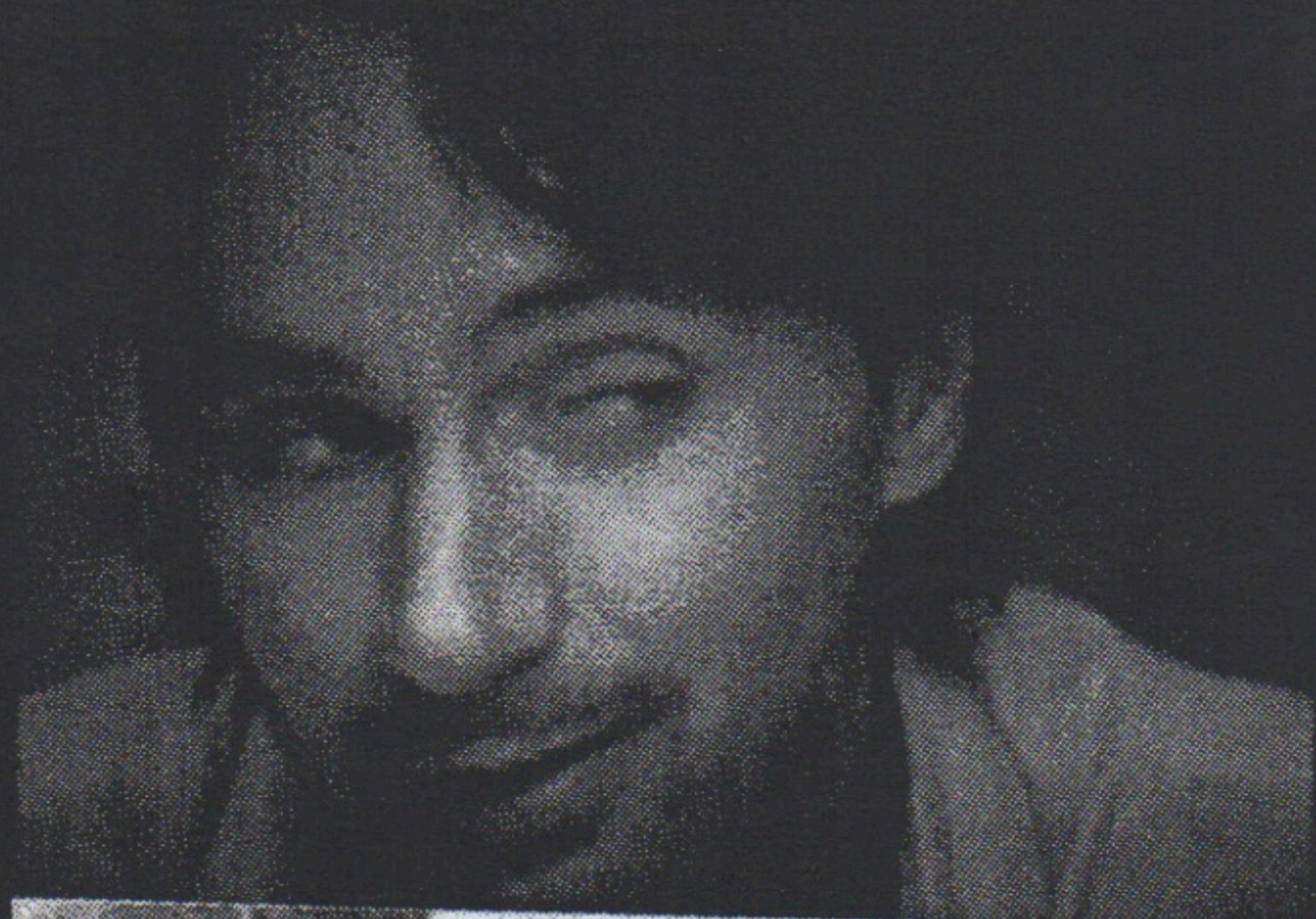
In this period, when the established and growing middle-classes of suburbia were enjoying the Eisenhower promises of prosperity and modernity, Allie and her son represent the rural working poor; an existence disciplined by the demands of manual farm labor. These harsh conditions have forged in Allie a coldly pragmatic and defensive character suspicious of any intrusion on her unstable gains.

Introduced through their labor on the farm, Allie and Dip move in silence through a series of tasks comprising their daily activities and concerns; feeding the hogs, eating, sleeping, etc. The popular representation of midwestern reserve and work ethic is revealed here as a kind of impoverishment that is both claustrophobic and relentless while their labor operates as a matrix from which the drama unfolds. In this way, the daily routines function as an important link between their material circumstances and the emotional and sexual transgressions the narrative explores.

Into these unwelcoming circumstances arrives Gray, the brother of Allie's deceased husband. It is with his appearance that Allie breaks her silence in a corrosive exchange of dialogue with Gray that leaves no doubt to the history and animosities that exist between them. In this initial meeting, ground is covered quickly with a blunt directness that even their familiarity can barely tolerate: Allie has been left to tend the hogs with the help of her boy. By his own claims, Gray has been "on the road" though Allie alludes directly to his history in an insane asylum. (Specific reasons for his internment are never made clear though there is strong suggestion later in the narrative that his sexuality held some cause.) Gray, quick to his own defense, claims only to have returned to help out on the farm - an offer that is derisively refused by Allie.

As the narrative progresses, the viewer learns that Allie is fighting the opportunistic encroachments of a corporate land prospector eager to





take advantage of her indebted circumstances and the prevailing sentiment that she can't run the farm on her own. It is at this time that Gray also reveals a resistance to being identified by outsiders on the farm - hinting at his own fugitive status.

While Allie's character is explored throughout the narrative, the portrait of Gray remains sketchy; suggesting experiences that are left unspoken or raised through accusations. Within Gray's experiences is a history that has little or no popular voice for articulating or defining an identity. Unlike the typical representation of the middle class urban gay man who, even during this period of cold-war politics, could find a ready population of like-minded individuals, Gray represents a lower class, rural figure whose identity is at once tied to and outside the imperatives of rural family life. In this light, the first shot of Gray on an abandoned railroad track suggests a homeless individual; a man of nebulous and suspect character existing outside a tightly defined familial structure within an impoverished rural environment.

Gray, while refused the opportunity to help out on the farm, begins to sexually pursue Dip. As the boy becomes increasingly distracted from his obligations, Allie concludes that Gray's intentions are to take Dip away. Yet, regardless of her disapproval, Allie cannot keep the desire between the two men from being consummated. At night Dip races through the woods to Gray's trailer on the outlying end of the property. There Gray entertains the sexual intimacies the society institutionalized him for while his nephew finds a possible conduit to experiences outside the narrow confines of the farm. When Allie's efforts at thwarting the relationship fail, desperation drives her to extreme measures. One night, while in pursuit of Dip in his flight to Gray's trailer, she comes upon a hog mutilated by wild animals. Seizing on this as an opportunity to circumvent the desire between Dip and Gray, Allie chops off the head of the pig, carves out the interior of its skull and fashions a mask she then uses to terrorize the boy into staying home.

Allie's decision to use the pig head as the fear tactic against Dip is based in a dialogue where she attempts to convince her son that the hogs have an intuitive ability to recognize perversity in individuals. Allie's recourse to this insidious investment of nature with culturally created prejudices while incredible, is not at all dissimilar to anti-gay rhetoric that claims homosexuality as a crime against nature. Allie partially dismisses her own argument as "old wives tales" and proceeds to relate modern medical endeavors to cure perversity - information she garnered through "a detective magazine"; hypnosis, shock therapy, drugs, and in extreme cases, lobotomy. Dip, though initially incredulous to these claims, digests





the information in a manner that is later revealed in a nightmare sequence where he is pursued by both a pig and a bloody scalpel.

To control Dip's actions (and by proxy, Gray's) Allie relies on the pervasive cultural biases against homosexuality. Allie's belief in these prejudices is dubious. While her main intentions are in maintaining the farm, her actions are born less out of greed or bigotry than the unstable conditions the culture has designed for her. Yet, this collusion with a force authored by a system that also marginalizes the role of women sets up within the narrative a tragic circumstance that destroys Allie, Dip and Gray.

In the face of Allie's actions it would be easy to site Gray as simply a victim of his sister-in-law's odious behavior. While his character remains vague and erratic, Gray's resistance to Allie's prejudices surface as a selfish pursuit of his own sexual desire. Knowing that the boy is her closest ally, Allie interprets Gray's interest in Dip as a direct affront to her control and consequently a threat to her survival. Yet, construed by the society as irresponsible and perverse; locked away in an asylum and subject to heterosexist experimentation, Gray's driven sexuality becomes an expression of his own will to live. What he confronts in Allie is the same prejudices and fears he encounters in his life outside the farm. Conversely, what Allie sees in Gray is not only a threat to her ability to maintain the land she only tenuously possesses, but as a man the mobility and privilege denied her as a woman.

In the end, Allie is undone by her opportunistic sympathies with a marginalizing ideology. The mask she dons to scare Dip becomes painfully stuck to her face. When it is revealed to Dip that she was the "monster" terrorizing him at night and thwarting his efforts to see Gray, he agrees to help her only on the condition that he be allowed to see his uncle. Conceding to Dip's demands, Allie and the boy struggle to pull the mask from her face. Unbeknownst to them, Gray at the same time is being taken forcibly from his trailer by the sheriff and two asylum attendants. When the pig head is finally pulled off Allie's head it is too late; hideously disfigured, the mask has left the evidence of her complicity permanently written on her face.

With Gray abducted in the night and Allie collapsed on the front lawn, Dip flees in terror narratively caught between the desperate actions of his mother and the criminal accusations of perversity against Gray. As he runs screaming toward the camera, the action freezes on the terrified image of the boy; dramatically illustrating the inescapability of the prejudices that surround these people's lives. What surfaces at the close is a complex story of marginalized individuals struggling for the often competing needs of autonomy and sexual desire.

The Daily Iowan

2 - The Daily Iowan - Iowa City, Iowa - Thursday, July 28, 1994

Personalities

Public access offers creative vent for I.C. area

Liza Roche
The Daily Iowan

When Rene Paine graduated from the UI with a degree in English, she knew virtually nothing about video production.

After working at a public television station in Indiana and another public access station in Iowa City, she's learned quite a bit. Now, Paine is director of Public Access

DAY IN THE LIFE

Television in Iowa City.

"I learned everything about video just because I had to," she said. "If I can do it, you can do it."

In fact, teaching the public how to access nearly 16,000 homes in the Iowa City area is one of the foundations of PATV — and it's surprisingly easy to learn the equipment and get your own show, Paine said.

She said the station attempts to make things as uncomplicated as

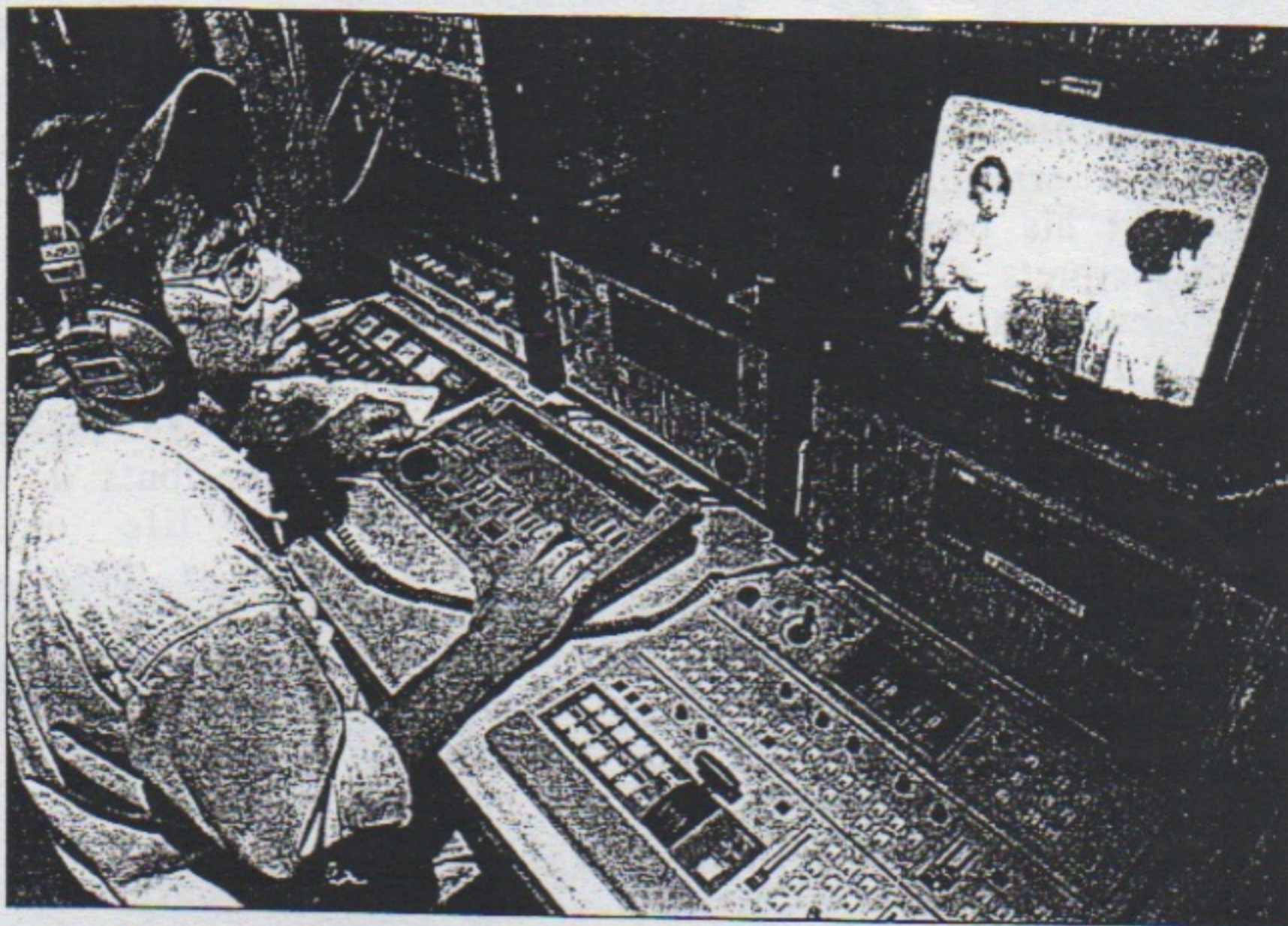
"PATV is the only uncensored free avenue that can reach a lot of people."

Rene Paine, director of Public Access Television

possible so the "average Joe" in the community can take advantage of participating in dialogue usually controlled by mass media.

"Our society is becoming more passive, letting big business and large news groups to give out information," she said. "PATV is the only uncensored free avenue that can reach a lot of people."

Actually, there are a few rules in broadcasting things over the channel. The show must meet technical standards and cannot sell anything or ask for money. Obscenity is not



Bob Kinney has been producing a series of fictional narratives relating to gay and lesbian issues with his brother on Iowa City Public Access Television

since 1987. Kinney said the work produced on PATV fills an important niche in people's viewing options. *WRONG* Carl Bonnett/The Daily Iowan

allowed either, although Paine said that's harder to define.

Besides letting the public create broadcasting, PATV also plays public service announcements for free and hosts an open mike show where people can come in and say whatever they want. Paine said they get anything from meeting announcements to lies about Barbara Streisand.

She admits the quarters at the Iowa City Public Library, 123 S. Linn St., are pretty modest. There's one studio with a small stage covered by a slightly worn tan carpet. Backdrops are virtually limitless, though, with the use of a chroma

key — the same device used by television meteorologists.

It's also true that most of the shows aren't all that visually flashy, but that's not a big deal, Paine said.

"Why should everything look like network television," she said. "A lot of times you sacrifice visual design for quality content. Not everything has to look slick."

One of her personal favorites is a comedy show called "Naughty Poo Pie," created by a group of students at City High School.

She said it looks like high-school kids made it, but the humor is worth it. In one episode, the kids

went through an Iowa City neighborhood searching for "the last hippie."

"It's sort of a Monty Python thing. The greatest part is at the end of the show when they make apologies to everyone they made fun out of," Paine said.

The types of shows vary greatly as well as how much help is needed by staff to produce the show. She said one thing is common with all of the shows — a lot of time goes into them.

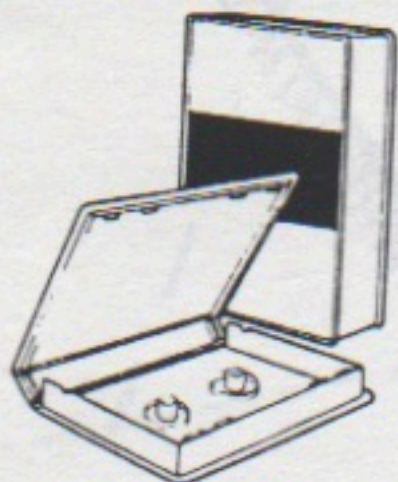
"I always apply the pi theory to video work," she said. "It always takes 3.14 more time than originally expected."

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Chicago, Illinois 60603
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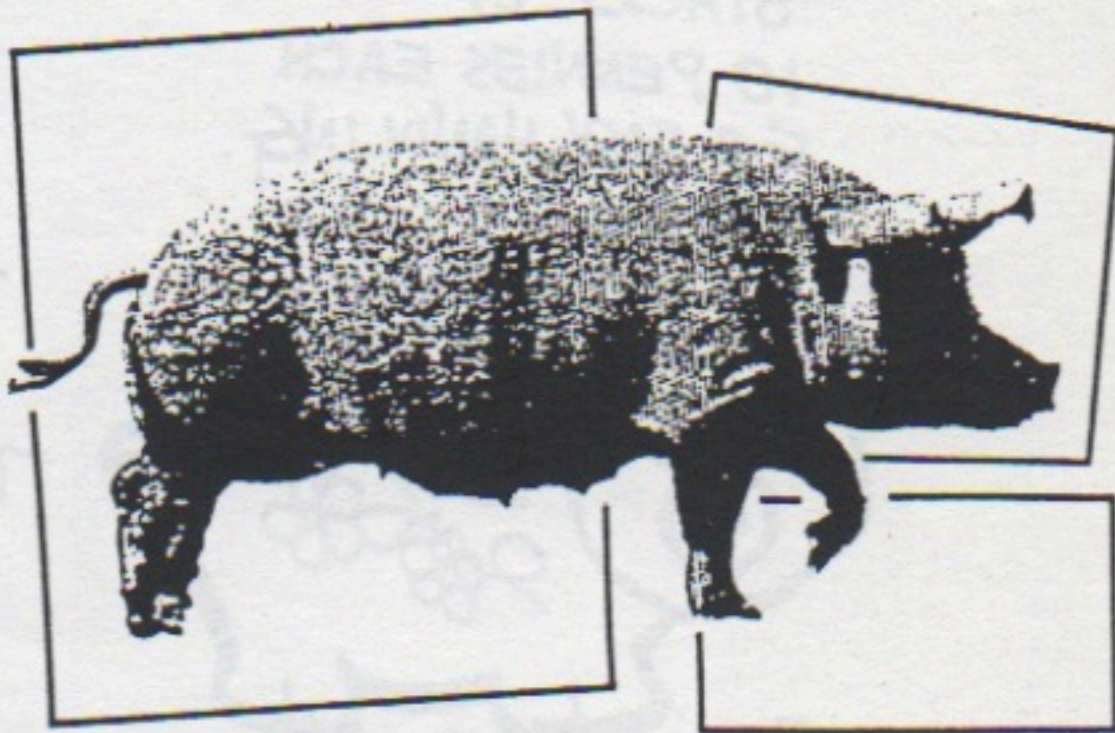
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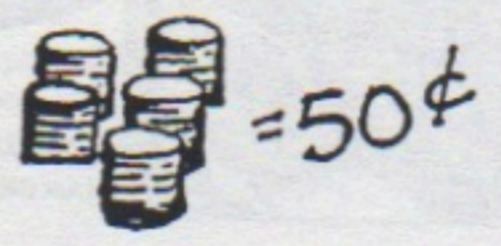
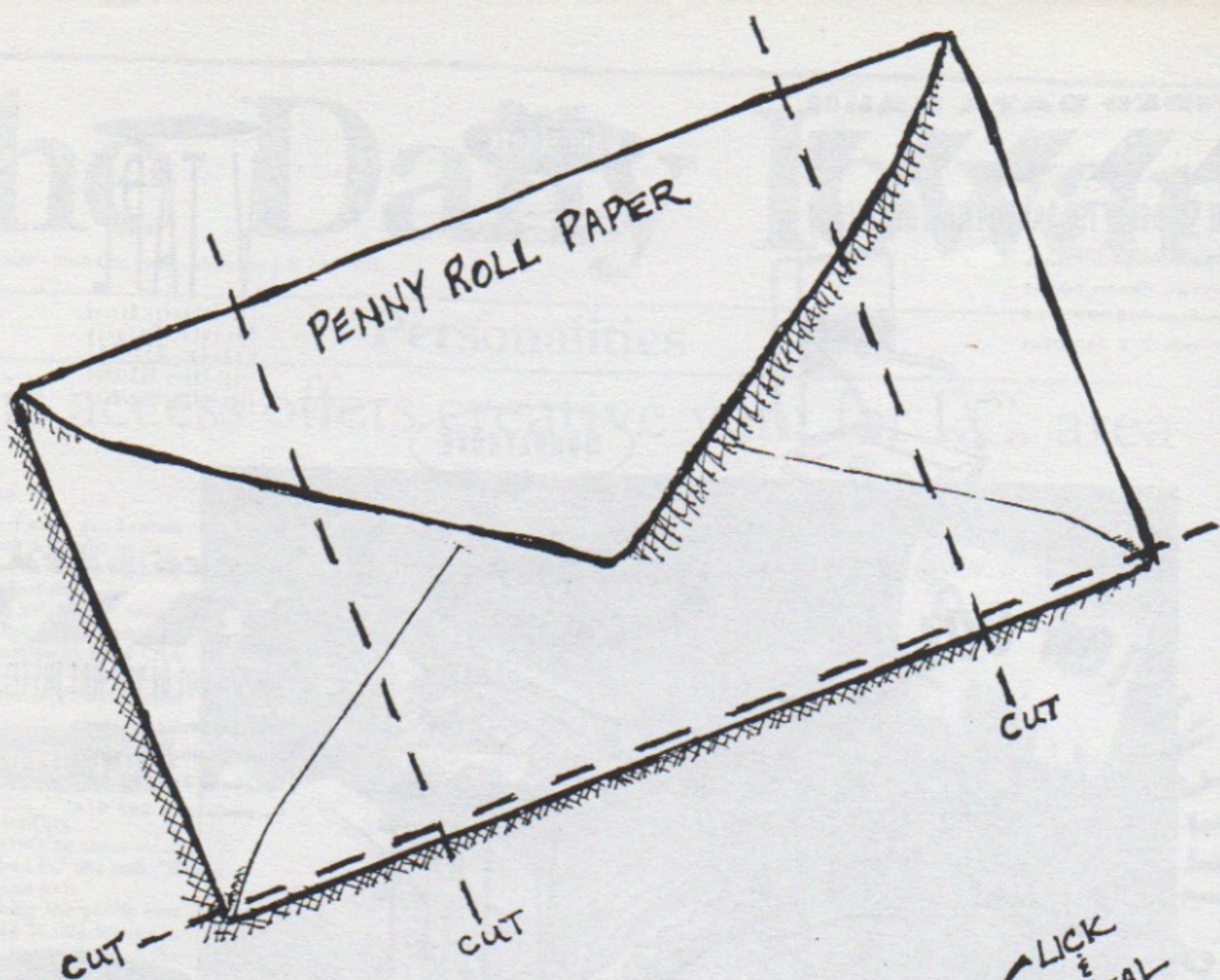
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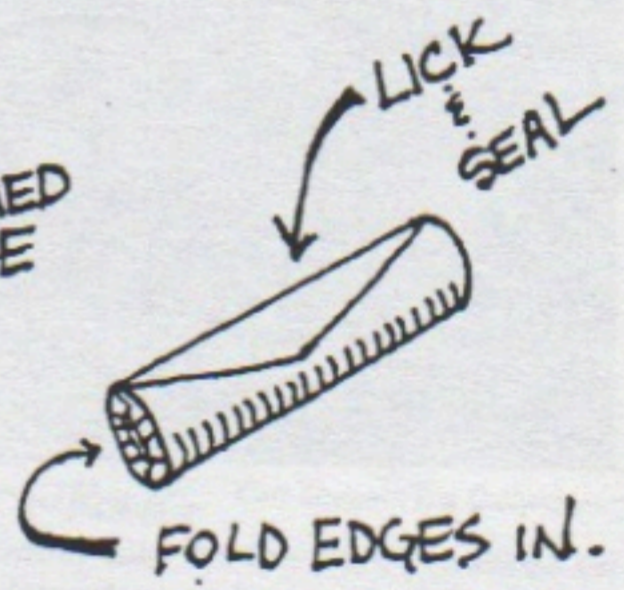
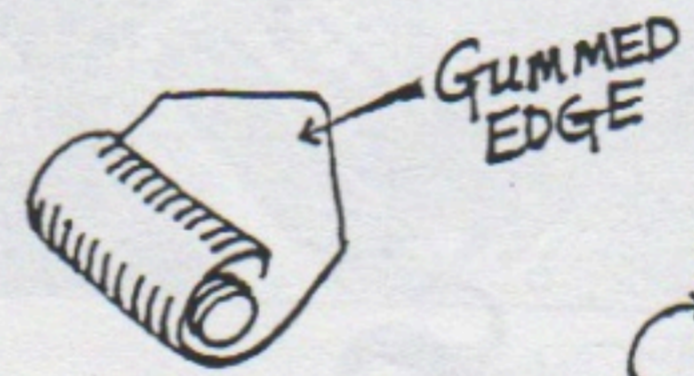
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DEMONS





STACKS OF
10 PENNIES EACH
FOR EASY HANDLING.



BE SURE TO WRITE YOUR NAME AND TELEPHONE # (IF YOU HAVE ONE, IF NOT, LIE) ON THE SIDE OF EACH ROLL. TAKE TO YOUR LOCAL CUM-N-GO OR GROCERY STORE AND EXCHANGE FOR THE STUFF YOU WANT. LET THE CASHIER KNOW IT'S REAL MONEY!





This article was originally produced, in part, as an oral presentation for the 1994 CAA Conference in New York City as part of the panel, "Now You See Me, Now You Don't: Lesbian and Gay Video," and the 1994 SPE Conference in Chicago for the panel, "Queer Collaborations." The article will also appear in the NY video quarterly, *FELIX*.

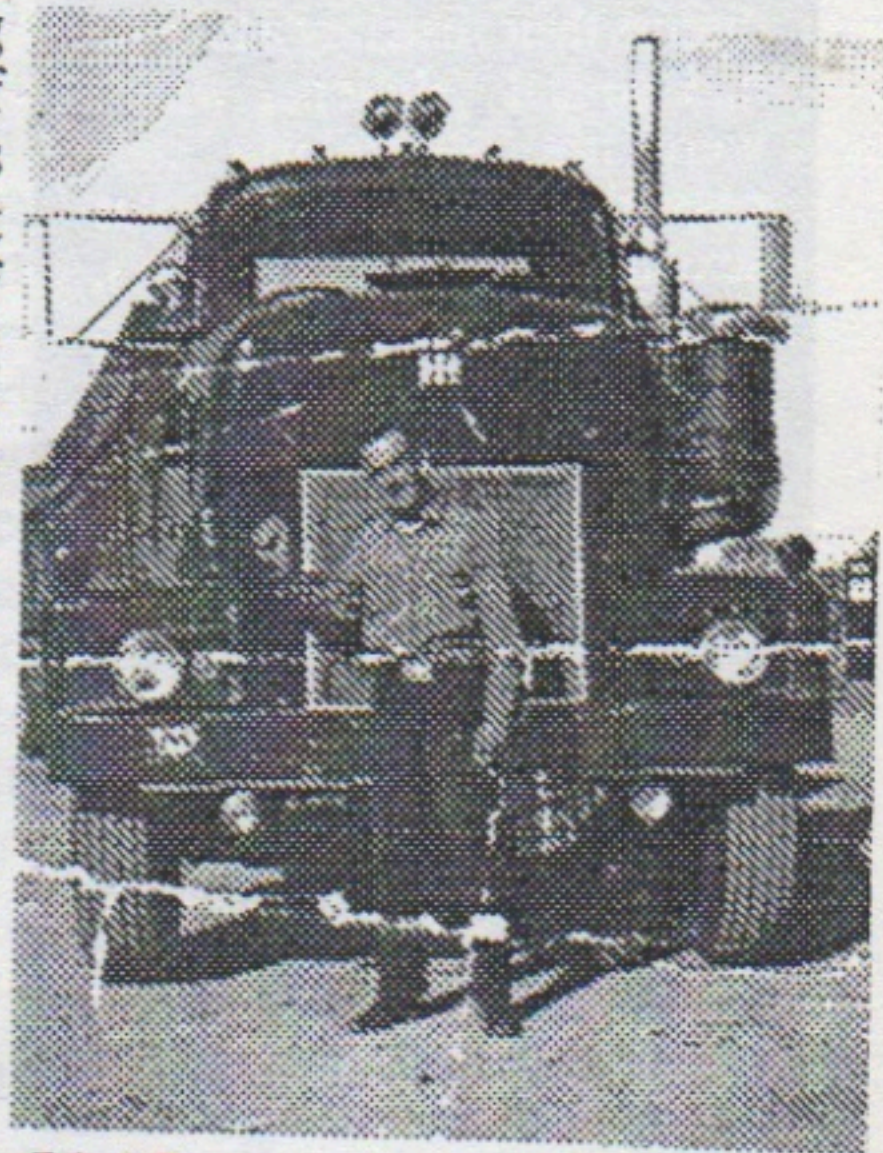
Monozygote Productions is the incorporated identity of independent video artists Robert and Donald Kinney.

As independent producers with an emphasis on creating gay and lesbian representations, **we are involved in a constantly developing process that draws on our identity as gay men and our relationship as twin brothers.** We have (in common) experiences and desires that stretch back, literally, our entire lives. Though our past productions have played with the popular cultural myths about twins and their relationship to one another, it has never been our intention to mystify our own relationship, the manner in which we work or the products of our collaborations. However, when talking about our work, we have resisted the inevitable comparison and individuation that occurs when discussing our role as producers: who writes? who directs?, who runs camera? At a certain point the separation of these tasks becomes both tedious and impossible given the dialogue that occurs both conceptually and practically within the collaborative effort. At the same time, re-absorbing two individuals back into what was for all intents and purposes a kind of tongue-in-cheek identity (Monozygote Productions) can be alienating to ourselves as well as the reader. So, with the understanding that alternating references to "Bobby" or "Donnie" forces a shifting focus that can be both unmanageable and confusing, we have decided to use the less interesting though more compact "we," "our" and, of course, "us."

Within our work, the fictions we create come to represent not concrete narratives about exceptional individuals, but broadly painted characters seated in socio-cultural and economic circumstances that allow for a measure of discussion and dialogue. The characters stand as ideograms through which the discourse on gay and lesbian representation can be pursued. **Each of the narrative constructs**

represents a myriad of ideas that intersect and surface as a collaborative effort. As the body of work develops, the videos are revealing similar characteristics that we, as producers, are trying to understand and sometimes can only brand as individually Monozygote-esque.

We grew up in the southeast corner of Iowa along the Mississippi River in the small, industrial city of Burlington. With a population of about 28,000, it is similar to a number of towns that dot the map in that area of the Midwest while remaining a hub of residential, industrial and commercial activity within a specific rural location. During the 60's when we were in grade school, the town was economically very healthy. The main employer in town was the Iowa Army Ammunitions Plant (IAAP) which produced various kinds of military implements and munitions, most of which were being used in the war in Vietnam. War was good for Burlington, which meant it was good for the grocery stores, car dealerships, restaurants, day care centers, beauticians, waitresses and auto mechanics. It was also good for our father who drove a truck in the area and our mother who worked on the



A Canadian-American pair, aged 25, was separated shortly after birth by the adoption of one of the brothers by a wealthy American family. The other twin was raised in a Canadian city in modest circumstances by his natural mother. The twins did not know of each other's existence until they met accidentally in a gay bar in Vancouver at age 15. One of the researchers visited the Canadian city where the twin-of-first-contact lived and spent a week with him, observing, interviewing, and administering questionnaires to him. The American twin, who lived in San Francisco for several years, was ill with AIDS and subsequently died.

production line at the IAAP manufacturing hand grenades. We lived in a cinder block apartment complex built during W.W.II to house the influx of workers for what was commonly known as "The Plant." Since then, the complex has devolved and been upgraded by commercial management into government subsidized housing.

During the 70's when we were in high school, the town, like the rest of the country, went into a deep recession; the Vietnam war ended and "The Plant" all but shut down. Gas prices soared, industry moved out, beauticians' shops closed and the unemployment rate in Burlington became part of some of the worst statistics in America. The trucking company our father worked for moved to Texas and he went to Greyhound to drive a bus cross-country. Like many women out of work in the area, our mother sought employment in one of the minimum wage "women's" factories producing wicker



The facts of this case are based on reports by the Canadian twin. According to this subject the twins met only three times after the initial accidental meeting. They did discuss their sexuality and even had sexual relations, which were not particularly successful. Both had similar sexual attractions and interests, though the San Francisco twin was reported to have been into less conventional sexual practices -- S/M, fisting, etc. -- than the Canadian twin. The most striking similarity reported by the Canadian twin was their precocious sexuality. Both experienced an early puberty at about age 9 and at about 10 years of age each experienced full sexual relations with an adult man.

bathroom furnishings that ended up in the J.C. Penney catalog.

The two of us were privately sorting through the discombobulating though exciting discovery of our respective sexualities. This resulted in an endless round-robin from bathroom to bedroom; careful negotiations that didn't go unnoticed. In the summer of '76, within days of our sister's death from leukemia, our family was evicted from the house we were renting. An aunt and uncle stepped in to help us move. Our mother, harried and self-conscious that so many of her belongings were being exposed and sorted through by her sister, found a private moment with the two of us to ask if we had gotten rid of all the Kleenexes between our mattresses. We all blushed. The day had been hard on all of us.

While we both had part-time jobs through high school, classes were avoided at all opportunities (we each missed between 75-80 days in our Junior year alone.) We hung out at the Country Kitchen consuming a bottomless cup and a daily round of narcotics. Yet, we were absolutely estranged from each other regarding our sexualities. Our individual anxieties and fears separated us. Being our own worst mirror, we were content to be put into separate classrooms where the attraction to our similarities had less chance of drawing adverse attention. **The verbal gay bashing on us as individuals and as twins was predictable, and much to our own consternation, true.**

The Physical Aggressiveness Scale consists of 12 items that comprise a retrospective self-report measure of boyhood aggressiveness. The scale's authors found that male heterosexuals recalled substantially more aggressive behavior than male homosexuals. The Sports subscale of the Childhood Play Activities Checklist measures retrospectively reported childhood interest in 11 sports activities. The third scale, Childhood Effeminacy, consisted of 10 items from the Recalled Child-hood Gender Behaviors Questionnaire that ask retro-spectively about attitudes and behaviors indicating effeminacy in male subjects (in contrast to the other questionnaires that concern typically masculine behaviors).

During our Senior year, our mother filled out financial aid papers with dubious information and we received grants to attend the University of Iowa, representing the first generation in our family to receive more than a high school education. Iowa City was 90 minutes from home and too close to wrangle ourselves out of the web of family difficulties. Within a year we were forced to quit.

Upon leaving the university, neither of us wanted to return to Burlington. One of us bought a train ticket to New Jersey and the other a plane ticket to Japan. For nearly ten years we stayed away from the Midwest, from our family and each other. There was no reason to be part of the narrowness, the lack of choices, the homophobia, the racism, the misogyny and the poverty. We left separately.

In 1992, we were together again in San Diego producing our 6th title, AGORA which was based in part on our experiences growing up in Middle America. During the final stages of that project, we received a generous grant from the Wexner Center in Columbus, Ohio. For the first time in 10 years, we were heading back to the Midwest. So with a great deal of nail-biting, we loaded up the car and headed east. Somewhere around Phoenix, we stopped at a roadside pay-phone and brought ourselves out of the family closet. As it turned out, coming out was a wonderful experience and we both felt as if we were, for the first time in many, many years, actually a part of the family.

There is a rich sexual fantasy tradition about twins especially among gay men in gossip, folklore, pornography, and fiction. One occasionally hears about monozygotic twins who have been life-long lovers. Some gay men have a sexual fantasy involving sexual relations with a pair of monozygotic twins as a threesome. None of the twin-pairs analyzed here was involved in a sexual/lover relationship with each other. Occasionally the investigators were told of monozygotic twin pairs who were involved in such relationships, but attempts to verify these cases failed. During the course of this investigation not a single credible case of twins involved with each other in sexual/lover relationships was discovered.

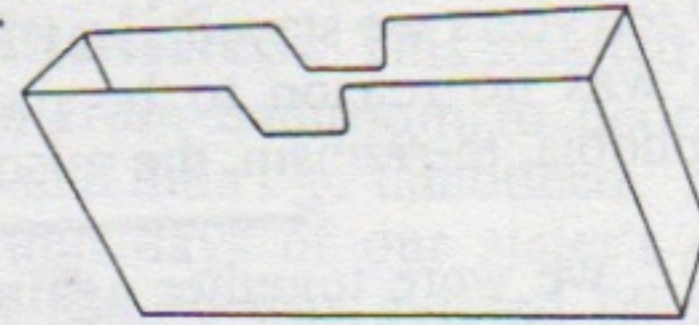
While our father hates to hear us use the word "queer" our mother is, we're convinced, sure that having two gay sons makes her inarguably middle class.

Our entire family attended the opening for AGORA in Columbus where they were surrounded by more queers than they had ever knowingly encountered. After the show, our father had an anxiety attack and forfeited the post-screening party for the relative calm of his room at the Holiday Inn. Our mother, who had just finished reading a bio on Rock Hudson, was anxious to attend her first homosexual party: a little fresh lipstick, a nervous re-adjustment of her shoulder pads and she was in the car.



After AGORA we knew we wanted to produce another piece about the Midwest and decided to return to our home state to do so. This was a difficult decision to make. Returning to Iowa meant settling back into the place we had fled years before and confronting many of the monsters that still lingered threatening to undo the strength and esteem we had spent years nurturing. As of the time of this writing, after 1 1/2 years, we've managed to maintain our goals. DEMONS is now in the post-production phase. Working as data-entry operators, we've squeezed out (of the premium rate of \$5.50 an hour) about \$4,000.00 to produce the video and anticipate completing the project by early Summer.

The following is a brief synopsis of DEMONS.



DEMONS is a contemporary American, Folktale set in the Midwestern rural town of Sperry, Iowa in 1961.

The narrative focuses on Allie, a woman recently widowed and struggling to operate a small hog farm with the support of her teenage son, Dip. Allie's autonomy is repeatedly challenged as she staves off the vulturous opportunism of a corporate land prospector and the debts her husband left behind. In the midst of her difficulties arrives her brother-in-law, Gray, returning to the farm he fled years earlier. A suspect individual with rumors of mental illness in his past, Gray's attempts at incorporating himself back on the farm are repeatedly thwarted by Allie. Circumstances begin to knot as Gray pursues Dip who reciprocates with the full passion of his burgeoning sexuality. In desperation, Allie, devises a plan to circumvent the desire between Gray and Dip; an effort as much to maintain control of her son as the land she tenuously possesses.

DEMONS is a story of three individuals caught in the struggle to survive; fighting for their own autonomy and the often competing strength of sexual desire.

DEMONS was shot over a period of twenty days on Hi-8 video and is currently in post-production at the cable access station (PATV) in Iowa City, Iowa. Running time is approximately 70 minutes.



Sperry, Iowa is a small farming community about fifteen minutes north of Burlington. Our younger sister, Angie, with her six children and boyfriend, Ted, live in Sperry where they operate a small hog farm. It was at this site that we shot the farm and

As children of 7 or 8 they played a self-invented sex game which they called "chase the rabbits". Living near a garbage dump, they disrobed completely in a nearby wooded area and exhibited themselves to garbage men dumping their loads. Some of the drivers cooperated in the game by chasing the nude boys and taking them into their trucks to fondle them. The twins did not perceive this as "child molesting" and report they enjoyed the "game" until discovered by their mother who

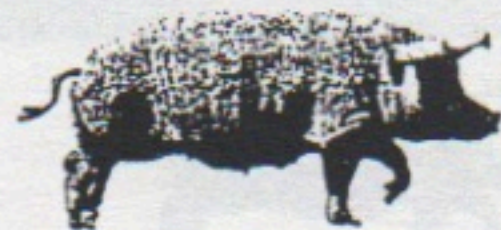
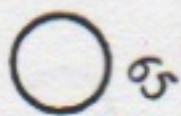
house exterior images for DEMONS. Shooting on a weekend-to-weekend basis, amidst catastrophic flooding, June and July found our tiny production team negotiating a nearly impossible shooting schedule.

We had supplied Angie with a full script and storyboard of the intended production and stated clearly in our discussions that the piece dealt with gay issues. Our concerns were in part with the kids and the dramatized issues of sexuality that were going to be played out. Trusting our sensitivity to the issues, she asked that if material inappropriate for the kids was being shot we should ask them to leave the set. This we did on several occasions with the full cooperation of the children.

After the initial introductions between performers, Angie, and her family, we began shooting. Everything was going well and production was a pleasure. We kept the gaggle of curious children occupied with small duties like holding up the clapboard and keeping the dogs from entering the camera field. Ursula, the actress playing Allie, became fast friends with Angie while the other two performers were intent on exploring the farm. We ate lunch on the screened porch and the oldest boy delighted in introducing us to some of the gorier details of raising hogs which, for an eleven year old, involved an alarmingly sophisticated knowledge of porcine sexuality.

For two or three weekends production went well. By the fourth, things began to go sour. The hour and half to get to the farm from Iowa City was expensive and inconvenient. The heat and humidity were dreadful and the farm seemed to stink worse with every visit. **The Midwest watched the Mississippi rise to disastrous levels** while the video project turned into a larger endeavor than the performers had anticipated. And as much as we tried NOT to interrupt the workings of the farm, we inevitably got in the way. Independent

forced them to stop. Responses to the items on the questionnaire dealing with their sexuality are virtually identical. They have lived with or near each other throughout their entire lives and have had the occupation of hair stylist most of their adult lives. Both report sexual attraction to very masculine, working class men in their forties.

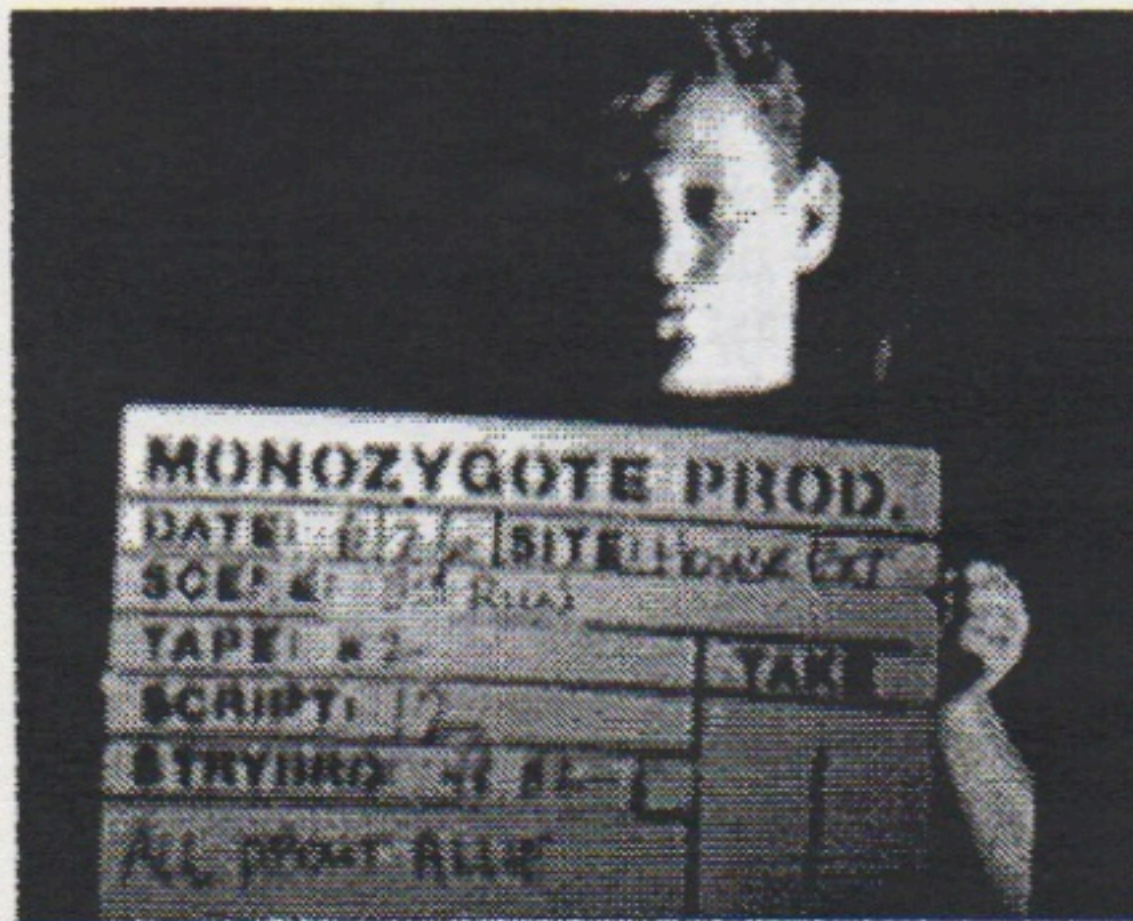


production seems to be about juggling and spreading out the inevitable financial strain, which means neglecting bills and meals for the sake of production. Time commitments became a problem as shooting started competing with other summer activities the performers and our single tech assistant wanted to attend.



Late Saturday night of the fourth weekend, we were shooting by the sow's pen. We were a two man crew and Ursula was the only performer present. Monozygote Productions ran its four legs off trying to be everything the set needed. Ted and three of the kids were there too, partly helping out and partly being entertained by our clumsy efforts at lighting the night. The oldest boy and Ted dealt with the lights while Ursula kept the two little girls preoccupied and out of the way.

Now, apparently, this is what happened.



The two little girls wanted to know where the other two performers had gone. Ursula, in her usual generous and honest manner told the girls they had gone to Chicago for the Gay and Lesbian Pride Parade. "What is a lesbian?" was their next question.

Ted and Nate apparently overheard the conversation. They both left the set immediately. All we knew was that suddenly and mysteriously two of our volunteers had disappeared. About 1:00 a.m. we wrapped up and headed back to Iowa City, exhausted.

The next Saturday we all arrived on the farm early and commenced shooting. By early afternoon the heat had gone into the high nineties while the humidity and bugs were almost unbearable. We completed some work by the furrowing pen earlier in the morning and were setting up for a shoot in a field about a hundred yards from the house. To give performers their call, one of us went to the small camper that was operating as both a dressing trailer and a set piece. Ursula was in the trailer upset and crying. She was unwilling to discuss what had upset her though later reports said that some angered exchange had occurred over lunch. Rather than allow the shoot to be interrupted, we decided to continue and deal with the problem later.

The scene was long, required a number of set-ups, and demanded a constant repetition of a difficult and emotional scene. The heat was draining everyone and the humidity was affecting the equipment. Tensions were high and one of the performers started to aggressively resist direction. The Radio Shack mic was proving to be nothing but a piece of shit. About that time, a large German Shepherd from a neighboring farm appeared on the path right next to the field where we were shooting. As sudden as the appearance of the dog, **Ted and the two older boys burst from the house with shot guns and began firing over our heads at the trespasser.** All of us hit the dirt.

The dog, needing no further prompting, fled the scene and we lifted ourselves off the ground and decided it was clear to resume shooting (the video). About this time, Angie walked onto the set with a pack of generic cigarettes in one hand and a lighter in the other. "Bobby and Donnie," she said, "we need to go and have a smoke."

Her complaints were serious and direct. Ted was concerned that we were interrupting his ability to chore the farm. We had to understand that they were as busy as we were and that there were certain things that had to be done. The farm was their livelihood and had to be given priority over our project.

Further, as we probably already knew, she had words with Ursula and the other performers earlier in the day. She didn't feel it was appropriate that the children know that two of the performers on the set were gay. We had made certain choices about our lives about who we were, but she didn't want that affecting her kids. They would go to school and invariably they would talk. She, Ted and the kids had to live in this community with a lot of people who weren't sympathetic to our concerns. They were people they had to socialize and do business with. Further, things were shaky enough for her already since she wasn't and refused to marry Ted. It caused her to be a suspect individual amongst neighboring families, many of which were relatives, as well.

One possibility for genetic influence concerns childhood gender nonconformity (CGN), which has been strongly linked to adult homosexuality. In childhood male homosexuals are frequently perceived as "sissies," and female homosexuals are frequently perceived as "tom-boys." However, a substantial minority of male and female homosexuals deny a history of CGN. Bell et al have suggested that homosexuals who were gender nonconforming as children may be more "constitutionally" homosexual than those who were more gender typical.



The reason we've tortured you with this story of what could be considered a kind of pragmatic homophobia is that in the scene we were shooting that afternoon, there is a reflection of the same issues our sister was addressing. On one level, the similarity of these two events, the confrontation with our sister and the performed fiction, is reassuring to us as producers that **the narrative we have contrived is suggestive of the circumstances around us.** It is, at the same time, obviously difficult to confront these prejudices and their guarded parameters, especially when they are coming from someone you grew up with and love.

In the case of our sister's concerns and in the following segment from the production script, **the issue of homosexuality exists within a knot of circumstances and issues that include gender, economic survival, knowledge and sexual desire.** It is precisely this kind of complexity we have tried to bring to our narrative.



Day. Shot of ALLIE walking along a path. Cut to overhead shot of GRAY lying in the grass. The camera pans up to see ALLIE walking toward him. She stops and ties a yellow scarf around her neck and unbuttons the top button of her dress.

ALLIE: Lazy ass. Gray. GRAY! Enjoying an afternoon nap?

GRAY: Only time to sleep.

ALLIE: How about sleeping with me?

GRAY: Aww, Allie! You don't want to sleep with me.

ALLIE: Don't tell me what I want or don't want...

GRAY: I'm goin' for a swim.

ALLIE: Wait! I understand what a man's needs are...

GRAY: Well, I'm needin' a swim.

ALLIE: Look. I'm no idiot. I've seen you. With your own nephew.

GRAY: He came to my place.

ALLIE: So what! You encouraged him. It's indecent. You're a growed up man.

GRAY: How old's the boy?

ALLIE: Not old enough to know what he's doin' is wrong.

GRAY: We ain't hurtin' nobody.

ALLIE: You're sick. You disgust me. Why don't you go away and leave us alone...

GRAY: This is my home, too.

ALLIE: Then leave the boy alone. He didn't know nothin' of the likes of your kind till you showed up...

GRAY: You're tryin' to keep the boy behind a fence. It'll drive'em crazy.



ALLIE: Then stop encouragin' him.

GRAY: Can't expect us to be strangers.

ALLIE: What if somebody gets wind of this? You wantin' the law to come in here an' find out what's goin' on? If your brother was alive... (GRAY goes to leave) You're gonna take him away from me aren't you!? Gray, please. I need the boy. Don't take him away from me. I can't take care of the hogs alone. If I lose the boy I lose the farm. I can't afford to hire nobody. I got no place to go. I'll starve. I can't just take off like you can.

GRAY: I can't do nothin' about that.

ALLIE: You no good louse. There's not a respectable bone in your body. You are crazy. I'll get you.

GRAY: What'll you do?

ALLIE: I'll turn you into the sheriff. They'll lock you up again. Pervert.

GRAY: That's not gonna keep the boy here. Besides, seems to me you're in no position to be askin' the Sheriff for favors. Why can't you just let things be? The boy's happy. I'm happy. An' you got your help.

ALLIE: Come on Gray. It can't be so different. Remember, I've been a married woman!

GRAY: So find yourself a marrying man.

ALLIE: Shit. I was a fool once.

GRAY: I'm goin' for a swim.

ALLIE: Pervert! Cocksucker! QUEER!!



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MONOZYGOTE

PRODUCTIONS



MIKE'S JOURNAL ENTRY

August 23, 1993

It's late. Nearly 2:00 a.m. Just got back from shooting what should be the last of the running scenes. It's a good thing this was the last of the 'run shots.' By far it was the most difficult to pull off and everyone was getting sick of them. There's a quietness now amongst the actors between takes; a tension that suggests that they're only sticking this piece out through obligation. I guess with that in mind, the shoot tonight was appropriately climactically climactic as we had to simulate a storm for the characters to run through.



Funny. It's done nothing but rain all summer, and virtually all of Iowa is under water, but technical control on the set demanded that we CREATE a rain storm. We were left to the most obvious ingenuity: a hose.

The scenes were shot behind Tony and Sarah's house in Mt. Vernon. At the end of their backyard is an alley that runs behind the houses. On the other side of the roadway is a dropping hill of trees. At night, on camera, this hill of trees that extends maybe fifty feet or so down to a parking lot, looks like the timber that might flank a hog farm. The idea was to have the actors running, (as in the other running scenes) on the side of the road in front of the wooded area. This would give the impression on camera that the character was running through the woods. The camera was to be held out of the window of a moving car making for a motorized tracking shot. But the alley was almost too narrow for the car to travel on, and it was scarred with chuckholes and small ruts making it nearly impossible to shoot the scenes as desired. The other running scenes were shot on smooth, wide, country roads where it wasn't a problem for actor and car to stay next to each other, and still distant enough to vary the figure in the frame. In the alley, there was maybe a foot or two of room for the actors to run alongside the car, and even that disappeared here and there as Bobby's car squeaked and bounced through the ruts. The actors had to end up running along behind.

We had a few hundred feet of hose (bought for just this occasion) hooked into Tony and Sarah's basement, extending out through the backyard to the alley. This was our rain, shot out in uneven blasts from a steel-handled nozzle at the end. Hooked into the car lighter was a hand-held spot light that was to be directed at the runners feet.

THE ORCHESTRATION: Donnie was behind the wheel, looking intensely serious, as always. Ursula held the spot light out of the back seat window. Bobby manned the camera; first hanging out the front seat passenger window, and then when that proved unsuccessful, on his knees on the hood, shooting over the back of the car with the actor following behind. I also knelt on the hood of the car, directing the tempest in an often ill-aimed arch at the runner. Donnie could hardly see to drive down the dark and narrow alley for Bobby and me floundering about trying to keep our balance in front of the windshield. *On several of the takes I was sure that one of us would be pitched off as the car bucked and swerved over the potholes.* I held to the back of Bobby's shirt with one hand and squirted the "rain" with the other. Likewise, Bobby held to the roof of the car with his left hand and did his best to hold the camera steady on his shoulder with the other.

During the runs it wasn't possible to have the rain lit up in front and back as we should have. Only in the stationery shots where the lamps could be positioned was it feasible to have such lighting. With the runs, only the spot could be used, which was barely sufficient for me to see to aim the water. Whether the water will be evident on camera, I don't know. Maybe all that will be seen is the water running off of the actors themselves. I'm sure that will be the case in several of the takes since keeping my balance on the hood of the car was a problem; invariably sending a jet of water directly into the runners face. The performers were directed to yell as they ran, and more than once they nearly gagged from the blast of water. (It shouldn't have been funny. I shouldn't have laughed, but the whole thing seemed rather farcical at times and I couldn't help myself.)

Late in the evening a Mt. Vernon police officer turned his car into the alley and approached what must have looked like a bizarre, if not dangerous situation: a car racing up the alley, someone running behind shouting desperately, people hanging onto and out of the car, spot lights shining, and water flying. The officer approached us cautiously, but after an explanation, went away, an amused look on his face.

By the end of the night, everyone was exhausted and drenched. It probably didn't take that long to shoot, but it was tough. We couldn't get started until dark, and couldn't shoot past midnight, so we had to cram it all in as quickly as possible. There's no going back a second time. Which is just as well. Its over with now. Everyone's getting tired of the shoots. They've been going on now for nearly three months. Bobby and Donnie are worn out with it, worn out with the tensions, worn out with the scheduling of shoots and pulling everything together. They wish they could just keep everyone together for a few days straight and get the thing done. But I'm sure that won't happen. We'll probably continue shooting weekends straight through September.

ROY HAMLIN/GRAY

How did I end up trapped inside a sun-baked 8' by 10' trailer, the exterior shrouded in black plastic, the smell of pig excrement permeating the available air, with a sweaty brief-clad boy straddling my chest? It seems so incredible now; it couldn't have been a crazed sadomasochistic nightmare, could it?

Instead, that was business as usual for a day of shooting DEMONS. I mean, I've toted spears in operas, struggled with Shakespearean syntax, learned triple time-steps for musicals, and memorized three-page monologues, but this project was still filled with patience-zapping experiences. I ran next to a speeding car like a dog, only to do it three weeks later in the dead of night with a spraying hose turned on me. I rolled around in a forest underbrush like I was on fire and trying to extinguish myself. I hung from branches, slept in tall grass, drove through floods, and spent five days of every seven with no shave and greasy hair. At the same time, I was directing and appearing in one show and costuming another. Despite what the Kinney's think, I was the Demon.

I still don't know how it's all going to turn out. I'm sure most of my spare lines will be overdubbed; sometimes I felt as if I was being pushed to overact in a way that I tried to abandon in high school. **I was never sure whether I was playing a man instinctively insane or driven crazy by the repression of his environment.** I've acted for the camera before, and the performance I gave was over the top of what I think works for that all-seeing eye. Yet the twins seem happy they got what they had in mind (trust me, had they not, I'd be out there on the pig farm still); when Erik or Ursula would turn to me and swear they'd do anything to escape that place, I knew that we had done anything. I can only hope it's the anything the amazing Kinney twinneys wanted. When I direct, I only ask the actors to "trust and try". With DEMONS I had to do the same. I'll be forever interested to hear what its audience finds. Crazed sadomasochistic nightmare or artistic twisted vision? Let their demons decide.

Roy Hamlin is a professor in the Theatre Department at Cornell University in Mt. Vernon, Iowa.



URSULA C. McCARTY/ALLIE

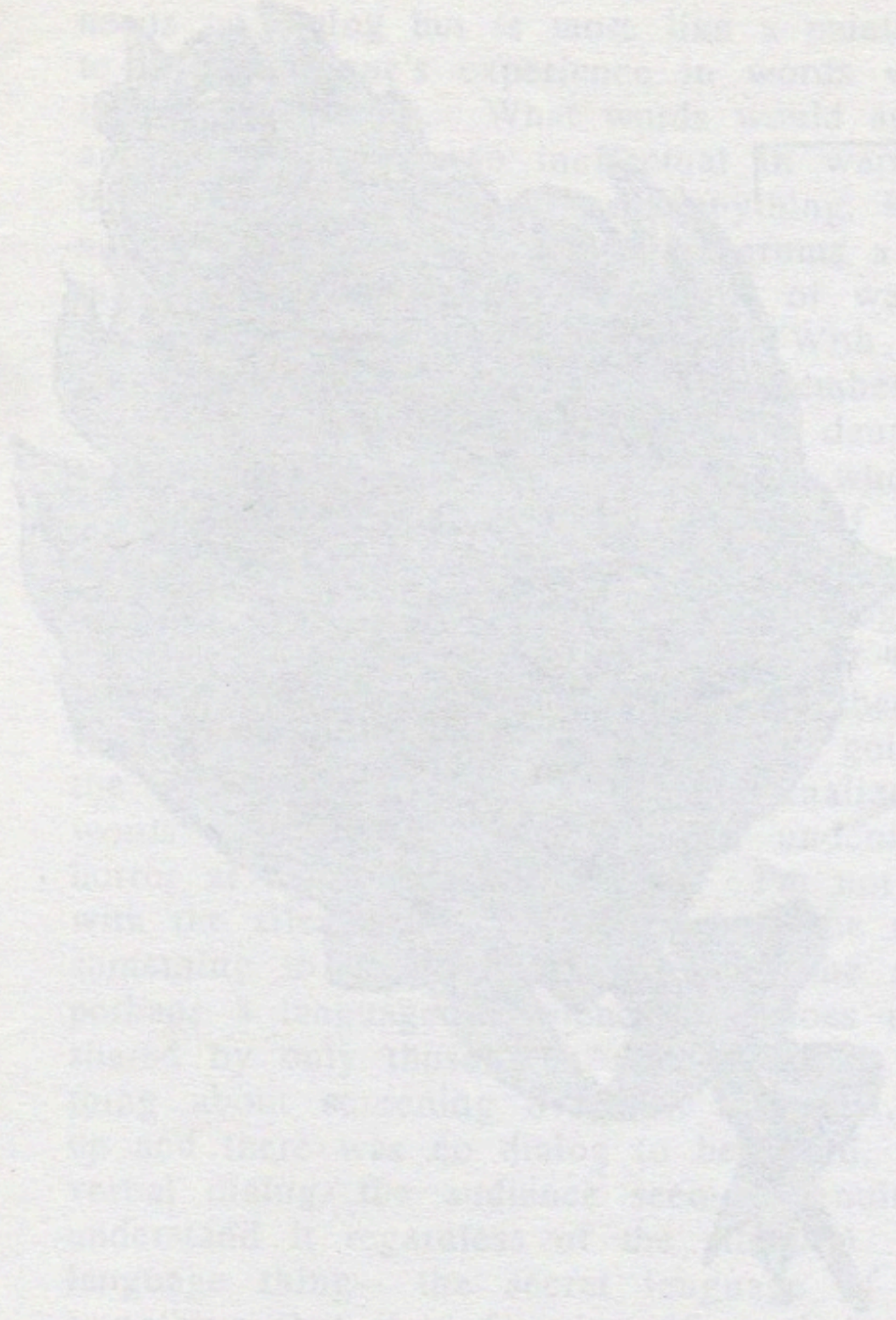
I felt as if I was fighting some of my own Demons when we made this film. Allie would have done anything to keep her son with her. I understood her frustration and desperation. Even though she made herself into a monster, **I sympathized with her anger at her role as a woman in a society that gave her nothing; no freedom, no power, and few resources.**

It was a hot and humid summer when we were filming. It felt as if we were living in a plastic garbage bag and the farm where we filmed, a quagmire of mud and pig shit, was in the bag with us. When we were filming the mask scenes I felt as if I was going to scream from hysteria, because I couldn't see and I could barely breathe. It was so hot. Then came the Karo syrup and cotton balls running down my face in rivulets of sweat. Who needed to act? I was insane and so was Allie.

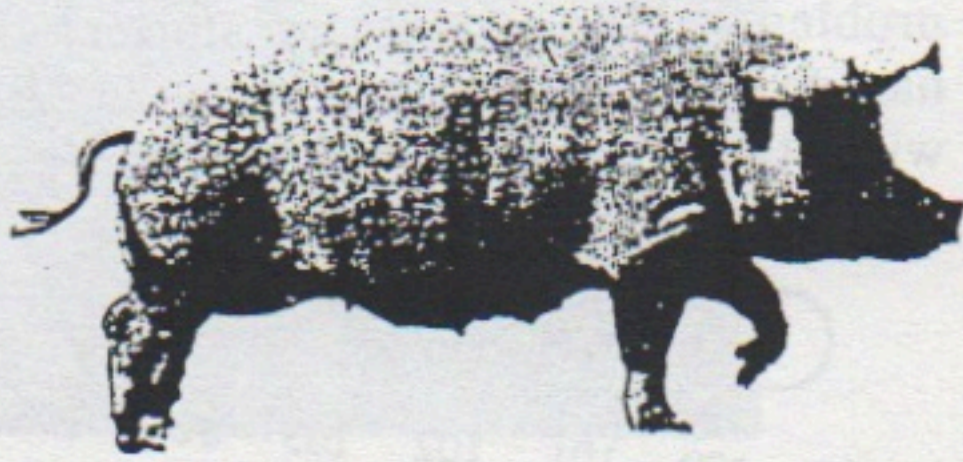
It was difficult to make this film. I didn't want Allie to end up destroyed, I wanted her to be successful and powerful.

Ursula C. McCarty is a professor in the Textiles Department at Cornell University in Mt. Vernon, Iowa.





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'And you, Adonis, should keep far away
 Whenever lions roar across the path.
 Your efforts to be brave will find no glory;
 Your death will be an end of both of us.'
 Since she believed her warning had been heard,
 The goddess yoked her swans and flew toward heaven--
 Yet the boy's pride and manliness ignored it.
 His hunting dogs took a clear path before them
 And in the forest waked a sleeping boar;
 As he broke through his lair within a covert,
 Adonis pricked him with a swift-turned spear.
 The fiery boar tore out the slender splinter
 And rushed the boy, who saw his death heave toward him.
 With one great thrust he pierced the boy's white loins
 And left him dying where one saw his blood
 Flow into rivulets on golden sands.
 As Cytherea sailed midair near Cyprus,
 She overheard, as from far distance, echoes
 Of her beloved's voice...
 She cried against blind Fate, then slowly said,
 'But even Fate shan't have eternal will;
 My sorrow shall have tribute to its own.
 Each year will bring memorials of this death,
 And where its blood has stained the earth, a flower.'
 ...Red as the pomegranate seed in fruit.
 Soft echoes of the wind -- 'anemone' --
 Are in the flower's name; yet at one touch,
 The fading petals scatter--all too soon.



I'm pretty sure someone like Joseph Campbell has written on how the mythology surrounding Christ is a variant on the Adonis myth, which goes all the way back to Egypt and Osiris. At this point, I have no idea what your ideas are--which might be good, as you've said, in terms of cross-pollination--or whether any of this wild boar stuff is interesting. It just came to mind when Donnie said he was fashioning a pig mask. Now what about Porky Pig, and his famous stutter? I was at a conference at Columbia a few weeks back, and someone gave a brief talk called "Gay Stuttering," which used the story of *Bill Budd* (Melville) to talk about the difficulty of articulating the experience of being gay. (I have this guy's address, and could get a copy of his talk if you're interested.) So what's Porky Pig's problem? Why does he stutter? And a question for you guys, whose work has for the most part been so dialog based, and who are now confronted with the problems of translating a Japanese film which for the most part

needs no dialog but is more like a painting: words, words, words, the ability to articulate one's experience in words versus a difficulty in saying what it is one is thinking. What words would an Adonis have at his disposal, why are Venus's words so ineffectual in warning Adonis away from the savage beasts? The boar never says anything, he is an animal in touch with his most basic instincts. Maybe he grunts a little bit. But he has no need for the words of seduction, the words of warning, the words of explanation: he just comes out of the bushes and "With one great thrust he pierced the boy's white loins." In Onibaba, if I remember right, there is very little verbal exchange between the man and the daughter--most of the talking is between the daughter and the mother, whose words are ineffectual also. What works is the startling imagery of the silent demon, the sheer physicality of the masked figure. No words between the daughter-figure and the man, but lots of cruising through the bushes, no words necessary if you're carousing in a public park, just exchange of glances, a motioning into the dark parts of the woods, and then sex. So, the question I'm asking in a roundabout way is: how are you going to deal with the split between the verbal and visual, the intellectualized, rationalized manipulations of words and the sheer presence of undeniable sexual attraction or immediate horror at the sight of a demon? I'm not exactly sure what you were doing with the silent passages in *Stephen*--the most I could come up with is something to do with privacy, with the shutting out of the audience, with perhaps a language of silence that does not equal death but that can be shared by only those who already know what is being said. (The wonderful thing about screening *Stephen* last year, when the tape we had was fucked up and there was no dialog to be heard, was that despite this absence of verbal dialog, the audience seemed genuinely to enjoy the video, to understand it regardless of the silence.) Of course there's the whole secret language thing-- the secret language of cranes, secret languages of twins, something that is a function of sharing a body, of knowing, of having bodily knowledge, which makes words unnecessary. But back to my question...

MONOZYGOTE

productions



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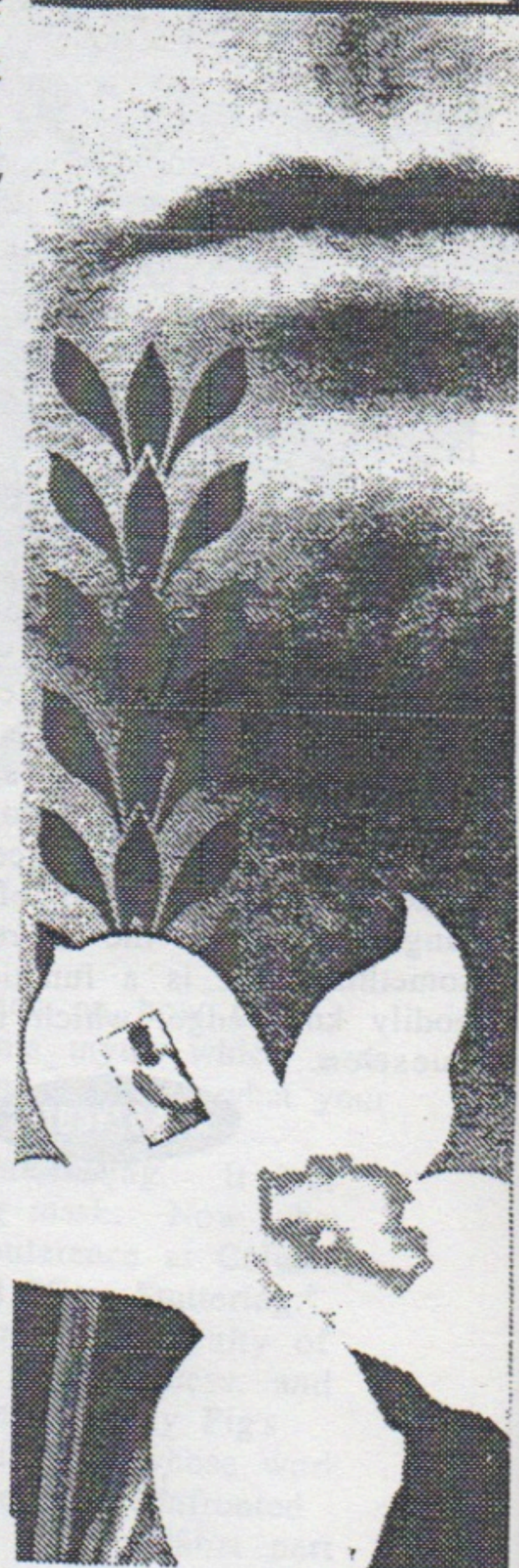
"That's not at all a proper way of expressing yourself", she tells the Duchess's baby as it grunts at her. "If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear", said Alice seriously, "I'll have nothing more to do with you. Mind now."
(Carroll 1937)

1948 DRS. JOSEPH W FRIEDLANDER AND RALPH S. BANAY; LOBOTOMY

"The lobotomy was seized on by him...as the ultimate of spankings"

J.S. was born in 1887 in a New England town of 15,000. J.S. played with dolls until he was 7, delighted to dress as a girl at 8, and periodically slept with his mother until he was 10 years of age. When he was 12, she caught him in mutual sex play with another boy. Indignantly dismissing the other boy, she began spanking her son, whose trousers were already down. His penis remained erect. Thereafter, he managed to make known to her various acts, notably stealing and masturbation, to which she consistently responded with spanking. Further incentive to his provocative behavior was provided by his father, who gave him money for each whipping. When J.S. was 14, the spanking invariably induced ejaculation. Two years later, his mother caught him in passive anal intercourse with a friend. The flagellation that followed was the last such act committed by her. Meanwhile, J.S. had learned to beat himself, using "the same strap mother used," and later induced friends to spank him. This led to homosexual acts, anal and later oral, preferably in the receptive role, without his sacrificing the dominance of his original masochism...

FILL IN



He completed two years of high school and a year of secretarial school at the age of 18. Drafted in July 1918, he served six months in the Army, with two promotions. At home he attended the Methodist Church regularly with his mother, but after her death he was converted to Catholicism through a homosexual friend whom he met in a park.

During the first five years of his secretarial career (1906-1911), J.S. worked under five different employers. For eighteen years (until 1929), he earned \$35 a week as secretary to the superintendent of schools in his home town. Forced to leave town because of his homosexuality, he went to New York City. From 1934-36 he had no steady employment and required "relief" for six weeks. He then worked for several WPA projects as a stenographer at \$25 a week.

He began to have headaches, relieved only by sexual gratification, preferably with small boys. It was while working for the WPA projects that he was arrested for such gratification and was sentenced to prison rather than to a psychiatric institution because his abnormal behavior was diagnosed as a sexual psychopathy. A year of psychotherapy brought no relief. In October 1940, J.S. was referred to one of us (R.S.B) because of his extreme nervous tension. At times he strenuously closed his eyes as if to blot out the present exigency. When not in a panic, he was preoccupied with masochistic homosexual fantasies, masturbating compulsively two or three times daily. He complained of headaches, insomnia and a sense of weakness but had no delusions, hallucinations or defect in sensorium. Intelligence was bright, normal, or even superior. Lobotomy was recommended because his history justified his fears, (the fear that he would proposition more young boys for sexual favors). His symptoms included tension, depression, obsession and compulsion and he was considered otherwise incorrigible.

The treatment of homosexuals must be directed by true guiding principles. If we examine the matter objectively, trying to rise above the clouds of passion and desire, we will admit that a human being comes into the world to use his powers and functions in the service of God and the social order...

Certainly, a frequent cause of disgust was the pig's specific habits: its ability to digest its own and human faeces as well as other 'garbage'; its resistance to full domestication; its need to protect its tender skin from sunburn by wallowing in mud (if deprived of mud, it has no choice but to control its hypothermia by rolling in its own dung, and will even create a wallow by repeatedly urinating on a chosen spot in its pen.)

In the act, the "August" (a clown who is normally tramp like, 'ill shaven, ill combed, ill behaved...inarticulate', puts on 'grotesque' female clothes with huge artificial bosoms and enters carrying a 'baby' in a blanket. The 'baby' starts screaming and a vast bottle of milk is brought in with a rubber pipe connected to it, through which the infant rapidly sucks all the milk. When the baby cries again, August picks it up and the audience suddenly discovers that the baby is actually a piglet.



105 104 107 108 109 106 113 112 111 110

Following the method of Freeman and Watts, Dr. Leo Davidoff performed the operation with the use of local anesthesia on Nov. 22, 1941.

When the right side of the ventricle was reached, the needle was reinserted slightly more to the anterior. On each side then, the needle was swept downward toward the orbital plate and upward toward the vertex. Afterwards a narrow peri-orbital elevator was inserted on each side and the incision repeated in order to make sure that the pathways were cut.

In the immediate postoperative period, J.S. was confused, disoriented, incontinent and euphoric; he masturbated, fingered his rectum and sucked the feces-laden finger. All these symptoms disappeared by the third postoperative week. After the immediate postoperative confusional state, J.S. emerged amazingly tranquil and apparently free of his erotic fantasies, but still courteous, meek and apparently intellectually intact. For a year after the operation, J.S. remained in prison, under the observation of one of us (R.S.B.)

After discharged in November 1942, he reported weekly to the parole board until his parole period expired in May 1944. In December 1942, the parole officer reported, "his memory is very poor...; he gets lost very easily and cannot seem to remember directions." The parole report gave J.S. a clean slate with respect to deviate sexuality.

The diary he wrote in 1943 overlaps the period during which he was on parole. The following dates are given, with their complete entries:

March 14: Fair-mild. Sick with a cold. Home all day. To Prospect Park in evening. Met man.

July 13: Fair-hot. Left 4 p.m. Met boy in park tonight.

Sex pleasure is associated with genital function in married life that children may be sought and brought into the world and trained to do the work that lies before them in a social order.



it is a straight job
him v.
pig then
in overlapping proximity to humans, ate similar food to its owners and yet, at the same time, it was perceived as a greedy scavenger fit only to be devoured.

August 8: Fair-hot. Went to Church in a.m. To Ft. Green Park in afternoon-sailor. Hard day. No food.

October 12: Fair-milder. Holiday. Went to Staten Island. Found a number there.

Besides the diary, there was a trunk containing clippings from newspapers and magazines, which, from the condition of the paper, appeared to be of recent origin. Seven of these were pictures of boys: 3 of boys smiling; 1 of a boy lying on the ground crying; another of a boy in swimming trunks, and 1 of a boy taking a bath. The last was a sketch of two boys fighting, one on his back and the other on top, lunging a blow. Three cartoons showed a man being whipped. In another cartoon, a woman held a whip in one hand and, in the other, a leash with three small boys attached. Finally, there was a picture of a rattlesnake coiled to strike. In addition there were thirty-two scraps of paper bearing the handwriting of J.S. three in green ink and the rest in pencil. The notes were all obscene. The two mildest and briefest notes are reproduced in full:

1. Please FEEL OF MY BARE ASS AND COCK. I have no drawers on. \$.25 if you will PULL MY COCK HARD \$.25.

2. Sammy, if we could be all alone somewhere and no one would know anything about it if I stripped off bare naked, and laid down on the floor or bed would you spank my nice soft ass just as hard as you could with your belt and rubber hose. I haven't had a spanking for a long time and how I want one. Perhaps you might know of some place. Would pay you \$1.00.

When J.S. came to Chicago, in June 1944, his friend, a minister, found him a room and

Let us suppose that a homosexual expresses a willingness to get rid of his homosexuality and hopes for an eventual heterosexual adjustment. What is the first step? The dropping of all homosexual contacts.



...it is the duty for a homosexual who is unwilling to make a non sexual adjustment in life to attempt to lay aside all homosexual contacts and activity and look forward to the appearance of a heterosexual urge, to eventual marriage and a happy family life.



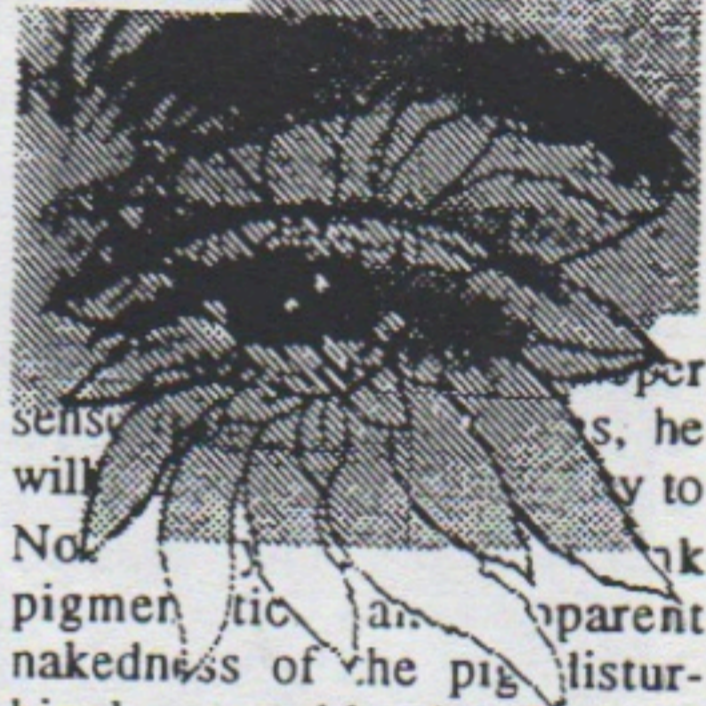
33 20 114 32 34

employed him to type and file letters. From March to November 1945, J.S. did odd jobs - typing and passing out handbills from door to door. In November the minister obtained work for J.S. in a funeral home at \$15 a week and lodging. He was fired two weeks later. This was his last known job. From February until September he lived in the Christian Industrial Shelter. Here he was provided with food, room and \$1 a week for laundry and pleasure. He then moved to the Loop Gospen Mission, but was asked to leave six weeks later.

A laundry employer and the heads of the Shelter and Mission were not aware of his homosexuality. At the hospital at Hines, furthermore, there was no record of any homosexual activity. Yet he had firsthand knowledge of the parks and described several homosexual attachments in Chicago, one of which is known to have had a basis in reality. This concerned a boy of 17, who worked at the laundry with J.S. was known to be inexplicably attached to this boy and was heard inviting him to his room. The two often left work together.

On admission to the hospital at Hines, on Dec. 20, 1946, and because he was confused, irrational and enuretic, a psychiatric consultation was requested. With a tentative diagnosis of psychosis with cerebral arteriosclerosis or prsenile psychosis, the patient was transferred to the psychiatric ward on Jan. 6, 1947. More often than not, he was mildly euphoric, exhibiting joy when offered an orange or a piece of candy. Next to eating, he was happiest singing and playing operatic arias, old waltzes and hymns on the piano before an audience. In general, he performed creditably, even though he never remembered the words and sometimes fumbled at the keyboard, lapses which he concealed by humming and improvising finales. His euphoria, however, occasionally gave way to anxiety. When electroshock was being given in the next room, he sometimes walked about, murmuring, "Oh, this is terrible; this is terrible!" On other occasions, he would

Its mode of life was no different from, but alarmingly imbricated with, the forms of life which betokened civility. It is precisely 'creatures of the threshold' which become the object of fear and fascination. Mixing faeces and food, human and animal, human skin and animal hide, the household and the farmyard and the field, the pig also lived to die - unlike sheep, cows and chickens, the pig was useful only to eat and, proverbially, only became valuable when dead.



...per
sense...s, he
will...y to
No...nk
pigmen...tic an...p parent
nakedness of the pig...distur-
bingly resemble the flesh of
European babies (thereby trans-
gressing the man/animal op-
position), but pigs were usually
kept in peculiarly close
proximity to the house and fed
from the household's leftovers.
In other words, pigs were
almost, but not quite, members
of the household and they
almost, but not quite, followed
the dietary regimes of
humans...and 'the climax of pig
love is the incorporation of the
pig as flesh into the flesh of the
human and of the pig as spirit
into the spirit of the ancestors'.

complain bitterly, "There is nothing to do. I get so bored"...When told to write out his thoughts, sexual and asexual, as well as the events of the day, he wrote, "No sexual thoughts" repeatedly. For variety, he added: "No sexual trouble," "no trouble sexually," "no unusual thoughts" or "no unnecessary sexual thoughts." Whenever he was asked about the lobotomy, he typically replied, "It was a perfect success-no desire for the homosexual."

Conclusion by the doctors: Our patient showed rapid improvement after the immediate postoperative period, stabilization for a year and then progressive decline. Lobotomized in November 1941, he was first recognized as psychotic in March 1945 and demented in January 1947. Since there is no evidence for any complicating factor, and we can explain all our findings in terms of the effects of the operation itself, we conclude that the lobotomy produced the dementia.

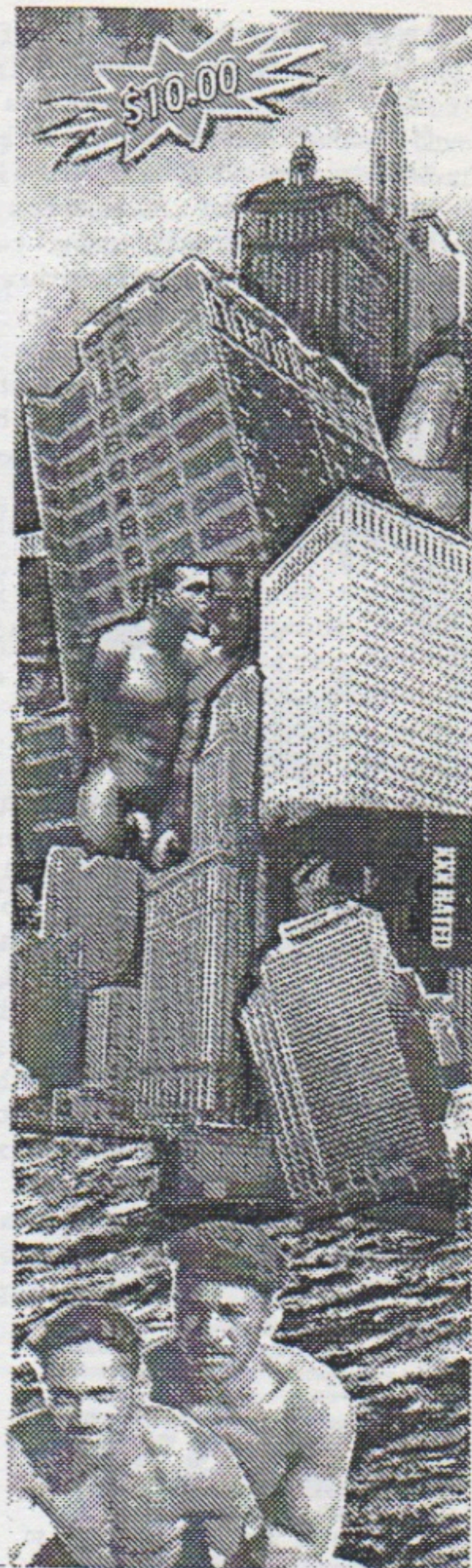
1953: DRS. J. SRNEC AND K. FREUND;

Aversion Therapy (Emetic)

"For the provocation of nausea and vomiting emetine was made use of."

The Czech doctors pioneered in the use of visual aids (slides) and emetics (nausea-inducing drugs). They were also the first to suggest treatment to induce aversion toward homosexuality and to produce heterosexual arousal-techniques later widely adopted in the United States. The doctors report:

The experimental procedure consists of two phases. First, the patient is given coffee or tea with emetine, much like in the treatment of alcoholism. Ten minutes later a subcutaneous



injection is given of a mixture of emetine, apomorphine, pilocarpine and ephedrine...He is then shown films and slides of men dressed up, further sportsmen in bathing suits and men in the nude. Approximately 5-10 minutes after the beginning of the session he feels unwell and begins to vomit as a result of the administered drugs. The procedure lasts half to three quarters of an hour. The patient had been instructed earlier to visualize the persons on the screen as partners of homosexual rapprochement. For the provocation of nausea and vomiting emetine was made use of only a few times, at most 6 times in one course...

In the second phase films are shown in which women appear in situations that would rouse sexual appetite in normal men. The films are shown in the evening before bedtime after the patient received an injection of 50 mg. testosterone the same morning. This procedure is repeated between 5-10 times, either on successive days or at longer intervals, depending on the patient's condition...

Of the 25 persons who went through the entire procedure 10 achieved predominant heterosexuality at practically full sexual activity.* Three of them adapted in such a way that their homosexual manifestations receded almost entirely with insufficient heterosexual activity; in the remaining 12 the condition remained practically the same as it was before. Four of the 10 patients who had turned predominantly heterosexual relapsed, 2 of these underwent a second course and regained predominant heterosexuality. The third attended one more session and never turned up again. The fourth has stayed relapsed and has so far shown no interest....



hi
coun
herd
dev
saying
that we may enter into them.
And forthwith Jesus gave them
leave. And the unclean spirits
went out, and entered into the
swine: and the herd ran violently
down a steep place into the sea
(they were about two thousand,
and were choked in the sea. St.
Mark 5:9-13

51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71
75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95
99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115
119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134

1959:DRS MOSES ZLOTOW AND ALBERT PAGANINI;
Lobotomy

"The patients had become serious management problems for the hospital"

Homosexual and autoerotic activity appear, in these reports, to constitute the "management problem" for which lobotomy was performed. Among the authors' "representative case studies" is the following:

E.R. Homosexual before operation; no homosexuality immediately post-operatively but subsequent development of homosexuality in the past two years.

This patient was admitted to Manhattan State Hospital in 1931 at the age of 21 and was diagnosed as a case of dementia praecox, paranoid. According to the history, the father stated that he believed the patient masturbated, although he never observed him doing so. The patient had joined the coast guard at the age of 16, started to drink heavily, and always drank in the company of men. Before his hospital admission, he had been dating girls but his history revealed homosexual practices since he was 16 or 17. Apparently the patient consorted with men in Greenwich Village with whom he practiced both active and passive fellatio. The patient admitted that he had become a "fairy" and had spent most of his time in the Village.

He began to hear voices calling him a fairy and he had guilt feelings about his homosexual affairs; he became impotent and, subsequently, was more anxious about this problem. At Manhattan State Hospital, the patient apparently adjusted fairly well, was not obviously involved in any sexual deviations and was released for about three months, then began to feel that people were looking at him because they knew that he was a "fairy." He attempted to have sexual relations with a girl and became disturbed when he was impotent.

attempt it or resign himself to a non sexual adjustment in life. Many such non sexual adjustments are possible. I have in mind a botanist who never married, but whose love of nature, particularly of the plant world, gave him a very happy life unmarred by unhappy sexual episodes...

WET AND SHITTY

Videos featuring HOT
Dumping! Peed on
diapers! C
chan



s big ca
big and thic
real feast for a
ingry cocksucke
e Chuck!

GWM, 35, masc, musc, wex, prof, stable. Interests of 3-way, versatile, safe/sane. West but travel US often, letter & photo to box 9209

BODYBUILDERS IN LEATHER

8-1, 195, very hot, buff muscle stud seeks similar for intense relationship. I'm masculine, independent, aggressive, interested in new levels of communication, extraordinary sex with a best buddy! Don't answer without photo (nude gets mine). Ron Heck, PO Box 9209

VIDEOS

"I T.V." They're leaving the screen! Tng into bed! Not rock, but hard as rock Athews. For catalog of other available videos, EO CATALOG•PO Box 639•Sun Valley•C

In 1933, E.R. was admitted to Pilgrim State Hospital. Subsequently, it was noted that he participated in passive fellatio on the ward. In August 1951, he had a prefrontal lobotomy. He became quiet and well-behaved, but was still hallucinatory. It was not until the end of 1953 that he became involved in active autoerotic and homoerotic manifestations. In the beginning of 1954, he again became disturbed in his behavior and for the next two years the patient masturbated excessively, and participated in all types of homoerotic and autoerotic manifestations - kissing, fondling other patients, engaging in active and passive fellatio. He became assaultive and disturbed, presumably because of his sexual deviations. The patient has shown an increase in his sexual manifestations after operation.

Drs. Zlotow and Paganini summarize their conclusions:

1. Sixty patients of a total of 100 show autoerotic or homoerotic manifestations five years after lobotomy. Two-thirds of the patients who show these manifestations after lobotomy had shown them before lobotomy. The remaining one-third do not constitute a real increase in such activity, but an apparent one, caused by masking of this behavior by the aggressive behavior of the patient before lobotomy and by lack of adequate observation.

2. Lobotomy, in the majority of cases, does not change the pattern of sexual behavior which existed prior to operation.

The circus act transgresses and interrogates the norms of adult civility by forcing the audience to acknowledge what it has repressed in order to become what it is.

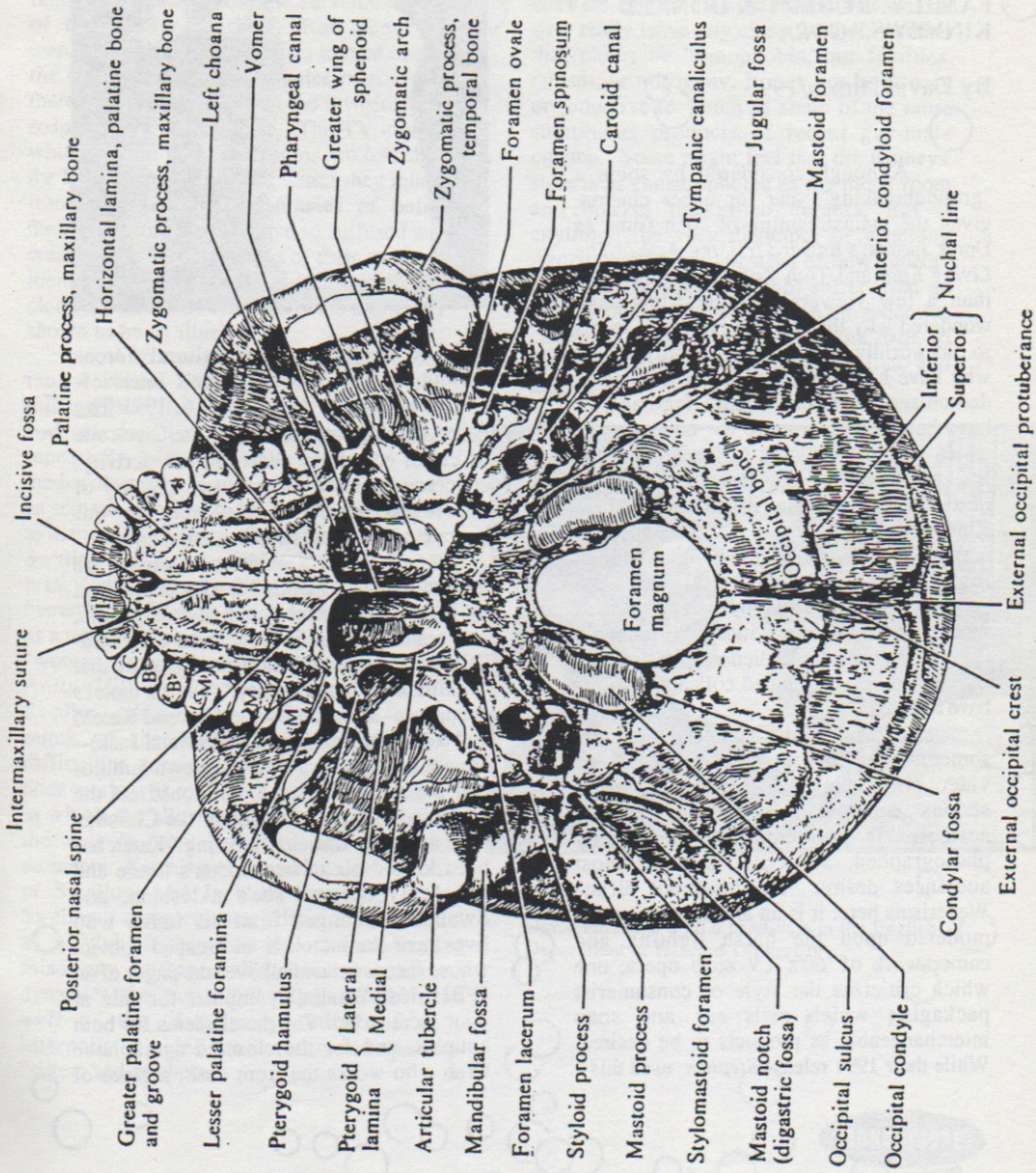
In the common prints of the world turned upside down which circulated throughout the fairs and markets of early modern Europe, the pig is often shown as slitting the butcher's throat. In these woodcuts and prints, relations of power and dominance are reversed and the pig butchers the butcher; the ass whips its laden master; the mice chase the cat; the deer and the rabbit pursue the huntsman; the servant rides on a horse followed by the king on foot; the woman is inspected by the king on foot; the woman's arms



MONOZYGOTE

productions





MISOGYNY AND THE QUEER
FAMILY: ROBERT & DONALD
KINNEY'S *AGORA*

By David Hirsch/1993

Although considered by some a "groundbreaking" year for queer cinema, given the mainstreaming of such films as Derek Jarman's *Edward II*, Greg Araki's *The Living End*, and Tom Kalin's *Swoon*, more than a few viewers of these films have wondered why the Queer New Wave seems so old-worldly in its attitude toward women, who have been portrayed in these films as demonized castrators, flighty fag-hags, or have been asked to leave the one scene in which a woman (notably African-American) has any character at all. It seems something of a telling shame that Robert and Donald Kinney's new video release, *Agora* (currently making the rounds at universities and art institutions), which analyzes the pervasiveness of misogyny in gay male as well as lesbian subjectivities, will probably not get the press or audience attention that their more heavily-funded colleagues' films have received.

Part of the difficulty has no doubt something to do with the Kinneys' style: video still hasn't the clout that "more serious" celluloid does, and the Kinneys' aesthetic is pointedly not the lushly photographed, seductive glamour most audiences desire. No luxurious Bruce Weberisms here: it is an anti-romantic style modeled upon the harsh lighting and camerawork of '60's TV soap opera, one which criticizes the style of consumerist packaging which sells sex and soap interchangeably as products to be desired. While their 1991 release *Stephen* used this



style to investigate the cultural forces defining AIDS (see Liz Kotz's interview with the Kinneys in the July 16, 1991 *The Advocate*), *Agora*, referring to the Greek site of civic, economic and religious activity, concentrates more on the inescapability of the marketplace's involvement in our 'private' ideas about sexuality and identity.

The video's architectural centers are the aptly-named "Family Market," frequented by the ever-watchful police and neighbors, and a small roadside motel near the Iowa-Illinois border, which advertises proudly that "Families are our specialty." Yet the motel's occupants--a lesbian couple (Joy and Katch) and a gay male couple (Swallow and Jack)--are not only outlaws from their own families and the society at large, but constitute the very type of "special families" the Christian right currently denies as existing. Katch has been kicked out of her mother's house and the Army because she's a lesbian, and Swallow, estranged from his father who lives near the motel, is an escaped convict whose face is printed all over the pages of an "FBI Most Wanted" pamphlet for sale at your local store. The motel seems for both couples, and for the closeted agoraphobe Crab who works the front desk, a place of

privacy-for-rent where they can live out their fantasies secluded from the surveillant eyes of the Family Market. But when the manager of the motel attempts to rape one of the occupants, the two couples realize that there is no place safe from the invasion of a soap-and-sex marketplace. The TV images which project into their rooms, no less than the brand-name "True" cigarettes they inhale into their bodies or fantasies of being humped by Joe Camel, have so suffused and created their "private" ideas of their own true identities and sexualities that the idea of a closet to hide in or escape from is ultimately shown to be an illusion.

Also unveiled as illusory is the idea that lesbians and gay men can't be misogynistic, for if there is one aspect of consumerism that the Kinneys focus on repeatedly (although with subtlety), it is mediaculture's perpetuation of "the feminine" as something either to be bought and sold or as something to escape from. However queer Swallow and Jack's relationship might be, it is inevitably trapped within a gender-and-race hierarchical ideology which circulates "bitch" as a term prescriptive of what roles a jealous "woman scorned"--whether the woman be Anita Hill or the ostensible "bottom" Swallow--should play. Katch, the more butch of the lesbian couple, has her difficulties admitting to Joy that she had once worked as an "Avon girl," and a scene in which she allows herself to cry is one of the video's most powerful and difficult moments. Katch's early sneering description of Swallow and Jack as "faggots," and Swallow's complementary derision of Katch as a "dyke," suggests how internalized misogyny enforces the divisive power dynamics of a "normal" family like Crab's *as well as* the "family dynamics" of an internally divided community of queer "sisters and brothers."

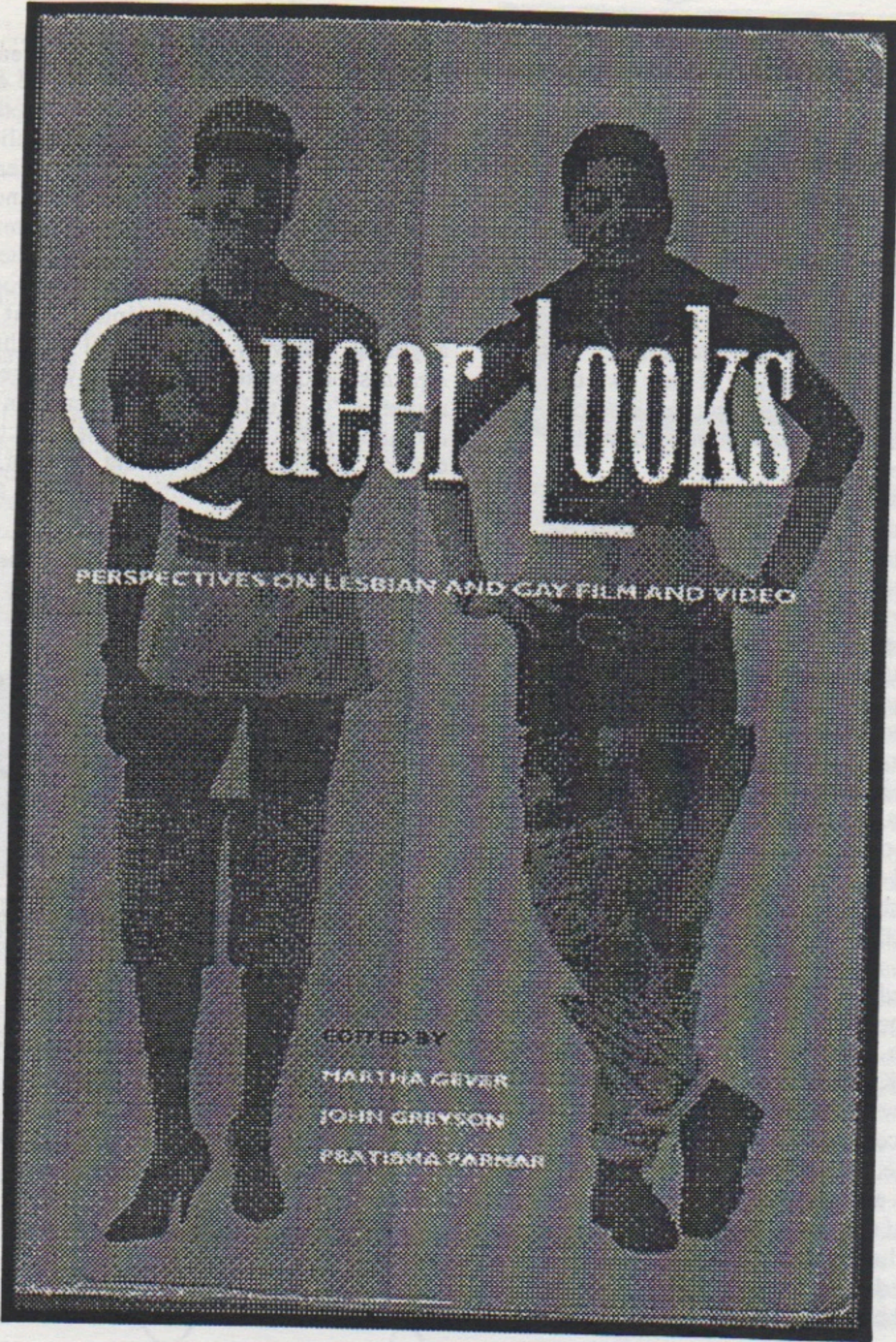
Agora does not provide easy answers, and refutes the notion that we can ever really leave any closet behind, whether that closet be homophobia, our families, racism, or misogyny. It may not be as easy or seductive to watch as some of the more sumptuous products of recent gay-male cinema. Some might feel that the Kinneys' style is as claustrophobic as the motel room and market the video depicts. But if anything, the very difficulty of watching *Agora* should be indicative of how "queer" audiences (not unlike Crab) suffer from an agoraphobic hesitancy to leave the seductive comfort of illusions concerning our own, so prettily marketed, identities, families, and ideologies.



David Hirsch is a Ph.d candidate in the English Department at Harvard University

MONOZYGOTE

productions



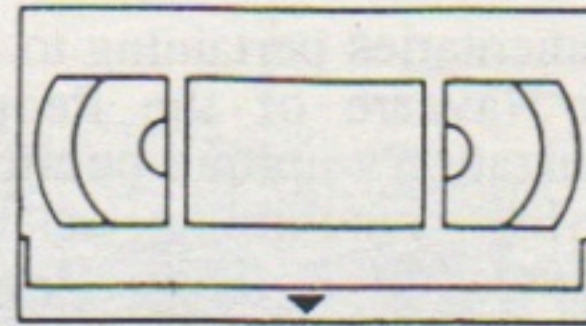
Queer Looks

PERSPECTIVES ON LESBIAN AND GAY FILM AND VIDEO

EDITED BY
MARTHA GEYER
JOHN GREYSON
PRATISHA PARNAR

QUEER LOOKS
PERSPECTIVES ON LESBIAN AND GAY FILM AND VIDEO
Gever, Greyson, Parmar, eds.

(Excerpted from) On the Make: Activist Video Collectives
by Catherine Saalfield



...[T]he Paper Tiger Television Collective (PTTV), was the brainstorm of a few media agitators who were interested in exercising the democratic mandates of public access cable TV in the early eighties. Since then, the Paper Tiger production philosophy has influenced the evolution of many New York City video collectives and should rightfully be credited as a model for much quick-and-dirty media that evolved later in the decade. As an urgent response by, for, and about the ever-present medium of television, PTTV demonstrates a methodology by which to reinterpret cultural misrepresentations using the very same tools of their production. Cofounder DeeDee Halleck has noted, "There was a very conscious effort to make *Paper Tiger* a model for cheap television, to think about what those elements are in television that make television what it is." House of Color continues the tradition of calling to question the racist, sexist, and homophobic backbone of network television that posits all "special interest groups" as such.

Paper Tiger's weekly shows--aired citywide on public access television, with roll-ins--have a handmade look and an immediate message. By challenging network forms of television, it represents alternative TV, and can be watched not only at home but also in community centers and galleries, in schools and organizational meetings. Fundamentally, the group maintains that people "should be able to work in media, so they can be critical of the mass media and not victims of mass culture." Whereas network TV perpetuates the hierarchical structure by which it is produced, the collective nature of the particular alternative media at issue here redefines a long, profit-guided history of non participatory forms of TV production.

True to form, the PTTV collective is completely open to volunteers, so most progressive video producers in the city today, at one time or another, either have worked on a Paper Tiger tape, spiritually guided one, or been a commentator who deconstructed a propaganda mechanism of the information industry for one of their programs. Paper Tiger encourages anyone who already knows (or is willing to learn) about a certain topic, to investigate relevant documents, organize a script, paint a backdrop, put the headphones on, and get behind a camera. In PTTV, producers are encouraged to research, analyze, and represent social and political issues despite (and at the same time, because of) their own race, gender, class, age, and sexual identity.

Between its New York City headquarters and Paper Tiger/Southwest, a San Diego affiliate, the fluid group of lesbians, straights, and gay men that comprise PTTV--more or less in that order--has produced four of the earliest activist



documentaries pertaining to the AIDS crisis. In *PWAC Talks Back* (1988) the late Max Navarre of the People with AIDS Coalition (PWAC), discusses the organization's unique publications *Surviving and Thriving with AIDS* and *PWAC Newslite*, a monthly newsletter. In *Simon Watney Speaks about Clause 28* (1988) the author of *Policing Desire: Pornography, AIDS and the Media* provides a scathing critique of homophobia in the UK by closely reading the mainstream media coverage of England's repressive legislation against queers. Like Jesse Helm's parallel amendment to a bill on AIDS education funding, Section 28 limits government support for "materials which promote homosexuality."

Then the San Diego crew came out with *Transformer AIDS* in 1989, which feature University of California, San Diego graduate Bob Kinney illustrating the vacuity of Ronald Reagan's lip service to the AIDS crisis. Two years later the same queer crew again occupied the university's in-house studio and graced us with *The Silence that Silences*, which calls into question "pictures without context." Kinney examines desolate, desperate, lonely photographs of people with AIDS taken by Rosalind Solomon and Nicholas Nixon, and sees not the implied "AIDS victim," but rather a manipulated image of people living with AIDS who seem to lack agency and voice, unlike many people with HIV who are vehemently fighting with their lives, for support, love, family, friends, lovers, and themselves. Like other activist collectives, PTTV/Southwest also used footage of protest in its half-hour reformulations of mistaken, mainstream dictum, changing a documentary into unapologetic agitprop.

Such informal linkages as those between the Paper Tiger collective and House of Color similarly inform the history of another early, collectively produced tape on the AIDS crisis, *Testing the Limits: NYC*. In spring 1987, the Testing the Limits Collective (TTL) turned out their half-hour documentary about what some people living with AIDS were saying and doing about the dominant heedlessness of government and medical officials. Notably, the gay and lesbian liberation movement was the genesis both for this collective video work and for the earliest activist responses to the AIDS crisis.



DEMONS

MONOZYGOTE PRODUCTIONS

A new video by Robert & Donald Kinney

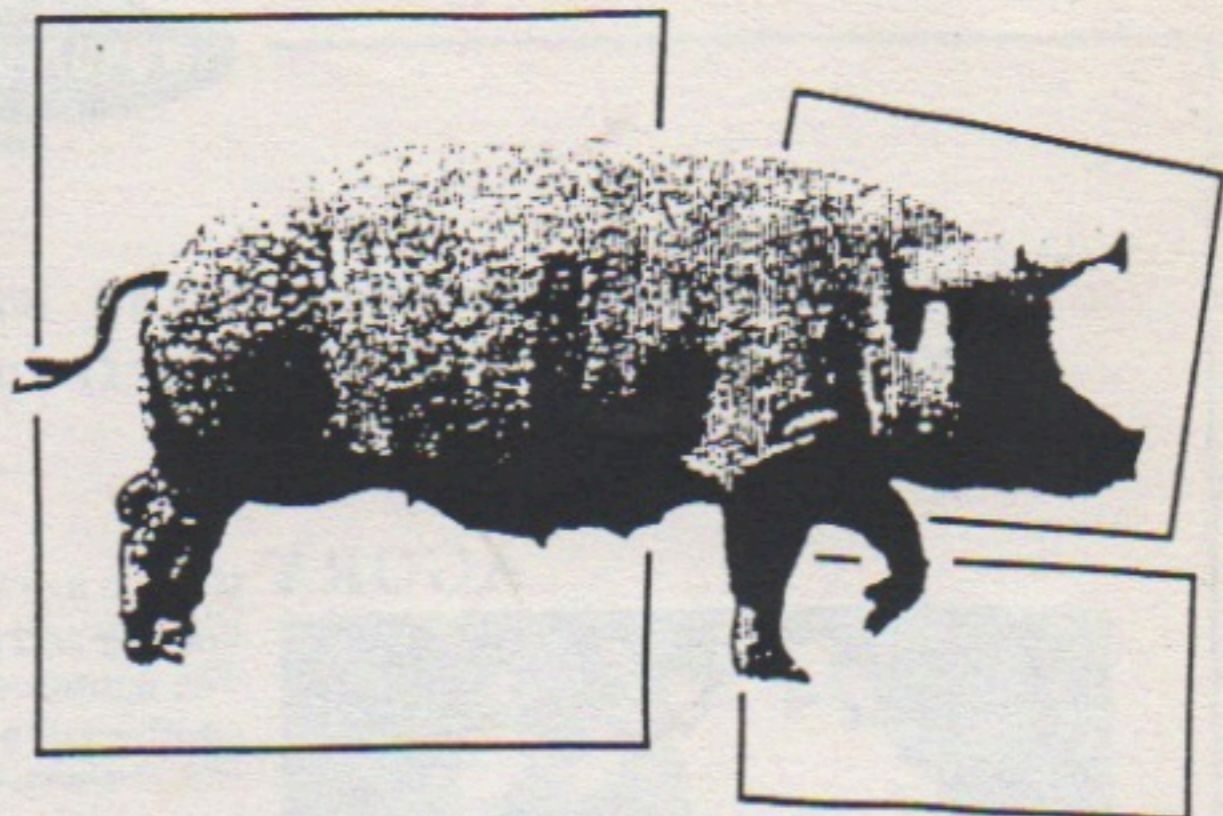
USA, 1994, Approx. 70 mins., Color

DEMONS is a surreal horror story about three individuals caught in the struggle to survive. Within the often romanticized idealism of "life on the farm," family members are pitted against each other; fighting for their own autonomy and the often competing strength of sexual desire. Set in the rural Midwest in the early 1960's, this contemporary American folk tale is an expressive exploration of provincial insularity, sexuality and the law.

Write the Kinneys, "Like all our work, **DEMONS** investigates the complex terrain of gay subjectivity and the cultural parameters of sexual behavior."

Robert and Donald are videomakers whose works include **AGORA**, **STEPHEN** and **THE SILENCE THAT SILENCES**. Their collaborative works have screened in solo and group exhibitions and for Queer film & video festivals internationally. The twin brothers are recipients of awards from the Wexner Center for the Arts and the Lyn Blumenthal Memorial Fund for Independent Video. **DEMONS** was presented in part for conference panels at the College Art Association (CAA) in New York and the Society for Photographic Education (SPE) in Chicago. An essay by the Kinneys will appear in the NY video quarterly, **FELIX**.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT:



Written, produced and directed by Robert and Donald Kinney.

With Ursula C. McCarty, Roy Hamlin and Aaron Brantley.

Music score by **EUCALYPTUS**.



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(FAX) 312.541.8073



339 Lafayette Street
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(TEL) 212.420.8196

MONOZYGOTE

PRODUCTIONS

"The most controversial works will likely be the videos written and directed by the Kinney twins..." Gary Susman/The Boston Phoenix

AGORA



is set in a drab motel hell and inhabited by two couples on the lam; one gay and one lesbian and a comically agoraphobic desk clerk. The narrative is an exploration of experiences within the narrow confines of a Midwestern moral code.

1992, 73 minutes, Color, Monozygote Productions

"The Kinneys dish up startlingly original slices of American life in all its melodramatic glory."

David Hirsch/The Boston Reader

"My festival fave...A bizarre, gorgeously hyper-real slice of middle America." Glen Helfand/San Francisco Weekly

"Here's New Queer Cinema at its best."

Bruce Sylvester/WMBR 88.1 FM Boston

STEPHEN



focuses on the story of twins locked in a complex emotional and sexual relationship. Based on a chapter from Thornton Wilder's The Bridge of San Luis Rey, the work evolves toward an unresolvably complicated sketch of AIDS terror and empathy.

1991, 28 Minutes, Color, Monozygote Productions

"An utterly unique vision on festival screens."

C.S. Goetz/Gaybeat, Columbus, Ohio

"Sharp, distinctive, intellectually charged and aesthetically intriguing."

Dennis Harvey/The Daily Californian

THE SILENCE THAT SILENCES



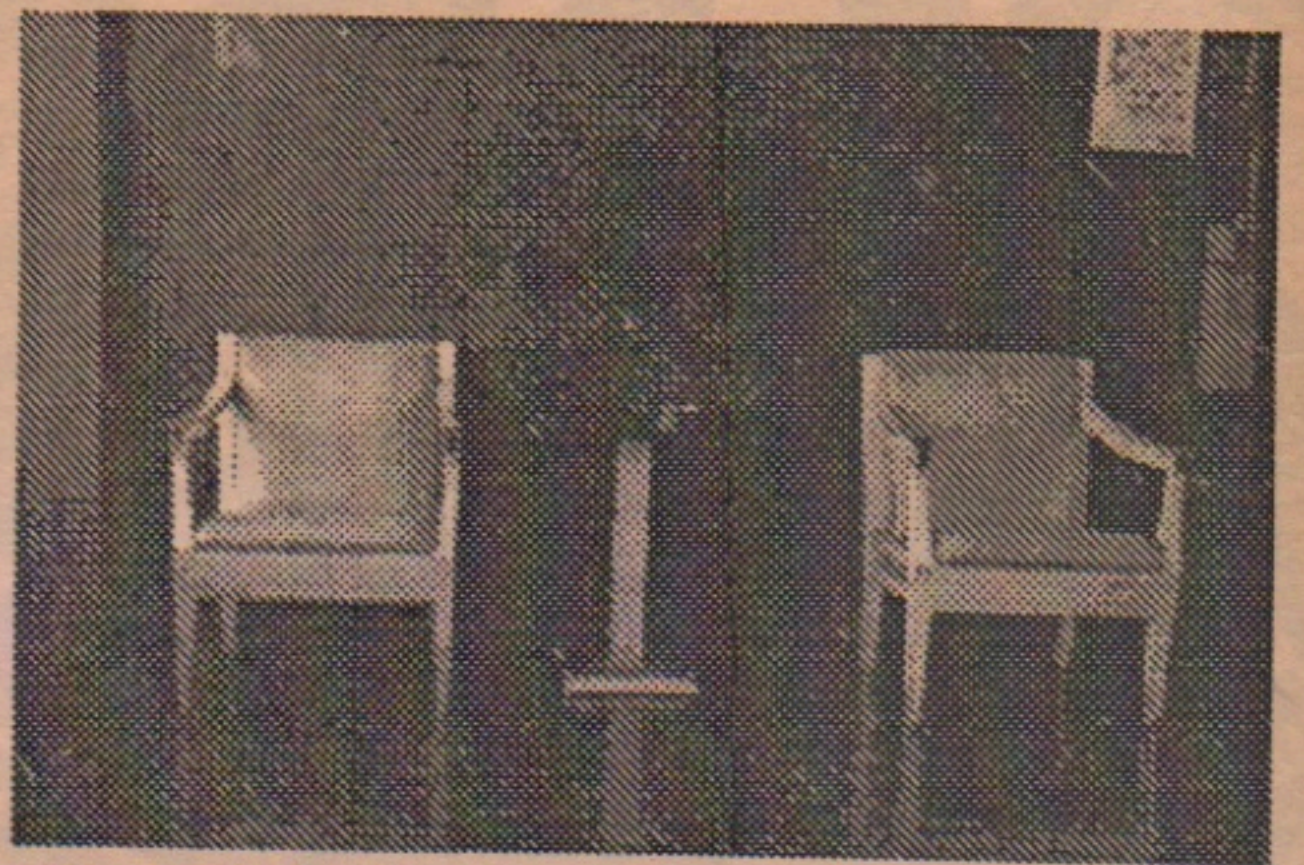
utilizes fictional narrative, documentary footage, and analysis to investigate how representations of people living with AIDS are constructed in mainstream news reporting and art exhibitions.

1990, 28 Minutes, Color, Paper Tiger Southwest Productions

"...invigorating, funny and painful critique of the media's AIDS portrayal to date."

Dennis Harvey/The Daily Californian

Featured in Queer Looks, Routledge Press 1993



1994 MONOZYGOTE PRODUCTIONS