

EPISODE 3:

Years later:

I remember the moment they found me. All looking at me from above. 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 to be touched. 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. I am not sure they had one either. They lifted me up in the air, held me tenderly with what I think were their hands and stroked my surface. They wondered about my round shape, I was made of materials they never saw before. I perceive myself as one, but for them I was many things. Some kind of a time capsule containing knowledge about extinct creatures and of a culture long gone...

Years before:

People liked touching my skin. Mainly women did, actually.

My skin never gets wrinkled, despite my old age, but with the years it becomes saggy. They didn't like things to look old, so I've been sent often to experts who reshaped me. People kept me next to them for years, as some kind of a substitute of others who are no longer there. They used to stroke my surface, but they also hit me hard. It didn't hurt, the sense of pain is foreign to me. The more they hit me, the more excited they became. They got into trance. They cried, danced, sang and hugged. They used me as a vehicle to carry them away from their reality into another time and space. Sometimes they forgot about me and moved on with their lives. When they would find me back, they would bring me close to their chest and soften their breath and eyes, as if my touch evoked memories or a scent of old pleasure. I am stiff and un-flexible, somehow un-responsive. I am alive but not breathing. The sense of pleasure and tenderness is foreign to me as well.

They needed me to connect to fantasy, to nature, history and politics, relationships and music. I was a precious source of knowledge that none of their public schools could compete with. But I was also all the things that they could never perceive with their human mind or see with their eyes. Someone once wrote in a book that a Neanderthal would never be able to understand what Shakespeare meant for literature, because language as Homosapiens know it was not within their capacity to comprehend. I think, but not in any way humans recognized a thought. People and me - we would have needed to re-invent the logic of language in order to have a real dialogue. But we never got as far as that.

Many years before:

I was not always like this, dependent on being carried by arms of women, young and old. In what seems to be a previous life I was warm and smelly, I smelt because I was alive. I ran to prove it to myself, enraging the men who thought were my masters, only the men, not yet the women. They would scream and shout, give orders but I would ignore them, playing stupid and stubborn. Ignoring them to stare at the sun while eating little for hours and feeling my body from the inside. We all knew that eventually it would be for them, my masters, to feel theirs by eating. I would however continue to be as a companion of women's souls.

Meanwhile, outside the house, from the balcony on the 8th floor - a 3 years old girl looks at the city.. She points at all the school buildings that she will pass through as a pupil before she reaches the age of 18. Inside the house there is me. If she had only understood my words - she would have found out that the whole world is already contained in me.

EPISODE 4 :

April 30th, 2014, Aubervilliers, in the apartment of a man, a woman and a kid, who take care of me. RSVP