SYNOPSIS

The football World Cup kicks off today and the people of Beirut are eager for the big awaited event. While life moves on normally in such a day, the signal of the first match seems to be disrupted by strange audio waves. The frustration in the air builds up giving way to a bigger live event.

LOCARNO PREMIERE 2017

Feyrouz Serhal
Director and scriptwriter

Bassem Fayad
Cinematographer

Victor Bresse
Sound

Maria Malek
Editor

Roland Ascheid
Art director

Stefan Gieren
Felipe Lage Coro
Lara Abou Saifan
Producers

Arabic
Language

26 minutes
Running time

Locarno Festival
Official selection

TSHWEESH

تشويش



a film by
FEYROUZ SERHAL

FEYROUZ SERHAL

Feyrouz Serhal acquired her Master's degree in Film and Screen Studies at Goldsmiths College University of London, after having worked extensively as director and producer at some of the most prominent Arab TV channels in the Middle East. She has also written and directed several independent short video works. Her first short fiction film ***Tshweesh*** was premiered in Locarno in 2017. Serhal is now in development of ***I am here but you can't see me***, her first feature film as director.



FILMOGRAPHY

TSHWEESH
(2017, 26')

OLMO
(2002, 25')

A NOBODY
(2001, 8')





DIRECTOR'S STATEMENT

Life moves nonstop and that's what defines it, movement is what defines cinema as well.

Cinema like life moves and doesn't end with the end credits of a film.

Lidia in ***Tshweesh*** walks in Beirut after she has walked in Milan in Antonioni's ***La Notte*** in 1961, and as Lidia felt nostalgic in the old neighbourhood in Milan then, Lidia walks and fears for the old buildings in Beirut now. When Lidia looks up and sees the planes in the sky of Milan in 1961, she doesn't know that many years in the future she will walk in Beirut and look up to see Israeli planes instead.

In ***Tshweesh*** I accompanied Lidia, both as a human being and as an artist, she lead me into myself and the people I grew up with, into the city that stood up and faced the most feared always.

Lidia walks in Beirut and we are on her track, together with her we bid farewell to an old house, to its collective memories to the sentiments and to a life that was once there.

From up the roofs we see Lidia down on the ground, a citizen in her city.

From up there cinema sneaks into a bustling Beirut, awaiting impatiently for the joys of the football World Cup.

Up there the solid cement is juxtaposed with ethereal skies, up there humans make the concrete soft and lively.

But the exuberant life will be deranged...

That disruption, that sound of the coming aggression renders the skies claustrophobic.

Frustration... tension...

The inevitable happens, again one more time.

But the city of my inspiration is forever resilient. Again and one more time it will stand up and watches another attack passes by and leaves forever.