



SINK
YOURSELF
into
THE
WOODS

A PAGAN TRIP
TO THE UNKNOWN

SYNOPSIS

Two boys and a girl, archetypes on a paganistic journey
in which nature guides the senses and emotions.

Minimal dialogue,

silence,

sounds.

Fear, freedom, instinct, desire, pansexuality
and always the feeling
that something's looking down from above.

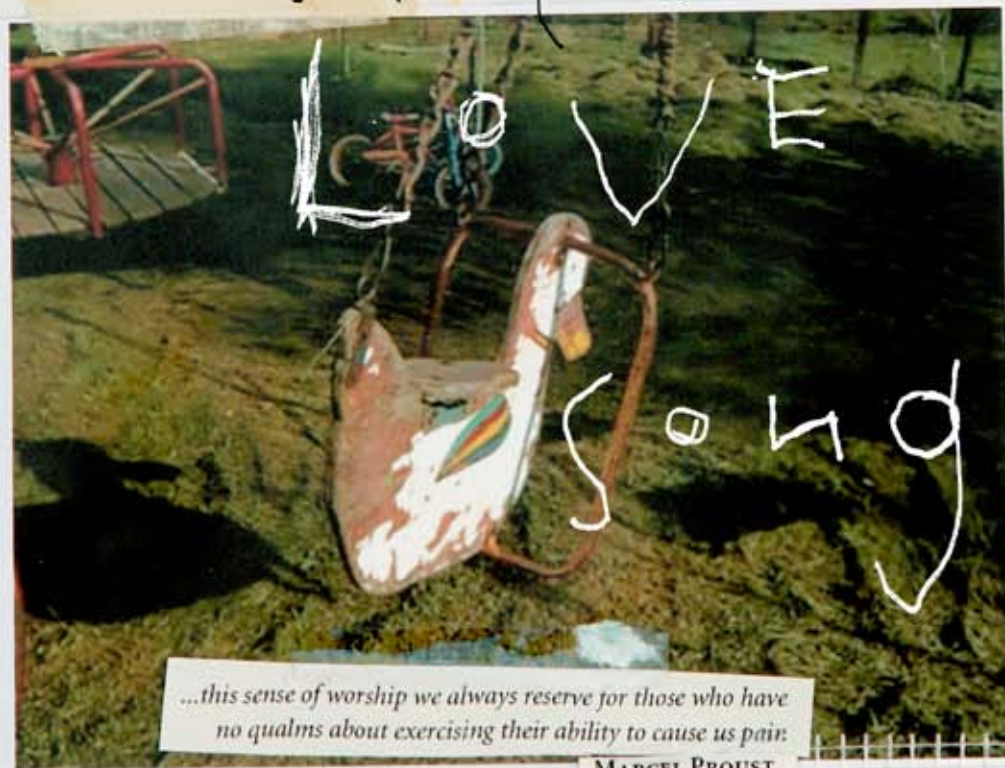
Filmed using the video function of a digital photographic camera,
imbued with the uncanny and packed with intense hues
and violent forms, *In the Woods* is an existential fairytale
red in tooth and claw.

A film as elemental as stone, as water or the sky.

A film shot entirely
with the video function
of a consumer digital
photographic camera.

DIRECTOR'S NOTE

This
is not a



...this sense of worship we always reserve for those who have
no qualms about exercising their ability to cause us pain.

MARCEL PROUST
Swann's Way

The babe in the cradle waves its arm
and thinks the whole world's moving.
His mother's singing and the baby does
not know it's silent. The world is one.
Indivisibly. The babe will learn to distinguish
in a while. To comprehend its needs. That it
and its mother are separate creatures. The
pain! Everything's fragmented. Everyone's
alone.

Two boys and a girl. Quite alone. Trying
to come together. To become one again.
Around them, huge tree trunks, translucent
rivers, an isolated beach, the mountains, and
a funny red house buried deep in the woods.

Why is it there?

Who has abandoned them

to innocently hurt each other so very much?
What is this strange sexual urge exuding
from the trees, the water, the leaves? Are they
free or trapped? There are no answers. Their
journey's like an initiation. As our journey
was when we made this film.

Like children abandoned in the woods
by our parents, our experience in nature
transcended us. For two months, we slept
in tents and ate by the light of the campfire.
Without a script, we made the film with the
actors day by day, marking the passage of
time on our own personal calendar.



The trunks determined our thoughts and guided our gaze. A crew of five plus three actors.

Our equipment:

a consumer digital photographic camera

(we used its video function to film the entire movie),

a sound recorder

and a

laptop.

This instinctive approach to dramaturgy demanded an equivalent shooting method that left us free of technical restrictions.

The decision to use a lo-fi digital camera instead of a proper camera imposed a new mode of filming. It allowed me to get in ever closer with my little camera:

reach- out-and-touch close, wanting-to become- one-with-them close.

And other times to train a narrow-angle lens on the bodies, like a documentary on the senses. But making contact, not removed like a voyeur. With the same desire to touch, to kiss, to bite, to become one. To rapturously escape the bounds of oneness.

To lick the stones or make love to the sand.

A sexual recording mode for a film about the materiality of emotions. Like a Fauvist painting with its deliberate outlines, intense coloration and violent forms.

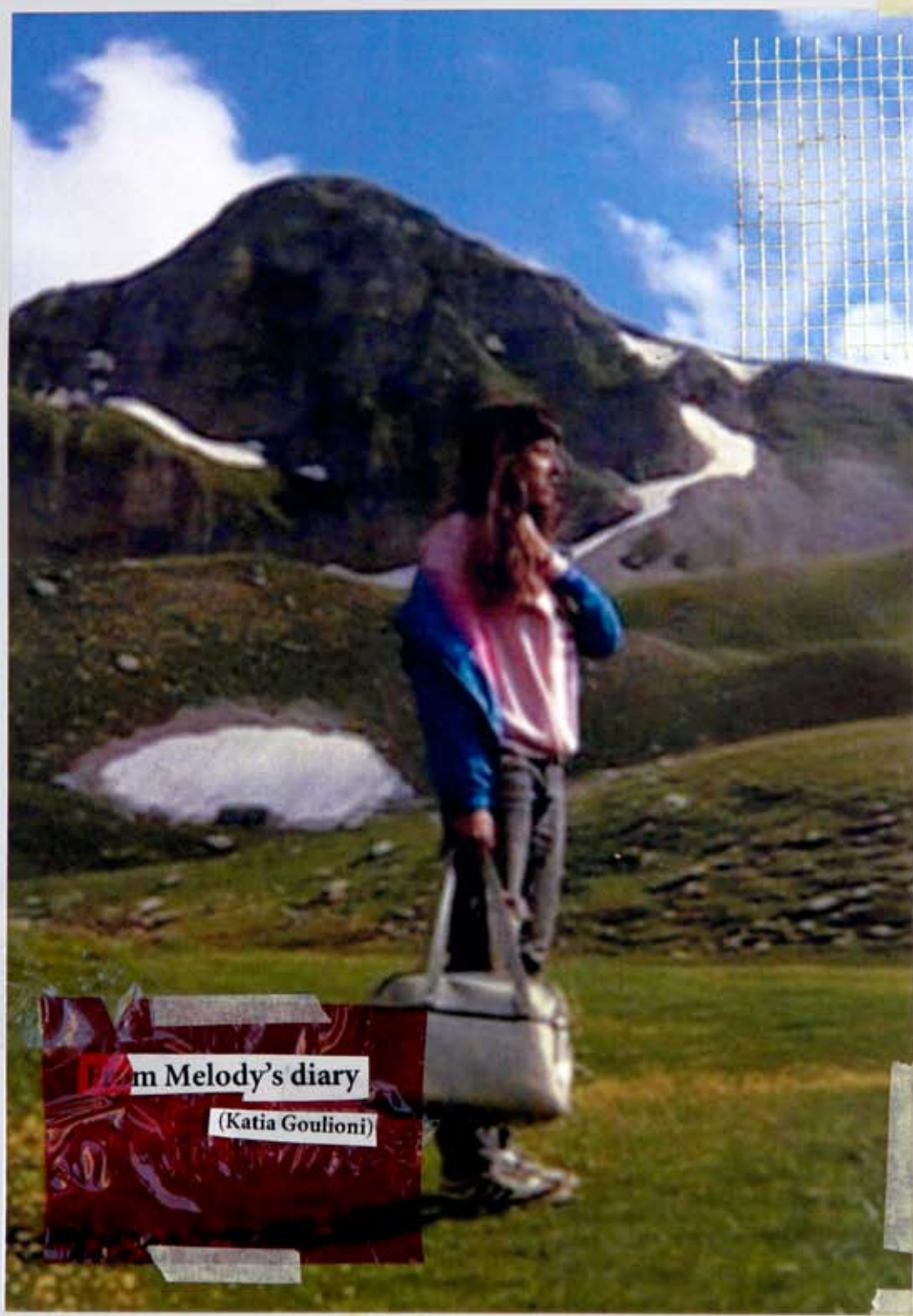
Angelos Frantzis

the diaries

Along the journey,

the actors kept their character's diary.

The results often served as the building blocks out of which the script was built.



From Melody's diary

(Katia Goulioni)



Dimitris is talking to Haris at last. It doesn't matter they said so little; their few words were such a huge relief for me.

Now I'm bored.

What fun it would be to take to my heels and watch the landscape change to left and right.



I can't bear being left alone. Time drags so when I'm not with them. It scares me that I've know Haris for so many years, but have no idea what he's got in his bag.



GREEN FIELDS
ARE GONE NOW



PARCHED
BY THE SUN



It was so natural

Haris' lips on mine.

Dimitris was as surprised
as I was. The certainty was gone.

Like riding a bike without the stabilizers.



Dimitris thrust me towards Haris for no reason. I wanted to smash him on the head, to set the blood flowing onto Haris to make them stop. I don't know what exactly.

I can't think, I'm too tired.

The only thing I found was the dust Haris blew at me. I sit here alone for hours on end and can't think of a thing.

The trees and the river
don't give me
answers any more.



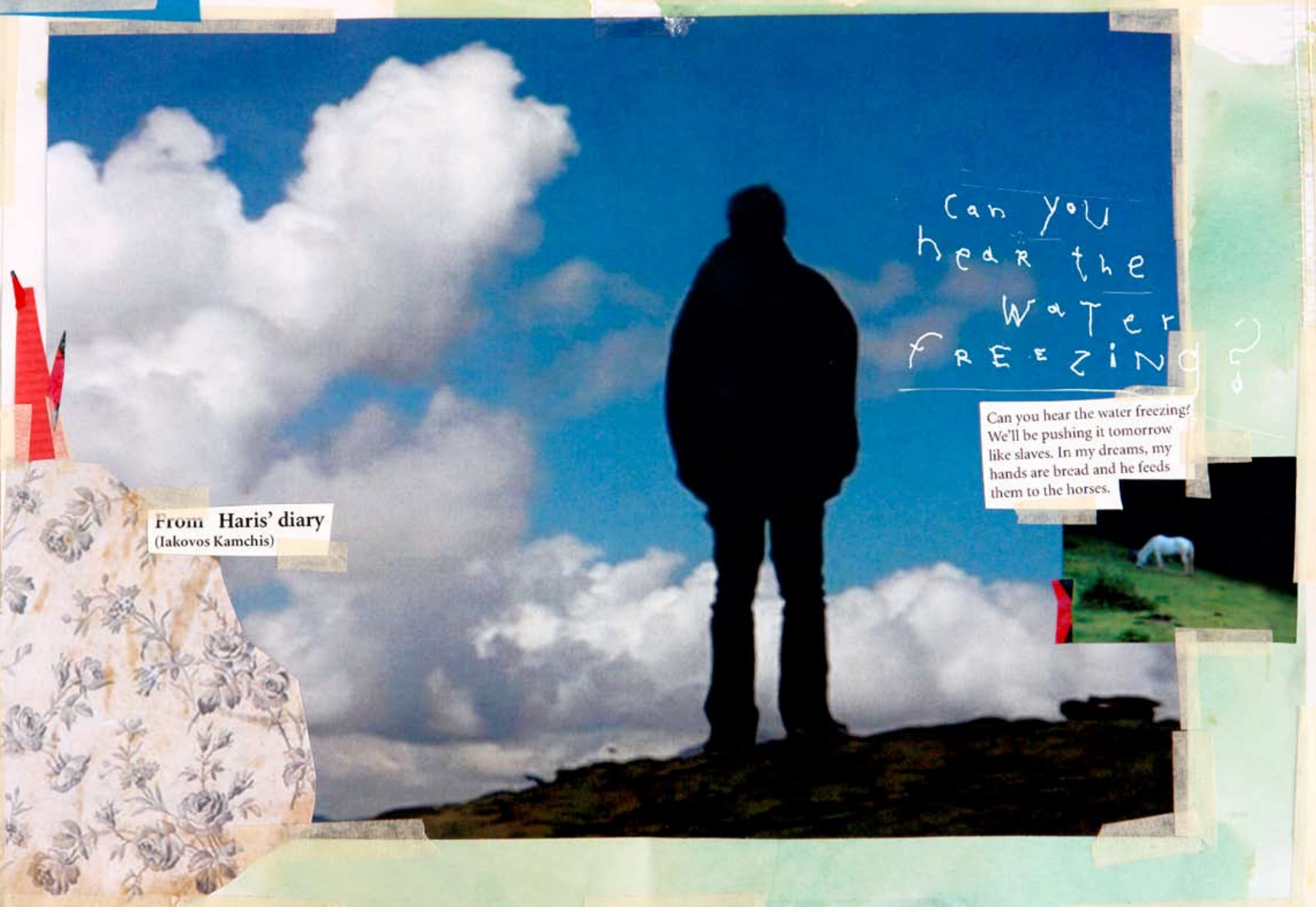
I spat and spat but my taste wouldn't go. I tried to cast the evil in me out to the winds. I couldn't. I wanted to fall softly into a hole, but there was none awaited me either up or down, I wish I didn't exist. My breath is heavy with their bullshit.

If only they'd keep on fucking for ever. I'll try and sleep.

Katia Goulioni

Born in Athens, she graduated from the Athens Drama School with honours and has acted in a number of theatrical productions, including improvised playback and the *In the woods* performance at the Athens & Epidaurus Festival. Over the last two years, she has directed *House* and *Baby* for the theatre.





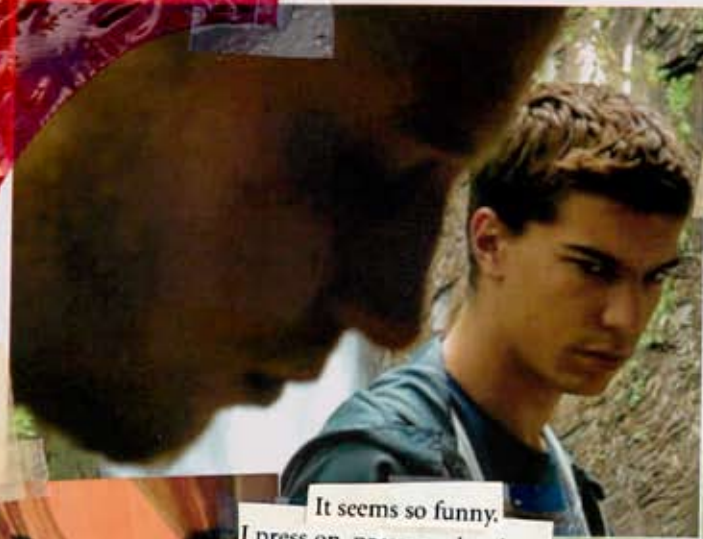
Can you
hear the
Water
FREEZING?

Can you hear the water freezing?
We'll be pushing it tomorrow
like slaves. In my dreams, my
hands are bread and he feeds
them to the horses.

From Haris' diary
(Iakovos Kamchis)

you
feed me
flowers

and I show you
dead animals




It seems so funny.
I press on, press on ahead.

I I've taken it out and it's dangling there.
stop by a tree and piss on the trunk without
touching it. My pee is clear, translucent. I get
a hard-on. Is there time to cum? Is the tree
turning me on?



Melody, did you tell him you were a mermaid before you were a box?

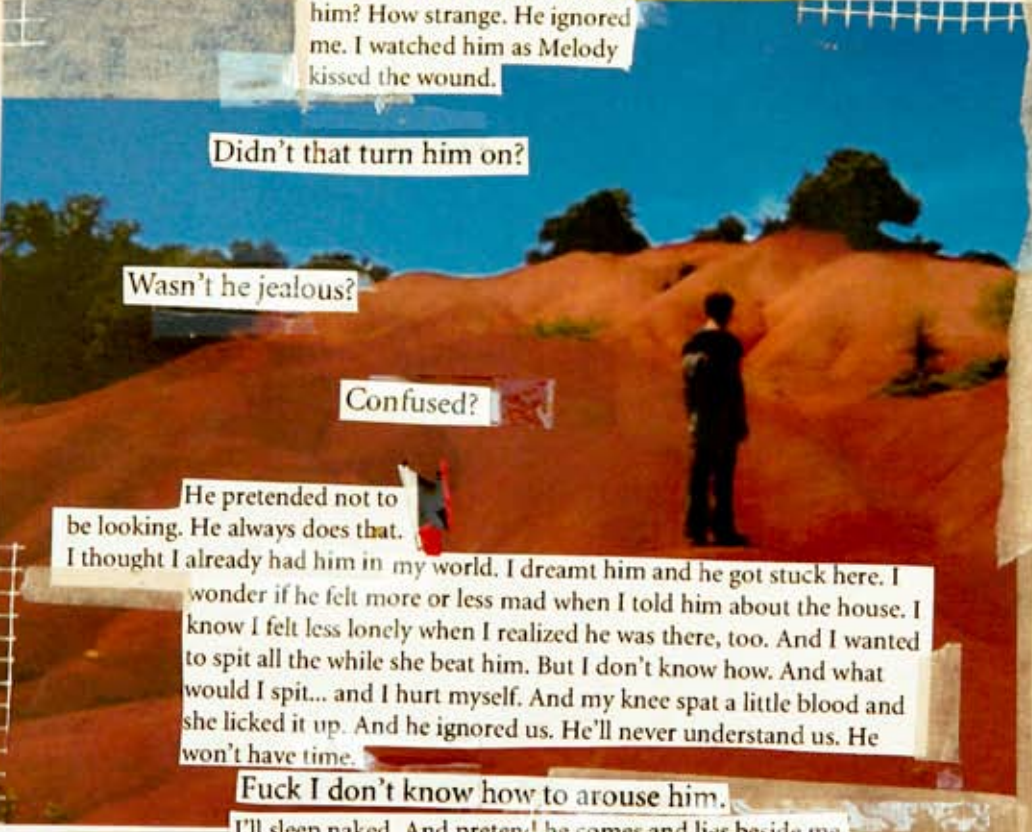


I didn't manage to fall. So I jumped. I thought I'd hurt my leg. My knee stung like hell. She got there first. He took a look. Would the blood excite him? How strange. He ignored me. I watched him as Melody kissed the wound.

Didn't that turn him on?

Wasn't he jealous?


Confused?



He pretended not to be looking. He always does that. I thought I already had him in my world. I dreamt him and he got stuck here. I wonder if he felt more or less mad when I told him about the house. I know I felt less lonely when I realized he was there, too. And I wanted to spit all the while she beat him. But I don't know how. And what would I spit... and I hurt myself. And my knee spat a little blood and she licked it up. And he ignored us. He'll never understand us. He won't have time.

Fuck I don't know how to arouse him.

I'll sleep naked. And pretend he comes and lies beside me. I'll play with myself and cum somewhere he'll see it.




We keep following the path like idiots. I covered it with signs and she turned the other way. We're making very slow progress. The road looks like my wrist - keeps stopping.


We'll never get there.



Iakovos Kamchis



He attended theatre classes at the Theatro Technis and the Athens Conservatory, is a member of the Rhodes-based Praxis theatre company, and has collaborated with the visual artist Angelos Spartalis on various theatrical projects, including *Wishes (Evches)*, a feature-length film shown at the Thessaloniki International Film Festival in 2009. His blog patouses.blogspot.com includes his own original texts and photographs.



From Dimitris' diary

(Nathan Pisssoort)

I'm leaving Haris.

I want to forget this night.

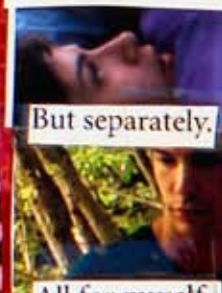
I want to bury myself in Melody's arms.



She loves me.

I know she does. Then she talks about Haris again and runs off to call his name. I want to know nothing of the past but cannot stop myself. And I ask, without wanting to know what I found out.

I want them both.



But separately.

All for myself.



Alone again today. Them looking at me like conspirators.

Shunned.

Waiting.

Watching.

The rocks, the mask, God, the waterfall, my tears,
the axe. Wedged in my brain like it was in the trunk.

In the middle of nowhere.

How did it get there?

Since there's nobody.

Melody's Scream



Haris' sobs. I don't like this place.

I'm afraid.

How I'd like us to keep on
walking like we hadn't seen a thing. Such a bright
red. Crimson. We want to get away, but there's
something keeping us here in the house with the
three little beds.

I'll convince them we must leave.

Tomorrow, though I won't.

I'm confused.

I want her more than ever.



Is it me or Melody that's pulling away?

Her eyes hurt me. I won't pay any attention today. Just keep my eyes fixed on the river. She's all over me, but she's only truly one with him.



Always together.

With Haris.

Today, I won't give a damn.



Haris was watching me. And gradually coming to see me. I know that gaze.

For the first time,
we really talked today.



Nathan Pisssoort

He studied to be a social worker in Brussels and worked in his chosen field until his passion for music took him from Belgium to Greece, where he has been studying the *ney* under Haris Lambrakis for the past year and playing in a number of ensembles.

...this sense of worship we always
reserve for those who have no qualms
about exercising their ability to cause us pain

Marcel Proust
Swann's Way

From the director's diary


(Angelos Frantzis)

Desire always comes in triangular form:

A wants B
because of an intermediary C
who is essentially
the COVERT OBJECT
OF his REAL DESIRE

Which is why any
relationship between two people is
forced to create a third, a projection
of our image of the other. The great
novels of the 19th century never tire
of treating this.

And since God is dead, as we are told, and Man has
put Man in His place, our need for
transcendence is 'satisfied' by this
mediation of desire: in our each
being god for the other.



The mind tends to formulate on the basis of what it knows. I treat dramaturgy like documentary to avoid this imposition of extant forms. I provide the subject matter for a scene and sit back to watch the improvisations. It's stimulating

to film when you don't know what the actor's going to do, it puts you in touch with your senses in a different way. Of course, the camera angles I choose and the guidance I give cannot but be moulded by what's already in my brain, but they're less filtered, closer to my truth; less stylized, more spontaneous and unpredictable. Unexpected. Film like this, and you're engaged in a constant dialogue with whatever's taking place. You don't predetermine and you don't impose. You're open. It's a learning experience.

No analysis of the protagonists' pasts. In a fairytale, the heroes have no past. They are what they are, there's no need for explanations. Three kids all alone and nature. The heavens and the woods.

From the mountains and beyond. Without a car, possessions or purpose. Alone like no one else on earth. Returning to childhood and heading straight for the red house. For the heart of the fairytale. It's the strangest, the most personal film; a film I desperately needed to make.

Three kids

alone, helpless.

Dead.


Orphaned.

In a vast existential pit.

Void of love.


Pictures of God pinned on the trees.

It could be the title of a film.



"[...] Fauvist works stand out for the exceptionally intense colours they use to do away with space, and the violent, almost joyless way in which they do it. The object is subjected to the artist's expressive needs, placing the autonomy of his personal creation beyond doubt. Rejecting idealism, the Fauves returned to Nature and highlighted the senses".

Is *In the woods* a Fauve film?



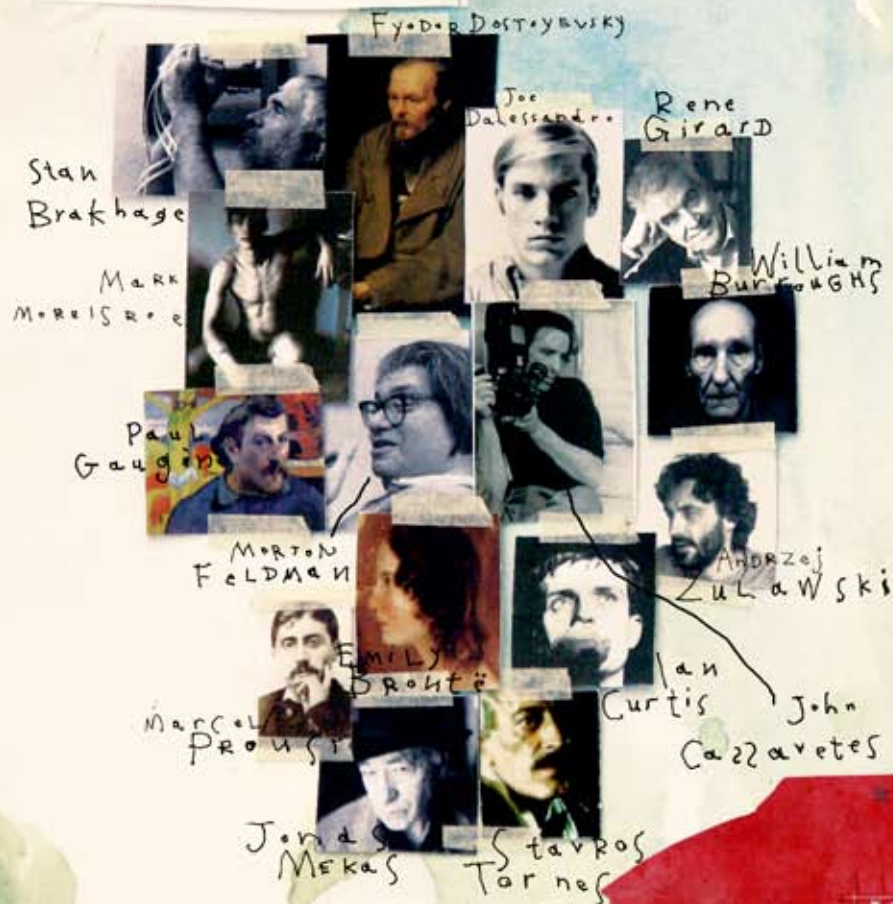
Emotional transference **M**oments and sensations which expand until they dissolve, like a droplet dilating in water until there's nothing left of its initial form.

This idea of the subjective gaze. Slow and wandering. As though it's observing and breathing at the same time. Like it was independent of the action played out before it. An invisible, lustful gaze.

I have to study the senses;

Proust has helped me find their cinematic equivalents the way they can be rendered as images through form or the power of the personality.

some of my fellow travellers in this film:



Angelos Frantzis

He was born in Athens in 1970.
He studied film direction at "INSAS" in Brussels.

Besides film directing, he has been involved in art projects with combined techniques (installation, performance) and has worked as a film critic, publishing reviews in various books and magazines.

FILMOGRAPHY

FEATURE FILMS

- 2010, "In the woods" ("Mesa sto dasos"), fiction, shot on digital photographic camera (transfer 35mm), 97 min
- 2005, "A dog's dream" ("To oniro tou skylou"), fiction, 35mm, 88 min
- 2000, "Polaroid", feature, fiction, 35mm, 96 min

SHORT FILMS

- 1997, "A hole in the world" ("Tripios kosmos"), fiction, 16mm, 14 min
- 1995, "Nineteen" ("Dekaennia"), fiction, 16mm, 15 min
- 1993, "Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?", fiction, 18 min
- 1992, "Short stories for people and oranges" ("Mikres istories me anthropous kai portokalia"), fiction, 16mm, 17 min

CAST

Katia Goulioni
Iakovos Kamchis
Nathan Pissoor

Credits

Director | **Angelos Frantzis**

Script | **Angelos Frantzis** in collaboration with
Katia Goulioni, Iakovos Kamchis, Nathan Pissoor

Producer | **Panos Papahadzis**

Associate Producer | **Maria Tsigka**

Line Producing | **Denia Safari**

Director of Photography | **Angelos Frantzis**

Set Design | **Ilias Lois**

Costumes | **Christina Chantzaridou**

Sound & Sound Design | **Nikos Triantafyllou**

Sound Mix | **Yannis Skandamis**

Editing | **Nikos Vavouris**

Music | **Texturizer**

Production Manager | **Tasos Spyrou**

Assistant Director | **Evdokia Kalamitsi**

Editor in shootings | **Kostas Antonopoulos**



An **Argonauts S.A.** production, in co-production with **GFC S.A., ERT S.A., Angelos Frantzis**



2010 | 97 min | 35mm | Dolby digital | 1:66