



Summer 2005

## **Body Song** (2004) MVD

Viewers who get squeamish watching actual births—like, say, several dozen in a row—should probably skip the first twenty minutes of Simon Pummell’s abstract montage marathon on livin’ *la vida corpus* or risk losing their proverbial lunches. Once you get past the film’s *Baraka*-for-babymommas section, however, the movie’s tour of collected experiences from womb to tomb provides abundant food for thought. Whether this cinematic essay is a clarion call to reevaluate our species or just fodder for stoned dorm-room philosophizing is debatable, but you can’t fault Radiohead guitarist Jonny Greenwood’s Ornette-Coleman-meets-Phillip-Glass score for not giving the whole shebang a lovely transcendental buzz.

- David Fear