

Life on Earth - Mali: Movie Review

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**Blue skies up and three walls**

I thought at first there would be a recognition of silence, through the boiling alleys of hand laid mud, the reproduction of a simple plan, the timeless quality of dust, but the beauty of thoughtlessness, or perhaps a need for a dramatic beauty, shown in their eyes, and in their veils, brings down the weight of air and the annunciation of light. I fell into a world of stillness, a passing of time that can only be caught in photographs; continuous photographs of dust falling from the hooves of donkeys, from clattering hammers, and from ball kicking enthusiastic semi-stars. The stillness is not silence, as silence freezes awe; it is the threshold of presentation, of re-presentation. We can not track time experientially, but our blinking signifies the need for isomorphic memory, of a falling into the scene and walking through it as if it was just life. It is first impressions and the turn and bow of last goodbyes as shoes are gathered and hastily shoved upon the next step. Blue skies up and three walls, long winding streets of one's world connected to the outside by thin wire and sadness. The overhanging trees, inverted alleys taint the air lightly green as the sun moves shadows across the feet of idle men whose only release was up to blue. The crushing heat would make me afraid of the world around me.