

*29 Palms, Ca*

STEFANIE SCHNEIDER



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## 29 palms, ca first viewing 01 / 08

29 PALMS, CA is a feature film / art piece that explores and chronicles the dreams and fantasies of a group of individuals who live in a trailer community in the Californian desert. The world depicted in the film is inspired by the photographs of German artist Stefanie Schneider in that it combines the notions of reality and fantasy and explores the resonance of both within a desert landscape and a transient culture.

The project can be seen at the Berlinale / Forum in the Atrium of the Gossip Bar (Filmhaus Potsdamer Platz) and the gallery Spesshardt & Klein. For the first time the complexity of this grand art project will be exhibited.

An essential part of this project is the artistic, conceptual and filmic collaboration between actors, musicians, photo artists, directors etc. - Udo Kier is not only a performer, but also a producer. Marc Forster is responsible for directing the dialogues, and special effects in the post production. Radha Mitchell is writing the script. Sophie Huber, Max Sharam, Daisy McCrackin, JD Rudometkin, Zoe Bicat and Camille Waldorfare all writing the music, developing their characters and acting as performers. All participants are developing and acting out their characters. Steve Marshall is a performer as well as the DJ of the "Lonely Hearts Radio Show". Sabine Dehnel is building the DJ booth of the radio station as a model, which will then be emulated as the DJ room for the film.

The vision of a feature-length film is just as important in this as all the single, small stages or fragments, which are necessary for this film: Just as life and the circumstances of our social reality, the project 29 Palms, CA is in a state of constant change and development. The film is a biography and a social commentary, whose characters act as the alter egos of those individuals who portray them. In the course of the art project the different performers have contributed ideas, stories, scenes, monologues, poems, music and films, so that the basic principle of the concept, namely a collaboration of different perspec-

tives and the pooling of different fragments and depictions, bestows a lively rhythm upon the film. Each character will introduce his or her character in the form of a fictional or semi-fictional diary on the website, which was specially developed for this project. The website hereby plays the role of an independent world from which the film project and the radio show emerge. The characters take influence on what will be seen in the film through their descriptions. Through the radio show connections between the individual performers will be established.

The whole film is generated from Polaroid pictures, which Stefanie Schneider is editing into the film. The fact that the films are expired leads to the surreal distortions and colorings. The pictures appear fleeting and taut, blurry. Stefanie Schneider paints with her Polaroid films. She clearly alludes to the ambivalence between imagination and portrayal, between fiction and reality, and leaves it to the viewer to form his/her own picture, to remain in a surreal or real space. The motive of the desert also supports the dichotomy between imagination and reality, at any moment breaking the clearness of a definite ascription, which is definitely not found in her work. All the more clear it becomes that the characters are living in their own lost world, but that life itself can change their perspective on their world. The place in which the performers of 29 Palms, CA are living, is more an idea or a reflection of a place than a place per definition itself. The light and the desert landscape are painting an imaginary reality, which the characters find themselves exposed to. Memories, fantasies and reality merge.

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29 Palms, CA ist ein Projekt an der Schnittstelle zwischen Film und Kunst. Die deutsche Fotokünstlerin Stefanie Schneider erforscht und dokumentiert in diesem Projekt die Träume und Fantasien einer Gruppe von Menschen, die in einer Wohngemeinschaft in der Wüste Kaliforniens leben.

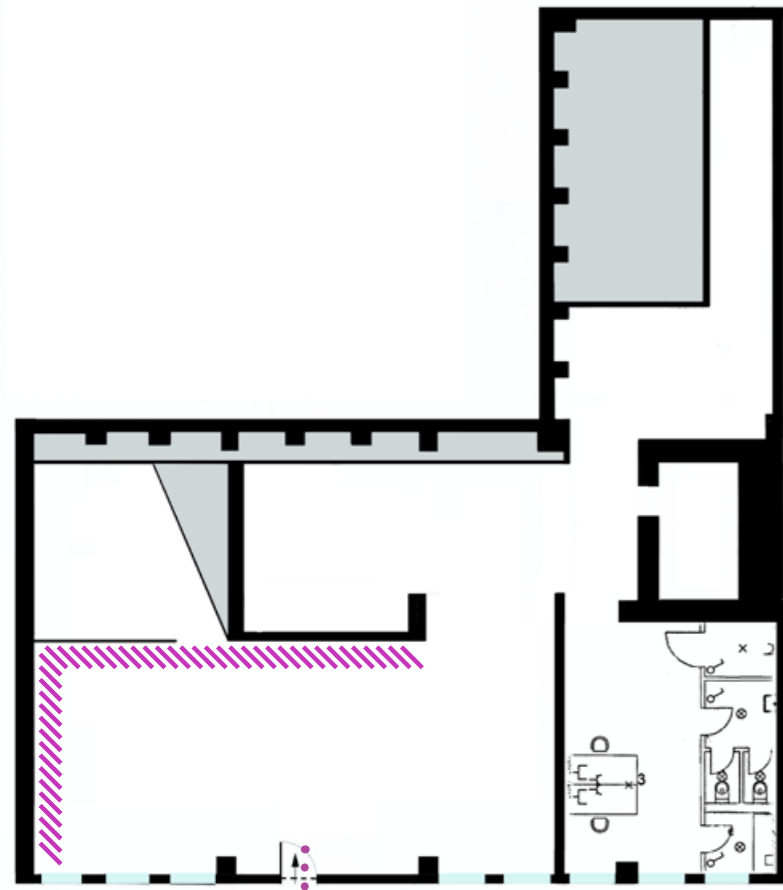
Das Projekt ist zu sehen auf der Berlinale / Forum Expanded im Atrium der Gossip Bar (Filmhaus Potsdamer Platz) und in der Galerie Spesshardt & Klein. Erstmals wird die Differenziertheit dieses großartigen Kunstprojekts, was zwischen Film und Bildender Kunst sowie den Schnittstellen verschiedenster Medien agiert, ausgestellt.

Ein wesentlicher Teil dieses Projektes ist die künstlerische, konzeptuelle und filmische Kollaboration zwischen SchauspielerInnen, MusikerInnen, FotokünstlerInnen, RegisseurInnen, etc. Udo Kier ist so beispielsweise nicht nur Darsteller, sondern auch Produzent, Marc Forster ist verantwortlich für die Dialogregie und die Special Effects der Post Production, Radha Mitchell schreibt das Drehbuch, Sophie Huber, Max Sharam, Daisy McCrackin, JD Rudometkin, Zoë Bicat, Camille Waldorf schreiben die Musik, entwickeln ihre Charaktere und agieren als Darsteller. Ebenso wie Robert Mack, Alex Wolf, Soraya Wright, Cathy Lloyd Burns, Austen Tate, Scott Burns, Thom Bishops und Romina Djelosevic ihre Charaktere entwickeln und sie auch darstellen. Steve Marshall ist sowohl Darsteller als auch DJ der "Lonely Hearts Radio Show". Sabine Dehnel ist Künstlerin und wird den DJ-Raum der Radio Station als Model bauen, der dann für den Film als Raum nachgebaut wird.

Die Vision eines abendfüllenden Spielfilms ist dabei ebenso wichtig wie die einzelnen, kleinen Etappen oder Fragmente, die zu diesem Film nötig sind: Genau wie das Leben und die Lebensumstände unserer gesellschaftlichen Realität in einem Fluss ständiger Veränderung sind, ist auch das Projekt 29 Palms, CA einer fortlaufenden Veränderung und Entwicklung unterzogen. Der Film ist eine Biographie und eine soziale Reportage, deren Charaktere als alter egos jener Individualisten

aufzutreten, die sie selber darstellen. Die unterschiedlichen DarstellerInnen haben im Laufe des Kunstprojekts Ideen, Geschichten, Szenen, Monologe, Gedichte, Musik und Filme beigefügt, so dass die Grundlage des Konzepts, eine Kollaboration von verschiedenen Perspektiven und das Zusammenbringen unterschiedlicher Fragmente und Darstellungen, dem Film einen lebendigen Rhythmus verleiht. Jeder Charakter wird seinen eigenen Charakter auf der Website, die eigens für dieses Projekt entstanden ist, in Form eines fiktionalen oder semifiktionalen Tagebuchs entwickeln. Die Website spielt dabei die Rolle einer eigenständigen Welt, von der aus das Filmprojekt und die Radio Show entstehen. Die Charaktere nehmen durch ihre Beschreibungen Einfluss auf das, was in dem Film zu sehen sein wird. Durch die Radio Show werden Verbindungen zwischen den einzelnen DarstellerInnen aufgenommen.

Der gesamte Film entsteht aus animierten Polaroid Bildern, die Stefanie Schneider zu einem Film zusammenschneidet. Das Ablaufdatum der Filme ist der Grund für die surrealen Verzerrungen und Farbigkeiten. Die Bilder erscheinen flüchtig und gespannt, verschwommen. Stefanie Schneider malt mit ihren Polaroid-Filmen. Sie spielt eindeutig auf die Ambivalenz zwischen Vorstellung und Darstellung, zwischen Fiktion und Realität an und überlässt es dem Betrachter sich ein Bild zu machen, sich in einem surrealen oder realen Raum aufzuhalten. Denn auch das Motiv der Wüste unterstützt diese Gegensätzlichkeit von Imagination und Realität, bricht in jedem Moment die Eindeutigkeit einer festen Zuschreibung, die ihren Arbeiten definitiv nicht zu entnehmen ist. Umso deutlicher wird, dass die Charaktere in ihrer eigenen verlorenen Welt leben, das Leben selber aber die Perspektive auf ihre Welt verändern kann. Der Ort, an dem die DarstellerInnen in 29 Palms, CA leben, ist mehr eine Idee oder eine Reflektion eines Ortes, als ein Ort per Definition selbst. Das Licht und die Wüstenlandschaft zeichnen eine imaginäre Realität, der sich die Charaktere ausgesetzt sehen - Erinnerung, Fantasie und Realität gehen ineinander über.



Entrance



THE SMOKE JUMPER - an orange para shoot flows down from the dark blue sky - very far away. Several women in town are noticing this. A bit later we'll see him in the heavy yellow fireman suit crossing left to right through the frame with the Para shoot still attached while Stevie is on the phone talking about him on the Lonely Hearts Show. He's passing by all the time. Live a dream or a vision you can't capture.

THE SMOKE JUMPER - an orange parachute floats down from the dark blue sky - very far away. Several women in town are noticing this. A bit later we'll see him in an orange fireman outfit crossing right to left through the frame with the parachute still attached, while Stevie is on the phone talking about him on the Lonely Hearts Radio Show. He's passing by all the time. Like a dream or a vision you can't capture.



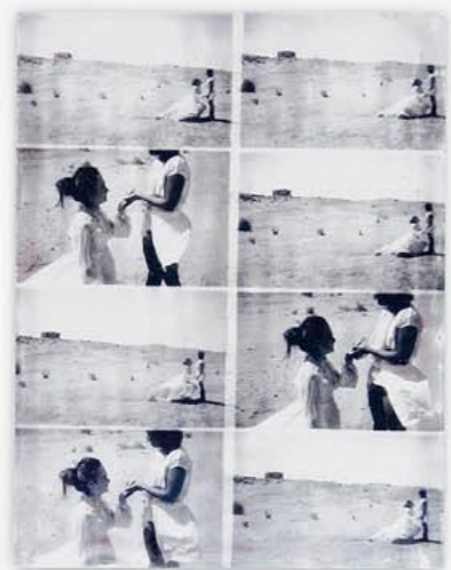
A VISION YOU CAN'T CAPTURE | tryptichon | photographs mounted on aluminum | 120 x 150 cm each



A VISION YOU CAN'T CAPTURE | photograph mounted on aluminum | 125 x 172 cm

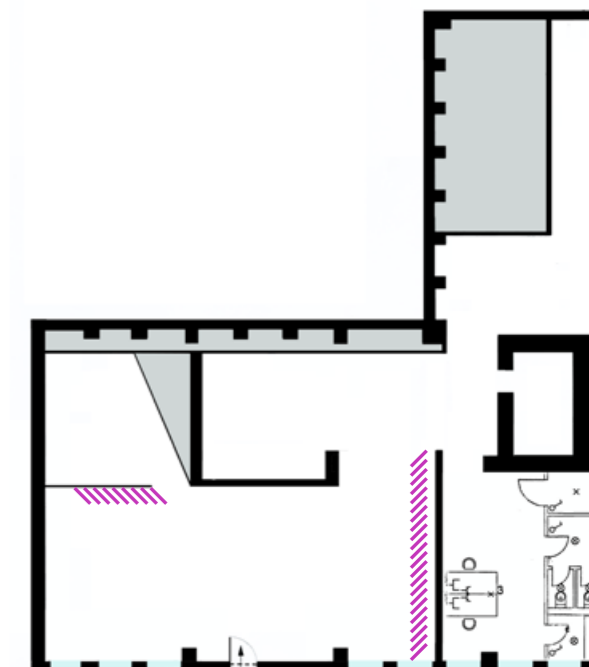
RENÉE'S DREAM | 32 pieces | photographs mounted on aluminum | 31 x 38 cm each





TILL DEATH DO US PART  
photograph mounted on aluminum 162 x 126 cm.  
A small monitor next to the piece shows a scene from the wedding.

SPIEGELBILD  
photograph mounted on aluminum  
120 x 150 cm





## NOTES

### haiku video

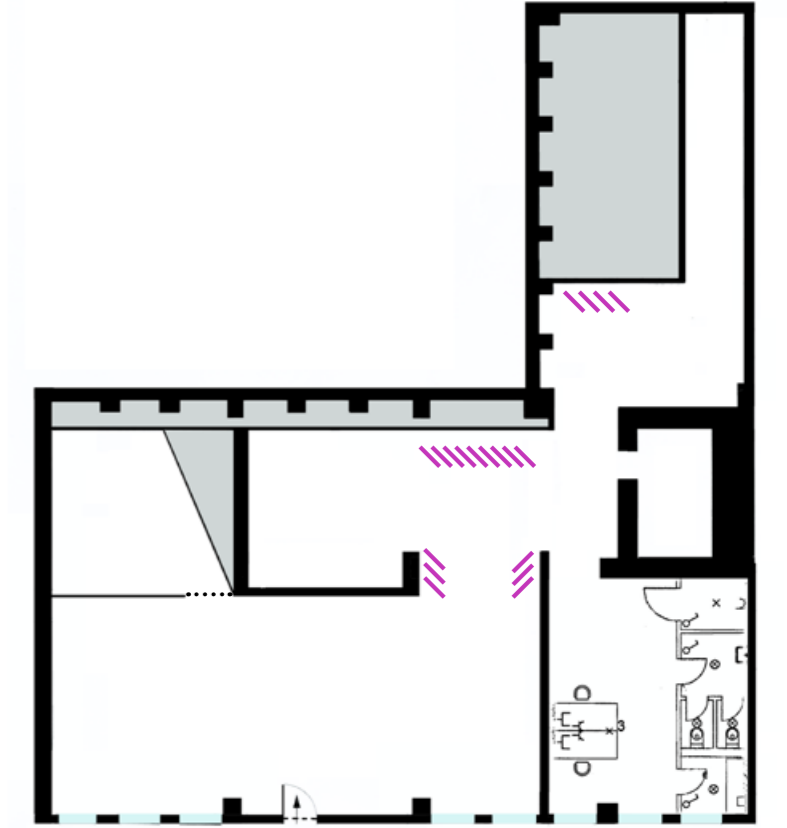
*“Haiku is more than a form of poetry; it is a way of seeing the world. Each haiku captures a moment of experience; an instant when the ordinary suddenly reveals its inner meaning and makes us take a second look at the event, at human nature, at life.”*

*The discipline and practice of the haiku art over a lifetime works fundamental changes in the spirit, and perceptual sensibilities of the poet. Mr. Gurga says simply, “the very intention to write haiku can create a special kind of awareness.”<sup>3</sup> Over time, this “awareness” that comes from practicing the haiku art begins to change our orientation to life as the haiku poet becomes more fully conscious of the sacrament of each moment, and the vital necessity of maintaining one’s connection to the natural world from which we all sprung and to which we must all ultimately return.*



Bob The Recluse, Age 11

HAIKU video and stills by Bob Mack  
cast: Radha Mitchell & Mauricio Saravia | Music: Sophie Huber



<<<< left: MAX HITCHES INTO TOWN, 60 x 60 cm  
right: SPIEGELBILD, 120 x 150 cm  
front: MOVING IN TOGETHER  
far back: LIEBE & BELOVED



MOVING IN TOGETHER  
mounted on aluminum  
15 pieces 50 x 60 cm each  
1 piece 120 x 150 cm

*moving in together*



*moving in together*







### Actor Girl

Love You Actor Girl  
Cos all in all it's all you've got to live by  
Time is on your side and so am I  
cos living in this fantasy is just  
as real as dreaming of you all

Live You Actor Girl  
The stage you're on is life and love is just another play  
you'd like to be in one day  
And all in all it's all a hope inside a hopeful mind

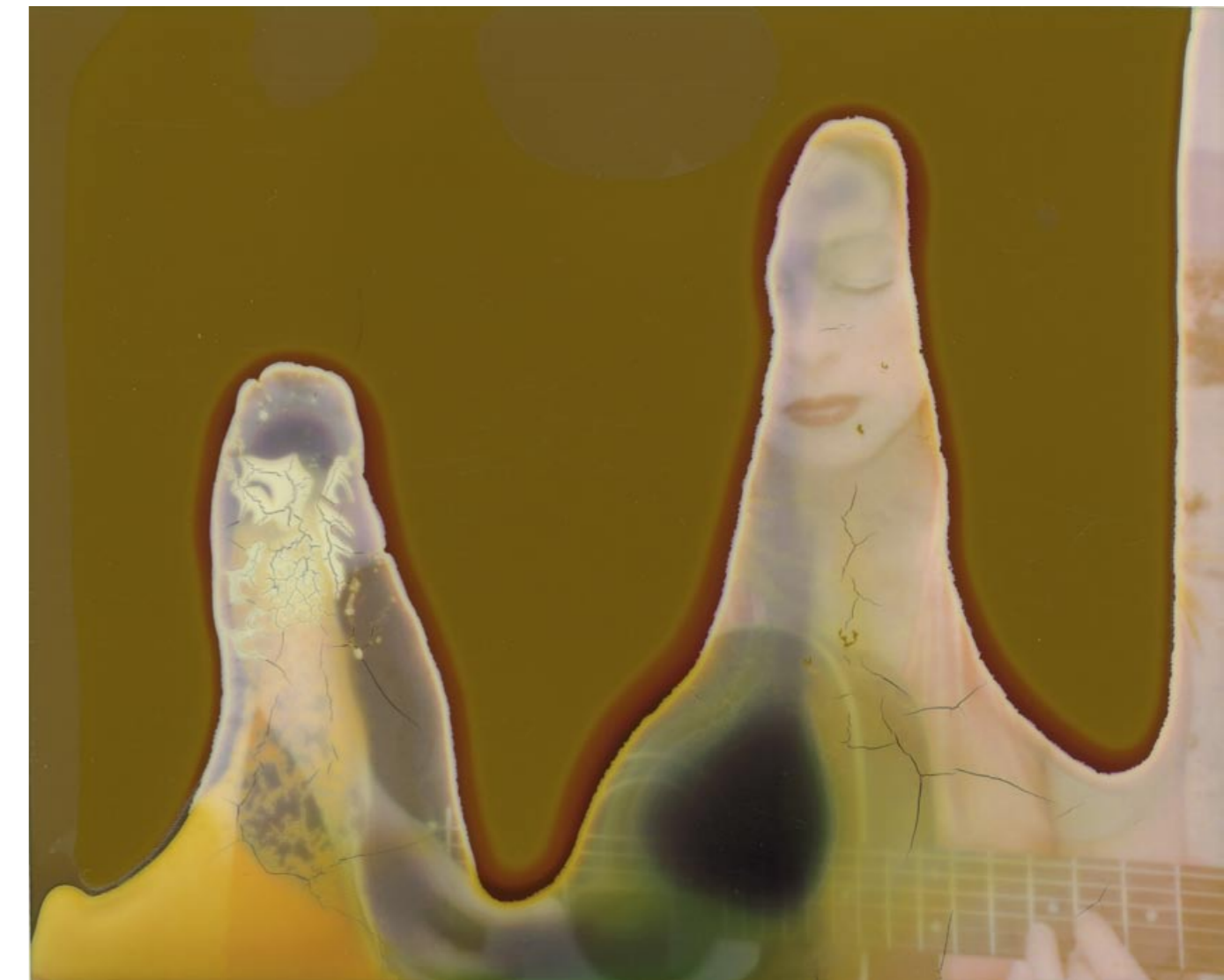
Wondering what we can find. Wondering what we can find.

Pieces of people drifting like leaves  
the water is silver - their smiles deceive

Love You (could change reference)  
Cos all in all your word is all you've got to live by  
The lies go on. They hide the truth from sight  
And when you try to touch reality  
it just might drift into the night

Wondering what we can find. Wondering what we can find.

On and On and On and On until the magic dies away.



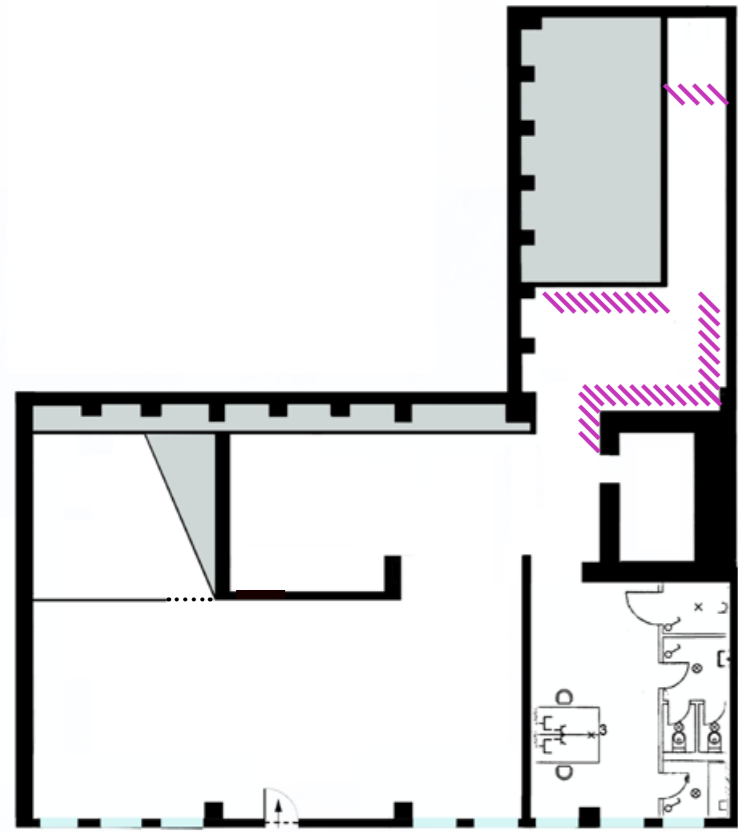
*After I came home from Urban dying in my arms, a cricket bright and green just came walking through my front door, all lit up by sunshine. I picked him up and noticed he had crooked wings. I thought he was hurt but then he began to climb up my arm and up to my face. He went up the bridge of my nose and began rubbing his nose on my center brow. I realized that not only is this incredibly strange and miraculous that at least some being is showing care for how I am feeling, but also that god is always there and comes in many forms, and shows himself in many ways. This one was truly surprising. The cricket played in my hair for the day and perched on my shoulder. Then at dusk, he returned to the garden. I then turned back inside. There, I healed myself with dancing and singing in spirit.*



WONDER VALLEY  
mounted on aluminum  
125 x 154 cm.

A small monitor next to the piece shows CAMILLE WALDORF'S video EURBAN DYING,  
The sound pieces are Camille's monolog and the song FIGHT





LIEBE | mounted on aluminum | 75 x 93 cm  
BELOVED | mounted on aluminum | 75 x 93 cm

A VISION YOU CAN'T CAPTURE | mounted on aluminum | 50 x 60 cm each





DAISY IN FRONT OF MIRROR | mounted on aluminum | 128 x 125 cm



A VISION YOU CAN'T CAPTURE | mounted on aluminum | 130 x 170 cm

DAISY IN FRONT OF MIRROR | mounted on aluminum | 128 x 125 cm  
A VISION YOU CAN'T CAPTURE | mounted on aluminum | 130 x 170 cm

*SHORTFILMS*

SIDEWINDER | 13.20 min.

Music by JD Rudometkin

Jean Babtiste - JD Rudometkin  
Stevie - Stefanie Schneider

RENÉE'S DREAM | 4.29 min.

Music by Coco Rosie

with Renée Chabria  
Scott Springer  
Derrick First

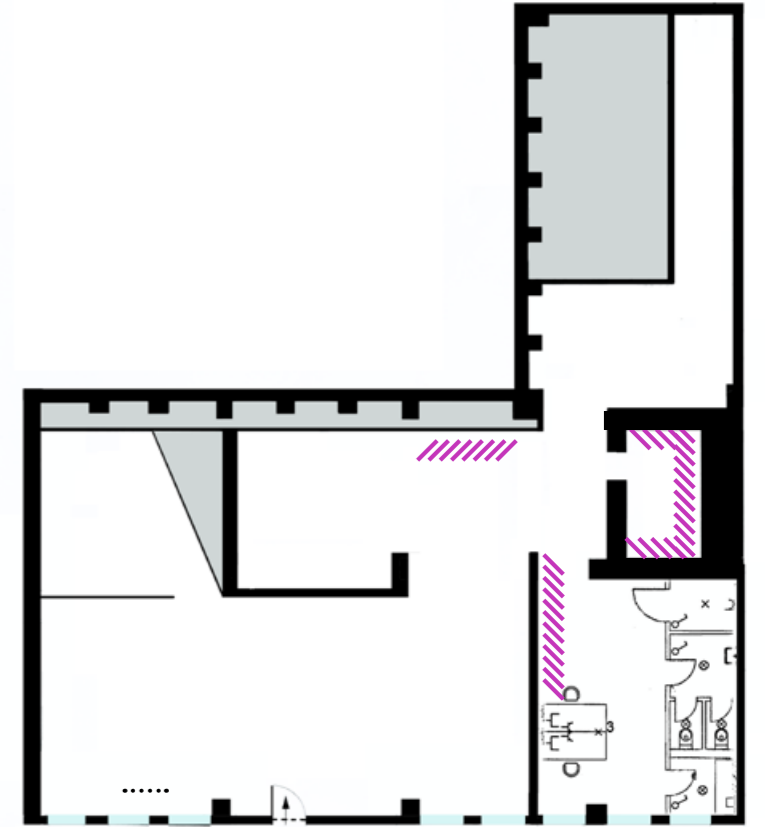
HITCHHIKERS | 12.41 min.

Music by JD Rudometkin, Zoë Bîcat,  
Max Sharam, Natalie Merchant

Daisy McCrackin - Crystal  
Austen Tate - Margarita



One dream I have always seems to be the same  
 Flying -  
 Flying -  
 without wings  
 or on a cloud  
 no engine  
 to make a sound  
 just gliding  
 loosely sliding  
 through the air  
 not a sound  
 not a care  
 unaware  
 not even knowing where I am going (just)  
 Flying  
 Flying .....  
 no plane or car or jumbo jet  
 can take me flying to a space like that  
 (flying flying)  
 so I'll keep dreaming from right up here  
 in the sky that I'm flying  
 (so I'll keep dreaming)  
 from right up here in the sky  
 - so I'll keep dreaming -  
 that I'm flying



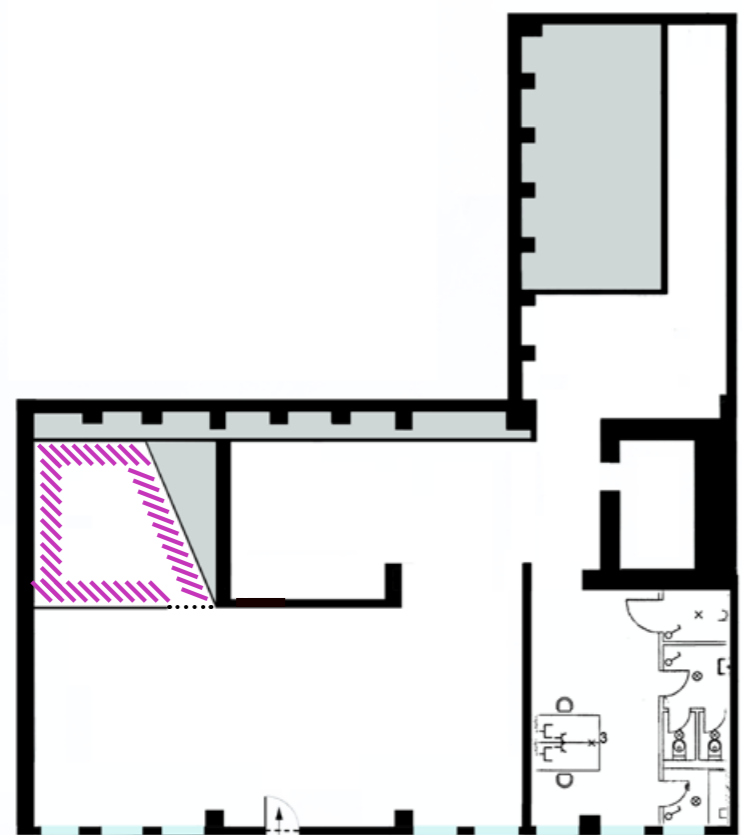
FLYING | mounted on aluminum | each 50 x 62 cm  
 Max Sharam's text "Flying" on the wall | next to pieces: a small cd recorder with the song playing

in the background MOVING IN TOGETHER



DAISY | mounted on aluminum | 128 x 125 cm





#### INSTALLATION: THE LONELY HEARTS ROOM

A dark room. An installation of 32 Lightboxes (20 x 20 cm to 40 x 50 cm) connected to speakers on 4 walls. As the images light up, the inhabitants of "29 Palms, CA" tell their stories and relate to each other. The audience stands in the middle of the room and at times more than one image lights up and the Voices, Sounds and / or music surround the viewer. The installation runs on an endless loop.





## *The Lonely Hearts Radio Show*

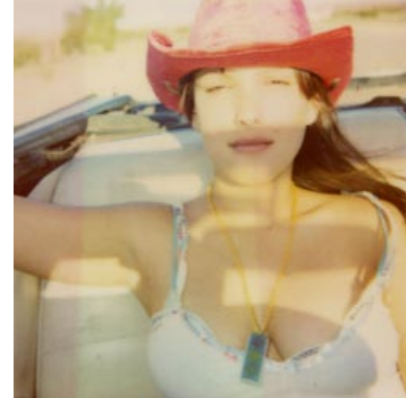
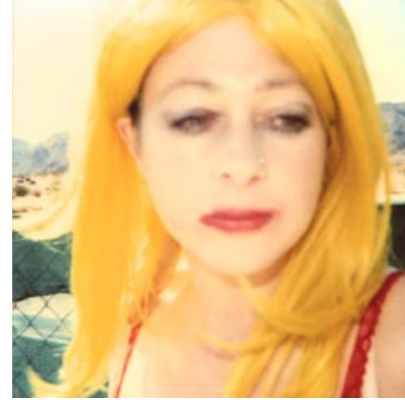
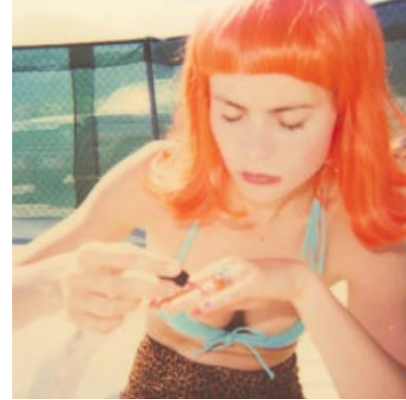
Hi you're listening to 'The Lonely Hearts Radio Show', but I know you're really listening to your heart. You pretend it's me you're having a dialogue with but it isn't. Fess up. It's the continuous beating of your heart. You wish it would stop, that you couldn't hear it, because then you could talk yourself into believing you don't have a heart and you can't be hurt anymore. You hear your heart thumping and it makes you mad. Mad because if there were other noises surrounding you, perhaps the noise of another human being interested in you, you wouldn't hear your heart. The pounding noise just underlines with each thud your loneliness. It's A LOT to ask me to FILL in for your unhappiness. Fuck you. I'm lonely too. I know you because I am you. I'm hurt too. So together we despise each other and need each other. Don't turn off your radio, I need you too. We'll be right back after this sickening commercial, I don't want to play it, you don't want to hear it, but we're lonely so we need the NOISE.

(after the commercial break)

Hi everyone we're back. It's the 'Lonely Hearts Radio Show', I repeat it to rub it in that you are alone. The sooner you, me admit it the better. I can't say why? It's my hypothesis for mental health. Other love sick radio shows preach advice on how to get her or him back but the truth is they aren't coming back so we better get that through our thick skulls fast. Get it into our heads because our heart will never forget. It can't forget because it doesn't have a brain, it isn't a bad memory it's more like a gash, a physical tearing that never gets repaired. Too dark? YOU LOVE IT and that's your problem you love. Caller!

No one knows more about a lonely heart than me. I begin every first date by asking: How are you going to ruin my life?

I'm sorry Stevie just give it a little time.....Can you hold on a minute Stevie we have to run a commercial.....



Camille Waldorf - The Muse/  
THE TOWN'S SHAMAN

Radha Mitchell -  
Oxana the actress

Max Sharam - The Opera  
Singer

Stefanie Schneider - Stevie  
THE PANICKED FEMALE CALLER

Cathy Lloyed Burns: Olive  
THE TELEMARKETER'S EX WIFE

Austen Tate - Margarita

Thom Bishops - The  
Princess' brother Anzar

*After I came home from Eurban dying in my arms, a cricket bright and green just came walking through my front door, all lit up by sunshine. I picked him up and noticed he had crooked wings. I thought he was hurt but then he began to climb up my arm and up to my face. He went up the bridge of my nose and began rubbing his nose on my center brow. I realized that not only is this incredibly strange and miraculous that at least some being is showing care for how I am feeling, but also that god is always there and comes in many forms, and shows himself in many ways. This one was truly surprising. The cricket played in my hair for the day and perched on my shoulder. Then at dusk, he returned to the garden. I then turned back inside. There, I healed myself with yoga, ballet and singing in spirit.*

*Things are going well but I guess I didn't tell you about the boyfriend I had before the guy with the big hands and the big thing. You know the one I just broke up with. Well, I don't know what to say. I used to have a fiance. And it ended because we couldn't talk to each other about what we were going to do with our lives. But I think that i'm still kind in love and I really don't want to be.*

*I was living in New York and I met a psychic. I met her at a party and she took my hand and asked me about love I told her about this man I've been dreaming about who already has a wife and she said he is mine, if I want him - if I believe that it is best for him. She said people should FLOURISH and THRIVE in relationships. If they suck your life force then they shouldn't be and if he isn't thriving then I shouldn't feel bad about creating a change...she says I'd just be 'speeding it up'.....Sebastian, the guy said I am 'unconsciously apologetic' in my life...I told her, the psychic, that I get everything I want and then I lose it. She said it's because I don't think I deserve it...And I have to believe that I deserve to have what I want and not push it away...*

*But Damon, you don't understand.....please....please.....listen...listen to me.. But Damon, you don't understand.....But Damon, you don't understand....there is more....you don't understand.....you don't understand.....I need to talk to you about the smoke jumper...the smoke jumper...jumper...jumper.....*

*When I was with him I got a little scared. He switched while making love to me to a complete different person.*

*Since I've been been pregnant I feel things and smell them. Like I can tell what's bad and what is good. And you are a bad smell Jake. I got a headache just being near you. And I'm not making this up. I'm going to take me an Advil and ask you to leave...*

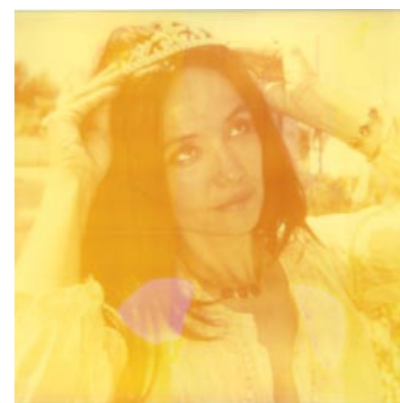
*I can still feel the rough hands of my brother pawing at my bruised skin. That drunken bastard left me to die, just like my lover Jerry in the wrath of poverty and war, generations in tears...weeping at Guadalupe's feet. They are all just so sorrowful, pitiful, and bottomless in their despair...so, they take it out on me. Sure, father, save me, I need to save myself. Enough!!!! The pain is no longer there. Instead a cracked, empty shell. I must go, hurry before he kills me. Memories come into a distant, canny shadow. I look at you and I see love again, leaving me bare and naked, confused and thinking of you in those moments I feel nothing at the same time. Yo pienso que mi hermano ya fueron con los muertos en la vida. La vida de las muñecas, adonde amores vivieron para el todo tiempo. La luz con fuerte beses, shooting into my*

*heart like a cannon of woes, for as long as I love you the wind will only blow.*

*I am leaving you this letter and ring with a hope for a future. You saved my life and now I must save yours from the hunger of love I had for you in my heart. I can not go on here in this dusty, dry little trailer with crazy thoughts and fear of not knowing what I want. I feel helpless knowing the hard and cold world out there, but something awaits me with more to this life alongside the road of running. From the instant we met I was running and now the feeling creeps in my bones telling me to run again. This time it will be from you my lover. I will remember the nights in the home we made together. The moments we laughed, the tears we cried, and the crimes of passion we commit-*

*ted dancing in delightful sin. I am free now to walk alone without your control, consent, and reason. My brother is still looking for me, I must go before he takes us both. I am sacrificing our marriage for some glimpse of happiness and a chance to find one another again where two roads meet. At this crossing maybe destiny will lay here to show us another way out. Right now I must untangle the snares in the my heart and say goodbye mi esposa , mi amiga, mi uno y solo. Lo siento por el todo, Margarita*

*I'm 26 years old. I am curious beyond convention. I want to know how I got here, where I came from and where I'm going. I want to make a contribution to this universe in the most significant possible way, except I haven't figured exactly how to do that yet.. Soraya... She left when I was 10 years old....She would often dance around in my mothers gowns and jewels....She had a sadness to her though.... in another time and place I was considered, Prince Anzar....*



Romina Djelosević - TICKET SELLER GIRL AT THE DRIVE IN

*I like it when I don't have to say anything and I can just smile. It makes my life so much easier, and is much more effective also. Effective, like gets across the meaning or understanding better than words could. Especially over words. Not that I fumbling my words. Often. I definitely don't often. Sometimes though I do. Usually if someone makes me nervous... but even rarely then. But mostly I prefer smiling cos too often, I don't necessarily have anything to say to people who appear to have something to say to me. People use too many words anyway. I do too. But it's usually in fewer increments, like I say a lot – but infrequently. Anyway, I noticed it a while ago. How easy it was for me to smile and get away with saying nothing. Its so safe... I can't believe I hadn't thought of it sooner... Plus its so*

*much nicer to do... Its more sincere... while at the same time kind of totally not. Does that mean it only appears sincere, and may totally not be? Or does it mean it can be both sincere insincere depending on the context or inspiration for the smile. Can a smile ever be insincere? A real smile?? ( which mine almost always are) Not like the Joker smile. But a real smile... Anyway, you noticed I don't smile very much here... people don't look me in the eye all that much. They're preoccupied.. They're with people they're stoned... I don't have to smile... I do anyway though... Sometimes. I smile for people even if they don't see me. If they're looking away.. or if they're leaving and their backs already are turned to me. Maybe they can feel me... maybe... whatever. I'm sure it doesn't go to waste. The smile, that is. Doesn't*

*go to waste.. Plus people have told me I should smile more. People who should know... like dentists... and oscar winning heartthrobs. Anyway... I don't smile as much here... in the box... the box is a good vantage point to see - but not be seen... Unless I shout. But I don't shout. I smile... people are preoccupied... they don't notice me... they don't pay me much attention... and don't need attention from me... They pay attention to others, the screen, themselves. Not me... that one guy though.. that quiet older guy... he doesn't smile at me, but he notices me. He has tender awkwardness... I can tell he wants to smile... or say something... But he doesn't. I smile at him.*

Udo Kier - Hans the Director / Genie

*ANGST.....LIEBE....FLIEGEN.....TOD.....LEBE....FREUDE....SPIEGELBILD.....GEWALT...INSIDE THE TABLE....TOD....EINSAM....LUST....*

Nadia Conners aka Soraya Wright - THE PRINCESS

*So, the numbers game.  
32 - my age. 8 - the number of the bus line I met him on. 4 - the age I was when rebels threw my family out of power. 5 - how old I was the last time I saw my mother. 16 - the last time I saw my brother. 34 - the original number of stones in my mother's crown. 31 - the number of stones left in the aforementioned crown. 45 - the number of days he let me love him. 2 - the number of days he believed he was in love with me. 7 - the number of days since I saw him last. 150,000 - the amount of money I am going to receive for the sale of this crown . What all of this adds up to: 0 - the number of days I have left for me as Princess Sorya on this planet.*

Robert Mack - BOB THE RE-CLUSE

*These moments are so real, I can barely stand it. And I don't have to talk to the person, or listen, or say anything. It's painless. And the best part is I can replay the videos over and over again. I find secrets hidden in these moments, secrets about the person, secrets they don't even know about... I want to tell them, but that would mean disaster.*

JD Rudometkin - LANCE WATERMAN/the smoke jumper

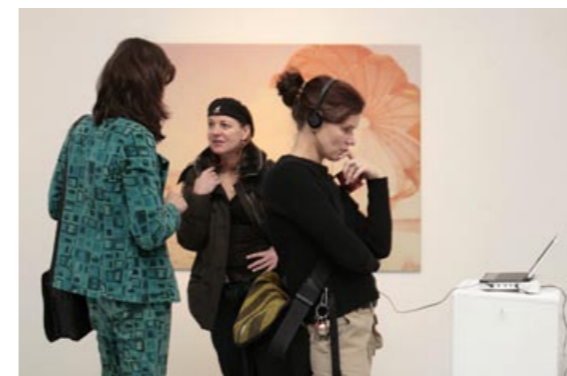
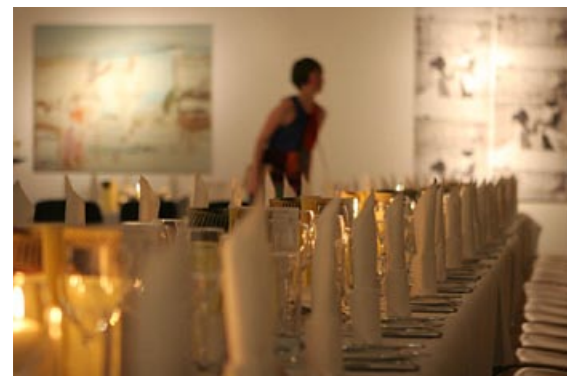
*“don't fluff”, “no one can predict the future”, “everything changes (constantly)”, “it's never enough for you”*

Daisy McCrackin - CRISTAL

*I can't remember if I chose this life. I think I must have, but I might not have known what I was in for. My family turned out to be mostly jerks. My mom says I was named after the champagne. My dad likes to say I was named after his product. I had a dog, Lucy, born when I was two, she was just about my only friend. I got lost in the desert with her once.....really lost..... when I was about nine. She saved me. When she was twelve, I guess that's old for a dog,....she just wandered out into the desert one day when I was in the shower, and didn't come back. One minute she was there, the next, I never saw her again, I never could find her to say goodbye. I looked everywhere, even the old mine shaft we hid in when we were lost. No one else cared. So pretty soon I left too. They don't miss me, unless they just got used to having*

*someone around to blame. Now I run my own life, and its ok. I get by and have fun sometimes too. I keep away from men and other lowlifes. I wouldn't mind if I end up in Las Vegas, or Los Angeles, as soon as I can get away from the desert. Seems like I still have unfinished business out here. We'll see.*

IMPRESSIONS FROM THE OPENING ...



# 29 Palms, Ca

## WHAT HAPPENED MEANWHILE:

“Till death do us part”, the first episode of the “29 Palms, CA” project received film funding from “Medienboard Berlin Brandenburg”, is produced by MICA Film, Berlin, co-produced “ARTE”, directed by Stefanie Schneider. It will be screened on in the beginning of 2009.

29 PALMS' episode “Sidewinder” has been the Cover subject of the “Salzburger Festspiele” July 26th - August 31st 2008, Austria

other 29 PALMS, CA shows:

c-art Gallery, Dornbirn, Austria - September 20th - November 1st 2008

Amsterdam International Filmfestival, Netherlands, October 16th -19th, 2008

29 Palms, CA has been selected for the Discovery Award “Les Rencontres d’Arles”, Arles, France, July 8th - September 14th 2008

summer 2009: 29 Palms, CA, Moravian Gallery, Brno, Czech Republic (S)

29 PALMS, CA is online! please visit [www.twentyninepalms.ca](http://www.twentyninepalms.ca)

## IMPRINT:

Stefanie Schneider - 29 PALMS, CA, solo-show February 11th - March 15th 2008, Gallery Spesshardt & Klein, Berlin

Photographs by: Uwe Walter, Florian Reischauer, Bob Mack, Ulf Dieter, Jennifer Kroftova

graphic design by: Jennifer Kroftova

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*29 Palms, Ca*

STEFANIE SCHNEIDER

