



Karlovy Vary
International Film Festival

ENGLISH SECTION

Festival Daily

THE OFFICIAL ENGLISH DAILY OF THE 47TH KARLOVY VARY INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

SPECIAL EDITION OF

PRÁVO



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I hated school, I hate rules

Thomas Bo Larsen on Vinterberg and having a punk attitude

Zybněk Vlasák, Iva Přivřelová

Danish actor Thomas Bo Larsen has appeared in many films directed by Thomas Vinterberg. He is at KVIFF with Vinterberg's film *The Hunt*.

■ **Where did you and Thomas Vinterberg first meet?**

I was just getting out of acting school in Copenhagen. And I had nothing to do. Only a little theater play. Thomas came and saw [it] and asked me [to work with him], because he was in the film school and he wanted to make a film called *Last Round* about a guy who has leukemia. We won the film school "oscar" and about seven or eight prizes all over the world, so it was a very good debut. That was our first film – a short movie at the film school in Copenhagen. Since then we have worked together and he's my best friend.

■ **What's so special about him that you are in almost all of his films?**

Because of our friendship and because he's a very special director. I always play a different character in his movies. I had a big part with him where I was an opera singer, and a bad boy racist in *The Celebration*. I also played a little role in *It's all About Love*, where I'm just a crazy man. Now I'm a more [sensitive] man in *The Hunt*. [Thomas] wants to surprise me every time. We always sit and write the role in a pub called Rio Bravo. We have sat there for 22 years. Every second month we sit down and write and drink schnapps. Only in this pub. We've got a special table. It's a very lousy pub. But we like it, we enjoy it. And the next morning we find that we have something good.

■ **The first Dogme films were a big success for Danish cinema and you were in *The Celebration*. What do you think now...? Are you glad that it's over and you've moved on?**



Thomas Bo Larsen says meeting Thomas Vinterberg changed his life.

I miss it a little because to play a Dogme film is like playing theater. Because you are very free, you don't have to stand in the light and everything; you can just act like in theater and we do a lot of improvisation...But I can do the other thing also. It's yin and yang.

■ **Thomas Vinterberg also made two English language films [*It's All About Love* and *Dear Wendy*] but they were not as successful... Why do you think that was?**

It's very difficult for a director to follow up on a successful movie because every movie will always be compared to [it, in this case] to *The Celebration*. So all the press were giving [Thomas]

a hard time but he always dries himself off.

■ **Some sources say you have led a very interesting life. Is that true?**

Oh yes, before I was an actor I was a baker, a carpenter, a soldier... I think I had 14 jobs before I went to theater school. My ex-girlfriend told me that I could go to school to be an actor. I didn't know that. I had played theater since I was 11 years old – amateur theater. So I got into the acting school. I had only been in male company before [but] theater school [is] more feminine. After living for 14 years in a very masculine world it was a very big shock for me to see that you can actually talk together. But I'm

not so good at schools because I hate rules. That's why I was a very bad soldier too. I was thrown out of [high] school for making too much trouble. My father didn't like that and decided I would become a baker. I had to go at 3 o'clock in the morning on a motorbike. I was only 14 years old. I came to the [theater] school and they wanted me to dance ballet, and they wanted me to play the piano, and all kinds of things, and to read a lot of scripts, and I couldn't read. But I didn't want to tell them I couldn't read so I said I don't want to do this. They tried to throw me out twice. So I said fine throw me out. I've been thrown out of 14 jobs so I don't care. But for my 4th year

they sent me to a theater. It was really great for me. I met Thomas and after that we made [many] movies.

■ **So in the theater school in Copenhagen you have to learn singing and dancing as well as acting? That's unusual.**

Yes, you have to learn singing too and I cannot sing. But I've made a record. Because I made another movie about a punk band in which I am the lead singer. It's called *The Screaming Throats*. It's a one hour movie and it became a really big cult movie in Denmark. In the end we went to a really big festival and I got my hair [spiked] and wore a leather suit and sang punk. So I said to the school "Fuck you! I can sing!" ■

THE LOWDOWN

Numerologists were impressed yesterday as KVIFF released ongoing stats (stay with us here) normally reserved for the end of the fest, but, as of the 47th edition, released each morning at 10am.

Thus, we now know that in the first two days, some **4,855 visitors bought festival passes**, while a healthy crop of 146 filmmakers were accredited (which likely means at least twice that number weren't recorded by anyone) and another **437 professionals and 515 journalists** were officially making merry in Vary.

Meanwhile, a surprisingly large horde actually managed to score single tickets to films they wanted to see: 39,129 of them. Many others found **other ways to slip in** to the 65 films were screened Friday and Saturday.

Others found filmmakers themselves populating their dinner arrangements, as did the ever-iconic pen-pocketing **Czech president, Václav Klaus**.

The elder statesman of economic laissez-faire-dom was spotted at a posh dinner at the Grandhotel Pupp, where he was speaking convivially with legendary **horror-movie mogul Dario Argento**.

Whether the former was critiquing the latter's work or seeking his counsel on free-market policy was unclear. But one thing was evident to the curious crowd nosing in the next room, the **10 Euro directors to watch** (so dubbed by *Variety*, which finishes presenting their work today): night walks on the Promenade are a good aid to digestion, especially when it's your only way to get to the **Norwegian Party at the Thermal**. ■

SEE YOU THERE

Casey Walker

Director, *A Little Bit Zombie*

The film that I'm looking forward to seeing today is *Inni*, a music documentary on Sigur Rós, which is one of my favorite bands. The doc is made by one of my fellow countrymen [Vincent Morisset], and I'm a huge fan of the band. They have a sound that I think lends itself so well to imagery. I always thought every one of their albums was a soundtrack to a movie that was never made, so now that someone's made a movie on them, I'm pretty excited.

Inni screens tonight at 10pm in the Pupp Cinema.

Casey Walker will be presenting his *A Little Bit Zombie* tonight at midnight in the Thermal's Small Hall. It screens again on July 6 at midnight in the same place.

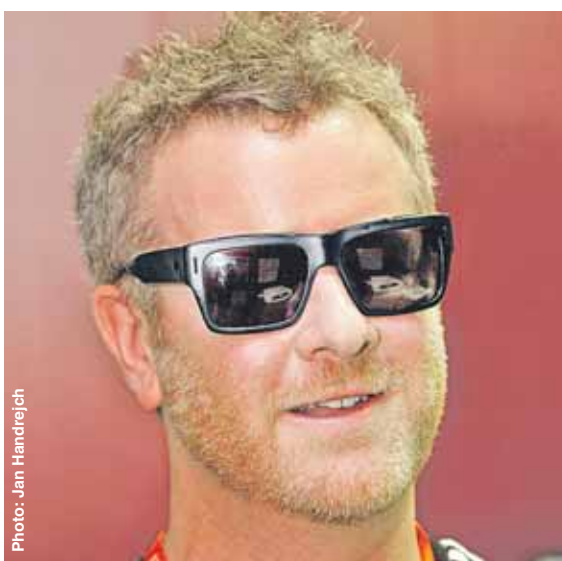


Photo: Jan Handrejch

EXPLAINER

KV's architectural jewels (and the Thermal)

Karlovy Vary's officially existed since 1370, when Charles IV (the bridge guy) gave it a city charter. For centuries, the oldest building was the **Chateau Gate Tower** overlooking the marketplace, which was all that remained of Charles' hunting chateau. Like most of Karlovy Vary's original Gothic architecture, however, this tower was destroyed in a huge fire in 1604, and was the only place to be rebuilt in the Gothic style.

Today, it towers (sorry) over Ferdinand Fellner and Hermann Helmer's Swiss cottage-inspired **Market Colonnade** (pictured). This "temporary" wooden structure was built in 1883, but – like so much of their work – it was so popular that everyone decided to keep it. The celebrated alliterative Austrian duo is also responsible for the Neo-Baroque style of the **National House, Municipal Theater, Imperial Baths, and Colonnade Park**, not to mention the **Grandhotel Pupp**.



Photo: Jan Handrejch

This massive edifice started out as Burgomaster Deiml's Saxony Hall, a relatively modest manor built in 1701. Major Becher (not the liquor-inventing doctor) later built his own Bohemia Hall at right angles to it, which the ambitious Pupp family gradually acquired by degrees over the next century. When they finally bought Saxony Hall as well in 1890, it was time for Messrs. Fellner and Helmer to go to work, creating a chocolate box suitable for perhaps the grandest family of confectioners in the world.

All this provided an elegant frame for the erection in the 1970s of an astonishing Brutalist masterpiece at the very center of Karlovy Vary, the **Thermal Hotel**. Designed by Věra and Vladimír Machonin, the Thermal is all too often dismissed as a Communist-era monstrosity. Whether or not you like concrete, let's stop the political name-calling of a classic example of Brutalist architecture. (PLC)

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Karel Vachek

We have a few more of the Official Selection competitors arriving today; look out for Polish writer/director **Jan Jakub Kolski** and lead **Eryk Lubos**, presenting *To Kill a Beaver*, a portrait of an obsessively driven man, bent on unexplained revenge. They're joined by exciting young Mexican writer/director **Lucía Carreras**, here with her magical realist depiction of bereavement *Nos Vemos Papa*. This tense but understated character study charts the pathological dependence of a young woman on her father.

Also look out for Italian director and co-writer **Daniele Vicari**, who's arriving to present *Diaz: Don't Clean Up This Blood* in the

Horizons section, which reconstructs the violent strife between police and young protesters at the Genoan G8 summit in 2001. Don't expect this graphic testimony to pull any punches.

Arriving today for his world premiere in the Another View section is **Subrata Acharya**, writer, director and cinematographer of Indian fable *Spring in the Air*, which hovers between real-world fairytale and incisive cultural study. When a beautiful girl moves into a poor neighborhood, every local man and boy crowd round her window as she says indoors, cloistered by an elderly man.

Kristina Buožytė, one half of

the writing and directing duo behind ambitious sci-fi tinged romance *Vanishing Waves*, arrives today to compete in the East of the West section. Also competing is **Silviu Purcărete**, who wrote and directed the Romanian 1960s drama *Somewhere in Palilula*.

And also keep your eyes peeled for inspirational Czech thinker and documentarist **Karel Vachek**, who's visiting us again after being honored with a KVIFF retrospective two years ago. He's here with *Obscurantist and His Lineage or The Pyramids' Tearful Valleys*, a typically thought-provoking and bizarrely-named docu-essay in the out-of-competition documentary selection. (PLC)

Czech, please!

For all Karlovy Vary's many charms, first-time visitors to KVIFF are unlikely to be impressed by the glorious sunshine. As the fest always occurs in July, which is one of the Czech Republic's wettest and most humid months, *hezke počasí* (heskey po-cha-see), or "fine weather", is always something of a rarity. Like everyone else, though, Czechs love to go on about the weather. Here's a couple of phrases that might be useful should the baking heat or lashing rain give you reason to vent to the locals.

Jak je venku? (yak yeh ven-ku) – What's it like outside?

Je hezky/ošklivo (Yeh heskey/osh-klivo) – It's fine/foul weather

Je teplo/chladno/zima (Yeh tep-lo/klad-no/zee-mah) – It's warm/cold/freezing.

Svítl slunce (Svee-tee sloontseh) – It's sunny

Ježíš, to je vedro! (Yezh-eesh to yeh ved-ro) – Christ, it's hot!

Fouká vítr (Foe-kah vee-ter) – It's windy

Leje jako z konve (Lay-yeh yako skon-veh) – It's bucketing down

Je průtrž mračen (Yeh proo-trzh mrah-chen) – The heavens have opened

Je bouřka (Yeh bohr-shka) – It's stormy

Padají trakaře (Padah-yee trak-arsheh) – lit. It's coming down in wheelbarrows

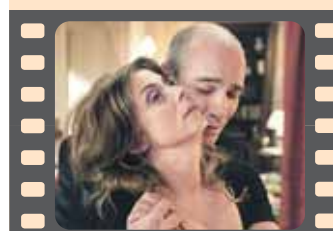
Padají kroupy (Padah-yee crow-pee) – It's hailing

(COC/PH)

REVIEWERS RECOMMEND

Phillip Bergson

BBC Radio, www.fest21.com,
Founder, FULFILMENT Talent Agency



Practical Guide to Belgrade with Singing and Crying

Director: Bojan Vuletić
Serbia, Germany, France, Hungary, Croatia, 2011, 87 min
July 2, 4:30pm, Pupp Cinema

Directed by Bojan Vuletić (who was assistant director on the prizewinning *The Trap*), *Practical Guide to Belgrade with Singing and Crying* is a Balkan rom-com about four odd couples (including the matchless Jean-Marc Barr, a former jury member at KV), searching for love in the Serbian capital as it regains its flair after the recent conflicts. As a juror at the 40th FEST in that city, mine was a search for *rakijia*, rather. This film is an attractive modern version of what used to be called a *portmanteau* picture.



A Trip

Director: Nejc Gazvoda
Slovenia, 2011, 85 min
July 2, 10pm, Drahomíra Cinema,

Based on one of his own published short stories, Nejc Gazvoda's film was shot in just 14 days on a Canon D7. This is a super Slovenian *ménage à trois*, splendidly acted by its young cast. It follows a threesome, who embark on a holiday but whose relations are strained and changed with the passage of time. And they reach some unexpected destinations. *Hostel* it ain't, but it offers the promise of infinite cinematic talent, was made for something like 250,000 euros, and has been much applauded on its many festival excursions.



Beyond the Hill

Director: Emin Alper
Turkey, Greece, 2012, 94 min
July 2, 10pm, Congress Hall – Thermal

Beguilingly directed by Emin Alper, a prize-winner at Istanbul in April, *Beyond the Hill* is a fine feature debut. This hymn to the Turkish landscape turns a rural conflict into a drama with thunderous echoes as family members in a remote village come under attack from a mysterious sniper. Its visual eloquence echoes that of *Kosmos*, which is also screening today in the Reha Erdem retrospective.



Whore's Glory

Director: Michael Glawogger
Austria, Germany, 2011, 119 min
July 2, 10pm, Karlovy Vary Theater

Michael Glawogger may be Vienna-based (and shares the cheeky cynicism of the Habsburg metropolis) but he certainly displays a global vision, commuting between fact and fiction here as he tackles love-for-sale in Thailand, Bangladesh, and Mexico with his customary flair. A FIPRECI-award winner for his earlier *Die Ameisenstraße* (Ant Street), Glawogger won the top doc prize at last year's Venice Festival with this triptych, documentary *hors concours*, about ladies of the night around the world.

Horror and hilarity at Midnight Screenings

Gillian Purves

The Midnight Screenings section at KVIFF has taken on cult status over the years. The films selected provide laughs, shocks, and awe in equal measure to give audiences a little light relief at the end of a long day. This year, the offerings are fresh recent releases. Martin Horyna from the program department says that seeking the ideal film with the requisites for the Midnight Screenings section is like searching for all of the different spices for putting together a great curry. "The ingredients that we look for are great action, some kind of crazy humor, an ironic attitude to the subject, and also some kind of subversive work with the genre – most of these films are genre films. And also high visual quality because we are looking for cinematic films that look good on the screen," he says. "It's impossible to find a film that meets all of these criteria, but every one of the films in the section meets some of them so the section is very diverse. Each film is interesting from a different point of view."

One could say the six films screening this year strike the perfect balance of sweet and sour. There are three "horror comedies" to lift your spirits. *Eddie the Sleepwalking Cannibal*, a Canadian/Danish production features Lars, a Danish artist who finds himself taking up a job as an art teacher in a remote Canadian town. There, he befriends the titular Eddie with an unfortunate somnambulistic habit, leading to all manner of high jinks. Canada



Lusting for brains in *A Little Bit Zombie*.

has beaten all the odds this year and managed to get two comedic flesh-eating flicks into this dirty half dozen. *A Little Bit Zombie*, which will have its European Premiere at KVIFF at midnight tonight, shows us the respectable side of zombieism. Being "a little bit zombie" as a result of getting a bite from a mosquito that has just feasted on the undead does not give you *carte blanche* to behave like an animal, or so thinks pen-pushing good-guy Steve who will just have to come up with alternative ways of satisfying his sudden lust for brains. On the other side of the Atlantic, the Irish have also been getting in on the gore-for-laughs genre with irreverent funfest *Grabbers*. When fishermen and whales meet grisly ends in a series of incidents in a remote fishing village, Ireland's finest law enforcement officers need to put down the whiskey

bottle and get on the case. Whatever's in the water makes *Jaws* look like Nemo.

"The three other films are more classical genre films," says Martin. "For example *Lovely Molly* is a dark, deep psychological movie." *Lovely Molly* is indeed a shocker that will have you on the edge of your seat. Director Eduardo Sánchez came to the fore when he co-directed the game-changing horror classic *The Blair Witch Project*, which somehow managed to create unbearable tension with shadows, breathy sound effects, and tight editing. *Lovely Molly* is proof that he has refined his craft to an art form. *The Raid: Redemption* is a beautiful bloodbath. This Indonesian production directed by Welshman Gareth Huw Evans is remarkable for its fight scene choreography. The plot is an extreme version of cops and robbers; a special police unit



Eddie the Sleepwalking Cannibal has an unfortunate habit.



The darkly deep *Lovely Molly*.

is sent to take out a drug lord who is ensconced at the top of a modern-day fortress – an apartment building in a Jakarta slum. Martin Horyna says it is "an amazing experience to see this film on the big screen, because it has great fight scenes, crazy camera moves, and quick cuts." And for a change of pace, *Dario Argento's Dracula*

takes us back to horror's roots in stereoscopic 3D. There are no sparkly-skinned vampires in Argento's vision. This interpretation of *Dracula* harks back to a time when men were men and the undead were merciless in satisfying their bloodlust. You'll be sleeping with the lights on after seeing this one!

WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

Mirona Nicola
"Nisimaniac," Romania



■ So, what are you doing here at KVIFF?

I'm here as part of the *Nisi-mazine* Team, the official publication of *Nisi Masa*, a European network of young cinema cinéastes. We're covering the East of the West competition through daily newsletters, featuring interviews and reviews as well as a final 34-page e-book.

■ Why did you guys decide to cover EOW?

We at *Nisi Masa* like to wander off the beaten track. We like to explore those festival areas that the photographers' flashes often ignore; the red carpet's periphery is a very stimulating and interesting place to us. Plus, we are at an historical juncture where to reflect upon the cultural significance of East and West is vital, not only to the cinematic discourse. That is also why we've included in our coverage the Greek film *Boy Eating the Bird's Food* and the Reha Erdem retrospective.

■ Any particular film you're looking forward to?

We'll let the films carry us, one of the best things at film festivals are the unexpected surprises! (COC)

OFFICIAL SELECTION

Kamihate Store – stepping back from the brink

Klára Kolářová

Chiyo runs a shop in the aptly named Japanese town of Kamihate ("land's end"), which lies beside a steep cliff where many people go to commit suicide. A bus stops outside her shop every day and sometimes someone gets off and buys some bread and milk from her, before heading off to the cliff. They never return, and the only traces she finds of them is a pair of shoes and an empty milk bottle at the cliff edge. Against this melancholy backdrop, director **Tatsuya Yamamoto** explores Chiyo's struggle with her own demons as she tries to come to terms with her mother's recent death.

■ How would you describe Chiyo? She seems to me like a modern-day Charon.

I'm not against the idea that she represents something. Indeed, like "the bread and milk" that represents "the last supper," this film has lots of metaphors and can be interpreted in various ways.

■ Japan is known for having soaring suicide rates. Why do you think so many Japanese kill themselves in comparison with other nationalities?

Unfortunately, Japan has one of the world's highest suicide rates. It might have something to do with the mentality of the Japanese, that we tend to glorify death. However, I was not intending to



Kamihate Store plumbs the depths of grief and loneliness.

search the mind and reason of people who commit suicide. After all, it's a sort of hindsight and if you focus on death, it would take you to a dead end. I would rather depict life.

■ The atmosphere of the movie is very suggestive. Was it hard to choose the right locations?

The beautiful scenery in local places is one of the charms of Japan. Based on a suggestion by someone I know, I visited the Oki Islands in the Sea of Japan and encountered Sekiheki ("Red Walls"), one of the many cliffs there. The cliff in this movie had to be dreadful but also beautiful, so this cliff was perfect, this was the very "Kamihate Cliff" in my mind. It was like the cliff was waiting for us, rather than we were looking for it.

■ Is *Kamihate Store* a good example of what Japanese cinema is producing right now?

The circumstances surrounding the Japanese movie industry are tragic in a way. *Kamihate Store* started off as a project at the Film Department of Kyoto University of Art and Design where I work, but the film was financially backed by people such as the owner of a bar in Shinjuku and the president of a company coordinating funeral ceremonies, and that's their own money. As you can see, films like this cannot be made under the current mainstream movie-making. In the past, "mainstream" was broader but the market these days is occupied by movies based on either manga or TV dramas, and there isn't much that I want to see. So, it's a miracle that we were able to complete *Kamihate Store*.

Kamihate Store screens today at 8pm in the Thermal's Grand Hall and tomorrow at 10:30am in the Pupp Cinema

OFFICIAL SELECTION

Piazza Fontana: The Italian Conspiracy

Peter Le Couteur

Italian writer and director Marco Tullio Giordana is known for political films, dealing with the lies and corruption underlying Italy's violent and unsavory recent past. Uncovering stories glossed over by decades of state-controlled media – see Erik Gandini's 2009 *Videocracy* for more on this – Giordana's powerful historical dramas attempt to chronicle Italy's hidden relationships with the Mafia (*One Hundred Steps*), right and left wing paramilitary groups and their scapegoats (*Wild Blood*), and now the state's complicity in (and ongoing failure to prosecute) bloody terrorist acts in the late 1960s.

From the first shots, Giordana proves that cinema is still a powerful resource for political commentary, far beyond the schlocky propaganda of Michael Moore and his ilk. A tone of vivid honesty is set, with impeccable realism from the cast and production alike. Even the most minor characters – as with the shopkeeper in the opening scene – are convincing. As the major players are introduced, Giordana employs a documentary technique, giving their names and positions at the bottom of the screen. This "documentary" style is a well-judged move in such a complex story; conspiracy nuts couldn't wish for a more labyrinthine web of connections, where none of the parties involved have clean hands.



Marco Tullio Giordano explores the state within the state.

For the story, Giordana adapted *Il segreto di Piazza Fontana* (The Secret of Piazza Fontana), a book by investigative journalist Paolo Cucchiarelli. Cucchiarelli himself is an astute commentator and investigator of corruption and the ongoing reality of the "powers behind the throne" in modern Italy. He co-authored *Lo Stato parallelo* (The Parallel State), a demonstration of the existence of a "deep" state underlying modern European democracy, able to veto or fine-tune democratic decision making.

The structure of *Piazza Fontana*... is divided into individually titled chapters. This move is also well judged, however, and does nothing to distract from the constantly mounting tension in the film, which remains bitterly unresolved. The rising suspense is supported by Franco Piersanti's understated score. Piersanti, familiar to KVIFF audiences for his

equally effective work in Nanni Moretti's *Habemus Papam* in last year's Horizons section, is a veteran with more than 70 films to his name. He's also unafraid to take a back seat when required, as the use of the *Lacrimosa* from Mozart's *Requiem* elegantly demonstrates.

There's so much to say about this dense, tense piece, and no review would be complete without mentioning the flawless period feel, from the costumes to the sheer number of mint condition Fiats growling along the streets. But minutes in, the large lapels and cute cars fade into the background, leaving the limelight squarely on a tale with pressing contemporary relevance.

Piazza Fontana: The Italian Conspiracy screens today at 5pm in the Thermal's Grand Hall and tomorrow at 1:30pm at the Pupp Cinema

Documenting tales of the unexpected

Filip Šebek

The filmmakers behind the 16 documentaries in competition this year are a hardy and resourceful lot, representing some of the most probing work from all over Europe, and as far away as Uruguay, Brazil, and the United States.

Their subjects, styles – and even scope – vary wildly, ranging from the 37-year chronicle *Private Universe*, compiled by Czech master documentarian Helena Třeštíková, to the Bulgarian entry, shot over the more usual schedule of typical nonfiction film, “just” 65 (hellacious but deeply human) days over two years, aboard what is almost *Sofia's Last Ambulance*.

Some of the directors' tales from the trenches offer insights into just what it takes to get a brutal – or even resplendent – slice of real life onto the screen.

Třeštíková, for her part, says her process in making *Private Universe* was essentially that of discovering the long-form working method that would end up defining her as a filmmaker.

The portrait of the Kettner family, seemingly lived with an almost incredible degree of normality during the pre-1989 regime and beyond, was not necessarily her ideal subject, she admits.

“When the topic was approved by the film authority, I was looking for people to work with and at that time my childhood friend Jana Kettnerová happened to be pregnant,” says Třeštíková. “Most long-term documentaries



Octogenarian magician Jan Konstantynow in Polish Illusions.

materialize after you focus on somebody by chance and during the shooting you wait for topics their life will bring. Of course, I would have wished them to be involved in some subversive dissident cell and it would have been better for the film, but politics wasn't the main theme of their life and I didn't want to make them different people than they were.”

Director Jacob Dammas, who made *Polish Illusions* (with Helge Renner), confesses to facing the same dilemma when shooting the 82-year-old illusionist Jan Konstantynow in the sleepy Polish seaside town of Darłowo.

“We could see that the magician, whom we met first, was a great character,” he explains, “but we did not know – and this is

the scary and at the same time interesting part of being a documentarian – if Jan had a story that would unfold and take us to the unknown. We prefer documentaries that are not told about something that has already happened and where the answers are given in advance.”

Dealing with the unexpected, is, of course, the entire point of making a documentary – yet you still have to come up with a structure and a narrative arc, a balancing act the other Czech directors in competition, Tomáš Bojar and Pavel Abraham with *Two Nil*, know all too well.

In following a football match between arch rivals Sparta and Slavia Prague from the viewpoint of different fans, they found one of their characters missing one

night. “That evening the escalating government crisis deprived us of the presence of [government minister] Alexandr Vondra,” they relate. “But we had no idea how funny the literary critic Jiří Peňás would be, who replaced him in the end in the VIP box. Peňás obviously has no strong connection to football and he arrived at the stadium because he wanted to see his old friend, Tomáš Kafka. With his reserved attitude he offered a very different perspective from most of the ‘involved’ fans, which was definitely beneficial for the film.”

One documentarian who found her own involvement to be her main struggle was Sara Broos, who is competing with Swedish relationship story *For You Naked*, following the ups and downs of

a relationship between one of Scandinavia's most highly regarded painters, Lars Lerin (her godfather and family friend) and young Brazilian dancer Manoel.

“I have had to struggle with not being too considerate, not being too flattering or avoiding the shadows and darkness. To sometimes be ruthless but in a humble way. The film is very funny and warm but there is also a dark undercurrent which was very important for me to include.”

The US entry, *The Queen of Versailles* by Lauren Greenfield, is about equally complex characters – namely a self-made American billionaire, his young wife, and their “larger-than-life plan to build the biggest house in America” – who also personify a national crisis.

As Greenfield puts it, “I tried to visually document the American Dream, its values and lifestyles, its relationship to home ownership, and the ways it has encouraged all Americans to reach beyond their economic means...”

At the opposite end of the economic spectrum, the heroes of Marten Persiel's *This Ain't California* are the pioneers of the skateboarding subculture in East Germany in the 1980s. But the extensive archival footage used actually came from better-off kids. “We found in our research that there was a curiously high percentage of kids from privileged families that were skating. The two amateur filmmakers were kind enough to give us their private material... That helped a lot on the edit of the film.” (WT)



Helena Třeštíková's Private Universe was 37 years in the making.

ON THE TOWN

Ristorante Pizzeria Capri

Stará Louka 42
Tel.: 353 236 090
www.pizzeriacapri.cz
Open 11am to 11pm

This gourmet pizza and pasta joint near the Pupp offers KVIFF diners a little sprinkling of stardust. The walls are adorned with photos of previous fest luminaries such as Morgan Freeman, John Malkovich and Gérard Depardieu, so you know you're in good company. With a humble Spaghetti Bolognese costing a whopping 350 CZK, this place is a bit pricey by KV standards, but it's probably worth it given the quality of fare on offer. You can choose from a range of simple but well-prepared pasta dishes (mostly costing around 600-700 CZK) or sample some high-end pizzas. These start with a minimalist *aglie*, topped with *sugo*, garlic and olive oil (180 CZK), and end with the deluxe *capri* (450 CZK), which seems to have just about everything. As

you'd expect from a Mediterranean eatery, there's plenty of fresh fish and seafood to choose from as well (900 CZK or more). Weary festivalgoers might also be tempted to avail themselves of Capri's nice outdoor seating on the promenade, which is a great place to enjoy an ice-cold, albeit wallet-burningly expensive, Krušovice beer (120 CZK). (COC)

Tulip Restaurant, Thermal Hotel

Breakfast: 7-10am
Lunch: 12-3pm
Dinner: 6-9pm

Whether you're on festival food stamps, trapped in the Thermal by a howling rainstorm, or simply hungry for eerie post-communist ambience, there's nothing quite like the Tulip. Half five-star, half dingy cafeteria, the Thermal's lower ground floor restaurant retains much of its original 1970s décor, with hovering lamps and pebble-dashing. The glass walls are a little spoiled by a command-



Pizzeria Capri is a fancy place for a cold beer on the promenade.

ing view of the back of the Jameson Tent, but with the classy jazz muzak, it's still an experience.

The daily menu by the door is rather, shall we say, euphemistic: for under 300 CZK you'll get something along the lines of

lamb's liver on a bed of mashed potato with onion gravy and broiled vegetables. But you'll have to serve it to yourself from steel buckets, and it may not look exactly as you pictured. Vegetarians are advised to be either very hungry,

very lucky, or very in the mood for pickles, salad, and buns. (PLC)

CORRECTION: *Dobrotky*, which was reviewed on June 30, is open nonstop during the festival.

There's another excellent English-language talk lined up: in today's uncertain market, no budding filmmaker should miss “Micro-Budget Productions – Guerilla Filmmaking” at 11am in the Jameson Lounge, hosted by Katriel Schory, the director of the Israeli Film Fund, and director Sharon Bar-Ziv, whose debut feature *Room 514* will be presented as a case study. And for any shutterbugs out there, check out Tomáš Tesař's “iPhoneography” workshop from 10am at Reflexor in Lázně III. The best results of the workshop will be featured on the website of Czech culture mag *Reflex* as part of their festival video magazine.

And there are still tickets left for Vojta Dyk and B Side Band tonight at 10pm in Poštovní dvůr. If you're into high-energy Big Band interpretations of hits from the Beatles to Nirvana, snap them up at 100 CZK from the Thermal Main Box Offices! (PLC)

DAILIES



Director Marten Persiel presents *This Ain't California*.



Nejc Gazvoda takes *A Trip* to KVIFF.



Helen Mirren and István Szabó open *The Door*.