

# CAST

## A film by Nicky Coutts

DV-PAL 11:15 mins, 2010

Cast was made during a residency at Künstlerhaus Schloss Balmoral in the Rhineland-Palatinate region of Germany. The residency involved living in a castle for six months with nine other artists from around the world, in a small spa town that had been frequented by writers in its turn of the century heyday. The castle looks down on a tributary of the Rhine and up towards the cause of the small town's former popularity, a sanatorium perched on the top of a wooded hill.

Cast contains a story from the point of view of a daughter being told a story by her mother. The tale is of a man who continually forgets. As it develops it becomes clear that the mother remembers only parts of the story and the daughter only parts of its re-telling. The film was shot in the UK (Berwick and London) and in Germany (Bad Ems, Künstlerhaus Schloss Balmoral) based on sources watched or read during the residency. Scenes are appropriated from the work of others who explore memory and forgetting such as Federico Fellini's 'Amacord' (1973), Hollis Frampton's 'Nostalgia' (1971), Jorge Luis Borges' 'The Aleph' (1970) and Thomas Mann's 'The Magic Mountain' (1924).

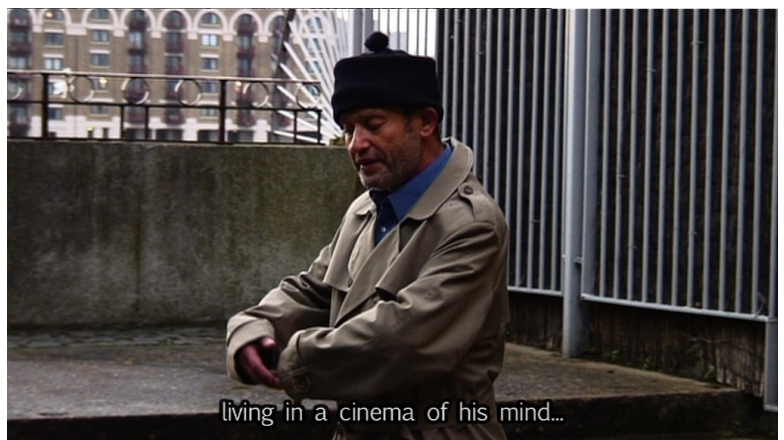
CAST Nigel Young  
Renato Pesci  
Ron Harley  
Tansy Spinks (violin)  
Charbel Ackermann (cello)  
Kate Meynell (tambourine)  
Heather Phillipson (violin)  
Jake Moulson  
Haruhi Hayashi  
Beltran Obgregon  
Mia Taylor  
Fiona MacDonald  
Sarah Hart  
Anna Kubik  
Regina Reisinger (violin)  
MLaura üller  
Selina Vossen  
Markus Pfaff  
Viktoria Köpper  
Anne-Kathrin Auel  
Gabi Padberg  
Frank Padberg

STILLS PHOTOGRAPHY Carsten Gliese  
Mark-Christian von Busse  
Rainer Wald

ADDITIONAL SOUND The Freesound Project  
Digifishmusic

CAMERA Liz Murray

DIRECTOR Nicky Coutts



## CAST (Script)

My mother once told me a story  
about a man prone to forgetting.  
Whenever she spoke of him  
she'd either look into the middle distance,  
as though staring out of the window  
at an alien world  
or at me accusingly  
as if I were responsible  
for what she was about to say.

She seemed to worry about the man in the story.  
It seemed she knew him well.

She described him losing his way in a forest  
and how he left something important there.  
What he lost she couldn't remember.  
It didn't seem to matter to her that she didn't recall.  
The man was at first asked gently  
what his route through the forest might have been  
any defining features  
anything that might have lodged in his mind.

They took him back to the forest  
to try to retrace his steps.  
Everything they tried they repeated.  
Everything they repeated came to nothing at all...

So then they deprived him of all sensory diversions.  
He agreed to live in darkness  
without access to exterior sights or sounds.  
Days of isolation followed causing him to begin  
Living in a cinema of his mind

When he was led from his cell  
his eyes burned in the unfamiliar light  
but also as a result of an internal anger  
he couldn't quite place.

My mother's eyes always narrowed at this point.  
She would harden her features  
to imitate the changes to the man  
that the sight of the world he'd been kept from  
would now never restore.  
She was either angry with him or for him.  
I couldn't know.

And now in his loggia in the Berghof  
Pictures swarm about his head.  
He sees in a closet in Alkmaar  
a terrestrial globe between two mirrors  
that multiplied it endlessly  
he sees horses with flowing manes  
on a shore of the Caspian Sea at dawn  
he sees the delicate bone structure of a hand  
he sees the survivors of a battle  
sending out picture postcards

He has a past he didn't experience  
memories he never owned.  
And outside  
in the blinding whiteness  
of an alpine snowstorm  
he hears gulls calling  
and gannets diving  
hundreds of miles  
from the nearest sea.