

What Do You Do At The Cinema?

It seems like the soft cushioning of cinema seats are usually calibrated to make you comfortable enough to sit still for two hours but hard and vertical enough to not make you fall asleep. There are ways to bypass this pseudo-somnic design and enable some sleep, like working really hard during the day. Or sleep depriving yourself to a point of proper fatigue. As long as you don't enter the awakened overdrive where your mind and body decide to have an ugly divorce and sleep itself becomes an impassable desire. A scape of non-dreams hard to escape from.

There is a certain amount of stigma attached to sleeping in the cinema, let's be honest about it; a shame of failing the intention, of disrespecting the art etc. What other vital maintenance do we treat with the same frown? Snoring is doubtlessly inappropriate, one should try to abstain from snoring, but wouldn't most of us prefer a little nasal grunting rather than someone devouring 4.2 liters of popped corn with serious decibel right next to you. A friend of mine often went to the cinema only to shut her eyes. The dark place created a safety that made her fall asleep. Like an air-conditioned womb. An eternal place with a timer.

I asked her what kind of films she chose for sleeping. She said at that point it didn't matter but without any trace of desperation. It didn't matter for other reasons. It didn't matter because the partial inexperience of a film was an experience in itself, as it was traded for some vital sleep.

You can go to the cinema to sleep and I think that should be entirely endorsed, but whether you're there for the shut-eye or not, we all go to the cinema to dream. Or we go to think, or feel or experience by proxy. In essence some of the things dreams are made of. And if we're lucky some of the things films are made of as well.

The other day I went to the cinema to mourn. Images of hotel rooms filled with floating white objects that could be tranquil down or tranquil stars or it could be stabilized memories. I didn't realize I was there for mourning before I started thinking about a friend of my parents who had passed away two days earlier. Offscreen voices spoke of dreams, memories and love as a way to resupply the hotel rooms with *story*. As I thought of and once more said farewell to the family friend, I filled the film and the cinema with mourning and tears.

Mourning in the cinema should be entirely endorsed. There was a time when smoking could be enjoyed in the cinema as well, but this activity has naturally been banned. Now you have to go outside for a smoke which I have done just once when for peculiar reasons I still can't quite understand, the urge for nicotine became too irresistible and the discipline and firm cognitive skill set that usually makes me able to postpone such desire, failed me.

There must be things that can be consumed to better understand the beauty of the world, despite what the doctor in the mountains believes. But maybe those who truly understand the beauty of the world are those consumed by the world itself. Not perpetually or indefinitely, but those willing to be eaten by a world. Those willing to make bread of themselves and break it up for reality to devour. And how then, can you be sure your memories are remnants from your own experiences and not specialized anecdotes acquired along the way. Is a distinction even necessary at all. I am quite sure it isn't, at least in most cases. *Story* runs things around here and acquisition of new memories, even ones that are not yours by way of

experience, is therefore entirely endorsed. I remember the wall coming down as I was being born. I remember when love began to hurt as the continents started splitting up. Cerebral storage capacity allows for this and neurological RAM helps out. You yourself are also someone's memory, think about it. And in those memories you have done an infinite amount of things that are not necessarily part of your own history. Each of our timelines are fiddled with by all the other memory banks we've touched. I remember the wall coming down as I was being born. And being born was a little like a miniature big bang, like a pop, but not a pop, nor exactly a crack, but like a concrete ball falling down an iron well. Like a head exploding just before it is able to wake up.

This text was written as if it was translated, which it was; from the different languages of my brain and the memories stored there into a written language put on paper.

Thanks.

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