



# MOUSSEM LES MORTS

REALISATION JEAN-BAPTISTE ALAZARD VINCENT LE PORT PRODUCTION PIERRE-EMMANUEL URCUN ASSISTANT REALISATION  
SIMOHAMED FETTAKA SCENARIO JEAN-BAPTISTE ALAZARD OLIVIER DEMANGEL VINCENT LE PORT IMAGE ANTOINE D'ARTEMARE  
LAURENT NAVARRI AZMA HAFILI SON MARC-O. BRULLE CHARLOTTE BUTRAK COSTUMES MAQUILLAGES ELSA CAPUS DECORS  
ACCESSOIRES JONATHAN LE PREUX MONTAGE JEAN-BAPTISTE ALAZARD VINCENT LE PORT XAVIER SIRVEN VINCENT TRICON LA FEMIS



- So why are you here ?  
- Why am I here ?...

One does not survive by shunning danger, when we have  
a universe to win and absolutely nothing to lose.

Life is all about enjoying, no ? Moral issues,  
after that... It's good for chatting.

You're all idiots. Tiny bloody idiots.  
All three.

Don't move. Or I'll cut  
your head off.

Is it real or fake ?

We won't kill him, he's already daed.

Long live the crystal.

People from Tangier ! I'm about  
to throw my cerebrum in the air !

Come on ! Speak !  
Do something !

It seemed to me that it was possible to seek  
the truth by the act of killing somebody.

No need to brag.

This guy has no brain.

He's gonna screw it up  
at some point, I'm telling you.

Me, I've already been dead.

We can create a Land of Dreams...

What the fuck are we doing here ?  
What's your shitty car ?

Help me carry the burden.

We can make our own Western Lands.

All we had to lose is already lost.

It's the typical pursuit  
of the newcomer tourist, isn't it ?

You can't confront a mirror,  
can you ?

Go to die ! Eat your dead !



*Another country, different people moving weirdly around you, your pride that no longer finds its ground, its lying, its familiar echo, and it's enough, your head turns, you feel dizzy, the doubt attracts you, and the infinite opens up just for you, a ridiculous little infinite and you fall in it... Travelling is nothing but the search for this little nothingness, this little jerk's vertigo...*

Three French in transit in Tangier, a crossroad of illegal immigration and prohibited traffics, between two continents, two utopias...

Three Westerners came here to escape, to find some exoticism, to be marginalized...

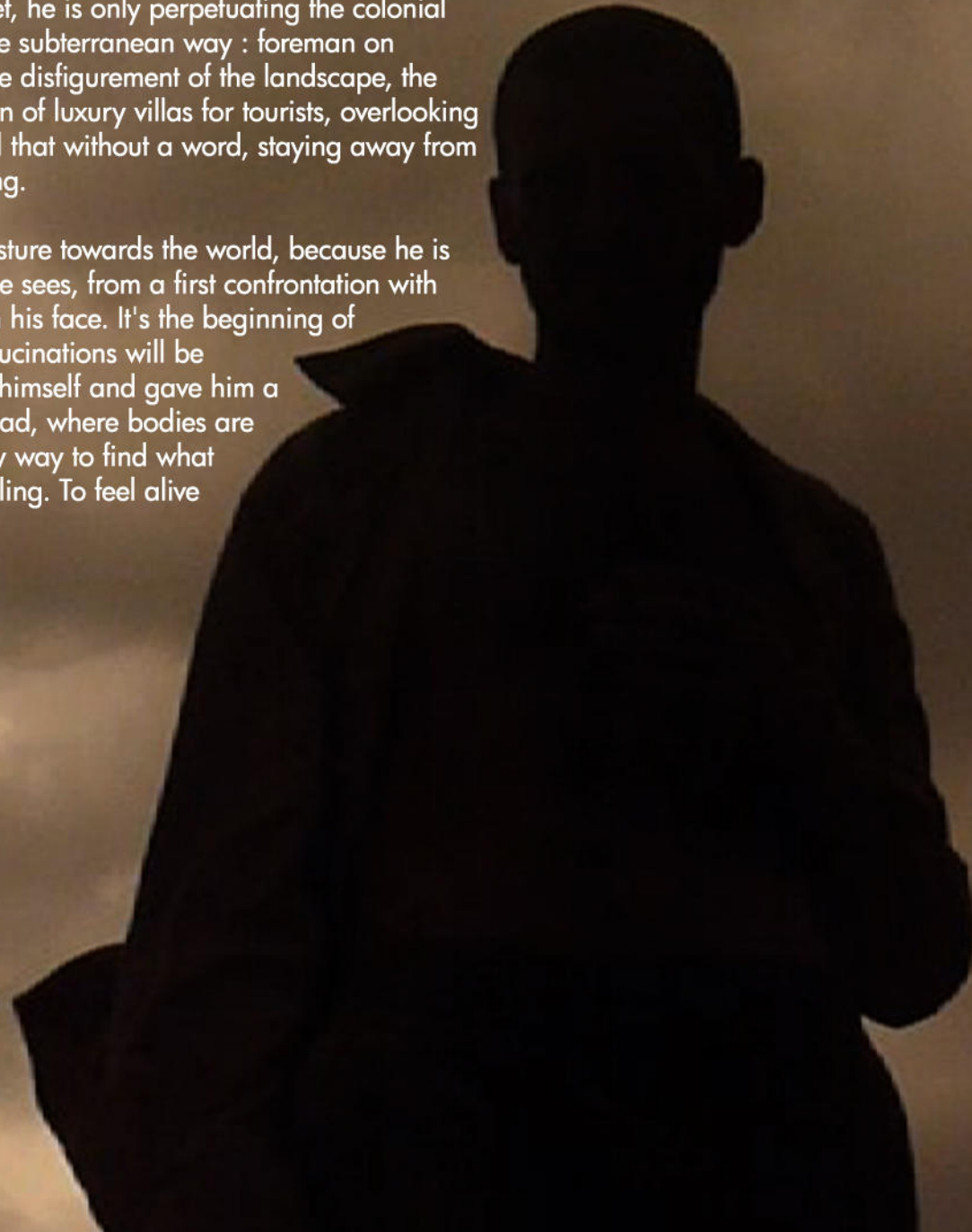
Three little lost souls travelling from North to South... The opposite way of the typical post-colonial immigration... Disintegrate rather than integrate...

This romantic posture is quickly undermined. The characters wander, rejected by this electrical and chaotic city, urban labyrinth in which they lose themselves without being able to create roots, to build relationships. The demons haven't disappeared : they wanted to find a virgin land, where they could rebuild some « Western Lands » as their Fathers, but they discover a land that has already become the preserve of the values of the civilization they fled.

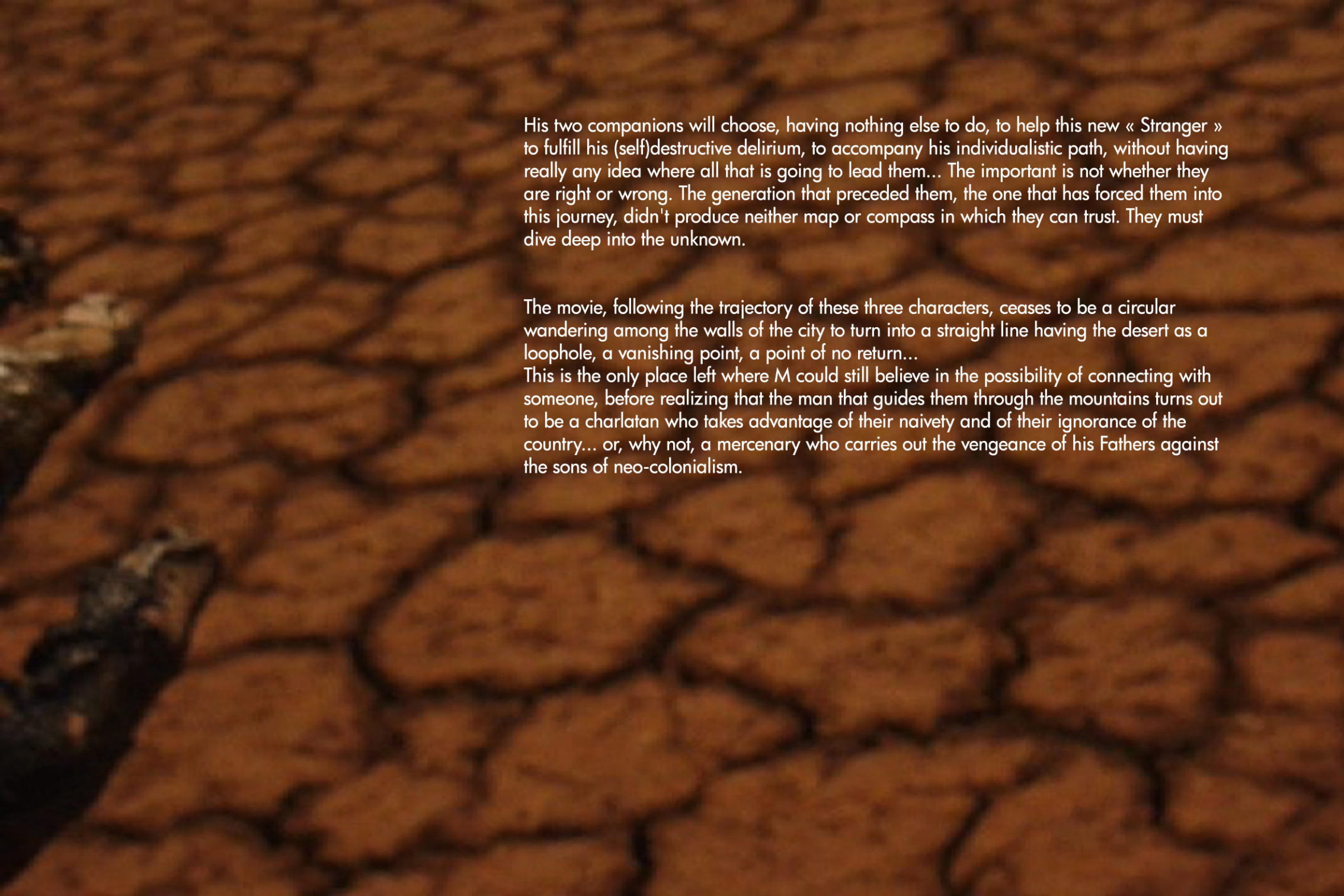
Finding refuge in cynicism, epicureanism or political claims, is once again a posture, a teenager posture. « You're idiots. All three. You're tiny bloody idiots. » someone will say to them. « You can't confront a mirror, can you ? »

The main character (let's call him M), dreams himself as marginalized and detached from everything, squatting with his two compatriots, Marie and Karmin, a terrace overlooking the rooftops of Tangier. Yet, he is only perpetuating the colonial tradition that is still going on in a more subterranean way : foreman on construction sites, he participates in the disfigurement of the landscape, the plundering of resources ... Construction of luxury villas for tourists, overlooking the Mediterranean sea...M looks at all that without a word, staying away from the Moroccan workers who die working.

Incapable of keeping his detached posture towards the world, because he is too fragile and too sensitive for that, he sees, from a first confrontation with death, its contradictions going back in his face. It's the beginning of a thinking path where reality and hallucinations will be mixed : since it is death that revealed himself and gave him a worldview, where people are living dead, where bodies are at the edge of disappearance, his only way to find what he was looking for lies in the act of killing. To feel alive by destroying everything around.







His two companions will choose, having nothing else to do, to help this new « Stranger » to fulfill his (self)destructive delirium, to accompany his individualistic path, without having really any idea where all that is going to lead them... The important is not whether they are right or wrong. The generation that preceded them, the one that has forced them into this journey, didn't produce neither map or compass in which they can trust. They must dive deep into the unknown.

The movie, following the trajectory of these three characters, ceases to be a circular wandering among the walls of the city to turn into a straight line having the desert as a loophole, a vanishing point, a point of no return...

This is the only place left where M could still believe in the possibility of connecting with someone, before realizing that the man that guides them through the mountains turns out to be a charlatan who takes advantage of their naivety and of their ignorance of the country... or, why not, a mercenary who carries out the vengeance of his Fathers against the sons of neo-colonialism.

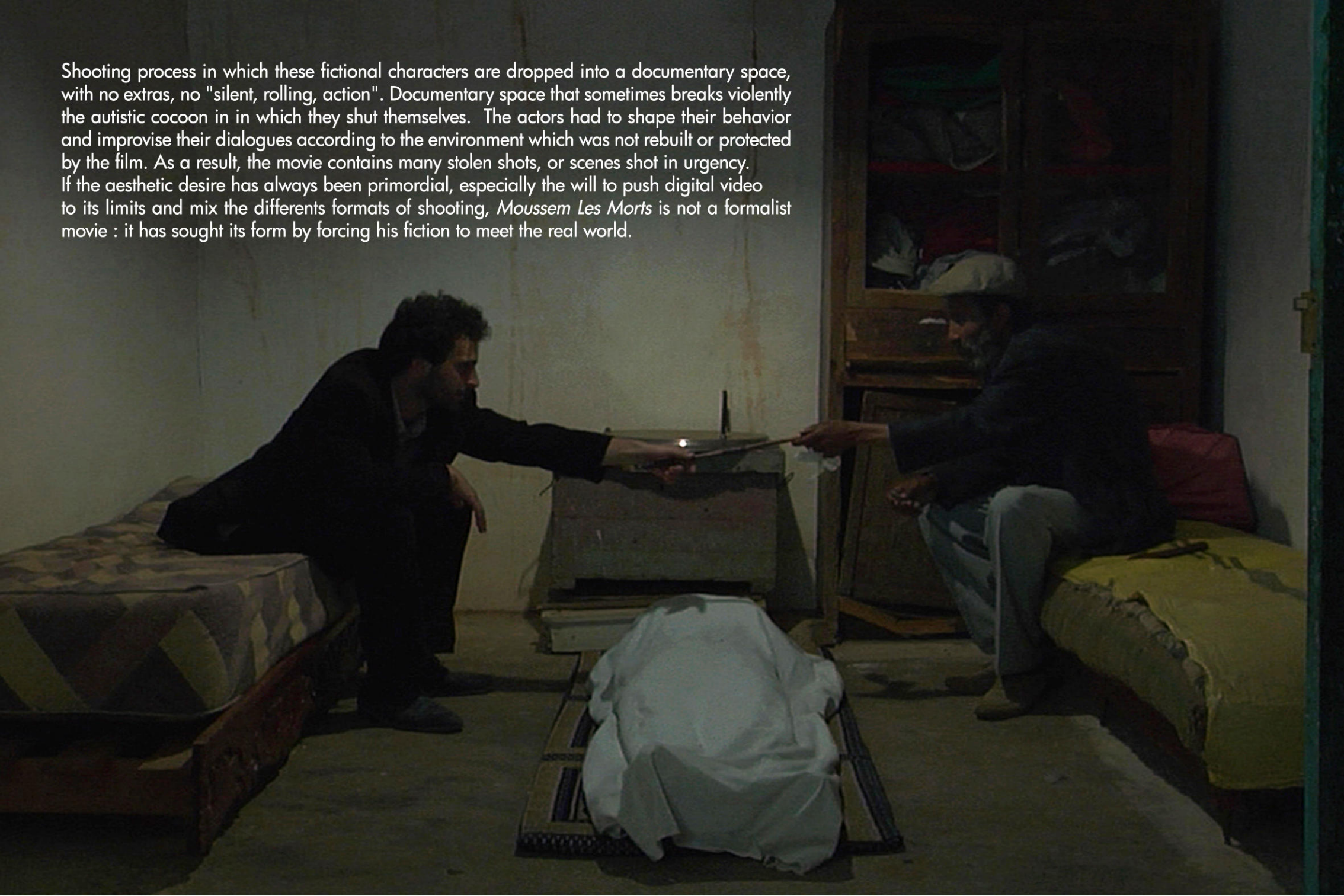




The desire behind this project (to leave France and go elsewhere to create all together a virgin territory that would belong to us) closely coincided with the circumstances that led the three main characters in the situation in which they are seen at the beginning of the movie. Shot in three weeks, *Moussem Les Morts* has strong links with the status of M, Karmin and Mary, observers of a society they don't belong to, of a land they cross as tourists, disappointed to find there exactly what they wanted to flee.



Shooting process in which these fictional characters are dropped into a documentary space, with no extras, no "silent, rolling, action". Documentary space that sometimes breaks violently the autistic cocoon in which they shut themselves. The actors had to shape their behavior and improvise their dialogues according to the environment which was not rebuilt or protected by the film. As a result, the movie contains many stolen shots, or scenes shot in urgency. If the aesthetic desire has always been primordial, especially the will to push digital video to its limits and mix the different formats of shooting, *Moussem Les Morts* is not a formalist movie : it has sought its form by forcing his fiction to meet the real world.

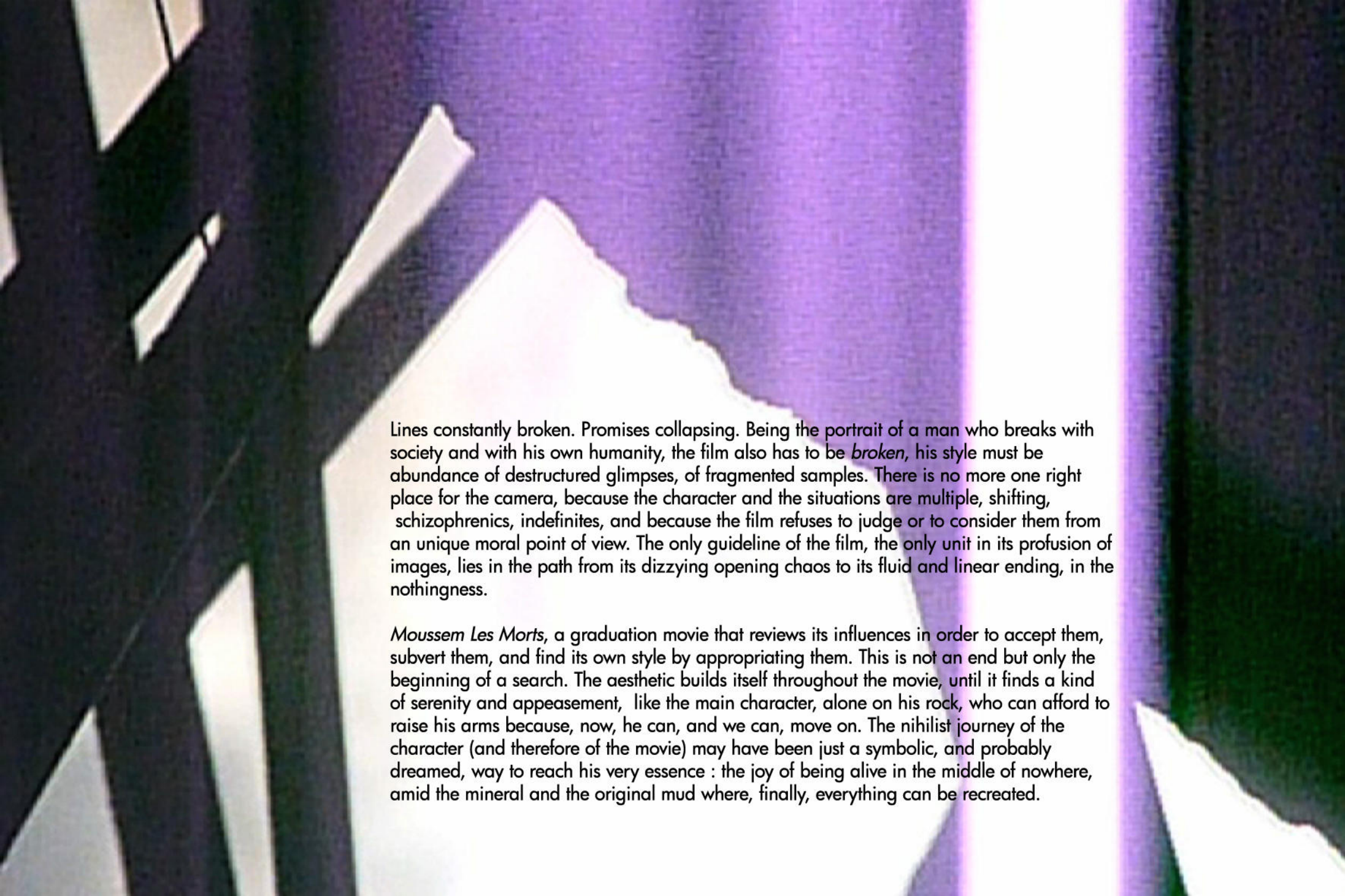




*This Stranger considers himself as if somebody else was looking at him and talking about him ... He is absolutely from the outside. He is even more himself as he seems to think less, to be less intimate with himself. It is the very image of the human reality, when it is stripped of all its psychological conventions, when it is caught by a description from the outside, out of all the false subjective explanations. (Maurice Blanchot)*

M, away from himself, needs a relay : the movie becomes the relay, doing more than just transcribing his subjectivity : it *is* his subjectivity. *Moussem Les Morts'* aesthetic lies in this symbiosis between the film and its main character. Thus, the experimental sequences are no longer mere exercises in style but are the times when M escapes from society, where he reached a kind of freedom, and so do we : the freedom of no longer following the rules and traditions of a certain psychologizing cinema, the freedom of forgetting the classical perspective and representation, the freedom of avoiding the language, of letting go. Times when the character and the movie create their own universe, allowing the spectator to integrate it beyond any cultural or intellectual references. Shoots of pure adrenaline, of physical and visceral emotions, be they pleasant or not. The fusion « film = character » naturally brings the sensation to lead and build the narration, and not just embellish it.



The background of the image is an abstract composition of various geometric shapes. On the left, there are several dark, angular shapes in black and dark purple. A large, bright white shape, resembling a torn piece of paper or a jagged arrow pointing upwards, dominates the center-left. To the right of this white shape is a vertical band of vibrant purple. Further right, there is a thin, bright white vertical line, and then a dark, textured area on the far right. The overall effect is one of dynamic contrast and fragmented space.

Lines constantly broken. Promises collapsing. Being the portrait of a man who breaks with society and with his own humanity, the film also has to be *broken*, his style must be abundance of deconstructed glimpses, of fragmented samples. There is no more one right place for the camera, because the character and the situations are multiple, shifting, schizophrenics, indefinites, and because the film refuses to judge or to consider them from an unique moral point of view. The only guideline of the film, the only unit in its profusion of images, lies in the path from its dizzying opening chaos to its fluid and linear ending, in the nothingness.

*Moussem Les Morts*, a graduation movie that reviews its influences in order to accept them, subvert them, and find its own style by appropriating them. This is not an end but only the beginning of a search. The aesthetic builds itself throughout the movie, until it finds a kind of serenity and appeasement, like the main character, alone on his rock, who can afford to raise his arms because, now, he can, and we can, move on. The nihilist journey of the character (and therefore of the movie) may have been just a symbolic, and probably dreamed, way to reach his very essence : the joy of being alive in the middle of nowhere, amid the mineral and the original mud where, finally, everything can be recreated.



cast	Benjamin Abitan Martin Chédaille Camille Pélicier Ghassan El Hakim Mohamed Al Baki Oliver Laxe
direction	Jean-Baptiste Alazard / Vincent Le Port
production	Pierre-Emmanuel Urcun
screenplay	Jean-Baptiste Alazard / Olivier Demangel / Vincent Le Port
assistant director	Simohamed Fettaka
image	Antoine d'Artemare / Laurent Navarri / Azma Hafili
sound	Marc-O. Brullé / Charlotte Butrak
camera	Jean-Baptiste Alazard / Vincent le Port
costumes & make-up	Elsa Capus
sets & props	Jonathan Lepreux
editing	Jean-Baptiste Alazard / Vincent Le Port / Xavier Sirven / Vincent Tricon
music	Einstürzende Neubauten





82' / Colour / France - Morocco / Dolby 5.1 / 1.77 / DVCPRO HD – Lumix – MiniDV

Available supports : DCP (JPEG 2000), HDCam, Digital Betacam

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