



mon amour

a film by
David Teboul

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David Teboul a film by mon amour

172' - France - DCP - 1.78 / 1.33 - Stereo - 2020

Press materials available for download at www.thepartysales.com



synopsis

A man sets out to the very far end of Siberia seeking answers by asking villagers to share their own experience of love. He encountered love once in Paris years ago but lost his loved one since then. By confronting himself to those men and women living in the frozen lands filled with sorrow, extreme coldness and alcohol, he finally accepts the mourning of his own story.



letter of intent

The months had passed.

We were no longer living together, we had not stopped making love, and we were still at war with each other. We had mixed everything up: love and lovers too.

Despite the afternoons when we met to make love, despite the war that continued between us, we felt we were moving further apart. He got high, he grew thinner, his face became emaciated, his smell changed, his body lost its substance.

The last time I made love with him, I felt disgust. But I could not get by without him. We could no longer talk to each other; the chaos filling his life moved closer to mine. I knew his death was imminent. I could no longer sleep at night.

Frédéric died a few weeks later.

I felt guilty, I was his murderer.

Shortly after his death, I went to Nevers, his home town. That was in 2008.

I took photos of the place. I felt oppressed. I wanted to run away.

I wandered the streets as if I would suddenly see him.

I tried to imagine him as a child.

But I didn't see anything, nothing but images that told me nothing.

I decided to make a candid film about our love. I couldn't manage it. One day I went to Siberia to shoot a film in winter, in the Lake Baikal region. I chose a land without limits. I drowned in this vastness, my head spinning at the idea I would never be able to see it all. This country was bigger than the earth, bigger than death. I felt cold.

I travelled around Siberia for several months to meet women and men in isolated villages.

Why Russia? Why Siberia? I wanted to film a world once inhabited by the Soviet Union, which I approached as a fiction. A world inhabited by the past with its traces, its ghosts and bodies, its collapse.

The Union died, but they survived, they were still here on this land.
The frontier between private and political was permeable in the faces and in the stories.

I identified with the catastrophe that was the end of the Soviet Union, just as the death of Frederick had produced a personal collapse within me.

I wanted to film raw accounts of life and their geography, defeat, euphoria, crime, all mixed with the history of the Soviet Union.

Through the fragments of a romantic dialogue that the film constructs with these characters, I tell my story with these stories.

Mon amour is also a film about Russia in the present, the private lives living on through the dismantled Soviet past.

I could finally escape my guilt, breathe and live again. Superimposing another romantic past on mine by questioning the memory of others in order to find my own. Letting others tell me about their lives and loves so that our love could resurface. Love affairs «generally end badly», but it only takes a single comforting one to make you experience it as a moment of triumph to which everyone aspires.

Mon amour says nothing about the truth of love; it shows love at work.



biography

In 1997, I directed my first film, *Le Bund a cent ans*, about the memory in songs of this internationalist Jewish workers' movement.

In 2001, I shut myself away in Yves Saint Laurent's atelier for several months. *Yves Saint Laurent, 5 avenue Marceau* is a vision of the creative process, a variation on the man and his melancholy.

I published a book of photos, *Yves Saint Laurent, 5 avenue Marceau 75116 Paris France* with La Martinière in France and Abrams in the USA.

In 2004, I travelled across Russia and filmed the ritual of public baths in *Bania*, a behind-closed-doors documentary on the melancholy of bodies and Russia.

In 2007, I made *Life Elsewhere*, a meditation on the outskirts of French cities: between fiction and documentary, the film displays the landscape of everyday life in the suburbs.

In 2009, I directed two films, one about the contemporary artist Felice Varini, the other about the Ukrainian photographer Boris Mikhailov. I also wrote a book about Boris Mikhailov, *I've Been Here Once Before*, published in France by Les Presses du Réel and in the USA by Hirmer to tie in with the retrospective of the artist's work at the Tate (London) and the MoMa (New York).

In 2013, I shot *Bardot, la Méprise*.

In 2019, I filmed *Sigmund Freud, A Jew Without God*.



