

Film by Nina Goédé, my Mont 'or' engl."my golden Mountain"

My Mont d'or

Thoughts about Nina Goédé's film "my Mont d'or".

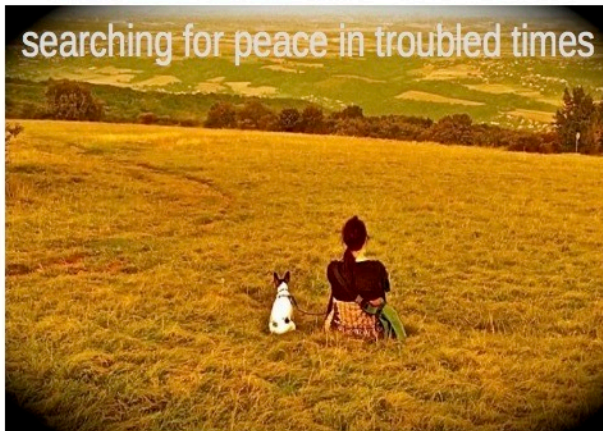
Memories bleed into each other. A watercolor poem of moments, ideas, emotions - something you strap on your head to see and hear a person's imagined past (is the past anything other than imagination?) - my Mont d'or would be it. I was there. The collage of ideas and lack of linearity made Nina's thoughts, her life, tangible. Even though many memories were quite personal, the way in which they bled together seemed as if they could have been my life-much less emotional distance than if her life was presented as a straightforward, chronological documentary. Memories are distorted, reflected, and reappear as life is happening. The illusion (or unity) of past, present, and future is made manifest.

Today the act of memory preservation is more accessible than ever with iPhones, Instagram, and access to entire cannon of recorded media a click away. Is there an innate human need to share and be memorialized? Must each mouthwatering photo of avocado toast be eternalized in Instagram? How life-affirming is the desire to reify the timeless? I wonder how future anthropologists will interpret our hoarding of memory. Assuming the "cloud" is still around, there will be an overabundance of past documentation to draw from. How will it be possible to make any assumptions about the people who once lived, us, besides superficial ones using big data? Our memories mean everything to us and nothing to others. When passersby step around Nina's floral-print dress lying in the street, her prized possession, a living embodiment of vitality, creativity, and freedom, it means nothing to them. It could have been a paper cup and their responses would have been no different. For the woman who picks it up, appreciating its appearance and after second-guessing herself, sticks it in her tote bag, the dress is nothing more than a pretty dress.

Why document life without context? This is the question that runs through my mind whenever I use or watch friends use Instagram, Snapchat, Facebook, and other social media platforms. Sharing what matters to us with the people in our lives is nothing new; quite possibly, it is one of the most definitively human activities that exists. However, it seems to me that the Internet's emphasis on sharing everything has made a life without reflection-seeing without seeing, hearing without hearing, touching without being touched-more possible.

I get the sense that each moment Nina captures comes from an existential necessity to preserve the ineffable, unrepeatable essence of these moments and to create utopia. The synesthesia of light, color, sound, personal memory, reflection, and concern for the well-being of the Palestinian people, oppose the static, depersonalized fragments that social media has come to embody. That she filmed this with an iPhone gives me hope. It's not the technology, but how we use it. Meaning will not be sapped from life. Life itself is meaning

Ian Arnold, New York 2016



A poetic narration, an auto-fiction of 85 min.
In French with English subtitles

A brief biographical description of my filmmaking between 2012-16

"my Mont d'or"

A visual and sound poem - a poetic narration - an auto-fiction / 85.16 min.

The movie was filmed entirely with an iPhone in my hand. Only during very few moments, when I was acting myself, did my colleagues take over the filming.

The idea of this Film

is about searching for peace in troubled times, and looking for former playmates from that time period, when I was still living in Lyon, France, and Clytemnestra and Medea were being staged. The performers in the film are my re-found playmates, meeting again and sharing memories from 30 years ago. It's about the re-discovery of the landscape of Mont d'or, Lyon, where I once sat with my lover; about the tree at la Croix Rousse, the street and my home in Lyon, and about memories of more youthful and creative moments.

In 2012 I started thinking about the story of this film, and I often sat at night in my atelier in NYC searching on youtube for old places on Mont d'or and filming them. Time stopped for me then! However, worldwide tragedies happened on a daily basis, and during the 3 following years as I went back and forth filming in France I became more and more emotionally involved in what was going on on our planet. War, occupation, terror and death and the endless desperate migration flow had a strong impact on me and the story.

My thoughts and feelings started weaving themselves into the story and it became an auto-fiction.

During the process of editing the film between Feb.-May/ 2016, the initial image---peacefully sitting on the mountain and dreaming old memories---shifted away and the question arose in my thoughts: when will we have peace on earth again ?

Nina Goédé / Operabrut nyc-paris,

Paris, Sept. 2016



"My Mont d'or" is sponsored by The New York Foundation for the Arts.

The first screening was the USA premiere on October 4th @ The Anthologie Film Archives / New Filmmakers NY

More info about the film:

<https://www.nyfa.org/ArtistDirectory/.../5731218d-9fed-4efa-a0d2-4527e32131a6> / Trailer: <https://vimeo.com/167811905>

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