

EPISODE 5:

When I heard him entering the house for the first time, I was lying on my side, in the dark, facing the wall.

He didn't know I was there. Nor did the others who came before him. I think i am older than 100 years old. I anyhow quit counting the moment I knew I was here forever.

It always takes time to get used to new tenants. First thing they do is to get rid of whatever signs the previous ones left. They clean, they burn sage, they paint the wall and curse the previous inhabitants for their bad habits and lousy maintenance... After some days of hard work they get quiet for a while, too exhausted to make the place their own, too empty from the obsession to erase traces. I have been in this house for long enough to realise what all those dwellers never acknowledged themselves - they constructed an identity of a collective, even though each of them belonged to a different period in history. These people who never met shared the same walls and interior over the years, took care of the same corners and floors and constructed a life inside the same house. But this illusion of the new comforted them, other people's stories are too much to bear.

None of them ever realized I was there. I didn't make an effort to announce my presence. Actually, even if I wanted to, I wouldn't have known how. I can't talk. I don't have a mouth to give voice to my words. I can't move, there is not much space around me. I don't know anyone in this town any longer, and even if I did, they wouldn't have recognized me by now. Before I became these words that you are reading now, people would often see my round, small shape in the window frame. I used to sit every evening next to that living room window and stare absently at the city. I was so small that I never looked down on anybody, not even children from when they were 12 years old. Now however, I am one with the walls. I am taller, bigger, all encompassing, all seeing. Anybody visiting me I can see from all angles.

I remember the moment he found me. Him and his two friends, all looking at me, sweaty faces, soft eyes. Maybe they looked at each other more than they did at me. They didn't know if to touch me or not. I wanted them to, after all these years, I was longing for a human touch. Someone mentioned the police. Someone else proposed to open a bottle of wine and think it over. The third one seemed too overwhelmed to talk. The daylight was hard on me, I felt uncomfortable. I had a lot to say, but not in any language they could understand. And, no mouth anyhow. One of them mentioned a murder...I could feel their breath over me and smell their skin. They were like ghosts threatening my peace at home, taking over my space, disturbing my graceful rest. At a certain point it hit me: they think I am dead! And for a second I remembered: yes, I was killed once, but by whom? All these hands that touched me during those years without knowing that I am there - which ones stroked? Which ones hit? Which ones murdered?

I read a trilogy once: in the first book a woman was killed. In the second book her skeleton was found in the room of the narrator of the book, who claimed that this woman was his mother. In the third book the narrator was revealed as a fictional figure that actually never really existed, and the mother was a living woman, whose son (the one that never really existed) claimed she was dead in the first two books... Myself - I might have been a woman once, who transformed into a skeleton, hidden under a wall for long enough to believe to be the wall itself. Or perhaps I was first a wall, which became a text about a woman who died... Or was I first a skeleton and later became a woman, accompanying the man who found her in his life inside his new house? Maybe I was none of these, maybe I was all of them at once. My thoughts feel as if coming from the walls of this house. I never became one with these walls, but I lost sense of where I ended and where they began.

Maybe once I was indeed dead. But here I am, telling the story to you, alive and kicking. I don't have a human form, but my words are giving me shape.

EPISODE 6:

May 4th, 2014, Aubervilliers, in the house of the man who found me. RSVP