

REVIEWS **VARIETY**

APRIL 19-25, 2004

THE TIME WE KILLED

A Sparky Pictures production. (International sales: Peeping Jane Prods., New York.) Produced by Jennifer Todd Reeves, Randy Sterns.

Directed, written, edited by Jennifer Todd Reeves. Camera (B&W, 16mm, DV-to-16mm), Reeves; music, Zeena Parkins, Marc Ribot, Elliot Sharp; sound, Reeves. Reviewed at Berlin Film Festival (Forum), Feb. 14, 2004. Running time: 94 MIN.

With: Lisa Jarnot, Valeska Peshcke, Rainer Dragon, Susan Arthur, Jennifer Todd Reeves.

The Time We Killed" reps avant-garde vet Jennifer Todd Reeves' most ambitious work yet, a dense-packed feature-length black-and-white journey into a beautifully restless mind. Conventional market predictions don't apply; pic will tour fests and orgs that champion experimental film, coming to rest in museum collections and with specialty distributers that keep form alive and available.

"I speak to all my lovers every day," says 32-year-old bisexual writer and urban recluse Robyn Taylor (poet Lisa Jarnot), who keeps a steady stream of musings in constant motion. Tube images of politics and war join with constant yelling of her neighbors in the flood of pictures and sounds that form the river of her memory, outlining an odd life. Reeves plays her optical printer like a virtuoso, though sheer volume of material makes work a tough slog for the uninitiated or resistant. Tech labors display the intentional visual grunge of 16mm; pic was the only work so exhibited in Berlin fest's Panorama sidebar, where large hair in projector gate caused some consternation but served to remind of a dying format's charms. Pic won Panorama prize judged by Fipresci.

— Eddie Cockrell