

# ***Disobedient Matter***

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- Were you here yesterday?
- Of course, I came and cleaned up the place.
- I didn't see you.
- You were still sleeping or already asleep. Late into the night and early in the morning, I took care of every object, every spot. I scrubbed, washed, and put each object back in its exact place. Maybe that's why you didn't notice anything.
- And the day before, I didn't see you then either.
- You weren't paying attention, but I was definitely here!
- And all these past months and years . . .

- I did everything to make you comfortable, the heat of an invisible hand, the warm blanket . . .
- I don't remember.
- The cotton fibre . . .
- I don't remember.
- Petroleum rubbed and woven into your skin . . .
- What are you talking about?
- Flurries of pollen in your lungs in a history you know all too well, a black gardener standing in a field of flowers behind the house.
- It's strange, I don't remember any of this.
- Yet I've been here all along, sugar candy in your children's mouths in the fading afternoon light and a lullaby at dusk to lull them to sleep. I remember all your worries and fits of anger, each of them has a name, a particular flavour, specks of salt on your forehead and below your pelvis, faint vibrations of air between two abdomens, movement of particles. I learned how to recognize it and how to see it coming.
- I don't know what you're talking about.
- About my presence. You asked me if I was here yesterday and all the days before. I was definitely here.
- So that's what . . .

— I was here in times of sadness and times of joy, of celebration, of carnival. I was certainly here, the eye of artificial flowers, the foolish dance of hips tinged with red, green, and blue, dead pixels of pornographic images, electronic dust of what you call the future, I made and unmade the table, I made and unmade the bed, a million times over, I made and unmade time.

— But where were you hiding?

— I wasn't hiding. On the contrary, I was at your disposal, maybe even too much so, a bad all-purpose image, to keep the police busy in the distance, outside, and produce heat inside, right next to you, I served all kinds of purposes ...

— That's crazy!

— . . . the binary memory of talking machines, chemical memory, textile and vegetal memory, memory in the form of a monster who suckles generations of crazy kids stoned on gulfweed. I took care of every object, every spot. I scrubbed, washed, and put each object back in its exact place. Maybe that's why you didn't notice anything.

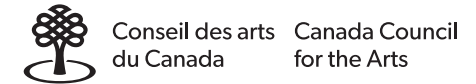
— And where are you going now?

— I'm going dancing because night's coming on and little by little, you can't make anything out. I'm going dancing to piece myself back together.

— Olivier Marboeuf

Translation: Oana Avasilichioaei

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