

CREDITS

Director	Nicolas Philibert
Photography	Katell Djian, Laurent Didier
Assistant Camera	Hugues Gémignani
Sound	Julien Cloquet
Original Score	Philippe Hersant
Editing	Nicolas Philibert
Camera	Nicolas Philibert
Assistant Editor	Thaddée Bertrand
Still photographer	Christian Guy
Production Manager	Isabelle Pailley Sandoz
Executive Producer	Gilles Sandoz
Associate producer	Serge Lalou
Co-producers	Maïa Films, Arte France Cinéma Les Films d'Ici, Centre National de Documentation Pédagogique Canal + The Centre National de la Cinématographie Gimages 4 The Ministère de l'Education Nationale The Conseil Régional d'Auvergne The Procirep
With the participation of	
And the backing of	
Featuring Saint-Etienne sur Usson (Puy-de-Dôme)	
Teacher	Mr. Georges Lopez
Schoolchildren	Alizé, Axel, Guillaume, Jessie, Johan (Jojo), Johann, Jonathan Julien, Laura, Létitia, Marie-Elisabeth Nathalie and Olivier

France, 2002

104 minutes, Color

In French with English subtitles

1:66, Dolby SR

SYNOPSIS

All over France, one can still find so-called "single class schools": schools that bring together all the children from one village in a single class around a single teacher, from kindergarten age to those about to move on to middle school.

These classes, that are threatened with closure as soon as their numbers dwindle, keep numerous isolated villages alive, but for how much longer? Some teachers have chosen to follow this path. Others have arrived there by chance, reluctantly at times... But, after a while, the majority of them no longer want to move on, and reject any return to the traditional system.

This film was shot in one of these schools, somewhere in the heart of Auvergne, between Ambert and Issoire. At its center is Georges Lopez - a dedicated, soon-to-retire teacher responsible for nurturing a dozen students ages 3 – 11 in all subjects, ranging from math to cooking. Caught between self-isolation and an open approach to the world at large, this small eclectic group shares everyday life, for better and for worse, along the steep path of learning to read, write and count.

DIRECTOR'S NOTES

To Be and To Have isn't a documentary in the traditional sense, with a demonstrative and didactic approach. I wanted to tell a story, provoke emotion and stay close to the characters in this adventure in order to share their trials, joys and minor dramas, the whole range of feelings that we experience along the rocky path of learning to read, write, count...and, in the end, grow up.

I wanted the film to be set in a reasonably mountainous area, with a tough climate and harsh winters. Before choosing this particular school, I contacted more than 300 establishments and visited a good hundred of them. I wanted a school with limited numbers (10 to 12 pupils), so that each child would be easily identifiable. I also wanted the fullest age range possible - from kindergarten to the final year of primary school - to show the atmosphere and charm of these small, eclectic communities and the very specific work required from the teachers.

I realized, of course, that a great deal would depend on the choice (and the shoulders) of the teacher, but I remained very open on this vital point. It could be a man or a woman, young or nearing retirement, with experience or not...I was aware that the final film would not be the same but, on that level, I didn't have any preconceptions.

It was late November as I arrived in Saint-Etienne-sur-Usson one morning; a little weary after a six-hour drive. I parked on the tiny village square and walked towards the school. It was barely nine o'clock and class had already begun.

The children were sitting cross-legged in a tight pack. They were listening to a story that Nathalie, an older girl in her fourth year of primary school was reading. Mr. Lopez, the teacher, beckoned me over. I put my bag down and went to sit among them. We listened to the end of the story and then I introduced myself. I said that I was a director and that I had come from Paris to see them. Mr. Lopez asked them if they knew what a director was. Guillaume put his hand up and said it was "someone who directs". Mr. Lopez said, "Yes, but directs what?" Jonathan answered, "Who directs films." Alizé, a little three-year-old, suddenly leapt to her feet shouting, "Wee-wee!" The children laughed. Alizé went out to the toilet and, in the meantime, we carried on talking.

I explained that I worked as a director, that I wanted to make a film about a class like theirs, and that I was visiting a certain number of them. All the older children knew what a documentary was: they'd seen some on TV, about animals. Then they asked me how I was going to choose the class. I told them that it wasn't easy, that I needed to take a lot of elements into account, that there were single classes all over France, some less than thirty km from Paris, but that I particularly wanted an isolated village, in a region with a distinctive climate so that we would see the seasons pass. The Jura, for instance, or the Massif Central, or even a little further south where people roll their

"r's" when they talk. I also told them that I needed a bright classroom, with big windows out of which we could see the hills or mountains and, above all, there couldn't be too many children: ten, twelve at the most, so that the audience could quickly identify each one of them.

At that point, Mr. Lopez asked them to introduce themselves. Jonathan, the oldest pupil, came right out with his name, surname, age, his father's occupation, his mother's occupation, and what he had done during the summer holidays. And so everyone else followed suit.

Like Jonathan, Julien and Olivier are in the final year of primary school. Next year, they will be boarders at the middle school in Saint-Germain-l'Herm, three-quarters of an hour away by car - virtually the other side of the world.

There are two pupils in the fourth year: Nathalie and Guillaume. Laura is in the second year; Axel in the first; Johan, Létitia, Marie and Jessie are in middle year of kindergarten, and Alizé in the first year.

After the break, the youngest children did a puzzle. The older ones did mathematics with cards, and the middle group studied grammar with Mr. Lopez; conjugation of the verb to be, present indicative, the verb to have, the verb to eat and the verb to drink. They looked cute as they struggled to reply. Then Solange, the post-woman, arrived with a package: posters that the teacher had ordered to decorate the classroom.

By 4:30 p.m., the children have returned home and Mr. Lopez is trying to understand what has led me to embark on this venture. I explain my idea: daily life in a single class, its high and low points, its problems and joys... I tell him that we mustn't seek out the film's goals in the realms of the picturesque or the nostalgic, making the issue of the rural exodus its spearhead. Instead, we must rely on its capacity to follow the children's work and progress closely, so that the audience manages to share their trials, triumphs, emotions, mental blocks and moments of discouragement... In short, the whole range of feelings experienced along the steep path of learning to read, write and count. I tell him that I am convinced that showing a child carrying out a pitched battle with a subtraction can become a genuine epic. "You'll have to be patient", he says. "I know. That's the point," I say.

Suddenly, I recall my first visit to La Borde, in December '94, the psychiatric clinic where, six months later, I would start shooting a film, *La Moindre des Choses*. At that time, my mind wasn't fully made up. The idea of confronting the world of madness scared me and I couldn't really see what right I had to film people in the fragility of their mental anguish, believing that they would inevitably find themselves in a position of weakness, turned into mere objects by the camera...

As soon as I arrived, I found myself in the office of Jean Oury, the director and founder of the clinic. After a two-hour conversation in which I spoke to him about my hesitations, the great psychiatrist stood up, showed me over to the door and told me,

“Whatever you decide, you should know at least one thing: there's nothing to see here!” And, after a strong handshake, he added, “So once you're ready to film the invisible, you'll be welcome here!”

Mr. Lopez had listened to my story and proceeded to tell me about his class, his attachment to this small, variable community that forces him to revise his work methods continually, even after 20 years of experience... It's a hard task, exhausting at times. Mr. Lopez has two hours of work to do every evening at home including Saturdays and, at times, Sundays too.

The St-Etienne-sur-Usson class, like every single class school, requires well-thought-out organization of space and time: the children must advance at their own rhythm according to their level. And so the day is cut up into "sequences", with the space divided into three: there's the little ones' corner, the middle group's corner and the big ones' corner. While Olivier, Jonathan and Julien work on the conditional tense, while the fourth years prepare a talk on sea animals, while Laura struggles with her first additions and the "kindergarten" pupils place stickers on thick paper, Mr. Lopez teaches Axel to read: *ga, ge, gue, gi, go: un garage, une blague, une girouette, un gorille.*

There's no question of him – or of them – continually moving from one group to another. The children have to learn very quickly to become "self-sufficient" and assume their "responsibilities". Behind these rather serious words, we can clearly see that the idea is to equip them for life.

However, there are numerous moments that bring them together, when the younger ones learn from the older ones, and the older ones from the younger ones. When the fourth year pupils give their talk, the whole class will attend. They'll be able to debate, ask questions, hand images round, add comments, and explain to the younger children.

Every Monday, the day begins with an hour called "What's new?" during which each pupil can say what he or she saw, heard or did over the weekend. A chance to relate events or bring in an object... Then there's the "co-operative" meeting when they talk about life together, planned outings, the Christmas celebrations and even their conflicts.

Of course, they go swimming too, at the pool in Issoire, or take walks in the fields. In winter, they go tobogganing and on Thursdays, they eagerly await Helga's car. She comes for the music class, her trunk full of instruments.

Finally, they have their "pen-pals": pupils in a class in Aubervilliers, near Paris, to whom they write every month by e-mail. There are twenty-eight pupils in the pen pals' class, and some of them have names that had never been heard here: Nadir, Moussa, Yamina, Trân, Leila... So the children asked about their countries of origin and then found them on the globe with Mr. Lopez.

In this way, they discovered that each person has origins and, the following week, they decided to show the pen pals where they were from. The older pupils took photos of

the village, fields, surrounding hills, Julien's father's cows, Nathalie's ducks and even Blacky, Axel's parent's dog. They sent them to the pen pals with all kinds of explanations: this is a field of rye, this is a pasture, this is corn, this plot is being reforested... This is called a "landscape survey ". The St-Etienne-sur-Usson pupils are fond of their pen pals in Aubervilliers. Next year, they hope that they'll visit. They've been invited, but they may not be able to.

During scouting, that lasted around five months, most of the teachers that I met seemed extremely involved in their work. Their methods and educational ideas varied greatly but, since I was unqualified to judge such aspects, I left them in the background. The teacher that I chose, Mr. Georges Lopez, had been recommended by the local educational inspector and despite his slightly traditional approach, he appeared as the right man as soon as I stepped through his classroom door. I never had cause to regret my decision. Beneath his slightly authoritarian airs, I soon discovered a subtle and modest man, closely focused on his pupils.

The whole film would revolve around him but, despite being in the camera's eye at all times, he would be part of the whole. Little by little, he started to feel comfortable with the idea... At 55, he had a year and a half left before retirement. A chance perhaps, through this experience, to round off his career before moving on to something else. The film owes a great deal to him and I think that is obvious.

Among the parents, there are several farmers raising cattle, a teacher, a truck-driver, a computer technician, a public works officer and a musician. Some of them work in Issoire, in the valley below. In turn, they quickly gave their agreement, probably because of the trust and respect that they feel for this teacher who has been among them for the last 20 years. Even so, I felt it was necessary to tell them from the outset that their children wouldn't be filmed equally nor shown in the most flattering situations. Otherwise, there would be no film and certainly no story. I also anticipated the issue of editing, telling them that it would be necessary to do away with hours and hours of footage, possibly sacrificing some magnificent scenes, since the final cut isn't a "best of" but a construction that obeys its own rules as much as the director's wishes... In short, to rule out any ambiguity, I wanted to assert the subjectivity of my vision and of my future choices from the word go.

As for the children, since we also asked their opinion, they were proud to have been chosen, but to be honest, I don't think the younger ones really understood what was going on at first.

-Nicolas Philibert

NICOLAS PHILIBERT ON THE PRODUCTION

I don't know what you think but when it comes to summing up a documentary, all one can do is to refer back to the subject. This invariably leads to such sentences as: it's a film on Papous, on a chewing-gum factory, on a country school... In short, you always talk about "a film on" and in doing that, in spite of yourself, you act as if there were no story. You need to know what it's about and identify the subject. You must know how to describe and write it before filming it. You say in advance what you're going to show in order to get across what it is you "want to say". Everything has to be smooth, legible, articulate, foreseeable and transparent.

If only I could say, "This is a film...without a subject!" Not *on* but *at* school. An open and accessible film to dive into without knowing how deep the water is. Where the arbitrary would become necessary; where I would merely need to be present, attentive to everything around me, to become involved and to believe in it enough to make this place and the children the fleeting characters of a tale. A film in which apparently banal actions would become stories and where I could abandon myself while placing total trust in the present. I'm one of those people who believe that beauty cannot be summoned on command: when it slips into a film, it often forces its way in.

Do I need to point out that there won't be any voice-over or explanatory commentary? The reason for this is simple: in each of my films, even though they are documentaries, I try to tell a story and involve the audience in the characters' lives without any intermediaries, as most fiction films do...

Shooting took place over ten weeks, between December 2000 and June 2001. On the first day, we took time to explain to them how we were going to work, what all our equipment was for... Each of the children had a look through the camera, played with the zoom, tried on the headphones... then the teacher took things in hand. They got back to work and so did we. After three days, we were almost a part of the classroom.

There were four of us on the crew: a cameraman, a sound engineer, a camera assistant and myself. On a technical level, it was fairly complicated. The sound engineer had to cover the whole class and, by definition, we never knew in advance who was going to speak. As for the image was concerned, there were countless pitfalls to avoid: we had to watch our reflections in the windows and the blackboard at all times. The decision not to add any additional lighting to the classroom's neon lights left very little depth of field and as a result, no margin of error for the focus. But that is part and parcel of this kind of shoot and forces everyone to do his or her best.

Throughout filming, we tried to remain as discreet as possible, so as not to perturb the daily life of the class. Moreover, I made sure that we adopted a sort of "benevolent neutrality," without which the whole thing would have fallen apart... One of the goals was to see how the teacher would manage to get 13 pupils of different ages and levels to

work together at the same time. There was no question of helping a child who might have asked us for assistance. No question of laughing if one of them clowned around... It was tough at times but we each had our roles to play. Each new film means finding the necessary distance and the footage is the direct reflection of this.

In the end, I had almost 60 hours of rushes. The film came together in the cutting room. For me, it's a very open film, giving all viewers the chance to read into it what they like, notably their own childhood memories... Personally, I see certain gravity and even certain violence, even if this remains contained. Before making the film, I think I had forgotten how hard it is to learn and grow up. This immersion in the school world was a powerful reminder of that. And perhaps that's the film's true subject.

It's a story whose twists and turns I don't yet know but I am already sure that its tiny acts, gestures, happy moments and dramas will combine to reveal the blooming of life.

As for the choice of title - *Etre et avoir (To Be and To Have)* – it was made in a rush. Therefore, it is temporary. But that doesn't prevent it from becoming final.

ABOUT MR. GEORGES LOPEZ

Georges Lopez: The Teacher

From *Figaro Magazine*, Sept. 14, 2002

Rarely has a French documentary been as successful at theaters. *To Be and To Have*, Nicolas Philibert's magnificent film (see the Aug. 24th Le Figaro magazine) has, in two weeks of release, attracted an audience of more than 300,000 filmgoers. The Subject? The daily life of one unique class nestled in the Auvergne region. The heroes? The students, ranging from three to eleven years old, and a teacher, Georges Lopez who has retired since the shooting of the film. As the son of an immigrant laborer, his father instilled in him the idea that words do work, and respect and authority still mean something. Meet with the man who became a star despite himself.

Figaro: How did you feel about taking on the role of "teacher" for the film?

Georges Lopez: When I had been informed by the administration that a director sought a "unique class" in the village, my first reaction had been to fear that the making of such a film might infringe upon the kids' privacy -- not so much at the school, but rather, in their private lives. However, the director had raised this idea of letting the parents have the right of refusal for selected scenes. I wanted them, to, if they felt their children devalued, to be able to stop it.

Also, with the tendency of seeing in this single class the vestiges of the past, it became important to show how this universe of children really functioned. Where children aged from three and a half to eleven lived and worked under the same teacher, and where a lot of things depended on the quality of human relations. Actually, there are a little more than 500 classes of this type across France...

F: And yet they seem destined to disappear...

GL: I don't doubt that. Unfortunately, it would be a long shot to bet on their long-term future. The problem isn't really a pedagogical one -- it's budgetary. I'm delighted that such a film can prove that kids can be happy in small classes, as opposed to the regular classes -- especially when they're overloaded. One shouldn't forget that in the past, the children remained in small classes until they were fourteen years old.

F: You're seen as one of the last of the "old-fashioned" teachers in France...

GL: Well, *my* teachers were old-fashioned, that's for sure! I guess I just fit with my generation. As much as I loved my childhood schooling, I appreciate teaching reforms -- without abolishing all of the "old reliable methods," of course.

F: What are, in your eyes, the qualities your profession requires?

GL: First of all, respecting one another. Then, having confidence and accepting differences. The arrival of a little Vietnamese girl in our class led me to the notion: *these are essential values*. I know it because I've lived it, having been the child of a Spanish immigrant married to a French woman, having been raised with a big concern for fitting

in. My parents made real financial sacrifices in order to allow me to pursue higher education, and I chose a teaching career.

Also, in regards to politeness, I suggest guidelines rather than strictly impose them – but I *constantly* suggest! My former students say it made life easier for them...

F: How are you able to meet the needs of all these different aged children?

GL: I acknowledge that, in one day, the bigger ones are sometimes forgotten in tending to the little ones, but it's always possible to equalize things the next day. You have to permanently juggle between the groups, and my six-hour days are certainly more than full. My weeks are longer than those who teach a more typical class. It's clear that in this type of structure, the teacher has less time for them...where it really hurts is when the parents don't take the time to help their children study. Unfortunately, this is more and more frequent. It's really too bad, because bringing a child into the world implores one to take the responsibility.

F: Do you have the feeling that you were privileged to work in a rural setting when compared to your urban peers?

GL: Yes, in the sense that I've worked in a career that I love, admittedly in an isolated manner, but relatively problem-free. I once, by chance, saw a film about the daily life of urban teachers. It was dismaying — devastated classes, the children whipping up disorder that the teacher was unable to control. The lesson to draw from all this is that it isn't my daily life that's archaic, it's theirs. It's because all of this reflects a backwards world where it's impossible to live well.

F: Are you happy to be retired?

GL: Well, that final sequence of the film sounded the final knell of my career. It's wrenching, but I try to get accustomed to thinking that I've run the course of my career and that it's time, after fifty-five years, to go on to other things. The release of "To Be and To Have" has provided me a great chance to work with the public. Perhaps I'll also be able to think a little bit of myself.

Conversations with Georges

Originally appearing in "*Liberation*," Sept. 14, 2003

The waitress hadn't heard Mr. Lopez's order, undoubtedly because of the background music. She made herself close, leaning in towards his ear. Mr. Lopez repeats his order without getting worked up, his voice not much stronger than Alize when she cried softly that someone had stolen her eraser. Despite the fact that this man has been shaking hands endlessly – "*Thank you for having associated me with national education*,"-- the waitress doesn't recognize the teacher who has become, in just a few short weeks, the male counterpart to Amélie Poulain.

In October 2000, Nicolas Philibert was searching for a unique class in which to shoot his documentary. When he came upon George Lopez's class, what struck him straightaway was the teacher's voice. "A voice that was always steady, always poised," explained the director of *To Be and to Have*. A voice that generated a resonating feel ideal for the film. In good teaching, the instructor says that he learned to use his voice with moderation because it was known to wreak havoc. "Like Natalie, you know, the one who shouted my ears off." She was, by the way, the eleven-year-old student who remained silent for the entire film. But if Georges Lopez ever increases his tone, it wouldn't necessarily reveal much.

In *To Be and To Have*, there are only two infringements to the rule "you will know nothing about the teacher behind the beard." The first is when he talks of his background, his face alone to the camera, recounting the story of his father, a farm worker. The second is when he discusses his upcoming retirement with his students. "Those two scenes, they were at my suggestion," explained the director, Philibert. "I made them because they seemed plausible and I wanted to say something about the man behind the schoolmaster." Without the film, Lopez would undoubtedly never have spoken of his departure to the students.

He speaks readily of his childhood. He says that he was a cheerful boy (as he always seems). He recounts, without embellishment, the rows of green beans he had picked, of oranges at Christmas, his father's wallops, his collection of picture cards from Cantlou chocolate bars. At home, his parents spoke Catalan, but around the children they spoke French because integration was a priority. Roger, the oldest, recently finished as a principal in an inner city school. Francis, the second, is a policeman. Integration, perhaps exemplary, if not without sacrifice: Georges was nearly thirty when his father took him to his native Spain for the first time.

When he was young, Georges passed his time outdoors, "at the edge of the meadow," to dream of his future life. Did the dream become reality? All that we can know is that he became a teacher, and it is about this that he relishes speaking for hours. He recounts with delight the moments where the kids attacked the teacher for an "authorized" fight, which he described: "It allows those that need it a chance to get even with the schoolmaster." Or the Saturday mornings when the oldest kids came back and set up in the class in order to do their homework. But, of his life as a man he doesn't brag, and his

decency is contagious. Changing the topic to the question of children, Georges doesn't reveal much. "Having kids isn't more important for a woman than a man," he simply says.

Mr. Lopez is one of such discretion that the village residents were altogether wary when he arrived at Saint-Etienne sur Usson in 1981. They were grateful that he reopened the school, then closed for seven years, but were also a bit disappointed because they had imagined him to be a woman. On top of that, with his being from the south and his accent, Mr. Lopez didn't seem the sort who would make friends – friends with everybody. That all changed when they got to know him, especially after 1983 when he became secretary to the town council. He was always well received, a fine, albeit reserved, schoolmaster.

Since the film, evidently, things are a bit different. He has become a hero of sorts.

He retired from teaching in June, and has been promoting the film at screenings and discussions ever since. He enjoys it and never beats around the bush during the Q&A sessions. From the beginning, he's had the scruples to always respond to the same questions with the same answers. Sometimes, the answers can be a bit rote if the questions are irritating, like "You don't have computers?" or "You don't do music instruction?" He responds that yes, he does indeed teach music, and that there are computers in the school, even if you don't see all of that in the movie.

From the look of things, you would think the man was going to single-handedly revive the teaching field. Yet until now, none of his students had become teachers. The only question that makes him lose patience is when they want to know if Jojo, the happy little clown, is his "favorite."

Towards the end of editing the film, Nicolas Philibert had screened the film for Georges. What surprised him most when he saw *To Be and To Have* for the first time was how cool-headed he seemed. "I know that I have a capacity to skate over a lot of unhappy events, but all the same, I was surprised." As a point of contention, one could press him for the reason behind his calm demeanor. Upon repeating this question, he turned towards the publicist accompanying him. "Is this something that one can really say?" asks Lopez. "I was somebody who shouldn't have lived. A serious illness should have taken me at six months old. I learned about it when I was twelve. But already before that, I loved the little happinesses in life."

NICOLAS PHILIBERT FILMOGRAPHY

Born in 1951. After studying philosophy, he began his film career as an assistant to René Allio, Alain Tanner and Claude Goretta.

Member of the Administrative Board – and recent Chairman – of the S.R.F (Société des Réalisateurs de Films – the Society of Film Directors – a body that brings together a majority of the "life forces" of the French film industry, from Costa Gavras to Bertrand Tavernier via Cédric Klapisch, Claire Denis, Robert Guédiguian and 250 others), he is also a member of the Administrative Board of the "Ecole et cinéma" organization (School and Film), and is part of the National Education Film and Audio-visual Commission whose task is to redefine the aims and programs of film courses in French high schools.

QUI SAIT? (1998, 106 min.)

With the students of the 30th class of the TNS acting school

That evening, they have decided to meet in the school buildings to work together on a project for a show on Strasbourg...

EVERY LITTLE THING (1996, 105 min.)

During summer 1995, faithful to what has become a tradition, the inmates and staff of the La Borde psychiatric clinic come together to prepare the play that they will perform on August 15.

Official Selection, Locarno International Festival, 1996 – Audience Grand Prize at the Paris International Film Days, 1996 – Audience Grand Prize at the International Film and New Media Festival, Montreal, 1997 – Best Documentary Prize at the Postdam Film Festival (Germany), 1997 – Special Jury Prize at the 11th International Anthropological Film Festival, Pärnu (Estonia), 1997. Grande Prize at the Amascultura Festival (Lisbon), 1997. Golden Spire, San Francisco International Festival, 1998.

ANIMALS (1994, 59 min.)

The Zoology Gallery of the Paris National Museum of Natural History has been closed to the public for more than 25 years, leaving hundreds of stuffed animals in the gloom of oblivion: mammals, fish, reptiles, insects, batrachians, birds, crustaceans. Shot during the renovation work in the Gallery (from 1991 to 1994), this film recounts the resurrection of its strange residents.

Prize for Best Research Film, Festival dei Popoli, Florence (Italy), 1994 - Golden Gate Award, San Francisco International Film Festival, 1995. Okomedia Prize, Frankfurt (Germany).

IN THE LAND OF THE DEAF (1992, 99 min.)

Jean-Claude, Abou, Claire, Philo and others, deaf since birth, dream, think and communicate in sign language. With them, we set off to discover this distant land where sight and touch have so much importance...

Official selection Locarno Festival, 1992 – Selected for the Yamagata Festival, Japan, 1993 - Fondation GAN Prize for the Cinema, 1992 – Grand Prize, Belfort Festival (France) 1992 –

Grand Prize, Festival dei Popoli, Florence (Italy) 1992 – Grand Prize "documentary section", Vancouver Festival (Canada) 1993 - "Tiempo de Historia" Prize, Valladolid Festival (Spain) 1993 - Humanum Prize awarded by the Belgian Film Press Association, 1993 – Grand Prize, Bombay Festival (India) 1994 - Golden Gate Award, San Francisco International Film Festival, 1994 – Best Documentary Prize, Potsdam Festival (Germany) 1994 - "Stephanie Beacham Award", 13th Annual Communication Awards, Washington D.C., 1994 - Peabody Award, USA, April 1998.

LOUVRE CITY (1990, 85 min.)

What is the Louvre like when the general public isn't there? For the first time, a major museum reveals it's backstage to a film crew: paintings are hung, rooms are reorganised, and works are moved. Gradually, the characters appear and form the plot of a tale... The discovery of a genuine city within the city.

Europa Prize, "Best Documentary of the Year", 1990 – Intermédia Prize at the Cinéma du Réel Festival, Paris, 1990.

LE COME BACK DE BAQUET (1988, 24 min.)

In July 1956, the actor and cellist Maurice Baquet, along with the mountaineer Gaston Rebuffat, made the first ascension of the south face of the Aiguille du Midi (3842m), a magnificent peak that rears up like a rampart above the Vallée Blanche, in the Mont Blanc range...thirty-two years later, Maurice Baquet once again climbs this face suspended between sky and earth.

VAS-Y LAPEBIE! (1988, 27 min.)

At 77, Roger Lapébie is the oldest winner of the Tour de France still alive. More than 50 years have passed since his legendary win in 1937. Yet, Roger continues to ride more than 300 kilometres every week... The portrait of a great cyclist who claims: "*I love my bicycle more than myself.*"

TRILOGIE POUR UN HOMME SEUL (1987, 53 min.)

The greatest "hat-trick" ever completed by a mountaineer. On March 12 and 13, 1987, and in the space of 40 hours, Christophe Profit, 26, pulled off the winter ascensions of three of the toughest north faces in the Alps: Grandes Jorasses, Eiger, Matterhorn. Behind the media "cover" of the event, we discover the project, the high and low points of its preparation, and the personality of the climber, a rock-face dancer who concentrates the energy and reflexes of life itself in his fingertips.

Y'A PAS DE MALAISE (1986, 13 min.)

Clinging to the face like spiders, twelve filmmakers and mountain guides work above the void to film Christophe Profit's climb of Les Drus. Little by little the director starts dreaming about the peaceful holiday that he could have spent by the sea like any normal person...

CHRISTOPHE (1985, 28 min.)

Christophe Profit's "total solo" climb (without ropes or belay techniques) of the west face of Les Drus, an enormous vertical pyramid, 1100 metres high in the Mont Blanc range. Christophe Profit is considered to be one of the greatest mountaineers of his generation.

LA FACE NORD DU CAMEMBERT (1985, 7 min.)

During the shooting of a movie, the mountaineer Christophe Profit is asked to stand in for an actor. He has to climb the smooth facade of a 60-metre-high building.

PATRONS / TELEVISION (1978, 3 X 60 min., co-directed with Gérard Mordillat).

Three programs made up of footage shot for the previous film. Censored on TV, they had a theatrical release a few weeks later.

LA VOIX DE SON MAITRE (1978, 100 min., co-directed with Gérard Mordillat).

Twelve managers of large companies face the camera and talk about power, hierarchy, the unions, strikes and self-management. The image of a future world gradually takes shape...

AWARDS AND FESTIVAL PLAY

AWARDS

Winner, Cesar Award, Best Editing, 2003
Nominated, Cesar Award, Best Film, 2003
Nominated, Cesar Award, Best Director, 2003
Winner, Jury Award, Full Frame Documentary Film Festival 2003
Winner, Critics Award, French Syndicate of Cinema Critics 2003
Winner, European Documentary Award 2002
Winner, Grand Prize, France Cinema 2002
Winner, Best Film, Prix Louis Dellue 2002
Winner, Best Documentary, Valladolid International Film Festival 2002
Winner, Cuban Critics Prize, French Film of Cuba 2003

FESTIVALS

New York Film Festival	Seattle Film Festival
Cannes Film Festival	Portland Film Festival
Toronto Intl Film Festival	Palm Springs Film Festival
Berlin Film Festival	Full Frame Documentary Film Festival
Rotterdam Film Festival	Nantucket Film Festival
Melbourne Film Festival	Silverdocs
Edinburgh Film Festival	Hawaii Film Festival
Vancouver Film Festival	Providence French Film Festival
New Zealand Film Festival	Sacramento French Film Festival
Sao Paulo Film Festival	
Seminci – Valladolid	
Pusan Film Festival	
Festival Du Film Francais, Prague	
French Cinepanorama, Hong Kong	
French Film Festival, Australia	
International Film Festival, Istanbul	