



Images Festival

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April 12–21, 2012

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Memorie di uno Smemorato (Memoirs of an Amnesiac)

curated by Erik Martinson

This program originated with a fascination for those moments of recognition, of clarity, that seem initially tangible but fall away before language can take hold. It's a strange rush; what remains is a kind of residue, a fog of traces that let you know the process happened. It often occurs with moving images projected in dark rooms. From here a focus developed on forgetting, its forms and functions, and how it dialogs with memory. Inseparable as concepts, shifting attention from one reveals aspects of the other. *Memorie di uno Smemorato (Memoirs of an Amnesiac)*, Enzo Apicella's book references the story of the Smemorato of Collegno, a highly publicized case of an amnesiac shedding one identity for another. The book, aside from a beginning inscription, is blank. Similar to Apicella's project, the works in this program explore the tensions between memory and forgetting, the subsequent experience of anxiety, and the possibilities of letting go. Not a new page, but a blank one. Beautiful and empty.

Llora Cuando Te Pase (Cry When it Happens)

Laida Lertxundi

SPAIN/USA, 2010, 16MM, 14 MIN

Scan lines on a TV, when pixels dance with grain. A perfect stream of light through the clouds, a California glow. "Little baby, if only I had known, then I might not be alone." Vacancies, not just on signs. Motel door wide open. A few notes played. Waves crash, portable stereo cries out. Sitting on the edge. Look up, easier than looking back. It's already fading away, into weekly rates paid up front.

Insideout

Tonje Alice Madsen

NORWAY/DENMARK, 2010, VIDEO, 25 MIN

Constructed from the digital ether of YouTube, the lives of strangers are sutured together. Their compressed confessionals become a narrative that follows the cycle of a day, from dawn, through the day and a very dark night, till dawn again. There are no memorable bodies in frame; it is all in the voice that the self is explored, cameras pointed out and text pointed in. This bodiless exploration of the deeply personal buttresses the unified narrative, forgetting the individual across the shared, dense, pixelated surface of the video image. YouTube is the archive we don't need to remember, just share.

Monday April 16

9:15 PM

Admission: \$10 general/
\$5 members, students, seniors

Jackman Hall

317 Dundas Street West,
McCaul Street entrance



Top to bottom:

Llora Cuando Te Pase by Laida Lertxundi
Insideout by Tonje Alice Madsen



Second Law: South Leh St.

Mike Gibisser

USA, 2010, 16MM, 14 MIN

A meditation on thermodynamics; entropy and irreversibility. Light from the window pours over the carpet. Caressing shots of an interior, a well cared for home, not without its difficulties. A grandmother explains the balance upheld, between should I stay or should I go. A chair moves on its own. On the wall a wedding photo is obscured by the framing of the shot, a hand blocks the light from the window, and when lowered, the burst fills our eyes. We wait; a test. A disembodied voice confirms the connection.

Omokage (Remains)

Maki Satake

JAPAN, 2010, VIDEO, 6 MIN

In and out of movement, from stop to go, photos hurtle us into their lived antecedents. A collection of a grandfather's photos are brought to life again, confronted by the fictitious present, and the granddaughter with a camera. The 'x' on the ground, where he must have stood to get the shot, is now occupied by her. Where she was, standing as the subject all those years ago, is now a mirror, a reflection of what cannot be again. The device that reminds of the loss, stares back. A road, a field, that tree, all are approached, forward and backward, all lined up as seamlessly as possible, knowing the holes aren't in the photographs.

Clockwise from top left:

Agatha by Beatrice Gibson

Second Law: South Leh St. by Mike Gibisser

Omokage by Maki Satake

The Forgetting of Proper Names by Agnieszka Polska



The Forgetting of Proper Names

Agnieszka Polska

POLAND/GERMANY, 2009, VIDEO, 4 MIN

A studio, filled with art objects and curios, an animated space for modernism and music (and ghosts), is the back drop for a voice-over excerpt from Freud's *The Forgetting of Proper Names*. A sculpture inches along, as if to get away, boots move of their own accord, stepping in and out of a plaster-like substance, and a breeze, or some force, curls sheets of music. Something wants back in. A wall of monitors displays grey. All becomes buried, until a silhouette of a figure packs it back in. "In the course of our efforts to recover the name that has dropped out, other ones, substitute names enter our consciousness. We recognize them at once, indeed, as incorrect, but they keep on returning and force themselves on us with great persistence."

Agatha

Beatrice Gibson

UK, 2012, VIDEO, 14 MIN

The side of the frame flares out so you know it's a dream. It becomes apparent that, although similar, there are profound differences between this planet and our own. The most startling is the lack of verbal language. The narrator, our guide to this world, tells us how communication happens, based on interactions with Gladys and Agatha, two beings that confound as they draw the observer in. The names are created for our benefit, and one must wonder if any observations can be trusted, are they all too written, too read from dialogue that isn't there? What may be certain is the loosening that happens with regard to interpretation. If words cease to have importance then how can the experiences on this planet be readily expressed? Instead of syntax and meaning we are left with rhythm and colour. Based on a dream had by the radical British composer Cornelius Cardew.