

Cannes Confidential IX: Apres fête

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By [Victoria Charters](#)
(from the [2011 Cannes Film Festival](#))

Day 12.

The city of Cannes is getting that “after the party’s over” feeling. The Marché is now closed, and the festival is winding up, but I like to stay until the end. One of my favorite events occurs on the second Saturday of the festival and is well worth the stay, so at 11 a.m., I go to the official screening of the *courts métrages en Compétition*.

During the festival you can see the [short films](#) in the main competition at any time in the [Short Film Corner](#)’s screening booths, but viewing the screening of these films together is a rewarding experience. There are nine films, all between 11 and 15 minutes in length: “Badpakje 46” directed by Wannes Destoop (Belgium); “Soy tan feliz” directed by Vladimir Durán (Colombia);

“Bear” directed by Nash Edgerton ([Australia](#)); “Kjøttstår” directed by Lisa Marie Gamlem (Norway); “Meathead” directed by Sam Holst (New Zealand); “Ghost” directed by Dahci Ma (Korea); “Ce n’est rien” directed by Nicolas Roy (Canada); “Paternal Womb” directed by Megumi Tazaki (Japan); and “Cross” directed by Maryna Vroda (Ukraine).

I am excited that, of the nine [directors](#), four are women, the same number of female directors up for the Palme d’Or this year: Lynne Ramsey for “[We Need to Talk About Kevin](#),” [Julia Leigh](#) for “[Sleeping Beauty](#),” Maiwenn Le Besco for “Polisse” and Naomi Kawase for “Hanezu no tsuki.”

All of the *courts métrages* jury members (led by [Michel Gondry](#) as jury president) are in attendance and introduced to the audience prior to the screening. Despite the earliness of the hour, the filmmakers are dressed in formal evening wear. Earlier, while queuing up to gain admission, the man behind me was kicked out of line for wearing flip-flops, shorts and a sleeveless shirt. Despite his protestations, I have to side with the authorities that his was improper attire for an official screening. Unfortunately, though, in trying to save himself, the guy points out that I don’t look that great either. Um, thanks guy! I am sporting a dress and my beaten-up flats (heels in my bag, of course). But the [Jason Statham](#)-esque security guard gives no regard to the protestor’s points, reiterating, “*Elle est vêtue d’une robe et chaussures. Vous regardez comme vous allez à la plage!*” (“She is wearing a dress and shoes! You look like you’re going to the beach!”)

These *courts métrages* are little masterpieces, complete worlds. Watching them together like this is a magical snapshot tour of selected stories from around the world.

With a sense of achievement for my efforts over the past week-and-a-bit, I treat myself to a long lunch, followed by a well-earned, luxurious float in the salty waters of the pool at the Hôtel du Cap.

Photo: Beachwear is for the beach; photo by [Victoria Charters](#)