

Document Citation

Title Die allseitig reduzierte persoenlichkeit -- redupers

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Source Variety

Date 1978 Jun 28

Type review

Language **English**

Pagination 28

No. of Pages 1

Subjects

Film Subjects

Die allseitig reduzierte persoenlichkeit - redupers (The all-around reduced personality -- outtakes), Sander, Helke, 1978

Die Allseitig Reduzierte Persoenlichkeit — Redupers

(The All-Around Reduced Personality — Outtakes)
(WEST GERMAN-B&W)

Berlin, June 19.

A Helke Sander Film, Berlin, produced by Basis-Film Verleih, Berlin, in coproduction with Zweites Deutsches Fernsehen, Wiesbaden. Features entire cast. Written and directed by Helke Sander. Camera (black and white), Katia Forbert; editing Ursula Hoef; photos, Abisag Tuellmann; sound, Gunther Kortwich; production manager, Clara Burckner. Reviewed at Cinema-Kino, West Berlin, June 18, '78. Running time: 38 MINS.

Cast: Helke Sander (Edda Chiemnyjewski), Joachim Baumann, Frank Burckner, Eva Gagel, Ulrich Gressieker, Beate Kopp, Andrea Nabakowski, Helga Storck, Gesine Strempel, Ronny Tanner, Abisag Tuellmann, Ulla Ziemann, Gisela Zies.

Helke Sander (not to be confused with another femme helmer, Helma Sanders) is best known as a leading figure in the Women's Lib movement in Berlin, editing through Rotbuch Verlag the only European feminist film quarterly: "Frauen und Film." "The All-Around Reduced Personality — Outtakes" is her debut pic, although she is a grad of the Berlin Film & TV Academy and has done a number of shorts on femme and political themes.

It's a film rich in nuance and perceptive judgment on the Berlin scene as a whole, which deserves to be seen and studied by both femme lib followers and polit-pic pushers, as well as by any who like the bittersweet, honest-to-a-fault bio-portrait. The title itself is a teaser: anyone who listens to radio broadcasts from East Berlin will catch the sardonic fun poked at the oft-heard, politically numbing phrase: "the all-around realized Socialist personality." Sander goes meaningfully in the opposite direction: she looks upon herself as "an all-around reduced personality" — a candid way of saying "I'm not much good" at anything."

Edda — Sander's alter ego in the film — is a photographer who must hustle the entire day taking pictures commissioned by official agencies and for sale to newspapers and magazines. She can barely make ends meet, has a school-age daughter who hangs on for more attention, and realizes that she's only half-good at everything although totally committed to several causes. A chance comes when a women's group receive a commission from the Berlin Senat to photograph and present the city through their eyes and, by extension, through the eyes of the Women's Lib movement.

What she comes up with, as both a photo**grapher and a filmmaker**, is a depressing, tragic, realistic, but intimate portrait of a city cut in two and surrounded by a wall "with holes in it." Her comments on the international status of West Berlin are both informative and pungent, and this is surely what makes this pic a long-running hit in West Berlin since its release at the Berlin Fest's Forum last spring. When her own commentary fails her (it's not very often), **she reaches int**o a bag filled with quotes from former and current East German writers (Thomas Braasch, Christa Wolf) or uses film clips from pix by femme helmers (Yvonne Rainer's "Film About a Woman Who ...," Valie Export's "Invisible Opponent," Ursula Reuter-Christiansen's "The Executioner") to put a point across.

But it's the film's easy-going style. that makes it a stand-out. These "outtakes" from the everyday duties and determination of a working photographer" with both feet on the ground but the head in the clouds" are lensed and cut together with a feel for a camera's eye and with a refined ear for sound. Photos and scenes of the Berlin Wall harmonize in such a way as to juxtapose reality with illusion. Many injokes — like the carrying of a huge photo to a segment of the Wall photographed — comment on both the fact and the silliness of making a photo-exhib about it. Sander runs around in convenient black like a spider seeking prey, then switches to white clothing suddenly to reveal (in a b-&-w pic) a sensitive human being after all. When the group's photo-exhib proves a let-down, it's still a minor victory in light of Sander's encounter with cliched phrases and puppet-figures in the establishment.

An engaging pic about Berlin—and women. Art house chances are good.—*Holl*.