Lili Reynaud-Dewar – I invited men into my hotel room and asked them very personal questions about their lives

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For me, people are often wrong when think that there is only one kind of squat. When you are far from squats and the squat environment, you can‘t understand that there are different types of squats and that there are different people occupying squats. It‘s not the same to have a squat occupied by migrants who are just looking for a place to sleep, because the State is not providing them with the means to be housed, as it is to have a squat run by activists who just want to sleep in it, or activists who are opening a place both to make a place of political organisation for the activists in Grenoble and also a place of activities as a social centre, which is in the district but which is self-managed and which allows the inhabitants to be involved and to propose activities that they have difficulties to do in the district centre which is run by the Grenoble City Council in the same neighbourhood, in Saint-Bruno. I live in the Saint-Bruno neighbourhood, it‘s a neighbourhood, in any case, I‘m quite familiar with it because we used to go there very regularly, because, well, it‘s a fairly popular neighbourhood, where there are a lot of shops with products from Maghreb, where there‘s a big market, and as a result, it‘s where, in any case, my parents, the people in my family, non-white people, like to go. There are products, there are grocery shops, there are restaurants with the kind of food that we are familiar with at home and in our country of origin, and that we find there and that we don‘t find anywhere in Grenoble city centre. The place where I live is a flat… it‘s quite funny because it‘s a flat that... In the same building, we wanted to rent a flat with a friend, on the fourth floor, and when we visited it, we realised that there was an apartment downstairs which looked a bit abandoned. So, with a friend, we put a small wedge on the door, to see if there are people living in it or not, and we came back three weeks later, we saw that the wedge hadn‘t moved. We waited for a fortnight and it still hadn‘t moved, so we were forced to see that this flat was empty. We pushed the door open a bit, which wasn‘t very difficult, and we realised that it had been abandoned for about twenty years, there was dust on the walls, on the windows, everything was old, the gas cooker, the fridge, the furniture, lots of stuff, clothes, photos, chequebooks, as if the person had left overnight, but twenty years ago. We decided to keep the photos, all the administrative papers, the furniture, not because we thought the person was going to come back, we knew nobody was going to come back, it had been more than twenty years, thirty years even, but we thought that, in any case, this flat had a memory and that this person had lived here and that perhaps... We said to ourselves one day that we might try to make a film or a documentary on what happened, or to carry out an investigation on this person called Ghislaine Moncet. Through the documents we saw, the photos, we understood that she had married, that she lived in Guyana with her family and that she had married a Frenchman, that she came to work in Grenoble in the 1970s as a typist and we found a chequebook with payments and invoices at the psychiatric hospital in Saint-Egrève, and on the floor there were a few blood stains. My hypothesis is that this person was immediately very lonely when she arrived in Grenoble as a typist, far from her family, far from her daily environment, and she was either abandoned by her

husband or her husband died. And so, little by little, with old age, she became ill, she ended up staying in psychiatric hospitals and, at some point, she died at home. We don‘t know if it was suicide or not, but there were bloodstains on the floor. And that‘s our hypothesis, but maybe one day we‘ll investigate a little further. I‘ve been living in this squat, which is my own flat, for a little over three years now. When I enter this place, my flat, it‘s not mine, it‘s her apartment, and I‘m there temporarily, maybe one day someone from her family will come back, or maybe one day there will be bailiffs knocking, but in any case, I don‘t want to throw away proof of life, some kind of memories of this person, which made up her entire youth until her death, I want to keep them. As a sort of tribute. And this apartment I don‘t destroy, I take care of it, I renovate it, and it took a month and a half to do the work inside, to paint it, to redo the tiles, to turn on the electricity, to put the water back on. As soon as the flat was habitable, it was renovated, and my friend and I left the flat-share we had on the Cours Berriat to live elsewhere and I moved into this flat. And I come to occupy a space, that‘s what squats are all about, it‘s about occupying a space, a bit of an interstice where, at a given moment, this space is useless or completely in a legal void and I come to occupy this space because I don‘t have anywhere else to sleep, and I occupy it for a while and I leave it as it is and I sublimate it a bit by renovating it. And then, when the time comes to leave, I leave. If we talk about the place where I lived, where I lived the most, it was in a flat, in a small neighbourhood, in Sassenage, in the suburbs of Grenoble. It was a sort of large building block, the only one in this town on the outskirts of Grenoble. And in this large building, it‘s a bit like the... it was immediately taken over by several families who were Moroccan and Algerian, and who, little by little, over the generations, the children rented and bought flats in the same building. And so, in my alley, we ended up with two or three families, but with five or six flats. And in the block of flats, there were also the grandparents, all the uncles and aunts, my neighbours who were also Moroccans, and the neighbours above me, who were also a family of Moroccans, and sometimes when we went to eat at their place, sometimes I was alone at lunchtime and I didn‘t have the key to my place, I went to eat at their place, and they came to eat at ours. The doors were always open, and so we went from one door to another, exchanging food, spending the afternoon... It‘s the same on my father‘s side in Pont-de-Claix, which is also a town on the outskirts of Grenoble, there‘s a tower block that‘s also occupied, where half of the people are Bouzid. So we go from floor to floor, we go to see my uncle on the fifteenth floor, we go back down, there‘s my aunt, we go back down, there‘s my other uncle, and we go back down again, there‘s my grandmother. On four, five floors, there is all of my father‘s family. I often wondered what it was like for people who lived in a house, for children who lived in a house, how they managed to play, whereas for us it was, as soon as we got up in the morning, we saw the friend with the football through the window and everyone went downstairs. There were also my sisters, with the girls, as soon as they saw each other they went downstairs, they played, and all day long we were outside. And my grandmother who was on the balcony, she gave out ice creams, Mr Freeze to everyone... And so, in the evening, we would go home for dinner. And even when we went to school, we would all go together, we would wait for each other. And we would all go together and hang out there and come back together. And sometimes it was a mother who came to pick up everyone, or sometimes there was no one there and we would all go, we would meet downstairs and we would all go to school together. My mother and father were born in Algeria and arrived in France quite early, in the 1970s, and they are both the first of their family, that is to say that the rest, whether it be

my uncles or my other aunts, grew up in France. And as a result, given that when my grandparents arrived in France, they had difficulty speaking French and writing, so it was my father or my mother, in each family, who took care of the schooling, the paperwork, the administrative paperwork for the seven eight brothers and sisters in each family. And so they were a bit sacrificed for their little brothers and sisters. And so they didn‘t have the... they had a school career that ended quite quickly so that they could work straight away. For my father, it was training in plumbing or construction, I think it was temporary work, and my mother was a seamstress, in workshops. As a result, they were immediately caught up in the need to earn money and to look after the rest of the family. In my family, they were either quite precarious jobs, manual workers, or people who, in the end, people who wanted to emancipate themselves from that, they ended up in prison. And there was, in any case, a desire and a pride that a person of the same name had managed to pass the baccalaureate and could study at university. And I also aspire to be able to work in jobs that are valued, where there is a bit of money, and also where there is a bit of reflection in any case, which is not the same as all my uncles, all my aunts, which is not the same as my father or my mother, and who, I can see very clearly around me, have a detestation of work, given the conditions in which they are. They hated work, but they valued it. They hate work, but it‘s even worse to be unemployed, for them. So, for me, I was under a bit of pressure to do something, to do something that was valued. And in the valued fields of study in which I liked to spend time and take an interest, for me, philosophy, in any case, doing a degree in philosophy, when I told my parents that, they didn‘t know what philosophy was, but in any case they knew that it was something to which they didn‘t have access and to which there had to be someone in the family who would immerse himself and involve in that area. A Bouzid who is a lawyer, an osteopath, a philosopher, is something that pleases them, given that it is the first generation to arrive in France. There are great expectations for me, and I know that the philosophy degree is something that is not invested in by my family and, more broadly, the people who live in my neighbourhood. And I want to say to myself why not me, and it‘s not forbidden to us and it‘s up to us to get in it. I wasn‘t doing philosophy to work or to have a job, but it left me with this illusion that I don‘t have to choose a job yet, I‘m studying, that‘s good, that‘s what you have to do and I’m not told every semester that I have to do an internship in order to choose a job afterwards, but I take the time to do a bit of research, to question things... I started the first year of my philosophy degree, at the Arche, in 2016 ? Yes, it was September 2015 to June 2016. It went rather well, there was a good energy amongst the people in the class, it went very well, there were good contacts. And at that time, at the beginning of spring, in March, on the Campus, the weather was starting to be quite nice, we were eating outside, there was the Law, I think it was the Labour Law, that‘s it, the El Khomri Law, under the government of François Hollande. And we hear a bit about it, vaguely, and since my father is a CGT delegate, I‘ve always been a bit left-wing, even very left-wing, I‘m quite sensitive to that and I learn that there‘s a demonstration which is going to be organised, which was put forward by the unions, in a week‘s time. And on the same day, which I had never seen before, I was told: „there is a blockade and there are bins put up“. And so we went to the front of the university building in the morning with my friends from the degree course, and we couldn‘t get in, and we tried to ask why, what was going on, we‘d never had a blockade and there were immediately fellow philosophy students, who were in the master‘s degree and the third degree course, who told us that the building was going to be blocked, who told us that the building was going to be blocked all day, that

there was a demonstration, that there was going to be a General Assembly in two hours, to discuss whether or not to maintain the blockade for the whole day, and whether or not to go to the demonstration. And they tell us straight away, if we want to help hold the barricades, the strategic accesses to the Arche to keep the rubbish bins and not let in the teachers or the administrative staff or the students who would try to unblock. So, it‘s quite new to us, the big discussions, it allows us to discuss the El Khomri law, and also to change our daily life and our habits and to put into practice what we had learnt in philosophy classes, to put it into practice and not just stay away in the theory or in the offices, or in the lecture halls. To be present both on campus and in front of our building, but in a different way and a way that is more dynamic and more political. And that‘s how we, at least we, as undergraduates, formed a group, because we immediately went to a demonstration, and for many people it was the first one, and we stood in a group. Then afterwards there were general assemblies which were organised in the evening, in Grenoble, and I think it was Nuit Debout, and one thing leading to another, from week to week, from demonstration to demonstration, from meeting to meeting, and with other comrades we met, we also got involved, beyond the demonstrations and on the campus, in a place, a neighbourhood social centre, in which a lot of our friends who were in philosophy were involved and told us about it. It was in Saint-Bruno, a neighbourhood social centre, where you could come and help out and maintain the activities, which were the free shop, a canteen on the square, hold library sessions, participate in self-managed boxing classes. When the school year ended, when the demonstrations became less and less frequent, when Manuel Valls forced the law to be passed despite the opposition, we stopped going to demonstrations, but we were involved, in any case, in the social centre. It was a bit like a salon for our friends from the bachelor‘s degree, and also for certain teachers who were at the Arche at the time, and also for our colleagues who were in the other years of higher education, who were in L3, L2 or in the master‘s degree. And so we were all together, post-Labour Law movement, and we had big discussions in the library, big reflections, we shared books, brochures, references, we also helped each other with our study projects, with our courses, there was mutual aid, and so it was a moment of collective emulation. With political struggles, we always have the impression of losing because every time we mobilise, whether it‘s since the Labour Law or at university, we occupied the university, or the Pension reform, we have the impression of mobilising for nothing and that in the end we lost. Because it was adopted at one time or another, and that the mobilisation, even at the level of the Gilets Jaunes, when there is the price of oil, with which they mobilised, when it is 1.45 euros and today it is 1.90 euros, we have the impression that it was useless. Each time, you can make a pessimistic statement like: in fact we only lose, there is no point in mobilising. But we can see the thing on a micro scale where in the end we gain a lot. When we occupy a building at the university, maybe the law is passed, but we occupied a space for a month, an amphitheatre, we have quite a few people who experienced self-organization in that building, there were meetings that were made, and there are people whose lives were turned upside down by it, they came to join the collective, there were interesting questions, well, it‘s these things that we win, beyond just getting laws abolished or trying to get the law withdrawn, maybe the law wasn‘t withdrawn, but in the end, there were quite a few people who joined the collective, there were meetings with people who, in the end, joined your group and are part of the social centre‘s project, and you know that these people are going to stay with you for years and will fight with you for years. These are victories. The 38, the Tchoukar social centre, Tchoukar

because it‘s a bit of Grenoble slang, but it‘s an expression, a word used by the gypsies to say: something good, something stylish. And in Grenoble, we like to speak with a bit of slang and a lot of words borrowed from gypsies. So we called it Tchoukar, Centre social Tchoukar. And in fact, when people say the name of the social centre, they have no choice but to say that it‘s stylish. And it‘s at street level, we also called it 38, because it‘s at the level of... the address is 38 rue d‘Alembert, and the department of Isère is 38, so there you go. A little further on, in the street, there‘s a squat which was opened long before, called 102, which is a squat which is a bit artistic, experimental, but which also welcomes political groups like the CNT (national workers’ confederation, an anarchist union). And they chose to call it 102, and that was well before 38, and we said to ourselves, at the number of the street, in the same street, we‘ll call it 38. Why this neighbourhood? Why Saint-Bruno? I have the impression, above all, that it is a popular neighbourhood which is in transition and which is in the process of gentrification, where a lot of spaces are left somewhat vacant, where public places are left vacant by public institutions such as the Grenoble city council, but also by private individuals, who are only waiting for one thing, which is to put them up for sale in order to demolish them and have them rebuilt by real estate developers. And as a result, in these areas, in the working-class neighbourhoods in the process of being gentrified, of which Saint-Bruno is a perfect example, there was, in any case, this building, and, as a result, it was an opportunity, at least for friends at the time, to seize it. And it‘s both our living room in which we can meet, have a good time, work on our political thinking and develop our theories, share readings, and also, on a second level, what‘s interesting is the vision that we have of the district and to allow this place, that we took from the Grenoble city council, to be reinvested by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. Because they don‘t have access to the new shops that are being set up, their purchasing power is getting smaller and smaller and, as a result, they don‘t have the means to join sports associations or just attend a cinema screening or just listen to music or eat outside. It wasn‘t an upheaval, but in any case, I rethought all the images that can be associated or all the caricatures that can be put behind these places. I understood that the word „squat“ had a rather pejorative connotation in the minds of many people who are quite distant and who are not very porous or who do not want to identify with these places. And I understood that in any case, in the squat in which I was involved, it looked like any other... it could look like, at least from the outside and in the image that this place has in the public eye, any other social centre, even institutional. And where it’s different, and that‘s where I‘m interested, is in the form of organisation and what happens inside. I discovered that it‘s not a place of complete entertainment and debauchery, but a place of organisation, a place of reflection, a place of experimentation, a place of encounters, and that it‘s not closed in on itself, but open and porous to the neighbourhood in which it‘s located, that is to say, the Saint-Bruno neighbourhood, and that it offers activities to the working classes, to people who, at first sight, feel increasingly excluded from that neighbourhood. Yeah, I was thinking about... in fact, I was thinking about a mobilisation we had on the Saint-Bruno square, with the friends of the social centre, we were against the redevelopment of the square because it was part of a logic... it was brought in by the Grenoble city council and it was to redevelop the square to try to pacify it and make it more accessible for a bourgeois population who wanted to get rid of the drug dealers and who were afraid to take their little children to play in the park. And they wanted to put in surveillance devices such as cameras, to put in place a greater police presence to get rid of the

drug dealers, to prevent the shops, the so-called bad shops owned by Muslims which are spreading out a bit too much... which are a bit of a blot on the landscape, where there are lots of young people on scooters squatting in front of the square, and they wanted to try to get rid of them, without really saying so, but through the redevelopment of the square. And we, with our friends and comrades, mobilised to try to make ourselves heard and to try to succeed in telling the City Council to modify their redevelopment plan, which they did, partly. So, it was a semi-victory. But what I remember from this struggle is not so much the redevelopment that was modified through our mobilisation, but also the inhabitants who met us for the first time, some of whom we started to discuss with and who, in the end, got involved with the 38, who found it meaningful to get involved with us. And that‘s how we gain strength, that‘s how we become more numerous, it‘s through these encounters, and that‘s what struggles and mobilisations also allow. I wanted to get back to a tension, but it‘s more on the sensitive, personal side, in any case, which crosses me on a daily basis, in my life, this tension was built up and accentuated more during my studies, and even more so during my university studies, when I became a little more involved in the militant milieu, and therefore in this squat and in the Saint-Bruno district. It‘s both... I didn‘t leave one thing for the other, I left everything that was present during my youth, which is both the neighbourhood, the culture, a bit Muslim, the traditional culture of my parents and all that atmosphere, and so when I talk about culture, I also talk about ways of living, I‘m also talking about ways of dressing, ways of meeting, ways of talking, ways of having fun that I haven‘t lost and to which I still belong and that I find again when I go back to my parents‘ house, in the neighbourhood, when I find my mates who are, at the same time.... some who are drug dealers, others who work and others who are still at university, but when we meet up, we have the impression of going beyond these barriers and of finding ourselves as guys from the neighbourhood who have always grown up together. And the other side, which is more the university environment, particularly during my studies in philosophy, and also in the militant environment to which I belong, but it‘s not something I participate in out of obligation, it‘s also something in which I find meaning, which interests me. I feel just as comfortable dressing in a tracksuit, and then I look like the neighbourhood Arab, when I sit next to a lady, she‘s careful with her bag, or when I go into a shop, I can be watched, and, at the same time, when I change my look, and also feel comfortable, being in college or going to conferences or having big discussions around book presentations on political theory or philosophy. These are two contradictory worlds, but I belong to both, and I don‘t want to choose one or the other. But this tension, sometimes I feel more like going home to my parents and being with my colleagues, and sometimes I also feel like presenting books with my friends in my squat and thinking about political theories. At the social centre or in militant circles, people from the neighbourhood or racialised people are revolutionary subjects that we want to help, but it‘s very rarely, sometimes it is, but it‘s very rarely people we do things with. And so, in these two environments, I don‘t try to create encounters, I navigate between the two and I adapt very well between the two. I don‘t try to make politics when I go back to the neighbourhood with my friends, some of them deal, some of them are religious, some of them just work, and I don‘t try to make them read books by Michel Foucault and I don‘t try to bring my friends from 38 to the chicha in the Sassenage neighbourhood or to bring them to the mosque in Fontaine. I don‘t try to create a bridge between the two. I do this alone, but I don‘t link them because it‘s two worlds which are not yet ready, or at least, which are not... or that people don‘t want to make the effort to get involved either. My parents

were a bit like a lot of North African parents, with a culture where there is a lot of respect for parents, but emotionally or in terms of sensitivity, there are very few things that are shared, whether it‘s parents towards their children or children towards their parents. As a result, we talk very little at home, but there is a lot of, it‘s often through gestures and practice that we try to make our parents proud or that we see that our parents are proud of us or are happy with us, it‘s more through gestures than language, through big discussions. I‘m not saying it‘s good or bad, but in any case, that‘s how it is in our culture. My parents arrived in France, they had fairly poorly paid jobs, but they never stopped working, they saved a little all their lives, saved on their holidays, on the clothes they wore, on their activities, so that, in the end, they could manage to buy their property and make themselves autonomous and independent with regard to any situation, whether economic or political, to which they might have been subjected. And I have the impression that they wanted to have, to try to work, to make themselves small, not to show off and to quickly become owners of their property to the detriment of a quality of life for them, in order to be able to pass on a heritage to their children. I‘m a bit proud of them because they are a sacrificed generation, people who arrived in France who were… - even if there is still racism in France, and it is very present - but who were ostracised even more, who really suffered racism because they were the first to arrive and there were even fewer of them than there are today. And they sacrificed themselves, they were subjected to a lot of remarks. My father was beaten up several times by the police, either at the police station or in the street with his friends, and he never made too much of a fuss about it, he never told me too much about it, but he said to me: „If you meet the police, you don‘t talk back to them and you don‘t create any problems, and I don‘t want any problems with the police at home”. And it was so that they could make their little nest and put their family and children in a good place. Just like my mother, I have the impression that they wanted to have stability very quickly, and even if my grandparents thought they would return to Algeria very quickly and that France was only for some time, in the end they stayed there, and my father always thought he would stay in France and build the future of his children there. That‘s why he wanted, very quickly, to become a landowner. Not for himself, because he bought other flats - but not for himself, because, in the end, he doesn‘t benefit it - but to be able to pass it on to his children, and so that his children wouldn‘t have to suffer what they and their parents suffered when they arrived in France, like being shunted around, being grouped together in slums, having to endure precarious work, being subjected to racist remarks. And they wanted us to be both autonomous and to be able to take the diploma and to have access to an intellectual level that would allow us to be sort of chameleons in life as I am today and to be able to have access to different types of work and to have a choice in life, and also to have a roof above our heads, to ensure a roof and that there is also a permanence in the space in which we live. At some point, little by little, we manage to settle here and, at the end of two generations, to have living conditions that are acceptable and that ensure that we stay here for a long time. And I don‘t want to destroy their efforts by despising them and saying that I refuse this heritage. I accept it, and in fact, this heritage is not mine, it‘s the Bouzid family‘s and it will also be, perhaps, my children‘s. And we are not people who have doctors in their family, who have houses, who are hyper present in France. We are building up our family little by little, a small heritage, people who are starting to have jobs or positions of responsibility. And we must take this, we must take this place. We mustn‘t leave it to others and we‘re too precarious, my parents suffered too much, my grandparents too, whether in

Algeria or in France, to continue to be at the mercy of the public authorities in order to get a council flat or to accept shitty jobs or to have to make appointments with the social worker that are quite demeaning. I take it and it‘s not something I reject, I take it because it‘s in a particular context and it‘s not for me, it‘s for the family, and it‘s also for the efforts that my grandparents, as soon as they left Algeria, made this effort to leave their country and it‘s to them that I owe my presence here, that I also owe the fact that I‘m succeeding, that I have a diploma, that I have a driving licence, and that I‘m able to get by. There are others who have not been so lucky and who have remained in Algeria and who have quite difficult living conditions. And when you make the bet that, over three generations, you sacrifice your own life to make the bet that the Bouzid, in France, will have a good life, those who will arrive afterwards, you must also be able to honour this contract and pay them a little tribute. There is what we fight against, there is the political macro that we try to fight against, the things we fight against, the struggles we try to carry, whether it‘s questions of racism, sexism, and others, all these relations of domination that we try to denounce through our struggles, in demonstrations, that we try to carry, we try to fight them collectively and to carry them through big mobilisations. Sometimes there aren‘t many of us, so it‘s small mobilisations, but that doesn‘t mean that just because we‘re antifascists or feminist activists or anarchists and we‘ve got circle-A or smoke bombs in our hands and we‘re attacking the police that we‘re people who are exempt from the reproduction of relations of domination. This implies both on the public stage, what we have to defend, and also in our intimacy. That is to say, in the way we relate to people, in the way we behave, in the way we speak, in the way we behave, in the way we act in social interactions with certain people, in our relationship or in the slightest behaviour that we do. And I‘m not saying that we have to be purists, we‘ll never be the purest people, but just because we say we‘re anti-capitalists and we‘ve got circle-As doesn‘t mean that we can claim to be exempt from reproducing forms of racism or sexism within our circles, and even within our intimacy, at home, or in our postures. And these things, these relationships of domination, are present everywhere, in society, they are everywhere, in all of society, we won‘t be able to erase them, but there are others that we are trying to deconstruct. And that takes time, and it‘s things that are perpetually to be fought, it‘s evolutions, even within ourselves, each one makes its own little way, but we are not exempt from that. And it happens in the way we welcome people, in the way we relate to certain people who come to the place, in forms of organisation, in ways of speaking, we pay attention to who we leave room for, in the evenings, how to manage the evenings if certain things happen. It interferes everywhere, and the social centre, squats or militant places are not sanctuaries. People try to do everything they can, sometimes, to avoid these things, to avoid that these relationships of domination exist. In any case, they are also present in society, but unfortunately, sometimes, by lack of vigilance, or sometimes by certain people, they can reproduce themselves. We can‘t fight against what destroys us and create mobilisations to try to destroy a system if, in our daily lives, we reproduce these things in our own circles. We try to work on it and we try to pay attention to it.

The three films in ‚I invited men into my hotel room and asked them personal questions about their lives‘ are the first works of a larger series that will culminate in Reynaud-Dewar’s solo exhibition at Palais de Tokyo in October 2023. Until then, Reynaud-Dewar plans to make one such film every month. The exhibition at Layr was conceived by Reynaud-Dewar as an opportunity to experiment and test things and ideas for the aforementioned show: the gallery therefore functions as a model for Palais de Tokyo’s “arc”. The men she films and interviews in typical Parisian family run hotels, are close friends, former students or family, as is always the case with her collaborations: she has never worked with professional actors or performers.

Hotel rooms are both intimate and generic spaces with practical imperatives, and Paris hotel rooms famously lack any spare space. The bed is the center piece, if not the only piece of furniture in those tiny rooms. During shooting there are a total of 5 people in the room: the interviewee, Reynaud-Dewar as the interviewer, Victor Zébo the cinematographer, Pierre Bompy who is recording the sound and Hodei Berasategi, the script assistant. The filmed subject is closely framed by Reynaud-Dewar and her team’s gaze, and is at the center of both sensual and intellectual attention. Reynaud-Dewar has explored the interview format in her previous work ‚Rome November 1st and 2nd 1975‘, where she recorded long “biographical” interviews of all of her cast (24 persons), that were transcribed and published in small individual booklets to accompany the video installation. Here, her topics of interest are still biographical, but the interviews engage in a closer look at notions of private property and masculinity. The three male voices overlap in the space and become audible only when one - in a movement similar to that of the camera in the small hotel rooms - gets closer to the screen. In the films, Reynaud-Dewar‘s questions have been edited out and thus giving an impression that these men are monologuing. These purloined questions re-appear visually, printed onto small billboards with images of the artist naked, her body colored in hues similar to that of the very artificial light used to light the hotel rooms. Thus, Reynaud-Dewar‘s questions become over-imposing, as if addressed also to the spectator of the show, and echoing in the space.