

Credits and script
Hold On My Glamourous – Un Instant Mon Glamour

Le Fresnoy National Studio of Contemporary Arts
With the support of Fuad Kurani & Shirin 'Abali
Present

A film by
Shirin Abu Shaqra

Hold on my glamourous

With Bahiya alias Wadad

By order of appearance

Manal Khader
Sophia Maamari
Hassan Choubasi
Anna Ogden Smith
Caroline Hatem
Teresa Czch
Shirin Abu Shaqra

With the voices of

Wadad,
Tamara Sahyouni Jabali
Rima al Basha

Artistic director Shirin Abu Shaqra
Director of photography Sarah Blum
Documentary Images & super8 Shirin Abu Shaqra
Additional Images David Chantreau
Jean René Laurent
Drawings Jana Traboulsi
Graphic assistants Hamed Sinno
Karim Farah
Animation Fdz
Jeremy Ledda
Panoramic Photo
Geofferey Morell
Executive Production in Beirut
Marwan al Alaily and the World Wide Shot production
Actors Coaching Carole Ammoun,
Editing Shirin Abu Shaqra
Costumes Milia M
Fan Sylvain le Guen
Color Correction Guillaume Noël
Jero Yun
Sound Mixing Tarek Atoui
Jeremy Morel

Interns
Ali Abo Awad
Gifar Charafedine
Rawad Khansoun
Jérémy Ledda

Super8 Archives Famille Fawaz,

Photographic Credits
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Yto Barrada
Murad Dagestani
Latif el Ani
Elie-Pierre Sabbag
Tufic Yazbek
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All songs are interpreted by Wadad

Itri Liman
Lyrics Mustafa al Badawi
Composition Samir Hilmi

Fi Warde
Lyrics Mustafa Mahmud
Composition Zaki Nassif

Habbuk
By Sami al Sidawi

Weinak Rayeh
By Sami al Sidawi

Sabbahto w ma radd
By Sami al Sidawi

Toba
Folkore
Arrangement Toufic al Basha

Bassara Barraje

Lyrics Sayyid Darwish
Arrangement Toufic al Basha

Qad Sami'a al Nass
Lyrics Abdel Rahman Qays
Composition Halim al Roumi

Itmakhtari ya 'Arusa
Folklore
Arrangement Toufic al Basha

Ya Jamal al Asmar
Lyrics Muhammad Ali Fattouh
Composition Michel Khayat

Btindam
By Sami al Sidawi

La taqul ta'ibun
Lyrics Khalil al Khuri
Composition Hassan Ghandour

La 'albi w la ba3irfak
By Sami al Sidawi

'Aluli 'annak ya hubbi
By Zaki Nassif

Iza nazamtu
Poem de Salah Al Din Khalil Bin Abik Al Safadi
Composition Toufic al Basha

Khaf min allah
By Sami al Sidawi

La taqul anti lu'bat
Lyrics Khalil al Khoury
Composition Hasan Ghandour

Ba'idni Bhibak
Lyrics Khalil Qirdahi
Composition Antoine Rabita

Il Fihim
By Sami al Sidawi

Hubiya Salat
Lyrics Alia Dalati
Composition Hassan Ghandour

Kif bti'sa
By Zaki Nassif

A production Le Fresnoy – National Studio of contemporary arts

With the help of
Fuad Kurani & Shirin 'Abali
World Wide Shot – Global Media

Director
Alain Fleischer

Cinema and visual arts coordinator
Frédéric Papon

Director of Production
Jacky Lautem

Production in charge of
Bertrand Scalabre

Administrator
Stéphanie Robin

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No one understands melodies as much as I do.
My father taught the art of melody.
This is natural for me.
I know how to play with melodies.
Others don't manage so well.

Um Kulthum didn't know much about melodies,
She kept asking.

Hello, are you Wadad?
I said yes.
He said welcome in.

Zaki composed this song.

*There is a rose...
There is a rose among the flowers,
she asked about you,
she's bewitched by your melodies.*

God, it's beautiful!

*There's a rose...
No matter how much light sends the sun,...
she's bewitched by your love.
She seems annoyed,
why don't you visit her?
send her a picture,
for her not to be sad.
Maybe the sweet...
will be happy again.
There's a rose...*

This song raptures the heart!

When Abdel Wahab was in Lebanon,
I was singing his songs on the Radio.
I was young and didn't have songs of my own.
It so happened that he was listening to the radio,
and heard a young girl sing his songs.
He told my father "this girl is so passionate, yet she's only three!
I need to train her and I won't leave her until she becomes Abdel Wahab's daughter".
Naturally, my parents refused.
Can anyone have such a privilege and say no to Abdel Wahab?

*They love you now...
But yesterday they cursed you.
When I opened my heart to you
And overwhelmed you with love...*

Be careful, it's like a communion.

Sami al Sidawi's songs are special.
He tells whole stories in his songs.
He likes me to pinch men.

*Where are you going, let's see...
Tell us something...*

*This luxury and these nice words
can't fill all these shelves.*

I went to Egypt,
and got in touch with Abdel Wahab.
And we agreed that I was there only to sing for him.
He wanted me to sing his older songs...
before the new ones.
He told me he would compose for me
but I had to be patient.
I will write songs no one ever wrote.
Majdi al Amroussi brought me the contract,
and said "write the amount you need".
This happened in front of Abdel Wahab.
Yes!
I said "let me think it over".
Baleegh Hamdi said: there is no fool on earth...
who says to Abdel Wahab "let me think it over".
Think about what?
And he tells you to put the amount you wish!
Are you crazy?

*I said good morning but he didn't reply.
I said good evening but he didn't reply.
It seems, mother, our friend
Took it really seriously.*

*If it wasn't because of people around,
I would've done without men.
No man would have passed through the sieve.
Our friend, for example,
He was among the nicest.
the minute I closed my eyes,
he changed.
And how severe he became, mother.*

There's no story.
Haskeel...
Azra Haskeel.
He is Jewish.
Haskeel Azra Benjamin is his name.
He's my grand father.
What can I do, I have to say the truth.
- What's the problem, grandma?
He's Russian.
Of those Russians who had a lot of money.
How do we call them? Pol...Polcheviks, tell her.
Yes, before the Polcheviks came to take...
He owned a great portion of Russia.
If I want,
I can ask for my grandfather's land.

My aunt is called Bahiyya.
- Ah, they named you after her?
First time I learn this.
Her name is Bahiyya the Egyptian.
Didn't you hear about Bahiyya's eyes?
All the songs were made for her.
- Really?
My aunt was beautiful.

*Every time I repent, father
You throw me away.
A spell is thrown at me,
It is engraved on my forehead.
Bahia, tell me who killed Yasseen?*

They sang for her eyes.
She was really beautiful, they say.
I never saw her.

My mother would sometimes sing in Iraqi,
sometimes in Egyptian, sometimes in Tunisian.
My parents had a restaurant called Cleopatra.
At night, it would turn into a theatre.

*How sad is your fate!
Let God punish those who hurt you.
They mocked your men and family...
This is fate, sister.*

Someone who works in the cinema business came to see my father.
"I'm coming on behalf of Farid al Atrash, he wants to talk to you on the phone".
He told my father that he knew he had a daughter whose voice is beautiful.
You're coming from Lebanon and I'd like us to collaborate.
They agreed that we'd go and see Farid al Atrash within days.
When my father saw how actors kissed each other in the studio,
He pulled me by my hair out of the studio.
I hadn't done anything!
My hair was long then.

After Farid al Atrash's story,
When I realized my parents weren't going to let me be an actress,
I married Um Kulthum's "qanun" player.
His name was Mhammad Abdo Saleh,
he was heading the musical group.
I agreed to marry him on the condition that he lets me play.

Wedding song

He ended up more jealous than my father.
At that time, I was seeing the poet Abdel Jaleel Wehbe.
He was writing compositions for me,

which, in turn, I would give to my musicians to work the melody.
With time, we got close and got married.

*Then, we fought and went to the judge...
explained to him our stories,
but we disagreed.
Where is my fault?
Why isn't he more lenient?*

My third husband was Tawfeeq el Basha.
I loved him greatly...
Very much.

Men spend so much money.
They spend but do nothing.
Do I need a man who makes fun of me and spends all the money?
I want to be able to make fun of him, not the opposite.
I want him to have limits.

*I swear, my love,
don't worry if you hear something,
a passion by mistake,
listen to what I say to my heart,
listen...
Sleep you traitor; sleep...
Who pushed you into passion?
We did it as a joke.
I tickled you to wake you up.
You came rushing to my door.
You're no longer my heart nor do I know you.*

Tawfeeq al Basha? Yes he's jealous.
I'll tell you something.
Assi al Rahbani proposed to him the idea
of writing a work for the two "sisters",
Fayruz the Lebanese,
And Bahiyya the Egyptian.
Tawfeeq al Basha refused.
Otherwise you would have seen how big my name would have been now.

This is jealousy.
And jealousy kills.

How did the situation worsen?
They started saying that I was Jewish.
You don't know the story, do you?
That I am Jewish, this is the problem.
And when I was with Tawfeeq al Basha,
one thing covered up for the other.
But later, he was no longer around to cover it up.

They told me: You're of Jewish origin.

I said: Aren't we all of Jewish origin?
I'm not the only one, we all are.
The first people was Jewish.
Why do you hit at me, then?

*Be scared of God, not of me...
Not of me but of God.
Be scared of God and say there is someone
who knows what's inside one's heart.
You're behaving as if you weren't guilty,
you're guilty and God is the witness.
Be scared of God...*

After I left Tawfeeq al Basha,
all my compositions were by Sami al Sidawi.
I knew him from my parents' place.
Philemon Wehbe and Mhammad Mohsen too,
I met them at my parents' place.
Khaleel Khoory was very famous.
Then he became Hussein's advisor,
the one in Iraq...
the advisor of Sammagh, Sammad, Saddam...
His official advisor.
He wrote for me "don't say I'm your doll".

How does the melody go?

*Don't say I'm your doll, I play in the moon.
Don't say I'm your baby,
Don't say you're good, I'm better in love.
In all the seas I crossed, there was a ship.
In all the nights I spent, there was a star.
The flowers in the spring drink from my belly.*

- Grandma, how could you sing love songs
while simultaneously going through a divorce?
- How could you do it?

*I still love you and wait for you,
So I can see you in secret when you pass by
and hear the echo of your heart.
I still love you...*

How beautiful!
All these songs are like golden jewels.

I still didn't forget, though you became harsh.

This is the right "Kurd" mode.
It's correct.

Wisdom, mother, wisdom entered wisdom.

It's about feeling.

I have to have the feeling to interpret the words.

I don't sing thoughtlessly.

I'm filled with the feeling.

You can imagine the person through my songs.

You can see him.