

Fatine-Violette Sabiri

*Le nécessaire*

July 19–Sept 15, 2024

*Diary entry, April 24th 2024*

*It's really a question of negotiating what's necessary... I see it in the way my aunt Malika stores spatulas in the freezer, hides vanilla extract and other cake decorations in her room, never wanting to waste or throw anything away... I too have these kinds of inclinations, but in a much more restrained way, and especially - with shame. Which is odd, because this kind of accumulation comes more from a desire to anticipate, to be prepared, to have everything ready when the need finally arises: and from this comes a certain pride, a feeling opposite to all the instances when holding on is shameful, neurotic, paranoid...*

\*\*\*\*

Where photography is often referenced in terms of “capturing” and “taking,” *Le nécessaire* finds Fatine-Violette Sabiri opening up her images onto the question of why we aim to possess that which was, perhaps, never meant to last, or to be in the first place (a souvenir, a resentment, a longing). Here, eyeglasses haphazardly assembled and an unspooled Amazigh rug are framed by hoarded objects like hair ties and Henry’s cookies hauled en masse from the artist’s hometown in Morocco. Wasn’t everyone raised to believe that collecting Beanie Babies would buy college tuition? 27,256 iPhone jpegs and not one of them surfaced in five years from now, or ever. Shouldn’t we call emotional baggage what it is: a griefcase? In this show carried entirely aboard her flight from Montreal, the artist repurposes her archive of portraits of loved ones, and still lives as stand-ins for bodies, filtering them through the lens of cinematic and fashion photography. The promise of desire, comfort, and frivolity legitimately helps though, doesn’t it? It’s true: we are backed against a corner and need to outsmart a catastrophe, to game the system. Not by “achievement” though, but by accumulating attachments to the things and relationships that fill our plate.

\*\*\*\*

*Diary entry cont'd*

*There's a radio program in Morocco called 9elb mfto7 (“with an open heart”) and the intro music is so beautiful that every time, I run to the kitchen to hear it. I always find Malika there, with the same reaction as me, like bees to honey. She keeps repeating “Allah had lmuzi9a dayimen ket fkrni fl 7aj” (God, this music reminds me of the pilgrimage)... The only epic of her life, her trip to Mecca. And this song that allows her to prolong the memory; one of the rare moments of respite she allows herself...*

*In January, I contacted the radio station by email, but the music programmer wasn't able to give me the title or the performer of this classical track, which seems so familiar to me... he kept telling me that it was the instrumental version of an Amazigh song, and sent me the Youtube link, but it obviously wasn't it. Malika told me that he was probably embarrassed to realize that he didn't even know what the song was; and after a few insistent emails from me, he stopped replying. Maybe it's a sign - there might be some things you're better off not owning.*

XXOX

*Fatine*