

JURY PRIZE - Burning Lights, Vision du Réel, Nyon

Puma de Plata (Best Director's Prize) – Ficunam, Mexico City

Youth Jury Prize – Filmmaker Festival, Milan

Grand Jury Prize – Athens Avant-Garde Film Festival

Special Mention – PRIX CLARENS for Documentary film – Cinéma du Réel



PRESS KIT

World Premiere - Burning Lights Competition  
Visions du Réel 2025

Original title: **Noghteh-e-Goriz**  
English title: **The Vanishing Point**

Written and directed by: Bani Khoshnoudi

Image / Camera: Bani Khoshnoudi and anonymous sources  
Edited by : Claire Atherton  
Sound : Éric Lesachet  
Produced by Bani Khoshnoudi  
Coproducer: Janja Kralj

Produced by Pensée Sauvage Films  
In co-production with KinoElektron

104 min., Color, 4K, DCP, Dolby 5.1  
In Farsi and English with English subtitles  
Filmed on Super 8, 16mm, Video  
Iran - USA - France

With the support of the Herb Alpert Award in the Arts (Film/Video), CNC (Centre National de la Cinématographie), Cnap (Centre National des Arts Plastiques), and La Scam - Brouillon d'un rêve documentaire

Synopsis:

Abandoned houses, surviving objects that carry memory. Exiled from Iran after her film on the 2009 Green Movement was banned, a filmmaker breaks her family's decades-long silence about a disappeared cousin, executed during the 1988 purges in Iran's political prisons. Grappling with estrangement and loss, she uses fragments, archives, and the images made during her years of diaristic filming in Iran to reflect on the collective taboo, the fear that silenced the population for so many years, and the explosion of resistance that continues to grow within Iranian society today.

Festivals / past + upcoming screenings until May 2025:

**Jury Prize** – Visions du Réel, Burning Lights

**Best Director Prize** – FICUNAM, International Competition

**Youth Jury Prize** – Filmmaker Festival, Milan

**Grand Jury Prize** – Athens Avant-Garde Film Festival

**Special Mention – PRIX CLARENS** for Documentary film – Cinéma du Réel

Visions du Réel (Burning Lights Competition / **Jury prize**)

Subversive Film Festival Zagreb (Croatia) – Documentary competition

FICUNAM (International Competition / **Best Director prize**)

Filmfest Munchen - Cine Rebels competition

Dokufest Kosovo – Human Rights Competition

DMZ International Documentary Film Festival – Frontier Competition

Cámara Lúcida international Film festival, Ecuador

Pravo Ljudski Film Festival, Sarajevo

FIC Valdivia – Gala / Contemporary cinema program

Lima Alterna Festival Internacional de cine – International Competition

Doclisboa – From the Earth to the Moon Section

Viennale

Ji.hlava International Documentary Film Festival – Constellations

IDFA – Best of fests

Gijón International Film Festival – Esbilla section

Filmmaker Festival (International Competition / **Youth Jury Prize**), Milan, Italy

BOZAR – Brussels / New releases (November 2025 – January 2026)

Athens Avant-Garde Film Festival (International Competition / **Grand Jury Prize**)

DocFortnight, MoMA, New York (US Premiere)

Toronto Cinematheque, Special Screening, March 2026

Cinéma du Réel, Special Screening (French Premiere) / **Special Mention – PRIX CLARENS** for Documentary film

Courtisane Festival, Ghent, Belgium

Dokumentarfilmwoche Hamburg (Germany), Opening Film

Internationale Frauen Film Fest Dortmund+Köln

Beldocs, Serbia

## Bani Khoshnoudi

### Biography:

Iranian filmmaker and visual artist, Bani Khoshnoudi makes documentary and fiction films, as well as visual art and photography projects. Her work explores the history of modernity in Iran, as well as the layers, stories and experiences related to exile and migration. Her 2009 documentary essay, *The Silent Majority Speaks*, banned in Lebanon and Iran, is a political fresco about 100 years of political revolt in Iran that was included in Georges Didi-Huberman's exhibition project, "Uprisings" for the Jeu de Paume Museum and has been called by Nicole Brenez as one of ten essential films of the century. Her 2019 fiction feature, *Fireflies*, was made in Mexico, and won the HBO Best Ibero-American Feature award at the Miami International Film Festival. In 2022, she was awarded the prestigious Herb Alpert Award for the Arts for Film and Video, and her work was featured in the 60e Biennale di Venezia main exhibit, "Foreigners Everywhere", curated by Adriano Pedrosa. Her latest documentary essay, *The Vanishing Point* premiered at Visions du Réel and won the Jury Prize in the Burning Lights Competition. Since 2009, Bani shares her time between Mexico City and Paris.

### Filmography:

2025 - **THE VANISHING POINT** (documentary essay, 104 min.)  
2023 - **EL CHINERO, A PHANTOM HILL** (experimental, 11 min.)  
2022 - **SAP** (experimental, 18 min.)  
2019 - **BENIZIT** (37 min., medium length, fiction/experimental)  
2018 - **FIREFLIES** (86 min., feature fiction)  
2016 - **TRANSIT(S) : OUR TRACES, OUR RUIN** (40 min., essay)  
2010-14 - **THE SILENT MAJORITY SPEAKS** (94 min., documentary essay),  
2013 - **CEM** (4 min., experimental)  
2012 - **ZIBA** (82 min., feature fiction)  
2008 - **A PEOPLE IN THE SHADOWS** (90 min., documentary)  
2005 - **TRANSIT** (34 min., short fiction)

SCREENDAILY

## 'The Vanishing Point': How Iran's 1979 revolution unleashed generational trauma in one family

BY **ALLAN HUNTER** | 16 APRIL 2025

Their memories become an act of resistance in Visions du Reel 'Burning Lights' winner



**SOURCE: BANI KHOSHNOUDI**  
**'THE VANISHING POINT'**

*Dir: Bani Khoshnoudi. Iran/US/France. 2025. 103 mins*

Remembrance becomes an act of resistance in *The Vanishing Point*, Bani Khoshnoudi's deeply personal documentary which revisits her family history to address the collective trauma of generations of Iranians dealing with the aftershocks of the Islamic Revolution in 1979. A wide-ranging, sometimes discursive work builds into a passionate cry for freedom that should attract further festival interest after winning the jury prize in the Burning Lights section of Vision Du Reel.

***The resistance of a cousin four decades ago burns again in a modern generation.***

It is more than fifteen years since Khoshnoudi left Iran in the wake of her film *The Silent Majority Speaks* (2009) being banned. *The Vanishing Point* is infused with an exile's nostalgia and longing for connection to their homeland. She concentrates on everyday objects that create pathways to her family history, focusing on static shots of a suitcase filled with papers and photos, scrapbooks and albums, empty rooms and deserted homes. Traces of the past are like the grimy outline on a wall where a painting once hung.

These images of bare walls, cracked plaster and empty tables juxtapose Khoshnoudi's conversations with her elderly relatives to suggest parallels with Chantal Akerman's equally intimate final documentary *No Home Movie* (2015). Footage from 2009 sees Khoshnoudi in conversation with her aunt Farideh Mayel as they gaze at old photographs and volumes of newspaper clippings. A photograph from 1947 captures Farideh in all her youthful glamour and is contrasted with a tale of her skirmish with the morality police more than six decades later.

Khoshnoudi believes it is essential to fight against the silencing of the past and yet her own family never mentions the fate of her mother's younger cousin. Elements of her story are pieced together throughout the film as we learn that she was just 27 in 1988 when she was arrested by the authorities and incarcerated in Evin Prison. She was never seen again and her parents were presented with a plastic bag of her meagre belongings alongside a warning to say nothing. The family would never speak about it and Khoshnoudi's desire to know more and keep her memory alive is indicative of countless families who have lost loved ones over the past half century.

Editor Claire Atherton weaves together a wealth of home movies, still images and raw footage from sources in Iran. They convey a sense of the surface normality of everyday life as people are stuck in traffic, visit brightly lit shops or bustle along busy city streets. Nobody seems to talk to anyone, underlining Khoshnoudi's point that in Iran "we cannot breathe the same way out of the house as we do indoors."

The material is often starkly presented to emphasis its edgy immediacy. There is very little in the way of context, narration or music to accompany the visuals. Footage of the riots after the 2009 election result becomes the starting point for a more focused, emotionally charged reflection of unrest in modern Iran. Khoshnoudi uses anonymous phone footage from the past decade to salute those brave individuals who have defied the regime, chanting 'Death To The Dictator' or spraypainting walls with slogans like Death To Khamenei or Nothing Can Erase Blood. A good deal of the hope that Khoshnoudi finds in recent events is the defiance of women, especially in the protests that followed the death of Mahsa Amini in September 2022. Her ability to trace the unacknowledged connections in her country's history mean that time seems to fold in on itself as the resistance of a cousin four decades ago burns again in a modern generation.

'The Vanishing Point': How Iran's 1979 revolution unleashed generation... <https://www.screendaily.com/reviews/the-vanishing-point-how-irans-19...>

Production companies: Pensee Sauvage Films, Kino Elektron

International sales: Pensee Sauvage Films. [info@penseesuavagefilms.com](mailto:info@penseesuavagefilms.com)

Producers: Bani Khoshnoudi, Janja Kralj

Cinematography: Bani Khoshnoudi

Editing: Claire Atherton

search



en | es | fr | it

[Database](#) [Market Intelligence](#) [News](#) [Reviews](#) [Interviews](#) [Festival Reports](#) [Services](#) [More](#)

VISIONS DU RÉEL 2025

## Review: *The Vanishing Point*

by [GIORGIA DEL DON](#)

15/04/2025 - Iranian director Bani Khoshnoudi tries to give life to the ghost of a family's past that now only lives through the few objects that inhabited it



Winner of the Burning Lights Award at *Visions du Réel*, *The Vanishing Point* by **Bani Khoshnoudi**, Iranian filmmaker exiled in the United States, is a true visual poem that distills every word as if it were a soundless tear flowing out of an eye and ending up in the silent sea that is the collective memory of a country in revolt. After her film about the 2009 Green Movement got censored, Bani Khoshnoudi was no longer able to return to her native country. This exile forced her to rethink her personal story from another perspective, through the memories that she jealously guarded, thanks to witnesses who could still tell her about what happened, and through the objects that have survived her escape. In the film, however, she doesn't talk directly about her life but about that of her cousin, who disappeared and was killed in an Iranian political prison in 1988.

The material at her disposal to break the silence of her family, full of fear and modesty, are then the few objects (very few photographs, a pair of glasses, a notebook) that belonged to her cousin, her own childhood memories, the whispered words and the videos of all the anonymous people who have captured the uprising of a wounded country reclaiming its freedom. Together with editor **Claire Atherton**, the director embarks on the almost desperate reconstruction of a life that ended tragically, in an attempt to reconnect to her own dignity. With minutiae and almost meditative calm, Bani Khoshnoudi's camera focuses then on the page of a photo album from which a photo was torn out, contrasting with the freedom of a little girl who, in the present time of the narration, plays in the garden of a house. What does it mean to be deleted not only from the history of your own country, which doesn't accept any deviation from the norm, but also from your own family history? This seems to be the central question that the filmmaker is asking herself. Thanks to the videos of those who never stopped fighting back, claiming their own sacrosanct right to exist (women first of all), the filmmaker gives a family back to her cousin, in a way, relocating her within a story made of cries, pain, hope and dignity.

In a personal, delicate and extremely brave fashion, the director weaves together her own family history and that of Iran, giving life to an essay film full of desperate poetry. Although the violence is never hidden, it doesn't dominate the narrative. Indeed, horror manifests itself in a more subtle manner, as oblivion. Confronting us with the few crumbs that remain of those who are no longer with us, the film makes us face our own cowardice. How much courage does it take not to succumb to compromise, to exchange freedom for life? *The Vanishing Point* is an essential film capable of communicating, with the language of cinema, all the horror of having to stay silent in order to survive.

*The Vanishing Point* was produced by Pensée Sauvage Films (Iran/United States) and [KinoElektron](#).

(Translated from Italian)

[more about: The Vanishing Point](#)

[related news](#)

[all news](#)

# FILM COMMENT

## Doc Fortnight 2026: Collective Memory

By Katie Kirkland (/author/katiekirkland/) on March 16, 2026

This article appeared in the March 13, 2026 edition of *The Film Comment Letter*, our free weekly newsletter featuring original film criticism and writing. Sign up for the Letter here (<https://www.filmcomment.com/newsletter-sign-up/>).

*Narrative* (Anocha Suwichakornpong, 2025)

At the core of Anocha Suwichakornpong's *Narrative* (2025) is a theatrical workshop staged with the family members of pro-democracy activists—"Red Shirts"—killed during the Thai military government's 2010 crackdown on protestors. On a studio soundstage, the workshop director guides pairs of participants through a series of conversational exercises designed to facilitate immersion in one another's emotional experiences. We see, but do not fully hear, the participants speaking; Suwichakornpong cuts away before the exercises are complete. Later, on the same soundstage, the theater workshop gives way to a legal consultation. Sharing their stories with a lawyer, family members detail the bureaucratic obfuscation and stalling that have left their cases against the state unresolved. These scenes are intermittently punctuated by glimpses of the production crew, who dart in and out of frame to adjust boom mics and cameras, and of Suwichakornpong herself, who sits off to the side and watches the action unfold. The film invites us to question how, and if, such performances can materialize emotional or political resolution.

*Narrative* screened in the 2026 edition of the Museum of Modern Art's Doc Fortnight, which ran from February 23 to March 12. Other films in the lineup were similarly defined as much by what they left out as by what was contained within them. While such work can risk becoming hermetic, overpowered by the weight of its omissions, many of the titles programmed in the festival instead opened lines of flight beyond the boundaries of a given film and back into the shared social and historical world to which they—and we—belong. *Narrative* may question Thailand's ability to reckon with the residues of its traumatic past, but it ultimately attests to the resilience of ongoing individual and collective efforts to inherit this struggle in the present. The film lingers on a group lighting incense and praying together for their lost loved ones at a Buddhist shrine, a mother's dream journal in which she writes of her dead son visiting her in her sleep, and audio recorded at a memorial gathering, chronicling the myriad forms through which memory is haltingly, but insistently, sustained.

Several short films in this year's Doc Fortnight embodied this spirit of openness by inviting viewers into new sensory and imaginative encounters with place. Tulapop Saenjaroen's *Local Sensations* (2025) uses Thai architecture scholar Chatri Prakitnonthakan's essay "How to Design a Modern Monument That Won't Become a Shrine" as a playful point of departure to explore different ways of inhabiting space; the director restlessly recombines footage of an improvised musical performance, a glassblowing workshop, a walk through a nature center, and a drawing game amongst architecture students. Mark Jenkin's *Enough to Fill Up an Eggcup* (2016) and Rhea Storr's *Okay Keskidee! Let Me See Inside* (2025) similarly utilize the expressive capacities of analog film—its lush sensitivity to light, texture, and color—to attune viewers to overlooked and vulnerable landscapes. For Jenkin, it's a Cornish fishing village whose seaside landscapes and livelihoods are increasingly threatened by rising sea levels and intensifying storms. For Storr, it's the site of the former Keskidee Centre, a hub of Caribbean diasporic organizing and cultural production in the U.K. in the 1970s and '80s that is now the site of a luxury apartment development. Unable to go inside, Storr's film instead meditates on imaginative possibilities of "surface" itself through light leaks, patterns left by chemical emulsion, kaleidoscopic refractions, and optically printed text overlaying quotidian footage of diasporic neighborhoods.

Ross McElwee's *Remake* (2025) is an aching reflection on the director's relationship with his son Adrian—which was often mediated by filmmaking—and the events leading up to Adrian's death in 2016 from a drug overdose. Narrated primarily as an

address to Adrian, the film organizes these reflections along a timeline that also retraces the failed attempt by L.A. producers to develop McElwee's personal documentary *Sherman's March* (1985) into a narrative feature. "I used to call myself a filmmaker. I used to call myself your father," McElwee states via voiceover, naming a life doubly undone by loss. In what form might such a shattered self be remade?

Perhaps, *Remake* suggests, in the eyes of a viewer. Over the course of the film, McElwee revisits not only his own footage but also the footage Adrian shot over his short life. The elder McElwee's attempt to view the world through his son's eyes occasions his most anguished reflections on all that his own camera failed to see, but the resulting work is a tender tribute to the complexity and vitality of Adrian's relationship to the world around him. Near the end of the film, McElwee worries that such endless looking will make his son "seem like a fictional character—someone who never existed, except on film." However, if cinema is not a substitute for life, it is, for both McElwee and Adrian, a conduit to it—a way of encountering oneself, and one another.

**Bani Khoshnoudi's *The Vanishing Point* (2025)** also excavates a painful family history—the story of her mother's cousin Nasanine, who was arrested and executed in Iran in 1988 during Ayatollah Khomeini's bloody wave of political purges. After her death, Nasanine's parents were met by prison officials with a plastic bag containing a few scattered belongings and "a threat to be silent." The film traces the reverberations of such enforced forgetting, weaving together Nasanine's story with Khoshnoudi and her family's own fractured memories of exile from Iran after the revolution. In dwelling on the scant artifacts her family members took with them and the street footage she filmed upon her successive returns to Iran, Khoshnoudi conceals as much as she reveals, favoring cropped framings, elliptical narration, and long stretches of silent footage. Such gestures evoke the climate of fear and internalized censorship named in Iranian poet Ahmad Shamlou's 1972 poem *Nocturnal*, which opens the film: "No one talks to anyone/ For silence is speaking/ in a thousand tongues/ We gaze upon our dead/ with a vague trace of a smile/ And we wait/ for our turn to come/ with no smile!"

Yet the film also revises the resignation suggested by Shamlou's lines, gradually unearthing long histories of dissent against the Islamic regime. After a montage of video and cell-phone footage documenting mass protests in Iran, the film ends with a haunting audio recording from 2023 of women singing together in Evin prison, echoing earlier footage in which families of those disappeared by the regime gather and sing in protest around a mass grave. Shamlou's thousand-tongued silence gives way to a thousand-tongued voice of defiance, emblematic of the film's broader shift from a personal reflection on absence to a collective history of action.

*The Vanishing Point* held its U.S. premiere mere days after the U.S. and Israel jointly initiated war on Iran, cynically appropriating Iranian dissent to sanction the brutal extension of their military agendas. Watching the film, I thought about the Iranians reporting on the destruction of their homes amidst a near-total internet blackout. I thought, too, of the crowds in Los Angeles and Minneapolis facing down ICE abductions, and those presently taking to the streets to demand an end to our forever wars abroad. Their astonishing bravery in confronting authoritarian violence reverberates across our ever-expanding archive of footage documented via phones and cameras, but their demand exceeds the boundaries of these frames. They push us not merely to watch our screens, but to fight for the world beyond them.

---

**Katie Kirkland** is an Assistant Professor of Cinema at Binghamton University.

Categories: [Features](#), ([/blog/category/features/](#)) [Festivals](#) ([/blog/category/festivals/](#))



## EN/THE VANISHING POINT (2025) DE BANI KHOSHNOUDI



Suscribite a **CALIGARI**

(<https://caligari.com.ar/suscripciones/>)

“Silenced voices and recovered memory”

Por Kristine Balduzzi

*The Vanishing Point* by Bani Khoshnoudi is a deeply personal and political documentary that explores the traces of exile, family memory, and the violence of the Iranian regime, pushing the boundaries of conventional storytelling. The Iranian filmmaker and artist, who left her country in 1979 during the Islamic Revolution, creates a film that is not simply about her own story but about the collective history of the many who have been lost, whose existence was erased from public memory by state repression. Through a meticulous collection of visual material, including family photos, personal objects, and fragments of daily life in Tehran, Khoshnoudi intertwines private memories with public narratives of resistance and forced disappearances. Her camera, infused with an intimate gaze, captures scenes of the streets, street vendors, and the visual inscriptions of a city marked by fear and repression. The vanishing point in the title refers to a silenced pain, that of her cousin, who was executed during the 1988 purges in Iran, a story that has remained hidden for decades.

What distinguishes *The Vanishing Point* is the way Khoshnoudi uses editing to subvert the passivity of observation. Through her collaboration with editor Claire Atherton, the film takes the form of an accumulation of scattered materials, inviting us to confront the complex relationship between image and oblivion. The images, charged with palpable tension, not only document violence but also the effort to keep memory alive in the face of attempts to erase all traces of the past. The film opens a space for reflection on suffering and disappearance. By interspersing videos of recent protests, where Iranian women rise up against the regime, *The Vanishing Point* weaves a direct critique of the oppression that still persists in the country. The echo of the protests and images of resistance serve not only as testimony to a current struggle but as a cry for justice that demands to be heard beyond borders.

Khoshnoudi's film is not just an exercise in memory, but a reflection on the act of filming as resistance. Through her images, the filmmaker confronts the void of official history, creating a work that, while centered on her personal experience, becomes an urgent call to action, to not be complacent in the face of injustice. In its final sequence, images of Iranian women waving their scarves in the streets resonate as an act of reclamation, a reminder that, although the past has been stolen from us, the future is still ours to claim.

# Iranian filmmaker Bani Khoshnoudi examines protest in TIFF series on Jocelyne Saab

**APARITA BHANDARI**

SPECIAL TO THE GLOBE AND MAIL

PUBLISHED YESTERDAY



Iranian filmmaker Bani Khoshnoudi.

MITRA PRIETO/SUPPLIED

**Listen to this article**

[Learn more](#) about audio



06:08

1X

Bani Khoshnoudi isn't sure how she's feeling. The shock of the U.S.-Israel strike on Iran that killed the country's supreme leader Ayatollah Ali Khamenei on Feb. 28 hasn't yet worn off.

Travelling from her home in Montreuil, a Parisian suburb, to New York and eventually, Toronto, where she will present her film *The Vanishing Point*, made her pull herself together, she says. Khoshnoudi's film is screening as part of a series that she has curated on Lebanese filmmaker, writer and visual artist, Jocelyne Saab, that runs from March 12 to 22 at the TIFF Lightbox.

"Everyone is like this right now. It just fluctuates," she says, letting out a sigh. It's further complicated because there isn't a consensus among the Iranian diaspora, including the large one in Toronto, she explains. There are differing viewpoints on whom to support as the situation in Iran escalates, including many that Khoshnoudi disagrees with.

Soon after the first strike, she was out protesting in the Paris streets. Several different groups across the city were voicing their opposition to the unrest in Iran, which soon began to spiral into a regional war.

"I'm more aligned in France with feminist and Kurdish groups, Iranians that are non-aligned – that don't want this option or that option," Khoshnoudi says, making note of the large marches protesting the killings carried out by the regime earlier this year. Those protesters are now marching against the war. "We try to continue, but it's a bit difficult."

**How Canada's Iranian filmmaking diaspora is reckoning with war**

The recent events seem more surreal than prescient in relation to her film's upcoming screening. *The Vanishing Point*, released in 2025, is a deeply personal documentary about the act of protesting. Khoshnoudi's family left Tehran for the U.S. in 1979, when she was two-and-a-half years old. She grew up in Texas and returned to Iran when she was 22, after completing her studies in architecture and visual arts.

Upon her return, she got involved with the local film community and started to run an underground film club out of her home. She made four films, the last of which was *The Silent Majority Speaks* in 2010. The film clandestinely documented Iran's Green Movement, and she mixed images of citizens challenging the 2009 presidential election results with glimpses of previously suppressed revolutions. *The Silent Majority Speaks* got banned in Lebanon in 2014 and was considered offensive to the Iranian regime. Khoshnoudi, who by then had a young child, decided she couldn't live in Iran, fearing her safety.

*The Vanishing Point*, which traces the disappearance of a young family member in Tehran's notorious Evin Prison, was a story she had been thinking about for a long time. She had been mulling over her personal 15-year archive of shooting in Iran "on the streets, from my window, from different film shoots I did for other documentary work or fiction."

Then, the Woman, Life, Freedom movement erupted in 2022, after the death of Mahsa Amini in custody in Iran. Those protests galvanized Khoshnoudi to work on *The Vanishing Point*, using recorded phone calls, home movies, family photos and found footage of demonstrations in Iran to illustrate the silence enforced by the country's repressive regime.

### **'It's a kind of survivor's guilt': How an Iranian theatre-maker brought geopolitical conflict to Canadian audiences**

The war under way right now has resulted in death and destruction. However, she says, the Iranian regime isn't allowing citizens to document these events or even bear witness, and is instead controlling the narrative with visual propaganda. She has observed that people – including some of her own

colleagues – are overwhelmed with emotion and passion, and have shared images that are being “propagated by the Iranian regime.”

While some have argued that this isn't the appropriate time to express such critiques, Khoshnoudi feels this is the precise moment to voice her concerns. Some experts say the Iranian regime has for years been trying to gather momentum for a lengthy war.

The U.S.-Israel attack on Iran is “an imperial, colonial gesture by the Western powers. We have no doubt about that,” Khoshnoudi clarifies. “But it coincides with a need by this regime that's become completely weakened in terms of popularity – if they ever had it.”

### **Oscar-nominated screenwriter arrested in Tehran after criticizing regime's protest crackdown**

It's imperative to remember that the camera has a selective viewpoint, she adds. And since no one seems to know when the war will stop, people will carry these disseminated propaganda images with them in their daily lives. Khoshnoudi sees the seven-film series of Saab's work that she has curated for TIFF as an opportunity to reconsider the Lebanese filmmaker's legacy, and a reminder to question what we're seeing unfold before our eyes.

In Khoshnoudi's notes for the series, she describes how Saab, the founder of the Cultural Resistance International Film Festival in Beirut, was relentless in documenting the civil war in Lebanon, as well as the 1979 Iranian Revolution and the Western Sahara conflict. Putting together this series of restored works, from a filmmaker with whom Khoshnoudi shares a deep commitment to the kind of art she wants to make, was a moving experience.

“The importance of complexifying, not just taking sides, resonates so much today. Her films are so beautiful ... because she's always questioning the moment, and everybody that she meets,” she says. “She's really trying to figure out what is happening and why.”

# Bani Khoshnoudi and Jocelyne Saab

By David Hudson

THE DAILY — MAR 11, 2026

Bani  
Khoshnoudi's  
*The  
Vanishing  
Point* (2025)

Iranian artist and filmmaker [Bani Khoshnoudi](#) is in Toronto this week to present [More Than a Witness: The Films of Jocelyne Saab](#), a series she's curated for TIFF Cinematheque that opens tomorrow and runs through March 22. On Saturday, Khoshnoudi will screen and discuss her own latest feature, [The Vanishing Point](#) (2025), the winner of the Burning Lights Jury Prize at last year's Visions du Réel and a deeply personal meditation on her family history.

Khoshnoudi was only two when her family left Tehran and the upheaval of the Islamic Revolution of 1979. In 2005, she directed her first short film, *Transit*, the story of an Afghan boy's journey through Europe, and within a few years, Khoshnoudi was back in Tehran, shooting her 2008 portrait of the city, *A People in the Shadows*. When *The Silent Majority Speaks* (2010), a chronicle of the rise of the 2009 Green Movement, was banned, Khoshnoudi left Iran and now divides her time between Paris and Mexico City.

"When you come from a place like Iran—or from Palestine, or numerous other places—you do not choose your history, neither the emotional baggage nor the literal suitcases that come with it," writes [Khoshnoudi](#) in the Museum of Modern Art's *Magazine*. "At birth, your life is already impacted by loss, mourning, panic, displacement, and longing, but inevitably also by a will to live and to resist that's necessary for survival, for collective struggle. We inherit the wounds but also the hope for a time when healing can take place. For me, this is the vanishing point: a place suspended in front of us, seemingly out of reach, yet crucial in order to keep our gaze steady."

In [The Vanishing Point](#), Khoshnoudi sorts through family photos and newspaper clippings with her aunt and pieces together the story of her mother's younger cousin, who was arrested in 1988, when she was just twenty-seven. She was taken to Evin Prison and never seen again.

"Editor Claire Atherton weaves together a wealth of home movies, still images, and raw footage," writes *Screen's* [Allan Hunter](#). "They convey a sense of the surface normality of everyday life as people are stuck in traffic, visit brightly lit shops, or bustle along busy city streets. Nobody seems to talk to anyone, underlining Khoshnoudi's point that in Iran 'we cannot breathe the same way out of the house as we do indoors.'"

Born and raised in Beirut, Lebanese artist and filmmaker Jocelyne Saab worked for a time as a

reporter for French television but eventually concentrated on a more personal, independent, and essayistic mode of filmmaking. Having founded the Cultural Resistance Film Festival in Beirut, Saab completed her final short film, *My Name Is Mei Shigenobu*, just ten days before she passed away in 2019.

“In the 1970s and ’80s, she was relentlessly taking the pulse of Lebanon in the thralls of civil war, Iran in the wake of its epic revolution, or else the heated conflict in the Western Sahara,” writes [Khoshnoudi](#) in her TIFF program notes. “Upon the occasion of new restorations of a number of her major works—both documentary and fiction—as well as continued turmoil in the region, this series could not be more timely and resonant.”

Alongside a dossier on Saab, [Sabzian](#) has also run a 2013 appreciation by [Nicole Brenez](#), who wrote that Saab’s work had been “devoted entirely to underprivileged populations, displaced peoples, exiled combatants, war-torn cities, and those in the fourth world without a voice. Her creative journey has been one of the most exemplary and profound, rooted completely in historical violence, the multiple ways in which one can participate in it and resist it, and the awareness of the gestures and images needed to document it, reflect on it and remedy it.”

That piece was translated by [Jonathan Mackris](#). “What moves me in Saab’s films, amid the violence she courageously records,” wrote Mackris for *Screen Slate* in 2024, “is the room she finds for beauty. Weathering the combined storm of imperialist violence, reactionary chauvinism, and poverty, her career is an example of an internationalism that transforms through the course of the twentieth century into a concern especially for the stateless, in a tradition once charted by Charlie Chaplin and Fritz Lang, and which continues today in the films by Wang Bing, Lech Kowalski, Alice Diop, and Sylvain George.”

That same year, [Celluloid Liberation Front](#) observed in *Notebook* that Saab “lived through the wars she documented, and her lyrical missives are marked both by fearlessness and vulnerability. Images of genocide now pile up in smartphone newsfeeds far faster than we can process them or investigate their implications. Saab’s cinema engenders a mode of viewership that is perhaps the very opposite of doomscrolling. Every image and every word are thoughtfully measured, carefully paired; her visual language is economical and penetrating.”

*Don't miss out on your Daily briefing! Subscribe to the [RSS feed](#).*

## High on Films review, April 15, 2025, by Debanjan Dhar

Film Festivals Review

### The Vanishing Point (2025) 'Visions du Réel' Movie Review: A Blazing Confrontation with Forced Silences in Iran

April 15, 2025

Debanjan Dhar



In "The Vanishing Point," Bani Khoshnoudi stirs a tide of anger and grief into motion. It's at once an intimate saga as well as a national overhaul of Iran, foregrounding voices stifled, bodies negated in all their patchwork. Her mother's cousin was disappeared by the regime in 1988 at the age of twenty-seven. There never came an official statement. It was as if her existence was wiped out of [memory](#) one day. "The Vanishing Point" brings the train of consigning her to oblivion to a juddering halt.

The director situates a weave of testimonies, building a portrait of public unrest. "The wall of fear has come down", she reaches out across time and assures the disappeared relative. Many like her have been taken away; Khoshnoudi asserts that their severed lives and shattered futures aren't in vain. The fury and profound agony, the charge of speaking out can no longer be kept to a leash, instead, repression bursts out and demands justice, accountability.

There shouldn't be any more holding back, as those openly rousing on the streets call on others who balk at being anything more than passive bystanders. To step back would be to incite the oppressors' further arrogance. Confronting it is imperative; otherwise, structures of subjugation will persist in clamping down on citizens. In a theocracy, what room does democracy have? There's none. Rebellion, in whichever measure, has to lash out and make itself be felt vividly and uncompromisingly.

It all seems airless and dire, but "The Vanishing Point" holds onto defiance, an assertion of one's fundamental rights that are imperiled in the Islamic Republic. To call it a republic is nothing but a farce when it stands exposed as a dictatorship, the military deployed against its own people in the name of protection. What's the way out of this morass? Registering protests can shine a light. It makes the act of resistance vital and empowering despite every bigger power in stark opposition. It's a fight to save one's soul, the body from bending to the brute force lack of agency. Every pushback counts and affirms a rejection of enforced powerlessness. Moreover, there's such a psychosis of fear gripping the country, Khoshnoudi notes. The difference between how you are at home and outside on the streets is scathing, shaded by a huge veil of hiding.



---

A still from "The Vanishing Point" (2025)

Khoshnoudi left Iran with her family in 2009. She didn't think returning home would be this mired in complication and impossibility. "The Vanishing Point" is wrangling with the things the powers that be prefer left forgotten and unaddressed. All her family was given from their missing relative was a bunch of few objects. With these remains came the forced vow of maintaining absolute silence over what had been done to them. Khoshnoudi talks of the ugly but necessary gaining of awareness of her country's many horrors. A new gaze at a mountain cannot overlook how it overlooks a prison where people are tortured and killed to this day.

A bereaved mother's visceral cries, demanding justice for her slain son, will haunt you long after the film wraps. Its simple insistence cuts through the fog of apathy and tired old oppressions, calling for an immediate recognition of the deep-set wounds in a national polity that have to be mended. At least steps to heal them must be expedited instead of utter silence.

"The Vanishing Point" intersperses footage scabbled from years of protest, ranging from the heat of the agitation in 2009 to the late 2010s. It's all laid out for you to take in and seethe at the countless arrests, scruple-free clampdown on dissenting citizens in clear, public view. This is a film that slices through the burden of the silently endured. How long can you stomach the daily violence without rallying forth? There's a surging finality to the maelstrom of public resentment "The Vanishing Point" assembles.

**The Vanishing Point premiered at the Visions du Réel Film Festival 2025.**

The Vanishing Point (2025) Movie Link: [IMDb](#)



# Cinéma du Réel 2026 review: The Vanishing Point (Bani Khoshnoudi)

Marc van de Klashorst  
March 25, 2026



*"As Iran is at a possible crossroads, it needs the urgency this film shows more than ever."*



*"Freedom, freedom, freedom"*

Under the cover of night, a young masked man throws a Molotov cocktail at a portrait of Ali Khamenei painted on a nondescript wall somewhere in Iran. It's the early 2020s, a few years into another round of social unrest in the country. It's an odd thought to write a review for a documentary that is, among other things, a cry for freedom for the people of Iran. In 2009, the year of the Green Movement, they took to the streets and chanted "*Death to the dictator*". A decade later the chants echo in renewed protests, certainly once the modesty police have murdered Mahsa Amini in 2022. And now the dictator is indeed dead, the result of a nonsensical war started by Israel and the United States. But nothing has changed so far, ironically not even the name of the dictator. The final chapter in Bani Khoshnoudi's documentary *The Vanishing Point* focuses on the fierce resistance of the Iranian people, in particular young and female, but if the past few weeks have taught us anything it is that the regime is still firmly in control, and the Iranian people find themselves caught between a rock and a hard place. It's a dispiriting thought, especially when watching videos post the 2009 protests, the year Khoshnoudi was exiled from the country when her film about that uprising, *The Silent Majority Speaks*, was banned. Cut together by editor Claire Atherton, the various mobile videos, shot on the streets of Tehran and elsewhere by anonymous contributors, show a people fed up with its regime. Yet even when under attack by two of the strongest military forces in the world, the regime isn't budging. "*The whole world is looking at us. Have no fear,*" says someone in one of the videos as the Basij, the regime's volunteer paramilitary force, launch a tear gas attack on protesters in 2009. But if Khoshnoudi's film shows anything, it's that the world may be looking, but has very little influence to change the situation in Iran.

This becomes even more apparent in the hour that precedes the director's jump forward to 2009 and to Iran's people finally vocalizing their frustrations with the religious dictatorship. Khoshnoudi had left the country at a young age with her parents, but repeatedly returned, to film. Those return trips taught her that Iranians live two lives: the one behind closed doors, and the one in public. "*We breathe differently inside or outside,*" she muses. Even at home, fear sometimes seeps through the walls. The specter of repression hangs over the country, constantly, and it has always hung over Khoshnoudi's family. Shortly after she went abroad for the first time, still a child, her mother's younger cousin Nasanine was arrested by state police and sent to Tehran's notorious Evin Prison. Months later, Nasanine's parents were summoned to Evin to collect a few of their daughter's personal belongings, along with the sinister threat to forever keep silent about the matter. And so the family did; Khoshnoudi's uncle actually never spoke a word again.

And so memory is reduced to a small number of objects. A pair of glasses, with one lens loosened from the frame (one shudders at the possible reasons); a hairpin, a single earring, a small bottle. Perfume, perhaps? Nasanine's notebook too. Khoshnoudi presents them without commentary, as if cherishing the memories she has of her cousin, a woman she later confesses she didn't really know, in a letter that will never be read by its intended recipient. She tells her cousin that her fight has continued, that "*the wall of fear has finally come down.*" Her message is illustrated by more

footage of ordinary Iranians in silent, and sometimes not so silent protest. Even under oppression Iranians show themselves drawn to poetry: “*Their call to prayer is the hymn to our death*” reads one of the spray-painted slogans, a text as grim as it is evocative.

Vocal protest, whether it be slogans written on a wall or loud calls for the “death of the dictator” are a sea change in Iran, and they started in 2009, three decades after the Iranian revolution. Before that pivotal moment in the country’s history, people kept quiet. Keep your head down, don’t talk about it, erase all memory. Khoshnoudi puts together footage, often without context, of street scenes in Tehran, filmed on her visits to the country before her exile. These scenes are often silent, a poignant choice; a minutes-long static shot of people coming down an elevator, hardly anyone speaking to another person, illustrates an extension of her own family’s silence. But silence eventually leads to the erasure of a person’s memory, and of a country’s memory. Where indeed is the vanishing point, the moment when all memory is gone? This is perhaps Khoshnoudi’s biggest motivation: keeping the memory of her cousin alive, and making sure that the people’s protests against this dictatorial regime are documented.

There is a small moment in the film that shows how such regimes use violence to strike down resistance, a moment that should resonate with American audiences in particular. A man is filmed from an apartment building, perhaps three floors up, as he is assaulted by a group of men, likely Revolutionary Guards or their attack dogs, the Basij. After a brief altercation, one of them shoots the unarmed man, who remains out of frame by the sheer luck of a window sill. This brief scene conjures up images of ICE, Donald Trump’s own attack dogs, killing innocent people in Minneapolis mere months ago. It’s a hair-raising moment, especially once you make this connection, perhaps unintended by Khoshnoudi but nevertheless hard to miss.

With *The Vanishing Point* Khoshnoudi has created a deeply personal and brave essay that connects her family’s history with that of the country of her birth in an immediate and urgent manner. Right now, as Iran is at a possible crossroads, it needs the urgency this film shows more than ever. Just as it needs the message of not staying silent despite the regime trying to silence it, whether through direct threat or by shutting down the internet so that the world cannot look at what is going on inside the country while its people are caught between a hammer and an anvil.

This entry was posted in [2026 - Cinéma du Réel](#), [Cinéma du Réel](#), [Reviews](#) and tagged [Ali Khamenei](#), [Bani Khoshnoudi](#), [Cinéma du réel](#), [Green Movement](#), [The Vanishing Point](#). Bookmark the [permalink](#).

## **Il manifesto (Italy), interview by Cristina Piccino, April 15, 2025**

[ilmanifesto.it](https://ilmanifesto.it)

### **Bani Koshnoudi, «in Iran le donne non hanno più paura di lottare insieme» | il manifesto**

9–12 minutes

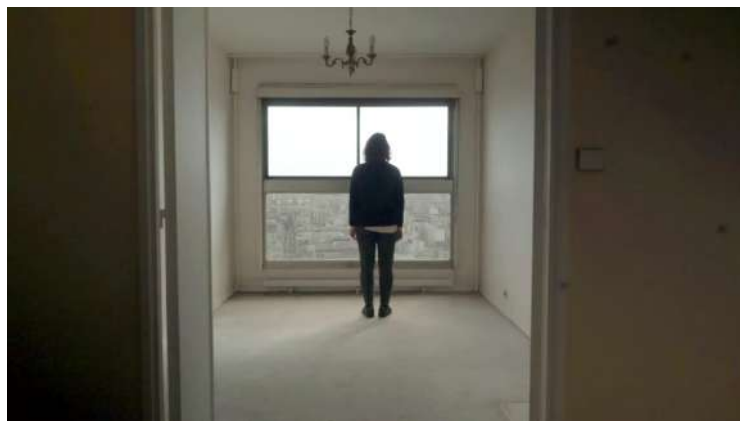
*The Vanishing Point*, il punto di fuga, o il punto zero, è una figura rimasta intrappolata nel silenzio: si chiama Nasanin, è la cugina della regista, aveva ventisette anni quando nel 1988 il regime di Tehran l'ha arrestata, rinchiusa nel carcere di Evin dove è scomparsa. Di lei non si è saputo più nulla, l'hanno uccisa ma il corpo non è stato restituito. La famiglia però nel terrore è rimasta in silenzio. Non se ne è mai parlato, e poi? A Nasanin però Bani Koshnoudi arriva a poco a poco nel suo nuovo film, *The Vanishing Point*, che ha vinto il concorso Burning Light del festival svizzero Visions du Réel. Prima ci sono alcuni detour tra le immagini accumulate negli anni, il suo archivio di disubbedienza, alcuni incontri che diventano frammenti di memoria. Le fotografie di una zia, che racconta di quando un'altra donna voleva denunciarla per avere le unghie smaltate durante il Ramadam. Lo ha ricevuto in eredità quell'album, quasi una trasmissione di racconti non scritti. E poi la casa vuota dei nonni, in Iran, dove lei è nata e che ha lasciato coi genitori per l'America quando era piccola, dopo l'arrivo di Khomeini. Ci è tornata, ha filmato l'Onda verde nel 2009, in un film anonimo, *The Silent Majority Speaks*; appena ci ha messo il nome non ha potuto mai più andarci, dagli Usa si è spostata prima in Messico, ora a Parigi. Anche di quel film vediamo dei frammenti, così come delle lotte di oggi, la stessa violenza brutale del regime, mentre sempre più ragazze e anche ragazzi sono lì a occupare col corpo lo spazio rivendicato della vita.

Poi arriva Nasanin, una mujaddin, quando dalla Svizzera dove studiava è rientrata l'hanno arrestata subito. E intanto la geografia muta, la montagna che si vede dalla casa dei nonni e che sormonta il carcere diventa minacciosa. *The Vanishing Point* è un film di resistenza che tesse una storia al femminile, le donne e la loro lotta contro la repressione, quelle madri che oggi gridano forte esibendo sui social le foto dei figli uccisi, combattono per la libertà di tutti da un regime che soffoca in una brutale violenza. Abbiamo parlato con Bani Koshnoudi a Nyon.

**«The Vanishing Point» racconta la resistenza delle donne e non solo in Iran oggi, e quella di tua cugina, Nasanin, scomparsa nel carcere di Evin negli anni '80. La sua storia, come ci dici, è stata sepolta nel silenzio, nessuno in famiglia ne ha parlato. Il film rompe questo tabù ma tu non hai detto della sua realizzazione ai tuoi famigliari, perché?**

I miei genitori sapevano che ci stavo lavorando, ne ho discusso con mia

madre ma per me non era questo il punto. La mia famiglia e il suo segreto sono una piccola parte di una realtà che in Iran riguarda migliaia di famiglie rimaste in silenzio sui figli o le figlie scomparse, sugli arresti, gli omicidi. È un silenzio che riguarda il Paese intero e il sistema che lo impone nell'ideologia della rivoluzione. Sono cresciuta sentendomi ripetere che ero una ribelle come mia cugina Nasanin di cui non ho alcun ricordo, è morta quando io avevo due anni. Questo preoccupava moltissimo i miei genitori, temevano che potessi fare qualcosa e sparire come lei. La sua figura mi ha attratta da quando ero molto giovane, e l'interesse è cresciuto insieme al mio sentimento di ribellione verso qualsiasi ingiustizia. Quando ho cominciato a andare in Iran e ho scoperto cosa succedeva lì – anche se molto lo sapevo già prima – ho capito che il silenzio fa parte di un programma sistemico; non si limita a oscurare chi è sparito perché accusato di essere un oppositore politico ma copre molto altro permettendo a questo regime fascista di continuare a esistere. Al tempo stesso, come puoi accusare le persone che vivono in Iran di stare zitte se pensi a ciò che rischiano? La censura riguarda ogni aspetto della vita, come parli, cosa dici in strada, le tue scelte in quanto artista, filmmaker o scrittore, che diciamo fra di noi, di chi possiamo fidarci. Fare un film sul segreto di una famiglia per quanto terribile deve necessariamente uscire dai confini personali – anche se questo è un film molto personale – e rivolgersi a una dimensione collettiva. Quando nel 2009 siamo scesi in strada contro il regime si è cominciato a rompere qualcosa: potevamo fidarci di chi avevamo accanto senza doverci giustificare, dire chi sei, cosa fai a casa, piegarci alle autorità. L'Iran è condizionato da una cultura molto paranoica che rende difficile avere delle relazioni. Le ultime rivolte hanno rotto definitivamente il muro permettendo di andare dall'altra parte. Le giovani generazioni non hanno più paura, lottano insieme, si confrontano fra di loro. È vero che tanti non fanno nulla, e quando sei in una dittatura non agire è come partecipare al sistema e persino collaborare. Ma dobbiamo vivere insieme e incolparci e punirsi reciprocamente serve a poco, si deve capire in che modo riparare a questo.



Una scena da «The Vanishing Point»

**Negli ultimi mesi l'Iran è stato al centro di forti attacchi, ci sono stati i**

**bombardamenti di Israele e gli interventi militari in Libano che è un Paese di influenza iraniana. Credi che questo possa condizionare la politica interna?**

È una questione ingannevole. Non sono d'accordo con gli iraniani che pensano che questi attacchi possono essere di aiuto per liberarci dal regime. La resistenza c'è sempre stata, sin dagli inizi della Rivoluzione khomeinista, hanno ucciso migliaia di persone pensando così di stroncarla. La loro tattica è sempre la stessa: accusare i movimenti di opposizione di essere pagati da questo o quel paese straniero, che poi sono le strategie di qualsiasi dittatura. Se oggi l'Iran venisse attaccato non sappiamo cosa accadrebbe, sappiamo che sono in uso armi terribili, lo vediamo ogni giorno a Gaza, ma senza fare speculazioni geopolitiche mi viene in mente ciò che si disse all'epoca della guerra con l'Iraq che aveva armi americane in dotazione. Eppure il regime iraniano vinse, avevano migliaia di combattenti anche giovanissimi, e la guerriglia ha spesso ragione sugli eserciti – il Vietnam ce lo ha mostrato. Penso che ci sia un mondo parallelo, quello dei media, delle tv che continuano a mostrare un forte sostegno interno al regime. Ma la resistenza oggi si è estesa, e questa è la sola risposta possibile per una liberazione. Le donne combattono per la libertà e grazie alla rete comunicano attraverso il Paese raggiungendo anche le zone più lontane. È una battaglia intersezionale che cerca di affermare l'idea di un libertà per tutti, e pian piano anche chi non comprende comincia a appropriarsi di alcuni slogan. Credo che la resistenza continua a crescere, al di là dei bombardamenti o meno di Usa o Israele, c'è un linguaggio di resistenza che riguarda una parola, un gesto, chi siamo, come costruire la nostra società. Le persone oggi si difendono reciprocamente, si aiutano l'esatto opposto di ciò che accadeva anni fa quando la gente denunciava gli altri.

**Ci sono molti fantasmi nel film, tua nonna, tua zia, e naturalmente Nasanin che diviene il riferimento di una battaglia di cui le donne sono le protagoniste – pure se abbiamo visto tanti ragazzi in strada.**

Gli uomini adesso sono totalmente coinvolti, hanno capito che se le donne non sono libere non lo saranno neppure loro. La cultura patriarcale deve cambiare, abbiamo dei modelli rigidi ma il fatto che il padre o il nonno decidono per l'intera famiglia non è più sostenibile. Riguardo al film non ho lavorato su una scrittura, all'inizio avevo alcune immagini riprese negli anni, è vero che le donne della famiglia sono centrali, questa è una storia di donne – anche se ci sono stati uomini importanti. Il padre di Nasanin ha smesso di parlare dopo la sua scomparsa, si è autodistrutto fisicamente fino alla morte. La madre invece ha reagito con forza, aveva altre figlie, poi sono arrivati i nipoti, doveva esistere; danzava e rideva tutto il tempo portandosi dentro questa tragedia. Non ne ho mai parlato con lei, ma non volevo ferirla, forse ho fatto il film adesso perché sono tutti morti – la sorella di Nasanin è ancora viva ma non ho rapporti con lei. Ripeto, spero che il mio film sia per tutti, voglio che non si dimentichino le persone che lottano. Di Nasanin non abbiamo mai trovato il nome sulla lista dei

deceduti, il carcere è stato poi svuotato nelle fosse comuni, come è accaduto in altri paesi, la Spagna, l'Argentina, la Cambogia... Questi fantasmi sono come una traccia che seguo, con cui costruisco una storia perché appunto non vengano cancellati, perché si sappia di loro semmai un giorno scavando ne scopriremo i resti come accade nel film di Guzman *Nostalgia de la luz*.

**A proposito di silenzio: la madre che a un certo punto grida ovunque il nome del figlio dimostra quei cambiamenti di cui parlavi.**

Probabilmente la forza che ha questa donna mi ha spinto raggiungerla nel coraggio di chi prende la parola ogni giorno. Lei posta su Instagram quotidianamente qualcosa sulle altre madri, contro l'oblio. La storia si ripete in modo diverso, si uccide sempre in prigione ma le famiglie adesso sono là insieme, e anche se non si conoscono sono unite dal fatto di avere un figlio o una figlia assassinati, condividono le immagini, i fuochi, le luci, è un movimento collettivo che agisce a livello individuale. Le ragazze prendono dei rischi incredibili, pensa alla giovane donna che si è spogliata all'università: non sappiamo cosa le è accaduto, è in un ospedale psichiatrico, ma è un simbolo come era il ragazzo a Tienanmen. Perché ciò che ci è chiaro ora è che dobbiamo fare una rivoluzione, questo sistema non può essere riformato.

## Artechock (Blog, Germany), by Dunja Bialas, April 2025 (translation follows review)

[https://www.artechock.de/film/text/artikel/2025/04\\_10\\_nyon\\_verite.html](https://www.artechock.de/film/text/artikel/2025/04_10_nyon_verite.html)

### Material und Montage: The Vanishing Point

Die iranische Filmmacherin und bildende Künstlerin Bani Khoshnoudi filmt von einem völlig anderen Standpunkt als Sylvain George. Sie beobachtet nicht, sie ist Teil ihrer Erzählungen und trotzdem nicht die Protagonistin ihrer sehr persönlichen Filme. Ihr Fixpunkt, Fluchtlinie oder *vanishing point*, wie ihr jüngster Film heißt, der in Nyon ebenfalls Weltpremiere hatte und in der Sektion »Burning Lights« lief, ist die Geschichte ihrer Familie und der iranischen Heimat, die sie kaum kennenlernen konnte, weil ihre Eltern mit ihr schon 1979, zur Zeit der Islamischen Revolution, aus Teheran in die USA migrierten. Der Rest der Familie, die Großeltern, die Tante, die Cousine, blieben im Iran, sie hat sie immer wieder besucht.



(Foto: Visions du Réel · Pensée sauvage)

THE VANISHING POINT bricht nun das jahrzehntelange Schweigen über das Schicksal ihrer Cousine, die während der sogenannten »Säuberungen« in den politischen Gefängnissen hingerichtet wurde. Mit ihrer 16mm-Kamera filmt Bani Khoshnoudi Fotos, Tücher, Koffer, kleine Gegenstände, Nippes, viele rätselhafte Erinnerungstücke der Familie und verknüpft sie mit den Aufnahmen von Fahrten durch Teheran, von den Blumenverkäufern am Straßenrand, den Leuchtreklamen, zeigt die Menschen in ihrem Alltag. In einem Epilog reiht sie schließlich Handyaufnahmen, Footage aus dem Internet, von Mädchen, die ihre Kopftücher in den Straßen schwenken, die ihre Haare zeigen, die von der Miliz überwältigt werden.

Khoshnoudi hat fünfzehn Jahre lang gefilmt, von 2000 bis 2014, bis sie wegen ihrer politischen Bestandsaufnahmen nicht mehr in den Iran zurückkehren durfte. Sie habe »die ganze Zeit gefilmt«, erzählt sie in Nyon, unterschiedslos: Straßenszenen, Familienszenen, die Stadt, die Tante, die verlassene Wohnung der verstorbenen Großeltern, jedes kleine Detail, Unscheinbares. Wie in einer unbändigen Sehnsucht nach dem Festhalten ihrer Heimat, die ihr entgleitet, die sich ihr entzieht, die wenig später, als sie nicht mehr zurückkehren darf, für immer verschwindet.

THE VANISHING POINT sei deshalb auch kein gedrehter Film, und auch kein Film »über«, etwa über ihre Cousine, sagt sie. THE VANISHING POINT ist ein Material- und Montagefilm, der unter der Hand von Claire Atherton entstanden ist. Die Editorin ist bekannt für die Filme, die sie für Chantal Akerman geschnitten hat, die Khoshnoudi wiederum als einen weiteren Fixpunkt ihres künstlerischen Schaffens nennt. In der reichen Materialsammlung formuliert Khoshnoudi zugleich ein Misstrauen in die Bilder, wie sie auch die Zeugenschaft der Bilder aufruft; in diesem Spannungsverhältnis ereignet sich die Bilderflut ihres Films: Aber auch sie kann die Heimat nicht festhalten, geschweige denn wiederbringen.

»Ich bin heimgesucht vom Verschwinden«, sagt sie, *hanté*, als wäre das Verschwinden ein Geist, der Besitz von ihr nimmt. Sie möchte ein Kino machen, das einen Grabstein setzt für all jene, die einfach weg sind, von einem Tag auf den anderen. Wie ihre Cousine, wie die jungen Demonstrantinnen aus den Straßen von Teheran, wie die Fotos aus dem Album, das sie mit ihrer Tante zu Beginn des Films durchblättert.

Der Furor steckt in der Fülle der Bilder, die sie zusammengetragen hat, in den Super-8-Aufnahmen der Home Movies ihrer Familie und im 16mm-Material, das sie selbst gefilmt hat. Das Filmkorn ist die letzte Materialität, die ihr geblieben ist. Und der Film, ein flirrendes, tagebuchartiges Monument der Erinnerung und der Anklage.

→ [Website Vision du Réel, Nyon](#)

[KINO MÜNCHEN] [FILM AKTUELL] [ARCHIV] [LINKS] [SITEMAP] [IMPRESSUM]  
[DATENSCHUTZ] [HOME]

## **Artechock (Blog, Germany), by Dunja Bialas, April 2025** (translation from German)

### ***Material and montage: The Vanishing Point***

The Iranian filmmaker and visual artist Bani Khoshnoudi films from a completely different point of view to Sylvain George. She does not observe, she is part of her narratives and yet not the protagonist of her very personal films. Her fixed point, vanishing point, as her most recent film is called, which also had its world premiere in Nyon and was shown in the "Burning Lights" section, is the story of her family and her Iranian homeland, which she barely got to know because her parents emigrated with her from Tehran to the USA in 1979, at the time of the Islamic Revolution. The rest of her family, her grandparents, aunt and cousin, remained in Iran and she visited them again and again.

The Vanishing Point now breaks the decades-long silence about the fate of her cousin, who was executed in the political prisons during the so-called "purges". With her 16mm camera, Bani Khoshnoudi films photos, scarves, suitcases, small objects, knick-knacks, many enigmatic family mementos and combines them with footage of journeys through Tehran, of the flower sellers on the roadside, the neon signs, showing people in their everyday lives. Finally, in an epilogue, she strings together cell phone footage, footage from the Internet, of girls waving their headscarves in the streets, showing their hair, being overpowered by the militia.

Khoshnoudi filmed for fifteen years, from 2000 to 2014, until she was no longer allowed to return to Iran because of her political recordings. She "filmed the whole time", she says in Nyon, indiscriminately: street scenes, family scenes, the city, her aunt, the abandoned apartment of her deceased grandparents, every little detail, the inconspicuous. As if in an irrepressible longing to hold on to her homeland, which slips away from her, which eludes her, which a little later, when she is no longer allowed to return, disappears forever.

The Vanishing Point is therefore not a filmed movie, nor is it a movie "about" her cousin, for example, she says. The Vanishing Point is a material and montage film made under the direction of Claire Atherton. The editor is known for the films she edited for Chantal Akerman, who Khoshnoudi cites as another focal point of her artistic work. In the rich accumulation of material, Khoshnoudi simultaneously formulates a distrust in the images, just as she calls upon the testimony of the images; the flood of images in her film takes place in this tense relationship: but even she cannot capture the homeland, let alone bring it back.

"I am haunted by disappearance," she says, haunted, as if disappearance were a ghost that takes possession of her. She wants to make a movie that sets a gravestone for all those who are simply gone, from one day to the next. Like her cousin, like the young demonstrators from the streets of Tehran, like the photos from the album she looks through with her aunt at the beginning of the film.

The furor is in the wealth of images she has collected, in the Super 8 footage from her family's home movies and in the 16mm material she filmed herself. The film grain is the last materiality she has left. And the film, a shimmering, diary-like monument to memory and accusation.

## Vanishing point(s): Last-time witnesses of Tehran and Gaza

👤 Diana Hovhannisyany · 📅 October 31, 2025 · 🔄 Last Updated: October 31, 2025 · 🗨️ 0 · 🕒 3 minutes read



📷 Children in Gaza, from the documentary “With Hasan in Gaza”

At the end of October, documentary film lovers in Lisbon had the chance to attend [DocLisboa International Film Festival](#). Among the many films screened, two stood out for the quiet power with which they depict vanishing worlds and the people who inhabit them. Both invite reflection on time, memory and harsh reality, while opening their doors to love, empathy and an endless interest in the fate of their characters. Both also come from filmmakers rooted in Southwest Asia.

These two powerful documentaries — “The Vanishing Point” by Iranian-American filmmaker Bani Khoshnoudi and “With Hasan in Gaza” by Palestinian filmmaker Kamal Aljafari — share a meditative approach to documenting disappearance. The latter also opened this year’s festival.

“The Vanishing Point” tells a story from the perspective of a director in exile and stands as a deeply political piece of filmmaking. Composed of found and original footage, much of it shot on a pocket camera initially intended only for pre-production, the material became the film itself.



Still from "The Vanishing Point"

In Khoshnoudi's film, the viewer encounters scenes of violence and death that some audience members struggled to interpret — as if such a film could be consumed casually, with popcorn and wine. She also incorporates Armenian folk music, without specifying the author and composition, though the mournful melody makes it clear that it's about sorrow.

What she shoots from her pocket camera instantly becomes hypnotic. She films the streets of Tehran — from a taxi, across construction sites and through daily life — capturing ordinary moments that stretch into long, meditative takes.

These scenes unfold slowly, often without overt drama, except when Khoshnoudi turns her lens toward the Iranian uprising against the regime, in which she herself participates. From this perspective, a similar approach emerges in Aljafari's "With Hasan in Gaza," whose sustained shots and patient rhythm evoke comparable emotions.

## Related Articles



**"All I Need" short film faces festival roadblocks amid Azerbaijani pressure**

© November 22, 2025

In 2001, Aljafari began documenting his search for a man he had been imprisoned with in 1989. Accompanied by another man named Hasan, he wandered through the streets of Gaza, filming their encounters and the city's fragile normalcy. Years later, Aljafari rediscovered the forgotten footage on his MiniDV tapes. The recovered material became "With Hasan in Gaza" — a cinematic document capturing Gaza in a moment of fleeting calm, before much of what he filmed would vanish.

Alongside the film's long, monotone shots, one particular image stands out: Aljafari holds his MiniDV camera on a children's room for an extended take. The room is tidy, with toys neatly arranged and beds made — it's easy to imagine a happy, ordinary childhood here. From the window, the sounds of shelling can be heard, though the explosions themselves are not visible. The camera lingers, letting the viewer feel the tension and fragility of life.

This ordinary space becomes a powerful symbol of disrupted childhood and vulnerability.

For me, this scene is the emotional peak of the film — showing the human cost of conflict and the uncertainty of everyday life.

There is much in common between these two filmmakers and their hypnotic long shots: a shared sense of urgency and instinct. The camera becomes a witness, its role to capture something before it vanishes.

In "The Vanishing Point," Khoshnoudi, already living in exile, captures her final moments in Tehran — an ultimate act of witnessing before the city becomes a memory she can no longer revisit.

In the case of "With Hasan in Gaza," Aljafari shoots the streets of Gaza — bustling markets, coastlines, elderly men playing cards, children at play — documenting everything and everyone that appears in front of the camera. The film conveys the experience of witnessing something that, quite literally, will vanish soon.





*Still from "With Hasan in Gaza"*

The footage, handheld and un-stabilized, without formal sound design, acquires a mesmerizing quality, raising the question: how did he intuitively capture what was destined to vanish?

While watching this film, one notices children approaching him, asking to be photographed — bright and joyful faces that linger in the frame. Yet, a terrifying logic persists: Where are these children now? Have they grown? And then?

For both filmmakers, instinct operates with profound sensibility. Their constantly rolling cameras — most of the time capturing seemingly ordinary moments that ultimately become extraordinary — reflect a deeply intuitive awareness. Both capture the reality before them — unstable, harsh and unfair, yet worthy of patient observation and witnessing, before it, too, vanishes.

[#Film](#)

[#Tehran](#)

[#Gaza](#)

[#Review](#)

[#Documentary](#)



Guide

CULTURE, MIGRANTS, MULTICULTURE, SCREEN

# “The vanishing point”: migration and struggle in Iran

24/11/2025 12:21 AM

Since the 2009 protests, the Iranian people have become bolder and more desperate to challenge the increasingly repressive regime. *Woman Life Freedom* is a deeply-rooted movement, which will succeed against the patriarchal religious regime, without the ‘help’ of Trump and Netanyahu’s bombs.



Graham Douglas

**Bani Khoshnoudi** is an Iranian filmmaker concerned with issues of exile and the class struggle against the repressive regime in Iran. After the banning of her film on the 2009 Green Movement protests she went into exile. I spoke to her for **The Prisma**, after her latest film “*The vanishing point*” was shown at the Doclisboa film festival recently.

Long-term emigrants often find that when they return to their home country they are not accepted as belonging, while still not feeling part of the

country they migrated to. But in Bani’s case her long stay and education in the USA, absent during the terrible Iran-Iraq war, did not stop her from being accepted in Iran when she returned. Class divisions – a major interest of her work from her earlier film “*The silent majority speaks*” – meant that taking a camera into the streets of poor neighbourhoods made her more connected to the realities of Iranian life, than more well-off people in Tehran. As she says: “I’ve always lived a displaced life, but it’s part of my identity now.”

**Your previous films are about global migration and labour issues. How does “The vanishing point” connect with them?**

The underlying questions in my work are related to displacement and exile. From there, I get to the layers of systemic and state violence, and historical resistance movements.

“*The vanishing point*” starts from this point of exile –not being able to be physically back in a place that one originates from— and is concerned with fighting for and looking at how state violence has been so repetitive in creating this situation. It’s a personal diary film but also talking about people who have historically been fighting against fascism in Iran, as in other countries as well. You either leave or you stay and face the consequences.

These things are intertwined in one big question. Labour workers and class issues are always part of my work, because



Filmmaker Bani Khoshnoudi.

I'm concerned with the underclasses, the underrepresented, the invisible people.

**The underclass, but is it fair to say that you come from quite an elite level of family?**

Elite? Not really. Both my grandfathers were engineers. It was part of the project of modernisation in Iran in the 40s, 50s, getting access to different types of economies and then building our economy. Having a family that was educated, in comparison to the masses, yes, this is an elite, but we weren't part of a ruling class.

They didn't leave in the same way those implicated in the Shah's regime did. They left because of political questions or social worries and to escape the violence. They left everything behind. Mostly, they weren't participating very

actively in the revolution. But there is an elite class of people who live in the bubble of believing we need to go back to the past, the Shah.

**One of your grandmothers was a friend of a government minister.**

In Tehran of the 1930s, when my grandmother and her sisters were educated, they had access as girls because their father was running a school.

He was a journalist and an intellectual, very critical of the monarchy, so they were exiled to a different city within Iran by Reza Shah.

Farrokhrou Parsa, who later became the Minister of Culture, was also one of a small number of women who got access to education then and excelled. The numbers were growing, but it was a select group who had access to university.



**You and your family left in 1979 and went to the US, and you've lived and been educated there for a long time. If you see yourself as a spokesperson against the regime, do Iranian people struggling against the regime now see you as someone who doesn't have a visceral understanding of their experiences?**

It's a good question, when I started going back to Iran, I hadn't lived there through the Iran-Iraq war [1980-88] which really affected all my friends of my age. There were things that I never understood firsthand, but I was not a voyeur or there to take things. We made a cinema club in my grandmother's house, that you see in the film.

I was involved in many questions as part of a community, and my visceral experience – I like that word a lot – was there in 2009, because I was alone with a camera walking around the streets filming what would become *"The silent majority speaks"*, taking risks like everyone else. I became part of a continual repetitive struggle, and I can debate and speak.

I don't ask myself whether it's authentic, because there are people living in Tehran all their life who've never seen many things that I was seeing and filming. I went to some of the poorest neighbourhoods where some friends didn't even go.

I've always lived a displaced life, but it's also an identity. I feel like I'm an internationalist.

When I speak about Iran, I always speak about Palestine, or Argentina, or Chile. We have always been living the same world problems. People want us to feel different, but having lived in the U.S., France, Mexico, Iran, I see that we have cultural differences in our ways of expressing, but our fights are the same.



*"The silent majority speaks"*.

Some of the film footage of street demonstrations is probably not well known in Western media. I was surprised how outspoken people were, chanting “Death to the dictator!” Since the 2009 demonstrations, are people more willing to risk confronting the regime?

After 1999 protests at the University, 2009 became a mass reaction to the oppressive system using fraud and farcical elections.

People who still tried peaceful voting, realized that it meant nothing anymore. The images from 2009 were mine, except for the internet images of two deaths (Neda Agha Soltan and a man). In “*The silent majority speaks*” I mix more anonymous footage.



As I say in the film, we looked each other in the eye. We told each other, non-verbally that we’re trapped under this fascistic regime and we must do something.

People are at boiling point now. Sanctions have made things worse, and the Iranian regime is completely guilty.

More and more people are fed up with such hardship and on top of it having somebody wanting to control their thoughts, words, what

they wear. It’s intolerable and a beautiful new generation has said that’s enough. The world in general is falling apart, but in Iran, the traditional structures of family and patriarchy are not working anymore. Women are the first to feel that, and they’re fighting in a visceral way to exist.

**Woman Life Freedom** is a slogan that has become so well-known across the Western world now.

It’s important to say that the women’s struggle in Iran is historic, it has erupted in more or less organised ways for decades. Before **Women Life Freedom**, we had the huge **1 Million Signature Campaign**, a reformist, civil society campaign, to change the laws.

Now we’ve got to the point where we realise that we cannot reform a religious patriarchal system; it’s an oxymoron, it has to go. The heart of the *Woman Life Freedom* movement is not just about women, it has to do with invisibilized, oppressed people in Iran and elsewhere. But it has been co-opted and corrupted by the media, to say that only westernised Iranian women understand what it means to be free.



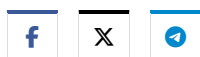
Netanyahu and Trump use it: we’re going to help you with our bombs to be free, which is completely ridiculous. *Women Life Freedom* comes from the mountains of Kurdistan from the heart of anti-colonial, anti-military, anti-fascistic struggle. We’re now at this moment where most revolutionary movements get co-opted. That’s always the strategy of those with power. But it’s a very pure slogan, and we need to fight to maintain its real meaning.

The two women journalists who published the photo of Jina Mahsa Amini’s family and her body in

the hospital were jailed for almost a year, and their newspaper had problems. Only through internal and international pressure were they released, although still being watched. Yet they also wear keffiyehs and speak out about what’s happening in Palestine.

This is the heart of the movement, not those Zionist-supporting Californian Iranians who say “*Woman Life Freedom*” while pushing for the Shah’s son to take over. How retrograde is that? This is theft by people who have not been there and have no clue what society is living through.

*(Photos provided by the interviewee. Permission granted by Bani Khoshnoudi / Pensee Sauvage Films)*





*The Vanishing Point*, Bani Khoshnoudi

**P**or puro acaso, há poucos dias deparámo-nos com um *clip* do cineasta brasileiro Eduardo Coutinho (1933-2014). O autor de *Cabra Marcado para Morrer* (1984) dizia que o público se “afastou” do cinema documental devido a dois lugares-comuns enraizados, que identificam o gênero com os legumes que fazem bem, mas ninguém tem especial prazer a ver. Primeiro: o documentário educa e informa. Segundo, o documentário é a verdade.

Se é verdade que há documentários que “educam” e “informam”, não é por isso que dirão “a verdade”; e se é verdade que há documentários que mostram “a verdade”, não é por isso que devem ser vistos como verdadeiros. Já dizia Jean-Luc Godard (1930-2022): “o cinema é a verdade a 24 imagens por segundo” – mas essa verdade não está onde a esperamos, porque, a partir do momento em que se poussa uma câmara e se escolhe para onde a apontar, já existe uma intervenção de quem filma sobre o que é filmado.

Não vamos debater aqui a ontologia da imagem, mas este é um bom ponto de partida para abordar o Doclisboa, cuja edição 2025 se iniciou ontem na Culturgest, nos cinemas Ideal e São Jorge e na Cinemateca Portuguesa, com um programa de mais de duas centenas de filmes que cobrem todo o espectro possível do cinema documental contemporâ-

# Doclisboa Profissão de riscos

Um de muitos roteiros possíveis por uma programação riquíssima que se prolonga até dia 26, com o festival lisboeta de cinema documental a interrogar o mundo que nos rodeia de formas que já não se resumem ao *cinema vérité*.

Jorge Mourinha

documental: o Doclisboa é hoje, todo ele, uma profusão de “Riscos”, onde são as cartas fora do baralho, ensaísticas, experimentalistas (e até ficcionais), que parecem ser a sua verdadeira razão de ser.

O “norte magnético” desta edição pode muito bem ser um filme que esteve esquecido durante quase 30 anos porque o acaso fez mal as coisas: *Symbiopsychotaxiplasm, Take One* (1971), de William Greaves (1926-2014), exemplo perfeito de “cinema do real *avant la lettre*” (Cinemateca, hoje e dia 21, às 19h). Em 1968, Greaves foi com um grupo de actores e uma pequena equipa para o Central Park de Nova Iorque filmar um “teste de câmara”, uma pequena ficção sobre um casal em fricção. Mas a ideia do realizador fora sempre desmultiplicar as camadas dessa pequena história, torná-la num “filme dentro do filme” enquadrado pelo seu próprio *making-of*, ao qual se vem juntar uma terceira camada na qual a equipa técnica questiona a natureza do que está a fazer. Ou seja: tese, antítese e síntese em simultâneo, um filme que está sempre a interrogar-se a si próprio e ao espectador, mas que, completado em 1971 e recusado por Cannes, nunca foi mostrado publicamente até ter sido redescoberto no início dos anos 2000.

Meio século antes do que se faz hoje, William Greaves, a quem é dedicada a retrospectiva desta edição, a decorrer na Cinemateca, já lá estava. O festival lisboeta parece procurar possíveis sucessores desse caminho espinhoso, com uma série de títulos na programação a pegar na experiência própria para dela extrair um universal que ressoe, emocional e intelectualmente, com o espectador. São essas as propostas que nos chegam pelas mãos da iraniana Bani Khoshnoudi e do russo Vadim Kostrov. *The Vanishing Point (Da Terra à Lua; São Jorge, amanhã às 14h)*, premiado no festival Visions du Réel, retoma imagens de arquivo de Bani Khoshnoudi, que emigrou de Teerão com os pais aos 2 anos de idade e estudou Cinema nos EUA antes de se radicar em França. Montado (pela grande Claire Atherton) a partir de imagens filmadas em visitas a Teerão e arquivos próprios e familiares, *The Vanishing Point* traça uma possível história da crescente resistência ao regime islâmico. Khoshnoudi captura a crescente revolta do povo iraniano e elogia a esperança nascida das frinchas que se vão abrindo no “muro do medo”.

Por seu lado, Vadim Kostrov, jovem cineasta *underground* que se



**Fuck the Polis, Rita Azevedo Gomes**

exilou da Rússia de Vladimir Putin em 2022, hoje radicado em França, propõe com *Vers la lumière* (Competição Internacional; São Jorge, hoje às 19h15 e 24 às 11h) um “diário de um estrangeiro”. Um olhar na primeira pessoa sobre a sua chegada e aclimação a França, contado de modo mais sensorial do que narrativo, e que propõe uma perturbante comparação com uma geração de artistas que, durante a Revolução Russa, se exilou para nunca mais regressar à terra natal. Essa comparação fica, contudo, pela rama: a placidez tranquila e bucólica das imagens não faz passar a angústia que se adivinha nas legendas de inspiração poética que substituem a voz-off, numa desconexão que frustra e lassa o espectador.

No diálogo entre filmes e sessões, podemos acrescentar a estes dois filmes um terceiro. Em *Bajo las banderas, el sol* (Riscos; Culturgest, dia 21 às 14h, e São Jorge, dia 25 às 16h), Juanjo Pereira recolhe imagens de arquivos oriundas de todo o mundo para contar a história de 45 anos (1954-1989) da ditadura de Alfred Stroessner no Paraguai. O charme destas imagens de época é persistente, mas não consegue iludir que estamos a ver um país a ser lentamente sufocado pela jibóia-constritora de um regime montado para fortuna de poucos e opressão de muitos, até ao momento em que tudo vem por água abaixo. Às vivências pessoais de *Vers la lumière* e *The Vanishing Point*, Juanjo Pereira contrapõe um olhar externo, quase de aprendizagem, de descoberta e compreensão de uma história durante muito tempo ocultada. Podia ser um aviso sobre a sedução do totalitarismo, mas por esta altura a caixa de Pandora já se abriu um pouco por todo o mundo e vai ser o cabo dos trabalhos voltar a fechá-la – partindo do princípio que se consegue.

### Sem gavetas

Nestes filmes ainda nos encontramos em terrenos mais ou menos tradicionalmente documentais – como também em *Tales of the Wounded Land* (Da Terra à Lua; São Jorge, amanhã às 11h, e Culturgest, dia 23 às 18h30), relato pelo iraquiano Abbas Fahdel do rescaldo da guerra israelo-libanesa de Outubro e Novembro de 2024, ou em *L'Arbre de l'authenticité* (Da Terra à Lua; Culturgest, domingo às 10h30 e dia 25 às 19h), do congolês Sammy Baloji. Mais interessante este último, premiado em Roterdão, onde as imagens e a investigação de arquivo se cruzam com a reconstituição histórica para uma meditação sobre o colonialismo e as suas consequências em três actos. Mais urgente o filme de Fahdel, premiado em Locarno, que é tocante no modo como reflecte o estado actual do Médio Oriente e regista com grande empatia a dor daqueles que perderam casas e familiares, mas cuja construção por episódios que não faz favores aos testemunhos recolhidos.

Desde o início do festival, contudo, que mergulhamos em águas desconhecidas onde mapas, gavetas e etiquetas deixam de ser aplicáveis. Logo a começar, o regresso (quase dez anos depois do óptimo *O Futebol*) de Sérgio Oksman, brasileiro radicado em Espanha, que veio a Lisboa rodar *Uma película de miedo* (Da Terra à Lua; Culturgest, dia 24 às 21h30). Estreado em San Sebastián, Oksman coloca-se a si e ao seu filho adolescente Nuno a interpretar versões de si próprios ao lado do fotógrafo Daniel Blaufuks e da actriz Ana Moreira. Tudo decorre no velho Hotel Terminus, perto do aeroporto de Lisboa, invocado como primo afastado do *Overlook* de *The Shining*, de Stanley Kubrick, onde o realizador constrói uma discreta, mas certa meditação sobre a herança familiar e a relação entre



**Ouro e Cinza, Salomé Lamas**

pais e filhos que relança permanentemente a fronteira entre o real e o inventado para melhor revelar a verdade dos sentimentos.

*Una película de miedo* funciona em diálogo com o soberbo *Le Lac*, de Fabrice Aragno (Competição Internacional; São Jorge, hoje às 16h45 e 21 às 11h30), registo de uma regata lacustre na Suíça a ser cruzado por um fluxo de memórias e emoções, uma actriz e um velejador a instalarem-se no território do outro, o documentário como motor da ficção como motor do documentário sem nunca anunciar onde ficam as fronteiras. Mas também não interessa porque o que o cúmplice de Godard faz neste filme é uma alquimia sensorial, um exercício de som, luz, imagem que nos quer fazer sentir mais do que pensar.

Esse experimentalismo fluido é também o que propuliona *Baía dos Tigres*, de Carlos Conceição (Competição Portuguesa; São Jorge, domingo às 19h, e Culturgest, dia 21 às 16h45), onde relâmpagos de material de arquivo sobre a cidade abandonada de São Martinho dos Tigres, em Angola, iluminam uma fantasmagoria solar retrofuturista cruzada com os psicadelismos do *Homem que Veio do Espaço* de Nicolas Roeg, do Oliver Laxe de *Mimosas*, da “verdade extática” de Werner Herzog. Rodado em simultâneo com *Serpentário* com uma equipa mínima, *Baía dos Tigres* espelha a alienação contemporânea numa narrativa propositadamente vaga, mas é no exercício de cinema puro que se ganha (e, no mesmo movimento, se esgota).

São dois títulos que já transcendem as lógicas tradicionais do documentário – à imagem de uma ficção paredes-meias com o ensaio, *Ouro e Cinza* (Competição Portuguesa; Culturgest, amanhã às 15h, e São Jorge, dia 20 às 11h30), projecto que Salomé Lamas transporta há quase

uma década. Filme de duas faces sobre a ausência e a solidão, dividido entre um “plano narrativo” (uma mãe e uma filha afastadas que se reencontram) e um “plano abstracto” (duas mulheres que questionam o tempo e a humanidade), é uma súpula de muitos dos temas que a cineasta e artista multimédia tem trabalhado ao longo dos anos, traduzido num abstracto ousado e exigente que é também o seu filme mais frio e alienígena – objecto tão fora de pé que funciona como experiência-limite.

E já que falamos em “fora de pé”, voltamos a águas mais rasas com um filme que aportou ao Doclisboa depois de ter ganhado o prémio máximo do FID, em Marselha. *Fuck the Polis*, de Rita Azevedo Gomes (Competição Portuguesa; Culturgest, hoje às 19h, e Ideal, dia 21 às 19h45), faz pensar naquilo que Ingrid Caven dissera da realizadora de *A Vingança de uma Mulher* e *A Portuguesa*, o de ser uma mulher que conhece “belezas de muitos séculos” – ou não registasse o filme um périplo pelas ilhas gregas iluminado pelos escritos de Albert Camus, João Miguel Fernandes Jorge, John Keats, Konstantinos Kavafis e Lord Byron e pelo cinema de D. W. Griffith. Se pode ser um pouco fácil apontar a presença tutelar do *Filme Falado* de Manoel de Oliveira, a verdade é que *Fuck the Polis* está muito mais próximo de uma variação geográfica sobre o bellissimo *Correspondências*. É um filme de encontros casuais e partilhas sinceras, que, tal como muitos outros títulos deste Doclisboa 2025, compreende que o cinema, à imagem da vida, não se encaixa em gavetas rígidas e que a verdade que a câmara regista pode ser muito diferente daquela que está à sua frente.

Mais de 200 filmes cobrem todo o espectro possível do cinema documental contemporâneo



**Symbiopsychotaxiplasm: Take One, William Greaves**

[cahiersducinema.com](http://cahiersducinema.com)

## Doclisboa : où est la maison de nos images ?

Claire Allouche

4-5 minutes

---

[Actualités/](#)

Doclisboa : où est la maison de nos images ?



ActualitésDoclisboa - Festival International du Film Documentaire

Publié le 5 décembre 2025 par

Mi-octobre, pendant la 23E édition de Doclisboa, festival consacré aux formes les plus stimulantes du cinéma du réel, plusieurs films partageaient une même inquiétude sur la vulnérabilité des images, autant en termes de fabrication que de diffusion et de préservation.

Lors de son discours d'ouverture au cœur du majestueux cinéma São Jorge, la nouvelle équipe de programmation de Doclisboa (**Hélder Beja, Cecilia Barrionuevo, Cíntia Gil, Boris Nelepo**) nous prévenait de la fragile pérennité des salles lisboètes et de la nécessité redoublée de les peupler.

Une semaine plus tard, le Prix du meilleur film de la compétition internationale, ***La noche está marchándose ya*** d'**Ezequiel Salinas** et **Ramiro Sonzini**, répondait à ces mots. Ce premier long métrage argentin relate les derniers moments d'un ciné-club municipal, porté à bout de bras par le passionné Pelu.

Après avoir été le projectionniste du lieu, il est contraint d'en devenir le gardien permanent. En ouvrant les portes clandestinement la nuit, il donne refuge à une communauté de marginaux. Ensemble, ils regardent défiler l'histoire du cinéma autant qu'ils se laissent dévisager par elle.

Tourné dans un noir et blanc hors du temps, *La noche está marchándose ya* (« La nuit est déjà en train de s'en aller ») cultive tout du long une claustrophilie aussi mélancolique qu'irrévérencieuse. Une séquence cocasse met en scène un dialogue bruitiste entre les gamins pétomanes de ***Bonjour*** de **Yasujirô Ozu** et les flatulences de l'auditoire argentin

contemporain.

La salle de cinéma est dépeinte par les vies qu'elle rend supportables ainsi que par la mémoire des hommes qu'elle rend accessible. Cet enjeu-là était également au centre de ***Cinema Kawakeb*** de **Mahmoud Massad**. Cet autre titre de la compétition internationale confronte le quotidien d'un cinéma jordanien sur le déclin, filmé en une ritournelle de plans fixes, à des archives filmées de la région.



de Mahmoud Massad (2025).

Comment faire tenir une salle pour que l'histoire d'un peuple continue à circuler ?

À cet égard, il était saisissant de voir dans le même élan trois documentaires réalisés au Moyen-Orient, dont la première mondiale a eu lieu il y a peu. Tous trois œuvraient à donner un lieu aux images de récents événements, alors que les pays de naissance ou de résidence des cinéastes sont en flammes, voire en ruines : sous la forme d'un puzzle impossible, contraint par le silence familial en Iran, dans ***The Vanishing Point*** de **Bani Khoshnoudi** ; par l'agencement de rushes datées de vingt ans dans ***With Hasan in Gaza*** de **Kamal Alfajari** ; et sous les traits d'une chronique familiale en temps de guerre au Liban dans ***Tales of the Wounded Land*** d'**Abbas Fahdel**.

**Baumettes Studio** d'**Hassen Ferhani** (Prix du meilleur court métrage) et ***Um Minuto é uma Eternidade para Quem Está Sofrendo*** de **Wesley Pereira de Castro** et **Fábio de Castro** travaillaient quant à eux à bâtir leur propre maison-cinéma pour s'extirper d'un état de suffocation.

Lire aussi : ["Topoi et utopies à Doclisboa 2024"](#)

Dans le studio pénitentiaire des Baumettes, Ferhani invite des détenus à réinventer le monde avec fougue, face caméra. En fond se succèdent des décors de fortune, de plage paradisiaque en désert de western.

De son côté, **Wesley Pereira de Castro** a été captif casanier pendant le long confinement brésilien. Pour s'éprouver vivant et donner sens au temps suspendu, il s'est filmé régulièrement. Il partage à la fois ses pulsions de survie et des mises au point sur sa cinéphilie.

Le résultat est déroutant : un journal anxiogène où le désir d'images déborde la possibilité de les réaliser. Seules les ellipses, qui répondent à un tempo organique, laissent présager un havre de paix.

**Claire Allouche**

Anciens Numéros

[Voir tout](#)

•

Filmkritik zu **The Vanishing Point**[Übersicht](#) [Filmplakat](#) [Forum](#) **KRITIK** [News \(1\)](#)

Fotos: Filmverleih

## Für unsere verlorene Jugend – The Vanishing Point

85%

EXKLUSIV FÜR UNCUT VON DER VIENNALE

Bani Khoshnoudi ist iranische Filmemacherin und Künstlerin. Ihre Werke sind bekannt für eine eindrucksvolle visuelle Sprache und politische Tiefe. „Noghteh-e Goriz – The Vanishing Point“ ist eine intime Reise in ihr persönliches Archiv. Ausgangspunkt ist das Schicksal ihrer Cousine, die 1988 während eines Besuchs im Iran als politische Gefangene verschwand und ermordet wurde – ein Ereignis, über das in ihrer Familie bis heute geschwiegen wird.

Seit der Zensur ihres Films „The Silent Majority Speaks“ über die Grüne Bewegung im Jahr 2009 kann die im Exil aufgewachsene und lebende Khoshnoudi selbst nicht mehr in den Iran reisen. „The Vanishing Point“ bricht nun das familiäre Schweigen. Mit tagebuchartigen Videoaufnahmen, Gesprächen, Fotografien und persönlichen Gegenständen rekonstruiert sie nicht nur Leben und Verschwinden ihrer Cousine, sondern taucht tief in das kollektive Trauma der iranischen Gesellschaft ein – geprägt von Verlust und Erinnerung, aber auch Resilienz und dem unermüdlichen Kampf für Freiheit, fern von monarchistischen oder theokratischen Regimen.

Der Film entfaltet sich ruhig und fast schon meditativ. Khoshnoudi gelingt es, ihre persönliche Geschichte mit der politischen Realität des Landes zu verweben. Besonders im letzten Drittel integriert sie aktuelle Aufnahmen aus dem Iran – teils nur knapp zwei Jahre alt – und schlägt damit eine Brücke zwischen Vergangenheit und Gegenwart.

„The Vanishing Point“ ist mehr als ein filmisches Erinnerungsstück. Es ist eine Hommage an die turbulente Geschichte des Iran, aber auch ein hoffnungsvoller Blick in dessen Zukunft. Gewidmet ist der Film der Jugend (und ihrer Tochter) – einer Gesellschaft, die sich gewandelt hat, und die den Wandel von innen heraus bewirken wird: „Die Mauer der Angst ist gefallen“ („the wall of fear has come down“).



## Review

For our lost youth – The Vanishing Point  
Exclusively for Uncut by VIENNALE

Bani Khoshnoudi is an Iranian filmmaker and artist. Her works are known for their impressive visual language and political depth. “Noghteh-e Goriz – The Vanishing Point” is an intimate journey into her personal archive. The starting point is the fate of her cousin, who disappeared and was murdered as a political prisoner during a visit to Iran in 1988 – an event that her family still keeps quiet about today.

Since the censorship of her film “The Silent Majority Speaks” about the Green Movement in 2009, Khoshnoudi, who grew up and lives in exile, has been unable to travel to Iran herself. “The Vanishing Point” now breaks the family silence. Using diary-like video recordings, conversations, photographs, and personal items, she not only reconstructs her cousin's life and disappearance, but also delves deeply into the collective trauma of Iranian society – marked by loss and memory, but also resilience and the tireless struggle for freedom, far from monarchist or theocratic regimes.

The film unfolds calmly and almost meditatively. Khoshnoudi succeeds in weaving her personal story with the political reality of the country. Especially in the last third, she integrates current footage from Iran – some of it barely two years old – thus building a bridge between the past and the present.

“The Vanishing Point” is more than a cinematic memento. It is a tribute to Iran's turbulent history, but also a hopeful look into its future. The film is dedicated to young people (and her daughter) – a society that has changed and will bring about change from within: “The wall of fear has come down.”



FILMMAKER FESTIVAL

# 'The Vanishing Point': l'archivio ribelle di Bani Khoshnoudi

A Nasanin, Farrokhrou Parsa e a tutte le donne sparite che il regime ha voluto far sparire. Un film che rompe il tabù di rivoluzionario.



Publicato 19 ore fa il 20 Novembre 2025  
Scritto da **Veronica Neulichedl**



L  
'S  
g



T  
C  
fi  
K



FF  
Fi  
di



M  
S:  
u  
C



L  
B  
pi



Come si racconta un Paese quando il cinema è controllato, tagliato, censurato? Come si restituisce un ricordo quando la storia ufficiale vuole cancellarlo? Il cinema iraniano oggi vive esattamente in questo punto di frizione: tra ciò che si può mostrare e ciò che deve restare un sussurro. E proprio qui, in questa frattura, arriva ***The Vanishing Point*** di **Bani Khoshnoudi**, presentato al Filmmaker Festival 2025 in Concorso Internazionale. Un film che non si accontenta di “raccontare”: scava, recupera, ricompone. Rende visibile ciò che il regime ha provato a sotterrare per decenni.

Dalla rivoluzione khomeinista al movimento *Donna, Vita, Libertà*, **Khoshnoudi** costruisce un viaggio politico e personale senza separare mai le due dimensioni. Le immagini degli archivi pubblici e privati non diventano solo memoria: diventano prova, resistenza, eredità. ***The Vanishing Point*** dialoga con il passato e con le strade dell'Iran di oggi, mentre l'autrice riordina la sua genealogia dell'assenza: **Farrokhrou Parsa**, la ministra giustiziata nel 1980; la cugina **Nasanin**, scomparsa nel carcere di Evin nel 1988; e tutte le donne che, ogni giorno, pagano il prezzo della libertà.

## Case piene, Paesi vuoti: la memoria come resistenza

Immagini mancanti. Ricordi che svaniscono. Oggetti ricomposti. Stanze vuote che non sono davvero vuote, solo svuotate della vita che contenevano. È in questi spazi sospesi che **Bani Khoshnoudi** torna, con la cinepresa in mano, nella casa dei genitori a Teheran. Una casa

abbandonata ma ancora gravida di tracce, perché come dice la madre della regista:

**“Ti ho detto che colleziono cianfrusaglie.”**

E sono proprio quelle cianfrusaglie, quelle reliquie domestiche apparentemente insignificanti, a contenere la miccia della storia. Dentro quelle scatole emerge anche il nome di **Farrokhrou Parsa**, ministra della Cultura, amica stretta della madre e della nonna della regista. Una donna cancellata dalla storia ufficiale, giustiziata con brutalità:

**“Le hanno messo un sacco di patate sulla testa e l’hanno impiccata tra due prostitute.”**

L’opera si trasforma sin da subito in un gesto politico: preserva i nomi banditi, ricorda le strade con i loro nomi originali, sottrae l’oblio a una genealogia di donne che il regime ha deciso di abolire.



### ***The Vanishing Point: lo sguardo che mostra***

Nelle strade di Teheran il formato cambia: un **4:3 stretto**, quasi soffocante. Uno schermo che delimita, che impone bordi fisici e simbolici. È la forma che “mostra nascondendo”: la stessa logica della sorveglianza che regola la vita pubblica in Iran.

All’opposto, gli interni respirano. Lì, tra le mura della casa e le “cianfrusaglie”, si apre l’unico vero spazio di libertà. Lo dice la regista nel suo monologo, e lo sentiamo, lo vediamo. L’interno è dunque il luogo dove è ancora possibile ricordare senza filtri, senza paura. Il fuori nasconde. Il dentro custodisce.

### ***Il ruolo del suono in The Vanishing Point***

E poi il silenzio. Quel silenzio che non è mai vuoto, mai “pace”. È censura sonora. Per un momento vediamo gioia, ma non sentiamo nulla: persone che ridono, ballano, festeggiano, in

silenzio. Ma non proprio, possiamo immaginarne il rumore, perché quella felicità è ormai un ricordo muto, non più vivo.

**Bani Khoshnoudi** costruisce una grammatica del silenzio che racconta la repressione meglio di qualsiasi parola. Come in ***La Antena***, dove le voci scomparse diventano la prova dell'oppressione, anche qui ogni suono sottratto ricorda che la libertà, persino la banale risata, è stata amputata.



Il silenzio si ripete: negli spostamenti, nelle camminate, nei dettagli. E poi esplode nel funerale: immagini d'archivio accompagnate da un canto collettivo:

## **“Per la tua causa, quando hanno valore le nostre vite?”**

Un urlo che attraversa il passato e arriva fino alle proteste degli ultimi anni. Le immagini d'archivio delle rivolte scorrono senza filtro: sono il suono possibile contro un regime che da decenni tenta di imbavagliare anche i morti.

### **Nasanin: la figura che ritorna**

E poi c'è lei: **Nasanin**, la cugina della regista. Una figura diventata tabù familiare, impronunciabile per trent'anni. Una mujaddin arrestata e scomparsa nel carcere di Evin nel 1988. Nemmeno una dichiarazione ufficiale. Nemmeno un corpo. La famiglia ha taciuto per paura. La regista la rammenta così:

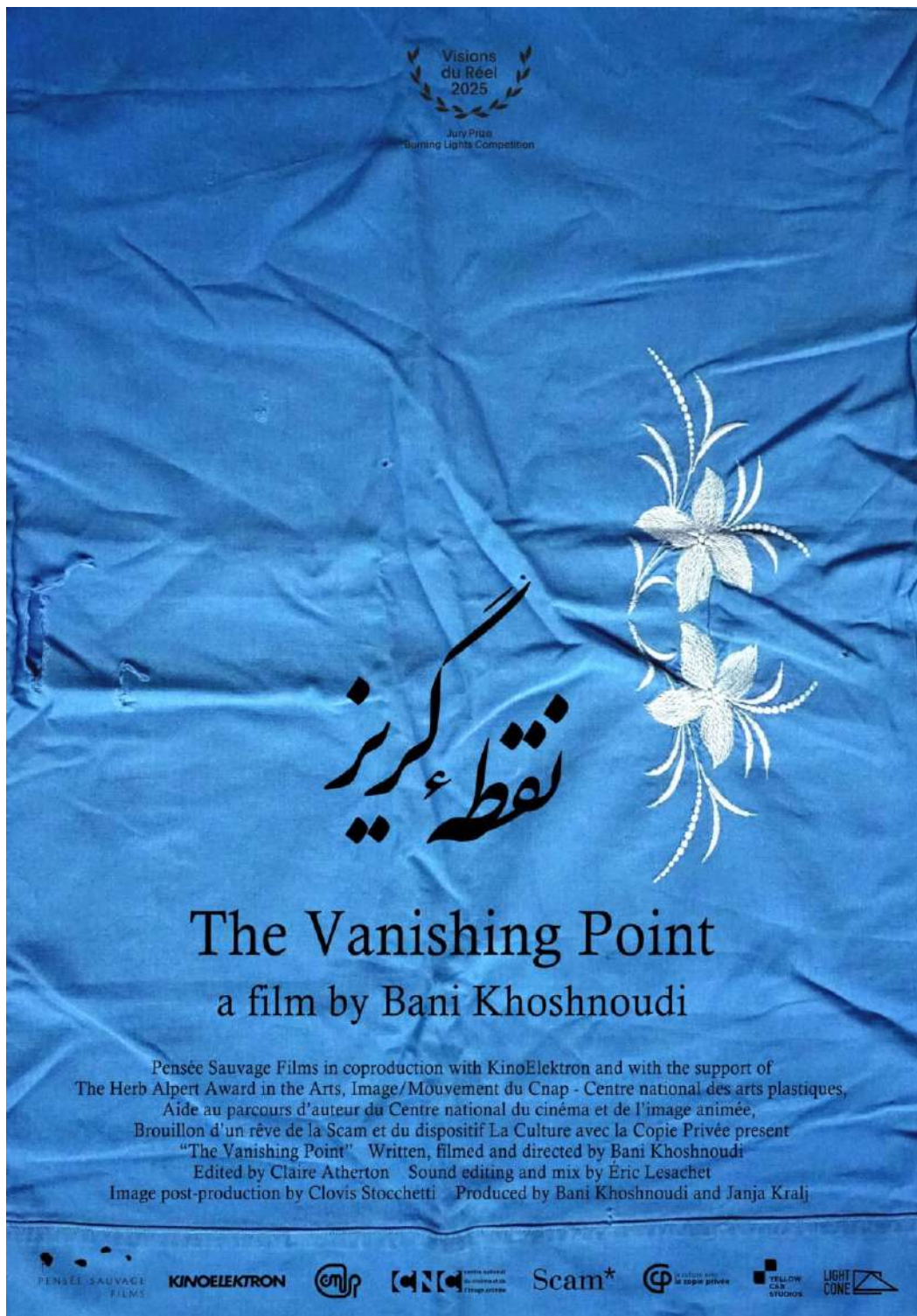
“Sono cresciuta sentendomi ripetere che ero una ribelle come mia cugina Nasanin, di cui non ho alcun ricordo. È morta quando avevo due anni. La sua figura mi ha attratta da quando ero molto giovane.”

E ancora:

“Il silenzio fa parte di un programma sistemico. Non si limita a oscurare chi è sparito, ma copre molto altro, permettendo a questo regime fascista di continuare a esistere.”

***The Vanishing Point*** è il primo gesto pubblico che spezza quel silenzio.

Il film rompe il tabù familiare e trasforma la storia di **Nasanin** in una storia collettiva: migliaia di donne, uomini, famiglie che hanno vissuto la stessa cancellazione.



## Dalle strade degli anni '80 a Donna Vita Libertà

Le immagini d'archivio diventano un mosaico di resistenza: dal 2009 alle rivolte del 2019, fino alle piazze del 2022. Corpi che occupano lo spazio pubblico nonostante la violenza dello Stato. La regista lo dice chiaramente:

“Il muro della paura è crollato... Le giovani generazioni non hanno più paura. È una battaglia intersezionale: un gesto, una parola, un corpo che occupa lo spazio.”

Lo vediamo anche ne *Il seme del fico sacro*, il popolo è stanco, stufo, nutre il desiderio di reagire. *The Vanishing Point* non è un documentario che osserva. È un film che partecipa. È un film che ricorda che, in una teocrazia, la resistenza è l'unico linguaggio possibile.

“Dobbiamo fare una rivoluzione. Questo sistema non può essere riformato.”

È un contro-archivio emotivo, politico, familiare. È un film che rende visibile ciò che il regime voleva cancellare: le donne, le loro storie, i loro corpi, le loro rivoluzioni. La dimostrazione che finché qualcuno continua a ricordare, a raccontare, nulla può scomparire.

## The Vanishing Point

- Anno: 2025
- Durata: 104'
- Genere: **Documentario**
- Nazionalità: **Iran, Francia, USA**
- Regia: **Bani Khoshnoudi**

**Hai realizzato un cortometraggio, un film o una serie, o stai lavorando a un nuovo progetto cinematografico?** Compila il nostro questionario ed entra in contatto con la redazione di Taxi Drivers! Offriamo visibilità tramite il nostro canale YouTube, proiezioni nella nostra sala a Berlino e supporto professionale, incluso un cloud per gestire i tuoi materiali e la realizzazione di sottotitoli in diverse lingue. Scopri tutte le opportunità, tra cui recensioni, interviste e consulenza gratuita per il tuo film!

[Link al questionario](#)

CORRELATI: #FILMMAKER FESTIVAL



### POTREBBE PIACERTI



**'Il viaggio di ritorno': la vita a volo d'uccello**



**'Outside the Box': ritratto sperimentale di Charlemagne Palestine**



**'La lucciola', invisibile finché non splende.**



**'Disco D(e)ad': il rapporto padre-figlia al ritmo di musica dance**



**'L'albero di trasmissione 2 – La vendetta': la battaglia di un'artista pugliese contro la modernità**



**'A|C|I|D|O': racconti di vita umana**

FILMMAKER FESTIVAL

# 'The Vanishing Point': in conversazione con Bani Khoshnoudi

'The Vanishing Point' di Bani Khoshnoudi esplora il confine tra vita privata e protesta pubblica, trasformando il cinema politico.



Publicato 1 giorno fa il 23 Novembre 2025  
Scritto da **Noah Zoratti**



Una strada di Teheran, il tremolio di una ripresa di un cellulare, un mattone raccolto dal marciapiede e tenuto stretto in una mano. La voce di una madre che si incrina. Lo schermo smette di delimitare e si apre come una soglia, un passaggio tra perdita privata e sfida pubblica, tra la capacità della camera di proteggere e la sua pari capacità di esporre al pericolo.

***The Vanishing Point***, presentato in concorso internazionale al **Filmmaker Festival 2025** di Milano, si radica in questa soglia. **Bani Khoshnoudi** costruisce una matryoshka del lutto di un intero paese, partendo dal nucleo più intimo, la sfera familiare iraniana, la sua per prima, per estendersi fino alle strade affollate e insorte della città.

In occasione della proiezione, abbiamo dialogato con la regista Bani Khoshnoudi, esplorando le immagini e le storie dietro il film.

## ***The Silent Majority Speaks: la responsabilità dello sguardo***

Nata in Iran ma cresciuta negli Stati Uniti, il suo primo ritorno avviene a ventidue anni per un funerale. «Sono andata con mia madre per una settimana» ricorda, «e poi sono rimasta un paio di mesi». Seguono quindici anni di viaggi continui, lavorando con artisti e cineasti a Teheran, finché le sue opere, politicamente senza compromessi, iniziano a scontrarsi con la censura e alla fine viene ufficialmente esiliata.

La distanza geografica, generazionale e affettiva, plasma il suo cinema, che resiste alle aspettative etnografiche e tratta invece l'Iran come un luogo di frattura e immaginazione politica. Il suo ultimo film, ***The Vanishing Point***, prosegue su questa traiettoria, rielaborando vent'anni di suoi filmati clandestini in quella che lei definisce una "costellazione" più che un

LATE



SKY FILM / 2  
**'Fuori: l'arc**



IN SALA / 2 o  
**'Even' Il gel' l'innocenza**



ato in test  
**'Ricardo et di un poeta**



TORINO FILM  
**'Dolph: Unb "spezza in d'**



FILMMAKER F  
**'Afterlives': distanza'**



La maggior parte delle riprese risale alla lavorazione di *The Silent Majority Speaks*, documentario del 2009 che ricomponne le immagini del Movimento Verde, una delle più significative insurrezioni popolari contro la dittatura. Come in quell’opera, **Khoshnoudi** privilegia un montaggio che disarticola la linearità narrativa, mettendo a nudo le fratture psichiche e politiche che attraversano l’esperienza quotidiana.



*The Silent Majority Speaks* segna anche il suo primo vero confronto con l’etica di filmare la rivolta. In un ambiente in cui le immagini sono al tempo stesso strumenti di resistenza e dispositivi di sorveglianza, riprendere corpi esposti, volti scoperti, gesti di dissenso, richiede un rigore assoluto. «*Alcune persone non volevano essere riprese*» ricorda. «*Altre mi permettevano di filmare i loro volti e io pensavo: come puoi fidarti di me?*». Sfoca i volti di chi le parla, ma non abbassa mai la camera.

Ciò che vede attorno a sé è necessità. «*La gente filmava come se quei video avrebbero potuto servire come prova*» spiega. «*Oggi lo sappiamo, vediamo cosa succede a Gaza: le prove non cambiano nulla. Ma abbiamo comunque bisogno di tracce. Per capire ciò che accade e ciò che non accade. Filmano perché vogliono che vediamo. Così ho sentito la responsabilità di mostrare*».

## **The Vanishing Point: architetture della memoria**

Quando decide di realizzare *The Vanishing Point*, le è ormai vietato rientrare in Iran. In esilio, il film deve nascere dalla memoria, dall’assenza e da ciò che già esiste nella videocamera: anni di frammenti, appunti interrotti, registrazioni accidentali.

Incontra **Claire Atherton** due giorni dopo l’uccisione di Jina Mahsa Amini. La montatrice, storica collaboratrice di Chantal Akerman, lavorerà con **Khoshnoudi** alla costruzione del film. «*C’era così tanto materiale*» ricorda. «*Ci siamo riviste un anno dopo. Tre settimane, otto ore al giorno, guardando tutto. Senza una struttura. Abbiamo fatto il film guardando le immagini*». L’inquadratura iniziale, catturata per caso, diventa il punto da cui si irradia il resto del film. Le altre riprese si dispongono attorno a essa creando una tessitura di tempi e luoghi: le strade di Teheran, gli archivi familiari, i corpi feriti dei manifestanti.

Il cinema di **Khoshnoudi** è politico perché è personale, e personale perché intrinsecamente collettivo. «*In Iran abbiamo vissuto un trauma collettivo*» riflette. «*Ma mostrarlo non può riguardare solo la famiglia nucleare. Non mi interessano i film di personaggi. Voglio che le immagini riflettano il modo in cui vedo il mondo, la lotta collettiva contro il fascismo*».

## **Il paradosso domestico**

Una delle sue osservazioni più incisive riguarda la separazione e la continuità tra interno ed esterno nella vita iraniana, la vera architettura della repressione. **Khoshnoudi** descrive lo



*completamente connesso allo spazio esterno. Ci comportiamo in modo diverso fuori. La casa è connessa alla strada. Di notte venivano con i manganelli gridando di rientrare. Abbiamo vissuto la resistenza sottoterra. Gli scrittori, le gallerie, gli incontri erano tutti privati».*

Questa doppia vita struttura **The Vanishing Point**, costruito sul confine instabile tra ciò che può essere mostrato e ciò che deve restare nascosto. Ma oggi qualcosa si è incrinato. Dalla sfera privata emergono sempre più voci, soprattutto quelle dei genitori dei giovani uccisi dal regime.

Il dolore delle donne, e delle madri in particolare, non si registra solo come sofferenza ma sembra imprimere un movimento, trasformarsi in una forza che orienta la resistenza in modi inattesi e fuori dalle immagini convenzionali dell’attivismo.

La sua voce si abbassa. *«Il dolore delle madri mi colpisce profondamente»* confida. *«La mia prozia ha perso sua figlia. Non l’ho mai vista piangere, non c’era spazio emotivo per farlo. Ora le madri e i padri dei ragazzi uccisi si incontrano. Qualcuno del Kurdistan trova qualcuno di un’altra città, entrambi con un figlio giustiziato. Fanno alleanze. Il dolore si sta trasformando in energia politica. Non resta più dentro».*

Come madre riconosce ciò che cambia la sua visione: *«Sto cercando di crescere mia figlia affinché sia già politicamente conscia a nove anni. Ha un ruolo da svolgere».*

## Verso una politica della risonanza

In **The Vanishing Point** si dispiega un archivio stratificato. Gli oggetti personali e gli interni domestici si intrecciano con filmati di strada, registrazioni anonime, immagini che emanano una forza poetica e una vicinanza insostenibile. Sono la testimonianza di un popolo che filma se stesso nella propria memoria, che rifiuta l’obliterazione.

**Khoshnoudi** non si vede come interprete, ma come custode. *«Non abbiamo molte tracce di ciò che è accaduto nel 1988»* ricorda. *«Le esecuzioni... Forse un giorno troveremo gli archivi, se non sono stati bruciati. Queste immagini probabilmente non cambieranno il mondo, ma per noi contano. Ci aiutano a ricordare».*

In Iran, la linea tra casa e strada, tra lacrima privata e urlo pubblico, è permeabile. La dittatura entra nel salotto con la stessa facilità con cui la protesta invade la cucina. Il cinema di **Khoshnoudi** compie il percorso inverso: riporta in superficie il privato, lascia parlare il dolore sepolto, trasforma il personale in politico.

## The Vanishing Point

- Anno: 2025
- Durata: 104'
- Nazionalità: Iran
- Regia: Bani Khoshnoudi

**Hai realizzato un cortometraggio, un film o una serie, o stai lavorando a un nuovo progetto cinematografico?** Compila il nostro questionario ed entra in contatto con la redazione di Taxi Drivers! Offriamo visibilità tramite il nostro canale YouTube, proiezioni nella nostra sala a Berlino e supporto professionale, incluso un cloud per gestire i tuoi materiali e la realizzazione di sottotitoli in diverse lingue. Scopri tutte le opportunità, tra cui recensioni, interviste e consulenza gratuita per il tuo film!

[Link al questionario](#)

CORRELATI: #FILMMAKER FESTIVAL #THE VANISHING POINT



POTREBBE PIACERTI

## Βανί Khoshnoudi: «Τα πράγματα δεν μπορούν να παραμένουν για πάντα όπως είναι. Η σιωπή κάποια στιγμή γίνεται κραυγή»

Η Ιρανοαμερικανίδα δημιουργός παρουσιάζει στο 14ο Φεστιβάλ Πρωτοποριακού Κινηματογράφου Αθηνών τη νέα της ταινία *The Vanishing Point*, και μιλά στην Ροράγανδα για τη μνήμη, τα αποτυπώματα που αφήνει ο άνθρωπος και τη δύναμη της εικόνας που επιμένει.



Δημήτρης Πάντσος

11.12.2025



Κορίτσι που άνοιξε τα μάτια του στον κόσμο ανάμεσα σε δύο πατρίδες και τρεις ηπείρους. Σπούδασε αρχιτεκτονική, φωτογραφία και κινηματογράφο στο University of Texas at Austin, κι έπειτα άνοιξε ακόμη περισσότερο τον ορίζοντά της στο θρυλικό Independent Study Program του Whitney στη Νέα Υόρκη. Από τότε, η δουλειά της κινείται με την άνεση ανθρώπου που ξέρει να διασχίζει σύνορα: ντοκιμαντέρ και μυθοπλασία, φωτογραφία και εικαστικές εγκαταστάσεις – διαφορετικά μέσα, αλλά πάντα με την ίδια καρδιά.

Τα θέματα που την απασχολούν είναι αυτά που συνήθως αποσιωπούνται: **εξορία, μνήμη, απώλεια, πολιτική ιστορία**. Η πιο γνωστή της ταινία, πριν από το **The Vanishing Point** που θα εμφανιστεί την Πέμπτη 11 Δεκεμβρίου στο διαγωνιστικό τμήμα του Φεστιβάλ Πρωτοποριακού Κινηματογράφου, το **The Silent Majority Speaks**, μια οδύσσεια 100 χρόνων ιρανικής αντίστασης, απαγορεύτηκε στο Ιράν και στον Λίβανο. Όταν η τέχνη σου απαγορεύεται, σημαίνει σχεδόν πάντα ότι έχεις αγγίξει ένα νεύρο που κανείς δεν θέλει να παραδεχτεί ότι πονάει.

Σήμερα μοιράζει τη ζωή της ανάμεσα στο Mexico City και το Montreuil της Γαλλίας – δύο πόλεις που μοιάζουν με καταφύγια για ανθρώπους που ξέρουν από μετεγκαταστάσεις και αναζητήσεις. Το 2022 τιμήθηκε με το **Herb Alpert Award in the Arts**, επιβεβαιώνοντας αυτό που πολλοί γνώριζαν ήδη: ότι η Khoshnoudi δεν είναι απλώς μια κινηματογραφίστρια, αλλά μια βαθιά παρατηρήτρια της ανθρώπινης ιστορίας.

Όλα αυτά δεν δείχνουν μόνο ποια είναι, αλλά και γιατί έχει σημασία: μια «διεθνής» καλλιτέχνης που αντιστέκεται, που δημιουργεί πέρα από σύνορα, που μετατρέπει την προσωπική της διάσπαση σε κοινό παγκόσμιο αφήγημα. Μια φωνή που δεν ζητά χώρο αλλά τον κατακτά.

Και με αφορμή λοιπόν την αποψινή προβολή του **The Vanishing Point**, της ζητήσαμε να μιλήσει για την ταινία, τη μνήμη και τα ίχνη που την απασχολούν.



## Intestins : Un truc simple pour les libérer naturellement

Santé Intestin

[En savoir plus >](#)



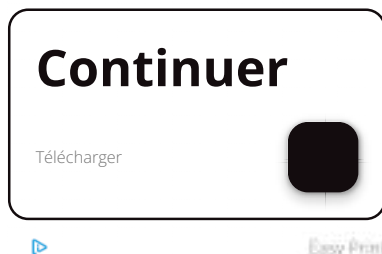
## New AI Trading Bot for Beginners Turns \$1K into \$50K in Just 30 Days.

It's not free, not magic, and not for those testing the.

Monev Facts

[Click Her](#)

Κουβαλούσα καιρό την ανάγκη να μιλήσω για την εξαφανισμένη ξαδέλφη μας, ως μια αντανάκλαση όλων εκείνων που εξαφανίστηκαν στο Ιράν (και αλλού), οι οποίοι δεν έχουν τάφο, και πάνω στους οποίους έχει γίνει ελάχιστη δουλειά μνήμης. Έχουν περάσει 11 χρόνια που δεν ταξιδεύω πίσω στο Ιράν και έτσι αποφάσισα πως ήρθε η ώρα να σπάσω και τη δική μου σιωπή, να μην υποκύψω πια σε αυτολογοκρισία, αφού το θέμα εξακολουθεί να είναι ταμπού και επικίνδυνο στο Ιράν.



### **Πόσο δύσκολο ήταν να σπάσετε μια σιωπή δεκαετιών; Και πώς επηρέασε η προσωπική σας σχέση με την εξαφανισμένη ξαδέλφη σας τη μορφή και την αφήγηση της ταινίας;**

Δεν ήταν δύσκολο από τη στιγμή που πήρα την απόφαση να κάνω την ταινία. Δεν αμφισβήτησα ποτέ αυτή την απόφαση. Το προσωπικό για μένα είναι μέρος μιας συλλογικής ιστορίας και δεν μου «ανήκει» αποκλειστικά, οπότε ένιωσα μια ευθύνη να μεταφέρω ορισμένες λεπτομέρειες που υπάρχουν στη μνήμη μου. Αλλά δεν αποκαλύπτω βαθιά μυστικά... στην πραγματικότητα, δεν έχει σημασία ποια είμαι όταν μιλώ. Η φωνή μου είναι μια φωνή συλλογικού τραύματος και εκτόπισης.

### **To *The Vanishing Point* συνδυάζει ποίηση, αρχειακό υλικό, προσωπικό βίντεο, εικόνες βίας και αντικείμενα. Πώς γεννήθηκε αυτή η υβριδική μορφή;**

Η μοντέζ μου, Κλερ Άθερτον, κι εγώ δουλέψαμε με το προσωπικό μου αρχείο εικόνων που ξεκινά από τη δεκαετία του '70, αλλά και με τα 15 χρόνια υλικού που κινηματογραφούσα στο Ιράν, καθώς και σύγχρονες εικόνες από το διαδίκτυο. Παρακολουθήσαμε πρώτα τα πάντα, κρατήσαμε σημειώσεις και μετά δουλέψαμε σε ένα γραμμικό timeline, τοποθετώντας τη μία εικόνα μετά την άλλη, χωρίς να μιλάμε για δομή ή αφήγηση. Είναι μια αντι-αφήγηση, ένα αντι-δομικό έργο. Δουλεύει έξω από τη χρονολογία, αλλά απολύτως γραμμικά μέσα στη διαδικασία μας. Μετακινήσαμε κάποιες ενότητες, αλλά τα περισσότερα έμειναν με τη σειρά που τα βλέπετε. Είναι μια ταινία για διαφορετικές χρονικότητες, επίπεδα ύπαρξης και μνήμης – εντελώς ρευστή μέσα στο δικό της χάος.

### **Πόσο δύσκολο ήταν τελικά να βρείτε αρχειακό υλικό; Υπήρξαν κάποιες ανακαλύψεις που σας συγκλόνισαν;**

Έχω 12.000 βίντεο από τις διαδηλώσεις του 2022–2023. Οι άνθρωποι κατέγραφαν και ανέβαζαν στο Instagram ό,τι μπορούσαν, ως αντίβαρο στη λήθη των 1.500 νεκρών του 2019, που αποκρύφτηκαν

## **Ποια ήταν η πιο δύσκολη συνθήκη των γυρισμάτων: οι αφηγήσεις, οι τόποι ή ο χρόνος που είχε ήδη «σβήσει» τόσα;**

Τα γυρίσματα έγιναν χωρίς να σκέφτομαι μια συγκεκριμένη ταινία που ήθελα να φτιάξω, άρα δεν ήταν δύσκολα. Ούτε η διαδικασία του μοντάζ ήταν δύσκολη· απλώς πήρε τον δικό της χρόνο και ρυθμό. Ακούγαμε η μία την άλλη και ακούγαμε την ίδια την ταινία. Την αφήσαμε να «ψηθεί» με τον χρόνο. Με την **Κλερ Άθερτον** στο μοντάζ δουλέψαμε από την πρώτη μέρα: βλέποντας, σχολιάζοντας, ανακαλύπτοντας το υλικό μου. Έπειτα δουλέψαμε πολύ στενά μαζί, σε διάλογο, λεπτό προς λεπτό. Η μέθοδός της μας επέτρεψε να προχωρήσουμε μέσα στο χάος.

## **Η ταινία ανοίγει με το ποίημα «Νυχτερινό» του Άχμαντ Σάμλου. Γιατί νιώσατε πως έπρεπε να είναι αυτή η «πύλη εισόδου» στον κόσμο της ταινίας;**

Ο Σάμλου δεν είναι μόνο μια μεγάλη λογοτεχνική μορφή, αλλά και πολιτική. Λογοκρίθηκε και φυλακίστηκε τόσο υπό την αυταρχική μοναρχία του Σάχη όσο και υπό το φασιστικό καθεστώς της Ισλαμικής Δημοκρατίας. Δεν σταμάτησε ποτέ να γράφει και συχνά υπογράμμιζε το σκοτάδι και τη σιωπή που φωλιάζουν βαθιά μέσα στην κοινωνία και τον πολιτισμό μας. Για μένα ήταν αυτονόητο ότι θα χρησιμοποιούσα ποίημά του, και ανάμεσα σε αυτά που είχα επιλέξει, αυτό συγκεκριμένα εξέφραζε πολλά που κουβαλούσα μέσα μου.

## **Είναι η παρουσία του σε αυτό το σημείο, μια πολιτική πράξη μνήμης;**

Απολύτως, όπως όλες οι πράξεις μνήμης μέσα σε ένα φασιστικό πλαίσιο είναι πολιτικές.

## **Ο Σάμλου γράφει συχνά για το σκοτάδι, τον φόβο, όπως και για μια επίμονη, σχεδόν πεισματάρικη ελπίδα. Σε ποιο βαθμό νιώθετε ότι οι θεματικές του τελικά συνομιλούν με τη δική σας κινηματογραφική γλώσσα;**

Με έχει συνοδεύσει σε όλη μου τη διαδρομή – στην επιστροφή στο Ιράν, στη δημιουργία κοινότητας εκεί, στις διαμαρτυρίες, στη δουλειά,

**Πως προέκυψε ο τίτλος της ταινίας; Το σημείο εξαφάνισης / *The Vanishing Point*; Σημαίνει για σας κάτι ιδιαίτερο;**

Πάντα έπαιζα στο μυαλό μου με την ιδέα ενός «εξαφανισμένου παρελθόντος». Και νομίζω ότι, κοιτώντας κάποιες εικόνες μου, στάθηκα σε μία του 2007 – όταν γύρισα το *A People in the Shadows* – όπου υπάρχει ένα μακρύ ακίνητο πλάνο ενός δρόμου, με τόσα πράγματα να συμβαίνουν εκεί, όλα να συγκλίνουν σε ένα σημείο φυγής στο βάθος. Τότε απλώς μου ήρθε... ακόμη κι αν αυτό το πλάνο τελικά δεν χρησιμοποιήθηκε στην ταινία.

**Τα αντικείμενα στην ταινία – έπιπλα, κατάλοιπα, οικιακά είδη – μοιάζουν σχεδόν σαν μάρτυρες. Τι ρόλο παίζουν αυτά τα «σιωπηλά» στοιχεία;**

Ακριβώς αυτό: μάρτυρες, παράλογα άψυχοι και, δυστυχώς, επιζώντες. Οι άνθρωποι ζούμε, αποκτούμε πράγματα, τα χρησιμοποιούμε, τα εγκαταλείπουμε ή τα αφήνουμε πίσω. Μεταφέρουν ίχνη και ενέργειά μας – όχι με κάποιον εσωτερικό τρόπο, αλλά με τη δική μας σφραγίδα. Και νιώθω πως μιλούν, όσο σιωπηλά κι αν είναι.

**Θα μπορούσε να επισημάνει κάποιος πως σχεδόν ως «κρυφοί πρωταγωνιστές», λειτουργούν και η μνήμη και το τραύμα Τι σημαίνει για εσάς η μνήμη σήμερα;**

Κάτι που αναδύεται, έρχεται στην επιφάνεια... ίσως λόγω ωρίμανσης και της προοδευτικής παρακμής ενός συστήματος που έχει προκαλέσει μόνο βλάβη, βία και αγριότητα. Με κάθε χειρονομία και κίνηση αντίστασης, με κάθε ξέσπασμα διαμαρτυρίας, τα τραύματα και η μνήμη μας ενεργοποιούνται ξανά – όλα ζωντανεύουν.



### **Ποιες είναι οι μεγαλύτερες προκλήσεις για μια γυναίκα σκηνοθέτιδα ιρανικής ταυτότητας, είτε ζει στο Ιράν είτε μακριά από αυτό ;**

Το να είσαι γυναίκα σε έναν πατριαρχικό κόσμο είναι από μόνο του πρόκληση, από όπου κι αν προέρχεται. Περιμένουν από εμάς να είμαστε «γυναίκες σκηνοθέτιδες» και όχι απλώς σκηνοθέτιδες. Η Φορούχ Φαροχζάντ είχε πει σε μια συνέντευξη, λίγα χρόνια πριν τον ξαφνικό θάνατό της, ότι αυτό που έχει σημασία είναι πως παράγεται έργο – όχι αν το κάνει άνδρας ή γυναίκα. Όταν ένα ποίημα ωριμάζει, συνδέεται με τον κόσμο και φεύγει από τα χέρια του δημιουργού του. Το νιώθω κι εγώ έτσι. Το να ζεις στο Ιράν είναι δύσκολο. Το να ζεις σε νεοφιλελεύθερες δυτικές χώρες είναι επίσης δύσκολο. Και η «διασπορά» είναι μια φρικτή επινόηση με την οποία δεν ταυτίζομαι καν. Άνδρας ή γυναίκα, βρίσκω ότι ο κόσμος είναι ένα απαιτητικό μέρος. Και προτιμώ τις εμπειρίες που είχα ως γυναίκα – με έκαναν μαχητική, γρήγορη στο να αναγνωρίζω δομές κυριαρχίας και ελέγχου, πράγματα που ίσως ένας άνδρας θα χρειαζόταν μετατόπιση για να δει. Αυτά εμπλουτίζουν τη ζωή μου και τα αγκαλιάζω, όχι ως πρόκληση, αλλά ως στοιχεία που κάνουν το βλέμμα μου πιο ιδιαίτερο, λιγότερο συμβατικό.

### **Με τις πρόσφατες πολιτικές εξελίξεις στις ΗΠΑ και την πιθανότητα αυστηρότερων πολιτικών για ανθρώπους από χώρες όπως το Ιράν, αισθάνεστε φόβο ή ανησυχία; Πως επηρεάζεται η καλλιτεχνική σας φωνή και ίσως η αίσθηση του ανήκειν;**

Δεν με νοιάζει το «ανήκειν». Οι μετανάστες κακομεταχειρίζονται παντού και υφίστανται εκμετάλλευση, και οι ιδέες περί «ένταξης» είναι απλώς φιλελεύθεροι τρόποι να περιγράψεις την υποταγή και τη συμμόρφωση. Οι ΗΠΑ υπήρξαν πάντοτε επιτιθέμενη δύναμη και ανυπομονώ να δω αυτό να ανατρέπεται κάποτε. Αλλά δεν νιώθω φόβο. Πάντα στεκόμουν σε μια θέση ασυμβατότητας και αντίστασης. Δεν υπάρχει χώρος για φόβο. Συνεχίζω.

### **Ως καλλιτέχνηδα πού νιώθετε να βρίσκεται η «βάση» σας; Στον τόπο; Στη γλώσσα; Στη μνήμη ή κάπου αλλού;**

Μετακινείται διαρκώς. Έχει να κάνει πολύ με τον ήχο, με υφές και ρυθμό. Κινούμαι ανάμεσα σε διαφορετικές χρονικότητες και χώρους ταυτόχρονα· τέσσερις γλώσσες κατοικούν στον χώρο μου κάθε στιγμή. Ανάλογα με το πού εστιάζω, ο νους, οι σκέψεις και άρα τα συναισθήματά μου ρέουν και αλλάζουν. Ζω σε ένα είδος «αντι-χώρου», μια μεταεθνική αντίσταση στη βία που τα κράτη και ο εθνικισμός έχουν ασκήσει πάνω μας. Πονάω το ίδιο για τα εξαφανισμένα και ακρωτηριασμένα παιδιά της Γάζας, όσο και για τον ιρανικό αγώνα που καταστέλλεται, όσο και για τους εξαφανισμένους στο Μεξικό...

### **Πώς αισθάνεστε όταν βλέπετε μια τόσο προσωπική ιστορία να αγγίζει ανθρώπους από άλλες χώρες και κουλτούρες;**

Είναι εξαιρετικά σημαντικό για μένα όταν άνθρωποι από τόσες

### της ταινίας, ποια αντίδραση του κοινού σας έχει μείνει περισσότερο;

Ο κόσμος συγκινείται βαθιά και ταραζεται. Υπάρχει, όμως, και πολλή ταύτιση... υπάρχουν περισσότερα τραύματα διάσπαρτα στον κόσμο απ' ό,τι νομίζουμε.

### Αν μπορούσατε να διατηρήσετε μόνο μία αλήθεια από αυτή την ταινία και να τη μεταδώσετε στο κοινό, ποια θα ήταν;

Τα πράγματα δεν μπορούν να παραμένουν για πάντα όπως είναι. Η σιωπή κάποια στιγμή γίνεται κραυγή.

### Πιστεύετε ότι τελικά ο κινηματογράφος μπορεί να λειτουργήσει ως μορφή δικαιοσύνης όταν το κράτος αρνείται να αναγνωρίσει ιστορικά γεγονότα;

Δεν πιστεύω πραγματικά ότι υπάρχει κάτι τέτοιο, όπως «δικαιοσύνη».



Η ταινία **The Vanishing Point** της Bani Khoshnoudi προβάλλεται σήμερα 11.12.25 στην [Ταινιοθήκη της Ελλάδας](#), στις 21.15, στα πλαίσια του Φεστιβάλ Πρωτοποριακού Κινηματογράφου.



FOLLOW POPAGANDA ON FACEBOOK

Α  
ρ

Διαβάζοντας την POPAGANDA αποδέχεστε την χρήση cookies.

Μάθετε περισσότερα

ΑΠΟΔΟΧΗ

Απόρρητο