

DOKUDAILY 5



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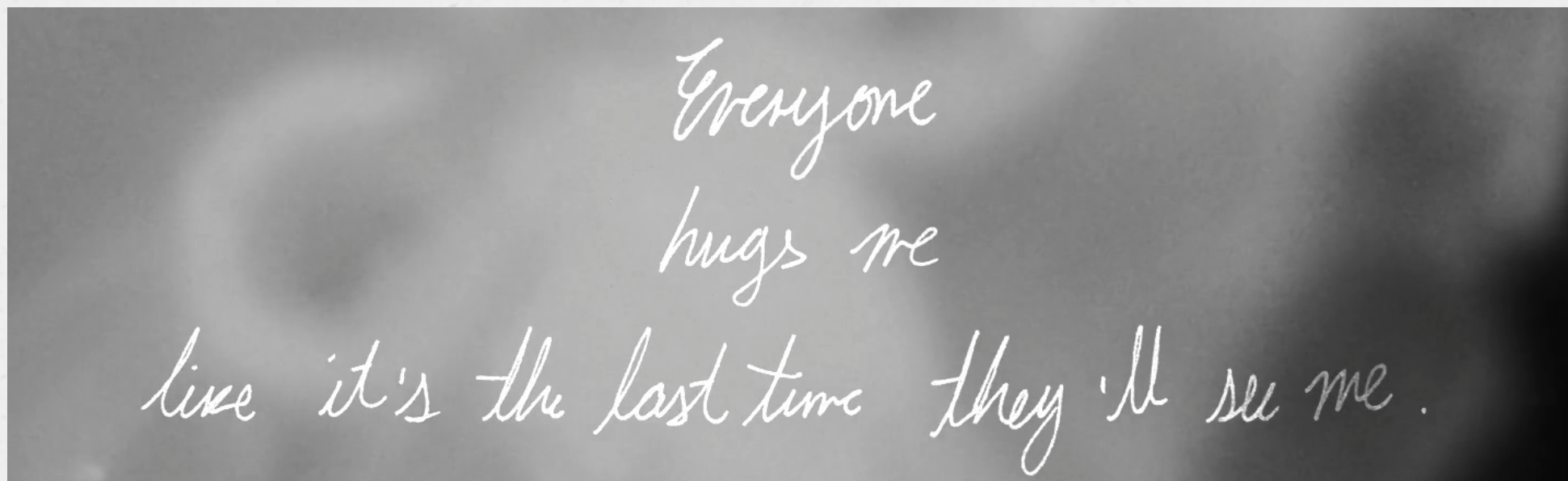
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MIRIAM, KARLA CONDADO

A tribute to the aunt killed by a monster she called “mi amor”



At a talk held at Dokufest a few days ago, Karla Condado barely managed to articulate the struggle behind the making of her film *Miriam*. The lump in her throat would often not permit her to do so. The film is a tribute to her aunt, whose life was taken away as a result of femicide. As a little girl defined by this trauma, she now has to learn how to come to terms with the destiny that comes along with her gender identity. “In Mexico, having a boyfriend means being aware that he can kill you at any time,” said Karla, and the context she talks about does not hit far from home.

The visual making of *Miriam* is not based on her aunt’s presence, but it is built in spite of her absence. It opens with a text Karla received from Miriam on Facebook in 2011: “How are you, my girl?” [¿Cómo estás, niña??] Two question marks and a message Karla never replied to. That’s the last evidence of their communication. As she zooms in on the text, it fades. Karla resents the fact that her memory resembles this fading. The viewer is able to experience the sadness Karla feels because of her inability to remember more.

She strives to make a recollection of events in which her aunt would presumably want to be present. She often talks to her, in this letter-like-diary-film, explaining through black-and-white images of spaces and people how she imagines her aunt would join the family atmosphere at Christmas, birthday parties, and dinner events. Again, the audience is faced with contrasts. The room is filled with family members, food images, and conversations, but what stands out the most is Miriam’s absence. Yet, it seems like Karla can’t manage to recreate the face of Miriam. She is still portrayed as a silhouette.

The film makes it clear how trauma lives with us and binds us through our entire formation. In the case of women, our experiences are shaped by a collective trauma, other than an individual one. Every single aspect of our lives revolves around taking care of ourselves and taking care of one another. “Send me a text when you arrive home safe” is probably the national anthem in the nation of women-to-women relationships. *Miriam* reflects our collective trauma in Karla’s trauma very well. “Everyone hugs me like it’s the last time they’ll see me,” Karla explains in an unrequited letter to Miriam. Everyone advises her to watch her back, not to trust anyone, and she says she listens.

Inevitably, every once in a while, Karla goes back to the text on Facebook, to which she never replied. It becomes a point of constant mourning. The fact that Karla sometimes even visually zooms in on the question marks of her aunt is especially devastating. It seems like she wants to read through them, retrospectively, trying to reconstruct what Miriam might have meant by them, trying to extract a dialogue from the past, from the perspective of the present. This is what, as human beings, we often tend to do when in pain. We reinterpret certain conversations according to the meaning we want to give to them,

because accepting the brutal reality of their simplicity is often hurtful. The hurt becomes more severe when the people whose words we’re trying to reinterpret have emotionally or physically disappeared from us. We’re left interpreting, deprived of closure.

The silence surrounding *Miriam* is not simply an absence of speech. It is something the filmmaker has learned to live through. “It’s dangerous, here too, they kill women,” she says after moving to another city, immediately connecting her present to the violence that marked Miriam’s life. What follows is a catalogue of precautions: learning to observe, analyse, and prevent; sending her location; carrying something for protection. Violence has travelled across generations not only as a memory, but as a way of moving through the world. *Miriam* is absent, yet her absence has become part of how the filmmaker inhabits the present.

“I promise to be strong, and break the silence in which I have savoured you,” she tells Miriam. The sentence marks a crucial reversal. Silence had once been a way of protecting her aunt, yet speaking now becomes another way of keeping her alive in Karla’s memories. The film itself becomes an act of breaking that inherited silence, not by resolving the grief, but by finally giving it a language.

The film reaches its most sentimental breaking point on 8 March 2025, when the filmmaker meets her father for lunch before going to document the protest. What begins as a casual question about her project from her father becomes the first time they speak openly about Miriam. Her father fills in what the filmmaker has spent years not knowing: her age, her relationships, the disappearance, the search, the circumstances of her death, and everything that followed. The scene takes place in the most ordinary of settings, a McDonald’s at noon, yet the conversation carries the weight of an entire family history. Father and daughter cry together, remembering the woman whose death changed everything that came after.

The timing matters. On International Women’s Day, the filmmaker finally receives the story that had shaped her relationship to violence long before she knew its details. The political is no longer something outside the family.

And then, almost quietly, the film returns to Facebook. After so much time spent speaking to Miriam without an answer, the filmmaker writes: “I am fine, auntie.” It is a remarkably simple sentence, but it completes the film’s long-delayed conversation. Earlier, she had mourned the unopened message she could never answer. Now she answers anyway. She cannot receive a response, but she can continue the dialogue. *Miriam* therefore becomes not only a film about remembering someone who is absent, but an attempt to maintain a relationship across that absence—to tell the dead what the living have become, what they have learned, and, perhaps most tenderly, that they are still here, continuing to be human, women, loving.

IN MEMORIAM OF IN-BETWEENNESS

*Perspective on yesterday's DokuTalk
"Inherited Memory"*



The narrative of “memory as fragmented landscape” exposition: What we remember is in direct connection to who we are in the present. It seems contradictory because it is past experiences that shape who we are. However, memory is selective and appears in the present in and through layers, some of which are see-through. It becomes impossible to not have a different layer imprinting the other.

At the core of the talk on “Inherited Memory,” between moderator Besa Luci and filmmakers Diell Curri, Edona Ademi, Eneós Çarka, and Ka Ki Wong, stood a fundamental question: What happens to our relationship with home, self, and their representation when seen through the lens of migration, diaspora, or political displacement, and what role do the creative practices of artists who have personal experience with these shifts play in negotiating that relationship?

Prompted by Besa Luci mentioning Stuart Hall’s refusal of seeing identity as fixed, I chose to read the panelists’ perspectives alongside the theories of spatial geographer Karen Till, and Homi Bhabha’s *Location of Culture*.

There is a fluidity in “becoming” that contrasts the static state of “being,” and “identity” must introduce a not-easy-to-define “past” with the first two in order to exist. Yes, identity changes, but it has to exist first, just like a poster or a still should in order to introduce a yet-to-be-released film.

The fluidity was experientially defined by Ka Ki Wong, whose work-in-the-making “The Way We Were” follows a young girl who migrated from Hong Kong to the UK at age seven. Initially, the child desperately tries to assimilate, insisting she is entirely British. However, just a few years later, a complex negotiation occurs where she forms a “Hong Kong gang” at school.

On a similar note, Diell Curri reflects on how being amongst peers that spoke Albanian brought about this necessity to treat language as vehicle of connection. To him the language was the door to open this big search of identity, inherently broadening his approach towards his practice as a filmmaker. Both of these narratives help analyze this shift as conditioned by the way one’s current identity is observed, judged by, or interacts with its surrounding context. This demonstrates that the diaspora subject lives in a state of permanent adaptation.

While migration scatters people across borders, memory remains hooked to matter and geography. Karen Till argues that memory is embedded in the physical fabric of places, ruins, and objects, serving as a form of “spatial haunting.”

This concept finds its cinematic equivalent in the creative practices discussed by the panel. Edona Ademi’s work with 1990s VHS tapes sent between Kosovo and the diaspora testifies physical media acting as a bridge across political divides. The artist herself remarks the importance of personal archives, which, imperfect as they may be, offer rawness and complexity

that official state archives and dominant political narratives strip away. Institutional archives’ tendency to cluster and categorize histories to serve political ends erases the ambiguity of lived experience that personal media preserves.

In this framework, when filmmakers abandon rigid scripts to favor the observational, emergent methodologies, just like Eneós Çarka stated he does, they are operating directly inside what Homi Bhabha defines as a “Third Space”. This concept describes the in-between zone of translation where two distinct cultures or temporalities collide, and as so weakening fixed authorities. In “Location of Culture” the migrant subject equals these filmmakers’ state of not belonging wholly to the old world or the new. Instead, they inhabit the liminal gap between them, using moving images as a medium to reiterate that in-betweenness, out of which new connections may emerge.

Toward the end of the talk, an audience member raised a question about how foreign stereotypes clash with national identities. Besides laughter, responses from the filmmakers offered ways of navigating external projections. The manner in which Ka Ki Wong and Eneós Çarka recounted short tales of naive curiosity (awkward cultural misunderstandings, whether in Beijing or right there in Prizren) shifts prejudice from an insult to an opening for human dialogue/ exchange of perspectives.

What can serve as a vessel for inherited memory is, very straightforwardly, film. The medium has this capacity because it engages our entire sensory and emotional being. Whether through hybrid fiction-documentary about language and migration, a home video, or a personal exploration of belonging/ estrangement, the panelist’s reflections on their creative process prove that memory is liquid, and the shape of the vessel holding keeps being altered by the everchanging context and self.

jona b

STAGING POLITICAL POWER IN A STATE FILM

*Amanda Barbour in conversation
with Roland Sejko*



There's a literal dimension to political theatre where the stage politicians create for themselves, and each other, becomes important. Roland Sejko's *A State Film* (2025) tells the story of communist Albania through propaganda and Enver Hoxha's personal archive. It reveals how power isn't just exercised, it's performed. Ritualised pageantry and ceremony become mechanisms to produce political legitimacy. As Arthur Bradley writes, "To become sovereign, one must be seen as sovereign." Here, being "seen" means being understood as an authority in a philosophical sense as well as witnessed at the top of state hierarchy. Come and see the spectacle at DokuKino Plato on Thursday, August 13 at 22:30.

DokuDaily: Do you think the images you're reframing in your film are still a part of the political iconography we use today?

It's up to the spectators to decide that. Those images are propaganda images that can apply to any dictator, in the Balkans or other places. I believe I've seen the same images in Russian archives, in Romanian archives, in Bulgarian archives. We can perhaps find the same choreography of the marches, of celebrations in fascism.

In the footage that you're using, I'm interested in the contrast between the masses (the body politic) and the individuals. The only clearly defined individuals you see in this film are political figures.

The crowd is an important character of the film. The contraposition between the crowd and the single man is one of the elements that makes it, for sure.

This man (whether it's Hoxha or Stalin) within the context of these films, do they represent an individual or an idea?

They represent only themselves, according to me. Hidden under an ideal, some ideological lies and utter terror. They represent only themselves. In the case of Hoxha, after taking power, his only will was to stay in power. He had no scruples about that. He was ready to kill, to prosecute, to intern people just for the sake of keeping power. Even his allies in the Soviet Union or the Chinese, their main function for him was to stay in power.

I've read that you were potentially in some of this footage. One person in the masses in the crowds, because attendance at these events was mandatory. That's quite a shift in agency and vantage point, from you being a somewhat unwilling participant during that time. Then now, reacquainting yourself with these images in the archive. In re-presenting them to audiences, you have control over how these images are seen in *A State Film*. What was that transition like?

I've said that I might be in the middle of those masses, in the middle of the crowd. Those events, especially in later years, happened when I was in Albania. I have seen those events from inside and perhaps have participated. I'm not sure about that, but perhaps I am part of it. It's like being part of the crowd without being conscious at that time.

Regarding the transition, I have considered this theme that you are talking about in another documentary about the exodus of Albanians. There, I was in the crowd too. I decided to narrate it

from inside the crowd, because it interested me to see the people inside the crowd. To single them out, for them to become individuals with a name and a face.

Yes, to restore their subjectivity.

To give them a face, at least. In *A State Film*, the crowd are the masses with no faces at all.

Was there any particular reason you didn't want to restore faces to the crowd in *A State Film*?

That was not the theme of this documentary, the crowd had to remain a crowd because the protagonist of the documentary remained a single man.

Do you think that the discipline of the body is one of the ways the regime made ideology visible? Not just through individual bodies, but through controlling the masses and moving them in certain ways.

The masses are confirmation that ideology existed. It's the same idea that Trump has of the masses, of the crowds. He takes pride in his crowds being bigger than anyone else's. The bigger the crowd, the more they feel entitled to be there.

In Hoxha's personal archive, I found two important elements: his car and his body. The car and the body became two important metaphors in the film. The car because, in the beginning of the film, there are flanks of people on both sides going to greet him. Singing, dancing and happy to see him. It was all staged, but there was perhaps some sincerity as well. In the final car parade, they drive alone through the streets. Nobody cares about it. He almost runs someone over.

Then, the body. The body is important because you even see it naked, while swimming. Then towards the end, you see his health and his body completely gone. It becomes a metaphor for his power, his idea of having a country under control. It slips away from him. In the end, his body and his head is taken and used as a trophy by the masses (but in the form of a statue). It ends with the body.

The film begins and ends with a stiff body. On Saturday before the screening, you gave the audience a heads up that there's no voiceover narration and to not worry if they don't understand. In the absence of comprehension, what do you want audiences to take away from your film?

I don't need comprehension. They take the film. They take the power of the images and the story, which becomes a kind of dystopic story. I expect spectators to get lost in the images and to see what they convey.

I don't need comprehension. They take the film. They take the power of the images and the story, which becomes a kind of dystopic story. I expect spectators to get lost in the images and to see what they convey.

Why was it important to remove the voiceover?

I wanted the images to speak for themselves. Only the images and the natural sounds that would have accompanied them. I used their images to tell another story. It's the same story, but without the propaganda it's another story.

A different dimension of the same story.

That's right. Many of those materials were without sound, at all. The materials from the private archive were all without sound. Those images lacked a very central part of themselves. They were devoid of their life. I edit what I believe were real sounds, natural sounds. The sound of a car passing by.

The propaganda films, where Khrushchev or delegations from China arrive, those images were accompanied by voiceover and sound. They were also destroyed, manipulated by propaganda editing. I tried to find long takes, unedited material, just to have the images as they were. As if this was a living moment. Of course, it wasn't, because everything was staged. Even when things are staged, it has a kind of truthfulness inside.

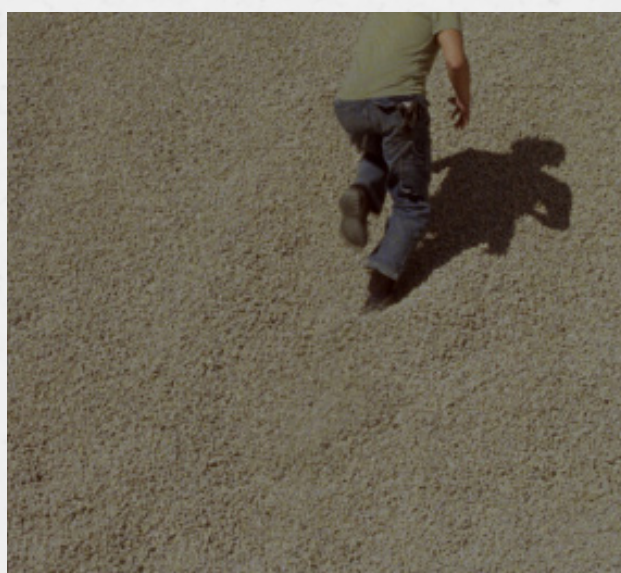
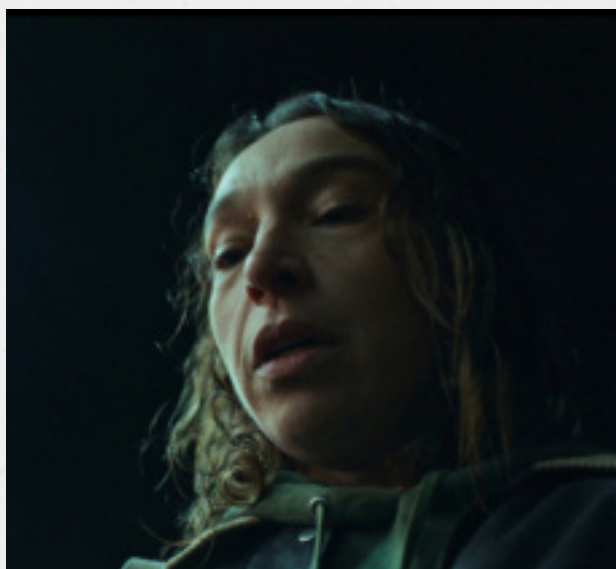
That connects to Mark Cousins *The Story of Documentary Film* (2026) where he asks, "Was this staged? Or just caught by chance? A question we always ask about docs."

Yeah, I appreciated it. I found it very interesting. Very useful, as well.



HI(STORIA) NË “KOHËN E TASHME” 2/2

Upon the authors request, this text has been posted in Albanian



Filmi i shkurtër po zë një vend gjithnjë e më të rëndësishëm në praktikën kinematografike të Kosovës, rajonit dhe diasporës tonë. Së pari, sepse autorët i japin zë një zelli të vazhdueshëm për rrëfim, dhe së dyti, sepse filmi i shkurtër është një formë ideal që lejon eksperimentimin me strukturën dhe gjuhën duke krijuar hapësirë për pyetje të rëndësishme dhe për mënyra të reja të trajtimit të historive personale dhe kolektive. Përzgjedhja e kategorisë kombëtare të edicionit të 25-të të DokuFest vë në pyetje historinë në shumë forma. Nganjëherë ajo na del si tregim, nganjëherë parashtrohet si gjëegjëzë. Nganjëherë edhe si eksplorim material i vetë filmit. Këto vepra nuk i përkasin një stili dhe zhanri të vetëm. Dokumentari, filmi i shkurtër artistik, animacioni dhe format hibride bashkëjetojnë me materiale arkivore, rrëfime personale, ese filmike dhe reflektime mbi kujtesën, historinë e përvojën e përditshme, si mënyra të ndryshme të menduarit dhe të ndërtimit të një marrëdhënieje me realitetin. Çfarë kanë të përbashkët është se sfidojnë realitetet që dokumentojnë, hulumtojnë apo përpiqen t'i reprezentojnë.

Nëpër këta filma, ngjarjet e një kohe të caktuar (dhe vetë historia) qarkullojnë nëpër regjistra gjuhësorë dhe shqisore duke mos qenë statikë as si temë e as si imazh. Marrin formë të ndryshme përmes planit dhe mediumit në të cilin rrëfihen. Pikërisht në marrëdhënien mes gjuhës dhe imazhit, përvoja personale lidhet me procese më të gjera historike e shoqërore. Këto tregime të autorëve shqiptarë nisin dhe zhvillohen në peizazhin e kohës tonë dhe e referencojnë atë përmes filmit të shkurtër duke e komunikuar të tashmen pa e shkëputur atë nga historia. Pikëtakimet e këtyre historive janë befasuese.

Angel 777 i prin një tregimi të ri në kinemanë kosovare, e cila pa e mohuar historinë e vendit kërkon të zgjerojë gjuhën përmes

të cilës ajo shpaloset. Imazhet 'biologjike' të filmit përplasen ngjashëm me jetët e Borës dhe Gencit, një çift i ri në Prishtinë i cili po përpique t'i jap drejtim të ardhmes së vet. Genci, hulumtues-blogger i zhytur në shpjegime shkencore për jetën dhe mikrobiomin është përshtatur mirë në botën virtuale ku shkruan por është shkëputur nga jeta reale. Bora, përkundrazi, mbetet e lidhur me realitetin e përditshëm dhe biologjia e Borës është më e prekshme. Ajo punon në ambasadë, por ëndërron të gjejë pak kohë për të shkruar një tregim; problemet e saj duan zgjidhje konkrete dhe kërkojnë lidhje direkte me botën. Është e vërejtshme përplasia e këtyre dy jetëve në film. Regjisori Brilant Pireva i vendos personazhet në kthetrat e kapitalizmit: transaksioneve të pamundshme, punës së papaguar dhe pasigurisë ekonomike ndërkaq i ka shkëputur nga mundësitë konkrete për ta shpëtuar vetën, ëndrrat dhe realitetin përreth. Kësijoji, edhe marrëdhënien e tyre. Në fund, sistemi që Genci përpiket ta shpjegojë me gjuhën e shkencës shfaqet si një cikël biologjik: një sistem më i komplikuar që mund të analizohet por nga i cili është shumë më e vështirë të dilet. Por çfarë ndodh kur qelizat e çojnë tregimin individual në përceptime tej shqisore dhe të dhimbshme? Kur e kaluara nuk i përket vetëm kujtesës, por bëhet pjesë e mënyrës se si trupi reagon ndaj botës në të tashmen?

Sytë e Bernës u bëjnë vend këtyre përjetimeve. Titulli i filmit i tregon shikuesit se realiteti zhvillohet përtej asaj që shohin të tjerët, përmes pamjeve dhe traumave të përbrendësuar të cilat i përkasin një karakteri të vetëm. Peizazhi i qytetit dhe ndërtesave ipet në plan të gjerë, ndërkaq me Bernën jemi afër teksa ajo diskuton problemet në punë me shokun e saj Lisin. Ajo u ik përgjigjeve të mëdha për jetën. Teksa vozisin në makinë me Lisin, ajo deklaron që ka probleme më të mëdha. Ndalesa e saj e parë është e dhunshme. Është dicka e re të shohim një

grua në filmin kosovar të shpërthejë në dhunë fizike. E pandalshme. Psikë. Brutale. Mjeshtërisht e luajtur nga Arta Selimi e cila clirimin e gjen vetëm pasi aia përdredh krahun një burri jashtë një pijetoreje. Një burrë tjetër të cilin mbase e sheh vetëm Berna, shfaqet përgjatë filmit disa herë. A thua a reprezenton më shumë se një e kaluar e dhimbshme? A mos është simptoma, apo impulsi që e detyron Bernën të lajë hesapet në këtë mënyrë me realitetin e saj? Një gjë është e sigurt. Bernës i duhet të ndërveprojë kështu me realitetin. Edhe kur ai ndodh në një market me kamera dhe kur Lisi e sheh. Berna s'mund të flejë. Dicka i ka ndodhur në terr. Ndalesa e saj e fundit përfundon njëjtë si ndalesat e mëhershme - pararendës një përqaftim. Berna gjen ngushëllim, prehje në një vallëzim, por plaga e saj shfaqet sërish midis rruge.

Shumësi të tilla përmbajnë plot rrëfime. Në një mal të thellë, Azemi, roje sigurie duket se e ka me merak punën e tij në një hotel të madh turistik. Madje duket se e ka me sevda dhe qetësi. Gjithçka duket normale në filmin e regjisores Erlisë Beqiri, From 6 to 5. Vetë materialiteti i filmit i xhiruar me shirit filmik 16 mm të bën të ndjehesh sikur je duke punuar bashkë me Azemin. Filmi nuk ka shumë dialog por i ka disa ndërprerje të cilat e shënojnë kalimin kohor, orarin e punës së tij në hotel. Këto ndërprerje janë prerja e parë në këtë rrëfim që na bën të kuptojmë që ky orar, kjo gjuhë numerike, është me rëndësi për karkaterin. Tash, diçka jashtë shpjegimit. Mënyra se si shpaloset kjo histori ma kujtoi atë pyetjen e vjetër: A bën zhurmë një dru kur bie në pyll dhe askush nuk është aty për ta dëgjuar? Nuk kam se si ta shpjegoj pse kjo gjëegjëzë më përcjellte dhe më rrinte në kokë gjatë gjithë filmit. E di që nuk kam si ta lidhë as me gjuhën as tregimin por në kokë më sillej vazhdimisht. Ndoshta sepse Azemi është karakter i ndërtuar me tipare engimatiqe, të fshehura. Si mundet një person kaq i qetë e fjalëpak, familjar - i cili humbet edhe ditëlindjen e vajzës së tij - të bëjë atë që bën në fund të filmit. A do të përfundonte filmi si përfundon në qoftës se musafiri i vonë në pishinë, s'do ia ndërprente rutinën ditore Azemit? Pas disa mëdyshjeve, dhe gjëegjëzës së pa vend, musafirin e vonë nisa ta lexoja si gjuhë ndërprerjeje. Si njëfarë musafiri të paftuar në mal. Që e bën Azemin të bie, pa e parë askush. Pengesë që ia vonon Azemit shkuarjen në shtëpi, ia acaroon psikën dhe principet e tij. Në fund të fundit, Azemi është punëtor me parime. Ai është i palëkundur në punën e tij. Kur shkruajmë për mënyrën se si filmi reprezenton jetën e punëtorëve, iu ktheva një tjetër shënimi të Marcel Hanoun:

"Cinema talks about working-class speech, talks about giving voice to the working class – but does cinema provide itself with the means to give filmmakers a filmmaker's voice, one that makes the act of filming a workers' speech in itself?"

Në Adem, kjo pyetje bëhet e dukshme pikërisht përmes ndërhyrjes së regjisores Edona Kryeziu në jetën e një punëtori shqiptar emigrant. Me përfshirjen e saj përmes një inçizimi të një mesazhi ajo ka krijuar një çarje në film, i cili jo vetëm se e formulon strukturën e filmit por edhe e përcakton atë.

Audio-inçizimi shfaqet dhe rikthehet në dokumentar, por ne nuk arrijmë ta kuptojmë nëse ky mesazh i drejtohet Adem, një punëtori tjetër, apo nëse është një zë që ka humbur lidhjen me adresën e tij fillestare. Kjo ndërhyrje e regjisores e çon tregimin përpara dhe krijon distancë mes nesh dhe asaj që shpaloset. Kjo çarje në film pasqyron edhe vetë përvojën e punëtorit migrant: një trup që vazhdon të funksionojë, të punojë dhe të ndërtojë për të tjerët, ndërkohë që vetë mbetet në një gjendje të ndërmjetme. Kjo gjuhë e ndërmjetme shfaqet edhe në filmin All Good nga Basha Troni. Jeta e dy punëtorëve shqiptarë të rinj që jetojnë në Findlandë përjetojnë një çrregullim që duket se nuk ka një emër të qartë. Muhameti është kapur në një ankth të rremë, i cili e kap sa herë që ndodhet në hapësira të mbyllura ku ai përjeton sulm paniku që vetë e lexon si problem të zemrës. Regjisor i trajton këtë situatë me një humor të lehtë që nuk e zvogëlon ankthin e Muhametit, por e bën atë edhe më të çuditshëm duke e projektuar edhe tek shoku i tij. Ish-aktori brenda Muhametit del në sipërfaqe dhe ankthi merr dimensi-one skenike, si një shfaqje ku më në fund puna e tij kërkon të

njihet. Por filmi nuk e trajton këtë përvojë vetëm si një problem individual. Muhameti jeton me kujtimin e babait të vdekur, me përgjegjësitë ndaj familjes dhe me një jetë të ndërtuar larg Kosovës. Edhe vizita te mjeku, edhe ilaçet që ia sugjeron miku i tij dentist në Kosovë, e ruajnë këtë ton absurd: të gjithë përpiqen ta gjejnë një zgjidhje për një trup që duket se po shpreh diçka që vetë Muhameti nuk arrin ta kuptojë. Në fund, paniku bëhet simptomë e një realiteti më të gjerë: trupi i punëtorit nxjerr në pah humbjen, përgjegjësinë, migrimin dhe pasigurinë. Në një jetë të ndërmjetme e gjejmë edhe Hanën, një vajzë e re nga Istogu e cila ëndërron të bëhet futbolliste. Por babai e saj ka një plan tjetër për të, e cila bie ndesh kryekëput me ëndrrat e saj. Prindërit e saj të dytë punojnë në arsim. Shpesh fëmijët i lajnë fajet e prindërve të tyre. Regjisorja Valmira Hyseni në filmin e shkurtër Keep Going i jep zë një sjelljeje prindërore të cilën e hasim shpesh në Kosovë. Një baba që është këmbëngulës në kërkesat e veta dhe një nënë që përpiqet ta bind se e ka gabim. Figura e një babai që sado don të jetë intelektual nuk i lë dot prapa idetë e tij të vjetra rreth të rinjve. Specifikisht çka do të thotë të jesh i suksesshëm. Duke e barazuar pasionin e Hanës për futboll me rrokullisje nëpër baltë. Anipse filmi ka karakter kryesor Hanën dhe si shikues ndjejmë shumë për të, ne e dimë që Hana nuk do dorëzohet. Në gjuhën e familjes, na bëjnë më shumë përshtypje - shkak se janë shumë të afërta dhe të ndiera më parë - bisedat mes prindërve të saj. Një cinik dhe fanatik. Ndërkaq, nëna, një grua e fortë, që me kalimin e kohës është rritur duke parë Hanën dhe nxënësit e tjerë në shkollë. Besimet e vjetra. Edhe kur nëna i propozon që ta lë futbollin për pak ditë, figura e saj është stabilizuese, njëfarë ndërmjetësuesi, e dërguar për t'i qetësuar të dy palët. Kështu, pas bisedës, Hana refuzon propozimin e saj. Në fund të filmit, ajo ndërhyrje edhe njëherë në kryeneqesinë e burrit të saj. Me fuqinë e amësisë ajo i mundëson Hanës që ta ndjek topin sërish. Në një kohë kur migrimi dhe homogjenizimi kulturor po e ndryshojnë peizazhin rural të Ballkanit, The Gelina of Ribново i regjisorit Valon Ballabani ndalet në një ritual që vazhdon të mbahet gjallë në fshatin Ribново, në malet e Rodopeve Perëndimore të Bullgarisë. Për katër ditë, komuniteti Pomak mbledhet rreth përgatitjes së Gelinës, një ritual që për vajzat e reja nis shumë më herët se dita e dasmës. Filmi ndërtohet përmes një polifonie zërash ku askush nuk i drejtohet drejtpërdrejt kamerës. Janë gratë ato që flasin, kujtojnë dhe i japin kuptim kësaj praktike, ndërsa kamera qëndron në vëzhgim. Përmes zërave të tyre, rituali nuk shfaqet si një traditë e pandryshueshme, por si diçka që merr kuptime të ndryshme brenda vetë komunitetit. Për vajzat e reja, Gelina është një ëndërr që nis që në fëmijëri; për fshatin, një praktikë e përbashkët dhe një formë e vazhdimësisë. Në qendër të saj është akti i të pamurit. Nusja ecën ngadalë me një pasqyrë në dorë dhe, sapo shtëpia ku është rritur zhduket nga pamja, ajo mbyll sytë dhe nuk i hap më deri sa të mbërrijë te burri. Një veprim që shënjon kalimin nga një jetë në tjetrën, por edhe pamundësinë për ta gjetur më rrugën mbrapsht. Filmi e ndjek këtë ndryshim përmes detajeve të vogla: gratë që e rrethojnë nusen, duart e grave që bëjnë makijazhin, muzikës dhe zërave që vazhdojnë ta shpjegojnë atë që po ndodh. Në mes të festës, vallëzimit dhe zhurmës së fshatit, Gelina nuk sheh, por përmes mbylljes së syve bëhet qendra e një rituali që e gjithë bashkësia e sheh dhe e përcjell. Mbase praktika e Gelinës do të mund të ketë ndryshuar ndër vite. Por ajo që s'ka ndryshuar është përjetimi i saj. Momenti special i të bërit Gelinë. Makijazhi. Gratë përreth që përcjellin nusen. Sytë e saj të mbyllur dhe fakti që, ajo do të kthehet prapë një ditë. Si musafire në vetë shtëpinë e saj.

Blerta Haziraj

SIGHTNOTSEEING, SHEUNGMAN YIM

A film built around looking



SightNotSeeing puts us in a strange position. From a rooftop in Kowloon City, we look down at people moving through the streets, crossing each other's paths and going about what seem to be ordinary situations. From up there, everything is visible, but how much of it do we actually understand?

My perception on the matter is that a broader image doesn't necessarily mean that you know more.

Now, imagine yourself looking down from a high place. Every person below has their own story. You can see small elements of those stories through their movements and actions. But all of these fragments are inaccessible to you from the place you are observing. They notice patterns that you can't have access to, while you see things they cannot know are happening around them. Therefore your understanding of the same moment is completely different from theirs.

The film follows one continuous shot, no cuts, while we as viewers are observing every event that is happening. It feels like SightNotSeeing deliberately blurs out what may be spontaneous and what is staged or reenacted.

The camera goes back and forth between different people, introducing new characters entering the shot organically, who may or may not contribute to the story. You find yourself deciding who to follow and wondering what you can predict. Someone catches your attention, you stay with them for a while, then they disappear and someone else takes their place.

I found it especially amusing that we see through a camera, another man filming someone else through his camera. Because of its dynamic the movie is very entertaining. We are watching someone who is himself looking for something to film. For a moment, the observer in this case the cameramen, becomes the observed through us.

For a film entirely built around looking, SightNotSeeing leaves us strangely uncertain about how much we actually saw. It makes it addicting to go back to it again and again and notice other elements that you might have missed the first time around.

Enjoy observing!

Rea Kurtaj

DAILY PICKS

For the 12th of August



SRĐAN KOVAČEVIĆ
THE THING TO BE DONE 88'

TEATRI "BEKIM FEHMIU"
SALLA E MADHE @10:30

In the heart of Ljubljana, the Workers' Advocacy Office (Delavska svetovalnica) stands as a beacon of hope for society's most vulnerable: working men and women, the unemployed, the disabled, pensioners, and migrants. Far surpassing the traditional boundaries of union work, this extraordinary organization fosters solidarity, champions justice, and envisions a more equitable future for the working class.

IRENE BARTOLOMÉ
DREAM OF ANOTHER SUMMER 70'

KINO ART THEATRE
@19:30

A woman's collapse amid urban ruins sparks an exploration of humanity's connection to physical spaces and a city's resilience in the face of mortality.



BALKAN SHORT DOX
3 GENERATIONS 8' 40"
LEAVE THIS ROOM BURIED 17' 10"
WHITE VEIL 9' 53"
GOATS! 20' 30"
BUTTERFLY 27' 40"

KINO ART THEATRE
@15:00

Zadife's faith guides her family through war, loss and life in exile.

A poetic journey through grief, complicity, and a world falling apart.

A factory promised prosperity to Anhovo, but brought a slow death.

On a remote island, a goat cull exposes how easily violence is justified.

"Butterfly" began as a lesson in filmmaking and grew into a lesson in life.





JACQUELINE ZÜND
HEAT 87'

DOKUKINO @15:00

The world is getting hotter, with new peak temperatures every summer. What does this heat do to people? How does it change us? HEAT is a cinematic exploration of heat as a condition and an extreme experience. Focusing on the Persian Gulf as one of the hottest regions on the planet, HEAT paints a panorama of human stories, moods, and survival strategies. It's a glimpse into a possible future for all of us.

MIGUEL EEK
AMILCAR 87'

DOKUKINO @17:30

Agronomist, poet, utopian thinker, and revolutionary... Often referred to as the African Che Guevara, Cabral led the anti-colonial movement in Guinea-Bissau and Cape Verde against Portuguese colonialism until his murder in 1973. Human rights, utopias, interracial love, ambition, war, and betrayal are the ingredients of this free portrait crafted with archival images and an imaginary diary in 16mm film. A cinematic documentary that expresses all the modernity of Cabral's world vision.



INTERNATIONAL SHORTS
IMAGINE ME LIKE A COUNTRY OF LOVE 20' 47"
WHISPERS OF A BURNING SCENT 28' 15"
COUTO 15'
FOR THE OPPONENTS 15'

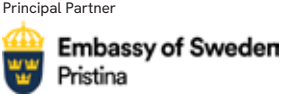
TEATRI "BEKIM FEHMIU"
(SALLA E MADHE) @15:00

Returning to Yemen, an artist confronts a homeland scarred by war.

A wedding musician faces the collapse of his marriage on the day of a court hearing.

The fascination with the last inhabitant of a remote village leads Bia down unexpected paths.

A young boy chases the great Mexican dream: to become a boxing champion.



SWISS FILMS



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