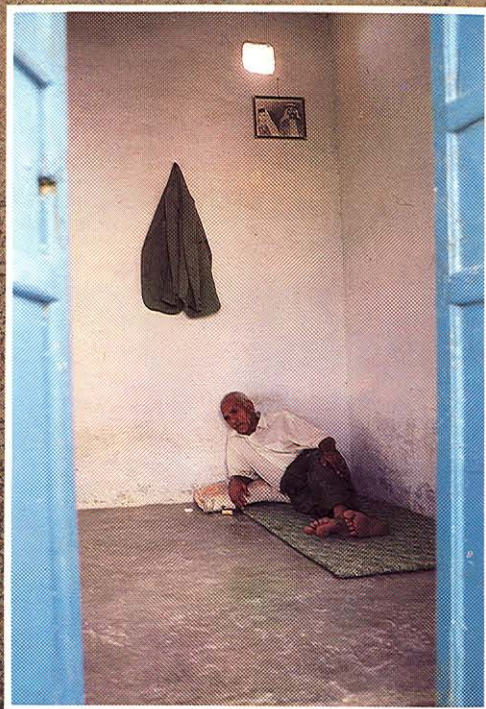


DUNE
VISION
présente



AQABAT JABER

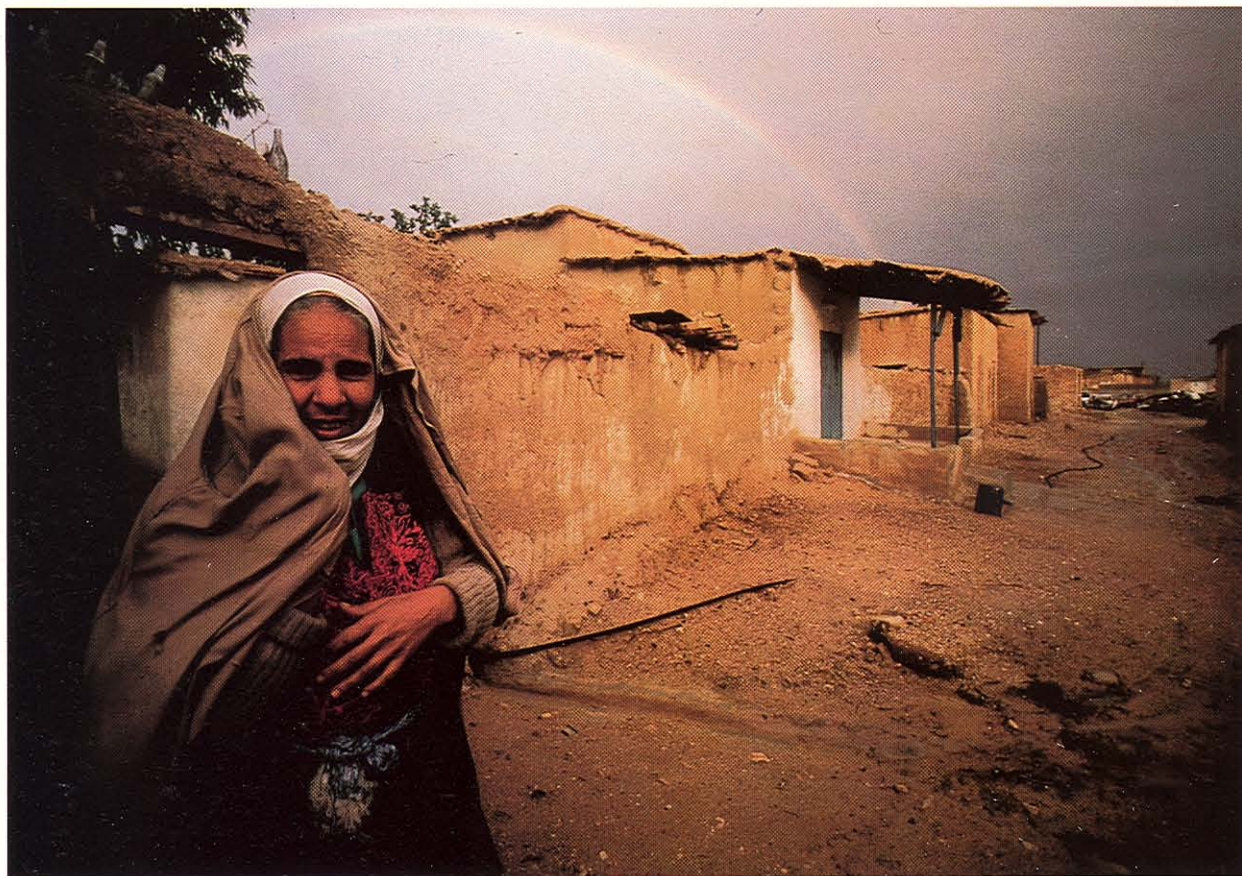
V I E D E P A S S A G E

un film de
EYAL SIVAN

Producteur exécutif Thibaut de CORDAY ■ Une production DUNE VISION ■ D'après une idée originale de Eyal SIVAN et Noa GEDY ■
Image Nurith AVIV ■ assistée de Claire BAILLY DU BOIS ■ 2^e camera Raymond GROSJEAN ■ Son Remy ATTAL ■ assiste de Philippe GARNIER ■
Assistant réalisateur/Interprète Mohamed DIAB ■ 2^e assistante Noa GEDY ■ Régie Philippa BENSON ■ Direction de production Thibaut de CORDAY ■
Photo Eric BOUVET-GAMMA ■ Montage Ruth SCHELL ■ Montage son Veronique LANGE ■ Mixage Patrick GHISLAIN ■ Traductions Sylvana KATTAR ■

AQABAT JABER

V I E D E P A S S A G E



“Ce film est au-delà de la politique. Il s’agit de paysans parqués depuis 38 ans dans des camps de réfugiés, de l’humiliation d’avoir été châtés de leur terre, de leur verger, de leur village.

Il ne se passe rien dans ce film, car il ne se passe absolument rien dans leur vie. Une attente sans fin dans laquelle certains espèrent encore retourner sur leur terre.

Ce n’est pas un film muet, il est criant dans sa sobriété, ça serre le cœur. Ce sont des êtres humains ?? Et alors, quoi ?!”

This film goes beyond politics. It is about country people confined for the last 38 years in refugee camps, about the humiliation of being severed from their land, their orchards, their villages. Nothing happens in the film because nothing happens in their lives. Endlessly waiting, some still cling to the hope of returning one day to their land.

It is not a silent film, it cries out in its simplicity, wrenching the heart. These are human beings?? So, what...!?

Henri CARTIER-BRESSON

A la veille du XXI^e siècle s'inscrivent ici et là, quels que soient les parallèles, des camps de plus en plus nombreux. On y rassemble hommes, femmes et enfants, par centaines de milliers. Démunis de leurs biens, ces REFUGIÉS vivent hors de leur terre avec, comme seule richesse, les souvenirs.

Pion sur l'échiquier international pour accréditer toutes sortes d'actions, délaissé en dehors des informations dramatiques et parfois humanitaires, que signifie aujourd'hui pour un REFUGIÉ vivre dans un camp de fortune ?

Nostalgiques d'un lieu qui jadis leur appartenait, les RÉFUGIÉS revendiquent un droit de retour aux sources. Ils vouent ainsi un culte aux ancêtres sur des ruines sacrées par absence comme paradis perdu. Ces hommes et ces femmes aspirent au plus profond d'eux-mêmes aux désirs du cœur : le bonheur et la paix.

"Le mot "réfugié", en lui-même, n'est ni honteux, ni humiliant. Je suis fier de ce mot. "Réfugié" voudra toujours dire qu'un jour, forcément, je retournerai chez moi".

Comment vit-on en 1987 à Aqabat Jaber, camp de réfugiés palestiniens en Cisjordanie, dans les territoires administrés par l'armée israélienne, à trois kilomètres au sud de Jéricho, non loin de la mer Morte ?

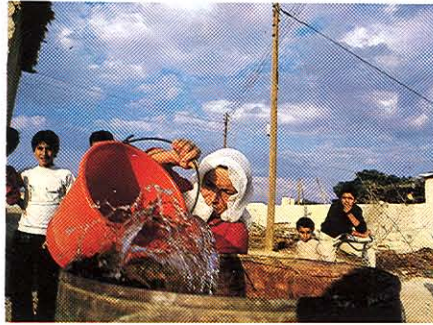
Construit "provisoirement" par l'U.N.R.W.A. (Office des Nations unies pour le secours aux réfugiés palestiniens) au début des années 50, ce camp abrite plusieurs générations de Palestiniens unis par une volonté commune : retourner un jour sur la terre qu'ils fuirent plusieurs dizaines d'années auparavant.

Loin des considérations politiques et médiatiques, "AQABAT JABER - VIE DE PASSAGE" montre le microcosme des oubliés et des laissés pour compte. Aqabat Jaber : une solution temporaire, une vie de passage permanente.

On the eve of the 21st century, all over and whatever the parallels, more and more camps are emerging. In their hundreds and thousands, men, women and children are assembled. Stripped of their possessions, these REFUGEES live away from their land, with their memories as their only wealth.

Pawns on the international chess board, justification for all sorts of moves, ignored other than for dramatic and sometimes humanitarian information, what does life mean today for a refugee in a make-shift camp?

Nostalgic for a place that once belonged to them, the refugees claim the right to return to their roots. Thus worshipping their ancestors on ruins that have become sacred after absence, like a lost paradise. The greatest aspirations of these men and women are their hearts deepest desires : peace and goodwill.



"The word "refugee" itself is neither shameful, nor humiliating. I am proud of this word... "Refugee" will always mean that one day, obviously, I will go home". What is life like, in 1987, in

Aqabat Jaber, a Palestinian refugee camp in the West Bank, in the territories under administration by the Israeli army, three kilometres from Jericho, not far from the Dead Sea?

Built "temporarily" by UNRWA (United Nations Relief and Works Agency) at the beginning of the 1950's, this camp shelters several generations of Palestinians united by a common will: to return one day to the land that they fled several decades previously.

Far removed from considerations of politics or the media, "AQABAT JABER: A LIFE OF PASSING THROUGH" shows the microcosm of those forgotten and left by the way-side. Aqabat Jaber: a temporary solution, passing through permanently.

Ruins loom in the dark. Dogs bark. A light comes on in a window, proof of human presence. Women put their children to bed. The call to prayer brings the day. The streets come to life. Children go to school.

"Trees are the blood of man. They are his life".

"Back there, in my village, life was prosperous and abundant. I was happy, I worked on my land... It was Paradise".

"The land in my village was profitable. Oranges paid well, we sent them off by sea. Here, I just sit all day" explains 80 year old Hamid.

In a white-washed shelter an old man is lying on the ground.

"This is an isolated place where even monkeys and demons would refuse to settle".

During the day, the streets are deserted. The women clean the courtyards and do the cooking. In summer there's no water. In winter, the earthen walls soak up the rain and turn into mud.

In the centre, the Mukhtar, local authority who runs a tiny shop, tells the story of Aqabat Jaber. "Back there", are the 116 villages that these refugees had to flee, "here" is Aqabat Jaber camp, neither town nor village, just a camp. "UNRWA chose Aqabat Jaber because there was plenty of water. 65,000 refugees then chose it for the same reason. We were given tents and later people began to build".

The UNRWA truck brings symbolic rations. "In the old days it was every month. Nowadays, rations are distributed once every two months. It's not enough".

Bedouins from the Negev desert have settled in the abandoned shelters. They know nothing about agriculture. Here they learn about being sedentary. "We are no longer free to move around as we please. Here, it is not forbidden, so I was able to settle".

Their tent is folded away in the courtyard, but they are still Bedouins.

The refugees all hope to return to the village of the ancestors, even the rich farmer who has a big herd. "Being a refugee in Aqabat Jaber gives me great pain. All the gold in the world could not satisfy me". He too, considers himself to be only passing through in Aqabat Jaber.

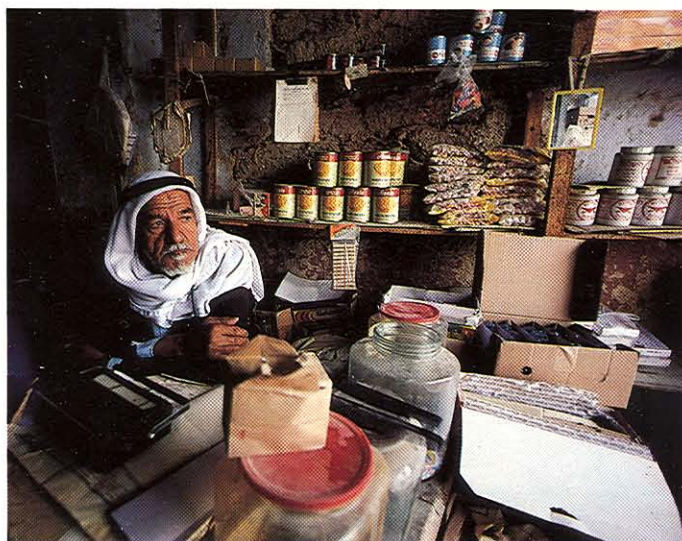
Talat Aziz is unique. He is building himself a real house, a house with foundations. "Of course I will stay here. I have lost hope of going home to my village".

3,000 refugees live in Aqabat Jaber today.

28 voices, 28 people who talk about their daily lives in the camp and about their hopes. Whether they were chased from their villages after 1948, or whether they were born in Aqabat Jaber, all echo the longing for a land that is no longer theirs and their will to return one day. Citizens "back there", they are only refugees in Aqabat Jaber. Children sing and dance in the night. "This was Aqabat Jaber, one of the sixty Palestinian refugee camps built "temporarily" by UNRWA in the early 1950's".

A polaroid photo leaves a last trace of our intrusion, a film crew who shared the daily life of Aqabat Jaber for the duration of filming.





AQABAT JABER - VIE DE PASSAGE AQABAT JABER - PASSING THROUGH

Ce film a été tourné en novembre 1986 dans le camp d'Aqabat Jaber, en Cisjordanie.

This film was shot in november 1986 on location at Agabat Jaber camp, West Bank.

16 mm couleur.

16 mm colour.

Durée : 86 min.

Running time: 86 min.

Format : 1,33.

Ratio: 1,33.

Version originale Arabe.

Original version in Arabic.

Sous-titrée en Anglais, Français, Allemand.

Subtitled in English, French and German.

Disponible en copie 16 mm et sur support vidéo tous formats et standards.

Available in 16 mm print and in video all standards and formats.

PRODUCTION - DISTRIBUTION

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VISION**

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