

WE DON'T WANNA MAKE YOU DANCE

Reviews from Spain – Translated by Mara Lethem

The logo for 'In-Edit' is displayed in a bold, sans-serif font. The text 'In-Edit' is white and set against a solid black rectangular background. A thin, horizontal gold-colored line runs across the bottom of the black rectangle.

A Strange Charisma

Beefeater IN-EDIT Barcelona Blog

By Roger Roca / October 27, 2014

As I was watching *Un lloc on caure mort*, the portrait of Càndid, the punk from the Montseny who wonders how he can continue being a punk now that he's a 30-something father, I thought about how we all have a story that's worth telling. It all depends on the vision of the person telling it. And I thought the same thing as I watched *Broken Song*, which chronicles the day-to-day life of three guys from Dublin who cling to hip hop because it is the only thing on their horizons that seems solid. I bet you're thinking, what a flawed argument. Not everyone is like Càndid. Not everyone is like a runaway animal, a guy six and a half feet tall whose eyes sparkle like a kindergartner about to raise a ruckus. And you're also thinking that not everyone is like Costello, the paternal figure who mentors a gang of Dubliners and teaches them to rhyme and to respect themselves. And you're right.

More unknown kids who, on paper, are nobodies but who star in one of the best stories at this year's Beefeater In-Edit festival: the three Miller brothers and their neighbor, Blake Sloan, the subjects of *We Don't Wanna Make You Dance*, will steal your heart. And, of course, you're thinking that using them as an example to prove that we all have a good film in us is cheating, because these are four kids with exorbitant charisma. It's true. They are like the Beastie Boys, if the Beastie Boys had refused to do any of what it takes to be successful. And when we look at Matthew Stoneman, the protagonist of the tragicomic *Mateo*, with his glasses, weathered face and helpless look, who lives only for music and the women of Havana, you'll say: but does such a person really exist? Yes, he exists. Boy does he ever. And his existence makes for a documentary so incredible that it seems like fiction.

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But I know I'm right. When they're well explained, well understood, we all have lives that can be made into films. But the key lies in the gaze of the person telling the story. Obviously Cándid, Costello and his students, the Millers and *Mateo* are, each in their own way, very charismatic figures. But their stories are extraordinary because these directors were able to see that charisma and, above all, because they found a way to tell their stories so that we enjoy them to the fullest.

Year after year, as we select the program behind the scenes at the Beefeater In-Edit, we see great stories ruined by terrible narrators. We do our best to keep them off the screens, and we'd like to take this chance to apologize if any slipped through the cracks. So when we come across seemingly small stories, with no glamour or big names, that unfold into great films, we feel immensely happy. Thank you M.A. Blanca and Raül Cuevas for *Un lloc on caure mort*, thank you Claire Dix for *Broken Song*, thank you Lucy Kostelanetz for *We Don't Wanna Make You Dance*, and thank you Aaron I. Naar for *Mateo*. Almost all of these

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directors are here at the festival presenting their work. If you run into any of them, give them our congratulations, again. But, above all, go see their movies. Really. You'll see that it's not a question of charismatic characters. It's a question of gazes like theirs.

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