

Cast

Naama Preis (Anat), Zeev Shimshoni (Arieh), Andi Levi (Idan), Leora Rivlin (Or), Eli Gornstein (Baruch), Ami Weinberg (Avri), Ezra Dagan (Yoel), Shimon Mimran (Raphael), Ron Bitterman (Hanan), Alon Openhaim (Dror).

Crew

Director and Scriptwriter: Itay Tal
Director of Photography: Meidan Arama
Executive Producer: Hila Ben-Shushan
Editing: Itay Tal
Music: Roie Shpigler, Hillel Teplitzky
Music Performance: Eran Zvirin
Production Design: Shir Kleiman
Lighting Director: Raanan Berger
Costume Design: Neta Shenitzer
Sound: Nir Aviam
Sound Mixer: Shahaf Vegshel / DB studios
Colorist: Peleg Levi
Casting: Itay Tal, Shani Egozin, Hila Ben-Shushan



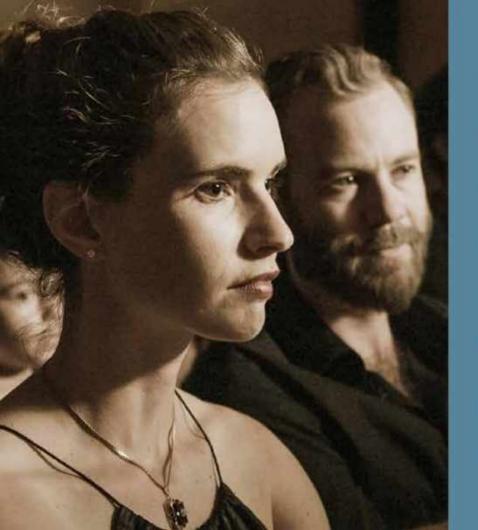


Directors Statement

When the idea for this movie first came to mind, I had yet to come to the realization that there would be a piano involved. The same thing happened with my two previous films. They started as scripts totally devoid of this musical instrument and, in some mysterious way, it found its way to the heart of the plots. The only major difference is that in God Of the Piano I dared to ask why.

Why is it that for so many years I dreamt about playing the piano, but never dared to buy one? Why is it that when I did purchase one, I never dared touching it? What does this miraculous instrument harbor that creates such dissonance within me? The unfolding of Anat's story - that of the main character of my film - un raveled the chirography for the dance I had with the piano for so many years.





It is not by chance that Anat's entire world revolves around music. Not a single act or scene fails to deal with her arduous struggle towards achieving her musical ambitions. Her extreme behavior sometimes surprises even me. She sacrifices everything for the sake of her mission, including her own musical career. Except for the score that she performs in the first scene, she refrains from playing or composing even a single note until the very end. This left me with a real quandary - what is she fighting for? What is she trying to prove and to whom?

There are many ambitious and uncompromising people among us who will do whatever it takes to reach the next stage of their ladder. But sometimes it seems that we forget to consider if our ladder is leaning against the right wall. As I see it, Anat forgot what "playing" really means or, sadly enough, she never really knew. And this is because no one ever showed her. The thing that made her father throw away his compositions is the same thing that made her stop playing, and the same thing that prevented me from even trying. What is this thing?

Isn't music like dance? Don't we also perform art for the sake of joy? What happens when music is treated as a mere tool, a tool not only to accomplish professional goals but also to gain self worth, to gain love? I believe this question does not apply only to music or art, and the fact that we cannot really make music without "playing" it, turns this endeavour into a very interesting subbase on which this issue can be raised. It is the exposure of this question that made me so passionate about creating God of The Piano.

