



© Rawane Nassif

Sokun Al Sulhufat

Turtles are Always Home

سكون السلحفاة

Rawane Nassif

2016, color, 12 min., Arabic. **Producer** Rawane Nassif, Doha Film Institute. **Written and directed by** Rawane Nassif. **Director of photography** Rawane Nassif. **Sound** Rawane Nassif. **Music** Rawane Nassif. **Sound design** Victore Bresse. **Editor** Rawane Nassif.

Rawane Nassif, born in 1983 in Beirut, Lebanon, has a BFA in filmmaking from Université Saint Joseph in Lebanon and an MA in Cultural Anthropology from the University of Alberta in Canada. She is a filmmaker, author, and researcher. Her work addresses space, traditions, identities, displacement, and memory. She currently works with the Doha Film Institute as a film researcher.

Films

2002: *Draw Me Palestine* (2 min.). 2004: *Leaded Unleaded* (35 min.), *Serheldan* (18 min.), *Dalil* (18 min.), *On the Road* (18 min.). 2005: *My Ball* (18 min.). 2007: *No Coke* (2 min.), *Bike Love* (15 min.). 2009: *Zoukak Migration* (32 min.). 2012: *Three Women in the Jailoo* (31 min.). 2016: *Sokun Al Sulhufat / Turtles are Always Home*.

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I left Lebanon in 2006. For the past 10 years I have lived in seven countries, 10 cities, and 21 homes. I have slept in 21 beds, cooked in 21 kitchens, cleaned 21 bathrooms, written on 21 desks, and locked 21 doors behind me. I packed all of my life into two suitcases and a backpack. The rest stayed behind. Somebody somewhere uses my bed, somebody somewhere has my shoes, somebody somewhere maybe remembers me in those fragmented traces of mine.

I was there. But now I am here. In Qatar. In a fake Venice with colorful houses.

Houses have memories too. They hide them under their windowsills, tuck them in layers of paint and sometimes whisper them to birds passing by. I wonder whose memories these houses will keep. I live here but I am unable to leave a trace. I try to attach myself to the walls, dirty them, mark them... but I fail. They are constantly cleaned, watched, and protected. I caress them instead. And I film them, lest I forget.

Home is where the heart is, they say. I disagree. My heart is everywhere. It left with the music. Like a turtle, I am always home.

Rawane Nassif