

RITUALER/RITES
FILM & LYD ApS
NATIONAL FILM BOARD OF DENMARK. 1993
PRESENT'S

flâneur

the modern hero, able to travel, to arrive, to gaze, to move
on, to be anonymous, to be in a liminal zone

The strolling *flâneur* was a forerunner of the twentieth-century
tourist and in particular of *the* activity which has in a way become
emblematic of the tourist: the democratised taking of photographs – of
being seen and recorded and seeing others and recording them.

A FILM BY
TORBEN SKJØDT JENSEN

An oracle was questioned about the mysterious bond between two objects so dissimilar as the carpet and the city. One of the two objects – the oracle replied – has the form the gods gave the starry sky and the orbits in which the worlds revolve; the other is approximate reflection, like every human creation.

In a great city, the people who move through the streets are all strangers. At each encounter, they imagine a thousand things about one another; meetings which could take place between them, conversations, surprises, caresses, bites. But no one greets anyone.

Travellers return from the city with distinct memories :
The city is redundant :
it repeats itself so that something will stick in the mind.

Memory is redundant : it repeats signs so that the city can begin to exist.

'You reach a moment in life when, among the people you have known, the dead outnumber the living. And the mind refuses to accept more faces, more expressions :

'This is the city where you arrive dying
and where each finds again the people he has known. This means I, too, am dead.'

You walk for days among trees and among stones. Rarely does the eye light on a thing, and then only when it has recognized that thing as the sign of another thing :

The eye does not see things but images of things that mean other things
All the rest is silent and interchangeable; trees and stones are only what they are.

As the city is renewed each day, it preserves all of itself in its only definitive form : yesterday's sweepings piled up on the sweepings of the day before yesterday and of all its days and years and decades. Perhaps the whole world, is covered by craters of rubbish, each surrounding a metropolis in constant eruption.

- It is time running through our hands, life running away from us, and beside the fact that this film was shot in Florence and only last for 8 minutes, it could be the 1993 edition of "Death in Venice"
Lars Møvin, Information

FLÂNEUR (title suggested by the work of **WALTER BENJAMIN**)

Based on Words from »**THE INVISIBLE CITIES**« BY **ITALO CALVINO**

Read by **DAVID HOHNEN**, with **METTE HEIBERG**

Directed, photographed and edited by **TORBEN SKJØDT JENSEN**

Music & sound composed and played by **ANDERS KOPPEL**

Executive producer: **THOMAS GAMMELTOFT**

Producer: **FRANCOIS - ERIC GRODIN**

Film/Video transfers made by **LARS BEYER VILSTRUP**

Laboratorium: **ANKERSTJERNE.**

Facility house: **STEEN HERDEL & CO**

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