

SCORE

for “The word for body left my body” by Johanna Hedva

After my mother died this year, I took long slow walks whenever the grief waves crashed. Walking slowly helped. My mother was third-generation born and raised in Los Angeles. I am fourth. I left the motherland in 2016 for Berlin so I could have healthcare. But the Berlin winters kill me, so I go home then. This video was filmed in the span of two weeks: autumn in Berlin and winter in LA. The grief feels the same in either place, but it also feels different.

The score for this screening is nothing in particular, but if you feel like communing with the ghost of your mother, please do.



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