

A Roll for Peter (2016). Contributor Statements.

Dominic Angerame: Single Projection, 1st Reel, 4th Roll.

My roll is high con black and white the same material that Peter used in his later films after the NY Portraits were finished. The roll consists of several shots. The ones I remember are the swaying of bamboo trees in the wind, steam from a heat in an apt building, and ends with clouds over the steeples at St. Francis Church here in North Beach across the street from the Cafe Trieste.

Jacob Burckhardt: Single Projection, 2nd Reel, 2nd Roll.

I have always loved the slow intense clarity of Peter's movies, and how he would find beauty just by looking out the window. Also how the camera seemed to be an extension of his body, the film an organ of his seeing.

With these thoughts in mind I dusted off my Bolex , loaded it with some Tri-X reversal (both of which I hadn't used in several years), and went to some places where I enjoy sitting and watching: the sky and the power plants by the Passaic river, with Newark airport in the distance, the planes wobbling in the haze, the snakelike arterial interchanges of the New Jersey highway system, the hookah bar from which I can gaze at the crowds of PATH commuters.

Jesse Cain: Single Projection, 2nd Reel, 3rd Roll.

Ten x 10 ft; Ships sailing near San Pedro, CA. Fade to black. 7266 TRI-X.

George Griffin: Single Projection, 1st Reel, 3rd Roll.

Our work was different, but it swirled in the same stream at times: from his long gazes at everyday matters that gathered in intensity or serenity, from my single frames that melded into cartoons. There was a kind of acknowledgement at times, gabbing with Peter at Millennium, wherever, around Burckhardt, Benning, or Breer, whomever. He loved the rough, granular city and soft flow of nature, as intertwining fields.

When I had to move out of my loft, I gave my massive, clunky stand to his students at Bard; he told me they took off the bell and howell and screwed on a bolex; I hoped they might prosper. When Kobland told me about this project, I fixated on "one shot=one roll" as an encouraging discipline, but when I exhumed my own bolex (unused for maybe 35 years), I discovered that the clunky battery was toast. I screwed on the j-k motor, plugged in the extension cord, and made a violent swerve away from real time, back to segmented time, to toss up the gloomy city with its twinkling lights.

Tri-X Reversal: marvelous name! And the apparatus that Josh has crafted at Negativland does the soup and spin-dry just right. Tasty. I have to admit I didn't really see the images too well on his Steenbeck, or on the screen at Gowanus Darkroom. That is, I didn't see them come to life, animated. The city just crouched there, still, gloomy. But maybe that's just how it was meant to be: uninterrupted, without narrative lustre, obscure. Well, at the end, there was a wee bit of swirl and twinkle.

Eve Heller: Single Projection, 2nd Reel, 9th & Final Roll.

I loved Peter dearly, a fast friend for close to three decades, ☹☹ whether we lived down the road from each other or an ocean apart. Whenever and wherever we crossed paths, we were back where we'd left off, as natural and close as ever. His passing came out of the near blue. I'd only heard he was ailing a week before he died... When the time came, I couldn't resist the call to shoot a roll for Peter, no matter how unsure I was about being up to the task. I shot a single roll of Kodak 7276, a reversal stock we both treasured, using a JK optical printer I'd imported to Austria when I relocated here 10 years ago. I combed through troves of found footage as well as material I shot back in 1996, when Peter and I visited Nazi anti-aircraft towers and a gigantic gas-works storage tank in Vienna. I threw mortal logic to the wind, communing with my sense of the man, attempting to compose a kind of haiku-like telegram to him and his innermost circles... Peter is a beauty to me, all ears and eyes on the move with his camera, out of an oceanic cradle tenderly rocking...

Mott Hupfel: Double Projection, Right Reel, 7th & Final Roll.

Peter was a mentor, collaborator, and friend for many many years. The fact that his death, and the genius idea for *A Roll For Peter*, finally inspired me to get out my Bolex is a little embarrassing. I knew right away what I would shoot. Each year I visit a sleepy Massachusetts beach town named Westport. There is still a small fishing fleet there and lots of maritime-y stuff going on. I shot the fishing piers early one morning, some synchronized groups of swallows flying and some shots from a small boat I was on fishing. Mine is the roll that has the boats on the dock, some sailboats passing, and finally a huge swan who spreads his wings for me, Peter's spirit for sure. Mine is also the one that is cheaply edited together with scotch tape, so will likely fall apart a few times. I appreciate the idea and the follow thru of this incredible idea.

Amanda Katz & Josh Lewis: Single Projection, 2nd Reel, 5th Roll.

We were supposed to wake up at 5am— we know that now. Most of the Fresh Direct trucks have already left the local node. There's still one or two rolling out.

Theodore Rex King: Double Projection, Left Reel, 4th Roll.

A creek and details of its small rapids, then, an overlook enjoyed by mobile phone users and one other filming his roll for Peter (Jordan Stone). Finally, the reveal, Kaaterskill Falls.

rebecca (marks) leopard: Single Projection, 1st Reel, 1st Roll.

When I was at Bard in the early 2000s, there was a lot of excitement amongst the students around The People's Film Department. The ethos of democratization of creative expression was implicit in the community, making each students' work seem wedded to one-another as well as greater societal goals.

The Summer Peter died I traveled to Tivoli and made a lot of Hutton-inspired footage with my iPhone. My Roll for Peter is a small meditation, shot entirely in my Brooklyn apartment using a Bolex pointed at screens displaying that footage. I hope that by thinking through the evolving visual and technological landscape, we as artists and educators can carry on Peter's unique affection for being a person, living and creating in relation to other people.

Daryl Meador: Double Projection, Right Reel, 6th Roll.

A series of bail bond shops on a strip of road outside the county jail in Dallas, TX.

Mary Beth Reed: Double Projection, Left Reel, 6th Roll.

A Dog, a Light and Lace

I wanted to shoot a roll inspired by Peter's furry machine in Lodz Symphony, but that shoot didn't quite work out the way I hoped. So I sent a test roll (Tri-X reversal, hand processed) from earlier in this past summer in which I was trying out new lights and also filming my dog to see how cooperative he'd be. In the summer of 1999, Peter gave me invaluable information that is incredibly basic, but still seems like a great revelation. I had just gotten a bolex with various lenses, and a few of the lenses were just labeled with 1 inch or 3 inches. Peter informed me that each inch equals 25 mm. I thought about calling the roll 1 Inch Equals 25, but I think that's a future film.

Dave Rodriguez: Double Projection, Left Reel, 1st Roll.

I shot my film *Four Mountains for Peter* while in Colorado in August 2016. I shot it on an 8mm camera that was a gift from my former mentor and now friend Roger Beebe, who also first introduced me to Peter and his work as a graduate student. I had the film processed and asked the lab to not slit the original 16mm stock, creating four images on-screen when projected.

While working as a film archivist and projectionist at Bard College, I was fortunate enough to become good friends with Peter (the opportunity to work in the same department as him, with a filmmaker I much admired, was a big motivation for me taking the job at Bard in the first place). After leaving Bard I saw him one more time, when he was visiting my hometown of Miami. We met for drinks on the beach and I started talking to him about all the 8mm stuff I was experimenting with. "Just shoot 16!" he lovingly insisted, but he also gave me tips on how to cut un-slit 8mm with a razor blade if it came down to it. *Four Mountains for Peter* is a tribute to his chosen medium, his incredible creative spirit, and the luminous, poetic vision he continues to impart to audiences and filmmakers everywhere.

Lynne Sachs: Double Projection, Left Reel, 5th Roll.

I gave myself about four hours to make my Roll for Peter. While shooting single-frame images in a plaza in a Brooklyn public park, I moved around the oval shaped area clock-wise and then counter clockwise, creating a super imposition of the quotidian activities of people enjoying a summer day. Though our work is very different, I wanted to inhabit a similar discipline and spirit of contemplation that I have always found in Peter Hutton's films. The first Peter film I ever saw was "Images of Asian Music" and it taught me how to see beyond seeing, to look inside with my imagination.

Mark Street: Single Projection, 1st Reel, 6th Roll.

I shot this through a hand held prism on the streets of NYC. I hand processed the roll in a bucket so it reads as negative. The movements of the city are refracted through a simple lens and imperfect, DIY processing.

Eric Theise: Double Projection, Right Reel, 1st Roll.

I never met Peter Hutton. Never took one of his courses. As best I can remember I never attended a screening where he was in attendance. But I recall my first viewing of *Boston Fire* as if it were yesterday, not 30 years ago, and it forever changed my notions of what a film might be.

Landscape is often my subject, whether producing still or moving images, and with the latter, the question of duration frequently resolves to: what would Peter Hutton do? But given the constraints of *A Roll for Peter*, I had to trade duration for variety of compositions, and using 4-X/7224 – a stock discontinued by Kodak in 1990 – shot scenes of the San Francisco skyline and Berkeley/Oakland Hills as fog and evening rolled in, more fog in the morning, and, in a nod to *New York Portrait, Part III*, shot straight down at the sidewalk, finding California poppies rustling in the wind and the 33 Stanyan rumbling by instead of a prone man being attended to by paramedics.

Audrey Turner: Double Projection, Left Reel, 3rd Roll.

Bricks floating to Peter.

Michael Wawzenek: Double Projection, Left Reel, 7th Roll.

My roll for Peter was filmed at the "No Glove Nationals" 16 inch softball tournament in Forest Park, Illinois. I sought to favor light and landscape while shooting the game and documenting the players' and spectators' relationship with the land.

Max Weinman & Jake Carl Magee: Double Projection, Right Reel, 5th Roll.

Our cross-continental roll commemorates Peter Hutton's work and character through the symbolic gesture of filming the coasts: Max filmed the sun over the Atlantic Ocean and a man gliding across its waves before sending the half-shot roll to Jake on the West Coast, where he finished the roll at the Port of Los Angeles.

Timoleon Wilkins: Single Projection, 1st Reel, 2nd Roll.

I only met Peter Hutton once or twice, by telephone, about 20 years ago, when I worked for Canyon Cinema. His work, however, has been a constant companion, always reminding me that it's OK to slow down and SEE. My roll was composed in-camera on the shore of Lake Michigan, near Milwaukee--a sandy beach and favorite spot for my dog and I to romp. It begins with a fade-in on a decaying cement piling...followed by a dissolve into waves lapping, October leaves, and a close-up of surf cresting over a rusted gas tank embedded in the sand...these objects seemed like discarded remnants, or shadows of the landscapes I'd witnessed in Hutton's films. My dog started howling, and it felt as if he was voicing the ache in my heart; not just for the loss of Hutton, but for all the other great film artists I've known. The roll ends with a single seagull drifting off into the clouds.