

EPISODE 1 :

The first time I noticed her, I thought she was one of those super realistic dolls produced in Japan for protecting lonely women from harassment or for sexual pleasure of some men. I was sitting next to my living room window in my house at La Courneuve, as I did every evening. I stared absently at those strange forms of the 'cite' Maladrerie, that make any other place in Aubervilliers seem so square. On that night of radiant moon, the pointed symmetrical roofs of Maladrerie seemed like hanging shapes in the sky and in addition to this rather spooky image, only one window in the whole complex was lit. I could see a figure sitting by that window. For a moment I confused the window frame with a tv screen and felt like I was watching a movie from another time and space, a space so far away, that the face of that person in my sight was not bigger than half a centimeter. Yet, because of the darkness around, the figure looked sharp and accurate. I could see her features clearly, her eyes seemed to never flinch, but I thought I could see the movement of her body breathing. She was there also the day after, all day. Same position, same stillness, same indirect gaze. As you probably figured, I was attached to my window the whole day as well... As the night approached, this one bright rectangle window among those dark Maladrerie frames had almost managed to convince me that silent show played only for me.

I had called her Camille. I found myself talking to her, and without a name, it is not easy. Camille was most often framed in what had become my 16/9 screen. It felt like an addictive television series except that instead of wanting something to happen, I wanted to endlessly observe this immobility of hers. She moved sometimes, or even disappeared from view for some seconds. Maybe to go the toilet, maybe to talk to someone? I found it disturbing to imagine that there was another person except for me, who was aware of her existence. At times I was forced to move on with my life and sadly leave my observing spot. This obsession even led me to start smoking in order to have an excuse to stand next to the window again and spend more time with her. Her image made me think of a bad skype connection - frozen for a while, then moving slightly, but long after the words have been said. These online calls often make me feel as if the person on the computer screen left the present and split to two: voice into the past, body into the future.

Once I read a story about an epidemic that caused people to lose perception of time. They lived without being able to distinguish one minute from another and without thinking in terms of cause and effect. In order to communicate with each other they had to re-invent the logic of language, because sentences with beginning, middle and end made no sense any longer. Everything happened simultaneously, language, walls, bodies, trees - they all formed each other's shape, and even though people remained different from one another, they merged and shared one consciousness.

Camille - I couldn't say if it's her who slipped out of time or whether it was actually me who entered some kind of a fugue state while watching her.. we never became one, but I lost sense of where she ended and where I began.

Meanwhile, in a building with triangular shapes on the other side of Paris, a woman in her eighties is at her window, staring out. Her sight has been deteriorating lately, but she is anyhow looking far into the past, where images don't need eyes in order to be seen. She often reminisces the decisions she took as an architect when given the responsibilities of shaping people's living-space inside buildings of social housing. People she didn't know and would probably never meet. Some had said her radical practice was softened by her decision to live in her own building. Today she smiles at the cherry tree, grown from a stone she threw on her terrace, thirty years ago.

EPISODE 2:

April 26th, 2014, Aubervilliers, in the apartment of Camille, RSVP