

PRESS KIT

LUPINO

directed by François Farellacci
in collaboration with Laura Lamanda

Solinas foundation award – documentary for cinema
Filmmaker Film Festival Milan IT - Youth Jury Award
Visions du Réel Nyon CH – Medium Length Competition
Rencontres du moyen métrage de Brive FR- Youth Jury Award – CINE+ special award

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Brive nouvelle génération

La douzième édition du festival du moyen métrage de Brive (14-19 avril), et première de sa nouvelle déléguée générale Elsa Charbit, aura surtout impressionné par sa diversité, attestant de la richesse créative déployée dans ce format, de la légèreté DIY du *Petit Lapin* d'Hubert Viel à la fantasmagorie baroque d'un Bertrand Mandico (*Notre-Dame des Hormones*). En matière de découvertes, le potentiel semblait limité car une majorité des films en compétition avaient été présentés dans d'autres festivals, tel le lauréat du Grand Prix, *Comme une grande* d'Héloïse Pelloquet, dont la charismatique actrice pré-adolescente avait déjà séduit les jurés angevins cet hiver. Le Grand Prix Europe, plus convaincant, récompense le documentaire expérimental *Motu maeva*, récit

à la première personne d'une «aventurière du 20^e siècle». Sa réalisatrice Maureen Fazendeiro évite l'effet de l'album photo poussiéreux et se libère de la chronologie en suivant une logique d'improvisation musicale, à l'écoute des variations de rythme et d'humour. Elle construit un collage perméable au langage : un mot évocateur déclenche une digression visuelle, une surimpression suggère un lien de cause à effet. Et la discrétion concernant l'identité de la narratrice contribue à faire de cette inconnue, à la fois témoin de traditions d'un autre temps et grande rebelle, une intime.

Parmi les films français qui faisaient leurs débuts à Brive, on retiendra des performances d'acteurs : musclées pour Laurent Poitrenaux et Anne Benoît dans *Hors-Cadre* de Coco Tassel, trilogie

inégal sur le thème des ressources humaines, subtiles pour Thomas Blanchard et Laetitia Spigarelli dans le plus réussi *La terre penche* de Christelle Lheureux, observation attentive et rêveuse des premières heures d'une rencontre amoureuse. Mais c'est encore du documentaire qu'est venue la surprise, avec *Lupino* de François Farellacci, petite bombe drôle et cruelle, choix du jury jeunes. Une terminologie de l'explosion appropriée pour la nervosité débordante, la frustration, voire la rage plus explicite exprimées par les jeunes du quartier « difficile » de la banlieue de Bastia qui donne son titre au film. On comprend vite qu'ils font tout pour rester au-dehors, car ce qui les attend « à l'intérieur », c'est Patrick Sébastien et ses chansons abrutissantes. Le film est construit comme une expédition, introduisant le spectateur à ce petit monde en collant, non sans peine, aux baskets de trois garçons

qui sillonnent les allées de la cité. L'atmosphère joueuse ne manque pas de laisser filtrer un rapport de force permanent, les petits mâles cherchant à prouver leur domination sur cet environnement revêche mais aussi sur leurs comparses. Une étreinte amicale ressemble ainsi à s'y méprendre à une clé d'étranglement, le garçon handicapé est l'objet de vanes incessantes et les filles, proies sexuelles, se font discrètes. La faiblesse n'est pas tolérée et pourtant ce sont des moments de vulnérabilité, offerts involontairement, que l'on sort sonné, car ils frappent bien plus fort qu'une BO déclinant la sémantique de l'aliénation et de l'opportunité manquée. On est alors pris par surprise, comme ce garçon qui, après s'être offert à nous, dansant et vivant intensément chaque mot du *Envole-moi* de Goldman, se retrouve comme nu face à la caméra, qui ne peut que se détourner par pudeur.

Aurélié Godet

60 CAHIERS DU CINÉMA / MAI 2015

Brive, new generation, by Aurélié Godet

But it was again from among the documentaries that the surprise came, with *Lupino* by François Farellacci, a funny and cruel power pack of a film, the Youth Jury's pick. It has an explosive terminology suited to the brimming nervousity, frustration, or the more explicit rage expressed by the young people of the "difficult" neighbourhood of the suburb of Bastia that gives the film its title. We soon understand that they do all they can to stay outside, because what awaits them "inside" is Patrick Sébastien and his mind-numbing songs. The film is constructed like an expedition, introducing the spectator to this little world and clinging to the sneakers of the three boys as they criss-cross the byways of the complex, which is no mean feat. The playful atmosphere does not fail to simultaneously reveal ongoing power relations, as the little males seek to prove their domination over this harsh environment but also over their peers. A friendly embrace thus deceptively resembles a stranglehold, the handicapped boy is the object of incessant mockery, and the girls, as sexual prey, keep a low profile. Weakness is not tolerated and yet it is from the moments of vulnerability, unwittingly provided, that we emerge stunned, since they pack much more of a punch than a soundtrack with variations on the semantics of alienation and missed opportunities. So we are taken by surprise, like this boy who, after exposing himself to us, dancing and living intensely each word of Jean-Jacques

Goldman's "Envole-moi", finds himself as though naked in front of the camera, which can do nothing but tactfully turn away.

NEXT, LIBERATION, 20 APRIL 2015

Brive 2015: medium-length, big kicks, by Clémentine Gallot

This edition was memorable for workplace re-enchantment by Coco Tassel (*Hors Cadre, Une Trilogie*), the incantatory *Notre Dame des Hormones* by the shaman Bertrand Mandico and, above all, *Lupino*, a summer spent among a group of pimply youths in a working-class housing complex in Bastia. François Farellacci's beautiful essay invests a territory already broadly defined by Thierry de Peretti's *Apaches*.

LES INROCKS, APRIL 2015

Brive in Brief, by Théo Ribeton

With this 12th edition, the Brive Medium-Length Film Festival continued to all the better affirm its status as the thinking cap fostering the brightest hopes in budding European cinema for the past decade. [...] It was well and truly the documentaries that got the festival humming, with irregular, edgy propositions tending towards abstraction, like the Corsican patchwork *Lupino* by François Farellacci, the Homeric gamblers of *Nocturnes* by Matthieu Bareye, and the bloodstained journal of *Souvenirs de la Géhenne* by Thomas Jenkoe.

CRITIKAT, 11 MAY 2015

**The 12th European Medium-Length Film Meetings – A great leap into the void
by Morgan Pokée and Raphaëlle Pireyre**

Qu'avons-nous fait de nos vingt ans ?



La projection de *Lupino* aura été un moment important de ce festival de Brive : de cinéma, il est question pendant les 49 minutes que le film de François Farellacci affiche au compteur. La mise-en-scène adopte ici littéralement son sujet : *Lupino* comprend – au sens de prendre avec lui – les adolescents abandonnés sur les

The screening of *Lupino* was an important moment of this Brive Festival: the whole 49-minute running time of François Farellacci's film was truly cinematic. The directorial choices literally adopt their subject here: *Lupino* grasps – in the sense of taking hold of – the teenagers abandoned on the shores of the society that the film haphazardly follows in the Bastia neighbourhood of the same name. The mid-length film begins in this way, foot to the floor, on VHS images of kids with blurred outlines, accompanied by a particularly powerful metal song by Gojira: its programmatic title "Wild Child" announces the mixture of tenderness and bitterness that guides the story, given the extent to which its protagonists are just as likely to insult each other as they are to hug. But the really striking thing is the incandescent vitality of these young outcasts, who Farellacci met during the shooting of his previous film, *L'Île des Morts*. There, they were in charge of the Saint John's Day fire that degenerated into a huge pyre. These images were reproduced in *Lupino*, suitably identifying the filmmaker's problem in the face of this uncompromising reality: how to give presence to his characters when all they ever do is attempt to escape this territory circumscribed by tunnels, hills, a four-lane highway and a railway line? Farellacci thus films them in their endless wanderings along roads, on foot, or in cars, in a form that could be described as elegiac if the context was not so heavy with aridity. Since while Corsica sometimes becomes a kind

of city of lost children for Gus Van Sant and Harmony Korine, it also presents itself as a slightly deformed reflection of the paths recently explored by Jean-Charles Hue or Virgil Vernier. *Lupino* belongs there, at the crossroads of an American onirism and a mythological search among the marginal territories of the forgotten communities of France.

CHRONICART, 5 MAY 2015

Brive 2015: A world ignites, by Julien Bécourt

The indispensable antechamber of young auteur cinema, the European Medium-Length Film Meetings in Brive has hosted a horde of young filmmakers who have since gone on to make features [...] and everyone (spectators, critics, producers) races there in search of a potential revelation. With Elsa Charbit now at the helm, this year, more than ever, the festival swept away all hierarchies of genre and traced a median line between documentary, fiction and experimentation.

Putting up with the harshest of realities without falling into condescending anthropology or guilt-ridden moralism is perhaps one of the most arduous tasks of documentaries. *Lupino*, by François Farellacci and Laura Lamanda, accomplishes this with extraordinary sensitivity, somewhere between *Gummo* and Pasolini's *Ragazzi Di Vita* in a 2015 version. If its kinship with Thierry Peretti's recent fiction (*Apaches*) is striking, it is above all because their respective directors know what they're talking about, having both grown up on this two-tiered "isle of beauty". Far from the fabulous landscapes, the film focuses on the everyday lives of a handful of bored kids in the working-class housing estates of a suburb of Bastia (known as Lupino), a peri-urban area stuck between an interstate and the hills. A daily life punctuated by colourful chitchat, backfiring quad bikes, football matches, joint-rolling sessions and cell phone jingles. The sea – eternally absent – can barely be made out in the distance. We only catch a glimpse of it during a fleeting shot that only reinforces its distance. Commiseration is also held at bay: we see nothing of the boys' relatives, only a few wide shots of the high-rise complex, its deserted streets and terraces littered with waste. Then there is the backdrop of the pagan fires of St John's Day, the images of which evoke scenes of popular celebrations as much as they do the riots of Independence Square. A great tenderness also emanates from these portraits, brimming with energy and life. It is the only thing capable of snuffing out the violence fit to burst.



Brive

Portée pour la première fois par sa nouvelle déléguée générale, Elsa Charbit, cette 12^e édition du précieux festival de moyens métrages a, comme toujours, célébré la cinéphilie dans une atmosphère conviviale.

PAR TIMÉ ZOPPÉ

Ce n'est pas faute de prospecter dans toute l'Europe, mais la manifestation briviste reçoit et présente chaque année une majorité de films français. Cette nouvelle édition n'a pas dérogé à la règle. À l'exception de quatre films étrangers, dont *Iec Long*, poème languide et politique des Portugais João Pedro Rodrigues et João Rui Guerra da Mata, la sélection était hexagonale. Cela ne l'a pas empêché de prendre les formes les plus diverses. Côté fiction, les partis pris stylistiques des films les plus remarquables étaient même opposés. Situait son action dans une station balnéaire déserte, *La terre penche* de Christelle Lheureux capte avec sensibilité les ondes au point de convergence de deux êtres égarés. Méduses, rêveries et fantômes bienveillants traversent avec élégance ce récit en sourdine. Pour sa part, le trublion Bertrand Mandico explose les cadres habituels avec un conte jubilatoire et flamboyant, *Notre-Dame des hormones*, concentré inénarrable de références filmiques allant du gore au merveilleux. Le genre documentaire a lui aussi été honoré par des films très libres. L'incandescent *Lupino* de François Farellacci et Laura Lamanda dresse, à coups de séquences percutantes (une introduction superposant des archives avec un morceau

metal du groupe Gojira, des diaporamas fulgurants façon *La Jetée* de Chris Marker...) le portrait d'une bande d'ados désœuvrés dans la banlieue de Bastia. Si le sujet de l'envoûtant Grand prix Europe, *Motu Maeva*, semble plus doux (Sonja, une vieille dame rieuse, évoque des fragments de sa vie), le cheminement dans les strates mémorielles qui le composent finit lui aussi par mettre en lumière des recoins bien sombres. Pour reconstituer les souvenirs de son héroïne, la réalisatrice Maureen Fazendeiro a tissé des liens souterrains, sans souci de la chronologie, en associant à la parole de Sonja des vidéos en super 8 tournées au cours de sa vie de grande voyageuse. À la fin du festival, on a pu assister à une riche discussion entre Céline Sciamma et Pierre Salvadori (coprésidents de la Société des réalisateurs de films, organisatrice du festival). Digressant avec humour sur leurs parcours respectifs (et soutenus par les fioles de gentiane, la liqueur locale), ils sont parvenus à retranscrire avec franchise les doutes et les douleurs qui jalonnent leurs carrières. Une édition sans fausse note, qui a fait concorder la fragilité du format dont elle se fait la vitrine (le moyen métrage peine toujours à trouver des canaux de diffusion) avec une programmation vibrante et humaine.



Lupino de François Farellacci et Laura Lamanda

Brive, by Timé Zoppé

Films characterised by their freedom also graced the documentary genre. The incandescent *Lupino* by François Farellacci and Laura Lamanda paints the portrait of a group of bored teens in a suburb of Bastia, through its powerful sequences (including an introduction combining archives with a metal song by the band Gojira, and a dazzling still shots akin to those of Chris Marker's *La Jetée*).

TRANSFUGE, 27 APRIL 2015

Brive Film Festival, by Louis Séguin

An immersive dive among a group of young Corsicans: this is *Lupino*, which takes its name from a high-rise housing complex not far from Bastia. The protocol of director François Farellacci contributes to a trend in contemporary documentary, partly relating to digital possibilities: sequence shots are more frequent (since recording time is not limited) and the construction of scenes and characters can be developed within these shots. *Lupino* presents a side of Corsica not often shown by the media: that of its “banlieue youth” (to use the traditional term). Their language borrows from suburban slang prosody, combined with the Corsican accent and expressions. The energy emanating from this language is both contained and amplified by the staging, which excels particularly in the many nocturnal scenes, such as the party on the beach. There, the young people sing Goldman’s “Envole-moi” in a blue and unreal light.

ACCREDS, 27 APRIL 2015,

Brive 2015: the best of the competition, by Laura Tuillier

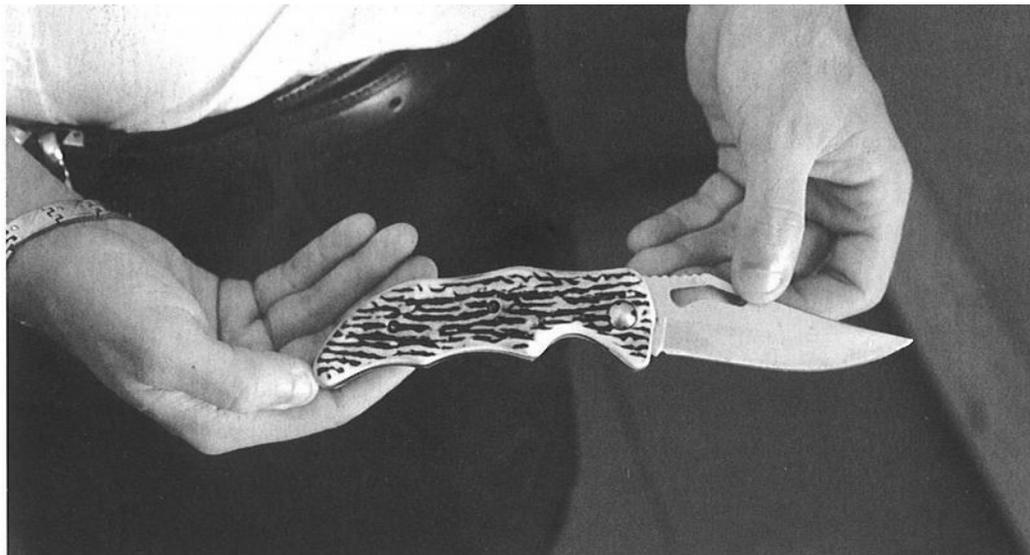
Winner of the Ciné + Special Prize and Youth Jury Award, *Lupino* by François Farellacci adopts a very dense documentary form to film the idle everyday lives of a group of young Corsicans from the outskirts of Bastia. Consistently lingering from start to finish (in terms of both the shots and the stories told), in its best moments, *Lupino* derives true evocative power from small things: a face that leaves the action off-screen, a solitary dance, or one teen embracing another to strangle him while murmuring secrets.

LUPINO TROUVE DANS SES MEILLEURS MOMENTS UN VÉRITABLE POUVOIR D'ÉVOCATION, EN PARTANT DE RIEN : UN VISAGE QUI LAISSE L'ACTION HORS-CHAMP, UNE DANSE SOLITAIRE, UN ADO QUI EN ENLACE UN AUTRE POUR L'ÉTRANGLER TOUT EN LUI MURMURANT DES SECRETS.



Prix spécial Ciné + et prix du jury jeunes, *Lupino* de François Farellacci adopte une forme documentaire très dense pour filmer le quotidien désœuvré d’une bande jeunes corses des alentours de Bastia. Suivant de bout en bout la piste de la longueur (des plans, des histoires racontées), *Lupino* trouve dans ses meilleurs moments un véritable pouvoir d’évocation, en partant de rien : un visage qui laisse l’action hors-champ, une danse solitaire, un ado qui en enlace un autre pour l’étrangler tout en lui murmurant des secrets.

VISIONS DU REEL 2015, CATALOG, by Paolo Moretti



Anthony, Orsu and Pierre-Marie belong to Lupino, a suburban area of Bastia. They grew up here, in these public housings, trapped between the motorway and the hills, far from the seaside, far from the city center, far from anything. They spend long restless days on public benches and waste grounds together, aching for some shadow, for some company, for an escape. After *L'île des morts* (2012), François Farellacci continues, here in collaboration with Laura Lamana, a very personal exploration of the young generation in Corsica. A choral film, made of multiple portraits and atmospheres. Both tender and strong, savage and fragile like the characters portrayed, filmed with an uncommon cinematic sensitivity and an edit which subtly matches the inner rhythm of the situations. In the warmth of the summer light, the film manages to capture a deeply meaningful suspended time.

PAOLO MORETTI

SCREENPLAY

François Farellacci,
Laura Lamanda

PHOTOGRAPHY

François Farellacci

SOUND

Ugo Casabianca,
Vincent Piponnier,
Rémi Gauthier

EDITING

Laura Lamanda

PRODUCTION

François Farellacci,
Jean-Etienne Brat
(Stanley White)

FILMOGRAPHY

François Farellacci

2014 Lupino (mlf)
2012 The Island of The
Dead (mlf)
2009 Family (mlf)
2004 Resurrections (sf)
1999 Flight Over Town (sf)
1998 The Strong Age (mlf)

Laura Lamanda

2015 Lupino (mlf)
2006 Le Corbusier et le
Cabanon (sf)
2005 Résurrections (sf)
2004 Genova2004 (mlf)
2004 Charlotte Perriand
(une photobiographie) (sf)
2003 Qui guide qui ? (sf)

INTERVIEW WITH THE DIRECTOR

Why did you choose to film the young protagonists of the film?

I met the protagonists of the film during the shooting of my previous documentary, *L'île des Morts*. They were in charge of the Saint John's Day fire in the Lupino neighbourhood. I filmed them as they were setting fire to a mound of old furniture and pallets that became a huge pyre.

Their vitality struck me immediately. They seemed to me to be profoundly fragile and very wild, almost violent. I found this paradoxical character moving. I had the feeling that behind this contradiction lay important issues to uncover.

The film is a documentary. How did you approach the writing phase?

The film was shot in several sessions, for a total of seven weeks. I spent whole days with these young people, often without filming, sharing their moments of exaltation as well as the very long hours of boredom. Quite quickly, I became a silent and constant presence for them.

Between each filming period, after watching the rushes with Laura Lamanda, the co-author of the film, we set up re-writing sessions, which were invaluable for adjusting our perspective and adapting to the results we were getting from reality. It was only by watching the first rushes that we realised the extent of the radical bitterness of the context in which they live.

Beyond their vitality, beyond our fascination for them, and also beyond the documentary that we had imagined, there was the reality – their reality – a reality with no concessions. This adjustment of our perception led to narrative and formal choices that we were not able to anticipate.

The film takes the name of a neighbourhood, what role does it play in the story?

Lupino is the place where the film's protagonists grew up, evolve and build their lives. It is a big working-class and urban neighbourhood in the suburbs of Bastia, surrounded by a series of barriers: hills, a tunnel, a four-lane highway and a railroad. These limits make Lupino a shut-off place, physically isolated from the downtown area.

In Lupino there are no roads, alleyways or squares: there are trunk roads. Public transport there is virtually non-existent. So the young people of Lupino, who most often get around on foot, are forced to wander interminably every day. Their long walks to go to play football, meet a friend or find a place to hang out almost become epic journeys.

Their wandering and isolation constitutes and constructs the narrative, visually transcribing the difficulty these young people have in finding their place, escaping the

social determination that their neighbourhood constrains them to.

I filmed them at an uncertain age, when it is not yet entirely clear whether or not they'll be forced to submit to a violent environment, to lock themselves away in Lupino, or if they'll react and give shape to their vitality. For now, they are prisoners on the held back part of the island, the invisible and wounded Corsica that no one names, that no one looks at. It disgusts me, it makes me feel extremely angry, and the film is based on this anger.