

Articolo di David Bordwell co-autore di FILM ART uno dei libri più importanti di storia del cinema edito da McGraw Hill e giunto ormai alla sua ottava edizione. Puoi trovarlo sul suo blog <http://www.davidbordwell.net/blog/> che inserisce anche la foto di un fotogramma tratto da *Secondo il mio occhio di vetro*, la stessa immagine usata per l'invito della Calcografia. Alla fine del suo articolo, DB dà anche le indicazioni del tuo sito e di quello (<http://www.filmlinc.com/nyff/program/avantgarde/paologioli.html>) su cui trovare il commento di McElhatten al tuo lavoro e un sito per un eventuale acquisto del DVD (<http://xploitedcinema.com/catalog/paolo-gioli-film-shorts-p-7696.html>).

Films from the Fragrant Harbor

Sorry to be late with this posting from the Hong Kong International Film Festival. The last three days have been mighty busy, including a morning of roundtables with journalists and local critics, a supper with Mr and Mrs Johnnie To, an encounter with Ringo Lam, and other escapades. Plus heavy viewings of classics by Li Han-hsiang. I hope to blog about all this before I leave on Thursday. In the meantime, I'll catch up on what any good festival is about...the films. Or rather, the ones I've liked most in the last few days.



Paolo Gioli has been making experimental films since the 1960s. From one angle, his approach converges with the work of filmmakers like Ken Jacobs and Ernie Gehr. Gioli employs optical printing and other techniques to halt, fragment, and superimpose images, many of them from found footage. Perforations flutter across the screen and framelines dance; single-frame montage

imparts hallucinatory movement to a static picture; negative and positive images bounce off one another. The very concept of a shot or of a film frame dissolves in this lovely work.

But Gioli's originality goes beyond the tradition of recasting found footage. Anticipating recent gallery artists who rig up their own movie machines, he films with pinhole cameras made of buttons or seashells, or uses leaves to create an extra shutter. The results can be aggressive or lyrical, and I found them completely fascinating. The first of four programs of his work was my first sight of Gioli's work. How could I have missed it?

All the five films in the set, mostly from the late 1960s and early 1970s, were very impressive. In *Traces of traces* (1969), the abstract whorls and speckles are made from filmstock pressed upon his skin and fingertips. *According to My Glass Eye* (1971) assaults us with a flurry of Muybridge-like postures and fluttering close-ups, all to a threatening drumbeat.

My favorite was the gentler *Anonimatograph* (1972), recomposed from a 35mm home movie from the 1910s and 1920s. The shots settle into layers, and as they peel off we see people in different phases of their lives, sometimes studying each other across the years. Family portraits become eerie silhouettes and cameos. Even gouges on the emulsion serve as testimony to time gone.

Mark McElhatten, an expert on experimental film, provided the catalogue essay and an enlightening introduction to the screening, as well as an after-film discussion. He pointed out Gioli's fascination with the textures of the human body as they are shaped by time and space, and then captured on the skin of film itself. Film as a tactile medium: No surprise that Gioli is also a sculptor.

You can read more about his work in [Mark's detailed essay](#) for a Lincoln Center retrospective. [This](#) is Gioli's suitably sparse website, and [here](#) is a site offering a DVD collection (unhappily not including *Anonimatograph*).