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SACHER FILM présente

SELECTION OFFICIELLE
CANNES 1998

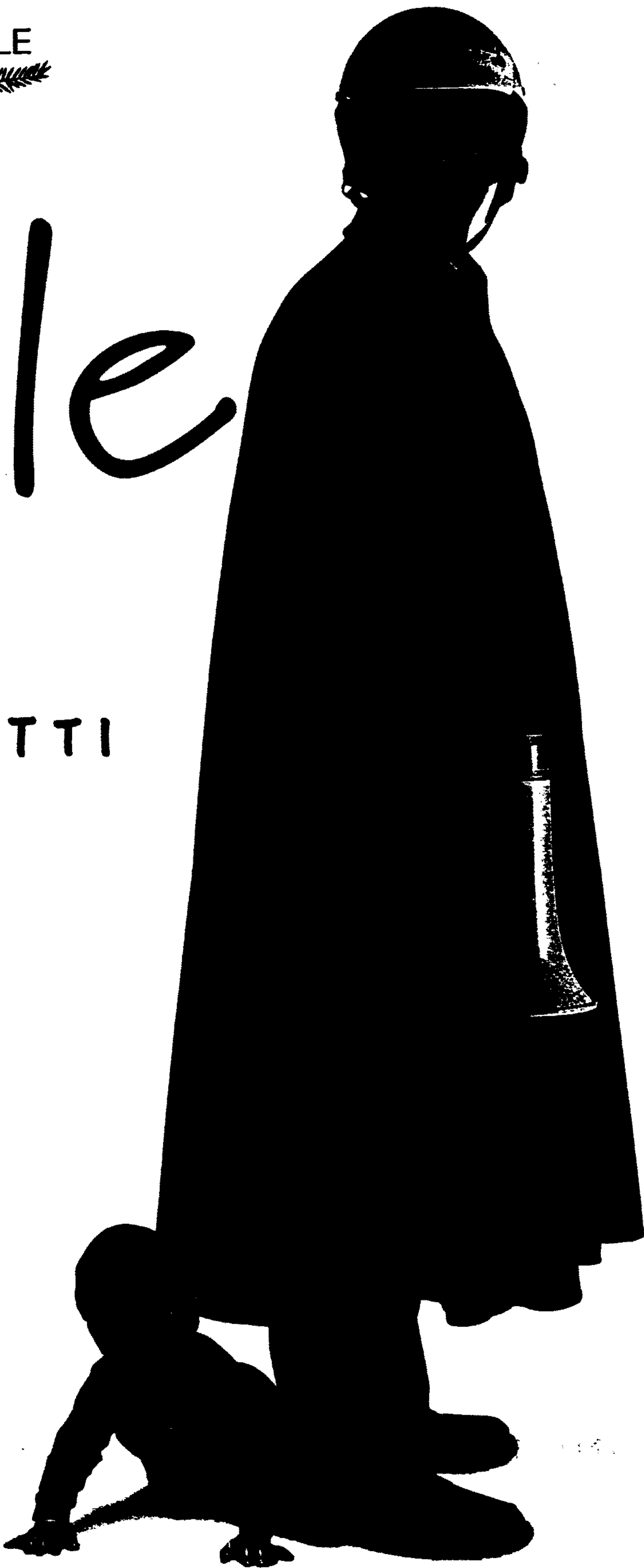
Aprile

une comédie de
NANNI MORETTI

produit par
ANGELO BARBAGALLO
et
NANNI MORETTI
une coproduction
SACHER FILM Rome • BAC FILMS
LE STUDIO CANAL+ • LA SEPT CINEMA Paris
en collaboration avec
RAI • CANAL+

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Aprile

CANNES 98

OFFICIAL COMPETITION

A film by

Nanni Moretti

Produced by

Angelo Barbagallo

Nanni Moretti

(Sacher Film Srl & Bac Films)

In coproduction with

Rai & Canal Plus

LENGTH : 78'

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SYNOPSIS

MARCH 28, 1994

At my mother's house, I watch the results of the government elections on television.

The right-wing party has won.

A television reporter on one of the channels announces the victory of Berlusconi, owner of three television stations.

For the first time in my life I smoke a joint.

APRIL 25, 1994

After the victory of the right-wing, people start talking about the Resistance again. Both sides lost many men, both sides had their motives for fighting.

I go to Milan to film the April 25th demonstration, anniversary of the Liberation.

Autumn 1995

I begin to prepare a musical that I've been mulling over for several years.

I meet with actor Silvio Orlando. "Have I told you my idea for a film about a pastry chef?" And he replies: "Yes, nine years ago. I was even having my costumes fitted for the part."

Silvia, my girlfriend, is expecting a child which should be born around mid-April.

First day of shooting on the musical.

I have a word with Angelo. "I can't do it. I've got to cancel the whole production again. You tell them, I don't have the heart." Angelo gives Silvio Orlando, the main actor the bad news. He is crushed.

Spring 1996

The right-wing government has fallen.

"It is a responsibility".

I want to do a documentary on Italy and the upcoming elections.

I buy all the newspapers. I cut out some articles... and then I cut out some more.

I discover that there is only one "really great newspaper".

Silvia and I talk over a name for the baby.

The gifts the grandmothers have bought.

We go see "Strange Days".

I get angry as I watch a televised debate between D'Alema, head of the left-wing Democratic party and Berlusconi.

I need to let off steam with somebody so I go see Luchetti, my director friend who is in the middle of shooting a commercial.

Silvia tries to explain what happens when a baby is born.

I am very agitated and change the subject.

Meeting with the backers. They talk to me about a documentary while I daydream about making a musical.

In the screening room, I look at the rushes of material we just filmed of a meeting with Berlusconi.

In a few days, elections are taking place and I'm invited to one of those never-ending meetings with writers, actors, and directors.

I think about all the speeches people have prepared but never delivered, all the letters written, but never sent.

"One day I'll completely lose my mind and end up in London".

Two years ago, a journalist and writer, Corrado Stajano, representing the left-wing, was elected senator. He decided not to run for this election.

I interview him as he moves out of his office.

"Are you alright, are you alright, are you alright?". In the car with Silvia on the road to the hospital.

Telephone calls before and after the birth.

A stroll on the Tiberina Island.

I'm going to film a working meeting of the Institute of Survey Polls.

The day of the elections, we are at the offices of the PDS (Social Democratic Party) in Botteghe Oscure. I've got to do some interviews.

I walk off looking for a café, but I don't return. I go to the hospital to see Silvia and Pietro. From there I call the crew who is still waiting for me to show up.

« Today is the day Silvia is expressing milk for the baby ».

The election results bring initial victory of the left-wing party to Italy.

Riding on my Vespa at night. Four kilos two hundred grams.

Pietro is one month old. I try to get him to go to sleep by talking to him.

I listen to the advice of my friends, "It's up to you to show him the ropes."

I try to make myself useful during the baby's bath.

« Nanni has finally risen to the challenge of becoming a responsible man. But why must he be responsible? It's pointless ».

I sing a Jovanotti song as I hold Pietro in my arms.

Summer 1996

The park I used to play in as a child makes me think of my feeding times when I was a baby, « How did my mother manage to teach and still have time to breast-feed me? ».

I go and ask her that question directly.

14 and 15 September

I'm on the Pô river for my documentary. We are going to cross the water of the League, the independent region in the North of Italy. Tomorrow in Venice, they are going to read the "Declaration of Independence of Padania". I really don't feel like filming. I'd like a hot chocolate with a drop of coffee in it.

Venice the following day.. I feel a little embarrassed so I direct the film with a walkie-talkie.

The front pages of the "Espresso".

Spring 1997

We are in the Puglie for the documentary. An Albanian boat which was on its way to Italy sank. Numerous people are killed.

The interviews. The arrival of a boat from Albania.

August 1997

The day of my forty-fourth birthday. Renato shows me the yardstick. "That's all that's left".

Riding my Vespa in the streets of Rome. "I'm supposed to be filming what I like". I throw away all the newsclippings that I've been holding onto until now just because they're driving me nuts. I finally put on the wool cape that I've never dared to wear before. The musical, at last.

NANNI MORETTI

BIOGRAPHY

Born in Italy in 1953, Nanni Moretti is first and foremost a Roman. Son of a professor of the classics, Moretti has become one of the greatest storytellers of the century.

From "Sono un autarchico" (which was a huge hit) to "La messa è finita", his films are based on himself - a person at once violent, kind, argumentative, and prone to hysteria - and his relationships with others.

"Bianca" and "La messa è finita" saw his storytelling become less rough and more narrative, often achieving an almost Buñuelian style.

With experience, Moretti was to give more emphasis to script and atmosphere.

In his next film, "Palombella Rossa", he attempted a less realistic, more metaphoric style, with surprising results.

In "Dear Diary", he returned to his free storytelling style, often breaking out of the confines of the script. The film brings together three of his favorite things: Rome, joyriding on his Vespa and his work as a filmmaker.

Adept at "first person" story telling, Moretti's trademark is his spontaneous and anecdotal style.

A desire to communicate and be understood is the source of the energy which runs throughout his films.

"Aprile", his most recent work, deftly mixes his anxiety at his wife's maternity and the initial victory of the left-wing in the Presidential elections, which take place on the very day of his son's birth. The film shows his skillful sense of irony and ability to use self-mockery as a comedic tool.