

HOMESOUNDSCAPES

Infinite limited space : wall, door, windows–screens from which to observe on your own. Protection. Infinite of mental space, resting of the body, shaking of the spirit. Domestic fantasies, free of real, of others.

Sound acoustic limit of privacy, TV, radio, Deleuze ritornello.

The house–museum, put the pads before entering.

My Library, the image of my knowledge from which the visitor approaches me, scans me, realizes a mediated image. Being filmed in front of his books.

Screen, oblivion from receiver, to station, stay.

Seen from the street, yellow light, heat, rest homes.

Many enters, few leaves. (Seen on the day of removal).

Location. At home among other.

The noise you hear when it stops.

Benchmarks, sound.

Opening of the entrance door of the building.

Child, like many, I was recognizing surely the engine noise of the car when my father was coming home from work.

The smell. The living space to the intimate, the private.

Toilets. Public space for guests. Personal space. Latrines enameled transmitted to many cultures throughout the world.

The noise of the fridge.

The clock.

Sirens of unmarked cars.

The sirens of armed swarms through open windows.

The shadows created by the lights of cars on the wall and the ceiling of my child room, by the glare on the windshield. Animated images in both directions, transparencies, lights multiplying images.

The neighbor upstairs pissing.

Summer. Life through the window. Television, voices, yelling and discussions. Rumors.

The noise of the floor. The steps that grate, squeak on the linoleum.

The grating door. Oiled, it does not open likewise.

Late in the evening the coffee grinded in the kitchen for breakfast the next day.

In summer, again, the boys talking as I went. The neighbor of the fourth, mouths because he rises at 5 in the morning.

Football. Joys. Cubes of living rooms that illuminates simultaneously.

Radio. Ads that remain. Mitterrand. Brassens died. Chernobyl.

Today, television. The twin towers in a loop. No sound, no comments. Founding images of children born on late 90's.

Surrounding his house with gravel, to hear any unwelcome one.

Singing in the bathroom.

Voicing all rooms.

Radio, television presence. Completing the sonorous volume.

Location. I am in the place, it's as if my life impregnates the only surface of the walls.

The preceding tenant has composed music for many known french singers. His sound tracks have remained in the cellar, unable to find his son.

The space filled with low vibration of the truck down.

A mouse in the wall.

Steps.

The lift, the switch in the stairway, a door slams.

Here, the step garte. Here, the edge of the step is broken.

Air whistle under the window.

The water in the pipes.

Neon that lights up.

In the cellar, the bottles with slingshot explode..

The crying of a child fallen of a bike.

The freshness of the entrance in the summer heat, the gloves placed on the radiator in the winter.

Concrete, plasterboard.

Everyone at home is heard from other's place.