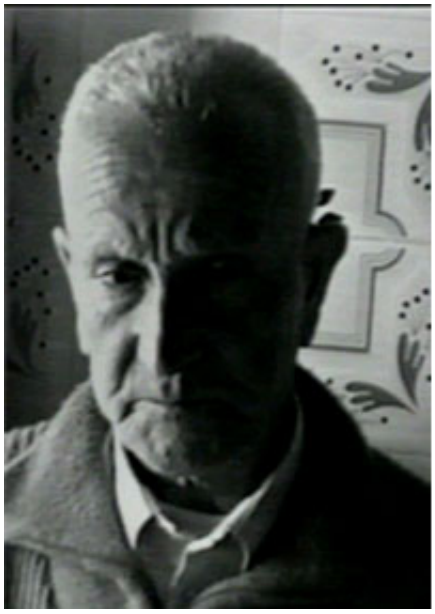
6. | Fragments and solitude





1999, Morocco, France, 19 min 05, SD, 4/3, color, stereo.
Courtesy of the artist and Analix Forever, Genova.
Ed. of 5 + 2 A.P.

Cà commence comme un film de vacances, comme quand on joue avec la caméra pour rien, pour les petites choses, un insecte, le vent, un regard, des petits mots, des mots « comme les restes d'un repas ».

Et puis dans une librairie, un vieil homme aux yeux clairs, autour duquel on se presse. Paul Bowles, absent présent, sans un mot, sourit. Paul Bowles, étranger, familier, fragile aujourd'hui, lui, à la dureté légendaire, perdu, solitaire comme il le fut enfant, entre la musique et les mots. "Je veux des mots qui accueillent l'étranger dans son pays d'exil, des mots qui reviennent de l'exil, des mots qui ressemblent à cet extraordinaire étranger » entend –on dans un murmure. De longs travellings méditatifs emportent vers la route, celle d'une autre terre, celle de l'exil, celle du retour …

Fragments et solitude parle des mots, des mots « dits », des « mots tus », dans le regard du père, des mots « écrits » en ces phrases poétiques qui ponctuent un parcours, interrogent l'histoire, « au rythme du souvenir, de la réflexion, suspendues à une incertitude méthodique, à une subjectivité provisoire. »*

Cà pourrait être un film de vacances en famille. Sous l'œil de la caméra, des enfants jouent, des femmes font la lessive sur les toits-terrasses ou battent des tapis.

Fragments et solitude parle de l'échec des mots, des liens rompus, de l'impossible coïncidence avec le soi que l'on poursuit, elle nous dit l'indépassable horizon de mon île et l'écueil de l'incommunicabilité, de la conscience aigüe qu'être avec n'est pas être ensemble, que parler n'est pas dialoguer.

It begins like a holiday video, with the camera being used to film nothing in particular, little things: an insect, the wind, a look, little words, words “like the leftovers of a meal”.

Then, in a bookshop, there is a man with bright eyes with people flocking around him. Paul Bowles, both absent and present, without a word, smiles. Paul Bowles: foreign, familiar. He is fragile here, despite his legendary severity, lost, alone as if he were a child, between music and words. “I wantwords which welcome the foreigner in his country of exile, words which return from exile, words like this extraordinary foreigner” we hear, in a murmur. Long meditative tracking shots take us towards a road, the road of another land, of exile, or return...

Fragments and Solitude is about words, both articulated and silenced, in a father's gaze, the words “written” in these poetic phrases that punctuate a route and examine history “at the pace of remembrance, of reflection, suspended on a methodical uncertainty, a provisional subjectivity.”*

It could be a video of a family holiday. Children play and women do the washing or beat rugs on the roof terraces, before the eye of the camera.

Fragments and Solitude is about the failure of words, broken links; of the impossible concurrence with the self that we're chasing. It speaks of the impassable horizon of one's island and the pitfall of incommunicability, of the acute consciousness that being with is not being together, that speaking is not communicating. “All these fragments of the world form only one single word. All the words in the world cannot speak of solitude.” And if, in their attempt to tame the

"Tous les fragments du monde ne formeront qu'un seul mot. Tous les mots du monde ne peuvent parler de solitude. » Et si, dans leur tentative pour apprivoiser le réel, les mots dérobaient ces « mille nuances fugitives et les milles résonances profondes »** de l'individualité ?

Alors *Fragments et solitude* parle de la difficulté de devenir soi, de là d'où on vient et là où on va, d'une lutte entre « l'abdication d'une identité reçue et la construction, après avoir fait table rase de cette identité, d'une subjectivité neuve. Cette dialectique de la solitude met en rapport un sentiment d'être piégé et une farouche détermination à créer un sujet viable "pour vivre dans des sens et des corps [et des images] qui ont une chance dans un futur" (Haraway 1991, p 187). »*

Marie Deparis**,** Paris 2007.

vidéo distribuée par Heure exquise ! www.exquise.org

*Tarek El Haïk- « Fragments et solitude » à propos de l'œuvre vidéo de Mounir Fatmi - texte paru sous le titre "Intoducing the video work of Mounir Fatmi" dans Frameworks, n°43, 2002, New-York - Tarek El Haik a été co-conservateur pour le Festival du Film Arabe de San Francisco de 1998 à 2000 et conservateur au Centre d'Etudes du Moyen-Orient de l'université de Berkeley, Californie de 2000 à 2002. Il a enseigné le Cinéma Arabe à l'université d'Etat de San Francisco, et fait actuellement un doctorat en anthropologie socioculturelle à l'université de Berkeley.
**Henri Bergson – *Le rire* – P 156- PUF Coll Quadrige - 1995

real, words were to hide those "thousand fleeting nuances and the thousands of profound resonances" ** of individuality?

So Fragments and Solitude is about the difficulty in becoming oneself, in where we come from and where we are going. It is about the struggle between "the abdication of one's ascribed identity and the construction of a new subjectivity from a tabula rasa. This dialectic of solitude articulates both a sense of entrapment and a fierce determination to compose a viable subject 'in order to live in meanings and bodies [and images] that have a chance for a future' (Haraway 1991, p187)."*

Marie Deparis**,** Paris 2007.

Translation: Caroline Rossiter.

*Tarek El Haïk- "Fragments and solitude - Introducing the video work of Mounir Fatmi,
Frameworks, n°43, 2002, New-York - Tarek Elhaik co-curated the San Francisco Arab Film
Festival from 1998 to 2000 and was Film series curator at the Centre for Middle Eastern Studies at
UC Berkeley from 2000-2002. He has taught Arab Cinema at San Francisco, State University and
is currently a Ph.D. candidate in socio-cultural anthropology at UC Berkeley.

**Henri Bergson – Laughter – P 156- PUF Coll Quadrige – 1995

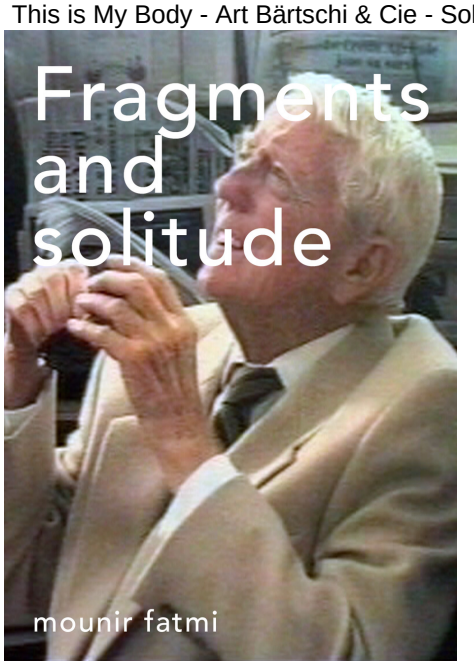
" Fragments and Solitude is about words, both articulated and silenced, in a father's gaze, the words "written" in these poetic phrases that punctuate a route and examine history
"at the pace of remembrance, of reflection, suspended on a methodical uncertainty, a provisional subjectivity." "

Tarek El Haïk, Frameworks, 2002

exhibitions:

2018

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



Fragments and solitude

'All these fragments of the world form only one single word. All the words in the world cannot speak of solitude.' And if, in their attempt to tame the real, words were to hide those 'thousand fleeting nuances and the thousands of profound resonances' of individuality?

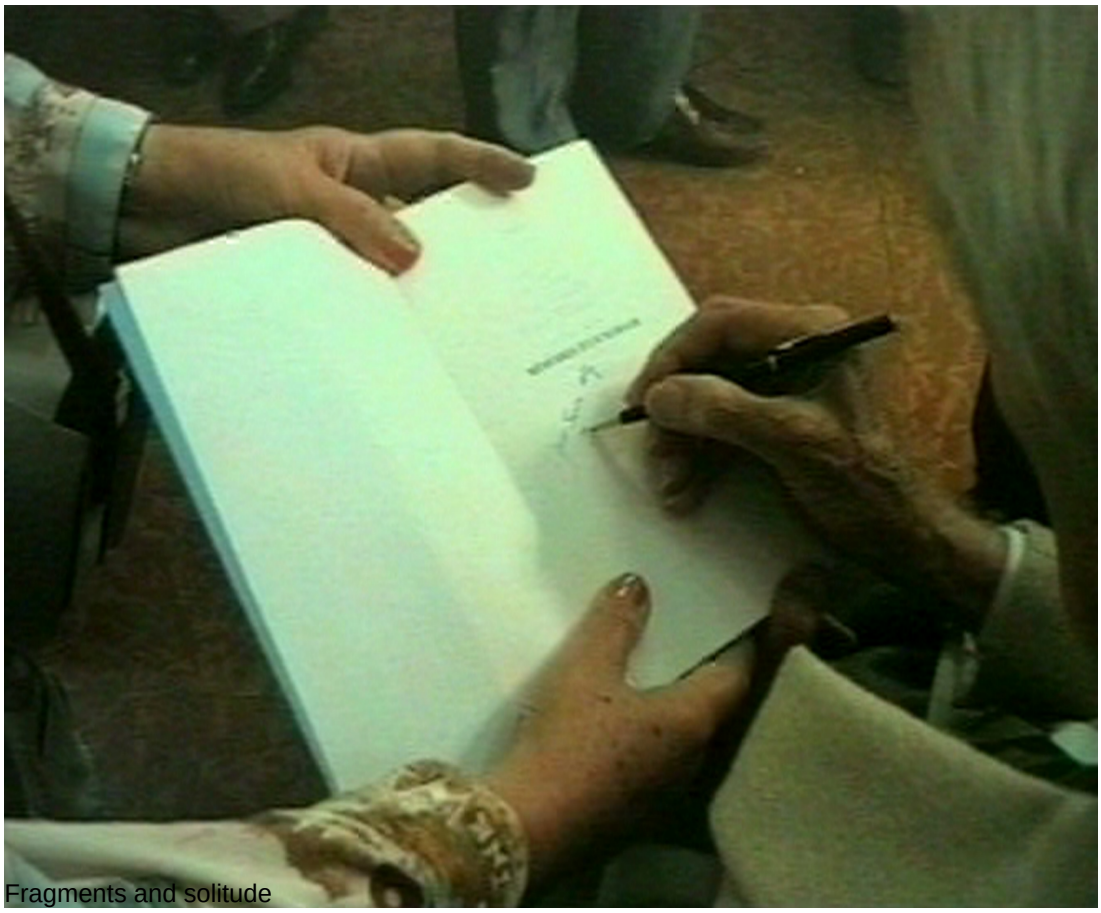
Marie Deparis, Paris 2007



Fragments and solitude

Then, in a bookshop, there is a man with bright eyes with people flocking around him. Paul Bowles, both absent and present, without a word, smiles. Paul Bowles: foreign, familiar. He is fragile here, despite his legendary severity, lost, alone as if he were a child, between music and words. “I wantwords which welcome the foreigner in his country of exile, words which return from exile, words like this extraordinary foreigner” we hear, in a murmur.


TANGER



Fragments and solitude

Fragments and Solitude is about words, both articulated and silenced, in a father's gaze, the words written in these poetic phrases that punctuate a route and examine history at the pace of remembrance, of reflection, suspended on a methodical uncertainty, a provisional subjectivity.

Fragments and solitude

So Fragments and Solitude is about the difficulty in becoming oneself, in where we come from and where we are going. It is about the struggle between the abdication of one's ascribed identity and the construction of a new subjectivity from a tabula rasa.



Fragments and solitude

This dialectic of solitude articulates both a sense of entrapment and a fierce determination to compose a viable subject 'in order to live in meanings and bodies [and images] that have a chance for a future.