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Festival Report: Dok-Leipzig 2009

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Reinventing Cultural Landmarks

These days, the battle for power on the plains around Leipzig is fought between fossil fuel plants and renewable energy sources (including wind turbines and the world's largest solar power station). Two hundred years ago, there was a messier conflict: the Battle of Nations was fought here in 1813 when nearly 100 000 men lost their lives as the major European powers of the time slugged it out in a bloody battle to the death. A century after one of the deadliest conflicts Europe had seen prior to the First World War, a vast monument (it remains the largest in Europe) was constructed to memorialise the dead. Like other monuments in German history, the Völkerschlachtdenkmal [Monument to the Battle of Nations], a ziggurat-like structure filled with mammoth Wagnerian sculptures, has been the focus, variously, of zealotry, reinterpretation, questions, and threats of demolition. The GDR decided to spare the behemoth. Since Germans and Russians were allied in the Battle of Leipzig, the building was recast by the Socialists as a symbol of German-Soviet brotherhood. With the collapse of communism, anxieties over the memorial's nationalistic connotations resurfaced and efforts are under way to situate its meaning within the European Monument Road, a project intended to overcome 'The close confines of national historic interpretations [and to] create a broad awareness of the common European history.'

Now in its fifty-second year, the Leipzig Film Festival is almost as venerable as the Monument to the Battle of Nations, and it too has become an emblem of the city. And like the Völkerschlachtdenkmal, the festival's ownership and meanings have changed over time. The evolution of its slogans clearly signals these shifts. The first motto, adopted in 1960, was the wordy 'Film in the service of technical, scientific and cultural progress for peace and prosperity of the peoples.' Unsurprisingly, this didn't

catch on and by 1961 had become the pithier 'Films of the World for Peace in the World.' Picasso authorised the moulding of his peace dove's silhouette into the festival trophies. Paradoxically, peace was a contested concept in the GDR. There was official peace—sometimes taught with weapons and war games in school—and the unofficial peace movement, surveilled suspiciously by the infamous Stasi. 'Peace' was sufficiently aligned with the discredited regime for it to disappear from the motto in 1990. Following the fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989 and then Die Wende [The Turn], from 1990 to 2003 the event's tagline became, pointedly, 'Films of the World, for Human Dignity.' The festival now markets itself with the English language motto 'The HeART of documentary.'

Radiating the world-transforming energy of Marxism-Leninism: from 1955 to *Die Wende* [The Turn]

Since 1955, then, the annual event has gone from being a heavily politicised GDR showpiece to serving first as a stage for the reconfiguration of identities and loyalties in the reunified Germany, and then, more recently, to becoming a fixture with a global reach. The 2009 programme included more than 300 films from 70 countries. The event has always had an international dimension, however, and the interest, for example, in documentary from Latin America and Eastern Europe is something that traverses Germany's political transformations. Even when the GDR's governing SED party was keeping a tight rein on the event, the festival included films from outside the Soviet bloc and its jurors recognised with high honours work from the US, the UK, France, Spain, and the former West Germany. From the 1950s, up until the fall of the Berlin Wall, the festival was something of a litmus paper, its programme and administration indicative either of hard line political stagnation or of reformism and change.

Between 1973 and 1983 Karl Eduard Von Schnitzler was a deputy director of the festival. The aristocratic von Schnitzler was also the presenter of one of the world's most unpopular television programmes, *Der schwarze Kanal* (*The Black Channel / Sewer*), which ran on GDR television from 1960 to 1989. According to Anna Funder in *Stasiland*, nothing moved East Germans out of their armchairs as fast as the signature tune for von Schnitzler's weekly dissection of what he attacked with vitriolic bravura as the West's 'imperialist media garbage'. Von Schnitzler's tenure coincided with the institution of a 'Day of Anti-Imperialist Solidarity' as part of the Leipzig Film Festival's week long programme. This was in keeping with the focus on events in Vietnam and Chile in the 70s—when the festival hosted visits by Jane Fonda and Dean Reed, the Red Elvis— and with its provision of a platform for dissident groups such as the PLO.

In 1977 Igor Bessarabov's film *The Story of a Communist*, an unremarkable contribution to the Brezhnev personality cult, won a prize without even taking part in the competition. If this epitomises the spirit of the dictate handed down in 1972 that 'The Leipzig festival will manifest the superiority of the community of socialist states in all areas of progressive socialist integration with artistic means [and] will radiate the world-transforming energy of Marxism-Leninism', other elements of the

event's history point to an arena which was more than a display case for a politics dictated by apparatchiks falling over themselves to kowtow to Moscow. For example, in 1976 the festival staged a retrospective on Japanese documentary and in 1982, in collaboration with the Museum of Modern Art in New York, it curated a retrospective of US documentary film from the 30s and 40s. Sometimes, looking further afield and at the past was easier than looking at the present. In 1968 the uprising in Prague was completely ignored, and in 1980 the festival took no notice of the labour unrest in neighbouring Poland.

As the party rhetoric changed, festival patrons went in and out of favour. Joris Ivens (the subject of a retrospective in 2009) whose 90th birthday was marked by the festival in 1988 had only ten years before been declared *persona non grata*, because of his interest in China. Cuban cineaste Santiago Alvarez's career similarly marked a suture between festivals before and after *Die Wende*. Lionized by the Socialists, he also won favour with their successors and in 1997 was awarded a prize for his lifetime's work. By the time the GDR was dissolved, the Leipzig festival was significant enough that a commitment to its continuity formed part of the reunification treaty and in the years since it has become one of the most important spaces in Europe for documentary and animated film. The festival's commitment to advances in film technology is another feature which crosses the political divide. In 1985, in an effort to embrace documentary makers working in television as well as in film, the festival incorporated in its schedule a video workshop and in 2003, the innovative DOK-Markt digitalised the entire programme on a central film server and created software which allows buyers to view films, evaluate them, and contact producers and distributors all from the same interface.

Transit 89, and The Wall

The Peaceful Revolution which led to the end of the GDR began in Leipzig 20 years ago with the quietly revolutionary prayer demonstrations in the city's Saint Nicholas Church. It would have been inconceivable for this year's festival not to have marked the anniversary. It did this with *Transit 89: Gdansk-Leipzig-Bucharest*, a collection of archive films from the late 80s and early 90s which document the heady days of people power and of revolutions cut from fabrics more rough-hewn than velvet. As curator Grit Lemke told me, this strand was important in allowing audiences the opportunity to review contemporaneous materials and to hear the voices not only of politicians but of the street sweepers, theologians, and other protestors who were also actors in the process of change: these films, she says, are distinguished by an aesthetic which is completely lacking in the secondary interpretations or re-interpretations which were to be the mainstay of German television's commemoration of the 20th anniversary of the fall of the Wall.

Lemke suggests that the voice of East Germans is no longer wanted, something reflected in the way that the West German owners of the archive material from 1989 choose not to exploit it as a resource but to ignore it. *Leipzig in Autumn* did, however, find a space within *Transit 89*: Andreas Voigt and Gerd Kroske's urgent recapitulation of the events of 9th November 1989 documents the mood of a city in

which 70 000 protestors faced down 8000 police and militia. The tension felt in Leipzig became violence in Romania, as illustrated by Ovidiu Pastina's *Timisoara, December 1989*. Shot between 1991 and 1993, Ovidiu's film, a series of testimonies from both sides of the uprising which brought down the Ceaușescu dyad, makes for uncomfortable viewing, not just because of the difficult work involved in reflecting on the chaos of days when past certainties suddenly vanished, but also because it brings to the surface some of the facts forgotten in the twenty years which have elapsed since 1989: the body count in the dying days of communist Romania, for instance. Hundreds of people lost their lives in fighting *after* the overthrow of Ceaușescu.

Somehow the images collected by *Transit 89* seemed older than their 20 years, aged, perhaps, by a lack of memory. Do the gaps in this history reflect, as Lemke suggests, the partiality of a victors' history? For outsiders, *Transit 89* made for a compelling series of films. For viewers from east Germany who have personal memories of 1989, Lemke told me, *Transit 89* could also be a reminder that while they were focused at the time on events close to home, the process of change was evolving in Poland, and in Romania. *Transit 89's* arrangement of films worked successfully to ask where and when significant change takes place (and why not now?) and also looked for ways in which to represent 'Change in more than the superficial before /after diagrams and hackneyed history book iconographies'.

Shown in a section dedicated to the best documentaries supported by MDR (the Leipzig-based German Broadcasting channel), Bartek Konopka's *Rabbit à la Berlin*, and Stefan Pannen and Elke Sasse's *Where is the Wall?* take a light-hearted approach to reflections on the former physical barriers between Germany's East and West. *Rabbit à la Berlin* looks at the former GDR from the point of view of the rabbit population which was able to thrive in the no-mans-land created by the death strip between the divided halves of Berlin. Konopka uses the paradigm of the wildlife genre and the story told about this unique habitat by evolutionary biologists, former border guards, and huntsmen to create a leporine fable which follows the GDR from its foundation in pretensions of ideological rigour, through decades of accommodation, passivity, and stagnation, to abrupt dissolution. *Watership Down* re-told by Orwell, it makes for an engaging and often funny film with an original perspective, albeit one shared by *Esterhazy*, Izabela Plucinska's animation based on the children's picture book by Irene Disch and Hans Magnus Enzensberger. Michael Paul Anton Maria, Prince Esterhazy, the 12 792nd Graf of Carrot Town, is dispatched to the fabled Cold War rabbit paradise only to get there just as the Wall is coming down. Plucinska's evocation of time and place—plasticine punks complete with chainmail and mohican quiffs greet the Hungarian rabbit on Berlin's subway—lifts the film out of the ordinary.

Where is the Wall? doesn't look for the so-called *Mauer-in-kopf* (the wall in the head) believed by some to be a legacy of Germany's partition, but instead goes in search of surviving structural relics. The CIA's wooded campus in Northern Virginia is home to three chunks taken from the section nearest Checkpoint Charlie: Ljiljana Hennessy bought a section of the wall at an auction in Monaco and it now stands within a

garden on her estate in France. It serves as a reminder of her native Yugoslavia, a country which didn't brick up its citizens but did try to control their thoughts. A Las Vegas casino has built surviving sections of the wall into a novelty toilet. Whilst the CIA's Fine Arts Commission prescribed an unromantic presentation of its monument, Eija Riita's Swedish home is unashamedly a shrine to the work of Ulbricht's architects. In love with the construction since 1968, Riita married it in 1979 and is now a wall-widow, consoled for her loss by pictures and models. Unmentioned by the film, another chunk of the Wall stands outside the Runde Ecke building in Leipzig. A former Stasi centre which was stormed by protestors in 1989, the Runde Ecke is now a museum chronicling the surveillance work (almost risibly primitive in comparison with new developments) of the GDR's army of letter openers, music cassette checkers, and telecoms eavesdroppers.

Health and Well-Being

Whilst organized blood donations for Vietnam and Days of Anti-Imperialist Solidarity may be long gone, the Leipzig Festival's spirit of commitment to social issues and to campaigns for human dignity lives on. This is evident, for example, in the inclusion of a prize funded by the European Agency for Safety and Health at Work. The Healthy Workplaces Film Award went to Ton van Zantvoort and *A Blooming Business*, a film produced in Holland and shot in Kenya. Incorporating footage shot by workers from the flower farms around Lake Naivasha, *A Blooming Business* exposes the high cost of the globalised trade in flowers, for its employees as well as for the environment. Already in vulnerable circumstances, Jane, a mother of three, puts her security on the line by exposing the toxic conditions in which Kenyan workers function, and the exploitation to which women are especially vulnerable if they want to keep their jobs. Those who depend on the lake in order to make a living, like its fishermen, are also suffering from a business which takes 1.5 litres of water to cultivate every stem air-freighted to other continents.

Also in the running for this award was Alain de Halleux's Franco-Belgian co-production *Nuclear NTR, Nothing to Report*. This 'enlightened trip to Atom Land' begins by remarking that we almost never see pictures of the nuclear industry, so that its workers have been rendered invisible. Are the fortifications around nuclear plants to keep troublemakers from getting in, or to stop knowledge of what goes on inside from leaking out? The film looks for answers in interviews with those who have worked for the nuclear industry in Europe (where half of the world's 440 reactors are to be found). Privatization of the electricity market means that much of the work previously done by expertly trained staff attached to particular sites is now done by peripatetic and sub-contracted crews of jumpers, the men who do the most thankless (1500 euros a month) and dangerous tasks in maintaining reactor safety. *A Blooming Business* and *Nothing to Report* make for an unsettling pairing: like their counterparts in Kenya's horticulture industry, the European nuclear workers in de Halleux's film risk their jobs by speaking out on safety. And both cohorts of workers attribute long term illness, unhappiness, and suffering, to their workplaces. 'Nothing to Report' in the title comes from the response required on paperwork from the

engineers and maintenance crews, something they tell de Halleux they are asked to write even when they find a problem. It's easier to meet targets that way.

Two of the festival's biggest prizes, the Gold and Silver doves for feature length documentaries, were awarded to films with a clear commitment to issues of human dignity and justice. Claudine Bories and Patrice Chagnard's *The Arrivals* (Gold Dove) takes a leaf from Frederick Wiseman's book and uses the close study of a carefully defined environment to expand on a bigger story. The film follows the ups and downs of workers and clients in a Parisian reception centre for asylum seekers. Collette Alberque and Caroline Bergot are pushed to their limits in trying to help arrivals from the world's most troubled places as they navigate their way through the bureaucracy of seeking refuge. The asylum seekers have to play their parts, as scripted by the relevant agencies, but their roles come without a script and both the administrators and the refugees are caught up in an absurdist text worthy of Pirandello. *The Arrivals* forces awkward questions on its viewers: is it easier to disbelieve a refugee who says he doesn't know which airport in Europe he was smuggled into than to confront our incredulity and ignorance in the face of people trafficking? In the tense environment of the reception centre, tempers flare and misunderstandings are easily made. 'I'm hungry' says a refugee, and an administrator hears 'I'm angry.' Hunger and anger are easily confused here. By tapping into a rich seam of real life drama, *The Arrivals* brings a human and individual dimension to an issue which in other contexts can be depersonalised by figures and statistics.

Tayo Cortés's film *The House* (Silver Dove) eschews stereotypes to give viewers a picture of Bogotá we would recognise neither from the news nor from a guidebook. Victor Mendez, a modern day Sisyphus, lives with his family in the hills above the Colombian capital on disputed forest land and ekes out a living by recycling rubbish, selling eucalyptus leaves, and raising pigs on food waste from restaurants, laboriously brought back each day to the family's makeshift house in the woods. But this existence is far from edenic. As Victor speaks to the camera, the modern cityscape can be glimpsed over his shoulder and beyond the tree line: the home Victor dreams of for his family is out of reach and he describes with stark eloquence the gulf between his aspirations and the poverty from which there seems to be no way out. Victor joined the army thinking it would give him material security only to find that because of his illiteracy, no-one will employ him.

The Woman with the Five Elephants

A great grandmother doing the ironing doesn't sound very persuasive as the premise for a 90 minute film, but in this case it's Svetlana Geier, a survivor of the Great Terror and celebrated for her translations of five of Dostoyevsky's elephantine novels from Russian into German. Translating a text is like using an iron to re-orient a textile's threads when they've been displaced by washing, Geier tells Vadim Jendreyko in *The Woman with the Five Elephants*, which must rank as one of the best of the few films made about translators. Jendreyko shows Geier's painstaking work as she turns Dostoyevsky's Russian into German, and, in parallel, he coaxes from his subject the

memories of an earlier life amidst the horrors of two dictatorships. In her native Ukraine she saw her father imprisoned in Stalin's Great Purge and cared for him afterwards when he was among the very few to be released from that hell. Her mother encouraged her to learn German as a dowry, an investment that would compensate for scarce material resources. She couldn't have foreseen that it would make her daughter a valuable aide to the Nazi occupation force in Kiev.

When she was found to be insufficiently Aryan herself, it was through the intervention of a German military administrator that Geier was given an alien passport and a way out. For his troubles, the benefactor was dispatched to the Eastern front and Geier suggests her commitment to Germany and to its culture stems from the debt she owes him. Attentive to the peculiarities of every word she hears, Geier avoids making generalisations about people and looks to language to explain national character. Unlike German, she explains, Russian has no supporting verbs in the present tense so that 'One loses one's nominative'. Does she imply that Russian speakers are deprived of agency by their language? The linguistic diegesis is backed up with a scene of the train between Berlin and Kiev having its axles adjusted to negotiate otherwise incompatible gauges. Among the passengers is Geier, travelling with the film crew and returning to Ukraine for the first time in half a century. The journey through her life and through the work of a mediator between two great European literary cultures is a gripping one and the film won the DEFA Foundation award for an outstanding German documentary film.

Documentary Shorts and *Assume Nothing*

In 1961 Erwin Schabe nearly set off an international incident when he was economical with the truth: having skipped school, he blamed some supposedly over-zealous East German border guards along Berlin's Eiskeller enclave for not allowing him through. He was escorted across the border by British tanks afterwards. In *Side by Side* Christian Sønderby Jepsen discovers that some similar story-telling lies behind his father's cultivation of a wall-like hedgerow between their family home and a neighbour's property. Jepsen's younger brothers had made up a tale about threats from the neighbour leading to a stand off, which lasted for years, either side of this domestic evocation of the more famous 'Anti-Fascist Protective Barrier', as the GDR called the Berlin Wall. Jepsen's digging into the story ends with a handshake, a bunch of flowers, and reconciliation.

Family was a theme in another short documentary from Denmark, Katrine Philp's *Book of Miri*, an exploration of its subject's very public solitude. Miri, a trans-national adoptee born in Korea and brought up in Sweden lives alone and maintains an autobiographical blog as a link to the world outside. Philp's film brings to life Miri's close documentation of her self to ask questions about what home and identity mean for someone who 'didn't ask to come here.' *Miri* also tests the boundaries between cyberspace and real life: are bloggers part of a community or is the digital diary just another way for the virtual world's owners to colonise individuals' lived experience? *Book of Miri* shows someone in the West who is migrating, one blog entry at a time, to cyberspace: its ludic aesthetic facilitates some serious questions. Is Miri's flight to

cyberspace so different from the internal emigration pursued by political misfits in the GDR?

Shira Avni uses animation to bring to life thoughts about independent living shared with the filmmakers by a group of people with Down's syndrome. Praised by the jury for its aesthetic ingenuity, the film's combination of photography and animation allows Avni's subjects to speak for themselves, and for their individual personalities to emerge from the layering of their own drawings and stories. Like *Antoine*, Laura Bari's film about a blind five year old detective (awarded a Talent Dove), *Tying Your Own Shoes* eschews the rhetoric of pity to tell a story made instead with empathy. These titles, like Kirsty MacDonald's *Assume Nothing*, point to a new kind of contract between documentary filmmakers and their subjects, based on negotiation and a degree of shared control over the creative process. In MacDonald's film, lush animation is interspersed between interviews with five trans-gender artists of Maori, Samoan-Japanese, and European descent, each of them very savvy about how images are used to control and define identity.

Anitha Balachandran's *Flood of Memory* (UK, India) uses sand animation to reflect on the inundation that struck Dhonda, in Rajasthan, in 2006. Not just a technical tour de force, but also an organic combination of form and content, Balachandran's animation discovers a culture and a language threatened with oblivion by forces besides those of nature.

In *Notes on the Other* Brazilian director Sergio Oksman captures a privileged view of the running of the bulls through Pamplona. An aperture in the protective shell put up around a shop owned by the descendants of a gored victim (whose identity Ernest Hemingway stole for one of his manly tales of derring-do) reveals a fantastic flash of colour as the speed and aggression of men and beasts is unleashed along the street outside. The framing story about the annual convention of Hemingway lookalikes is no match for the fantastic room sized *camera obscura* created by the boarded-up Guerendiain shop and Oksman's film.

Of all the films in the festival programme, one of the timeliest, in terms of the current economic crisis, was Jane McAllister's *Sporran Makers*. A cameo portrait of Malcolm Scott's family business encapsulates in nine minutes the paradoxes of globalisation. More and more of Scott's handcrafted goods go into store as credit lines are stretched and cheap imports flood the market. From the flower farms of *A Blooming Business* to haberdashers in Scotland, Dok Leipzig's programme underscored the everyday impact across the world of the dictatorship of the profit margin.

Humanity and Populism

Among the most memorable films I saw at Dok-Leipzig was Czech writer and director Martin Marecek's *Auto*mat*. The film follows Marecek's difficult decision to move his family from an apartment in central Prague to somewhere less blighted by traffic. The opening scene witnesses another collision on the street outside and as the story unfolds we see Marecek and fellow anti-traffic campaigners confront the non-

negotiability of car culture. Police arrest cyclists for holding up cars; a car decorated by the campaigners with turds and instructions to 'clean up after your pet' mysteriously vanishes; a cat and mouse game with the city's Mayor leads nowhere besides a symbolic traffic free day. A performance poet disrupts a motor show by delivering a deeply ironic paean to Octavia, the latest model from Skoda. One of the group's protagonists is killed while cycling in Prague and suddenly the humour becomes deadly serious. Interrupting a superficial consultation exercise on plans for yet another new road, a campaigner confronts the city's politicians with the chilling figures for road deaths since the end of communism and the beginning of auto-crazy: thousands have been killed by cars. Did we shake off the old tyranny just to become subject to the dictatorship of the internal combustion engine, the protestor asks. Figures for deaths on Czech roads since the velvet revolution are comparable with those for fatalities during the post-Ceausescu political unrest in Romania.

The jurors' tastes and those of the audience didn't always coincide. Alexander Biedermann's *Hacker: Between Utopia and Terrorism* uses interviews to explore a hi-tech subculture and to examine the process by which the hacker has gone from being a counter cultural folk hero to a criminalised terror threat. Stefanie Brockhaus and Amy Wolff's controversial German-South African co-production, *On the Other Side of Life*, draws an intimate portrait of two brothers from the wrong side of the tracks in Cape Town and focuses on a country torn between modernity and tradition. Although they didn't pick up any awards, both films attracted capacity crowds at the Leipzig multiplex where they were screened.

The former GDR laid claim to embodying in its institutions the concept of *Humanität* which has informed German writers and thinkers from Herder to Thomas Mann. This sense of entitlement extended to cultural monuments as well and the regime doubtless saw in the Leipzig film festival further evidence of its putative commitment to humanity. Others saw in all the GDR's works, including its cultural projects, a negation of *Humanität*, a sentiment expressed, perhaps, in the prompt move to change the Leipzig festival's motto to 'Films of the World, for Human Dignity' after the fall of the Berlin Wall. As a pretension, or as a real concern, as something reasoned or as something felt, a concern with the role of cinema in furthering human welfare and social reform traverses the various iterations of the event: humanity is very clearly part of the event's lexicon now, as evidenced by the jury's choices which put documentary at the heart of an engaged film-making, politically committed but not party political. A feel for where the pulse is in contemporary documentary coupled with the best of a legacy reaching back to the 1950s makes for an unrivalled event catering to all tastes, esoteric as well as popular.

Prizes

DOCUMENTARY

International Jury

*Feature length documentary: **Golden Dove:** *The Arrivals* by Claudine Bories and Patrice Chagnard (France); **Silver Dove:** *La casa* by Tayo Cortés (Colombia, Spain)*

*Short Documentary: **Golden Dove** *Tying Your Own Shoes* by Shira Avni (Canada); **Honorary Mentions:** *The Living Room of the Nation* by Jukka Kärkäinen (Finland), and, *17 August* by Aleksandr Gutman (Russia, Poland, Finland)*

International Jury for Young Talent

Talent Dove: *Antoine* by Laura Bari (Canada); **Honorary Mention:** *Side by Side* by Christian Sønderby Jepsen (Denmark)

German Jury

Golden Dove: *Rich Brother* by Insa Onken (Germany); **Honorary Mention:** *The Pack* by Alexander Schimpke (Germany)

Healthy Workplaces Film Award: *A Blooming Business* by Ton van Zantvoort (The Netherlands)

Doc Alliance Award: *Maggie in Wonderland* by Mark Hammarberg, Ester Martin Bergsmark and Beatrice Andersson (Sweden)

MDR Film Prize: *Chemia* by Pawel Lozinski (Poland)

DEFA Sponsoring Prize: *The Woman with the Five Elephants* by Vadim Jendreyko (Switzerland)

ver.di Trade Union Prize: *The Arrivals* by Claudine Bories and Patrice Chagnard (France)

Ecomenical Jury Prize: *The Arrivals* by Claudine Bories and Patrice Chagnard (France)

Fédération Internationale de la Presse Cinématographique Prize: *Cooking History* by Peter Kerekes (Austria, Slovakia, Czech Republic)

Filmschule Leipzig Youth Jury Prize *The Conquest of Inner Freedom* by Aleksandra Kumorek and Silvia Kaiser (Germany)

ANIMATION

Golden Dove: *Wings and Oars* by Vladimir Lesciov (Latvia); **Silver Dove:** *Please Say Something* by David O'Reilly (Ireland)

Best German Animated Film Award *Never Drive a Car When You're Dead* by Gregor Dashuber (Germany)

The International Jury for Animated Films Awards

Honorary Mentions: *Rains* by David Coquard-Dassault (France, Canada)
Rains, and, *The Da Vinci Time Code* by Gil Alkabetz (Germany)

Audience prizes: *Orgesticularismus* by Mathieu Labaye (Belgium)