

# BA3YLON

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FEMININE

22





BABYLON MOVIE

## PETITE HISTOIRE DES PLATEAUX ABANDONNÉ

# 14

Ră di Martino and the postcards from Mars

*Above: Recent copies still (Mecca)*



*Breakdance*



*Set Photo*



*Still 2 ship*



*Still Fake Death*

There is talk of women, there is talk of art. People talk, spread rumours and whisper a bit (though there is always someone who shouts), you read things and hear voices, grandiloquent or unpopular; you even end up thinking that bitterness and rainbows coexist only in the least likely scenarios.

And then flying is so beautiful, when you don't even need an airplane to do it, when the thousand octane fuel is an intuition that teletransports us who knows where, in the scorching desert, though far away on another planet.

Where the light dazzles, when it doesn't intoxicate or confuse, from sunrise to sunset since here the night is just beyond the horizon, where Ră di Martino flits here and there and gracefully comes to rests; and we see through her butterfly eyes the sandy ruins of an ancient Martian civilization, a dry and barren place of passage, where the (often immobile) air is thin and the earthy dust burns the throat.

The spell is not broken even when you discover that the shooting was done in Skoura and the Valley of the Drâa, Morocco.

You appreciate the placid clarity of the (never too) long audio postcards, you appreciate the rustling of the leaves from the palm groves, and even more so when the wind whistles, whirls and whips up the rubble of the ruined old Hollywood film sets forgotten over time, and crumbling into abandonment. You perceive the masterful yet youthful tone of an execution that is monotonous and consistent with the natural setting, the dream-like desolation carved in the hard yet crumbling sandstone, the visible section that both binds and separates architecture and geology, cinema, drought, remoteness and photography.

Ră di Martino reveals all the angular poetry of the Maghreb – the lands crossed by endless caravans of terrestrial or spatial Berbers – in a melancholic and static short film that is not excessive, and which documents and paints landscapes both real and internal.

A pink dust fills the air that transforms all the hostile music into something harmonious. It may be just a figment of our imagination, but we don't mind: it is the delicate sound of a feminine score.

Ante Pin

### Petite Histoire De Plateaux Abandonné



*Courtesy of Ră di Martino*

*Below: Recent copies of the Petite Histoire*

