

Sigurður Guðjónsson – the Un-homely

Mist. Like white smoke it hovers over a pallid, bleak scene – a stone, rubble, something's moving; moaning music like spherical tones from a long gone memory that suddenly strikes the heartbeat only to just as suddenly drown back into the unseizable's dusk . Sigurður Guðjónsson's films breathe an oppressive silence, sough despair, pant fear. The tangled fragments of a dreamlike tale about desolation, self-inflicted failure, longing and denial, have convened to form a mystical requiem of shades... Over and over, refusing a linear narrative, he blends together palpable elements and grotesque images in a symphony of unsettled emotions, binds them into unity with crackling, rustling sounds and the sonorous tune of a distant trumpet ("Host", 2004). In his latest work, "Death bed" (2005/06), the run-down skeleton of an old house stands in the middle of a bewildering cluster of morbid and grotesque conditions and the attempt of a hooded protagonist to intrude the ruin in the endless snowcovered wasteland. In the eerie atmosphere, he meets – or does he? – figures, faceless people who in what might or might not seem scenes of the past dress their grey, jejune hair in pin curlers and wash their decaying limbs in red water to the sound of a muted piano's play . Cinematic and musical elements are of equal importance in Sigurður Guðjónsson's atmospheric works, to him, sound, vision and cut are equitable compositorial means on his search for a not so much intellectual but physically and emotionally perceptible abyss that Freud called the "Un-homely". His works' mystic, quasi-spiritual mood reflects psychological states on a universal level that, elder than speech itself, uncaptured in words and rationally unfathomable, introduces the mind to its borderline with emotion.

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