



from Abdulto to Leila A film by Leila Albayaty

THIS FILM PARTICIPATED TO

Dubaï Film Connection Sarajevo Work in Progress Medimed Barcelona

WITH THE SUPPORT OF

Die Beauftragte de Bundesregierung für Kultur und Medien - BKM, Centre du cinéma et de l'audiovisuel de la Fédération Wallonie-Bruxelles, Medienboard Berlin Brandenburg, Arab Fund for Art and Culture - AFAC, Doha Film Institute, Filmkunstering, Goethe Institute of Cairo, French Institute of Tunis, Red Sea Foundation

It is the story of a young woman who, after a trauma and several years of exile, sets out to trace the political past of her father, a dissident of Saddam Hussein's regime. It is an investigation and a musical journey to the heart of today's Arab world, its language and its implosion...

SYNOPSIS

After an accident that causes her to lose her memory and several years of exile, a young Franco-Iraqi woman reconnects with her family to understand who she is. Reunited in the family home in the south of France, Leila confronts her father, Abdul, with his own past, the Iraq war, and decides to learn Arabic to put into song the poems he wrote to her. The language and the music gradually open the way to long-suppressed memories and lead her to discover her origins and the Arab world. The odyssey of a woman who sings her story to reinvent herself, inhabited by an irrepressible desire to live.



ABOUT THE FILM

It is a film about a family story. That of Leila Albayaty, Franco-Iraqi. But Iraq is a knife in the throat. She threw herself into Iraq at the age of 18, when the country was under embargo and no planes were landing. She went there, unstoppable, in a rage to discover her father's country.

But what happened there dug a deep hole, a gash. The only thing left to do was to run away. To die. To be hit by a car.. and since she didn't die in this accident to forget everything, to become an amnesiac.

This film begins when Leila, after a long voluntary exile abroad, after having lived everywhere and nowhere, that is, wherever she wouldn't be forced to speak French or to testify about herself, decides to make the journey again. To go back to her country — this double culture — by accessing it through the Arabic language, through the history of her father, a former member of the Baath party. Her father began to write songs in Arabic about freedom, revolution and women choosing their own destiny.

Leila takes the daring step of singing her own voice-overs. She is like a trobairitz, a contemporary troubadour or an Arab poetess who sings and composes the episodes of her story. And, to our own surprise, we are taken with her on this journey, where she gradually abandons English and French for Arabic, a language she doesn't know, where she runs and bumps into all the things no one had ever wanted to teach her or tell her.

Ultimately, through a very personal, intimate and obstinate use of cinematic language, the director proposes a way of being reborn. To be reborn to oneself, indeed, as one would expect in a film that traces a return to one's roots. But also rebirth from horror. The film is not only a quest for identity, but also a work of post-traumatic healing, through the need to reassemble the parts of oneself, to regain the ability to be alive, to leave fear behind and to reach a form of joy and power that allows one to sing «I am a free woman».

Julie Gilbert, screenwriter and playwright.

DIRECTOR'S STATEMENT

I prefer singing to talking.

When I was young, Abdul, my father, used to talk to me all the time about Iraq, the country he had to flee.

A former member of the Baas party before Saddam Hussein came to power, he became his opponent, then exiled for years, and took refuge in France at 35 and met my French mother. I grew up in France and as a teenager I had many conflicts with my father.

At 18, without his support, I decided to go alone to Iraq.

I discovered another world, the love of my family but also the violence of a society affected by years of dictatorships, wars and sanctions.

When I returned to France, I was completely out of step, I couldn't talk about it.

I was hit by a car and almost died. I was hospitalized for a year and lost the memory of the preceding few years.

My refuge became the cinema and the music.

I was ashamed of my amnesia, ashamed of not recognising people, ashamed of the forgotten stories. I ran away from France to stop thinking about it. I constructed my denial, composed songs, and filmed to transform the reality.

I did not talk about my past and hid my Arab origins. Fifteen years later, my father wrote me texts in Arabic about exile, women's freedom... I didn't speak his language and had kept myself away from my family.

The 2015 attacks in France were a real shock. From then on, I could no longer bear my denial and I got closer to my parents. I decided to make this film, to reopen the wounds of my Iraqi history, to understand my identity problems. Singing my father's words pushed me to learn Arabic and to meet the Middle East. I spent several years in France, Berlin and Cairo filming the puzzle of my history. This return to my origins led me to become interested in geopolitics, the causes of wars and to get closer to the refugees with whom I could finally talk.

When editing, I decided to draw what I couldn't say, to mix genres from documentary to fiction, from French to Arabic, to sing my voice-over.

BIOGRAPHY



Leila Albayaty is a French-Iraqi singer, composer, film director, scenarist and actress, based in Brussels and Berlin.

Her first short film, VU, had its world premiere at the Berlinale 2009, where it received a special mention of jury. As well as directing the film, she played the starring role and composed the soundtrack. Building on the experience of this first directing adventure, she went on to make her first feature, BERLIN TELEGRAM that went at more than 30 festivals around the world and was shown in the Arab world premiere at the Dubai Film Festival. It won TV5 award for Best Francophone Film at Tous Ecrans Geneva, and the Best Cinematography at Achtung Berlin.

In 2015, she directed **FACE B**, a docu-fiction musical of 40' which had its world premiere at the **Berlinale Forum Expanded** 2015.

BERLIN TELEGRAM and **FACE B** are distributed by **Arsenal** in Germany

Facebook Instagram Website

FILMOGRAPHY



VU, 25' (2009) Short fiction

Berlinale (Germany) Special Jury Mention IndieLisboa (Portugal) Molodist (Ukraine) Palich (Serbia)

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BERLIN TELEGRAM, 80' (2012) Feature film

Festival of Dubaï in Arabic competition (Dubaï)
Opening in the Goethe Institut in Cairo (Egypt)
Gulf Film festival (Dubaï)
Arabic Film Festival in Rotterdam (Holland)
Festival de films d'auteurs de Rabat (Morocco)
World Premiere in Mons (Belgium)
Indielisbao (Portugal)
Women Films (Chainai-Inde)
Tübingen (Allemagne)
Cinémania (Quebec)
Mar del Plata (Argentina)
Festival le 7ème Continent (Paris)
Achtung Berlin (Germany)
Festival Alfilm (Berlin)
Festival de Rabat (Maroc)

Prix TV5 : Meilleur film francophone Tous Ecrans, Genève : Prix Meilleure Cinématographie

Achtung Berlin Distributed by Arsenal

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FACE B, 40' (2015) Medium length docudrama

Berlinale Forum expanded 2015 (Germany) Mexico Distrital (Mexico) Berlin Art Film Festival (Germany) Créteil Women's Film Festival (France).

Distributed by Arsenal

Click here for the trailer Press



TECHNICAL INFO

2022

Feature film - Fiction/Documentary/Musical

Colour - 92min - 16:9 / Stereo 5.1 - DCP - EN and FR subs

With Leila Albayaty

Abdul Albayaty Simone Albayaty Dalia Naous

Director's assistants Zoé Nutchey

David Deboudt

Image Jonathan Bricheux

Zoé Nutchey

Editing Barbara Bossuet

Sound Nicolas Pommier

Sound Editing Gabor Ripli

Mixing Mikaël Barre

Colour Grading Sergi Sanchez

Original music and Drawings Leila Albayaty

Lyrics Abdul Ilah Albayaty

Leila Albayaty

TRACKLISTING

<u>Vrai Faux</u> [01.31]

Flame [02.38]

Mon père m'a appelée [02.20]

Je vais en France [01.49]

Yallah Sahebni [02.15]

18 ans [01.48]

L'écharpe [01.38]

The road to the right [01.49]

J'en ai marre de mon père [01.36]

Repeat to fade [01.55]

Amnesia [02.04]

Limatha [01.24]

Wahdi [02.36]

Oumi [01.34]

Geographia [01.55]

Folana [01.32]

Sahebni [02.22]

Folana Pizz [01.55]

Moutakhaliba [02.45]

Moutakhaliba [02.43

Baha [02.46]

Ana Hura Intro [01.44]

<u>Ana Hura</u> [05.15]

Lyrics: Abdul Ilah Albayaty and Leila Albayaty.

Composed and arranged by Leila Albayaty, Amélie Legrand, KouzyLarsen,
Hassan Al Hanafy, Romain Rossi, Mohamed Baaz.

Aditional songs by Marie Laure Bérault, Maurice Louca, Wassim Mukdad.





SONG

ANA HURA JE SUIS LIBRE

أنا حر دمي من بغداد أنا قطعة من الجمرة اسأل أجدادي انا ثورة أنا أغني لبلدي أنا أغني لبلدي

أنا لا أقبل سيد أنا لا أقبل سيد من يبني ويبتكر انا ثورة غدا سيكون جديدا

أنا حر أنا قطعة من الجمرة انا ثورة أنا ثمين I'm free
My blood is from Baghdhad
I am a piece of ember
ask my ancestors
i am a revolution
I sing for my country
I sing for my country

I'm free I do not accept a master I am a piece of ember Who builds and innovates i am a revolution Tomorrow will be new

> I'm free I am a piece of ember i am a revolution i am precious

Je suis libre Mon sang est de Bagdhad Ale suis un morceau de braise Demande à mes ancêtres Je suis une révolution Je chante pour mon pays Je chante pour mon pays

Je suis libre Je n'accepte pas un maître Je suis un morceau de braise Qui construit et innove Je suis une révolution Demain sera nouveau

Je suis libre Je suis un morceau de braise Je suis une révolution Je suis précieuse Ana Hura Dam ei Baghdadi Ana Jamra Is el Ajdadi Ana Thowra Breni Li Bledi Breni Li Bledi

Ana Hura Ma akhbel say id Ana Jamra Bibni wa bchaid Ana Thowra Boukra ha djdid

> Ana Hura Ana Jamra Ana Thowra Ana Dorra

Click here to listen

Lyrics by Abdul Albayaty Composed by Leila Albayaty Voice: Leila Albayaty Piano: Hekmat AlkassarSythetisor Bass, drums: Mohammed Bazz Arranged and produced by Mohammed Baaz

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SONGS

VRAI FAUX

Qu'est-ce qui est vrai ? Qu'est qui est faux ?

Je ne sais pas ce qui est vrai ce qui est faux. Quand on me raconte une histoire de mon passé Je ne savais pas si c'était moi qui m'en rappelais

Je suis arrivée dans cette ville par hasard

J'ai toujours préféré chanter que parler

Click here to listen

Composed by Leila Albayaty Lyrics, piano, voice, sound effects: Leila Albayaty Recording: Leila's Studio

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What is true? What is false?

I don't know what is true and what is false. When someone tells me a story from my past I didn't know if it was me remembering it

I came to this town by chance

I always preferred to sing than to speak

FOLANA

Ismi folana KalriH Amchi Ayouni Irakia Arabia, arabia Ismi folana LalHoussni 3ïchi Houzni mnin Mossou Rouhi Irakia Bi Khalbin Abiaz Fi Zemenin Assouad BaHthem An Malja » Mon nom est personne
Je marche comme le vent
Mes yeux sont irakiens
Arabes, arabes
Mon nom est personne
Je vis comme la tristesse
Ma tristesse de Mossoul
Mon âme est irakienne
Avec un coeur blanc
Dans des temps noirs
A la recherche d'un refuge

My name is nobody
I walk like the wind
My eyes are Iraqi
Arabic Arabic
My name is nobody
II live like sadness
My sadness comes from Mosul
My soul is Iraqi
With a white heart
In a black time
In search of shelter

اسمي فلانة كالريح أمشي وعيوني عراقية عربية عربية كالحزن عايش حزني من الموصل osul بقلب أبيض يقلب أبيض يغ زمن أسود بحثا عن ملجأ

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Lyrics by Leila and Abdul Albayaty Voice: Leila Albayaty Produced, recorded and arranged by Hassan Alhanafy Recording: Ripple Studio Egypt

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