The Sun, the Sun Blinded Me

written and directed by
Anka Sasnal
Wilhelm Sasnal
own face stayed in shadow.

I had read descriptions of such scenes in books, and at first it all seemed like a
game. After our conversation, however, I had a good look at him. He was a tall man
The Sun, the Sun Blinded Me

Film inspired by *The Stranger* by Albert Camus
The protagonist is a man who has been well trained by his own Fear following his every step. The Shadow-Oppressor sets the rhythm, imposes a rigour on this small stability. It is impossible to flee. One is forced to live on the verge of reality. On the edge of the stage, where the set-design ends.

But it is not so much solitude that activates Fear but rather the necessity to find oneself in quotidian reality, the necessity to choose, the necessity to play roles.

Meursault, the main character in Camus’s “The Stranger” incidentally enters a story which he thought had ended and which had no significance to him. He shoots at a man, at a lying corpse, at emptiness. Blinded by the sun.

In the film, the moment of the killing is postponed for a moment by a vision of a life in which responsibility is taken for another person. When standing over the Stranger, the main hero in the film has to choose. The world starts to dawn on him with too great a force, and the fate of the Stranger becomes a burden. The hopelessness of the protagonist is overwhelming, and he succumbs. He needs to perform a brutal act so as to get rid of the fear, the forced responsibility. Blinded by the sun.

The evil gives him solace. The stranger disappears – the fear disappears. But only for a moment.

What does it mean to encounter the Other, a Stranger? That is the question faced by the film’s protagonist, a man detached from the world around him, and also by countries such as Poland – xenophobic, and refusing to take on their share of responsibility.

Who is waiting for all the people on the move?
40 makes about 400, that’s how many there’ll be in a year’s time, once they breed. NO It’s not just religion and wars. It’s also a question of reproduction. And the West gives them money so they can keep on doing nothing except making babies. Fine, let them multiply, most of them work off the books, they don’t pay taxes, their employers don’t pay what they should either, while Poles pretend to be job-hunting and go off to do dirty jobs in the EU. I wonder what sort of pensions we’ll be getting. The destruction of Europe is well underway. If those goody-goody sheeple from the EU don’t do anything about it, our...
I imagined taking him home.

I wanted to help him.
I gave him food and clothes, cigarettes and money, but he wouldn’t go away. He didn’t have any papers.
I went to the office with him, and there was a whole line of people like him. A little mafia of security guards preying on the people in line. You pay them, and your papers get passed to the official; you don’t pay – you wait. I didn’t want to pay.

We went back home.

When I woke up, he was already sitting on the chair.

Rustling in the hallway, then the dog, and the old man with the dog.
I turned off the radio. I got dressed.
He was waiting outside the door.
I got scared and gave in.
He was running after me with no sign of effort.
He overtook me just once, and ran ahead, but waited for me to catch up.
Then he ran behind me at a steady, even pace.

I called Ola, and asked her to help me.

To take him away and help him.
One two three
now
you’re standing in the sun and you
have to decide
what next
now
one two three
your move
a stick
one two three
you have a stick he has a knife
one two three
sunshine on the blade
glistening sweat and tears
you have a stick he has a knife
movement buried in the sand
slower now slower

the sun the sun blinded me
the sun the sun blinded me
now
I fall apart in the sun
a man and half a man
slower now slower
a man
and half a man
wheezing on the sand
the bloodstain glistens

down through the rift. Every nerve in my body was a steel spring, and my grip closed on the revolver. The trigger gave, and the smooth underbelly of the butt jogged my palm. And so, with that crisp, whirr-pow sound, it all began. I shook off my sweat and the clinging veil of light. I knew I'd shattered the balance of the day, the spacious calm of this beach on which I had been happy. But I fired four shots more
Rafał Maćkowiak

b. 1975 in Opole, Poland


Małgorzata Zawadzka

b. 1975 in Kraków, Poland


Edet Bassey

b. 1986 in Ibadan, Nigeria

Lives and studies in Kraków, Poland.
the directors

Anka Sasnal
b. 1973 in Busko-Zdrój, Poland

Anka Sasnal is a director, an editor and a scriptwriter. She studied Polish literature at Pedagogical University of Kraków and Gender Studies at Jagiellonian University in Kraków. She lives and works in Kraków, Poland.

Wilhelm Sasnal
b. 1972 in Tarnów, Poland

Wilhelm Sasnal is a painter and a filmmaker. He studied architecture at the Kraków Polytechnic, Poland and painting at the Academy of Fine Arts in Kraków, Poland. He lives and works in Kraków, Poland.

filmography

Słońce, to słońce mnie oślepiło
(The Sun, the Sun Blinded Me)
2016, feature film, 74 mins, super 16 mm transferred to DCP
2016 – 69th Festival del Film Locarno (world premiere)

Huba (Parasite)
2013, feature film, 66 mins, super 16 mm transferred to 35 mm
2014 – 64th Berlinale Film Festival (World Premiere)
2014 – 14th T-Mobile New Horizons International Film Festival in Wrocław, Poland (the second place in the Audience Award votes)
2014 – 43th Festival du Nouveau Cinema (main prize in LAB section)
2014 – Ars Independent Festival, Katowice, Poland (Black Horse Award)

Aleksander
2013, documentary, 58 mins, super 16 mm transferred to 35 mm
2013 – 10th PLANETE+ DOC FF (World Premiere)
2013 – 11th CPH:DOX Film Festival (New Vision Award – special mention)

Z daleka widok jest piękny
(It Looks Pretty from a Distance)
2011, feature film, 77 mins, super 16 mm transferred to 35 mm
2011 – 11th New Horizons Film Festival (Best New Polish Film Award)
2012 – 41st International Film Festival Rotterdam (International premiere, Tiger Awards Competition)
2012 – 9th Yerevan International Film Festival (Golden Apricot Award)

Świniopas (Swineherd)
2008, feature film, 85 min, super 16 mm transferred to 35 mm
specifications

**feature film**

**film genre**
**drama**

**duration**
74 min

**shooting format**
**Super 16 mm**

**picture**
**colour**

**frame rate**
24 fps

**screen ratio**
1,85:1 (1998 x 1080 / 2K)

**sound**
5.1

**spoken language**
**Polish**

**subtitles**
**English**

**available formats**
**DCP, Blu-Ray**

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cast and crew

**written and directed by**
Anka Sasnal
Wilhelm Sasnal

**produced by**
Anka Sasnal
Wilhelm Sasnal
Hauser & Wirth
Foksal Gallery Foundation

**executive producer**
Luna Film
Ewa Przywara
Paweł Przywara

**production managers**
Ewa Przywara
Paweł Przywara

**cast**
Rafał Maćkowiak
Edet Bassey
Małgorzata Zawadzka

**cinematography**
Wilhelm Sasnal

**sound**
Igor Kłaczyński

**editing**
Beata Walentowska

**production design**
Marek Zawierucha

**costume design**
Ewelina Gąsior

**make-up**
Aleksandra Dutkiewicz
I get it that someone lives in a pigsty, has an alcoholic for a father, a hoor for a mother, and thugs for brothers, but if they break into my peaceful and prosperous home to live in my kitchen or my garage, I'll use all the means at my disposal to kick them out and make sure they never come back!

EUROPE IS OUR HOME, and for thousands of years our ancestors gave their lives to keep out the savages from Africa and the Middle East who wanted to move here and take our home from us. PROTECT OUR HOME! the Americans started all those wars – so let them take in all those refugees.
contact

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