

## THE FILMS

**Author: Adam Grossman Cohen**

- **Blind Grace** (1993) 20 minutes

Blind Grace is a tense, poetic essay on the marginal people and forgotten places of New York City. Chance, fleeting meetings between the film-maker and passers-by are caught on film revealing moments of unexpected beauty. A homeless man builds a Christmas tree from trash and discarded cans on 42nd Street. Ted, the bird-man, makes his daily rounds, feeding thousands of pigeons. A man, believing himself to be a prophet, makes ritualized signals towards a place that only he can see, mediating between the stained sidewalk and the sky over New York.

The soul of the city, its radiance, its isolates, the special souls who are lost to the vision of the workaday world but scorched into the vision of Cohen's Super-8 film/video world.

A world of blindness, grace and vision.

- **Fire of time** (2000) 28 minutes

Fire of Time is a film made about a place both vanished and vanishing, the historic vibrant red-light district and worker's quarter, Barcelona's Barrio Chino, where the nights and the days were undistinguishable and endless. This is an evocative film shot through windows, on street corners and in small rooms. People, clouds, and the swift tail lights of cars glide past and through, as fleeting traces of the passage of time. And as this district is transformed and changed by the process of gentrification, the former residents appear as ghosts, their presence - as graffiti, as shadows - a reminder of the real history of the city. Larger forces cause buildings and neighborhoods to vanish but they are rebuilt again in memories, worn photographs and in light. Sounds of this world are orchestrated with cello, organ and guitar to form a profoundly beautiful work about memory, longing and loss.

- **4 Film Super-8** (1986-1995) tot. 12 min 94 sec

**Film 1 - Brooklyn Cemetery to 42nd Street/Snow Day (2'45'')**

Made on one roll of Super-8 film, it begins with a travelling shot from the elevated subway train over the old Brooklyn Cemetery near Coney Island, finally ending that same day, at the other end of the same subway line... in front of the ruins of the historic Times Square Theatre on New York's 42nd Street.

**Film 2 – Old Brooklyn Sugar Factory/from my window (43'')**

It was shot at night from the bedroom window of my Brooklyn apartment where I lived for 24 years. Across the street you can also see some of the abandoned buildings on my street which at this time in the 1980's, was a destroyed area.

**Film 3 – Brooklyn Cemetery/Snow Day 2 (3'05'')**

It was shot on one snow day, on one roll of film...travelling from the same Brooklyn Jewish Cemetery as film 1, but ending later that same day back in my Brooklyn apartment, again with views shot from that same apartment

where I lived for so many years.

**Film 4 – Late City Final (7'01'')**

It is part of a film project shot between 1989 -1993 and is a personal/poetic documentation of life in and on New York's historic 42nd Street/Times Square. The entire street, in the sense that it was completely 'reconstructed' and replaced by the Disney Company store and other corporations, is essentially, a ghost of its former self. The film footage was shot during the time when the great transformation of the area began and then was at its peak.

**Author: Lorenzo Castore**

● **Ultimo domicilio** (2012) 19 minutes

in collaboration with the composer Emanuele de Raymondi

Homes harbor stories and secrets: paintings hanging on walls, photographs, objects on bedside tables, books tucked inside libraries. Objects resonating with one other reflect desires and aspirations, memories and affections, revealing the personalities of home-dwellers.

Ultimo Domicilio was born in 2008 when, during a trip to Sarajevo and Mostar, Lorenzo Castore photographed the interiors of houses abandoned during the war, left behind from one day to the next together with all the personal effects belonging to the people who lived inside them. Over the years, the work developed into a solid, functional and entirely personal structure.

The houses of war of Sarajevo e Mostar met The house of History (Finale Figure), The house of the search for a father figure (Brooklyn, Adam Grossman Cohen's apartment), The maternal house (Fontenay-Mauvoisin) and The house of a new beginning (Krakow, Castore's house).

These will be joined in 2013 by The house of poetry and youth (Casarola, Bertolucci family house) and in 2015 by The house of a private story (Florence, Castore's paternal grandparents home).

In 2015 Laura Serani curated the publication of the book Ultimo domicilio for L'Artiere Edizioni.

● **Casarola** (2014) 7min 49 sec

Casarola is the name of a remote village lost in the Apennine mountains near Parma, where the old Bertolucci family home is located. This is the house where Attilio Bertolucci, one of the most influential Italian poets of the 20th century, grew up, and where his two sons Bernardo and Giuseppe spent their childhood and, for many years, their summer holidays: the ancestral home was for them a magical, wild place of discovery where they could experience the world around them without constraints, developing, like their father, their poetry, their visions, their inner world. Merging archive and recent material, the film is about a place, a father and his two sons, and it is all accurate - that's the place and that's the father, those are his two sons and they are not just ordinary people - but at the same time it leaves out the subsequent path to remain in an initial, intimate, familiar dimension, where the house is the origin and where the origin is a memory, a feeling of warmth and belonging that one carries in one's heart over the years.

● **No peace without war** ( 2012) 25 minutes

Directed with Adam Grossman Cohen

Music and sound by Christian Fennesz

No peace without war is the story of a forgotten world that takes place behind the doors of a decaying two-room apartment in Krakow, where Ewa and Piotr Sosnowski, sister and brother, have lived together since the death of their father, in absolute poverty. Their family, cultured and well-off, has lost everything over the years. But comprehending Ewa and Piotr's past and present through facts is almost impossible. This is a film that looks for revelations, not explanations. At a certain moment everything falls into a misty and mysterious cloud where real and invented memories become indistinct. The more we get to know them, the more trifling and unsubstantial the facts become. Witty and nonsensical, incoherent and lucid, tender and cruel, in their speeches and everyday actions, Ewa and Piotr obscure or misdirect as much as they reveal.

Memory is something to be reinvented each time for Ewa and Piotr, perhaps without nostalgia or regret. And in that, too, one can see its beauty.