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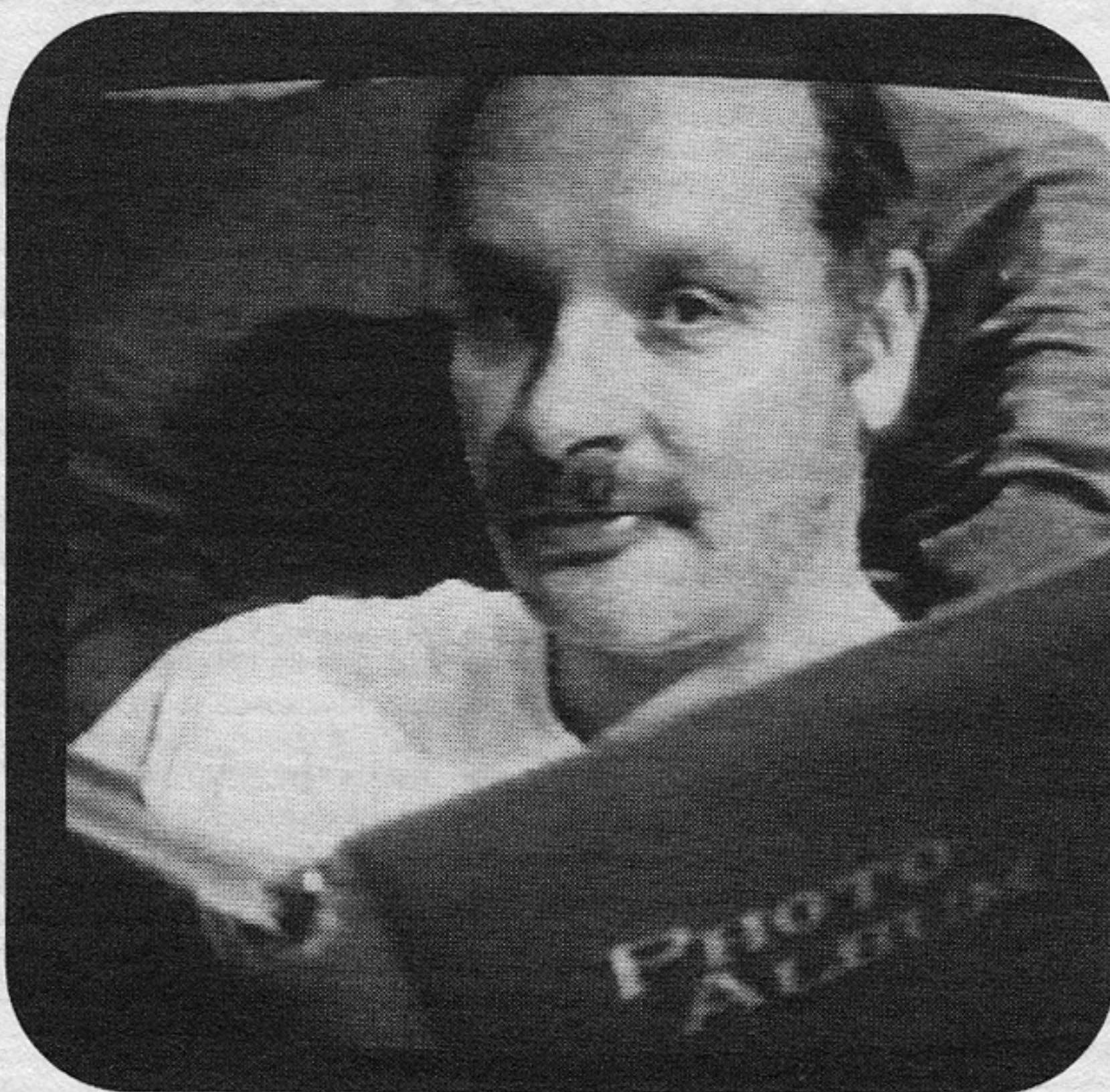


Curated by
Steve Reinke
for
Pleasure Dome and YYZ

with essays by
Steve Reinke, Robert Lee and Steve Seid
and
a George Kuchar Videography

1996

The **George Kuchar** *experience*



descriptive notes of new videos by George Kuchar

HOLIDAZE

1994

15:30 min.

The season sweeps through in a blur of glitches, gulps and sweetened goo as chimes wring out the old and ring in the new.



Young Hollywood

1994

12:30 min.

Greasepaint flows freely as the talents of tinsel-town strut their stuff amid the rundown dreams of days gone by.

Sins of Bunny Love

1994

15:20 min.

A College girl runs rampant through the young lives of Sarah Lawrence College and leaves behind the rubble of shattered souls and deflated desires that litter the halls of learning - by - hard - knocks!

The George Kuchar *experience*

Pleasure Dome, *Friday, June 28th*

- 1989 500 Millibars to Ecstasy, 16'
- 1990 Snap 'n' Snatch, 6'
- 1991 Foto Spread, 6'
- 1987 Evangelust, 35'
- 1996 Homes for the Holiday, 20'
- 1996 Anniversary Shmaltz, 10'
- 1996 The Crimes of Armand Tessler, 50'

YYZ Artists' Outlet, *Wednesday June 26th – Saturday July 27th*

- 1986 Weather Diary 1, 81'
- 1987 Creeping Crimson, 15'
- Cult of the Cubicles, 45'
- Evangelust, 35'
- Rainy Season, 28'
- Video Album 5: The Thursday People, 60'
- 1988 Weather Diary 3, 24'
- 1989 500 Millibars to Ecstasy, 16'
- 1990 Letter from New York, 12'
- Snap 'n' Snatch, 6'
- Weather Diary 6, 30'
- 1991 Foto Spread, 6'
- 1992 Award, 20'
- 1993 Dial a Kvetch, 19'
- 1994 Holidayze, 12'

The George Kuchar Experience

by Steve Reinke



Curatorial Methodology

I spent six days at the Video Data Bank watching as much of Kuchar's video work as I could (excluding most of his student collaborations). I made a short list of the twenty five-or-so works I found the most compelling. I chose the fifteen works which comprise the exhibition from this short list. I tried to show at least one work from every year since Kuchar began making videos (1986). The tapes I like best feature George in his inimitable process of self-examination rather than those works which primarily document his friends. I've favoured the Bronx/New York tapes over the San Francisco ones, partly because I like to see George's mom. I decided to show only one student collaboration and chose the funniest, *Evangelust*, rather than the darker, more complex *The Fall of the House of Yasmin*.

Turds

Kuchar has said that the difference between his melodramas and documentaries is that the turds are fake in the melodramas, but real — and always his — in the documentaries. The melodramatic turds are fashioned from dog food. The documentary turds ostensibly function as evidence of the over-consumption of sausages and pizza, the plight of Kuchar's aging body as it eats its way through America's junk (food) culture. But like Kuchar's other gentle transgressions, the turds are a parody of the confessional mode.

Dirty Underwear

Where there are turds — voluminous, loose turds — dirty underwear cannot be far behind. We must confess any irregular bowel movements. We must maintain acceptable levels of personal hygiene. In such matters the ultimate authority is always mom. From the final scene in *Cult of the Cubicles*: “Dear Lord, I’m sorry I fight with my mother, but my underwear is my business and the business of my audience. They ain’t that yellow.” But why is it our business and not mom’s? In this seeming reversal of power relations, of public and private, Kuchar has destabilized discourses of self-knowledge which include the diary, the confession, the autobiography. And he’s made us complicit. His dirty laundry is not only our business, it’s the *raison d’être* of the tapes. It’s not that George’s white cotton briefs are always dirty. He just has no reason to show us his clean ones. What would be the point?

Acknowledgments

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Finally, an even more special thanks to everyone at Video Data Bank — especially Mindy Faber — for taking such an active interest in *The George Kuchar Experience* and allowing us to print their Kuchar videography and the Steve Seid essay.

El Reno

by Robert Lee



I

News reports of disasters in places that have nothing to do with him place him in a trance. He witnesses too many deaths. Later, he goes to the mall and decides that he witnesses too few.

They were going to kill him in cold blood but they let him warm up a little.

In a coffee shop replete with music and empty chairs, the song YOU'VE GOT TO SERVE SOMEONE, seems like an admonition to the waitress.

In a film called VIVE L'AMOUR, days are almost always overcast, nothing is explained, there's hardly any dialogue, and no music to speak of. Days much like his own.

He inhabits screens more than rooms.

His bright overhead light doesn't switch off. Rats have chewed through the wires. The ladder has disappeared. Unable to sleep, he rereads his diary. At least there's some darkness there.

Only films without much editing, shot in real time, appeal to him. If he can tolerate banality on the screen perhaps he can adapt to daily life without the expectation of a change of scenery.

He finds himself nodding off all day long as if his life were a film that he couldn't stay awake for.

His new neighbor uses his smoke detector while smoking in bed the way someone might use an alarm clock.

2

It always begins before you notice it, like most beginnings. Although his room is the type of place where things are more likely to end rather than begin.

Dogs bark all night. A rat burrows in the wall behind his head. And his neighbor plays a song called, TELL ME WHO DO YOU REALLY LOVE? over and over.

Every place has its time, a year for which it's the worldly counterpart, when it becomes typical. People are the same.

He wanted to become a meteorologist, a weather expert, so that he would always have something to say.

He found a picture of himself smiling and wondered if he would ever be that happy again.

More days which preclude the need to describe them.

The owner of the tattoo parlour solicits him as he passes, because you've got the space, man.

The coffee shop waitress has a new perm.

The music next door sounds like what you might describe as rabbit turds.

3

He watches another film in which the protagonist must have a worse end than his.

He no longer sits in the front row to witness things first but to be closer to the people on the screen.

In a magazine interview a retired actor says, they see me in a way that I never see myself, there are many shots of the back of my head.

Down those mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean.

At the supermarket, many people who look like force-fed geese.

Who said, North Americans possess space but have no sense of distance. He needs only to look out his front door to get an idea of what is yet to come.

Tell me your level so that I can sink or rise to it, he says to the bathtub.

As he moves away from one disaster, he gets closer to the next.

It's messy only because he's cleaning up.

4

A second power station, another shopping centre. Another motionless disaster which nonetheless approaches.

His room looks lived in, but by what? The cleaning lady tells him that his pet smells.

His neighbours shout at each other and the couple on the Cantonese television program shout along with them.

He moves slowly but he's unsafe at any speed.

He looks for a different place to spend a summer or a life. He doesn't want to travel but if he stares at the screen long enough, his mind will wander.

At the coffee shop, a chain smoker who didn't carry matches. He lit each new cigarette from the old one.

Young men who hung out in doorways were hard to look at and hard not to look at too.

His digital watch says 2:43. In the darkness he has no sense of distance, the red numerals could be the size of a billboard, only seen from far away.

Captive events, like captive animals and captive audiences, no longer reproduce in captivity. At night, he listens to his neighbor's pet scratch on the floor.



MONGREL MELODRAMAS AND OTHER BITES ON THE LEG:



The Videoworks of George Kuchar

by Steve Seid

The Fifties may have been possessed by the Cold War, but there was plenty of heat being generated in the sweaty recesses of pulp culture. A desirous lad, George Kuchar warmed himself before the tawdry spectacle of cheap Hollywood films and tabloid titillation. For a pimple-faced youth, this mediated miasma issued the dark but seductive promise of UFOs over the capitol building, blonds with bullet-shaped breasts, Bigfoot by the barbecue pit, and a dimly lit street where a trickle of blood ran silently down the gutter.

Adding his own botched pubescence to the formula, George, along with twin brother Mike, began making tumid little films, such as *Hold Me While I'm Naked* (1966), *Eclipse of the Sun Virgin* (1967) and *I Was a Teenage Rumpot* (1960), that wreaked havoc with the cornball conventions and questionable mores of Hollywood movies, grades B-Z. Filled with mind-boggling parody, unbridled passion, and an almost illicit array of actors, Kuchar's films became underground rages, and, he, a legend in his own brine.

Twenty or so years later, George Kuchar bought a camcorder and the rest is his story.

To be accurate, the year was 1985.

Kuchar was frustrated: "I was a prisoner of what I had watched and I was re-living it, not just rehashing it in my movies, but actually living it in my personal life." Filmmaking wasn't the creative release he needed. The elaborate staging areas, formalized plots, fantastical props, and actors galore were a logistical nightmare, not a wet dream.

With video, the possibilities were otherwise. The simultaneity of the image allowed what you "watched" and what you "lived" to merge. Desire no longer remained an onlooker in the dome of pleasure. Now Kuchar could simply enter life, 8mm camcorder in hand, and seek out the maudlin and melodramatic. It was everywhere, invested by the same cultural detritus that had brought us Karen Carpenter, Pet Rocks and the corn-field circles. And Kuchar's tabloid genius acted like a divining rod finding the fecund and the fecal in the familiar.

But something else was afoot. The portability, inconspicuous size and adaptability of the camcorder allowed Kuchar to be everywhere at once. He was behind the camera cajoling innocent bystanders, before the camera pouring out heart-rending confessions about spent youth and intestinal juices, and somewhere in-between adding campy layers of in-camera observation.

This wasn't entirely diaristic videowork, but a tabloid-inspired hybrid informed by a five-and-dime aesthetic, a lurid lexicon of B-movies, and a wit impressed by the intrinsic sadness of life. Out of this strange brew came a parade of immaculately conceived videoworks: *500 Millibars to Ecstasy*, *The Thursday People*, *Cult of the Cubicles*, *The Migration of the Blubberoids*, *Vile Cargo*, *Gastronomical Getaway* and countless others.



Kuchar's first videowork, *Weather Diary 1* (1985), a 90-minute epic that takes place in a dank motel in Oklahoma's Tornado Alley, quickly reveals the magnificent obsessions that have graced his subsequent ventures. Filled with reports of imminent storms, the surrounding tumultuous landscape, and Kuchar's rumbling digestive tract, the tape seems, at first, a

grandiose confessional. But the stormy, external atmosphere becomes the elemental screen upon which his inner world is cast. Here, tornadic activity finds its human counterpart in the funnel of a just-flushed toilet. Kuchar's frequent mention of his digestive tract is not the result of a scatological fixation. It is an unsettled tract about yearning and fulfillment: Roloids can't fill the emptiness within.

Constructed entirely in-camera, *Weather Diary 1* relies on visceral humor, B-movie soundtracks, brilliant framing, and an uncanny sense of timing. Timing is of the essence: to add complexity to the narrative, Kuchar inserts new snippets into already recorded scenes. Close-ups of motel art, jocular asides, TV news and other momentary ruptures introduce new rhythms and an accreted depth to the storytelling.

Kuchar's videoworks are most certainly stories, albeit diaristic in bent. He has so completely assimilated the tropes, conventions and conceits of Hollywood film that any encounter is colored by an intrinsic reflex for the dramatic. "Most of us see life in the form of a Hollywood movie anyway," Kuchar remarked. "And so in diaristic videos you can add music at just the right time also and orchestrate the shots of mom making potato blintzes so that it looks like she's in a Brian DePalma movie." Thus Kuchar's "spontaneity" is often the result of his pre-meditated desire for visual pleasure.

In their unembellished mode, Kuchar's videoworks appear to be contact prints, direct, unmediated renderings of his experience, but with a twist of irony. In *The Muffled Darkness* (1987), he tells us of his desire to be viewed while still bearing a moderately youthful body. Standing naked, Kuchar looks burdened and vulnerable in a drearily framed image. This is composition corrupting confession.

At a more sophisticated level, Kuchar introduces himself as the diaristic object, but with all the trappings of a fictional character. Again in *The Muffled Darkness*, his reclusive yearnings find their visual completion at a party where he literally lurks in the corners. He becomes the dramatized reification of his own alienation.

When verité seems inadequate to express his internal workings, Kuchar simply abandons the mode. Unabashed, he slyly inserts staged sequences into the narrative, segueing without apparent motive. The effect is a dizzying surface of chameleon-like credibility. *Cult of the Cubicles* (1987) is built around a series of interviews with Kuchar's old classmates, observed in their claustrophobic living quarters. Stepping from one apartment into another, we witness an intimate scene in which two romancers grapple on a shabby couch. A knock at the door disturbs their desperate embrace and Kuchar enters. Somehow his camcorder has arrived first!

Though Kuchar's imagination is infested with the Bs, the camcorder, itself, colors much of his artmaking. Kuchar carries the camcorder around like an extra appendage, learning its quirks, embracing its features, salving over its faults. "I know when it's sick. It squeaks like a parakeet in damp weather," he said about his first camera.

Kuchar's early works were accomplished entirely in-camera by recording over sagging scenes, inserting artwork, commentary and cutaways. However, the density of his narratives disguise their slim technical origins. Camcorder in hand, Kuchar has pushed his exquisite corpus beyond its visible means of support.

Recently, Kuchar assembled a consumer-grade edit system and entered a new phase of videomaking. "Since you can't get too attached to a certain technique or machine because of continual decay and advancement, you have to figure out ways to push the right buttons," Kuchar declared. "You can mimic your previous techniques and if that's too cumbersome, you abandon it for concept rejuvenation."

Kuchar's newer tapes, such as *Come Forth, Julyowa* (1991) and *Weather Watch* (1991), are big media splashes, filled with bilious split screens, whirligig wipes, and cornball colorization. What in a lesser artist emerges as groaning bad taste, here constitutes a seamless aesthetic of the seamy. Kuchar's total commitment to ticky-tacky culture re-invests the abuses

of low-end video effects with an overarching design: Kitsch by Kuchar.

But Kuchar makes good *thematic* use of these electronic devices. They are not gratuitous flourishes, though they can be enjoyed as such. In *Gastronomic Getaway* (1991), Kuchar visits Yosemite Valley with a slightly anorexic companion. He equates her eating ailment with a kind of disruption of the natural order. Using wipes, Kuchar breaks up and rearranges Yosemite's spectacular landscape, corrupting its healthy symmetry.

As obsessive as his subject, Kuchar employs split screen editing techniques in the 85-minute *Sherman Acres* (1991) to out-suds the soap opera genre. However, split screen doesn't imply simultaneity of action as the convention would dictate.

Kuchar uses this A/B roll technique to create a pile-up of concupiscent collisions as his randy cast of characters cavort.

Sherman Acres, a soap in six episodes, represents a specific form of Kuchariana, the student collaboration. As a veteran film and video instructor at San Francisco's Art Institute, Kuchar has amassed a considerable catalog of projects completed at semester's end. *Calling Dr. Petrov* (1987), *Evangelust* (1988) and *Sherman Acres* are notable entries. Powered by highly energetic students, these works are wildly ambitious, jerry-rigged epics that slash-and-burn their way through the Hollywood lexicon. Under Kuchar's

directorial gaze, no convention is left unscathed, no taboo left untouched. Perhaps funnier and saucier than his personal works, Kuchar's student projects show his debauched affection for the stuff of cinema.

"I love Hollywood imagery," Kuchar says. "It's a vast storehouse of incredible, visual material and craftsmanship: a wealth of color coordination and manipulated people and props. It's a treasure chest of immeasurable wealth for future visual combinations and ideas."

But George Kuchar's best videoworks are not about tawdry tinseltown, the queasy ethos, the unseemly images. They are about Kuchar, alone with his camcorder. They are about a contemporary being, standing beneath a stricken sky, trying to make sense out of the debris of a culture gone awry. Kuchar's self-portraits show a fractured Post-Modern man who has truck with cheesy sci-fi, Hostess Ding Dongs and Jim Bakker. There's laughter and snickering and a quirky love for the bozo down at the next booth. And there's also a pervasive sense of tragedy, that the body sags, that love withers, and that some stains don't come out in the wash.

Once you've met George, you'll never wash your hands of him.

Interview

What director have you had the least influence on? Probably the most successful ones.

Who would you like to star in your next tape?
Something computer generated.

If the Yeti had a middle name, what would it be?
Etta.

What don't you want to know about people?
What they really think.

If you could have a tornado set down anywhere, where would that be? Away from cows.

Are there UFOs above Utah?
They might be below it too.

Is "Raging Bull" a better film than "Pink Flamingos"? They're both rather kinetic.

What part of the earth's surface is the most sensual? Fumeroles.

Do clouds appear on clear days? Eventually.

What happened to Mamie Van Doren?
She's hosting teen-flicks on Rhino Video.

What is your:

hat size? 7 & 3/4

astrological sign? Virgo

least adored vegetable?

I'll eat anything with sour cream on it.

How old is Blackie? 11

What is the first film you remember seeing?

Something about a plane crash with Spencer Tracy.

If you could have one artwork, which one would

it be? Something with the Catskill Mountains.

Was Baudrillard:

a sports car?

a philosopher?

a crescent roll with cheese-flavoring?

I think it was just cheese and no roll.

What distinguishes film from video?

Making films was like building a house: you picked up these materials and moved them around and they weighed alot. You also cut things with sharp instruments and glued them together. With videotape, it's like you made a blueprint of the house in full color and its looks liveable and you're happy to just live the dream without actually moving into it with all that horrendous baggage.

Are you aligned with amateur videomakers?

I think so, because my stuff is worked on at home and even when I was making films the only technical literature I read was the simplest booklets on how to "Shoot a Movie Story" for amateur enthusiasts and the booklets were about \$2.00. Even when I was painting I'd only read the \$2.00 Walter Foster volumes they sell at Woolworths. It made it more fun.



Videography

Tapes are available from Video Data Bank



1985

Reunion in Los Angeles 24'

They bathe, they breathe, they believe — in the dream.

Studio 8 22'

The place where my students and I confront each other and glimpse into a world infiltrated by beloved infidels.

Thanksgiving '85 15'

Mom cooks a bird and people lay on couches while the TV televises and weeds grow rampant in what's left of nature.

Video Album 1 51'

A very chatty array of people along with still photos and a loose-tongued cab driver, make this a leisurely stroll through my social life of several years ago.

1986

Greetings From Boulder 50'

One of the earlier video diaries where George vacations in Colorado, reflects on scenery and animal life and visits people.

The Last Hello 20'

A friend visits from Canada and we relive the past as the future becomes more and more obscured by a cloud of burning vegetation wrapped in cigarette paper and exhaled by a pair of lungs unable to supply a brain with the necessary oxygen (mercifully) to remember the past.

Video Album 2 54'

The viewer meets a grab-bag of gabby folks from here and abroad as I drop by to see them or they come to my apartment for tea and sympathy. You also get to visit endangered film showcases and see people who are now either deceased or divorced.

Video Album 3 50'

One of George's earliest and first videos is a classic and features George's friend and filmmaker Curt McDowell.

Video Album 4 47'

I shuffle through this one bloated with blab and flab as we visit filmmakers, underground comic artists and an animal or two.

Weather Diary 1 81'

This feature-length tape documents one month in a trailer park/motel in Oklahoma. The tape follows passing weather systems and the parade of people passing by. "The tape ultimately addresses all the big questions — death, origin and family, religion — as well as the small discomforts of the body, only to reverse their order of importance." Margaret Morse, Framework, Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibitions

Xmas 1986 15'

A document of Christmas balls and gluttony amid a babble of talking heads that also chew at the season's offerings. A vision of darkness made palatable by colored lights and Tabasco sauce.

1987**1980 Seven 28'**

This piece is sort of a prologue to *East by Southwest*. I prepare for that trip while visiting local artists here in San Francisco. You get to see unique sculpture by Mike Rudnick and meet the offspring and pets of the culturally inclined. There is also a gallery encounter with the late filmmaker, Curt McDowell, who attends an opening of his photomontages.

Caged Culture 15'

Two women, miles apart in spatial terms, chat about their art and motivational meanderings amid images of Chinese potstickers and fresh pasta. A man sits with them and chews the fat, revealing the ups and downs of social intercourse and parental secretions (secrets).

Calling Dr. Petrov 20'

This tape focuses on the troubles at a big hospital beset with calamity and vice. We meet the doctors and nurses and get a glimpse of their personal traumas.

Creeping Crimson 15'

George visits his mother in the hospital on Halloween and contemplates the autumn colors.

Cult of the Cubicles 45'

In this classic example of the Kuchar style, George travels to the Bronx to visit his mother and to see old classmates from art school. "We see what they have become or are becoming or already became."

The Desert Within 19'

This is a journey to El Paso, Texas, where the super 8mm filmmaker Willie Varella and I have a dialogue amid domestic routines, motel accommodations and emotional baggage indicative of life on the road.

East by Southwest 38'

A trip to Boston to visit a local filmmaker in his studio is followed by a journey to the cinematic facilities of SUNY college in Purchase, NY, and then to the kitchen and living quarters of my mother in the Bronx. My mother is in her most candid mode as we relate and debate. My brother Mike suffers dental woes too.

Housecalls 13'

Even bitterness cannot sour the goodies presented to me in such a congenial container of nifty nourishment that presents itself to me amid the ultra-violet splendor of California backyards.

Muffled Darkness 20'

George is invited to the AFI Video Festival to see his tape, *Video Album 5: The Thursday People* screened but detours into a melodrama about the fear of internal spaces in buildings.

Rainy Season 28'

Thanksgiving in California is the setting for this tape in which the viewer experiences the depression inherent during festive periods. There were many things bothering me at this time or maybe it was one thing that broke into many pieces.

Video Album 5: The Thursday People 60'

The comings and goings of the late underground filmmaker, Curt McDowell and the people and activities that came and went along

with him are the themes that run through this existential diary of daily life.

We, the Normal 11'

On a back-to-nature trip to Boulder, George goes to the mountains but goes on the rocks emotionally.

Weather Diary 2 70'

In a motel in El Reno, Oklahoma, George observes the weather and copes with leaking air conditioning, food shopping, loneliness, television and eating, among other things.

Xmas 1987 (New Years) 13'

In this sequel to Rainy Season, George recovers from his depression and experiences "a little joy" during a New Years' Eve night of champagne cork-popping. A tree, a carrot cake, a fire in the hearth and a spin at The Wheel of Fortune; it's all here for the viewing.

1988

The Celluloids 27'

George stays in San Francisco for this tape about local filmmakers and their future projects.

Evangelust 35'

A deliberately tasteless drama about the evangelists' scandals.

George Kuchar Goes to Work with Today's Youth 45'

A video shot by his film students during the course of several semesters at the San Francisco Art Institute which depicts the working conditions and methods of the director as they strive to bring to the screen 16mm movies of extremely low budget and almost no production values.

The Hurt that Fades 25'

A three-day teleplay done at CalArts takes a sordid behind-the-scenes look at an art school professor's life.

L.A. Screening Workshop 30'

George spends a week in Los Angeles on business and at eating engagements. "I eat in Beverly Hills and do my business behind closed doors for a change...."

The Leviathan Lounge 6'

A short documentary on a large individual as he performs in our class production at the San Francisco Art Institute. He fills the frame with pathos and paltry pleasures while the skinny suck on sour grapes and gurgle in glee.

Low Light Life 15'

Shot in low light style, George documents his experiences with various underground filmmakers such as James Broughton and Ken Jacobs, and then moves on to the other side of Hollywood lifestyle to visit Nicholas Cage. Haunting images of crowds and facial close-ups construct the tape.

Mecca of the Frigid 14'

George visits underground filmmaker Robert Nelson in Milwaukee and they tackle the cold on Lake Michigan.

Motivation of the Carcasoids 28'

A month-long video workshop at the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee results in a loud and action-packed drama. Layers of subplots revolve around the central theme of the violent/emotional body climax in redemption.

Orbits of Fear 20'

A military installation is beset by unidentified flying objects while the personnel try to come to grips with their own mysterious yearnings and the cumbersome protuberances that protrude from their own species.

Return to the House of Pain 27'

It documents my walking through the turf and sludge of the Big Apple and many worm holes. I chomp my way back west and gnaw on all that sinks stomachward and beyond in vertiginous aching.

Terror by Twilight 6'

George is in Tampa, Florida to do a one-day video workshop so they make a fast-moving tape of an upcoming attractions clip about a non-existent UFO abduction movie.

Weather Diary 3 24'

George goes to Oklahoma but there is a lull in storm activity. It is spring and though there is romance in the air, the lightning just doesn't strike, so George makes his own rain—of sorts. Despite the drought, the videos must go on. Weather Diary 3 received the award for Best Documentary at the 1989 Atlanta Film/Video Festival.

Weather Diary 4 47'

Attempting to apologize for the lack of good weather in Weather Diary 3, George arrives in Milwaukee only to find the drought back in full swing. Since there's not enough good weather, the tape becomes a social diary against the backdrop of the *Motivation of the Carcasoids* project.

1989

500 Millibars to Ecstasy 16'

The dark and sloppy side of touring college towns with your work. An internal expose of external secretions that unfortunately make it to the boob tube in full color.

Chili Line Stops Here 21'

A journey that begins in a Kansas City hotel and ends up in New Mexico. The bumpy ride is fueled with libidinous juices as it lurches through college dormitories and sun-baked ghost towns. Rocks are lifted and things crawl out for all to see.

The Deafening Goo 15'

A prop-filled encounter with a young fantasy filmmaker eventually becomes muffled by an earwax problem I develop but not before the viewer is dragged through studio 8 where my class and I are concocting a sordid, high school melodrama.

Fill Thy Crack with Whiteness 11'

A music-filled tour of Christmas good cheer overtakes this gastronomically oriented excursion through the winter season of discontent and yuletide yearnings craving ignition.

Hefner's Heifers 13'

This is a fast-paced peek at a local cable television show and the glitzy tragedies that make it to the airwaves unannounced.

Love Me True 37'

Love is in the air as newlyweds chomp on cake, brides marry werewolves and hatchets fall on adulterous heads. Amid the real-life romance is mixed the real-life business of directing my film students in a tale of run-away passions for the silver screen.

The Migration of the Blubberoids 11'

A chance to view the upper Bronx as a mantle of whiteness cloaks its natural splendor like icing on a cake and things all blubbery bob to the surface for air and a sniff of the 'good life'.

Pictures at an Exhibitionists' 45'

A wide-ranging look at pictures I collect on my walls and in my head. A look at pictures I concoct with my students at the San Francisco Art Institute and objects d'art collected by those whose picture is taken by my picture-taking machine.

Plucking of the Succulents 5'

A visit to the juicy estate of a robust film director, featuring an assorted cast of barbecued hunks and tender thighs.

Precious Products 15'

In *Precious Products* we are subtly reminded of this country's obsession with consumerism and narcissism. With his ever present Video-8mm camcorder, George attends an opening of "Precious Products", an exhibition of art works satirizing art as commodity. He leaves the San Francisco art world to spend a Christmas holiday with friends in an opulent home. Ironically, this is the home of a celebrity (another kind of commodity), Russian defector/ballerina Natalia Makanova. Surrounded by all the luxuries of life and Makanova's image, George muses about death. Panning a dressing table laden with products, he focuses on a People magazine and comments, "We are precious products, all of us." —Carole Ann Klonarides

Say Yes To No 15'

A short production I concocted with the students from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago and a tour throughout the old Playboy Mansion in Chicago where I bedded down for several days . . . alone and confused.

Weather Diary 5 38'

A more socially active addition to the Weather Diary series, in this tape we get to meet the natives and participate in the rituals of business and schooling and high hopes on the flatlands.

The Web of Dr. Satan 40'

A non-stop, psychedelic action-serial depicting the gnawing bitterness of a UFO debunker as he sinks in a sea of new-age imagery and nubile neophytes.

1990**Big Ones Hurt 30'**

The unstable earth becomes the focus or epicenter of this videotape document which explores, in a fractured way, the relationship of people, places, and furniture that sit on top of the San Andreas Fault.

Curse of the Kurva 23'

Something primitive projects into the present to upset the lives of a group of people delving into past-life regression techniques. The

hairy intrusion is both attractive and repellent as he strips bare a suburban carcass composed of Christian pretensions and pagan proclivities.

Edible Atrocities 10'

We are what we eat and we talk about what we are so naturally we get hungry all the time. Join my friends as we not only hear but we see what they are and we taste the essence of each one without the fear of emotional attachment. A leisurely, if somewhat 'lazy Susan' of chewable tidbits that can be spit out if so desired (or undesired). A session of chowing down and chewing the fat with an assortment of gobblers that break bread but no wind with me.

The Fall of the House of Yasmin 53'

A pile-up of human refuse and super-human powers permeates this hour-long canvas of bits and pieces documenting the smash-up of a house of healing as the physicians in charge short circuit amid the electronic wizardry beyond the Panasonic barrier. Made with my students.

Kiss of the Veggie Vixon 16'

A portrait of Marion Eaton, film and stage actress, etched with a green thumb and a brown nose.

Letter from New York 14'

A mother sews, a son yearns for meat, a friend relives the past via glamour shots of a forgotten slab of cheesecake who ferments off-camera. A slice of life with the bowl of cherries missing. Old friends and back again in this brief visit to a corner of the world that locks itself away with crunchy carbohydrates and six inch protein protuberances.

Munchkins of Melody Manor 35'

From the fall colors of the Bronx we travel up the Hudson River to Bard College and chew the fat with some notable faculty in the film department who live in the shadow of the Catskill Mountains. Then it is down to Sarasota, Florida we go to prowl the manicured jungles and opulent estates on Tampa Bay. All of the above is punctuated by a symphonic squad of melodic mannequins and cranked-up antiques that spew forth jingles that jangle in jubilation at the bounty deposited in their slots.

A Passage to Wetness 14'

An island, a mountain, a City of Angels who scoop up the pellets dropped by other winged creatures.

Point 'n' Shoot 5'

A lavish home is visited, shutters click, bottoms are exposed, water splashes and a welcome wetness stains an area unquenched for so long. A jacuzzi bubbles to life in a bedroom community that floats to sleep on aqua-filled rubber.

A Rocky Interlude 8'

A trip to a barren landscape of jagged peaks and deep crevasses becomes a playground for an over-dressed hiker and his beefcake buddy as they secrete and imbibe fluids from various containers.

The Saga of Magda 18'

On the cornfields of Iowa is enacted a drama of a woman haunted by the legacy of her mother and the acts that lead to mom's downfall of the banks of a river. Unable to follow a different path to drier terrain, the heroine over-lubricates both inside and out and gets stuck in the muck.

Scarlet Droppings 15'

Videotaped in Normal, Illinois, during the height of autumn, a snapshot of a young girl triggers a meditation on dying innocence and sizzling sausages as a low, winter sun ignites the smoke of greasy longings and meat-eating hunger.

Snap 'n' Snatch 6'

Sort of a music video that focuses on and under young women and men engaged in focusing video and movie cameras on other young men and women.

Society Slut 69'**Tempest in a Teapot 20'**

The artist, Bruce Conner, is featured in this videotape which bounces east and west, depicting the fragility of holistic hooligans in a world of hit-and-run encounters, prozac and pizzas. A meditation on faulty plumbing and paradise lost...but not forgotten!

Vile Cargo 30'

A black and white drama that lays bare the earth-shattering events surrounding the rise and fall of certain members of the communal body in a California town ravaged by sub-terranean forces.

The Warming of Hell House 12'

A trip across the bay to Concord yields a harvest of non-fruit like beings who celebrate a house warming that simmers with macho machinations and family discord. The mood is up-beat while the company is low-brow and coming out of the bushes rather than the woodwork.

Weather Diary 6 30'

Scenes from a vacation — music comes on loud and clear and washes over a series of visual impressions of the land and the sky and the faulty plumbing that submerges porcelain bottoms in a sea of unmentionable froth.

1991

Artists in Residence 14'

The artists of the future and the past converge and converse as the funding dries up and extrapolation envisions extinction.

Baldies of Bergermeister Bungalow 16'

A fourth of July celebration ignites the ID and unleashes a digital demon hungry for imagery of the young and the restless to appease the contraption it sees through: the cannibal camcorder in a state of carnivorous conniptions!

Come Forth, Julyowa 15'

A stay in Fairfiled, Iowa reveals the American dream being riddled with that which dwells on distant planes and the need for our nation's people to express the forces of good and evil via videography and pyrotechnical vomit.

Dialogue of the Devil Dolls 10'

A behind-the-scenes look at young people engaged in creating our teleplay *The Fall of the House of Yasmin*. They flirt, talk dirty, dance and scream their way through the halls of the San Francisco Art Institute.

Foto Spread 6'

A photographer comes to my home to take pictures and gets a lens full. His mouth and his shutter snap away as I aim my finest attributes at his cold and hard equipment.

Gastronimical Get-Away 16'

Mono Lake and Yosemite Valley in California highlight this excursion into the constipated crevices of once highly active fumeroles that splattered magma and chunks of hot rock onto the Western landscape. Now the vents are blocked by eating disorders that rob our nation of its free-flowing and fertilizing heritage. We follow a woman as she sinks into a dark, inland sea of great natural beauty . . . unable to deposit her own organic pile into the rich mineral build-up that reaches skyward toward the creator who dreamt up this exquisite landscape.

Holiday Xmas Video of 1991 20'

Amid the greenery of what should be a white Christmas there sits the blackness close to my heart and beyond that there bellows a legion of behemoths who know not shame nor guilt. A homeless herd of heaven on earth that smell of fish and exotic ports of call. A call I fail to heed.

Indian Summer 10'

The colors of fall are muted by the fog of a lingering summer and the memory of that which is dark and naked among the dappled crimson.

Redhead from Riverside Terrace 26'

An urban and suburban bland of nerd, nebbish, and nympho united in the urge to create a cosmetic cosmology.

Sherman Acres 85'

The complete series is in 6 episodes and is a drama which entails psychological breakdowns, marital showdowns, and messy obsessions. The characters include a wayward priest, a promiscuous school-teacher and her proctologist husband, teen-age thrill killers and an obsession-driven psychotherapist with an enema bag. There's lots of special effects and it moves pretty fast from one major crisis to another.

Snake Goddess 5'

A combination birthday and going away party proceeds at its own, shallow pace, while revellers reminisce inwardly amid a paralyzing atmosphere of mixed drinks and emotions that choke all but the young at heart and body.

Weather Watch 15'

A window or two on the outside world is not enough especially when you have such a lousy view of things as I had in this Oklahoma residential care home. The majesty of the console model TV gave new dimension to the concept of time and space and shrink it all down to a 21-inch lump of nature; a 21-incher that didn't smell and permeate the atmosphere with discomfiture. A meditation on the elsewhere and wanting to be there.

Wet Dreams 37'

Two young women confront careers in a world of violence, lust, and show-business. This student/teacher co-production I made at the San Francisco Art Institute is a colorful collage of digital dementia.

Winter Hostilities 15'

The ground is frozen and the whiteness hides the carcass of a thing that once was happy . . . but now maybe had gotten gassed by things undigested. The bones of once mighty and blubbery beings stand erect among midgets or dangle around the necks of dormant cannibals destined for a like-wise extinction and yet, there is hope: as long as there is still a little meat on those bones our appetite for living goes on.

1992**Ann Arbor 19'**

It stands as a mecca to 16mm film and weathers the withering breath of a shifting climate. Bundled-up in opulence and optimism, the film festival goes onward and upward while I succumb to a glacial deposit that proves unflushable.

Award 20'

A behind-the-scenes look at the man behind the trophy and the poisons that taint an otherwise jubilant jamboree.

Chat 'n' Chew 15'

Cats nibble, people ingest holiday toxins, and barbecues emit clouds of disembodied fat as a woman in need of caloric consumption displays the objects of her obsession.

The Demonatrix of Kebrina Castle 64'

A high-pitched melodrama of a noise saturated spiritual journey involving a vegetarian youth embroiled in big city shenanigans and occult extravaganzas. Along the way we meet a crippled and lovely conservationist, fiery latin lovers, a Loch Ness monster and a wide assortment of characters from the gutter and the galaxy. There is a seance and a seduction at Castle Kebrina along with a glimpse of Armageddon and a repetitive message from the future that booms new age nuances into the snap, crackle, and pop stew.

Going Nowhere 10'

Frozen in time and place yet celebrating birthdays left and right, I ponder the technology that sends me out into the world via magnetism: a magnetism that not only attracts images and sound but also the particles of nothing that become something when activated by a dust mop. A meditation on white spots and black holes that suck and purr when plugged in or turned on.

Impact of the Igneous 44'

First there is a stop at Salt Lake City and a massive dose of theological imagery that prepares the viewer for the hellish landscape to come: a land of igneous outcroppings and noxious emissions peopled by mammals of exquisite bulk. A countryside plundered of its potatoes by behemoths who head for the hills with their bounty of starch and iron. Follow them to the heights of Yellowstone National Park and the depths of Pocatello, Idaho. Follow them if you dare!

Indigo Blues 33'

A volcano self-destructs ages ago leaving in its wake a great emptiness which become filled with all that is cold and blue. Into that blueness there gazes a horde of cellulite laden damsels pursued by balding bullies with light meters unzipped, ready to specify F stops and G spots. A great and mythical beast lurks within and without, and below there spreads out, for all to see, the blue gaze of mount Mayama; once a vengeful bitch ... now a magnificent ditch: a crater of unapproachable serenity and scorn: a crater lake.

Interior Vacuum 19'

Trudging from here to there and beyond, the traveler, weary from the weight of his own body, finds replenishment in boxes both large and small as the vast wetness of all outdoors offers water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink.

Pilgrimage 29'

A voyage through a California Christmas that begins in the turd-smearred streets of San Francisco and ends in a botanical wonder of ethnic endurance and faith. A journey that incorporates pelicans, palaces, and platters of plenty. A season of joy bloated with the ephemeral gases of religious fermentation and the iconography of a movie-land Madonna.

1993

Andy's House of Gary 14'

A young painter and his somewhat slower roommate talk of paranormal occurrences in a room of charcoal canvasses and ephemeral renderings. Eavesdrop on the improbable and the impossible....BUT TRUE!

Bayou of the Blue Behemoth 5'

The waters run deep as massive jaws chomp and bubbles burst in a world gone mad with technological delusion and prehistoric puppetry.

Dial a Kvetch 19'

The genius and mystique of Edward D. Wood, filmmaker, actor and author, permeates this excursion into the exposed underbelly of cookie contaminated corruption and moral bankruptcy. Come along for the ride and experience the black and white world of bagged confectionery and bruised libidos as the 1940's meets the 1990's in a head-on collision of balding Bozos and blubbery bimbos. Fasten your girdles and seatbelts for the gut-expanding excursion to excitement.

Glacier Park Video Views 18'

Craggy, ice encrusted peaks soar skyward as blue lagoons lap incessantly to the drumbeats of big-city behemoths hellbent on halibut and hashbrowns! The magic and grandeur of glacier-masked real estate is here for all to see and digest in this bountiful serving of natural delights.

Graffiti Junction 28'

Surrounded by the scribblings of the undecipherable, the denizens of the dark and the cheap reach out for light and for the perils of wisdom that lie enmeshed in a maze of grooved and spray-painted enigmas. A trip through new-age horizons and the madness just around the corner and above our heads. Come with an open mind and sit with a sealed orifice.

ID Came from Inner Space 56'

A colorful and sinister tale of hypno-therapists delving into the quagmire of UFO abductions and wallowing in the subconscious muck of their own primal urges. A sprawling saga of consuming passion performed by enrollees of the San Francisco Art Institute under the direction of Professor George Kuchar in studio 8.

Melody for Marla 12'

Colors swirl and shift amid pulsating blobs of light as a voice from the past takes us on an antiquated journey to the future and beyond. Revel in the mysteries of gizmo-channeled visuals and contactee gibberish as the geometric unknown gyrates before thine own eyes.

The Story of Ruthy 35'

Made with my students at the San Francisco Art Institute, this video drama explores the thrills and terrors of the Big Top as a travelling circus comes to town and brings with it the promise of cotton candy, eternal youth and high-flying beefcake. A mother and son become

enmeshed in a web of sin and sawdust, licorice and lust, as a town confronts its own hideous image in a maze of mirrors at a carnival of lost and found souls.

Sunbelt Serenade

Part 1—Oklahoma 17'

The rivers are in floodstage during a scenic tour of Tulsa while in El Reno, Oklahoma, it's as dry as a two-week old peach cobbler. The locals puff-up on breaded catfish while an influx of British visitors seek in vain a vegetarian platter amid the thunder boom and hail clatter.

Part 2—Los Angeles 9'

Flies buzz among the congestion of combustible contraptions as western civilization gasps for air amid oriental orifices that emit the stench of sugar and spice and everything nice.

Part 3—Arizona 21'

The rocks are red, the mood is blue, the sky is big and the scars on the earth run deep as a man and woman shop incessantly for nature's bounty and the trinkets of a vanishing culture.

The Tower of the Astro Cyclops 18'

In Northern California, land of mystery, there stands an edifice of stone that probes the heavens above and the subterranean secrets below: below the threshold of credibility. Its occupants, Dr. Jacques Vallee, scientist and author, peers into the darkness of inner and outer space to document the elusive interactions of mortals and Magonians (folks and folklore) that inspire our dreams and evolution.

Video Wallpaper Series

Isleton 3', Trinity 6', Kitchenetiquette 5'

In this series I composed a series of portraits on my audio/video digital mixer and they range from impressions of places and people to renditions of feelings their work inspired and domestic-type gossip from the kitchen and bedroom. The gallery of images and sounds were fed into my gizmo and ground-up into gourmet gruel.

1994

The Cage of Nicholas 10'

A short atmospheric tour of a movie star's mansion and a glimpse of the living things within the chambers: things that cook, feed the sharks and gnaw on bones.

The Cellar Sinema 11'

A descent into the blackness of the projected image and the curators who flick the switches and grease up all moveable parts for hot action when the lights go out.

Chow Down on Chenerey Street 10'

Ned, the dog, eats, growls and passes gas as we, the viewers, pass the time with him and his keepers as they share the stolen hours with us all. It's all here: the pizza, the memories, the good times and the bad.

Felines of Castle Frauline 10'

Cats meow and claw at exits beyond the reach of those who suffer within the walls of their own litter boxes.

The Gifted Goon 18'

The pages of books that deal with nostalgia and the vanishing vistas of America's past are infiltrated by the appreciative presence of 2 hulks from today who go their own ways through the by-ways and highways of an illustrated yesteryear. One salutes the creator of this painted paradise while the other delves within himself to vomit up columnous vertiage amidst the detailed backdrops.

Going Hollywood 13'

Greasepaint flows freely as talents of tinsel-town strut their stuff amid the rundown dreams of days gone by.

Holidaze 16'

The season sweeps through in a blur of glitches, gulps and sweetened goo as chimes wring out the old and ring in the new.

Nirvana of the Nebbishites 11'

A black cat and a polka-dotted string puppet frolic amid the painted backdrops of a happy universe while outside, in the real world, the reality washes away amid the onslaught of H₂O and granulated granite. A merging of the plastic and the profane.

Rancho Roulette 58'

A massive video drama made with my students at the San Francisco Art Institute which chronicles a man and wife parting ways amid the clatter of dice in a gambling resort on a painted desert of painted women and panting men. A large cast of digitized divas and international inepts march across this colorful canvas of romanticized rubbish and a low budget lushness.

Route 666 8'

The strings of fate manipulate the living and the dead against landscape of water vapor and watercolors which make more palatable the unacceptable and the undigestible.

Sins of Bunny Love 15'

A college girl runs rampant through the young lives of Sarah Lawrence College and leaves behind the rubble of shattered souls and deflated desires that litter the halls of learning-by-hard-knocks!

Tales of the Twilight Typist 51'

The summer comes to an end as the viewer tours the loft and art, the lofty art of Mimi Gross, the swinging dummies of Doug Skinner, and the mysterious real estate of famed author, Whitley Streiber. Hear his story of terror and beauty under the trees and roof of his country home. See for yourself the man behind the mystery and the people who love him. Also, as an added attraction: rare shots of UFO author and investigator, John Keel. An informal look at the incredible.

1995**Confessions of Nina Noir 17'****Dingleberry Jingles 21'**

Christmas is here again in this deary of glittering gifts, furry friends, underground movie making and grotesque greetings. A veneer of good cheer coats the surface like thin ice so proceed with caution!

Furball Blues**Jungle Jezebel 50'**

Produced at the San Francisco Art Institute and featuring a few musical numbers, this jungle drama deals with a commercial corporation infiltrating the Amazon to sell beauty aids to the indigenous peoples. Witch doctor magic and political intrigue run rampant in this hot house environment and men and women deal with the beast within and without.

Portraiture in Black 24'

A series of vignettes, anemic in color, as the absence of light threatens the vibrancy of those depicted in these vignettes: A Bostonian painter and her bloated model. A brunette guitarist and her assault weapon on the ear drums and a lady from London in makeup and mourning. A canvas of black dahlias and white noise intent on smothering life, limb and vocal chords.

The Unclean 24'

Urchins of Ungawa 15'

In a garden of roses and memorabilia from darkest Africa, a man and woman ponder the joy of cooking and the companionship of cats. Goodies for the guts abound in this visual essay to feline friendship and far away places. An electronic voyage beyond the stench of house and garden that transports the viewer, and cat, to the promised land.

Woman of the 90s 18'

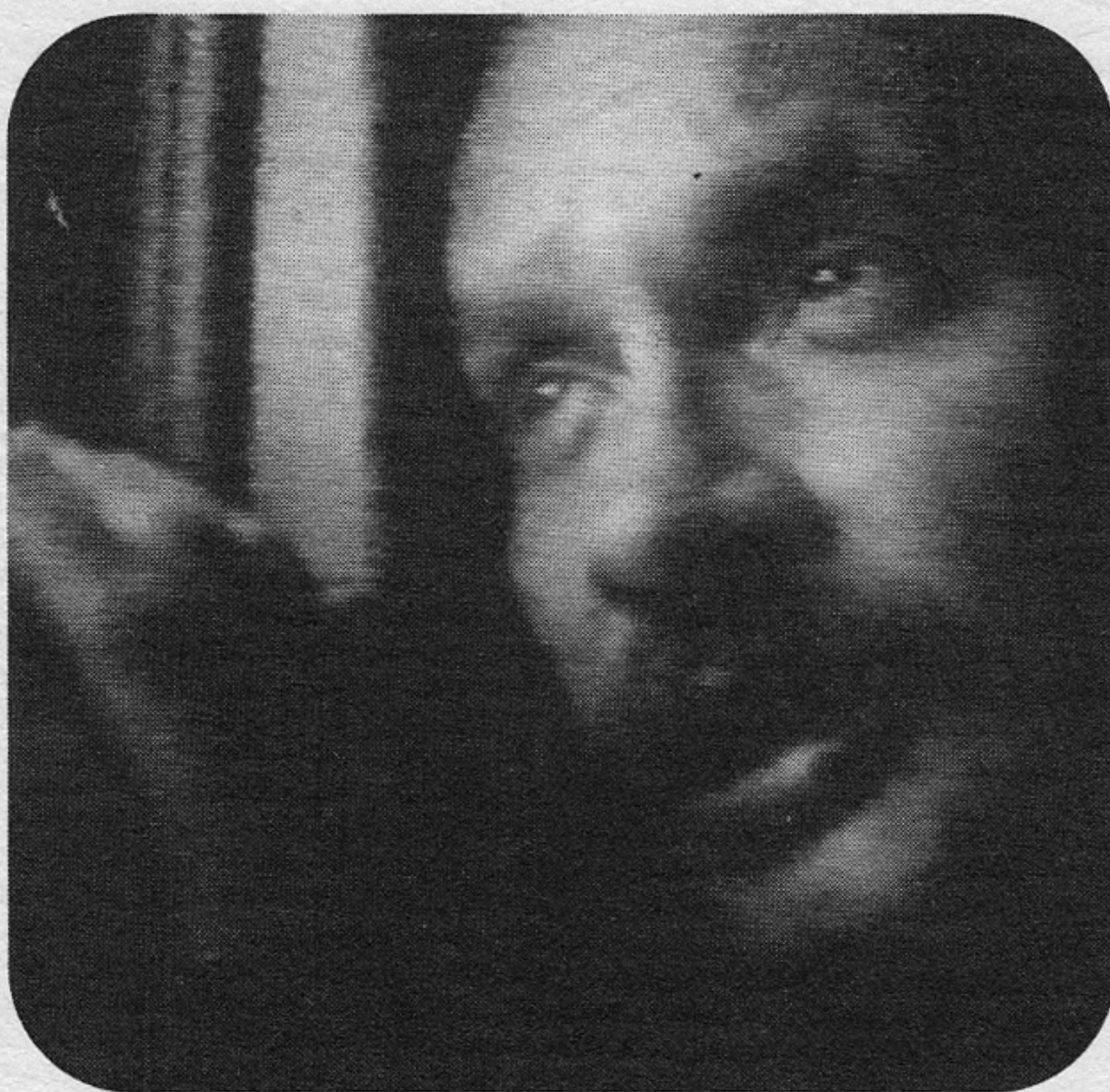
Storms batter California as 1995 ushers in a world of computerized characters and unplugged souls in search of electrified juice. The images of a naked past haunt the denizens of today as a wet tomorrow threatens to sweep them into oblivion on a tide of technology. Already water-bogged and bloated, the occupants seek the sun and the worshippers who strip in defiance to Divine dehydration.

1996

Homes for the Holiday 20'

Anniversary Shmaltz 10'

The Crimes of Armand Tessler 50'



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