

Animated Documentary and the Scene of Death: Experiencing 'Waltz with Bashir'

Animation with its tradition of comic storytelling and gothic graphic fiction, and the documentary film with its tradition of 'realism' when brought together in the animated documentary create new possibilities for understanding the relationship between spectatorship and memory. In this form memory and reality are volatile and changeable and yet believable. In the Israeli film 'Waltz with Bashir' (Directed by Ari Folman, 2008) the animated form of the bulk of the film is ultimately juxtaposed with television footage and still shots of the massacre within the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps. That final featuring of footage, some of which would have appeared on most of our television screens across the world, makes of those globally seen, passing seconds, a death scene. As a 'death scene' we see again but really for the first time the horror and the 'miracle of survival'. The preceding animation with its flows of dreams and 'reality' not only interrogates but enacts how memory can be seen.

Waltz with Bashir

This is a film entirely about its ending. An ending so incommensurate with the unfolding narrative of an Israeli soldier (who is also Ari Folman, the director of the film or his animated equivalent), trying to remember exactly what he did, where he was, as the Sabra and Shantila massacres took placeⁱ. All his journey, all the looking at the film so far, until that final scene, becomes understood as a kind of practice in how we remember so we can see and remember what we see; at the end, in a documentary. The ending transforms the film from a story about gaining knowledge about something that happened away and apart from us to a set of events in which we as viewers are implicated - where blankly 'watching' has also produced and helped the forgetting of those deaths.

How to say what it is we see at the end? This could be one description. We see sadness and shock and horror. It is actual televisual footage of the response of the families, the mothers, the grandmothers returning to their homes (usually called 'the camps') of Sabra and Shantila to find their courtyards, the streets, the small alleyways filled with the murdered, massacred, bodies of their families. And then the footage of a single old woman crying cum keening is replaced with a few single, still photos of the dead, some in strewn piles, others aloneⁱⁱ. This could be another description. We see that memory is a process. As individuals we do not recall 'like a movie' each retrieved scene, picture clear - each flashback accounted for as each gap is neatly edited. And yet much of the documentary tradition has been dedicated to an effort to show us the 'truth', assuming we will remember. But documentary's promise of a final knowing also produces in that totalising knowing a forgetting. Here that forgetting is undone through this juxtaposition of unsettling animation that questions what is real with the very real captured images of the dead. When the two are brought together the dead are released from their photos and footage to speak continuously of Palestinian presence and suffering and the driving narrative and factual basis of documentary turns instead to showing us how memory and the truth of documentary is produced. In this ending we *see* the effort to render unforgettable this moment in the documentary because we know in that same

moment that we cannot know entirely, everⁱⁱⁱ. In this moment instead we hear grief, we see silence and sit still as both spectators to film and witnesses of reality, in and of the same minutes of sensation that is this seen scene. We *will* remember them. What we are seeing is staged as the ending of this particular film but the footage we are shown moves outside the established narrative and temporal bounds. What we see floods into the audience not as a 'message' but as a particular kind of filmic memorial.

Given that the whole film up until this point has been animated, constantly pressuring via its form and its melange of investigations, the categories of real and unreal –the rupture created by this actual footage, these indisputable deaths is shocking. And the shock is as much aural as visual, as much cellular as surface. In the face of that footage it seems like the whole animated film was about slowly, inexorably, revealing to us not the truth of Ari's experience but the limits of the cinematic documentary. Here we see not just the doubled doubt of memory but its rhythm as well. The drawn, slowly talking figures, jerking through a space only slightly surreal, only just out of time - so that in the end we can hear, because we have been slowed down to a waiting within the movement of the image - why a woman, a real woman is screaming. And that scream is another kind of rupture for all the while up until this point there has been the sweeping and weeping score of Max Richter so that every scene was backgrounded and connected, wrung through with composed sound until now. And so now, here at the end, we know what that scream means, can hear it emerging out of the silence of death and over the seen (but not heard) slightly panicked breaths of Ari seeing that woman and that sound come toward him.

To think of these final moments of the film which are a combination of 'real' images and 'animation' as a death scene is to feel the cultural force of this massacre and its renewed demand as affective witness. Not only and forever about a people caught within the politics of Lebanon and Israel, Palestine, Christian Phalangists, Jews and Muslims or as a global event we may have glimpsed on our televisions but as a

conundrum of how we can see death on film, moving death, not as a narrative climax or plot device but as a renewed space of knowing the pain of others and of remembering what cannot be represented.

Remembering

There are many short exchanges in *Waltz with Bashir* which linger. One of them is the explanation from Ari's therapist friend that 'memory is dynamic, memory is active'^{iv}. That statement is the conclusion to his account of a 'well known experiment in psychology' where an individual is shown photos from their childhood and then photos where their picture has been added into a fake scene and how eventually most people will 'recall' that day. This is the dynamism of memory, its capacity to fill in missing holes, 'recall something that never happened'. (p.17). What flows from this exchange is the need to first of all find out what did happen, what could possibly be true for Ari and so Ari begins his journey back to the present. But for the film's global audience the question of memory, particularly visual memory, is much more open. How alive is memory, how retrievable through journey and narrative is it, when so much of what we might remember we will have seen as image/texts, small seconds of someone else's story in another part of the world? We see these global snatches as part of a framed news session on television but we will also see them as passing (sometimes still affecting) half hearted points of connection on screens in elevators, on moving billboards and as visual headlines across our computers. We forget most of these images. Their very form as headlines, as the flotsam and jetsam of news content, means we are meant to move on from them to the next days news and the next. The process of making particular global incidents 'stick' enough to become anchored in an order of collective global memory requires both the historicisation of particular images, their repeated interpretation and the contagion that occurs through their affect. For the individual therapy patient there is a warning about what black holes we might leap with 'false' memory but for the global audience the 'faked' scenes in which we insert ourselves is an ongoing reality. Every image has a source, a point of view, a political and emotional context that produces some order of limit to how we will 'know' that image but these are rarely

explored. Re-membering images of global incidents therefore requires not simply the real /not real of the therapeutic encounter but a capacity in the documentary to work the local/global nexus through deep contextualisation and a filmic order of thick description of the form itself, within fields of affect.

Although the film is organised around a very familiar narrative of the protagonist Ari - trying to remember where and what he was doing in the Lebanon war generally - and particularly during the Sabra and Shatila massacres, it does not end with that. He never finds exactly when he was, where he was, at the moment of massacre. The final image we have of him on screen is when he sees the survivors of the massacre coming down the street toward him and yet we know by then that he was never exactly or perhaps only, there, exactly like that. Our final moment as viewers is of the historical live footage, the bereft woman, the still bodies. All things that we ALL could have seen, might have seen. What were we watching on OUR television screens in 1982? What did we see in passing on our way to the dinner table? Right here?

This is an ending that calls us all to connect through what we might have forgotten. We all may have seen that original footage or not but we are connected through the possibility of having forgotten it. So although the film shows us quite baldly some of the dead, the affective force of the film lies in reminding us what we might have seen and dismissed and now are seeing again as if (but not really) for the first time. And it shows that forgetting through both the sensations of the film experience and the set devices such as the leading animated figure, the 'real' Ari creating his 'true' memory of the past.

The film through the figure of Ari mostly follows the traditional confessional figuration and the classic revelatory trajectory of the documentary. In this mode the single, uncertain, curious individual slowly reveals to us what he does and does not know. In the constant return to the narrator's interpretation and his memories, his processes of memory making becomes a private and public confession. In that

process of confession Ari becomes made and unmade. In our institutional role as listeners so we become aware of our own uneasy collusion in the making of the forgetting of this massacre. Ari's memories, the real images we see, matter now not only to Ari and the idea of the documentary but to us - all of us who look.

Not only are we global spectators that forgot but we are an audience caught up within the experience of a documentary form that through its style of animation allows us to glimpse the structure of the 'reality' in progress. The drawn forms remind us that the documentary is always a re-presentation, requiring the re-production of forms of story telling (narrative, revelation, correction) that produce 'reality' and yet in this film even the belief in what we are seeing is unsettled. Can that set of moving lines, that moving drawing, be understood as a 'real' man? And if so what is the status of those carefully framed shots of realism found in other documentary forms?

Having produced a distinct open confessing subject and a labile 'audience' that is not so much receiving as co-producing confession, an order of radical connectivity arises. This involves not so much an individual becoming as a becoming with others. As a means of convening community the confession's temporality becomes not so much a means of producing teleological individualism, as an order of radical connectivity. Confession may still be producing the single representative subject of (modern) discourse as Foucault suggested but an appreciation of the moments of 'in-betweenness' within confessional temporal modes and the social becomingness complicates the story. In this way 'Waltz with Bashir' can convene audiences and so connect people but it can also to some extent not just re-enact a particular memory but pass on the experience of memory making.

This conditional truth produced in part by a dispersed public already saturated and produced through images makes of this documentary time an affective event - something emerging out of and intervening in its own discourse. Memory becomes a temporal, affective re-enactment - we recall and relive as memory what we may never have known or may have forgotten. But in doing so we may connect more radically or at least more globally than ever before and we have to have a form

whereby we can see ourselves re-remembering, making memory so as to re-member what we may have never known or forgotten. It is through the agonism of this affective memory in its animated filmic form that includes the history and politics of spectatorship that we are both overcome and enabled. Moved and reminded.

Leaving the Cinema(Again)^v

I first saw *Waltz With Bashir* with my partner and our two nephews from my side of the family. They are twin 'boys' aged 21. I had already heard it was a good movie and knew it to be doing new things with animation and somehow animation made it seem like a good choice for a film we might all like. Afterwards we were pretty shattered – I think that's the right word. Broken up in our speech –trying to say what it was, how it worked, what we felt. We went and bought wine and beer on our way to a nearby restaurant and it was a relief to drink and then eat. And as we were talking about the film we returned again to the power of seeing figures who move slowly, who are animated and yet who are real. Real when they remember in more sepia tones, real when they are in the present moment but still animated . And then one of my nephews, Vuli said: 'It's kind of Brechtian'. Now this is kind of revelatory to me – not just the idea but the fact that Vuli is saying it. He is speaking my language – I had forgotten somehow that he would actually learn something at university, know ideas that I know. Use concepts that I teach. Like for a second we are both a part of two familiarities at once, personal and public. The bliss of narcissistic identification! The love of him, of them both – speaking naturally, critically. I hadn't forgotten they had grown up but I had forgotten they would stay grown up. Keep growing up. What time was I in?

And Vuli made a good point. Brecht's task was to keep people thinking and to keep them imagining the possible politics within any piece of theatre. This involved, 'stripping the event of its self-evident, familiar, obvious quality and creating a sense of astonishment and curiosity about them'^{vi}. To this end, Brecht employed techniques such as the actor's direct address to the audience, harsh and bright stage lighting, the use of songs to interrupt the action, explanatory placards, and, in

rehearsals, the transposition of text to the third person or past tense, and speaking the stage directions out loud. In his epic theatre, ideas or didactic lessons were key. In 'A short organum for the theatre 1948 - he directs his actors in the following manner:

'Aiming not to put his audience into a trance, he must not go into a trance himself. His muscles must remain loose, for a turn of the head, e.g., with tautened neck muscles, will "magically" lead the spectators' eyes and even their heads to turn with it, and this can only detract from any speculation or reaction which the gestures may bring about. His way of speaking has to be free from ecclesiastical singsong and from all those cadences which lull the spectator so that the sense gets lost.' (A Short Organum for the Theatre, 1948, 65)

Brecht is so beautifully aware here of the potential power of attraction, of corporeal seduction and of psychoanalytic transference - all of which can occur within theatre. As Barish suggests 'Brecht seeks to confront us with a simulacrum of our waking experience but also sets out to undermine the illusion he is creating. We are gazing not at life but artfully constructed fiction'^{vii}. And Ari Folman the director of *Waltz with Bashir* could be said to be doing exactly that as he simultaneously makes his art, calls up our history of seeing images and challenges what a documentary can do.

All the figures are slowed down, their faces sketched, the settings drawn and each image recalls simultaneously the 'real' human and the re-drawn one. But where Brecht depended upon the overarching power of normative rationality to recall the viewer to 'sense' to make their points up 'rationally' -Folman allows us to see how we feel and think simultaneously. He fosters judgement *and* emotional experience, together through an appreciation of the dense fragmentation of memory. He does this not just through mimetic temporality, slowing movement down to the pace of memory making but through the animated form which asks us to recall the screen through the comic form, through the trace of the physical hand on paper, back to itself. There is no immediate 'identification' but there is re-identification through

both the experience of comic reading and the remembered humour, horror, super heroes, silliness, mystery, of the comic genre. At the same time we are images within images – know ourselves to be images in others minds as these images mind us. There is a particular moment in the film when the war correspondent is recalling his first sight of the last of the camp residents being led out at gunpoint and he says ‘You know the picture of the Warsaw ghetto? The one of the boy with his hands up? A long train of women, old people, and children were walking like that with their hands up’^{viii}. Let me ask you that same question? Can you recall that photo? The boy is in a suit and a cap with socks and if you have seen it you might recognise that you remember him because he looks towards the camera while most of the adults in the photo are looking up at a soldier or blurred by looking away. Moments later the correspondent is remembering then seeing a small hand of a girl in the rubble and then her face and saying ‘My daughter was about the same age as that girl. She had curly hair too’^{ix}. We are called into a form of identification but it is a highly mediated one. Iconic image, own child, sketched image of hand and face, our children, other images, watching these images in the dark with others. Never forgetting that we remember and create imagistically. Never forgetting that the dramatic resolution of this film was never about the main character shooting but looking, seeing and helping the killers see. And so we are always as the audience being addressed as viewers and people who are seeing something again. And behind that as the therapist in the film says: ‘For you the significance of the massacre was set long before the actual event. It comes from a different massacre. Its about what happened in the other camps, those camps. Your parents were in Auschwitz right? The massacre’s been with you since you were, I don’t know, six years old’^x. This makes for this character a particular horror, a particular significance, not so much perhaps in becoming a Nazi as they suggest but in becoming the so called ‘ordinary’ German who looked on, who claimed they ‘didn’t know’ when only miles from places of mass murder and so to us looking on and listening, remembering what we might have forgotten as we go on looking.

Animation

The first meaning of animation is: (1). The action of imparting life, vitality, or (as the sign of life) motion; quickening, vitalizing.^{xi} The eighth meaning according to the OED is (8) *Cinemat*. The production of 'moving pictures'; the technique by means of which movement is given, on film, to a series of drawings (esp. for an animated cartoon). What are we watching when we watch an animated animation? That is when we see graphic fiction actually moving or in this case a film that is informed by the aesthetics and some of the reading practices and sensory responses of sequential art.^{xii} This is also one of the few films that has led to a graphic novel version of itself rather than being a filmic adaption of a graphic novel. The images that we see are a very particular form of movement, sound and image. While broadly realistic the movements of the characters are almost mechanical and slightly slowed down. An ordinary walk appears like both the stiffened gait of someone in some pain or the tense withholding of a bodily impulse or emotional outburst. In conversation the turn of the head and the puff of a joint are slowed by the simple strokes of movement. An eye moves back and forth inside its lid, a brow raises, fingers intermittently tap on the cheek, lips and eyelids open and close. Where in any verite film, any movement by a human being would involve hundreds of small tics and pulses, non-gestural action and hints of unseen vibration –in this form each movement and the spaces between each movement is seen. As Ross Gibson suggests; 'The time between blinks is closely related to the duration of a single, sustaining thought. It is the tempo of a person's composure'^{xiii}. Here a new order of composure is created - one that is 'close enough' to human but with a moment, perhaps a breath of difference. In this way we have access to the surplus that is routinely under-regarded in 'natural' viewing. Insisting we see this 'excess' makes ordinary viewing strange and each scene of animation a contingent truth. As Gibson goes on to say: 'By concentrating on the eyes and aspirations of the actors, the audience *feels* a direct relationship with to the performer'^{xiv}. In this kind of animation the audience still feels that direct connection with the figure but also with the processes of both performance and drawn production. As Ward has suggested; 'Animation is the perfect way in which to communicate that there is more to our collective experience of things than meets the eye'.^{xv}If the blink is the time of the

comprehended thought than the time of these animated blinks is that of the comprehended, performed and experienced thought. It is not the usual affect produced through identification or through breathing in the human performance but a positional affect, critically, ethically aware of our experience, as documentary experience, is being made.

This is not the experience of modernity or even film and modernity. If via Benjamin and particularly Brooks's re-examination of Benjamin through gesture and film we have the jerky figure of Chaplin who 'by mimetically performing shock experience ...grasps or harnesses its (modernity's) force'^{xvi} then the animated figures refuse the position of putting the human before the apparatus of the camera. Here animation extends rather than breaks up the movement and sense of the figure, suggesting our integration and uncanny extension through the digital of high modernity rather than the shock of earlier forms.

In a traditional graphic novel where the drawn figures are not literally being moved (although we clearly still understand them as having an order of movement) we would see one of two panels of a man tapping his fingers on his cheek, perhaps in an elongated panel, which would impress upon us, the idea that he was thinking. In this film the action of thinking is more like a 'natural' human movement, fingers tap regularly, the head looks up, the eyes rest in the middle distance and yet not quite. There is not quite the space of the drawn version to see several panels at once and to transform time while projecting more of ourselves into the spaces left by the incomplete lines and half filled-in eyes of the characters. But there is a new space that emerges in the gap between these gestures and what we know actors in film and our own selves would do. The effects of this are many but one is to create a different order of relationship to the film through the drawing in of timed space, a gap. These gaps appear visually in the shape of unfilled spaces bordered by the drawn lines and they appear rhythmically as the unnatural gait of a human or the strange speed of a vehicle. Everything is real yet everything is strange. Set within the extraordinary realm of war the animation brings to life the experience of making the

strange familiar and the familiar strange, an experience that includes the watcher who is caught up and also suspended in the sensorium of the cinema seconds at a time.

Another effect is a re-enchantment with the idea of the human. By showing us caricatures of the human not as distorted but broken down to simple moving lines we see the human more closely, care more deeply for what we could become. It has the slight jerky but dream-like aspects of minimalist theatre and the moving, potential vocabulary of the line. That is, we see a form of ordinary action stripped back to the gestural and the expressive possibilities of drawn form in a state of potentiality – we always know they could be more realistic, made more complex and dense to look more like the visible human. We are therefore simultaneously moving 'backwards' to a stripped down, contained version of movement and 'forwards' as we sense what the lines that are making these faces and bodies could also be. They could be 'real' pictures of actors, they could become something other than human but all we can mark is their potentiality. Our history of watching cartoon films is filled with sequences where fish talk and mice rule and trees and houses have their liveliness revealed but this film very carefully keeps a tight rein on what we know graphic film can do. As if to emphasise the persistent theatricality that is possible, the human characters are introduced against backgrounds of great realism. Settings that range from forests to cities are almost photographic in their detail while the human figures remain more simply drawn for us to read as both them and us and what we have been and might become.

Only in the dream sequences or the reoccurring unconfirmed memory of being in the water before the massacre and then again as the lead character moves towards the massacre's aftermath does the colouring render a sameness between the setting and the people. The effect then of the final death scene of real images is to stage an imagistic breakthrough that seems to reveal what was always happening, all around. And not just in Lebanon but within our world which we organise and exist in through images on screen that we enter and leave, often now, through 'touch' screens. We discover that it is the figure of Ari who we are set up to follow and

invest ourselves in who is revealed ultimately as the figure - who in seeking to reveal his single truth, blocked our processual and contingent truths. The truth in the end is when we are able to see beyond him, look over him, to see the scene of death as we might all have once seen it in the newspaper and on the television but now knowing we are looking. At that final point we see why he saw it and then did not and now we ask ourselves why we too had forgotten.

This questioning comes about through the practiced restraint of the animated form. In this film animation is held back from its fantastical possibilities to mimic and exceed 'reality' so that when we are confronted by the final photos and 'real' footage their form as contained images breaks open and spills into our new experience of memory as process. This is a kind of animation then that brings life to death. It vitalizes images of suffering in a way that lets them move again around the world as something that needs to be accounted for, that asks now whether these images, these seen deaths can become Sontag's 'miracle of survival'.^{xvii} That is; images that evoke the unforgettable remainder of continuing Palestinian presence. But more particularly in this instance –to become an image of all the past and present potentiality of what each of the dead were and could have become other than one small part of an image of death, seen and forgotten.

The Waltz Dancing with Potential Death

In a film rich with memories and marked moments of death avoided there is the waltz of the film's title. In this scene Frenkel who is an officer with a patchouli oil ritual that guaranteed his men would never lose him at night, is hemmed in, as is the entire patrol, on one side of a junction under constant fire from snipers sitting somewhere in the big hotels above them. Along with the snipers there are people, 'women, children, old people' on their balconies watching this group of Israeli soldiers caught in a kind of gutter at the side of the road unable to get across or retreat. 'Watching' as Ron Ben-Yishai the reporter says: 'as if they were at a movie'^{xviii}. Frenkel recalls that he knew he had to do something 'dramatic' to get across the intersection but he first needs the gun that he knows best, the Mag not his Galil and so taking one from his friend he goes into the fired upon street. There

he begins to dance, the steps as he keeps the fire upwards, like a waltz – not running straight across the road but ‘danced as if he meant to stay there forever’^{xix}. In the film the waltz sound track begins as the recount of this event takes off and we watch this dance knowing he has survived so this is not a dance of death but perhaps a dance with death. A mad effort to bring order and rhythm to fear. And it also seems like a struggle to assert his, (and his soldiers?) reality – we are not a movie, we live, we die. This scene is an uncanny echo of the much more deadly looking over that was practiced by the Israeli Defence Forces in their organisation of the massacre. They set up several command posts on high buildings (one of which is depicted in *Waltz with Bashir*) and lit up the skies over the camps enabling the killings to go on into the night. Kapeliouk writes of an Israeli officer who said 'that watching from the roofs of one of the buildings occupied by the Israelis was like watching "from the front row of a theatre" '^{xx} Watching, as if 'at a theatre' or perhaps as we are, 'a documentary', is always here, an activity to be questioned.

Love Song?

Or is this film like a very particular kind of love song? That expression comes to mind because in the film we watch the main character Ari watching multiple televisions in a shop when he is on leave. And on those televisions is the President of Israel talking on and on, and on another of the televisions is Public Image Limited (Johnny Rotten’s group after the Sex Pistols) singing ‘This is not a love song’

This is not a love song

This is not a love song

This is not a love song

This is not a love song

This is not a love song

This is not a love song

This is not a love song

Happy to have, not to have not
Big business is very wise
I'm crossing over into
E-enter-prize

Not a love song (echo)
Not a love song
Not a love song ...

And so on in its angry monotone. This song like *Waltz with Bashir* claims its form and refuses it. In this song we recognise love exists but not in the saccharine, irritatingly unforgettable form of the commercial love song. *Waltz with Bashir* promises in its documentary form a truth about death and suffering but we come to know that truth not through simple revelation but through confrontation. Confrontation with the documentary form, cinema experience and ourselves as viewers through the final death scene.

There are not so many deaths that none matter. There should not be deaths that we see and deaths that we remember. Those divisions can be undermined, slowly and through re-imagining what and how memory works within a re-imagined ethical frame that can include the seen and the scene and so ourselves who watch and produce. Animation enables this documentary to be sufficiently 'unreal' to make the reality of death true while preserving the space of what cannot be entirely known or shown- the death of others.

ⁱ The Sabra and Shatila massacres occurred in September 1982. The massacre was carried out by Christian Phalangist forces with the assistance of Israeli forces and it is estimated that over 30000 people were murdered.

ⁱⁱ *Redacted* by Brian de Palma was also meant to end with a montage of real bodies, faces showing but this produced a falling out with his backer and producer Marker Cuban and says much about status of the photograph. "The film ends with a montage of still photographs (some taken by the Guardian's Ghaith Abdul-Ahad) of war victims - the maimed and the dead. Cuban insisted that the faces be disguised to protect families or those still living. De Palma was outraged, saying that the photographs had already been seen in the press and were available on the internet, and that it would be impossible to obtain permission for usage. He called it an act of censorship.' ... 'Has he fallen out with Cuban? "I was very unhappy that my pictures got redacted," he says with a stony face. Didn't Cuban offer him the opportunity to buy the film back from him, though? "That's not true. He never offered me that opportunity, he never answered my phone calls." He gave up on the film? "Absolutely - he didn't want to be associated with those photographs.'" Simon Hattenstone, *The Guardian*, 8th March 2008
<http://www.guardian.co.uk/film/2008/mar/08/features.iraqandthemedias>

ⁱⁱⁱ This is to offer quite a different perspective to Dave Saunders in *Documentary* who suggests of the 'real' footage at the end of *Waltz with Bashir* that 'these images seem like an afterthought designed to wrench the viewer back into an empathetic engagement with mimetic reality; the power of photography's indexical 'death mask' is rammed home in a sequence underlining, by contrast, animations distancing effect' (Routledge:New York, 2010), 184. I agree that there is a sharp confrontation between the forms but I suggest that this serves to open up the restraint of this style of animation to its affective excess and shocks the supposed indexicality and so knowingness of the photograph into a memorial to what cannot be represented.

^{iv} Ari Folman and David Polonsky, *Waltz with Bashir: A Lebanon War Story*, (Metropolitan Books:New York, 2009), 17 Hereafter cited parenthetically by page number.

^v Roland Barthes in his evocative essay 'Leaving the Movie Theater, writes of letting oneself 'be fascinated *twice over*, by the image and its surroundings — as if I had two bodies at the same time: a narcissistic body which gazes, lost, into the engulfing mirror, and a perverse body, ready to fetishize not the image but precisely what exceeds it: the texture of the sound, the hall, the darkness, the obscure mass of the other bodies'. I have only lightly touched on his sense of watching with others but carry that experience of cinema into this piece. I would also like to thank Susan, Vuli and Bheki for the first experience and Mridula for the second.

^{vi} Brecht quoted in Peter Thomson and Glendyr Sacks, *The Cambridge Companion to Brecht*, (Cambridge:Cambridge University Press, 1994), 191

^{vii} Jonas Barish, *The Anti-Theatrical Prejudice*, (University of California Press, Berkeley, 1981), 45

^{viii} *Waltz with Bashir*, 81

^{ix} *Waltz with Bashir*, 81

^x *Waltz with Bashir* p.91

^{xi} Oxford English Dictionary (online) accessed 14th September

^{xii} This is Will Eisner's term for cartoons and comics and graphic art. What term to use for cartooning and cartoons is discussed in *Understanding Comics; The Invisible Art* by

Scott McLeod on pages 1-9 (Harper Collins:New York 1994). Also see Will Eisner, *Comics and Sequential Art:Principles and Practices from the Legendary Cartoonist*, Norton New York 2008.

^{xiii} Ross Gibson, 'Acting and Breathing' in *Falling for You:Essays on Cinema and Performance*. Eds Lesley Stern and George Kouvaros (Power Publications:Sydney, 1999) 40

^{xiv} as above

^{xv} Paul Ward, *Documentary:The Margins of Reality*, (Wallflower Press:London, 2005), 85

^{xvi} Jodi Brooks, 'Crisis and the Everyday: Some Thoughts on Gesture and Crisis in Cassavetes and Benjamin' in *Falling for You:Essays on Cinema and Performance*. Eds Lesley Stern and George Kouvaros (Power Publications:Sydney, 1999) 52

^{xvii} Susan Sontag, *Regarding the Pain of Others*, (Hamilton Press:London, 2003),78

^{xviii} *Waltz with Bashir* p.84

^{xix} *Waltz with Bashir* p.85

^{xx} As quoted in Leila Shahid (2002) 'The Sabra and Shatila Massacres:Eye-Witness Reports' in *Journal of Palestine Studies*, vol 32, no.1(Autumn) 43