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

Mountains in human myth have been sites of

transfigurations and epiphanies. They are places of revelations of higher truths, connectors from the mundane world to the eternal divine. The Koran calls them "pegs" - roots that hold the earth in place while stretching to the heavens. Mt. Sinai, Mt Hermon and the Mt. of Olives in the Judeo- Christian tradition were sites of theophanies - ascensions and the appearances of the Divine - while the classical pagan gods dwelled on Mount Olympus. Mountains are also objects of obsession: either to climb them or to paint them, as in Cézanne's Mount Sainte-Victoire series. Nina Goedé's film "my Mont d'or" is all of these. It is both transcendent and obsessive. It is a whirling mass of imageries, engulfing the viewer, ascending to luminescent love and friendship and then descending into a dark vortex of pain. Her film stretches back to joyful youthful memories, set in the beauties of the Rhône Valley in France. The mountain presides over playful friends, frolicking together to create works of art, theatre, poetry, music and dance. Goedé's productions of Medea and Clytemnestra keened through the valley; drama celebrated life. She chronicles her creative processes. Yet life is not linear but a spiral that moves from past to present to future in waves of repetition. The film employs repeated images of rolling on grass, of spinning, of sitting in yellow fields washed by sunset, watching the mountain with her ever- present small dog. An old flowered dress acts as a metaphor for memories that decay yet resurrect. The past is a cloak on the present; the present constructs the future that conceals its dangerous mysteries. The past, present and the future contain demonic terrors intersected with Baudelaire's "perfumed paradise" of the Flowers of Evil. One cannot escape into oblivion or indifference. The film uses a cacophony of devices: sound, visual effects, repetition and a surrealistic stream of consciousness to create a steady rhythm of the chaos of meaning. It is a film of disjunctive continuity. It combines the casual with the apocalyptic. Sipping coffee with friends in a café juxtaposes with images of genocide, of refugees, Palestinians grieving over dead children, war, bombs, hate. This parallels our daily experiences perhaps watching gruesome images on TV while having breakfast. This obscene absurdity of our separation from time/space realities provides an urgent rhythm in her film. Using veils and khafias, Goedé challenges the viewer to enter into deeper realities. The material world is a portal to unseen, powerful forces. "Clouds are always seeking love" is a repeated mantra. This is a film about nothing and about everything. It obsesses over the mundane while transporting the captive viewer into the freedom of mystery and contradiction, love and beauty. Interjecting the hypnotic poetry of Baudelaire and Rilke throughout the film, Goede's own poetic vision reveals her torture and rapture: "I am Medea, chained to this chair for 1000 years, waiting for peace." Her film is a paradigm of our contemporary human condition, pleading for humanity's survival and that of our planet.©jtaylorbasker 30 May 2017 ArtsPR

My Mont d'or



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.

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 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 autofiction.

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 Goedé / Operabrut nyc-paris,

Paris, Sept. 2016

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

Memories bleed into each other. A watercolor poem of moments, ideas, emotions If there was ever such a thing as a memory lens 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 lifeaffirming 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

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









dress.

"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