

## CINEMAFRICA

There was something deeply touching in the sollecitudine with which Khaled Youssef it has accompanied it, nearly supporting it, until the table of the press conference. It is before the time, he seems incredible, of Youssef Chahine in competition to the Extension of Venice. It had come already, in giuria, in 1980, but then they knew it indeed in little. After the international consacrazione of *To massir (the destiny)*, biopic musical comedy of smagliante energy dedicated to the free thought of Averroé, every film of the master alessandrino has provoked a renewed interest, increased from vis the controversy with which Chahine it has been useful for every public participation in order to shoot to broadsides against the democracy in sauce Egyptian of Mubarak. Stavolta the waits were if possible greater, inasmuch as *Heya Fawda (the Chaos)* mark the return of Chahine to the social novel, to seven years from *El akhar (the Autre)*.

But the years - excluded de Oliveira, that it has yesterday greeted it stritolandogli the hand with juvenile self-confidence, therefore it has told with a little envies declared Chahine - pass for all. And therefore, because of an unexpected worsening of the health conditions, the old lion has had in course of work to make place to its student (esordiente in 1999 with the *assifa*), than with modestia it has carried to term the working, having tried to respect the spirit of the master. It has done good Mark Muller to put the film in competition, above all like late compensation to a large one of the tricontinentale cinema. But we cannot that to augur itself with all the heart that Chahine succeeds to make of at least an other, even more small or little ambitious, than this it does not come remembered like the last film of the director of *To usfur (the Moineau, 1972)*. Perhaps because *Heya fawda* renders justice to the civil passion, but not to the excellent registico talent of Youssef Chahine.

We are to Choubra, one of the more popular quarters of the metropoli of cairo. The uneasiness for the increasing poverty and the oppression is testified from the continuous manifestations, regularly repressed in the blood. The more young person Hatem (Khaled Saleh) is not a corrupted, violent policeman, without scrupoli, but faithful to the head of the police and the commissioner, than it they entrust the dirty job, like the mopping-up of toxics, the guard and the interrogating ones do not authorize to you to manifesting. The only distraction in its life from *routinier* of malaffare is the attraction for dirimpettaia the Nour (Mena Shalaby), that it rejects with decision its attentions, sweetheart com' is of the young person and integerrimo proxy Sherif (Youssef El Sherif), moreover son of Wedad (Has it Sedky), preside progressive of the grammar school where Nour English standard. The case is given that Sherif in its turn is taken of Sylvia (Dorra Zarrouk), beautiful, rich and too much disinhibited for the tastes of Wedad. But the double quantity I besiege - of Hatem to Nour and Nour to Sherif - continues, until the minion does not lose the patience. When also the law and the rigor of Sherif are not enough more, she is people of Choubra to take in hand the situation.

To the press conference, a journalist has opportunely evoked one of the higher sequences of the filmografia of Chahine, the famous end of *To the usfur* in which people she flows in the roads in order to scream its support in the comparisons of Nasser, to the next day of the unravelled one of 1967 and of the dimissioni of the *rais*. That Nasser who camps in ritratto, only still inattaccato myth, in the bourgeois house of Wedad, than - as he visualizes a short one flashback - the husband has known just manifesting against politics of its successor Sadat. But the times of *To the usfur* are far, and the repertorio of procedures of antinaturalistic stilizzazione thanks to which Chahine was well or badly always successful to ribaltare or

often rigiocare in melodrammatica key situations and personages delineates to you in a scale of grays limited much, turns out unsuitable, reduced to simulacro here of way.

The script of Nasser Abdel Rahmane (*El medina*, 1999), for the necessity to perhaps hold with various threads narrated to you, without to lose sight the rappresentazione of the *chaos* that crosses the quarter, metaphor of a country torn and overwhelmed from one be of police, crushes the personages in silhouettes monodimensional and lacking in dramatic development, that they seem exited from the imaginary one of more I prohibit mélo years Fifty Italian or Mexican. The obvious lack of thickness of their roles ingabbia ulteriorly the attoriali performances on the base of standards express to you from *musalsal* television: particularly opaque the positive hero Youssef El Sherif while in the unfortunate role of its fiancée too much irrequieta, fumatrice of hashish and lover of the tatuaggi, tipsy the star tunisina of Dorra Zarrouk, destined verosimilmente to travel over again in Egypt the tracks of Hend Sabri.

Those that is worse, as said, is that the sage orchestrale rhetorical of Chahine, always ready to schivare with humour or accelerations mélo the every risk of fall in the populistica semplicità, here it turns to empty: customary fraseggi the furnitures of the cinema camera, the lyric ignitions of the *score*, quite the expressive solutions from modernariato vintage (as the transparent one) are offered here like pure signs of a formal lessico declined mechanically, beyond a immersivo involvement but also of one metadiscorsiva distanziamento. Task as an example to the sequence of the tortures in the commissariat, second coreografate a compositivo design of chilling virtuosismo. They remain, as it is convene to the trade of a skillful conoscitore of the kinds, the pleasure, also always rewarding on the spettatoriale plan, of the travel in a recognizable microuniverse of values and colors express to you, and some I wriggle unexpected (like the sequence of the revolt in the feminine cell, that it remembers the tradition *exploitation* years Seventy). In last analysis, aware emergenziale strategy of reduction of the complex in favour of the immediately comunicabile one also passes to the strategy of one, in the hardest times for the real democracy in Egypt. It remains the fact that the master of civil disubbedienza and aesthetic dissidence Chahine has produced bombs very more intelligent and destructive than this

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