



SUBTITLE TRANSCRIPT

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Dislocation (2022)

In memory of...

This is the den of dislocated memory. I dissolve in the secret of a history heiress of a silence reluctant to be told. Something's stirring in the relentless turmoil of short waves, in the dazed and evaporated stories; but nothing has disappeared, evils reincarnated in metamorphic stones, compressed by successive layers of history to be unpacked. Because this time it was fragile, this time broken, never lost, but transformed by silence.

I call on rocks and water to understand the schizophrenic genealogy inhabiting me. I was told, I was told that... the monsters are you and me, so here are the words of the ones who will no longer have to crawl on all fours to be heard, because our song is now carried by the waters – well adapted ultra sounds.

It's in the rainbow's whispers that I listen to the earthy voices and noisy magma. Too hard to ask what really happened, I spy on the internet for smokescreen information, impossible archives, and voices saturated by a bandwidth of minds trying to manifest itself.

Sinuous path in cosmic explosions, nuclear clouds that will never go away. I always think about my grandfather, who died for having resisted, and whose name appeared under the rising moon, unfolding across a procession of stars to be listed, under a blazing sun. I drew the features of a ghost face, resisting on a piece of clay reddened by palm oil. I listened in harmonics the songs of the Bafoussam choir, which reminds me in polyphony and encrypted language of the resistance fighters to come, always to come, because we have not finished rebelling against, against, against, against what again?

I domesticate silence, constantly asking whether it will continue to show me the caves in which mishandled stories are projected, those that I am told through *arrow-words* [crosswords puzzles]. A leitmotif made of jerky rhythms; it's not easy to dance to a music in which each note is to be invented, amid the insomnia of full moon nights, I am constantly looking for the thread on which I can catch those throbbing moves.



Apparently the leaves only heal the insiders. The paper, the ndolé, the palm grove, confused faces, there's nothing that goes into the depths of the abyss, we are haunted by this army, genealogy of the *Mount Analogue*, journey of thoughts, so we dig towards the ocean without ever talking about it.

It's in the darkness of the abyss that I found out how to express myself; I fall asleep in the hollow of emptiness, attached to this famished piece of history, I did not invent these names, they have coagulated in the breach, reunited by the explosion of stars, delayed lights (post-synchronized).

There are underworlds, shadows in embodied silhouettes, the spirit that winds and capsizes in the open sea, the sticky corpses, the puddle of mud in the maquis, the memories tirelessly lost and nurtured by oral stories, the annoyed cries, the incomprehension of this world to which I no longer belong, the year 1958, a body returning to the sea, the resilience of an uncle, the power that will never stop, the bad alliances, the assassinated in the name... in the name of what again? The view on the palm grove, the excuses – basically nothing has changed –, the desire to blow everything up, before abandoning oneself in troubled water; calm, the wind no longer rumbles, it shears the sea, revolution of the marshes, it's not me but the moon who said it; in all absurdity, I still chew these photos without naming the... world, the sea and the ocean, because fire is now our only ally.

I feel the urge to show the world that History is not the one they want to tell me, is not the one that I see, that I no longer see, nothing, through the keyhole of whispers, the 'they told me that'. I am no longer crying over the ancestors because they themselves asked me to stop, so take a good look at the dislocation of the worlds of pain, forever lost, but transformed by salt water.

Look at these encrypted faces. Each time I repeat to myself, obsessed with making ancestors soaring above the Élysée, that they will come to haunt the corridors that are left empty of stories. I believe in the magic of the tie wraps that make me sick, in lost images, in these traces that were never found. I'm always looking upside down for the seed that could derail everything, the one that... Will never have its place under the light, your sanitizing lights disgust me. Raise your head and take a good look at everything that is bursting on around you.



We are those who go out at night, invoking the powers of the maquis, of the forests where bodies transform into plants and mushrooms to be digested, to protect ourselves from the lights, which never cease to slay these powers that are forever defended. In luminous shadows, some cut tips of feet, have left in the rock, THESE traces of incantations mastered in the groves. We apply these chewed plants as a poultice on your monuments, summoning the skirmishers amid the fog left by your heroes. So that's it, taking off guard the great narrator, who argues until death.

The plants have told the stories of the nights in the opaque water of the black sauce, a melas of well used roots, invisible to those who don't even know how to pronounce their own names. I lose myself in the roots of the forest where the whistles call for vigilance before the weapon firing at close range. We have a few images of severed heads, the frozen smiles, well too anchored on the sepia page, still have to decode the name, the page, the place, the box, and even ask permission to inquire about... about what again? A genealogy of words to feed, stop expressing yourself, now we speak in French! From the language to the Sunday torture, a memory that stutters in the eye of the storm. It is these plants, them again, which gave me the keys under the sun. Let's close our eyes a few seconds, without asking the world whether it wishes to watch us.

Now I've learned, in an always convoluted language, to live in opacity. We rebuilt an underground force, one that carries me in counter-currents movement. There are the friends, the family, the glances out of the corner of our eye at strangers, unexplained complicity of the 'you too you know'. We will flood the lovers of tropical colors with variations of forgotten names, which only us know how to spell. The walk is long and the fatigue of having to repeat ourselves is permanent amid the fog of ultra-listed knowledge, perpetrated by those who apparently know better than us. So don't ask me anymore, to tell you upfront the stories that evaporate the moment you name them, as if knowing a name was enough to eat all its constellation.

In memory of a story that I continue to seek, invoking spirits and ancestors in a cataclysm of scorned memories. Listen to these few words, it's a refrain that may never end. We are those who go out at night, invoking the powers of the maquis, of the forests where bodies are transformed into plants and mushrooms to be digested.