17. | The Lost Ones





2004, Tunisia, France, 9 min 20, SD, 4/3, color, stereo.
Courtesy of the artist and Analix Forever, Genova.
Ed. of 5 + 2 A.P.

Collection of N.B.K. Video-Forum, Berlin

"Je veux parler avec les quelques mots qui me restent.
J'ai envie de couper cette langue malade de peur et de honte.
J'ai envie d'apprendre une autre langue.
J'ai envie d'avoir un visage, une voix, des yeux, des larmes.
J'ai envie d'être un sourire.
J'ai envie de goûter aux fruits, de boire.
J'ai envie d'avoir des poumons, de respirer. de respirer et de crier.
J'ai envie d'avoir des mains, des doigts, de caresser un corps et de sentir sa chaleur.
J'ai envie de marcher, d'avoir des pieds, de faire des pas, de courir et de tomber.
J'ai envie d'être un cœur, de me battre".

Ce texte défile à l'écran à la fin des *Egarés*, vidéo réalisée par mounir fatmi en 2004 et présentée pour la première fois à l'Espace des Arts de Colomiers à l'occasion de l'exposition de l'artiste, *Jusqu'au bout de la poussière*. Des silhouettes de jeunes gens debout sur la coupole d'un marabout se découpent dans le ciel tunisien. La caméra se fait arabesque pour dessiner corps et architecture, inventant une topologie. L'ordre politique et religieux inscrit ici (un lieu sacré dans un paysage intemporel) se voit contesté par une prise de possession intempestive. Avec une impertinence tranquille et résolue, ces garçons et ces filles affirment leur désir, silencieusement : en finir avec l'ordre établi, oser un nouveau

I want to speak with the few words that I still have.
I feel like cutting off that tongue, sick with fear and shame.
I feel like learning another language.
I feel like having a face, a voice, eyes, tears.
I feel like being a smile.
I feel like tasting the fruit and drinking.
I feel like having lungs, breathing and shouting.
I feel like having hands, fingers; caressing a body and feeling its heat.
I feel like walking, having feet, taking steps; running and falling.
I feel like being a heart and fighting.

This text passes on the screen at the end of *les Egarés*, a video directed by mounir fatmi in 2004 and presented for the first time at the Espace des Arts of Colomiers at the time of the artist's exhibition entitled *Jusqu'au bout de la poussière* (Until the end of dust). Figures of young people standing on the cupola of a marabout stand out against the Tunisian sky. The camera becomes an arabesque which draws both body and architecture, inventing a topology. The political and religious order which appears here (a holy place set against a timeless landscape) is being disrupted by an ill-timed takeover. With a quiet and determined impertinence, these boys and girls silently assert their desire: getting rid of the established order, daring a new way of looking, inventing new horizons.

regard, inventer de nouveaux horizons.
Anticipant l'intrusion de la police -alertée comme il se doit en un temps recordpar des téléphones portables efficaces- mounir fatmi avait pris le soin de préparer quelques cassettes destinées à la réquisition. Devant le risque, l'action se devait d'être brève -moins d'une heure de rushes- et déterminée. Chacun affirmant, malgré la conscience de sa fragilité, la nécessité d'une prise de pouvoir.
Quel pouvoir ? Celui d'un individu refusant l'assujettissement au collectif, revendiquant sa liberté d'aimer, d'inventer, de résister. Cette pulsion de vie est volonté d'échapper à la névrose obsessionnelle dont témoignent les vrais égarés, ceux qui, dans la dernière partie de la vidéo, psalmodient, à leur insu, l'ordre du discours.

Odile Biec, Evelyne Toussaint,
extrait du texte *Comprendra bien qui comprendra le dernier*

Anticipating the intrusion of the police force - alerted in record time thanks to efficient mobile phones - mounir fatmi had carefully prepared some cassettes which he knew would be requisitioned. The risk having been assessed, the action was to be short - less than one hour of rushes- and resolute, each one asserting, in spite of of a feeling of self-fragility, the necessity of a takeover.
Which power is it about? That of an individual refusing subjection to the collective and asserting his freedom to love, to invent, to resist. This life instinct comes from a will of escaping the obsessional neurosis felt by those who are actually lost, those who, in the last part of the video, chant, without knowing it, the order lying within the speech.

Odile Biec, Evelyne Toussaint,
an excerpt from the text
"Comprendra bien qui comprendra le dernier"

vidéo distribuée par Heure exquise ! www.exquise.org

" In the faceless city, The Lost Ones, have as a plea occupied the roofs.
Standing on the cupola of a grave monument, looking towards the horizon,
they declare their wish to be free, to think and feel, to exist. "

Marie Deparis-Yafil, 2009

exhibitions:

2019

Camera Camera - Analix Forever - Art fair

2018

This is My Body - Art Bärtschi & Cie - Solo show

2011

Linguaggi Costituenti - Fondazione Collegio San Carlo - Solo show

2009

Looking Inside Out - Kunsternes Hus - Expo collective

2008

Open Sky - Spaces beyond their Practices - Kunstverein Medienturm - Expo collective

2006

Courants alternatifs - Le Parvis, Ibos & CAPC musée d'art contemporain - Expo collective



Linguaggi costituenti, SFpublishing 2025

Fatmi, always attentive to the consequences of global capitalism, migration and fundamentalism, precarization, and various forms of denial of freedom, seems to pose a question above all: how to avert a state of servitude to absolute powers?

Francesca Lazzarini, 2011



The Lost Ones

Figures of young people standing on the cupola of a marabout stand out against the Tunisian sky. The camera becomes an arabesque which draws both body and architecture, inventing a topology.

mounir fatmi




The Lost Ones

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The Lost Ones

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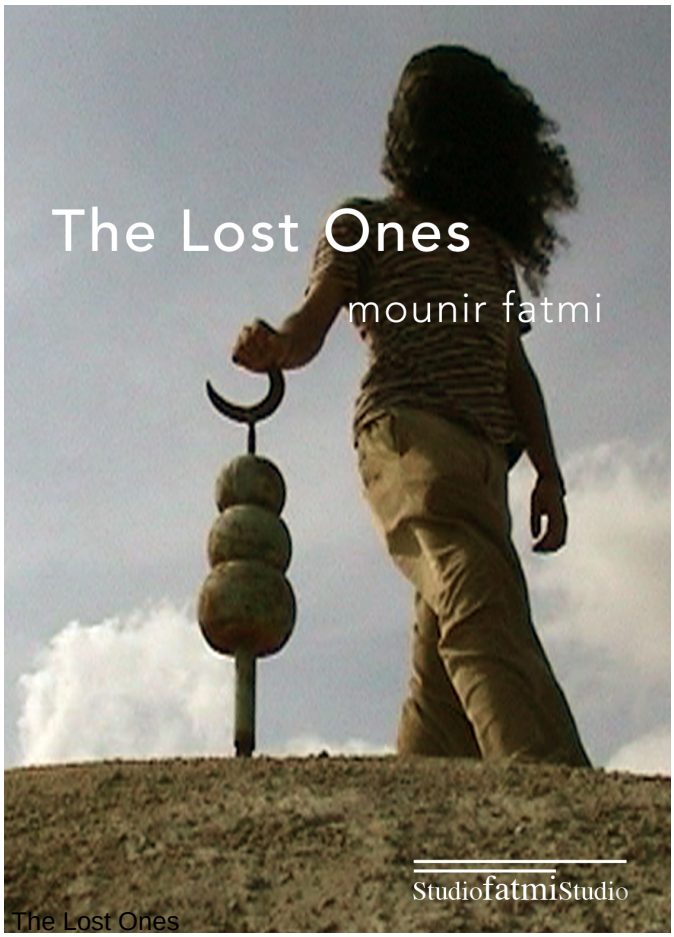

The Lost Ones

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