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山形国際ドキュメンタリー映画祭2013  
YAMAGATA International Documentary Film Festival

映画祭公式ガイドブック  
「スプートニク」

# SPUTNIK

YIDFF Reader 2013

YAMAGATA International Documentary Film Festival  
山形国際ドキュメンタリー映画祭 2013

## SPUTNIK YIDFF Reader 2013



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After each article, we have included information on related events and screenings, using the following abbreviations for program names and venues.

<b>[IC]</b> インターナショナル・コンペティション   International Competition	<b>[A6]</b> 山形市中央公民館 6F   Yamagata Central Public Hall 6F
<b>[NAC]</b> アジア千波万波   New Asian Currents	<b>[CL]</b> 山形市民会館大ホール   Yamagata Citizens’ Hall (Large Hall)
<b>[EM]</b> 6つの眼差しと〈倫理マシン〉   The Ethics Machine: Six Gazes of the Camera	<b>[F5]</b> フォーラム 5   Forum 5
<b>[PJ]</b> 日本プログラム   Perspectives Japan	<b>[F3]</b> フォーラム 3   Forum 3
<b>[CU]</b> ともにある Cinema with Us 2013	<b>[F4]</b> フォーラム 4   Forum 4
<b>[YF]</b> やまがたと映画   Yamagata and Film	<b>[M1]</b> 山形美術館 1   Yamagata Museum of Art 1
<b>[JF]</b> 審査員作品   Jurors’ Films	<b>[M2]</b> 山形美術館 2   Yamagata Museum of Art 2
	<b>[M5]</b> 山形美術館 5 (3F)   Yamagata Museum of Art 5 (3F)

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# Greetings to the YIDFF 2013

**Wang Bing** (Filmmaker)

With each busy day, another two years has past. Yet I continue to be thankful for the privilege of being able to know the countless mysteries of the world through documentary film. Documentary film is the most wonderful mode of artistic expression of our time. Documentary enters into our lives, offers us sincerity and gives us the opportunity to re-think the way we see ourselves. I believe that documentary has the extraordinary power to bring about a new cinema culture for the future. Together with expressing my strong admiration for the organiser's unwaveringly independent and unprejudiced stance towards cinema, I send my heartfelt wishes for the success of the 2013 Yamagata International Documentary Film Festival.

Beijing, 13<sup>th</sup> September, 2013  
(Translated by Barbara Hartley)

**Wu Wenguang** (Filmmaker)

In 1991, when I returned to China after first participating in Yamagata, I published an essay entitled, "Yamagata International Film Festival: the home of the independent documentary director." In this essay, I said the following: "For we independent documentary directors who battle alone in our various corners of the world, Yamagata is the home to which we can return, a place we can dream about no matter isolated we may be. It is the source of the strength that permits us to continue making documentary film." Since then, 22 years have passed. I have returned home to Yamagata seven times now. And I fervently hope to return each year that I am able.

(Translated by Barbara Hartley)

**Apichatpong Weerasethakul** (Filmmaker)

YIDFF is the first festival that bothered to screen my film, a short black and white film. I was lucky because it is the right place to fall in love with film festivals, with true cinema. Thus it has kickstarted everything for me, and I am sure for generations to come.

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# Miracle of Communication

**Fujioka Asako** (Director, YIDFF Tokyo Office)

This year's Festival is going to be a killer for our interpreters. Among the 212 films we are presenting, many are screened twice — that means 251 screenings. We are expecting almost 200 guests, mostly filmmakers. Which means, aside from the Chris Marker retrospective, most of the screenings will be accompanied by talks or Q&As. Every time the lights go on, cinemas will be filled with bustling voices speaking about film. In addition, this year's program is full of symposiums and debates. Our new program "Yamagata Rough Cut!" introduces discussions around film projects still in production, and the "Yamagata Film Criticism Workshop" offers a brush up for journalists writing about cinema. And at the end of the day, Komian Club. What a multitude of conversations!

Our wonderful interpreters will speak in Japanese, English, Korean, Thai, Russian, Spanish, French, and Vietnamese, to bridge communication — the unpredictable exchanges between audience

and filmmaker. It's a miracle we are able to converse with each other, thanks to our language staff. A round of applause to them!

YIDFF 2013's closing film is a biography of Robert Flaherty, whose name crowns the Festival's grand prize. When he filmed the classic *Man of Aran*, Flaherty encountered many people on the Aran Islands (off the west coast of Ireland) sharing his surname. The father of modern documentary was Irish in lineage! And don't we know that the Irish are known for being talkative, inquisitive, and having a sense of humor?!

And so I welcome you to this year's Yamagata Film Festival, a year promising to be especially chatty and lively. The joy of being at Yamagata is the live experience of encountering non-scripted unexpected confrontations. To sandwich between the somewhat formal opening and closing ceremonies, I invite you to join us in creating a delicious concoction of daily surprises and discoveries in our discussions and encounters.

# I Hope to Encounter the Powerful Energy of New Approaches and Themes

An Interview with Adachi Masao

(Filmmaker / Juror of International Competition)

To me it doesn't really make sense to even ask what documentary film is. When you make a film, there is no drama and there is no documentary. For example, I was filming in Palestine once, and the soldiers at the liberation front began to act "the way soldiers ought to be" in front of the camera. I was disheartened, so I didn't bother shooting there; but that night, their commanding officer started lecturing the soldiers about how "this is propaganda, so if we can't be both actors as well as guerilla fighters, then we're not really guerillas." While that depressed me, I came to believe it was fine if that's what they say. And if these individuals turned into actors in front of the camera, I figured I too had to play the part of documentary cameraman.

There's the high-minded approach of making a record by sitting down in a certain spot, the way Sato Makoto and Ogawa Shinsuke do, and looking long and hard at what needs to be recorded, including the parts where those things themselves change, and coming to question yourself in that context. But when you take that and edit it all together, how is that different from manufacturing drama? I think documentary film and dramatic film become the same in the editing process. Newsreels and TV news are that way. After all, editing is done through the subjective viewpoint and opinions of the filmmaker.

With the things I want to film, I interrogate not just what's being shot but myself as well, and I come to see the relationship between the filmmaker and the filmed, in other words, how the author's subjectivity is reflected in the subjectivity of those being filmed. Moreover, the author's subjectivity is being interrogated the same time as the audience's. That's what's interesting about documentary films. And I'd like to think about documentaries from that perspective. For example, I'd thought of *The Red Army/PFLP: Declaration of World War* (1971) as a newsreel-style film, but I'd heard that it was re-edited for a screening at a free jazz concert this year. I went to go see it, and it was good to make it about the present instead of replaying it the way it once was since

it was a newsreel-style film. You could even bring new images in. I praised it as wonderfully well done. That kind of thing is the virtue screening a film. While watching an older film is one way to shed light on the present, at the same time, it's terrific when the people screening the film can show us how we look at that work. That's where I want to go.

At the Yamagata International Documentary Film Festival, in the competition section and in the New Asian Currents section, we've gathered a lot of films in which young people confront the realities of today. I look forward to coming face to face with the work being amassed here and getting to know the differences between my conceptions of the world and reality and the reality these youth face. And I'm eager to discover the new approaches and new opinions on how they can try to express their own realities. Serving as a jury member is not about looking down from on high and judging these films, rather it's about maintaining the right to talk about how wonderful it is to encounter such originality. That's my role as a juror. I suppose there is a historical attachment to the people who have made this film festival possible, like Ogawa Shinsuke, but I hope to encounter the powerful energy of new approaches and themes gathering at an international site like Yamagata.

The filmmakers and their works we will encounter this year in Yamagata will surely be crusading for a way to confront the realities of the countries they come from. In a way, the act of filming a movie is itself a crusade. I hope to get a look at these crusades. While I'm sure there will be films that are completed artistic works, I suppose most are not. But rather than seeing them finish their work, I'd like them to bring us news about their crusades at the next film festival or the next one after that. That's what I look forward to.

Interview conducted by Iwatsuki Ayumi  
(Curator, Kawasaki City Museum) in Tokyo on September 19, 2013

(Translated by Thomas Kabara)

## ■ Screening

AKA *Serial Killer* [JF] ..... 10/15 10:00– [A6]

## Let's Create Reality

Jean-Pierre Limosin (Filmmaker / Juror of International Competition)

A few years ago, a French intellectual published a book whose principal claim was that a documentary film must be poor if it seeks to approach the truth. Poor in its means of filming, thrifty in its aestheticism! Since I know and esteem this intellectual, I refrained from responding to him. His book has created no controversy, insofar as these theoretical claims were already installed in people's minds, especially those who are responsible for television channels.

For my part, I think documentary film needs all existing technical means, and all the means which have yet to be invented, even if we do not use all of them. Documentary requires a considerable

amount of time, an inexplicable time to develop its projects, to confront reality, to apprehend and film it, even and especially if we must be the fastest in all of these aspects.

The last documentary that I shot in Japan involved a lengthy immersion of several years inside a gray zone of society. Reality has so many levels, that a single film will never give an account of its totality. In fact, it would be good if everyone understood that a documentary is always a trailer for the upcoming film series, a trailer for films in the making.

(Translated by Mark D. Roberts)

# Turning the Camera on Opacity: Documentary that Recreates

Abe Koji (French Literature)

One way of thinking says that in cinema, and especially documentaries, we should be watching the images on the screen, and that anything beyond the screen has no place in discussion. Although this assertion is technically incontrovertible, there are times when images provide a glimpse of things not physically visible.

When events surpass what we can gauge simply by looking at them, we are seized by the desire to deliver our gaze beyond the images themselves. This is because when they show prior scenes of slaughter, loss, or for example disaster, our vision becomes immediately overtaken by a mysterious opacity.

Walter Benjamin said Jean-Eugène Atger's photography of Paris resembled crime scene photos. When crimes scenes are in fact shown, the opacity can no longer cloud our sight.

How should we go about reconstructing and re-presenting things that are opaque, making them clear to be seen? And what should we avoid in this process? One documentary tells the story of frequent killings under a military dictatorship in Indonesia, of people falsely accused of insurgency. The leaders of the group who did the killings are the ones who give testament to the crimes. The film is *The Act of Killing* (Joshua Oppenheimer); by using an approach in which legendary leaders from the death units become the protagonists of the movie, we are confronted by the voices and images of the killers themselves. In a spectacle that could almost be called dance-like, they re-enact their bloody deeds with gusto behind locked doors and on rooftops. Seeing these same murders gazing raptly at the footage of their own recreations, is itself a cinematic weapon / madness likely to lacerate the viewer.

Mass murders and earthquakes and disasters resulting from tsunami cannot be approached on the same level as one other. However the trials of the people telling their experiences in *Voices from the Waves* (Sakai Ko, Hamaguchi Ryusuke) cannot be separated in the sense that an experience that is too massive and powerful for them to even grasp has given them wounds that are still raw and uncovered. These wounds are in the background of these families' calmly affectionate conversations. Throughout what they say, we recognize the hopes, perhaps mundane, inherent in living with the opacity of something beyond their vision. There is a moment reminding us of this opacity, in one of the old tales in *Storytellers*, by the same directors. Samurai missing their legs are spotted by the riverside. They are the shadows of people revived from the dead. As the narrator tells (in fact, as the singer sings) this strange tale, reminiscent of something out of *Tales of Tono*, the joys and sorrows

of her life are brought to the surface.

*Revision* (Philip Scheffner), takes as its subject the seemingly accidental shooting death of illegal workers by hunters in the corner of a cornfield on the Eastern European border. The waves of testimonies spread like the wind blowing too vigorously through the corn leaves. People say that they decided it was time to discuss the incident, as they aren't sure what happened either. A storyteller cannot merely just tell a story unilaterally. To talk about something is also to turn your ears to your own voice that has begun to speak. In the film, the witnesses hear the recordings of their testimony, becoming listeners to their own voices. And when the audience sees these witnesses listening to their own voices, they cannot help but trying to stare at something that isn't on the screen. Just like the priest standing by the site of a grave vandalism 20-years prior, afraid since there is no sign of evidence.

This is why there is no end to "verification (=re-vision)." And to the wish to transmit stories. Rithy Panh's *S21, the Khmer Rouge Killing Machine*, shown at the 2003 festival, is a film about the director's own never ending questions. The film takes as its subject members of the Pol Pot government who had detained, abused, and killed many citizens. It shows the same perpetrators re-enacting what they had originally done, in the same locations. Seeing these guards act like machines, following orders to hurt people they can't see, we realize that we couldn't ourselves recreate the actions even if we wanted to, and we are confronted with the presence of the unrepresentable.

It seems that in Rithy Panh's new work, *The Missing Picture* (2013), he finally tells the story of his prison camp experience of his childhood, and about the loss of his own family; although all through the means of expressionless dolls. The villagers in *We Want (U) to Know* (Ella Pugliese, Nou Va, the people of Thnol Lok), are only just beginning to tell their stories. Husbands taken away for "education," women massacred, old women whose children were killed: the villagers reenact the atrocities of the Khmer Rouge. Young people who never saw the Khmer Rouge are given their clothes, and learn how they wore their scarves offering themselves in reenactments following the same sequence of events as happened to families in the village. Those turning the cameras and microphones on them urging them to speak are from the same village, the children. Is this storytelling for them in a place beyond their reach? Or is it something that might be called an ethnographical act, free of ethical verification, that realizes the questions and recollections that endlessly fill everyday life? (Translated by Barbara Hartley)

■ Screenings

*The Act of Killing* 【IC】 .....10/12 10:00- [A6] | 10/13 18:00- [CL]

*Voices from the Waves* 【IC】 ..... 10/12 16:30- [A6] | 10/14 14:30- [CL]

*Storytellers* 【PJ】 ..... 10/13 10:00- [F3] | 10/14 18:50- [F4]

*Revision* 【IC】 ..... 10/11 18:45- [A6] | 10/14 19:00- [CL]

*We Want (U) to Know* 【NAC】 ..... 10/12 13:30- [F3] | 10/13 10:30- [F5]

## Portrait of an Act Dramatically Revealed: Watching *The Act of Killing*

Asakura Kayoko (Filmmaker)

I love watching movies where people die a shocking death. And as I like watching this gruesome spectacle, everybody ends up dying in my own movies as well. While it makes me tremble to see an actor's method of killing others, the dramatic flourish of an on-screen death, or a novel way of expressing this violent action on film, it also gives me a strong sense of fulfillment. It kind of feels like I have gained something from the experience. Of course I definitely do not want to see an actual killing. Perhaps I'm happy just watching a depiction of death instead of actually experiencing real fear. The time, effort and stress of arbitrarily filming scenes of murder actually dulls our consciousness towards death and even provides us with a sense of ease, with this feeling increasing the more intricate the production becomes, even though the process is bound to involve confronting death head-on.

The members of this death squad quite happily reenacted their murders when the director suggested he wanted to make a movie about the events, as if they were asking him to "Please make me an actor!" While these people have likely murdered tens of thousands of people, they are certainly not madmen, as their sense of morality is a little different: for them, helping these scenes be made provides sweet reminiscences for them. These men, who have committed murder on a grand scale, are great admirers of American movies (as am I actually), and appoint themselves to the role of cool Hollywood action hero while they are able to direct the scenes of their own murderous actions to their personal satisfaction. Before long they were pulling dramatic bloodthirsty faces at the request of their collaborators, which they surely were not making at the time of the actual murders, and the reality of the past was gradually being overtaken by fictional events. Their elaborate reenactments of the murder scenes give absolutely no feeling that these are authentic accounts of their actions; seeing their leader for some reason pulling his own teeth out with pliers in the middle of the night however, presents a significantly clearer resemblance to a person who has killed others before. Yet there is even somehow a flavor of peace in the filming of the leader's direct portrayal of mass murder, including even beheadings, with him

eager to try on special makeup for his film debut.

However, when filming the arson scene with a grand film set in the village, which signals the continuation of further rape, pillage and murder, the women and children participating in the filming are reduced to tears and a state of numbness by the shock of the violence recreated. Without memories of the original events, and not sharing the fascination with movies, the women and children are no longer "just watching," but truly experiencing fear. Reality has been eroded by fictional film-making. Upon looking at their faces, the leader is unexpectedly overwhelmed by memories of the countless murders turning over in his mind with the filming. The distinct experiences of taking other people's lives, using a wire garrotting technique that he proudly devised himself, are brought to the surface by his own performance of being killed and blended with his fictional ideas to form an image which briefly stuns him into a state of paralysis. All that is left for him is to keep staring at the hole in his life where the pleasant memories used to live.

What would have happened if there were handy cams available in 1965 and these people could have used film to show the world their murderous deeds as groups like the Taliban choose to do today? With the passing of time and turning the massacre into a piece of fiction, the need for ethical consideration is avoided and only the simple act of killing emerges. Murder is just another act, but whether you like it or not, it will make your temperature rise and be followed by a tremendous fear. Seeing the undeniable evidence of this "act," which should instinctively shatter the notion held by these men (and strongly supported by all around them) for decades that they were acting morally, will send shivers down your spine.

Through the double-sided approach of both creating an "act" and then watching it, this movie creates one of the most unforgettable leading men ever, and at the same time draws forth an overwhelming reaction that would overturn his life to date as he watches as a spectator. This powerful force will from now on undoubtedly produce a resounding shock in all the people who "just watch" this movie. (Translated by Joel Woodbury)

### ■ Screenings

*The Act of Killing* [IC] ..... 10/12 10:00– [A6] | 10/13 18:00– [CL]

## *We Want (U) to Know*<sup>[1]</sup>: The Challenge of Participatory Filmmaking

Ella Pugliese (Filmmaker)

As we arrived in Thnol Lok village and made a proposal to the people living there: to actively join our film project, we had no pre-imagined plan of what direction our work together would take. The concept of “participation” was, indeed, pretty new to the Cambodian context. Even some colleagues from the NGOs implementing the project (Cambodians as well as Internationals) were irritated by the fact that we really did want the villagers to lead us. *They* should tell us what kind of film could help them and their countrymen to find relief from the past.

Some of the first feedback that we received from villagers was their desire to reconstruct the brutal killings of their family members. Nou Va and I reacted in a rather skeptical way, well aware of the difficulties of re-enactments of tragic events and also of the possible implications, especially the risk of re-traumatization. However more and more survivors pointed out that it was the moment of loss that needed to be reflected upon and worked on; specifically the situation in which their beloved ones had been taken away or killed. They wanted to give this very moment that was largely unknown from their current life, a concrete shape. Still full of doubts about the opportunity/legitimacy/danger of taking on such an endeavor, we realized that we had to give it a chance.

Participation means to me that I open a panel of possible solutions, although I may give some coordinates. The protagonists, in this case the survivors of the Khmer Rouge, then decide if and how to participate. I know and try not to forget that I am the one “bringing,” “offering,” and thus in a way I am in a position of power in the relationship. However, if I offer to give up at least

some of the authority that the situation gave me, open it up and share it, I also need to take responsibility accepting the risk — not knowing where the process I started would lead all of us.

We decided to do it.

Few days later, large group of survivors were re-enacting a scene of execution, spontaneously deciding who would act which role, where the scene would take place and how it should look like. What a power! What an emotion. This scene and the steps to get there form the core of the film. However, one aspect of the process is not so evident: during the preparation people were having (really) a lot of fun. At first they concentrated on discussions of where and how the specific people had been taken away by the Khmer Rouge. As they started to look for tools like weapons and Pol Pot-style clothing to dress up the local village youngsters, they realized, we all realized, that they looked like “real Khmer Rouge.” At the moment the humoristic side of the situation prevailed and all of a sudden, everybody was laughing, the elderly people, the children and us.<sup>[2]</sup> I remember the shiver going down on my back at first and the thought running through my mind, “Is this not extremely dangerous?” Yes, it is — or at least it *may* be. But in this very moment it was a form of collective liberation, catharsis in its ancient Greek meaning. It was the act of reproducing a traumatic moment in an absolutely non-traumatic frame, and using humor to make it more distant, more inoffensive. It was everyone joining together in laughter three decades later to say: this cannot be. Not here, not now. Not anymore.

[1] *WU2K* is the documentation of a process of self-healing and conciliation with the past, which took place in a Cambodian village among survivors of the Khmer Rouge Regime and their community. It was initiated through participatory practices by a team of psychologists, NGO workers and filmmakers from Cambodia, Europe and the US. I was the artistic director of the project.

[2] This is not an evident element of the film because our Cambodian colleagues who watched and discussed the film with us during postproduction were worried it may lead to misunderstandings and give a wrong image of the Cambodian villagers to the outside world, so we ultimately decided not to include it.

### ■ Screenings

*We Want (U) to Know* [NAC] ..... 10/12 13:30– [F3] | 10/13 10:30– [F5]

# Voices of Those Exiled from Their Homes: Documentaries for Reconsidering the World

Kumaoka Michiya

(International Politics / Refugee Examination Counselor, Ministry of Justice)

In September 2006, the Thailand army coup d'état that people said would never again happen was staged by an army faction pledging allegiance to king and country against the administration of Thaksin Shinawatra, the Thai Prime Minister with a strong following among the country's poor. Director Nontawat Numbenchapol felt a strong sense of unease standing among a large crowd gathering on New Year's Eve 2010 to welcome in the new year at the very same place that many supporters of the new pro-Thaksin faction (the Red Shirts) had been massacred earlier that year. In April of the next year, during the traditional Thai New Year holidays, he traveled to the home town of a former soldier named Ord, who while being a Thaksin supporter was also ordered to help suppress the pro-Thaksin rally. After accompanying Ord to Sisaket Province in the North-East of Thailand, he interviewed the former soldier to try to shed some light on the Thai political divide. North-East Thailand is a region which has accepted large numbers of Cambodian refugees from conflicts across the border since the end of the 1970's. However, this has created further problems with a domino effect of the poorest local farmers being displaced from precious cultivable farmland with the influx of refugees. The poor Thai farmers have been forced to move to larger cities or overseas in search of alternative employment. In the south of the region, sporadic fighting with the Cambodian army continues even now over territorial ownership of Preah Vihear Temple, which lies on a disputed border between the two countries. *Boundary* records the voices of despair of the people torn from their homes and communities on both sides of the border. "We must escape in order to live"

*The Will — If Only There Were No Nuclear Plants* (Directors Toyoda Naomi and Noda Masaya) follows the lives of people from the areas affected by the nuclear accident in Fukushima in 2011. One of those areas is the village of Iitate in Fukushima Prefecture. In 1980, the village, led by a women's group, donated a mobile X-ray medical bus to Thailand to assist the large number of Cambodian refugees living in dire circumstances after fleeing over the border. This act of kindness created bonds between the two groups which were further strengthened in the mid-1980's

when Iitate provided a location for a summer camp for the children of Cambodian refugees living in Japan. The warm-hearted nature of the people of Iitate and its beautiful countryside scenery are hard to forget. However, in the nuclear disaster the entire town was exposed to radiation from the Fukushima Daiichi plant. The houses, fields and forests in the area were not damaged at all, and the people as well as the livestock have not suffered any negative health impacts, however a total evacuation from the town was necessary. Now, two and a half years on from the disaster the decontamination process is still very limited and a return to the town for its residents seems very far away. At present, Iitate's children camp can still only held in a different location.

Director of *A World Not Ours*, Mahdi Fleifel, attempts to focus on the core of the Palestinian refugee problem through a long-term project filming the Ain El-Heweh refugee camp in Southern Lebanon and the present residents of the camp, a place the director himself previously lived in. The camp's conditions could be well expressed in the nihilistic and self-punishing state of mind of the director's friend, the young man Abu Iyad, who declares "We are eating, but we are not living."

Today, three or four generations have passed since the "Nakba," or Catastrophe of the Palestinian people, with their displacement following the founding of Israel. Since the cold war era, the refugee problem has grown in scale. It is now a truly global problem with root causes in politics, economics and devastation wrought by military conflict, and has resulted in a major refugee population in many countries, migrant workers and a Palestinian diaspora across all corners of the world. Reconsidering the despairing world which Abu Iyad describes as having "No education, no jobs, no hope" from the viewpoint of refugees or those moved forcefully from their homes; careful analysis of the causes and search for the solutions of this problem as political and policy issues; and while acknowledging the importance of money, opening a window and observing the sense of values that overrides money — these are what the film, and those who watch it, must face.

(Translated by Joel Woodbury)

## ■ Screenings

*Boundary* 【IC】 ..... 10/11 12:45– [A6] | 10/13 10:00– [CL]

*The Will — If Only There Were No Nuclear Plants* 【CU】 ..... 10/11 15:00– [M1]

*A World Not Ours* 【IC】 ..... 10/11 10:00– [CL] | 10/15 12:30– [A6]

## Lines upon Lines: Cinema and Borders

Tanaka Ryosuke (Editor in Chief, *nobody*)

Some lines are markers used to distinguish the Other, whereas other lines are traces of contact with the Other. If the former is a means to actively create otherness, then the latter could be said to be a sign that otherness has passively manifested itself in an established relationship. In either case, lines are often not something that belong to a place or its people, but are rather violently created or arbitrarily discovered by outsiders. A wall is created, closely linked with those things we call “laws,” “rules,” and “customs,” casting long shadows on the people who live in these places.

In confronting such lines, cinema inevitably involves a situation in which the filmmaker becomes a subject who creates and discovers even more lines. The act of directing a camera toward a people and their circumstances becomes nothing other than an exercise of power to create and discover lines in the otherness of the world, whether this exercise is conscious or not. Every shot (or montage) is itself a line, a manifestation of love and hate, friendship and hostility. It is the work of skilled filmmakers to shake-off the restraints of the firmly established lines of the world, and to draw new ones in their place.

Nontawat Numbenchapol's *Boundary* records the internal conflicts of the director's native Thailand, and is set primarily in Sisaket Province, where border disputes with Cambodia frequently occur. The line drawn by his camera unearths the countless lines that lie buried in everyday life, and the hidden relationships that the local people and these lines share. The film's gaze is not an impersonal and harmless attempt to record reality, but rather the camera becomes a subject that influences various phenomena. In one memorable sequence, the camera is violently bombarded with water, marking a reversal of this power relationship as the object revolts against the subject. In this sense, the film is made with a slight touch of masochism. Nevertheless, the gaze of the people

who appear in this sequence and the gaze of the film are definitely not unrelated.

In *Once I Entered a Garden*, Israel-born director Avi Mograbi and his Palestinian teacher Ali share a close friendship. In contrast, a young girl born of parents of different races tells of her struggles as she feels her heart and body torn apart from one another. Together, they journey in search of a once joyous community, yet their travels cruelly reveal how the girl is forced to confirm that the lines she experiences are solid. Nevertheless, during that trip, in a scene in which the girl shares naïve conversation with the film's French cinematographer, a complete outsider, we see that the friendship between Avi and Ari offers another kind of intimacy. As the girl tries to perform herself before the camera, she together with these two men who are searching for a lost past, revealing that the various quests taking place in this land are not solitary endeavors.

On the border between India and Bangladesh, The Great River Ganges changes its flow every year due to seasonal winds. *Char... The No-man's Island* records the people who live on the sandbanks there. Rather than attempting to control this river, which never behaves as one would expect, the temporary harmony of this land is preserved by rigidly controlling and obstructing people through laws, customs and family. The uncontrollable Ganges is the reason for the harsh lifestyles of this region. Director Sourav Sarangi chooses as his main character a young boy who is bound by various circumstances, directing a camera toward him as he floats on the Ganges's muddy waters in the middle of a storm, without fear. It's as if the dynamic changes between river and lines, and the political movements to overlay new lines, offer a means to break down this region's obstruction.

(Translated by Kyle Hecht)

### ■ Screenings

*Boundary* 【IC】 ..... 10/11 12:45– [A6] | 10/13 10:00– [CL]

*Once I Entered a Garden* 【IC】 ..... 10/12 13:45– [A6] | 10/13 15:30– [CL]

*Char... The No-man's Island* 【IC】 ..... 10/11 15:00– [CL] | 10/13 19:00– [A6]

## When We Enter a Garden Called the Middle East, It's Not Yet Full of Flowers ...

An Interview with **Avi Mograbi** (Filmmaker)

— How do you feel about people like Ali (Al-Azhari) are fluent in Hebrew while the Israeli Jews, unlike yourself, usually don't learn Arabic?

**A.M.:** Well... It's shame on us! My Arabic is still very poor, that's lack of practice. Most Palestinian people do speak good Hebrew in Israel, not necessary in the occupied territories. And my story is even sadder because my father is from an Arabic speaking family. We are conditioned like that. Arabic is supposedly an official language of the State of Israel, but it's a language neglected, even concealed by the State from the people.

— True. Most of the official documents and signs are only in Hebrew, even at the Embassy here it's only in Hebrew and English.

**A.M.:** Road signs are in three languages, including Arabic, they want to make sure the Arabs won't miss the exit!

— The film starts talking about your family's Jewish exile experience, and shifts to Ali's, the Palestinian experience of loss and exile. But yours is not a typical Jewish exile experience: usually it's about immigration from Europe due to holocaust that we often hear about, but that's not the case here.

**A.M.:** I wouldn't say my family's experience was an exile experience. It was a premeditated self-determined immigration because of a sheer capitalistic reason; to make money. Until 1948 or maybe 47, they lived in the open Middle-East. The experience of the Jews in the Orient, in the Arab countries was good experience There were no Pogroms like in Europe before the foundation of the State of Israel.

— One of the intriguing moments in your movie is when Ali is bringing the telephone directory of Palestine, Lebanon and Syria from the 30's, and when you two find your grand parents' address, he is moved more than you, to confirm the mixture of cultures.

**A.M.:** Ali's ideology has always been living together and sharing, not excluding one another. He is also very good in self-humor, like toward the end at the last visit to Saffuryya when the cassette runs out, he starts to act and making fun of the most sacred issue of the Palestinian people; the return. There is not one moment that he can forget or let go the idea of his loss, but luckily he also has a sense of humor which allows himself to see the fundamental events of the Israel life in different ways.

— By the way the tape running out at that precise moment, did it really happen or you set it up?

**A.M.:** No no, everything you see in the film except for the letters is totally spontaneous.

— Everything being spontaneous means, the structure of the film you didn't prepare before hand?

**A.M.:** The original idea of the film was to recreate the moments

of the life of one of my father's cousins, his name was Marcel. He grew up in Beirut. When the state of Israel was founded, he was living in Beirut, and stayed in Beirut. Sometime in 1950's he disappeared from Beirut and appeared in Tel-Aviv, joined the army for a few months, he suffered in the army enormously, he didn't like that so disappeared from the army and returned to Beirut. Yes, it's something unthinkable. It was clear that if I wanted to do this story, part of the film must be in Arabic, So, I asked Ali not to translate a script but write the script with me.

— So what you started to film was originally some sort of a making-of.

**A.M.:** Yes, I decided to shoot the pre-production meetings. At the first meeting Ali pulled out that yellow pages, the telephone directory, which was a wonderful surprise. So... one thing let to another, I told him my family story as he had to be informed of the background, and when I arrived at last to tell the story of the cousin, we realized it was not interesting, the film was already finished, we were happy about what we've done!

— So you're not going to make the film about Marcel?

**A.M.:** No, because his story was lost but the idea remained. And also, he became the inspiration for the male character in the letters. Many people are disappointed to know that those letters are not real!

— I am right now!

**A.M.:** I couldn't write that myself in such good French, but my friends who worked with me came up with a lot of nuances and details, like the song *Once I Entered a Garden* which she [the woman writing/reading the letters] calls their song, a song that I didn't know, and it became the title of the film. The images that go with the letters are shot in Super 8 and look archaic, but actually they were shot in Beirut today, so it's actually contemporary, and it gives a sense of dual meanings. I didn't shoot my self because I couldn't go there, but someone in Beirut shot it for me and he did a wonderful job. You know we used 90% of the footage he took, which in documentary is unprecedented, or even in fiction. So the footage was great, the letters developed beautifully.

— In the past you also brought fiction elements in your documentaries, but more or less as humorous, as comedy. But this time the letters are the most emotional part of the film.

**A.M.:** Okay? Great! Anyway, this film is very different from what I did before, in its tone, it doesn't start with an antagonistic set of circumstances or issues, it is a film of empathy.

Interview conducted by Fujiwara Toshi (Filmmaker)  
via Skype on September 22, 2013

■ Screenings

*Once I Entered a Garden* 【IC】 ..... 10/12 13:45- [A6] | 10/13 15:30- [CL]

## “Cinema on Stage Performances” and Criticisms of Media

Akasaka Daisuke (Film Critic)

Numerous films feature theatre plays, raising the question: “What are fiction films?” One established film technique, which sets a play within a film, involves an actor facing the camera and saying: “this is a play.” Distinguished filmmakers prevent the audiences’ emotions from being easily manipulated, allowing the viewers to hesitate by creating some distance between the viewers and the film, thus giving them the mental space to doubt. This year, in the competition section of Yamagata Film Festival, Ignacio Agüero’s documentary, *The Other Day*, will be showcased. Ignacio appeared in Raoul Ruiz’s experimental documentary *La Présence réelle* (1983), one of Raoul’s later works, which at first documents the Avignon Theatre Festival from the viewpoint of an actor. At the end of the film, viewers do not know whether what is being presented on the screen comes from a theatre performance, footage of a play displayed in the background, or backstage footage. It is also unclear whether the play is part of the film or programmed by the theatre festival. During Salvador Allende’s rule, Ruiz worked for Chile’s state film agency. Shortly after Allende was overthrown by

the military coup d’état led by Pinochet, Ruiz was exiled from the country. Having experienced state controlled media, Ruiz was conscious of how the state authority manipulates the public with propaganda and questions the very nature of media, in this case theatre.

I once described the post-Portuguese Revolution films of Portuguese filmmakers Manoel de Oliveira, António Reis and Margarida Cordeiro — they were all documentarists as well — as being “Cinema on Stage Performances” (cf. Akasaka Daisuke, “Oliveira and the new century’s fiction films,” in *Manoel de Oliveira and the Contemporary Portuguese Films*, E/M books, 2003). It is highly likely that during that period, under the strict censorship of the dictatorship, in order to freely express themselves with images and sounds, Portuguese filmmakers had to emphasize the aspect of “theatre” in their films, and describe their films as theatre productions recorded on camera.

From the late 1950s to the 1960s, when mainstream media was already making a transition to television, it can be said that there was a global demand for “Cinema on Stage Performances” (*ibid.*). While

mainstream media had the tendency of focusing heavily on information, these films featuring stage performances highlighted the time and space of actors and musicians during their production efforts. Even if the films were fiction, they documented the labour of these artists and musicians. Mainstream media at the time often failed to document these important aspects of life. In the following films, *The Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach* (1967), by Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet, and *Ein Arbeiterclub in Sheffield* (1965), a documentary by Peter Nestler, we see the musicians’ production efforts leading up to performances or what we can call “backstage scenes.” Other similar examples are Johan van der Keuken’s film *Iconoclasm — A Storm of Images* (1982), and Frans van de Staak’s film *From the Work of Baruch d’Espinoza 1632–1677* (1973). In the former, youths undergo training in music and theatre; in the latter, the talented Dutch filmmaker creates a documentary about the work of youths reciting Spinoza, which captures the true nature of their performances whether they were poor or good. Nowadays, when almost anyone can access the media, the value of these older works is increasing, and needless to say, the best way to spread awareness of these films will be through education of visual literacy.

(Translated by Umewaka Soraya)

## Alicia's Pupils: *One Hundred Children Waiting for a Train* and "Children Meet Cinema"

Dohi Etsuko (Head of Cine Monde and Head of "Children Meet Cinema")

The camp named "Children Meet Cinema" is held annually in Kanazawa ever since its launch in 2004 and we have started its Tokyo-area edition this year. It is mainly consisted of visual toy crafting workshop, cinema appreciation workshop and film production workshop.

Looking back, my inspiration in launching the camp was Ignacio Aguero's seminal documentary *One Hundred Children Waiting for a Train* where a teacher named Ms. Alicia Vega had film education classes for children. Alicia showed *Arrival of a Train at La Ciotat* by Auguste and Louis Lumière to kids in the class who had never seen cinema before. She taught them the basic principles of cinema by showing them zoetrope. It was a wonderful classroom. I knew this was the way to do it if I ever held a film camp for kids. As soon as I rented a video, I took note of every single class that was shown in the film. Then again, the Japanese kids in 2004 and the Chilean kids living in ghettos in the era of the dictatorial regime of the Chile government had so few in common. And how would the modern

kids, who grew up playing video games, enjoy playing paper-made visual toys? As it turned out, they did. The moment they watched inanimate drawings started moving with the aid of zoetrope which they made by themselves, they squeal with joy with starry look in their eyes. Just as Alicia's pupils did in Aguero's film.

What made the film truly unique was Aguero's ability to notice subtle changes in Alicia's pupils and capture them on film. The kids gained confidence and nurtured self-esteem through the classes. The joy of cinema aroused their curiosity so that they wanted to know more on their own will and enjoyed learning process. The look on kids' faces when their parents let out a gasp of surprise upon watching their children growing so fast were exactly the same in Aguero's film and in my workshop.

In our film production workshop, participating children, who meet each other for the first time, spend three days together as they proactively write, film, edit and screen their own cinema. What matters here is *for the kids to encounter "the real thing" and for*

*the grown-ups to keep their mouths shut and not meddle with them.* All the filmmakers we invite are first class. We ask them to pass on their own unique view on cinema to the kids rather than to teach them text-book filmmaking. All we can do is to encourage kids to think for themselves: What do you want to shoot? What do you need to do in order to accomplish it?

One of the greatest things about cinema is that it has so much variety in terms of work assignments that it offers something for everyone. The participants need to work as a team to achieve their common goal, which is to complete their film, so that they start communicating proactively even if they do not know each other at first. To seriously commit themselves and work closely with their peers to create something they want to make and subsequently to show the completed film to audience. This can give them a huge boost of self-confidence. They make noticeable growth in the process.

Alicia's pupils are growing in numbers here in Japan. What could be more exciting for me in this year's YIDFF than to be able to watch Aguero's latest film, *The Other Day*?

(Translated by Usui Naoyuki)

### ■ Screenings

*The Other Day* [IC] ..... 10/11 15:30- [A6] | 10/13 12:30- [CL]

### ■ Screening and Talk

Studying Cinema, Making Cinema

— Lecture and Film Screening of Ignacio Aguero

(*One Hundred Children Waiting for a Train*)

10/15 17:00-19:30 [F4] | Admission Free

## The Secret Pleasure of Trains

Sato Hiroaki (Editorial Board, *neoneo*)

As soon as I saw the train that appears as the “main character” in *Ex Press*, the film directed by Philippine director, Jet Leyco, and being featured in the YIDFF New Asian Currents screenings, I was struck by the feeling that I had seen this train somewhere before.

Ah, of course. That train with the gold band running the length of its blue body, which now has wire netting protecting the windows from flying stones, was once the Blue Train express sleeper that ran in Japan. Before it became the Philippine National Railway operated Bikol Express that connects the capital, Manila, to the eastern Naga district, the train was the Hokuriku Express that until 2010 ran between Tokyo and Kanazawa. Donated to the Philippines, it began operating there in 2011 (although I have heard that it is currently not running). Because I am a train freak, every time I see the train interior or the Japanese word “Su-ha-ne-fu 14” — the train code number — on the screen, my excitement knows no bounds. Over the past fifteen years or so, there have been a growing number of old Japanese trains sent overseas and given a second lease of life in other parts of Asia. This has happened in Thailand, Burma and Indonesia, as well as the Philippines. Since these countries have

a similar railway gauge to Japan, Japanese trains can be made operational there with very little difficulty. For a number of years now I have checked for a Japanese train whenever I have seen an Asian film, and I am overjoyed to finally have the chance for another meeting with these trains here at the Yamagata Film Festival.

Railways are part of the infrastructure that reveals a country’s national standing. Each of the things that make up a railway system — the carriages and trains themselves, the windows of the train, the station buildings and architecture, the passenger demographic — provides a socio-historical snapshot of a nation. Which places are joined by the lines? What other countries have helped build the railway system? Where do the protagonists move to? Who are the people travelling on the trains? There is also a sense of the influence of former imperial powers, and the current relationship a country has with the power that ruled them in the past. (No matter what part of the country, Taiwanese railways, for example, give a clear impression of being founded during the era of Japanese rule.) Cinema footage of railways should broaden and enrich our understanding of a movie from a different point of view to the plot.

Thus, when I see a railway on the screen, I become completely absorbed in every element, from the actions of the station staff or the passengers’ luggage to miniscule details such as the momentary flash of a signal or a sign at the carriage window. Trains have always made great movie viewing. As either “motion” or as “a sealed space,” the narrative device of the train is perfect for progressing a movie story-line. Moreover, there is a natural association given the fact that both emerged at the same time as “products of the modern era.” (And what, of course, did the Lumière Brothers first film?) Even leaving that aside, trains that are featured in film are overflowing with details which give we train freaks a never-ending high.

Standing grandly at the centre of *Ex Press*, a film that accumulates the memories of a range of people, including those of the director himself, is the “railway,” that presence in the nation that has the people at its mercy. When I watch *Ex Press*, which takes me into a film realm that weaves together fantasy and reality, I realise that my heart, too — as I gaze from the carriage window at the landscape that passes by outside — has blurred the border of the fantastic and the real. And documentary film, also, continues to flourish today as it embraces the subtle topics which lay out before our eyes an ever-growing number of phenomena and permit us to see the sequence of images on the screen that we call cinema.

(Translated by Barbara Hartley)

### ■ Screenings

*Ex Press* 【NAC】 ..... 10/12 21:30- [F3] | 10/14 16:20- [F5]

## Living My Life: Two Films Portraying Sexual Minorities

Ebata Koki (Filmmaker)

Two films nominated for New Asian Currents, *In-Between Days* and *Summer Days in Bloom*, portray sexual minorities. The first features male-to-female transgender people, the second HIV/AIDS positive gay men. Starting in France in April 2013, when gay marriage was recognized, a wave of legal developments spread around the world. On the other hand, in Russia in June an anti-homosexual law was passed and in New York in August Islan Nettles, a transgender woman, was murdered in a hate crime. Problems of transphobia, homophobia, misogyny (and no doubt misandry and other forms of prejudice) continue as ever. So how is it in India and in Korea? My impression from these two films, from these stories of people resisting the male-female gender binary, is of individuals suffering alone, now as it was in the past.

There's a scene in *In-Between Days* where Bubai, one of the transgender protagonists, goes to take her school exit examinations. Bubai's classmates jeer at her. "Shoot his breasts first." "What's the name of this film?" "It's called 'Who Fucks Bubai?'" What is it about Bubai's behavior that her classmates criticize so much? It's that compared to her classmates at the same high school Bubai deviates from the model of appropriate masculinity. She keeps her face clean-shaven, lets her hair grow long, and makes herself look pretty. Perhaps because the director and the camera is with her, Bubai puts on a good front. But her downcast face shows how the insulting words really make her feel. How on earth is Bubai to come to terms with her life and find a way to go on? Will she be able to share those problems with other transgendered individuals in the same situation? Or will their joint unhappiness just collide and hurt each other? There's no end to these speculations but when I hear Bubai confidently say "I will become famous after

this film" then I breathe a sigh of relief.

In *Summer Days in Bloom* Han Ki starts to live together with Du Yul. While Han Ki searches for his HIV/AIDS medication in that one-room apartment Du Yul mutters, "Homosexual, Bisexual, whatever the fuck. I don't give a shit about any of that crap. I just like Yoon Han Ki." Du Yul was infected with HIV/AIDS while working as a prostitute at the age of 21. He had had previous heterosexual relationships but he tells Han Ki that because of his disease he has become unable to love another. But Han Ki replies "Why should I be discriminated [against] just because I'm infected? ... This whole mindset is just wrong." Han Ki and Du Yul take part in a gay rights solidarity group, but somehow their views on HIV/AIDS are different. When Han Ki came out to his friends they hugged him and supported him, but Du Yul's friends rejected him for his dirty and disgusting disease. The distance gradually begins to grow between these two people that resemble each other in some ways and not in others. Simply, to want to love another, and to not even be able to do that. That dilemma troubles my heart.

Both Bubai and Du Yul seek happiness while fighting against discrimination and prejudice. But what makes that so difficult? To what extent can we truly understand words such as transgender and HIV/AIDS? I don't want to say that ignorance is sin, but I want us to think about what we would do when we come face to face with people in such situations. Even as individuals we can want happiness for many others. I, too, like both these directors, want to go on making films with that desire.

(Translated by Michael Raine)

### ■ Screenings

*In-Between Days* 【NAC】 ..... 10/11 16:40- [F3] | 10/13 20:00- [F5]

*Summer Days in Bloom* 【NAC】 ..... 10/11 18:40- [F3] | 10/13 17:00- [F5]

## Stories of a Distant Mother: Sarah Polley's *Stories We Tell*

Yasukawa Yuka (Filmmaker)

Actor and director Sarah Polley's *Stories We Tell* is a semi-documentary film about the secrets that surround her birth. Sarah's mother, Diane, was a stage actress who died of cancer while Sarah was still young, leaving behind a mystery for her children. Unlike either of her parents, Sarah had red hair. When she was young her elder brother would joke, "Don't you have a different father?" and everyone, including Sarah, would laugh because they thought it wasn't true. But it became clear that it was the truth.

Sarah Polley's presence within this film is remarkably thin. Even when she interviews the people who knew Diane, Sarah neither supports or resists what they say, but simply works to elicit the truth as they see it. The film does not touch on what Sarah herself thought of her mother.

*Stories We Tell* begins as a documentary searching for the truth about Sarah's parentage, but gradually the storytelling itself becomes the subject of the film. As a director, Sarah's interest is drawn to how the events are recounted and the film completely avoids becoming a "self-documentary."

The film I made recently, *Dressing UP* (2012), also narrates the protagonist's investigation of the mystery of her own parentage, but unlike *Stories We Tell* that film was wholly fictional. It does have in common with *Stories We Tell* the fact that the protagonist's mother is already dead. In *Dressing UP*, in her quest to know the mysterious past of her mother while she was alive the protagonist ends up committing the same acts as her mother.

I relied on the imaginative power of fiction to show a daughter in pursuit of her mother. I think use of that imaginative power is

one of the tasks given to fiction. But in putting both herself and her mother in front of the camera, Sarah Polley uses the methods of documentary to establish a decisive distance between them both, a distance greater even than death. And perhaps as a result of her continual searching she arrives at a cinematic response in her attentiveness to the film's mode of narration.

Diane's husband, Michael, who after her death raised Sarah as a single father, reminisces about Diane. "One of her great strengths, I think, was her vitality, her constant determination to live life to its fullest. I don't have anything like that in my character whatsoever."

"People in pictures are not aware that they are being pictured" — I once found that phrase in a novel and thought it made sense. At the beginning of *Stories We Tell*, Michael quotes from Margaret Atwood's *Alias Grace*: "When you are in the middle of a story it isn't a story at all, but only a confusion; a dark roaring, a blindness, a wreckage of shattered glass and splintered wood; like a house in a whirlwind, or else a boat crushed by the icebergs or swept over the rapids, and all aboard powerless to stop it." People in the middle of a whirlwind don't think that someday someone will remember this and turn it into a story. They're simply desperately focused on what's going on right in front of them. With the appearance of the internet and social networking, don't many of us who have become completely inured to seeing ourselves from the outside feel envy toward Diane, who lives out her life in the middle of a picture (a whirlwind)? I am a little envious. Though it's a hard life, I suppose. (Translated by Michael Raine)

### ■ Screenings

*Stories We Tell* [IC] ..... 10/11 10:00– [A6] | 10/14 12:45– [A6]

## The Women Begin to Walk Before the Camera Once Again: Reality and Fantasy as Seen Through *Tour of Duty*

An Interview with **Kim Dong-ryung** (Filmmaker)

*Tour of Duty* is a work that is possible precisely because two directors have had a relationship for over 10 years with the locals who live in this military base town. You could say that it was particularly via the works *Me and the Owl* (2003), *There Is* (2006), and *American Alley* (2008) that it became possible to form the fundamental idea behind *Tour of Duty*. Due to the departure of the American military from the northern part of South Korea's Gyeonggi province, the military base town is disappearing through urban redevelopment. As such, more so than just recording the space and people, it was a time when some kind of means of reconstruction was necessary. In an attempt to find a way to reconstruct their memories, we engaged in numerous dialogues with three women whom we had been in contact with for a long time. As we brought our heads together and puzzled through it, we worked out an idea. *Tour of Duty* is the product of that idea.

If out of that you feel a sense of cold or dark, or of a dispassionate life, rather than the aim of the directors, it is likely a reflection of these women's feelings. This is because each and every normal, everyday moment was recreated one by one in consultation with the protagonists of this film. If the audience expects some kind of intimacy, it is likely that the impression they will get will rather be one of coldness. At the same time, movies are seen from various points of view, and so it is not the place of the director to dictate such things.

Following *Me and the Owl*, Park Kyoung-tae became focused on the relationship between the director and his or her subject through *There Is*. At the same time, through *American Alley* Kim Dong-ryung endeavoured to use the process of forming close ties with the women, those of the kind invisible to the eye, to poetically portray the fragments of their lives. Through these two works these two directors were able to become aware of the filmic possibility in the "space" of the base town. Through forming deep ties with people over time, they began to be able to see more broadly that space which is the base town.

Our lives, the homes and alleys we inhabit, in addition to the villages and cities, as well as our fellow human beings who live with us in the same space: although they are all connected, they are arranged by our inherently unequal capitalist society. The women, biracials, and other peoples of the base town live in relation to the space of "the base town," and in the process of living there fit together their various feelings and memories like the teeth of gears. Rather than examining these women fully within the context of their relationship to the space they inhabit, outsiders view them

only as the victims of prostitution and racial discrimination. In short, there is a fear of objectification. In response to this these two directors attempted to represent the relationship the women and biracials of the base town have with that space where they lived for many long years.

Leaving aside Park Myo-yeon, who did not leave the restaurant she ran because of trouble with her legs, Park In-sun and Ahn Sung-ja often walked the alleys of the base town. They walked around with determination until both themselves and the director were satisfied. In truth, Park In-sun walks the alleys of the base town from early morning to late night to collect trash. In the past she prowled those alleys in order to find American soldier customers. Ahn Sung-ja, a biracial who is half-black, continues to walk those base town alleys that had vanished back into the memories of her past self. Park Myo-yeon is still walking her own space in the restaurant. In this way, rather than interviews filled with these women's feelings and testimonies, we aimed to show how each of them use their bodies to move through their respective spaces.

Ahn Sung-ja's part in particular uses a number of dramatic elements. This is because in the numerous stories this always talkative woman told us, which were based on both actual experiences and rumors, there were many elements of fantasy. And because her fantasies emerged in an attempt to heal a deep trauma, they strike a deep chord in the hearts of the listeners. Together with us Ahn Sung-ja wrote the dialogue and worked directing scenes. She speaks in a fascinated manner of past, as if there is no boundary between the worlds of reality and fantasy, and we hoped for the movie itself to be able to be seen that way. We felt uncertain because of all the chaos when we first started, but at some point we realized that a world like that was possible, and to our amazement we realized that it was possible to achieve it together. Although it took a lot of time to edit.

There was no script prepared for the on location shots. The protagonists' feelings and movements at that moment at that place were important. Be it how they would walk, how they would gaze up at the sky, if they would peer in once into a window as they walked, if they would walk quickly or slowly...we consulted about every single small movement. As Ahn Sung-ja walked the alleys of the base town, she endeavoured to express with her body the content mixed with fantasy that she recalled, but in actuality it at times looked no different from how a normal woman would walk. The thing that was special about how she walked was that she was walking once again the alleys of the town she and other sex

workers and biracials had walked in the past.

Park In-sun is the same. She also walks before the camera once again those alleys she had walked tens of thousands of times over the forty years when she spent every day living at the base camp in Uijeongbu. While this is a choreographed narrative film, at the same time we should view it as statements of their memories as expressed through their bodies. The scene in which she is painting a picture is also the same. While we filmed that scene both us the directors and she herself were filled with anxiety over what kind of painting it would be. She brought trash, and as she was painting the picture there, she naturally began talking about such things as wanting to meet her daughter. She is hoping that her daughter, whom she parted from when she could no longer stand her

husband's harsh abuse, will one day come and look for her, even though there are still the vestiges of her past as a sex worker. In the movie we reproduced this via having her act of painting a picture be as her writing a letter to her daughter.

Park Myo-yeon as well continues to walk the space of that restaurant's kitchen where she must have opened and closed the refrigerator tens of thousands of times over the past nearly forty years. Thereby this film, though it was made through on-the-spot improvisation, was also made through repetition, and, though it filmed reality, also filmed unrealistic scenes.

Interview conducted by Han Tong-hyon (Sociology)  
via e-mail on September 20, 2013

(Translated by Mia Lewis)

#### ■ Screenings

*Tour of Duty* [IC] ..... 10/12 16:00– [CL] | 10/14 15:30– [A6]

# The Power of Narration and the Drive Toward Fiction: Sakai Ko and Hamaguchi Ryusuke's Tohoku Documentary Trilogy

Yamane Sadao (Film Critic)

In Sakai Ko and Hamaguchi Ryusuke's Tohoku trilogy a whole series of people speak of their experiences during the earthquake, bracketed by fragments of scenery captured from inside a moving car. That mode of construction basically doesn't change throughout the trilogy. It's a simple, almost curt, style but it develops a space and time overflowing with a sense of life.

In the first film, *The Sound of the Waves*, and the second film, *Voices from the Waves*, men and women from several generations speak of their experiences in the Great East Japan Earthquake. Although they vividly convey the fear, what makes the greatest impression is the almost unbelievable equanimity and geniality with which they speak, whether to fellow survivors or in interviews with the filmmakers. Even those who are reticent at first quickly become more buoyant as they talk. In those cases, their "experience" is not simply the content of what they say. Rather, what they say is fused with how they say it, such that the event called "experience" appears on the screen.

In the film's powerful appeal to our eyes and ears, one thing becomes clear. There's something unusual about the placement of

the camera. Without in any way seeming affected, the strangeness of the camera placement adds to the force with which we experience the event.

Although it's all part of the same Great East Japan Earthquake, not everyone's experience is the same. It depends on the person. It may be a subtle difference but that subtlety is tremendously important. In that way the uniqueness of experience, the particularity of voice and expression and way of speaking, comes to the surface. What I want to emphasize here is that the work of narration goes hand in hand with the urge to fictionalize, which is expressed in the fluency of that telling.

In the third film, *Storytellers*, three old men relate local oral traditions or folk tales but the style is no different from the other two films. The stories that lie at the base of everyday life are made into objects of experience by virtue of an inherent power of narration and urge to create fiction.

Narration + Style = Event. The spectacular fascination of this movement in the Tohoku trilogy surely comes from the very essence of cinema. (Translated by Michael Raine)

## ■ Screenings

*Voices from the Waves* 【IC】 ..... 10/12 16:30- [A6] | 10/14 14:30- [CL]

*Storytellers* 【PJ】 ..... 10/13 10:00- [F3] | 10/14 18:50- [F4]

## The Selection Process for Yamagata

Inada Takaki (Film Critic)

“It would be a perfect opportunity to be freed from the stereotyping of documentary and get an idea of how versatile documentary films can be.” It was 1988 and I was intrigued by a proposal by Mr. Yano Kazuyuki, who works at the Tokyo Office of the Yamagata International Documentary Film Festival. So I decided to take part in the selection for the International Competition of YIDFF. And a quarter-century has passed before I knew it.

The selection process has assumed greater significance and brought greater pleasure to me with each edition of the festival. So much so that it almost became my life's work. I can only be thankful to Mr. Yano for his initial invitation to this role.

It is indeed physically demanding work to watch vast numbers of films once every two years. And yet it brings with it the sense of fulfillment and spiritual reward. I literally have learned about the world through all those films.

Looking back, ever since 1989, when the first edition of the Yamagata International Documentary Film Festival was held, through to present times, the world has gone through one turbulent time after another. We had the collapse of the Berlin

Wall, the Gulf War, the Yugoslavian Civil War, 9-11, the War in Afghanistan and the Iraq War. We had natural catastrophes in Taiwan, China, and East Japan. The world gets more and more confused and is constantly changing at a breakneck pace.

Filmmakers face a challenge of sublimating the world they observe after processing their subjects in their own way, while clarifying their own unique viewpoints. The films taught me that it was possible to depict the same exact event in many different ways depending on where a given filmmaker stands. Most of the films sent for application were the polar opposite of neutrality and fairness in their attitude. On the contrary, the filmmakers would dissect the world through their eyes and embed their own “truth” in their films. That is what fascinates me the most. I was fortunate enough to encounter works by such masters as Robert Kramer, Errol Morris, and Frederick Wiseman through the selection process for Yamagata. It was not only my eyes toward documentary film that opened up by working on this process. It was my eyes toward the world in general.

So how exactly is the selection process initiated?

Like most other film festivals, films in competition are selected by 10 or so members of the selection committee. In recent years, we have up to 1,000 films applying for the selection, and it is virtually impossible for one member to go through all of them in the limited amount of time we have, which is only six months. So all the films are divided and allocated to each member, who come up with their recommendations. We would discuss together thereafter. The lineup of the committee is not permanent, and yet it is always filled with unique individuals. Naturally selection meetings can turn into heated debates and can be very thrilling. However, there has been one film which was selected unanimously on the spot.

The film was *Tie Xi Qu: West of the Tracks*. It was a film that made all the selection committee members intoxicated with joy and a sense of achievement after completing its whopping 9-hour marathon screening. If you watched the film, you would know how we felt.

At the time of writing, the selection for 2013 competition has been completed. But I am thinking of taking time to watch films that were not recommended for official competition. My objective for the future? To keep watching various types of documentary as much as possible for the rest of my life. (Translated by Usui Naoyuki)

## Making Films with What I Know

**Takashi Toshiko** (Filmmaker / Juror of New Asian Currents)

It was at a screening of the film *A Grass-cutter's Tale* (1985) when I met and became acquainted with director Fukuda Katsuhiko, around the time when I was assisting a four-wall film distributor in Kansai. I had always someday wanted to be involved with making films, and it was just when I had been thinking that there would be no better place than to work with Mr. Fukuda, that I was asked to be an assistant director and decided to move to Tokyo. In 1992, I founded the Tokyo Lesbian and Gay Film Festival with Suzuki Akihiro, who was also working as an assistant director as well as a cinematographer at Stance Company. During this period, we attended events such as the New York Film Festival and visited the Anthology Film Archives, and were introduced to a number of interesting things from overseas, such as lesbian and gay films. For our own festival, in addition to foreign lesbian and gay films, we screened works by Japanese directors such as Hashiguchi Ryosuke and Oki Hiroyuki, as well as the films of Donald Ritchie, but there were still no films by female directors.

Eventually, I fell ill and had to leave the festival after two years.

Since around that time, I would film everyday life like a diary with a video camera (Hi-8) that I had bought. I had just started considering making my own film and asking Mr. Fukuda to teach me editing techniques when he suddenly passed away. This was in 1998. The last time I saw him I had told him that I was filming everyday and he would look happy and nod approvingly. The person I thought that I could ask for advice at any time was all of a sudden gone. This made me realize that I should seize life by its horns, do what I always wanted to do, and see people before it is too late. With these emotions as a driving force, I completed *Ode I* in 1998. I create films with what I already know. This is why I have not pursued formal studies in editing or filming. In 1999, at a screening of my work at the Yamagata Film Festival, I was surprised that all of the seats in the audience had been filled. Perhaps one reason people came was because a sensationalistic photograph was used in the program. I believe

that it was the first time for an S&M show to be filmed in Yamagata. In certain cases, the Yamagata Film Festival may serve as an aim for artists when making a film. For me, that was the case with *Blessed* (2001). I am still close with the people I met in Yamagata, and to this day, we continue to work on various film projects together.

I moved to Itami about 10 years ago. I still filmed daily but wondered about how to make those recordings into a film work. I decided that I wanted to be in a situation in which I had set deadlines for the completion of a project, as if being bound by shackles. The format of a screening on a periodical basis seemed like a solution and so I talked to Gallery Maki in Kayabacho and they agreed to host "Quarterly Takashi." This series began in 2005 and continued on for 17 screenings until the gallery eventually closed its doors. At this age, the reason I continue to make films, even if they do not bring fame or fortune, is because of the audiences that have supported me and the places that have kindly been there to screen my works.

Interview conducted by Wakai Makiko  
(Coordinator of New Asian Currents)  
(Translated by Caroline Mikako Elder)

### ■ Screenings and Talk

Takashi Toshiko Screenings 2005–2013 — Gallery Maki in Yamagata

10/11 15:00–20:00 | 10/15 13:00–17:00 | Yamagata Manabikan | Admission Free

"Quarterly Takashi," a screening series held from 2005 to 2013 at Gallery Maki in Kayabacho, Tokyo, went into hiatus after 17 installments. Films made by Takashi Toshiko from the "Itami Series" will be shown at the Manabikan.

## The History of Komian

Umeki Soichi  
(Editorial Board)

As the time draws near for the opening of the Yamagata International Documentary Film Festival, the call is growing among film people all around the world: “Let’s meet at Komian.” For the six days of this biennial festival, Komian becomes the gathering place where, after screenings end in each of the festival venues, directors and festival staff crowd together late into the night to strengthen friendships and to expound at heated length on cinema.

Komian, which since 1991 and the second Yamagata Documentary Film Festival has been the obligatory place for festival participants to meet and greet, is situated about five minutes walk from AZ Nanoka-machi, the festival’s main screening venue. It is run by Maruhachi Yatarazuke Company.

Maruhachi Yatarazuke Company was established in 1885 (Meiji 18) although the business was then known as Maruhachi Niizeki Toraji Shouten. At the time, the company brewed both miso and soy sauce and the storehouse which became Komian was used to hold the soy beans and other ingredients used in product manufacture. But in 1911, thirty years after the company began its operations, a huge disaster struck

the storehouse. In May, the Great Fire of Yamagata City North broke out and around 1300 residences, in addition to public facilities such as the prefectural office and the police headquarters, were destroyed in the flames. The Maruhachi warehouse was no exception and, as a result, was also razed to the ground.

In 1913 (Taisho 2), two years after the fire, the storehouse was rebuilt. And in 1992 (Heisei 4), it was converted into a restaurant specialising in local Yamagata cuisine. Seeking to “convey the fragrance and the taste of the hometown,” the business was given the name Komian – literally the cottage of fragrant taste. Since its opening, the highlight of the menu has been Tsukemono-Zushi — sushi made with Japanese pickled vegetable accompaniment — which has brought together two of the products for which Yamagata is best known — rice and Japanese pickles. Sushi varieties in which sweet-vinegared *myoga* — a pink ginger-like vegetable — takes the place of tuna, and *daikon* — white radish — replaces squid, are popular with both locals and the tourists who come to Komian looking for the authentic taste of Yamagata.

The floor size of Komian is about 50 square metres. When you enter the white plastered walls, there is a single room on the ground floor and two rooms above. During the film festival, when the business becomes the film festival club, people crowd not only into these rooms but overflow also into the corridor and foyer. Jostling each other

among the customers are fans asking favourite directors about how they came to make the films featured in the festival and the volunteers who labour diligently each day to ensure that everything runs smoothly. (While the second floor can hold only fifty people, the hideaway-like atmosphere of this space makes it very popular.) There have also been nights when over 400 people packed themselves into Komian.

For people associated with the film festival, the invitation, “Let’s meet at Komian,” has become synonymous with participation in YIDFF.

In 2013, Komian celebrates its 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary from the time of the reconstruction of the building after the Great Fire of Yamagata City North. This storehouse, which has been part of the history of the last one hundred years, has also witnessed the friendships that have grown between the many directors, audience members and staff who have come to Yamagata for the film festival over the past twenty-five years. Together with Yamagata Documentary Film Festival, may Komian make its further mark on history over the century that lies ahead. (Translated by Barbara Hartley)

— The author expresses thanks to the following people who provided information for the article: Satomi Masaru, Head of Satomi Orthodontic Clinic, and Niizeki Yoshinori, Managing Director, Maruhachi Yatarazuke Company.



## Lav Diaz: Lifting the Veil on the Monster Filmmaker from the Philippines

Ishizaka Kenji (Film Studies / Programmer, Tokyo International Film Festival)

He is a filmmaker who has won renown overseas but for whatever reason has yet to be introduced in Japan. But when all is said and done, Lav Diaz, who will serve as a juror at this year's YIDFF international competition, is a leader in the cinematic world. In August, Diaz conspicuously served as the head juror at the Locarno International Film Festival competition, where Kurosawa Kiyoshi's *Real: A Perfect Day for Plesiosaur* and Aoyama Shinji's *The Backwater* earned nominations. He has won several awards at film festivals in Venice, Singapore, Europe, and Asia and is earning high praise as an auteur — all evidence of his standing. Nevertheless, only his short film, *Butterflies Have No Memories* (2009), has been shown in Japan when it was screened at the Tokyo International Film Festival (TIFF) as part of an omnibus film, while none of his feature-length films have been screened here. Why has it taken so long for him to be properly introduced in Japan? For one thing, his films are long. Really long. Unbelievably long. Confronted with the exceptional length of his films, those of us doing the screenings have continued to miss out on the timing.

Born on Mindanao in 1958, Diaz set his sights on the film world after being shaken by Lino Brocka's *Manila: In the Claws of Light* (1975), which he saw during the Marcos dictatorship. He made his debut as a director with the "conventional" film, *The Criminal of Barrio Concepcion*, a 1998 production from the major film studio Regal Films. But Diaz became the filmmaker he is now in 2001 with *Batang West Side*. The six-hour and 15 minute film astonished audiences in the Philippines with its story built around the murder of a young Filipino immigrant in New Jersey and the subsequent investigation by a detective who is also an immigrant. After that, there is the ten-hour and 43 minute film, *Evolution of a Filipino Family* (2004), about the lives of an impoverished rural Filipino family from 1971 to 1987, the nine-hour long *Death in the Land of Encantos* (2007) which is divided into two halves — the first half being a documentary, the second half a dramatic film — and depicts the aftermath of a village that has been obliterated by a major typhoon, and the seven-hour and thirty minute *Melancholia* (2008) which was honored with the Horizons prize in Venice. He and Wang Bing have fired off a number of extremely long features.

Diaz started off as a musician and his entire oeuvre overflows with a riveting poetic sensibility. By writing and performing his own guitar pieces and infusing them with his own poetry, he has shown himself to be a masterful artist whose range reaches beyond

the cinematic form. Moreover, his work directly and indirectly analyzes the current conditions of his home country, the Philippines. For example, *Evolution of a Filipino Family* attempts to summarize the turbulent final days of the Marcos era through the daily lives of one family. Indeed, the four-hour documentary, *Why Is Yellow Middle of the Rainbow?* (1994), by fellow Filipino and acquaintance to Yamagata, Kidlat Tahmik, similarly etches out final days of the Marcos era. It would be nice to see these two films as a double feature at the next Yamagata festival, but they would run for a total of fifteen hours!

This year the YIDFF and TIFF are screening *Norte, the End of History*, a four-hour and ten minute film, which, it's fair to say, is relatively short for a Diaz film. But really it's the content that matters. In a Filipino village, a murder occurs. The real perpetrator gets away, while the wrong man is imprisoned. The film depicts the aftermaths for these two men forming a parallel. The former gradually goes insane with feelings of guilt about living a free life. The latter gradually gains a sense of inner freedom while in prison. Inspired by Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, the film is more about the *crime and punishment that comes afterwards*. It was screened in May at the Un Certain Regard section at the Cannes Film Festival, and although it failed to win a prize, audiences were quick to call it "amazing" and "the real Palme d'Or film." This writer found it an astonishing four-hour cinematic experience, making it the most electrifying film since Edward Yang's *A Brighter Summer Day* (1991). It's Dostoyevsky south of the equator. It is a masterpiece in which the problems of faith and crime and punishment unfurl before the shimmering sun and seas of the Philippines — the polar opposite of Russia. I'd contend that this film alone makes coming to Yamagata worthwhile.

In addition to introducing Diaz, it needs to be said that Filipino film is starting to truly flourish right now. Nothing symbolizes this more than the fact that the Cinemalaya Foundation, run by the Cultural Center of the Philippines (CCP), is supporting productions of independent films. The idea of the nation backing indie films is a new concept. As a result of this, young filmmakers have made Cinemalaya their home base, and major stars who once had no connection to the indie film scene whatsoever have taken notice of the superior quality of these films and are now lining up to perform in them.

It feels as if a third golden age has arrived following the 1950s and 1970s. Significantly, over the past several years, numerous

awards for best actor and actress have been given to Filipino performers every year in March at the Asian Film Awards (AFA — the Asian academy awards held in Hong Kong). Eugene Domingo (the Izumi Pinko of the Philippines) in *The Woman in the Septic Tank* (2011) and Eddie Garcia (an actor reminiscent of Mikuni Rentaro) in *Bwakaw* (2012), the Philippine entry at the American Academy Awards, won prizes. Both of these films have been screened at TIFF. Additionally, Nora Aunor in Brillante Mendoza's *Thy Womb* (2012), which hasn't been released in Japan yet, won this year. And, Vilma Santos, who was the major actress of the

1970s and is now serving as governor for the Province of Batangas, is also making appearances in indie films. This previously unthinkable honeymoon for major stars and indie film in the Philippines is taking Asian award competitions by storm.

Indeed, although his film, *Captive* (2012), has been released just recently, Mendoza is one filmmaker whose introduction has been a long time coming. However, unlike Diaz, Mendoza's films offer intense depictions of splattering gore (complete with internal organs and carnage), which might make the opportunity to screen his films limited. (Translated by Thomas Kabara)

■ Screening

*Norte, the End of History* 【JF】 ..... 10/16 10:00– [A6]

## Southeast Asia: A Reinvented Cinema

Philip Cheah (Film Critic / Juror of New Asian Currents)

In 1987 when the Singapore International Film Festival made its debut, only a handful of Asian festivals were in existence, notably Hong Kong.

As the only Southeast Asian film festival then, the Singapore Int'l Film Festival decided that it had to provide a platform for the region again. Hence, numerous retrospectives of regional legends were organized — Cherd Songsri, Prince Chatri Chalerm Yukol and Ratana Pestonji were some of the legendary Thai directors celebrated. Even newcomer Apitchatpong Weerasethakul had his first international retrospective in 2001 before he was picked up in Cannes.

Lino Brocka was on the Singapore Int'l film festival's first competition jury in 1991 and later on, retrospectives were held for other Filipino legends including Ishmael Bernal, Mario O'Hara and Roxlee. Other regional heroes celebrated were P Ramlee (Singapore and Malaysia), Arifin C Noer, Sjumandjaya and Gotot Prakosa (Indonesia) as well as regional surveys on Vietnam and Myanmar.

The motivation then was that the region could not be written off. Following the renewed interest in Southeast Asian film, young directors started sending their films to the Singapore Int'l Film Festival. They knew there was a place for them. Eric Khoo, for

example, had his first retrospective in 1990, long before he made *Mee Pok Man*, his first feature in 1995.

But the watershed was really the Asian digital revolution. By the late 90s, there was a full-blown digital new wave. Riri Riza, Nan Achnas, Mira Lesmana and Rizal Mantovani co-directed *Kuldesak*, the feature anthology that signposted the Indonesian new wave in 1999. Malaysia was close behind with Amir Muhammad's *Lips to Lips* in 2000 that opened the door for his other new wave colleagues — James Lee and Ho Yuhang.

Today, it is fair to say that the region has totally re-invented itself. For example, independent cinema now accounts for about 50 per cent of the Philippines annual film output. The Philippines now leads South-east Asia as its most dynamic film industry. Indonesia is close behind. Both countries have a deep multicultural history that has served them as a fount of new stories.

In the new world of virtual connectivity, Southeast Asians have fallen back on an old idea. It is that we were always connected already in history through our oceans and migration. The SEA (Southeast Asian) Screen Academy set up by Riri Riza last year, actively reveals our common cinema heritage through screenings and workshops mentored by fellow Southeast Asian directors. Our voyage together continues.

## Clips from the French Newspapers on *YOUNG YAKUZA*

Featuring the yakuza boss Kumagai Masatoshi and his new protégé, Jean-Pierre Limosin's *YOUNG YAKUZA*, his latest documentary, will be screened as a Jurors' film in YIDFF 2013. Upon its release in France in 2008, the filmmaker and the gang leader discussed the film separately in different media. We have quoted their statements from three separate articles, rearranging them in an imaginary dialogue.

**Kumagai Masatoshi:** I never dreamed I'd become a gangster. [...] I did a year in prison. When I got out, at age 18, I was hired by the yakuza. [...] I started at the bottom. My five years of training, I spent scrubbing the floor, filling the boss' fridge, to ensure that everything would be perfect. Then, I quickly climbed up through the ranks.<sup>[1]</sup>

**Jean-Pierre Limosin:** I saw it as a film about an apprenticeship in evil, following the first steps of the young man. As for Kumagai, he wanted a sort of calling card for his political progress through the hierarchy of the mob syndicate. He was playing a role. At the beginning, for example, something was wrong with his voice. It was more hoarse. He was playing Marlon Brando in the *Godfather*. He must have seen the movie dozens of times, indeed, like the other yakuza.<sup>[2]</sup>

**K.:** What interested me was to show the reality, the respect for discipline, for the code of honor, the protocol of the family. There are many misrepresentations of us, because of films like *The God-*

*father*.<sup>[1]</sup>

**L.:** What interested me was to see what the cinema could draw out of this opaque milieu, itself haunted by images from films. The yakuza have forged a mythological role to justify their presence. Crime syndicates were involved with the studios in the production of more than a thousand films. Most of the actors playing members of the yakuza are former yakuza. These men are worked by this legend, and always acting.<sup>[3]</sup>

**K.:** I don't want to talk about the organization. [...] Our sphere of activity is increasingly limited. The anti-gang legislation of 1991 reduced the power of the syndicates. We have less strength and vitality than ever before. But I do not despair. Isn't the specialty of the yakuza to get around the law?<sup>[3]</sup>

**L.:** I signed a moral contract with Kumagai: I would not film his illegal activities, and would not conduct an investigation. Obviously, it wasn't a question of my condoning crimes. My idea was to capture the metamorphosis of the affects, bodies, and characters. To let the masks fall, and all of the fantasies living behind them, to discover something more human, more fragile. Rather than serving Kumagai's strategy, the film shows a world in decline, in which everything is falling apart, a world whose image is marred.<sup>[3]</sup>

**K.:** I'm a practicing Catholic. I pray never to return to prison. Yet, I know that's in the rules of the game. Death, however, doesn't scare me. [And when it comes knocking, and I must face God.] He will forgive me.<sup>[1]</sup>

(Translated by Mark D. Roberts)

### Sources

[1] « Fantômes et réalité de la mafia japonaise » par Emmanuèle Frois, le 9 avril 2008, *Le Figaro*.

[2] « "Yakuza," parrain désemparé » par Bruno Icher, le 9 avril 2008, *Libération*.

[3] « En filmant les yakuzas, il ne s'agit pas de fermer les yeux sur leurs crimes » par Jean-Luc Douin, le 9 avril 2008, *Le Monde*.

### ■ Screening

*YOUNG YAKUZA* [JF] ..... 10/14 10:00– [A6]

## A Little Side Dish

Okuyama Shinichiro  
(Editorial Board)

It would be a waste to come all the way to Yamagata and only see the films! You have to try Yamagata's "Nmai mono," meaning "delicious food" in Yamagata dialect, too! So here is a guide to Yamagata's gourmet treats!

### Akebi —

Akebi is one of Yamagata's many autumn tastes. The main regions that produce Akebi are Murayama and Okitama, making Yamagata Prefecture the producer of most of Japan's 150 ton yield in recent years. When it ripens the skin splits and you can eat the fruit inside, but in Yamagata people primarily eat the peel instead of the fruit. (I, myself, have never eaten the fruit ever since I was born.) The skin is bittersweet, and we usually stuff it with minced meat and deep-fry it, or chop it up and fry it with miso. It's the perfect snack to have with Yamagata's spicy local brew.

### Imoni (Potato stew) —

Needless to say, Imoni is the local cuisine for which Yamagata is best known. It is a tradition that when autumn starts families and friends gather together at the riverside for an "imoni party." Every year at the beginning of September along the Mami-gasaki riverbed in Yamagata City "Japan's

Biggest Imoni Festival" is held, and people enjoy Imoni in a massive six meter pot. All sorts of different flavors are used to complement Imoni depending on the region. For example, in Yamagata Prefecture's Murayama region a soy sauce soup base with beef is used, but in the Shonai region they use a miso soup base with pork. They say the festival started in the Edo period, and at the time, since they didn't eat much meat, they ate it with *bodara*, a dried cod fillet.

On October 13th (Sunday), at 12:00 P.M. the second "Imoni Party at the Dead Center of Town" will be held in front of Yamagata Yatai Village Hottonaru-Yokocho. 800 cups of Imoni will be provided free of charge. (Presented by: The Association for the Promotion of Nanokamachi First Avenue, and Nigiwai Club)

### Dashi —

Dashi is a simple dish which consists of chopping up summer vegetables like eggplant, cucumber, *myoga* ginger, *daikon* radish, and *oba* leaf into small pieces, mixing gooey things like *natto konbu* or okra to taste, and then adding some soy sauce. We throw it on some rice or cold tofu. Dashi is one of the must have summer dishes for families in Yamagata.

**Motte-no-hoka** (Japanese for "Absolutely Unthinkable," this is an edible chrysanthemum) —

Yamagata Prefecture is Japan's biggest producer of edible chrysanthemum. Even amongst the many varieties of edible chry-

santhemum, the light purple *motte-no-hoka* (which is officially called "enmeiraku") stands out with a reputation for being the "Yokozuna of edible chrysanthemum" due to its pleasant, unique flavor. It is said its name comes from people saying, "It's absolutely unthinkable to eat chrysanthemum, the symbol on the emperor's crest!" or, "This is unthinkable delicious!" One of its characteristics is its crisp texture, thanks to the cylindrical valves in its petals. If you boil it up and add soy sauce, you can enjoy its faint fragrance and slightly bitter flavor. The secret to it is to drizzle a little bit of vinegar in when you boil it, and it will come out with a nice vivid color. It's also delicious as a vinegared dish or tempura.

During the film festival, on October 13th (Sunday), various events will be held in conjunction with the vehicle free promenade at Nanokamachi Odori, like "Mogami Yoshiaki's 400<sup>th</sup> Anniversary — Yoshiaki Festa, Rakuichi Rakuza," and "Machinaka Nigiwai Festival 2013." Events such as, "The Gourmet of the Land," "Product Market," and "The Battle of the Sengoku Period Warlord's Pots," are sure to leave an impression. You are certain to encounter all sorts of "nmai mono." Yamagata is a treasure house of foods. It is "motte-no-hoka" never to taste the "nmai mono" of Yamagata.

(Translated by Devin T. Recchio / Watanabe Kazutaka)

Meat-stuffed Akebi



あけびの肉詰め

Imoni



甘芋煮

Dashi



だし

Boiled Motte-no-hoka



もてのほからん

# The Mosques of Tokyo

Amir Muhammad

(Writer, Publisher, Filmmaker / Juror of International Competition)

When I lived in Tokyo in 2003 on a generous grant, I entertained the possibility of making a documentary called *The Mosques of Tokyo*.

I was told there were 22 mosques in the city, the largest of which had a Turkish design and was located in Yoyogi, which can fit over 1,000 people.

My idea: to go to each mosque and observe how the five daily prayers are conducted. I wanted to capture the sort of people who would go there: How many would be Japanese versus how many migrant workers/expatriates/tourists? If they were non-Japanese, which countries would they be from?

The camera would literally never leave these mosques. Perhaps you can hear sounds of things happening outside (Traffic? Advertising jingles?) — sometimes these sounds would be so discreet they seem to be as unreliable as a rumor.

There will be no talking-head interviews. Perhaps there is some

sort of narration (about what?). Or perhaps no talking at all: the camera would be very still and just observe the environment as the call to prayer in each mosque is sounded; each duration the same, very James Benning!

We are meant to note the subtle differences between each of these mosques — architecturally, aurally, in terms of social composition — to find the unique in the midst of seeming uniformity. Some mosques would be more crowded than others; some might even be empty during certain prayer times.

The reason I didn't make this documentary is that back in 2003 Islam was such a trendy topic in documentaries. Blame the terrorist violence of just a couple of years earlier. So I didn't want to jump on that CNN-friendly bandwagon.

But the idea is still there; you are welcome to steal it. You don't even have to credit me; just say you were divinely inspired.

■ Screening

*Malaysian Gods* [JF] ..... 10/14 12:15–[CL]

# The Boy from Bucharest

Durian Sukegawa (Novelist, Clown)

The first hole in the Berlin Wall was created in November of 1989. At the time, I was 27 years old and working as a freelance broadcast journalist. Anyone who watched images of East Germans destroying the wall with sledgehammers could see that it signaled the beginning of a transformation in the conflict between two principles that had separated the world into two. The following year, at the end of January, I left Japan for East Europe as an impromptu correspondent for a Tokyo radio station.

I would report in detail over the telephone twice a day what was happening right in front of my eyes. That was my only role as I roamed the streets of Berlin. I couldn't speak German at all, nor English very well for that matter. I would simply report day after day what I saw walking through the cities of Berlin, Prague, and Bucharest.

Civil war had broken out in Romania to overthrow the dictatorial government of Romanian Communist Party leader Nicolae Ceaușescu. The dictator and his family were eventually executed by the army, but civil strife ensued, and most of the city of Bucharest still faced power blackouts. It was in during this time, that I saw among the dark shadows of the city, a boy holding a small

puppy in his arms and crying.

I reported back to Tokyo the situation in Bucharest where hotel employees would intrude into the rooms of guests looking to get a hold of U.S. dollars, as a result of even just one international phone call being made. But I never told anyone about the boy. This is because I wasn't able to speak to him and ask him why he was crying. Perhaps the boy's father was someone who was among those ousted by the new government.

Over twenty years have gone by since the collapse of the Soviet Union and the series of revolutions of the Yugoslav civil wars. Children of that era have grown up and become adults by now. Today, I believe that I could do a better job of reporting than back then. I wish that I could get on an international train, stop at each city, and ask people about what their lives have been like up until today. I would especially like to ask people who were among supporters of the old regime.

What do you believe in and how have you lived your lives? Whatever their answers may be, I would like to accept their words head on and wholeheartedly.

(Translated by Caroline Mikako Elder)

## ■ Live Performance

*Photo Slam: Bucharest / Phnom Penh / Chernobyl / Fukushima*

Live Performance: Arlequin Voice Theater

(Durian Sukegawa[vocal], Pickles Tamura[guitar])

10/13 21:30- [F4] | Admission: 2000 yen (1800 yen with festival ticket stub or pass)

## The Woven Fabric of Time: In Praise of Chris Marker

Chiba Fumio (French Literature)

There is no-one less suited to the phrase “declining years” than Chris Marker. A few years ago, when he was almost 90, Chris Marker put out a book of photographs called *Passengers* that absolutely astonished me. It was impossible to conceive of the endurance, courage, dynamic visual acuity, and curiosity that made this photographic collection possible as the work of an “old man” in his “declining years.” We can easily imagine how full of risk this project was, boarding the Paris subway and taking point-blank images of passengers. Yet we can only stare in mute astonishment at the profusion of photographic images of women’s faces one after the other, each with their own expression, that the collection contains. Unlike Marker’s earlier photographs, these were in color and the images were subjected to extreme digital processing. Is this even what we have come to mean by a photographic collection?

The corporal being of the person known as Chris Marker has left this earth and been absorbed back into the energy of the cosmos, but conversely we are only now discovering the *possibility* known by the name Chris Marker. The prophecy Foucault made 40 years ago in his introduction to Bataille’s Collected Works — “His works will grow to great importance in the future” — is the appropriate expression for what is now coming true all around us. This Fall, first in Yamagata and then in Paris, there will be large-scale retrospectives of Chris Marker’s films. But this word “retrospective” does not suit him. He ignored the conventional way of regarding time, past to present or present to past arrayed along a single line. That is why there is no connection between his work and the idea of a “late style.”

The beautiful expression “fabric of time” first appeared in *Sans soleil* (1982). This was the theme of Sandor Krasna, whose narrated letters wove together the disparate times of Asia, Africa, and Europe in the film. Chris Marker’s travels also aimed at taking up that task. In that sense, *Passengers*, which I mentioned at the beginning of this essay, is also something birthed by travel. The texture of the fabric constituted by the warp and woof of the space and time of Asia, Africa, and Europe becomes visible in the faces of the

women that we encounter in the carriages of the Paris subway.

If we go back 30 years from the publication of *Passengers* we find another book of photographs, *Le dépayés*. Many of the photographs that he took when he first came to Japan appear in this book, which contains so many elements of *Sans soleil* it should be called a sister publication to that film. People sleeping in carriages, beckoning cat statues, and real cats, cats and more cats. On the one hand it arranges photographs that seem to trace a journey that detours again and again, on the other Chris Marker contributes documentary-style text that does not limit itself to explaining the photographs. At the same time we can glimpse a double consciousness of the slippage between the time of taking the photograph and the time of writing the prose. Here too the issue of the “fabric of time” comes to the fore.

On the inside flap of the book, as if responding to the question Who is Chris Marker, four verbs are listed as if to profile the author: makes films; takes photographs; travels; loves cats. Surely those four actions by themselves are what formed Chris Marker’s Japan. In addition to recalling the decisive dates of the Battle of Okinawa — of which Marker will attempt a full reconstruction in *Level Five* (1996) — *Sans soleil* features a space of image manipulation called “The Zone.” From the seemingly trivial story of a cat, through its name “Tora,” we are connected to the time of the attack on Pearl Harbor. The Zone is also said to be an homage to Tarkovsky, but perhaps this space in between life and death is that part of the netherworld called Limbo. He has already fed many historical images into this confused intermediate space. Images of a Zero fighter on fire, of a young Emperor Hirohito on horseback are processed through an image synthesizer until they reach a state of near indiscernibility, trembling and struggling in the netherworld of images. Images of the past are not consigned to the safe space called the “past” but undergo deformations and return charged with feeling, like ghosts. To take past images and transform them into ominous visions; this is Chris Marker’s unique and unrivalled achievement. (Translated by Michael Raine)

# Chris Marker: A Moving Image Artist Who Kills Cinema

Kawai Masayuki (Video Artist)

Cinema and video can have a strange relationship, like a Freudian father and son. That is, as Oedipus, video is the son of cinema who wants to kill its father to establish itself as a media. When we see Chris Marker's wide range of moving images on film, video, installation and computer works in CD-ROM or second-life, a similar relationship exists between cinema and video.

To begin with, Marker as a "filmmaker" who made *La jetée* (1962) or *Sans soleil* (1982) seems too serious and awkward to me. What is this "awkwardness"? I found that the term "cinema essay" isn't a clear answer to the question.

I found the key to this question when I saw his video installation *When the Century Took Shape (War and Revolution)* (1978) at the Marian Goodman Gallery in New York in 2007. In that piece, he added violent video effects to recorded images from the Russian revolution and WW2, and zapped them quickly. The images were operated on as data and had lost any connection to their objective "facts," while they didn't tell any "truth" with a constructive narrative. They were very far from the cinematic aesthetics of realism or strength of story — they were blunt and profane.

In the past, Marker as the assistant director of *Night and Fog* (1955), had questioned the meaning of hazardously telling unspeakable "factual" or "truthful" stories with moving images. In the latter half of his career, what did he seek with video? I believe it's a relentless objection to the illusion that cinema must tell the truth.

In *Level Five* (1996), he depicted the antagonistic relationship between video and cinema most vividly. In it, the only way for the heroine (and the spectator whom she speaks to) to approach the tragedy of the Battle of Okinawa — a traumatic fact in Modern history — is through the operation of dubious computers. It reveals that an image is essentially data and its operation.

Marker developed that kind of attitude to an image more thoroughly in his video installation works. In *Zapping Zone* (1990), he zapped many images including some fragments from his own

past works. In *Silent Movie* (1995), he put effects on a silent-cinema-like image, changed its speed, and showed variations in multiple monitors. In the exhibition *Starring Back* (2007) in Wexner Center for Arts at the Ohio State University, he showed photos in which some frames picked from his past films were altered with softwares like Photoshop or Painter. In this way, he often used his own work's image repeatedly without any concern for its contents, reminding me of Nam June Paik, the founder of video art.

The bluntness of Marker's image reaches its extreme in *Bestiary* (1985–90), a compilation of "one-off-trick" video works on animals and in the second-life project where his beloved cat, the late Guillaume, is revived with computer graphics. With these works, we can find images liberated from the law of realism or story, a freedom that is only attainable with image data.

Needless to say, we are living in the age of electronic media where all image is nothing but data. But this common fact needs to be questioned hereafter, not receptively but critically, and not reactionary but positively. And for that, we need to have a sense for electronic art which can discover profound desire in data image itself.

We don't care if cinephiles gloomily moan the fact that moving image wouldn't tell the truth in cinematic way. Godard, who has been bound to the cinematic image of objects and story, negatively "exploited" video in his *Histoire(s) du cinéma* (1988–98) to make cinema outlive. On the contrary, Marker has unsentimentally been finding the direct possibility of image as data. Even though his way may be seen as a blasphemy towards cinema, it only proves that the attachment to cinematic aesthetics is just a perversion. Why do we need to forcibly call his work "essay"? Marker, who has been an "awkward filmmaker," could liberate his "blunt" sense of image by video and computer without restraint. When we open our eyes to the sense, we definitely are overcoming cinema. Video begins to kill its father with Chris Marker.

## The Dilemma of Arab Media

Najib El Khash (Journalist)

Several conflicts and contradictions that are unique to the Arab World govern the Arabic-language media scene. Perhaps the most important conflict is between nationalist and religious ideologies. Modern Arab political regimes, mostly formed after WWII, can be divided into secular nationalist (Arabist) regimes, emphasizing the linguistic bond between speakers of Arabic, and religious (Islamic) regimes giving priority to the fact that most Arabs are Muslim. Geographically, the main sphere of Islamic regimes has been the Arabian Peninsula, including Saudi Arabia, Qatar, and other Gulf countries, while nationalist secular regimes dominated the Mediterranean side of the Arab World, ruling countries such as Syria, Egypt, and Libya. The two strands competed ferociously for the control of the Arab World over the past decades.

The recent advent of “Arab Spring” further deepened the political conflicts of the region, and the accompanying media coverage exposed the underlying contradictions in an unprecedented, sometimes farcical manner. To understand the situation, one should bear in mind that Arab politics are not only “not what they seem,” but actually “very far from what they seem.” I will give one example from each side to illustrate this point.

First let us look at the “secular camp.” Starting from 1963, both Syria and Iraq were ruled by different factions of the Baath Party, a nationalist secular party declaring that its most important mission is to unite Arab countries. Since Syria and Iraq are bordering each other, one would have expected them to unite, or at least form a coalition. Instead, the rulers of each country claimed that they represent the “real Baath,” and entered a bitter feud with each other. When Iraq entered a war with Iran in 1980, Syria’s Baathist regime stood with Iran, a non-Arab, religious regime, against the Arabist secular regime in Iraq. The Syrian-Iranian alliance is still in place today, and Iran is supporting the Syrian regime against the rebels. The inherent contradiction in such an alliance is visible in the media. Syria TV devotes a good part of its commentary to criticize the “medieval religiousness” of anti-government forces, mocking their bearded looks and highlighting stories about suppression of women and public executions. In contrast, regime loyalists are portrayed as modern and liberated people with stylish Western clothing and an open-minded view of the world. However, in fact the regime’s allies, the Iranian regime and Lebanon’s Hiz-

bollah, both actually advocate religious agendas. The end result for the perplexed Arab TV audiences is to watch veiled female and bearded male anchors on Iran’s Al-Alam TV and Hizbollah’s Al-Manar TV praising the secular Syrian regime, which is in turn criticizing the overly religious views of its opponents.

Now let us look at the other, Islamic, camp. The Kingdom of Saudi Arabia follows the doctrine of Wahhabism, an ultra-conservative interpretation of Islam. In 2012, when Egypt’s first free elections brought a religious group (the Muslim Brotherhood) to power after nearly 60 years of secular military rule, I innocently saw that as a triumph for the Islamic strand in the Arab World. However, Saudis did not share that feeling with me. When Egypt’s Islamist president was ousted in a coup d’état on 3 July 2013, Saudi-funded media sang in praise of the Egyptian military and talked about the “battle against terrorism.” Saudi envoys and economic aid were sent to support the renewed rule of the secular generals. If this is not mind-boggling enough, consider this: Qatar, another Wahhabi country, had exactly the opposite standing on the matter. The Qatar-based Aljazeera worked so hard to prop up the Muslim Brotherhood that it didn’t even bother with any pretense of neutrality anymore. This may seem irrational but could be partly explained by the rivalry between the two Wahhabi brothers, Saudi Arabia and Qatar, which may be reminiscent of the rivalry between Baathists in Syria and Iraq.

In the past, Arab filmmakers and creators got used to tackling the two major political strands of the Arab region, playing cat-and-mouse with the censorship apparatuses of the regimes. They also sometimes depended on European funding to have a wider margin of creative freedom, but largely remained loyal to the question of Palestine and rejected European pressure to normalize relations with Israel as long as occupation continued. They weren’t easy times, but some anchors were there to hold on to. The current ruthless triumph of political interest over ideology created such a fragmented and contradictory scene that filmmakers now seem to be walking in the middle of a minefield. Whether this will result in a new artistic wave is yet to be seen. For now the only sure thing is that cameras continue to roll everywhere, trying to catch up with the fast and unpredictable developments sweeping the whole region.

### ■ Talk

The Arab Spring — A Talk with Filmmakers and Najib El Khash  
10/14 16:00–17:00 | Yamagata Citizen’s Hall Gallery Space | Admission Free

## Keywords for “Another Side of the ‘Arab Spring’”

**Khat** — In *The Reluctant Revolutionary*, the main character, Kais, is seen stuffing his mouth with these shrub leaves. Khat is a plant that has a stimulant effect and indigenous to East Africa and the Arabian Peninsula. In Yemen, it is a luxury that is consumed as a matter custom in social settings in place of tobacco or alcohol. Apparently, the exporting of khat is a major means of acquiring foreign currencies in Yemen.

**Avenue Bourguiba** — The main thoroughfare in Tunis, the capital of Tunisia. Named after Habib Ben Ali Bourguiba, leader of the movement for independence from French rule and the first President of the Republic of Tunisia, the street served as the stage for the Arab Spring, which resulted in the collapse of the 23-year-long regime of the nation’s second president, Ben Ali.

**Niqab** — A type of veil worn by women in the Islamic world which covers the entire head except for the area around the eyes. In Europe, with its numerous Muslim immigrants, some countries have prohibited the wearing of niqab in public places as a matter of separation of religion and government. *No Harm Done* portrays the uproar that arises when, after the revolution, pro-Islamist students at a Tunisian university argue for the right to wear niqab on campus.

Compiled by Kato Hatsuyo (Coordinator of the Program “Another Side of the ‘Arab Spring’”) (Translated by Thomas Kabara)

# I Chose Works that Had “Something” About Them

An Interview with **Ogawa Naoto** (Coordinator of the Program “Cinema with Us 2013”)

The Great East Japan Earthquake hit on March 11, 2011. The same year, we hastily put together the Cinema with Us program for the festival in October. This time again, about two years later, we have collected movies related to the disaster in the Cinema with Us 2013 program.

The festival office asked me if we could continue Cinema with Us, this time not merely as a collection of visual records, but as a program of “movies.” I watched about 150 works and was astonished to find most of them to be much more conventional than I had expected. One reason might be that compared to last time there is less footage that is expressive merely as a record of events. As a result, people have been much more thorough first in data gathering, and then in organizing their footage into works with an explicit point of view. Leaving aside whether the views are right or wrong, the works themselves end up seeming inevitably clichéd. Considering how much variety I had expected to see among the people actually living their lives in the areas affected by the disaster, I was truly surprised to see this perceived obligation to fit everything into a certain kind of movie, expressing certain opinions. I didn’t want to make it a program composed just of movies making obviously legitimate arguments, and so you’ll find that my selection this time wanders a bit away from that trend.

For example, in *Dance of Reincarnation; Performed by Kesennuma High School Students* by Miyamori Yosuke, there’s certainly a degree to which we might only see it as showing the silly patter of school girls. But many different kinds of people have been afflicted by the disaster. Among them there of course are kids like this devoted to their school clubs, having fun with their friends despite whatever else they might have experienced. This work was chosen not just to show a bright story in a terrible situation, but because there is diversity and wealth in documentary expression. We don’t have to just show people depressed and struggling.

In a slightly different vein is *A Man Who Returned — The Dis-*

*tance to Happiness, from Tokyo to Fukushima* by Takeuchi Masatoshi, about the woes of a middle-aged man. I think there are many people who can’t help but vaguely laugh at things like the life they’ve planned, their work, family, and friends. A person’s life is not only full of drama, with weeping and rage, or gleefully accomplishing things. Most people don’t live like that. This might seem like a trivial topic for the subject of a documentary, but I think it is one more important thing documentary should deal with.

This time, choosing 15 works to show was extremely difficult. All I can say is that they weren’t chosen for being accurate or expressing the “right” opinion, but for having something in particular about them that interested me. Certainly that kind of documentary is one way of confronting the disaster. An aspect of documentary can involve getting close to a subject in the minority, and there are things that only people directly affected by the disaster can feel. But I think it is fine for people to set these aside, merely confronting the films as films. Focusing only on victims can even be seen as exclusionary.

Not only that, we may find in ten years new things to say or ways of looking at what has gone on. Just as we find looking back at past iterations of Yamagata and even today, there are works made about political incidents and historical events in Asia years after the fact. I don’t know when things will settle down in Japan, but it might take that long for people to take a moment and express something through cinema. We have already begun planning and aiming to continue the project. There’s nothing to do but hope for, bet on its continuation. Yamagata has imposed this job on itself; the process begins with simply feeling our way forward.

Interview conducted by Okuyama Shinichiro (Editorial Board)

in Sendai on September 8, 2013

(Translated by Jeremy Harley)

— Yamagata International Documentary Film Festival is planning an archive of films chronicling with the disaster.

## A Place for Watching Together: On “Cinema with Us 2013”

Miura Tetsuya (Film Studies)

I clearly remember during the first Yamagata after the disaster that no matter the venue, I found the screenings in the “Cinema with Us” program to be permeated by a strange and potent tension. I imagine that was because it was fresh in all our memories, but I think the particular unique quality of that atmosphere was due to the fact that victims of the disasters unfolding on screen were present with us in the theatres.

There were people from Tokyo next to people from Kansai next to people from other countries, next to people from Tohoku (the northeast), including those living in the areas affected by the disaster, all of us watching the same footage. This resulted in an atmosphere of extreme tension.

The way I saw what I watched was different from the people seated beside me. The sense of incongruity was physically palpable, even in the pitch black of the theaters. Dialogue in dialect caused laughter among people who understood it, while those to whom it was unintelligible were silent. We watched the movies each with our own degree of distance from the subject matter.

I myself have continued Image.Fukushima, a project that shows movies directly or indirectly related to the Fukushima disaster, and I was able to reconfirm time and again the significance of the act of watching movies together, separate the value of the works themselves. I experienced this with particular clarity in Yamagata.

This is because the movies were shown in an international film festival that attracts a diversity of audience members. The disaster, which affected a limited geographic area, revealed the politico-economic imbalance in Japan, and at an event like this, audience

members can't just swallow what they see thinking only of their own little world. It becomes an opportunity for them to lose their voyeurism (enjoying spying on something from a safe place).

Here we are two years later, meeting one another in the same place again. This time however, we lack the direct stimulation to our consciousness of some massive event. For some the memory of events may have become distant, while for some this is an impossibility. Some cannot escape the reality even if they try. Some want to forget. I think we will be able to perceive those differences among us.

In these two years we have witnessed this kind of wearing thin and vanishing of peoples' memories. We might call the decision to hold the Olympics in Tokyo one symbol of this. From now on, film and video of Japan is likely to show this country as united, by inflamed appeals to people's emotions. Apparently it is realistic to expect that the economy should be run by illusions and to assert that things are on the road to recovery. But of course there are realities left out of this picture. More than just criticizing this kind of thing, what we need is to ensure we retain places where we can come together without being expected to all be the same as one another.

As memories continue to wear thin and vanish all the more, I wonder will the wounds become hidden. For us, a movie theater is a place to recognize the reality of people who face realities different from our own. We want to be there; not because we seek universal inspiration in some glamorous fantasy, but to watch with one another documentary footage that modestly brings to our gaze collected fragments of reality.

(Translated by Jeremy Harley)

### ■ Discussion

Archiving Documentary Films About 3.11 【CU】

Panelists: Okada Hidenori, Miura Tetsuya, Matsuyama Hideaki

Moderator: Ogawa Naoto

..... 10/13 12:30–14:00 [M5] | Admission Free

# “To the Gentle Sound of the Movie Camera Turning, I Record Those Things that Give Meaning to My Life.”

An Interview with Kiyotaki Akira

In Yamagata Prefecture, there was a railway line operated by Yamagata Transport that ran from Uzentakamatsu Station in the city of Sagae to Mazawa Station in the town of Nishikawa in the Nishimurayama region. The line, first known as the Sanzen Electric Railway, was opened in 1926 to carry worshippers visiting the Three Sacred Mountains of Dewa and also to transport mining supplies.

In 1943, in line with war-time industry consolidation policies, Sanzen Electric Railway merged with Takahata Railway (the Takahata Line), Obanazawa Railway, and each of the bus companies that operated in the inland regions of Yamagata. The new company was known as Yamagata Transport and the railway became the Sanzen Line.

As times changed, the mines closed down one-by-one and the car became more popular. This resulted in the line operating at a loss and operations ceased altogether in 1974. [The information above is based on the Sanzen Line Wikipedia entry.]

In the special section of the festival that looks at “Yamagata and Film,” there will be a screening entitled “Yamagata in Film.” This will feature Yamagata scenery of the time together with a record of the operation of the Sanzen Line. The film was taken with an 8 millimetre camera in the fourth decade of the Showa era by Mr Kiyotaki Akira, a former employee of Yamagata Transport who worked on the Sanzen Line. Below, Mr Kiyotaki shares his memories of the line.

I began work with the Sanzen Line when I was 14, straight after leaving primary school. In 1944, I volunteered — really I was half forced to volunteer — for service in the Navy and joined the military in 1945. In those days, conscripts were given leave, but if you volunteered you had to resign from your job. I entered the service in January, but the war ended in August. When I returned home, my former boss looked after me and I was able to go back to the same job. At first, I was told, “Go and work on the trains” and I did things like being a conductor, but after that, I worked in the company management team until I retired. Towards the end of my time with the company, I was in charge of the operation of the line. Trains had already been overtaken by cars, you see, and with the line continually running in the red, they gave the order to close it down. So it became my job to see that this happened.

It occurred to me at the time that if I didn't make a record of these trains, the chance to do so would be lost, and that's how I came to make these movies of the Sanzen Line. In the past, I had

had a number of hobbies and would write things like Japanese verse, haiku, poems and essays. I felt that I wanted to leave some proof that I had been alive. It seemed to me that making a record on film was part of this hobby. I still have these film records of the railway operations of the time and when I retired they were put on display in the (company) warehouse with a red paper that read, “To be permanently preserved.”

However, it's now thirty years or so since I retired so the warehouse, which fell into ruin, is no longer there, and the company headquarters moved to somewhere else. There's a Pachinko Parlour now at the Teppocho intersection where the warehouse stood and whenever I pass I think, “Ah, the warehouse used to be there.”

After the closure of the Sanzen Line, the train that featured in the movie *New Destinations*, was sold off to the Takamatsu Kotohira Electric Rail in Shikoku and worked there for a while. But eventually it became too old and was dismantled and no longer exists. You can still see one of the first electric trains, Train 103, that has been preserved in the Gassan Sake Brewery Museum in the town of Nishikawa. And there's also a carriage from the Takahata Line in the Lina World Amusement Park.

Now that my legs aren't that good I don't go out so often but I still make movies. There's a group of us who got together around 1958 and started the Yamagata Cine-Club to share our hobby of taking 8 millimetre film. [The group is now known as Yamagata Cinema Club.] We've been going for the past fifty years or so. Each month we publish a magazine which had its 408<sup>th</sup> edition in September, 2013, and at our monthly club meetings we screen material presented by various members. [Since 2009, Mr Kiyotaki has been the club's president.]

I tried using a digital camera but, well, I can't really get the hang of how it works. One of the things I would still like to film is in the town of Kahoku where a woman make craft goods from straw. I would like to leave a record of her work.

“To the gentle sound  
of the movie camera turning,  
I record those things  
that give meaning to my life.” — Kiyotaki Akira

Interview conducted by Okuyama Shinichiro (Editorial Board)  
in Yamagata on September 19, 2013  
(Translated by Barbara Hartley)

## ■ Screenings

Yamagata in Film: Kiyotaki Akira Films [YF] ..... 10/11 18:30– [M2]

## Film Running Sideways: On “Gentô” Screenings

Okada Hidenori (Film Studies)

In the late Edo era, the magic lantern — known in Japanese as the *gentô* — was introduced into Japan through Nagasaki and delighted audiences by throwing onto a cloth surface magnified images from multi-coloured panes of glass. After Kameya Toraku devised a wooden version which could be operated by hand, this *gentô* — or Japanese magic lantern — dominated visual culture before the introduction of cinematograph and became Japan’s own form of “projected image.” Fast-forward to the 1970s. In science classrooms at this time, images of bacteria greatly magnified through a microscope were projected onto a screen. In the dimmed room, to the rhythmic *kacha/kacha* sound of the machine, the teacher explained the characteristics of these microbes while presenting the sequence of images loaded into a projector. This was the slide image that was widely used until the advent of powerpoint.

Although these two devices may seem to be completely unrelated, in Japan both were known by the name “*gentô*.” But in between, there was another version of the “*gentô*,” now almost forgotten, that in its own small way illuminated the culture of post-war Japan. This was the roll filmstrip that used the same 35 millimetre film as cinema. Although made from the same film, the filmstrip used in Japan generally ran horizontally. Each frame therefore had eight holes, while the 35mm film only had four. One filmstrip work was small enough to be completely loaded into a photo cassette. Like a *kamishibai* (picture-show) man, the person working the filmstrip would then read the script out loud as they scrolled, one frame at a time, through the images. This device, however, was not only used for story-telling. It was a very

effective medium also for presenting both teaching materials in schools and information on social issues. This was because viewers could immediately connect with the words of either enlightenment or activism delivered by a live human voice. The portability of this device made its use popular also in social movements and the labour movement.

Filmstrip media enjoyed a relatively brief honeymoon in Japan until this “*gentô*” form merged with film and filmstrip shows were abandoned. However, for a time, the use of this form of media was astonishingly widespread. Although the profundity of the production technique is apparent when viewing, for example, *Daddy Went on a Bike*, research into the filmstrip has only really commenced in the past few years.

But now, the “*gentô*” is making a return to Yamagata. Unlike a previous occasion when the (contemporary) silent-film narrator Kataoka Ichiro was introduced to perform for Yamagata audiences, this year’s “Images of Family in the Magic Lantern” will be narrated by members of the collective research project on *gentô*. These *gentô* screenings will give insights into the image of the family and the ideology that supported this image during that time we know as the post-war era, an period characterised by a complex of poverty and a sense of hope. Yet, while *Nikoyon* gives an account of the bitter poverty of workers, *Torachan and Bride* and *Painless Childbirth* are permeated with an almost unbelievable sense of optimism, or we might even say even grace and dignity. From these works we get a sense of the power of the adaptability and free expression that was so fitting for the new post-war era.

(Translated by Barbara Hartley)

### ■ Screenings

Images of Family in the Magic Lantern 【YF】 ..... 10/13 10:00– [M2]

This program will feature a variety of postwar images of the family as represented in vintage magic lantern slides of the 1950s, encompassing themes ranging from marriage and childbirth to rural farming villages and industrial zones. Included in this year’s lineup is *The Role of the Wife* (1954), which revolves around a farming family in the Takiyama district of Yamagata.

# Cinema and Ethics: An Introduction

Saito Ayako (Film Studies)

French film theorist Christian Metz once said that every film is a fiction film. American documentary studies expert Bill Nichols declared that every film is a documentary film. There is some truth to both statements. Yet, when one examines a film, what is at issue is the difference between them. Whether *Nanook of the North* (1922), *Land without Bread* (1933), *Triumph of the Will* (1935), or *Fighting Soldiers* (1939), documentary film has oscillated between aesthetics and ethics.

This year's program entitled "The Ethics Machine: Six Gazes of the Camera" is an attempt to confront such concerns. It was conceived by festival programmer Fujioka Asako and longtime festival collaborator Abé Mark Nornes. Along with two renowned white male documentary specialists, Mark and British film/media scholar Brian Winston, I will join the program as an Asian woman, a layperson in this field. This sort of unexpected teaming is one of the pleasures and joys of this international film festival. The discussion is to be centered around the issue of film and ethics.

Different from the usual teach-ins after screenings and symposiums organized by scholars with presentations, this program aims to elicit dialogue between filmmakers and audience, promoting impromptu discussions. The three of us will serve as mediators, so to speak, to facilitate the dialogue and discussions. The six gazes referred here are the frames of reference to examine the relationship between the camera's gaze and the world it captures in documentary film, and as follows: the endangered gaze, the interventionary gaze, the humane gaze, the accidental gaze, the professional gaze, and the helpless gaze. In documentary film, the relationship among the filmmaker, the camera, and the subject the camera films affects the audience much more and more directly than that in fiction film. What is at stake in the genre of documentary film that confronts us, in the space of a festival in which filmmakers and viewers engage in direct dialogue? I hope we can generate an exciting space and time to share the issues in question.

## ■ Events

**Discussion: Ethical Conundrums and the Filmmaker** 【EM】

Guests: Joshua Oppenheimer, Hara Kazuo

..... 10/13 15:00–17:00 [M5]

**Discussion: Six Gazes of the Ethics Machine** 【EM】

Panelists: Abé Mark Nornes, Saito Ayako, Brian Winston

..... 10/14 12:50–14:50 [M5]

**Discussion: Disaster Films and Ethics** 【EM】

Discussion led by Saito Ayako

..... 10/15 16:00–17:30 [M5]

## Ethics and the Film Festival

Abé Mark Nornes (Film Studies)

I have now worked on film festivals for a quarter of a century, and there is one thing I came to slowly appreciate over time: film festivals plug one into every aspect of cinema culture. They provide unique — and wonderfully fleeting — footing from which to think about film criticism, auteurism, industry, production culture, distribution, reception, and the list goes on. I would add one more item to this list, and that is *ethics*.

This issue occasionally roars to the foreground at festivals, usually around “problem films.” For example, in the 1993 Yamagata International Documentary Film Festival *Black Harvest* caused an uproar when one of the sidebars, a gathering of First Nation filmmakers, took offense at what they felt was the film’s one-dimensional portrait of an indigenous people, an approach they argued rendered them as “barbarians” (as if the developed people’s of Europe were any less violent). Alternatively, there was the fascinating battle among various feminist positions — both generational and geographical — over Dennis O’Rourke’s *Good Woman of Bangkok* at the 1991 festival.

A very special process of “reading” goes on around such films. Spectators assemble in the theater. The film unwinds. And viewers extrapolate an ethical stance from the time and space of the film itself. For every documentary implies an ethical compartment, and this is built into every camera angle, every edit, every choice the filmmaker makes. Of course, this is true for fictions films as well. However, documentary directors are recording their interactions with living, breathing human beings. And this makes a world

of difference. Documentaries invite us ask how directors conduct themselves within the complexities of *our* shared world.

The reason such problem films rile up the theaters, restaurants and bars of film festivals is that spectators are brought into a profound and inextricable relationship with the ethical stance of the filmmakers. Many of the great documentaries in history are made by directors that brazenly skirt lines of propriety and transgression. They transport spectators to those lines, daring them to vicariously experience the ethical perils or challenges the filmmaker has enjoined in the real world. When viewers decide a filmmaker has actually crossed an ethical line, the effect is visceral because of the intimate circuit documentaries create between *taisho*, filmmaker and audience.

In the hubbub around problem films, the role of the film festival itself is often overlooked. In fact, a range of ethical perils hide behind the choice to show a film or not. In placing a film on its slate, the film festival takes a measure of responsibility for the ethical stance of the filmmaker — although programmers prefer to lurk in the background and stay out of the (sometimes fierce) debates they have enabled.

This is to say, festivals themselves are spaces with a profoundly ethical charge. And the best films and film festivals self-consciously utilize ethics as an indispensable tool in the tool box. This is one goal of this year’s Yamagata International Documentary Film Festival.

# Reality and its Contact Point: Criticism and Ethics

Kitakoji Takashi (Film Critics)

In *Yi Yi* (2000), directed by Edward Yang just prior to his tragic early death, there is a handsome rather ephemeral young man in his teens who, having invited a friend — the girl whom he loves — on a date to the cinema, announces as follows: “Films mirror life. Movies make everyday life twice as interesting. For example, we might not have committed murder, but we can understand what murder is. We can thank film for that.”

Historically, one of the strongest criticisms of cinema has been the claim that violence depicted on the screen has a bad influence on viewing audiences. We might think that it is because Yang is playing with the grossly simple moralistic judgements that are brought down on cinema that he gives to this young man these lines which appear to us as both natural and appropriate. However, the issue presented by the film maker is actually not so straightforward. In fact, we discover towards the end of the film, together with the girl who was the young man’s date as she watches television, that the he has, in fact, committed murder.

Critiquing film on the grounds of an absence of moral value doesn’t necessarily imply that cinema should be morally worthwhile. While we often see this sort of reverse argument, the film maker’s intention should perhaps be to avoid precisely that. Film should not be forced to critique crime in the name of morality, nor should it be required to champion causes. Of course, these sorts of positions will always be put forward, but they are unrelated to the field of film criticism. Film might teach us what murder is without the necessity of our getting blood on our own hands, but it will not prevent real murder. This is not the role of film. While freeing film from the need to be a faithful representation of reality, film criticism should nonetheless acknowledge that film

does dismantle this reality. It is this sort of acknowledgement that situates film criticism in an ethical realm. The great filmmakers distanced themselves from evaluating cinema as either good or bad and thereby revealed the media’s ambiguity. Here we find a model for an ethics and critical approach that is suitable also for film criticism.

Nietzsche trenchantly critiqued morality based on the rigid construction of a pre-determined set of values that marked good from bad or true from false as something that judged and atrophied our lives. If we regard “ethics” as something that resists such a rigid moral code, then surely this (resistance) gives rise to questions such as what it is that we, in fact, do value, how values change and [how these things are related to] creativity. Film criticism should not subscribe to a predetermined set of immovable values. On the other hand, critics need to avoid the misinformed relativist position which says that you critique by writing whatever you like and to not abandon the search for a sort of universalism. This is a necessary ethic in criticism. Yet, although criticism cannot proceed without values, neither can we in the first place form values without critique. So while we can say that values already encompass criteria (or standards), we should not be fearful of on-going changes or the transmutation of these values. These concerns are no empty armchair theory for neither is cinema some sort of empty armchair theory. I will repeat that while cinema may not be a faithful representation of reality, it is at the very point that it dismantles (and thereby reconstructs) reality that film most definitely touches on “reality.” We might regard this as the site of crisis of cinema and it is precisely at this site that the demand for an ethical critique is located. (Translated by Barbara Hartley)

## ■ Yamagata Film Critics’ Workshop

This project aims to encourage thinking, writing, and reading about film, using documentaries as an entry point, while offering immersion in the live atmosphere of an international film festival. Participants will receive guidance from professional film critics and write their own articles, which will be presented publicly.

10/11–10/14 | Mentors: Chris Fujiwara, Kitakoji Takashi

# Documentary Film Criticism Out of the Shadow

Chris Fujiwara (Film Critic)

In a 1948 essay called “Reality and Its Shadow,” Emmanuel Lévinas described the relationship between the artwork and its viewer with stunning richness and clarity. Though Lévinas was writing about art in general, his remarkable and troubling essay has a particularly appropriate application to cinema.

Art, according to Lévinas, carries the viewing subject out of the real world and into a state of passive and irresponsible “anonymity” in which the viewer enjoys an exotic, unreal world. Not only does the artwork suspend the viewer’s relationship to reality, but it makes the people it depicts appear double, showing them at the same time both as themselves and as their own likenesses. By its nature, art reveals the distance that internally divides every human being into self and caricature.

Lévinas’s argument can be applied to documentary films no less than to fiction films and works in other art forms. Documentary films, however artless in style, reveal people in the light of art, living a shadow-life which is not real life and which is still more than mere image, because the link between the photograph and the real person is a necessary and not a symbolic one. Within this half-world, actually living people become shadowy figures and lose the privileges of otherness that we bestow on the real people we encounter. And even though many documentaries address viewers as responsible subjects and citizens, the default position of the doc-

umentary viewer is the same as for every film, one of passive and uninvolved appreciation or boredom.

Lévinas’s argument in “Reality and Its Shadow” ends by taking a perhaps surprising turn. If art separates us from the world, criticism, for Lévinas, restores the world to us and us to the world. If the artwork is mute, standing before us in an unalterable and imperious form, criticism enables it to speak “in the language which makes us leave our dreams” (to quote another essay by Lévinas, “The Transcendence of Words”). If the artwork is complete, criticism exposes the fragmentary and self-contradictory condition of every work.

Much has been written about the responsibilities of the documentary filmmaker. Very little seems to have been written about the responsibilities of the critic of documentary films, which are complementary to those of the filmmaker. The critic must unfinish the work, argue for and against it, and explore the possibilities it offers for a dialogue with viewers. The critic should also analyze the roles of all three players in the film — viewer, filmmaker, and person depicted on-screen — and acknowledge that all three are endowed with a subjectivity that the conditions of both filmmaking and film spectatorship threaten to obscure or even annihilate. In so doing, criticism can restore all three of them to the common reality that the presence of the camera and the screen have broken.

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## Where is Cinema Today?: The Yamagata Asahiza and the Minamisoma Asahiza

Yoshida Miwa (Outousha Books)

If you go to the east of the Nanokama-chi intersection, you come to the Asahi Ginza shopping street. In this street which in the past was called “Cinema Road” there were movie theatres lined up in a row.

On the corner block of the intersection with Benibana Road, an imposing five-story building looked down upon passers-by. This was the Asahiza, a movie theatre that symbolised the heyday of Japan’s pre- and post-war (Showa era) film culture, which stood where previously there had been a play-house of the same name. In 1917 (Taisho 6), the Miyazaki Gomei Company refurbished the building as a movie theatre. That building was replaced in 1955 (Showa 30) with a reinforced concrete structure and then renamed Cinema Asahi. There are probably still many people in Yamagata City who recall the name “ASAHIZA” written vertically in big letters on the wall. Even after the building closed in 2007, the name of the theatre remained. However, eventually it was decided to pull the building down and as this essay was being written in September, 2013, little by little, the dismantling of the structure was underway.

From the late nineteen-twenties to the early nineteen-nineties (the early Showa era into the Heisei era), large numbers of movie theatres, including those which dotted the vicinity of Cinema Road, sprung up in quick succession. These included places such as Cinema Plaza, Muse (formerly The Kajou Theatre), and Cine Praca (formerly The Gin’ei), and, a little further away, Cine

Art, Yamagata Takarazuka, Scala-za, and Nouvelle F. Certainly, the memory that people have of both the theatre names and the streets where these theatres stood will differ according to their age and the time they went to the movies.

The movie theatres listed above have now all been closed down and people can no longer go to the cinema in those neighbourhoods. Film no longer a synonym for popular entertainment. This decline occurred at almost at the same time both that movies were being regarded as private, rather than public, art forms and that movie theatres were no longer able to attract the patrons who had previously flocked through their doors. This is a reflection of the definitive reality that there is no longer the least support for either the space of the movie theatre or the movie theatre precinct.

Throughout Japan there are many who lament the on-going disappearance of the movie theatre. *ASAHIZA*, directed by Fujii Hikaru and to be screened in “Cinema with Us 2013,” is a documentary about a movie theatre that has faced these historical changes head-on. This Asahiza is located in the Haramachi Ward of Minamisoma City in Fukushima Prefecture. While negotiating the trauma of the events of 2011 the theatre was subject to various difficulties and misfortunes, but eventually the decision was made to preserve the building. The people of Haramachi Ward well understood that there was no direct connection between the refurbishment of this

movie theatre and the need to attract more people to the area in order to re-create a vital community spirit. Nor would it help them recover from the Fukushima disaster. But they nonetheless strove, little by little, to do what they could. For this reason they decided to refurbish the theatre. The documentary is an account of the as yet incomplete process of the reconstruction of a movie theatre as a repository of local people’s hearts and minds.

While some might still long to save Yamagata’s own Asahiza, considering the building’s current state, this is clearly impossibility. Yet, as we can see from events such YIDFF where there are large numbers of films presented, rather than diminishing, everyday new films are being produced and clearly entertaining audiences all around the world. This is really the point that we should be thinking about: What, in fact, is the current status of film? Today, after having lost so many movie theatres, we are slowly shifting our viewing to sites other than these theatres. Shouldn’t the new direction for film culture be to discover the whereabouts of a movie spirit that can reside in a spaceless space? Perhaps all who long to see a movie are seeking an answer to this question.

The Minamisoma Asahiza and the Yamagata Asahiza both have had a similar process of decline from glory and both have had similar standing in their respective communities. Even so, their paths have parted and each has gone in its own way. But when we look more closely, perhaps they are not so different and it may be possible for their paths to reunite. It seems that we have not yet given up this hope.

(Translated by Barbara Hartley)

### ■ Screening

ASAHIZA [CU] ..... 10/14 13:10– [M1]

### ■ Lecture and Symposium

Striving to Become a Creative City of Visual Culture [YF]

Speaker: Sasaki Masayuki (Graduate School for Creative Cities, Osaka City University)

..... 10/14 10:00– [M5]

## 編集後記

未知なる世界を垣間見たい、いまだかつて経験したことのない出来事に遭遇したいという人間の欲望は、映画の夢のひとつであり、ドキュメンタリー映画にとって避けることのできない倫理的な課題をも示している。36年前に打ち上げられたNASAの探査機「ボイジャー1号」が太陽圏を離れていままなお旅を続けているように、リュミエール兄弟の撮影技師たちは、世界各地へ派遣され、さまざまな対象をフィルムに焼き付けてきた。「未開の地」が残されている限り、すべてを見ようとする行為に終わりはない。映画作家とは、大航海時代の「宣教師」(ゴダール)であり、その一方で、無垢なる被写体をカメラによって犯すという点で、「植民者」の視線を持たざるを得ない。

「冷戦」という言葉さえも風化した今日において、1957年に打ち上げられた、人類初の人工衛星の名を付与された本誌は発刊される。その役割が仮にあるとすれば、宇宙開発がそうであったかのように、国家的な威信を映画によって競い合う場として映画祭を讃えるものではない。「スプートニク Sputnik」とは、ロシア語の「衛星」であり、その語源が示すように、映画祭あるいは映画に「伴走するもの」である。映画を語る言葉によって、作品の新たな読解を拡げていくことは、批評の夢である。「スプートニク」とはまた、マルケルの『アレクサンドルの墓』に描かれたメドヴェトキンの映画列車のように、スタジオ、現像設備、編集室といったあらゆる機能を兼ね備えつつ上映を続けていく、「実験室」としての映画祭を示すものでもある。国境や民族、作品のジャンルや媒体など、異質なものが描き出す軌道が交わり、別のものに生まれ変わっていくことは、映画祭の夢ではないだろうか。そして、空を見上げることから始まった人類の夢は、宇宙から地球を観測する時代へ反転する。それは、未知との遭遇そのものの、映画の夢にほかならない。

編集部が無理なリクエストをご理解いただき執筆して下さった方々、忙しいスケジュールのなかで作業を果敢にもこなしていただいた翻訳者の方々、趣旨に賛同して広告協賛いただいた方々がいなければ、本誌を発刊することはできなかった。この場を借りて、厚く御礼申し上げます。 土田環 (本誌編集長)

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## Editorial

The human desire to glimpse the unknown, to encounter events they never before experienced, is one of the dreams of cinema, and also expresses issues of ethnics unavoidable in documentary film. Like the "Voyager 1" space probe launched by NASA 36 year ago, which has left the heliosphere on its continuing journey, the cameramen working for the Lumière brothers traveled the earth, burning various images into film. As long as the unknown continues to exist, humans will always endeavor to see it all. Filmmakers are at once the "missionaries" of the Age of Discovery (Godard), and colonialists who violate innocent subject with their cameras.

Today, at a time when the words "Cold War" have faded from memory, we publish a reader in the name of the first satellite launched by man in 1957. If this reader could be said to have a goal, it is not to glorify the film festival as a space for films to compete for international prestige, as was the case in the Space Race. *Sputnik* is Russian for "satellite," and as the term would suggest, this reader is meant to accompany cinema and this film festival. It is the dream of film criticism to use words to open up new perspectives on works of cinema. The name *Sputnik* is also meant to represent this film festival as a laboratory similar to the one found on Medvedkin's cine-train — depicted in Chris Marker's *The Last Bolshevik* — aboard which the functionality of a film studio, a dark room, and an editing room were combined with an ongoing screening space.

National borders, ethnicities, genres, and mediums, intersect in orbits that depict the Other, constantly evolving into new forms — perhaps the dream of a film festival. And the dream of humanity, which began with a look toward the sky, reverses from a look toward space to a look toward our planet. This, in itself, is encounter with the Other. It is none other than the dream of cinema.

Due to the kind efforts of our authors, who responded to the rush requests of our editorial board, as while as our translator's generous with our tight schedule, and the contribution of advertisers who endorse our aim, we have successfully published this journal. I would like to take this opportunity to express my sincere gratitude for your support.

Tsuchida Tamaki (Chief Editor, *SPUTNIK*)  
(Translated by Kyle Hecht)