

Anchors are unmoored from dominant narratives in this trio of shorts, nudging us to orient ourselves within a cacophony of voices and reckon with the distortions of history.

‘It is as if the dictatorship never ended for these people, and they continued to receive all its violence.’ So it is said of the Waimiri-Atroari, a people indigenous to the Brazilian Amazon, in Ana Vaz’s *Apiyemiyeki?*. Their archive-sourced drawings, originally part of a communications drive to ‘civilise’ them, show the atrocities they suffered under the watch of the ruling junta, which built a highway through their land to exploit its resources in the 1970s. As they are superimposed upon the environment, collective memory is dynamically renegotiated. The Waimiri-Atroari shift from being the silent recipients of oppressive definitions and a challenging dialogue opens up with the audience, as we are compelled to account for the true seat of savagery reflected back upon us.

The monumental physicality of Peru’s Cordillera Blanca is captured on 35mm with a keen sense of materiality in Rosa Barba’s *Aggregate States of Matters*. As a throng of people murmurs, text is overlaid, translating the thoughts of the Quechuan people who are dependent on water from a receding glacier. The Quechuans believe that the gods will maintain their resources forever – and accept that if they don’t, all things end when they should. Great white masses break up and land turns arid by matter melting, making dissonant their faith in a natural order. We’re invited to ponder whether the abstract meaning systems of the humans who are as much the casualties of colonialist ‘progress’ as the Earth can absorb this transformation, and what hand we’ve had in shaping an ecosystem so out of joint.

We glide aurally like disembodied ghosts over another icy expanse and into Murmansk, a port city in the Russian arctic. The locals in *Sun Dog*, by Dorian Jespers, press on with life in the darkness of a winter so endless that reality loses its edges. Through a blizzard-lashed dreamworld of phantasmagorical visions and sonic echoes of the ocean deep, locksmith Fedor, a key emblazoned on his jacket, is called on to help those shut out in the cold. Amid woozy, sliding vantage points, we grasp for guidance. ‘It’s all for you,’ a woman addresses us. ‘Even me – I live here only for you.’ This melancholic half-world is condemned to serve our touristic gaze, which beams back no warmth. But the sun may not be far off.

*Carmen Gray is a journalist, film programmer and critic.*