

ANGÉLIQUE HEIDLER

# THE GIANTS

*2025*

Content warning: the text contains themes of sexual violence.  
The views and opinions expressed in the text are those of the artist  
and not of Dorp.

## *The Giants*

I'm with a group of people, friends of mine, waiting in line. Adé jumps out the line in front me and starts kissing some guy I've never seen. Our little crew teases them, some 'Oohs' and 'Oh la la's ring out. She brings him and his friends over to us.

"So yeah, this is my *boyfriend*<sup>1</sup>, I just met him."

The first thing I notice is how much her new boyfriend looks like the male version of one our mutual friends, whom she's very close to.

We were waiting in single file outside this nightclub to attend some event. Since I'd probably been heavy-handed with the red (light, slightly translucent), my memories are hazy and unfortunately I can't remember why we had all been so quick to cough up the admission fee and stand around in the cold on that Wednesday evening. The worst moment for me are those few seconds that feel like an eternity, when the bouncer sizes you up and eventually decides whether or not to let you in. A few years ago I used to go out a lot, and because I had worked as the bathroom attendant at Le Baron<sup>2</sup> to make some cash before starting university, I knew more door guys than most people my age. That allowed my high school friends and I to cut lines and feel important, or at least to avoid being turned away with a 'No sorry, private event tonight.' Although we didn't look like the members of Mafia K'1 Fry<sup>3</sup> in the early days of 113<sup>4</sup> and would probably have managed to infiltrate the temples of Parisian nightlife in the 2010s without my former colleagues, you never know; there's always someone in the crew who's badly dressed, or already too wasted, risking putting the crushing weight of their non-conformity on everyone else's prospects of fun. Or on the prospects of thrilling assaults by Nicolas Bedos<sup>5</sup> at the Montana<sup>6</sup>, for example. I hate it when that someone is me — not Nicolas, but the marginalized musketeer; I dread being publicly humiliated by the guy or girl at the entrance of the club who's been handed, for a few months, the insignia of the High Authority of Cool in Paris.

Anyway, there were too many of us this time.

I take the *lead* quickly to avoid collective social suicide, and we head towards a place I know the route to. Addressing everyone, I turn around to warn them.

"Careful..."

I try to shepherd the group, but not everyone follows. I end up stopping and, putting on a serious face, I raise my voice a little.

"Okay, everyone listen to me now."

1 In English in the original

2 Trendy Parisian nightclub, 8th arrondissement (2004-2018)

3 French rap collective (1994-2007)

4 French rap band (2014-2011)

5 French actor and director, born in 1979, convicted of sexual assault

6 Historic Parisian nightclub, 6th arrondissement

Thinking back, the group was super eclectic — actually Pauline was there, she wrote the text for my show *Metallic K.O.* (title borrowed from the Iggy Pop album) at Café des Glaces<sup>7</sup>. All kind people.

“Listen carefully and come closer because I don’t wanna yell.” I was starting to lose patience.

“So we’re about to walk through a stretch of road where the tar is extremely thick... You know how sometimes the asphalt isn’t completely smooth? Well, imagine that, but way rougher.”

Poorly-spread asphalt resulting in crevices the size of giant footprints. Like a massive paratrooper boot stamped into still-wet concrete.

“This isn’t trivial: the problem isn’t the asphalt itself, it’s the people we might run into on this section, which goes for about two blocks. It’s an old training ground for bulldozers.” As if what I had said were obvious, my sweet friends, Adé’s new guy and his gang all responded in unison.

“— Ahhhhhhhhh, ok..!”

Bulldozers dating back from some recent apocalyptic war, an extinguished conflict leaving its ruins behind. Everything had a sort of combat steampunk aesthetic: copper armor, infrared eyepieces built into 1930s military helmets, leather, bolts, shaky piping, *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* vibes, and so on. I resumed.

“So yeah, we might run into groups of giants, they’re soldiers who miss wartime. They keep hanging around here because, to avoid trouble, the government turns a blind eye... Apparently, this place has become their sanctuary. They wear long leather coats and their heads are kind of frog-like but terrifying, I’m warning you. They won’t do anything, but it’s a bit... you know, they hang out here because they don’t really know what else to do, but normally, if we walk together, stare straight ahead without cracking up, look like we know where we’re going and don’t look at them, we should be fine, I do it all the time.” Okay, but everyone seems a tad freaked out.

I was describing the giants’ appearance in more detail to a friend — I don’t remember who, I was pretty out of it, until we passed a roundabout, and she cut me off, whispering fast.

“Oh no girl it’s fine, I get it now. I get it, I get it, look to your left!”

There they were, chilling on the roundabout’s cobblestones, a small group of giants. Strange, they’re not usually seen around here. I quickly scan the area around us and the road isn’t exactly the same one I usually take. It’s brighter, I recognize the streets, and it’s not the path I meant to take at first but whatever, we’re better off this way.

Me and part of the group keep walking and decide to wait for the others near a square with a fountain, not too far from the giants (they were about two hundred metres from us<sup>8</sup>). Sitting on the stone edge of the basin, I pull out my phone, look at it, and see that I’m getting texts from an unknown number. Apparently not for the first time, judging by the isolated grey bubbles to the left in this little iMessage monologue. It was always the same message:

“HOW ARE YOU?” followed by a bird emoji.

“HOW ARE YOU? bird emoji”

“HOW ARE YOU? bird emoji”

The sender starts firing dozens of messages like these, one after the other. I obviously find it very strange but don’t panic, what a *weirdo*, I brush it off.

In a heartbeat, everything gets twisted. I start receiving photos from the same number, showing the inside of a fridge, divided into several compartments by glass shelves. It’s empty, except for the middle shelf, on which sits an arrangement of julienned vegetable strips. Carrots, zucchini, cucumbers... Snack-sized greens, usually for dipping in hummus or tzatziki. It looks as if someone had arranged these vegetables in a pyramid, a slightly slanted pyramid, using a plastic bottle as a central support, then removing it, leaving the wobbly *veggies* to collapse against each other. A myriad of photos of

<sup>7</sup> Artist-led exhibition space, Tonnerre, France

<sup>8</sup> About two hundred and twenty yards

this fridge sculpture, no image twice the same; he's moved the vegetables around, the shape of the pyramid shifts a little... Twenty photos or so. Followed by another round of shots, this time in the freezer it seems, a section where there is water. The vegetables have become a mass of frog-shaped organic fibre, bathed in a tray of water, some kind of Turbo Freeze drawer for ice cubes or bottles that aren't cold enough. At that moment I tell myself that at least the frog is in its natural habitat. That was before he provided me with one last photo, the *gran finale*: a horizontal shot of his hand trapping the frog in its watery drawer. Without warning, before I can begin processing any of this digital harassment (with a side of animal torture), pitch black. I can't see anything.

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They've put something over my head, a bag, or a hood apparently. Someone is abducting me. The cogs in my mind start turning, and I understand the person who sent me all those messages was my kidnapper making a diversion. He's carrying me by the feet. My head's upside down, I'm floating in the void; the rhythm of his every step is turning me into a human pendulum, I feel the intensity of the wind generated by the swinging and I can tell he's tall, very tall. Fuck's sake, it's a giant. I start screaming in distress but I become almost immediately aware I've got very little room to breathe and if I keep this up, I'll end up suffocating. I stop dead and the giant abductor shakes me. Picture him bluish, wearing a patchwork suit of black leather and copper, stitched here and there with eyelets, wearing medieval Rick Owens boots caked in mud, his amphibian face — enough to make a trypophobe pass out, crammed into a Battle of Normandy helmet, his heavy-lidded, glassy eyes giving him a completely dumb yet nightmarish expression. A clever mix of styles and eras, nazi-core meets monocles and industrial revolution-era gas lanterns. A light shake for him, a magnitude-4 earthquake on the Richter scale for me. He doesn't speak, he just emits a sound, a surprised vibration that resonates in him like a deep bass. Furious, I start insulting him properly, the way my mother taught me.

“You motherfucking son of a bitch!”

I contort myself left and right, trying to bite his calf. I struggle, until a brilliant idea crosses my mind: maybe if I'm nice to him, he'll be nice to me.

Silence, again.

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Now we're at my place. He lays me on my bed. I still can't see anything, my head is wrapped in opaque fabric. I decide that flattery is the best strategy; I'll make him believe that, from the moment he snatched me, I fell in love with him; worst case scenario, if it fails, there's not much to lose.

“You know, I like you a lot, I think you kidnapped me because there's something between us...”

He doesn't seem to notice I'm acting. I always thought I was a terrible liar, but maybe I'm not such a lousy actress.

“— Oh, really..?”

Hesitating slightly, he removes the bag from over my head, as if to check whether I'm sincere. I still can't see him because I'm turned away and he's hiding behind me up near the top of the bed, which means he's barely in my peripheral vision on the right.

“Come on, show yourself, I can't wait to see you...”

I hesitate a second before adding:

“I'm sure you're really handsome.”

I hold my breath because I'm afraid I've overdone it and he'll I'm bluffing. But it works; the panic must be helping me turn my terror into fake romantic feelings.

He reveals himself to me, NAKED, embarrassed, MONSTROUS. A monster, a monster, a monster, a monster. I try not to show my disgust or the horror I feel at that moment; I keep a fixed smile and a serious, deep, tender gaze. But what an atrocity...

To the description I gave earlier — though I only got to see him once he uncovered my face, I would add a cadaverous thinness. A narrow build despite his gigantic size, awful tattoos all over his torso (all the clichés: Russian prison tats, sailor tats, biker pin-ups, overused quotes, etc.), his skin tone somewhere between pale grey and the translucent red of rosacea, mid-length hair, straight, greasy and stringy, parted unevenly to the side. His face is so long, so exaggeratedly angular — like those disgusting sculptures Xavier Veilhan<sup>9</sup> made, that Richard Orlinski<sup>10</sup> ripped off, and equipped with a cartoonishly long nose, measuring a good twenty centimetres<sup>11</sup>, curling upward towards his forehead, same for his chin, curled up against his mouth, his cheekbones, each implanted with triangular prisms, elf ears of course, and to top it all off, Magic 8 Balls<sup>12</sup> instead of eyes. In short, the most total abomination the human imagination could conjure. Atrocious. If internally I lost all composure out of despair — because I knew perfectly well that a man, a giant in this case, and naked to boot, facing a prey who thinks she's being clever by trying to flirt her way out of trouble, isn't exactly playing chess, I summoned all my survival instincts and kept my cool. He started talking to me, but I have no memory of what was coming out of his mouth, far too overwhelmed as I was by his dick.

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*Calma*, there was never anything from my side. Overwhelmed doesn't mean attracted. Well, actually yes, in a way. It's like those unhealthy phobias, there's a bit of perversity at the bottom of every being and I guess that's why it's often hard to look away from something disgusting. But that's not the point. The point is this gigantic dick, the size of which highlights its absolute obscenity. It's completely devious, a bit like his nose, except it's at least seventy-five centimetres<sup>13</sup> long and the curve is horizontal, from the base upwards, angling left. I'm stunned by this tragically huge appendage and mostly I'm starting to freak out about what comes next, but I do my best not to show anything. "You truly think I'm handsome?"

And as he says that, for some unknown reason I attribute to a type of involuntary mannerism, probably common during verbal exchanges between monsters of his kind, he sticks out his tongue. The tongue is clearly his, no mistake. Greyish and lumpy, stretched out and as evocative as Gene Simmons<sup>14</sup>. Unnatural, in fact. Just like his nose and his dick. The slimy tongue of Tex Avery's wolf when he sees Little Red Riding Hood, but *darker*.

I am terrified, especially since I see that he's going to rape me. Well, I know he is going to rape me, but in principle, if I play the role I have assigned myself well enough, which may allow me to escape, he'll think that I am consenting, and to his great surprise, I think, even willing. But that would be forgetting my kidnapping. And if I trust my intuition — that fine-tuned blend of personal experience and theoretical knowledge, it's pretty clear he didn't give a damn about my consent when he threw that burlap sack over my head. Hard to convince a jury with such subtle nuances.

Whatever, I fake being in love to feed the illusion he has, hopefully, of my attraction to him. If he feels confident and if he believes, for example (best-case scenario — I'm praying! Yeah I'm ambitious), that it's mutual love at first sight, there's a chance he won't think about tying me up or restraining me in any other way (my imagination is running full speed because I love crime thrillers, but in truth, it's not that hard to keep someone from moving when they're overpowered with brute force and terror).

9 French artist born in 1963

10 French artist born in 1966

11 About eight inches

12 Toy created in 1950, supposed to predict the future and answer any question asked

13 About thirty inches

14 Gene Simmons (born in 1949), Israeli-American bassist, lead vocalist of the band Kiss, famous for his extended tongue

All of this gives me a hypothetical chance to escape, especially since I still have my phone within reach, kind of hidden in the folds of the blanket, on one side of the bed. At that moment, the idea of being able to make an emergency call reassures me a little. But he's right in front of me, half lying on the bed, and there's no way I can call anyone without getting caught, and besides I'm supposed to be in *love*, so I'm going to have to create a diversion.

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I thought: OK, I'm not going to be able to do this, I CAN'T put his cock in my mouth. I was thinking about fellatio, because it seemed to be the lesser evil, given a choice.

I can't do it. Even bringing my face near his penis makes me feel sick. No, if I suck him off, I'll throw up instantly and he'll understand it's all a sham, and then there'll be no chance of me getting out of this.

So I decided to jerk him off.

Ignominy, but I have to pretend to be as enthusiastic as he is, horny as hell.

“Oh fuck, I want you so bad!”

Writing this is painful, it disgusts me. Everything has a price, my therapist keeps telling me.

Litres and litres of semen spurt out, it looks like the fake liquid they use in some porn films. Finally, it's over. It was actually pretty quick, *lucky me*.

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He gets up and heads to the bathroom like he knows the place.

“I'm gonna wash up.”

You could call it a providential lapse of attention on his part, except I didn't know for sure — I was terrified he'd walk back in on me making a move, not knowing how long he planned on staying in the shower. Was he only going to rinse the parts of his body he'd dirtied, splashing himself at the faucet without even bothering with a clean towel, or was he going to actually soap up, full body under the crappy low-pressure showerhead that wastes twenty litres before turning warm. And what if he stuck his head out the doorway to ask me how the mixer tap worked, why the water was still cold? In moments like this, certainty is everything. So no, I didn't run.

I was right because my window of opportunity wouldn't have given me enough time to get out, only to gain a little time to anticipate.

I timidly checked my flat hoping to find a sign, a solution somewhere. That's how I function generally speaking; I'll investigate my environment for clues, to help in my quest for truth. On my dresser there was a pile of jeans of various styles: they're not mine, they're my mom's. I tell myself there's no way I can run outside like this, and I take the chance to peek through my bedroom window and notice that no stores are open yet, daylight isn't fully here, and the tabac across the street opens at 7 a.m. If I start running butt-naked down the street it's not gonna go well, It's actually likely to attract more trouble, with all those superior-sex dumbasses roaming the sidewalks of planet Earth. I have to wait until I can find refuge inside a shop.

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Two minutes max later he comes back into my room — clean but not dry, still disgusting, turquoise towel around his hips, looking like he wants to check what I'm up to. I give him a tiny smile, outer edges of my eyebrows down, inner edges up, just enough to look sincere, *caring*, devoted, like I was saying ‘something wrong, babe?’. He goes back to finish drying off without a word, but I

understood from the look he gave me that he trusted me to stay put while he finished getting ready. I open a drawer in my dresser and find my studio jumpsuit, inside-out. If I flip it right-side-out I'll lose precious seconds, so screw it, I put it on like that... except last time I wore it, I had tied the sleeves super tight around my waist to wear it like pants... and by that same logic of not wasting time I leave it as is, *tits* out, whatever, I'll just cover my chest with my hands when I run.

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*On my way* to the exit and having zero prior experience in escape artistry, I get ambushed by my predictive impulses, the kind you could say are rational and helpful in case of a natural disaster or a house fire. I even get the feeling I was once forced to attend some safety-prevention workshop about this years ago, in middle school. Or maybe it was the echo of the thousands of tips (orders?) from His Holiness my almighty father ringing in my skull at that moment.

Chance and the subconscious work in mysterious ways; except right then it was rather inappropriate to pause, cinematic freeze frame style, to stand still, so close to my goal, just to wonder whether it would've been wiser to grab my essential belongings (hard drive, contracts, papers, sentimental value objects, etc.) and take them with me in my race for survival.

On the other hand, I can't blame myself: it is a pretty a rational thought wanting to save what's mine out of fear of a giant's reaction to my disappearance — and therefore to his failure, my deception, and, by extension, his gullibility. I was scared that, furious with rage, he'd be struck by some destructive impulse and smash everything I own.

I don't blame myself but yeah, I still fucked up, because by the time I drifted off into all these hypotheticals, he reappeared behind me, near the kitchen I was about to enter, watching, still. A knife? At that point I ditched the idea of grabbing my stuff before taking off, 'cause I've got my phone in my pocket anyway, and I fully intend to call the cops the second I step outside. They're morons but pretty fast in the neighborhood — I know this because I've already called them multiple times for neighbour-related nuisances.

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My asshole upstairs neighbor is a drunk, an Adele fan who beats his female pitbull and has her shit in the bathtub when he's too lazy to take her out. I know this because my neighbor on the third floor (he's on the second, I'm on the first) gets sewer-smell reflux through her bathroom vents. All the ducts are connected. Thanks to that loser I'm up with insomnia half the time. It's not his fault I'm anxious, but he blasts music, often the same song on loop, opens his windows wide to the street, just above my bedroom window. Then he screams at his dog and, I think, jumps up and down right above my head, like he knows exactly where my bed is, and it makes the whole building shake.

It would be a mistake to think that I'd straight up *call the police* before talking to him, on the grounds that he frightens me. Once, I came home on a Monday evening (it's often on the fifth of the month when he gets his benefits that he parties, solo) around 11.30 p.m., and the hallways reeked of cigs. I dropped my stuff off at mine then went back out, sniffing the air, tracking the scent. Obviously, it was coming from his place: his door open, him standing on the landing in his underwear, bare chest and feet on his doormat, puffing on a Davidoff (I actually saw him buy his cartons right before me at the tabac downstairs), *Easy On Me* blasting so loud it seemed like Adele was doing a private concert in this piece of shit's living room. I didn't immediately clock it was Adele; *Easy On Me* is way too niche for me, in terms of Top 40 music.

I only know *Rolling In the Deep* which reminds me of a friend who sang off-key. One afternoon me

and the girls literally pissed ourselves laughing listening to her try to match the chorus' tone with her scratchy voice from the night before. It was in Sicily one summer, we were in the throes of a gorgeous, nasty hangover in 45°C weather, and waiting to order pasta at a restaurant on a beach parking lot, where I took a picture of the dead-eyed waiter that I later used for the poster of my solo show in Knoxville, Tennessee.

Incidentally, the gallery still hasn't returned my paintings, it's been five years. Why are there still no contracts in this fucking business? It's hypocritical to be actively engaging with all the hot topics but to be unable, as a whole, to put an end to the abuse of power in your profession. It's seriously pretentious to believe that you can change anything about the oppression of the masses if you can't even manage to demand a contract from your gallerist. In this game, those who can take a few steps outside of their individual interests are few and far between, and this leads to total impunity, logically: no HR department around to confront the many misconducts of pigs like Lorenzo F. On a small scale, of course, you can move the needle on these issues, but there's no need to make a whole show of it, when really, it should be the minimum. I've always thought that those who shout on the rooftops and boast about their empathy and commitment are the ones who, deep down, have the most to atone for. It could almost be seen as a sort of public learning curve. Let me explain. If someone decides to tackle an issue, any issue, in 2025 which is to say, via social media, they'll have to accuse those whose opinion doesn't align, inevitably. In doing so, they themselves will have to become as irreproachable as possible, so as to not garner any counter-criticism from potential detractors. In this quest for an ideal, almost casually, this person will learn, build knowledge, look in the mirror and try to do better, and little by little will have, in fact, a cleaner conscience and footprint. I am convinced that activism is necessary, but you know. Clean up your act first. This goes for me too, by the way.

I digress, but anyway, back to my beloved neighbor. That Monday night, when I asked him, a few steps away from his door (minimum distance for safety) if he could turn the volume down because it was almost midnight, he yelled at me, genuinely shocked, even distraught at my apparent lack of sensitivity, that he couldn't do that because 'it's Adele!'. I insisted until he started calling me a bitch so I went back inside, frustrated. He kept yelling, but this time, shut up, whore, while throwing himself with all his might onto the floor of his apartment as if to come crashing through my bedroom ceiling. The other story with the cops happened one evening around 10 p.m., I was smoking a rollie, on the phone with a mate, at my living room window that overlooks the building's courtyard, when I heard several loud, gunshot-style detonations. Nast, on the other end of the line, advised me to close the window, which I did. I observed what I could through the glass, and saw the shadow of someone firing mortar from their balcony reflected on the white wall opposite my place. At first, I didn't understand it was a mortar, I just thought some guy was shooting at his wife and that's what I told the police when they arrived. So dumb, all of them, clueless about how to run an investigation, showing up with two cop cars, without even thinking to check with the residents if everything was okay. Acting like tough guys, bragging about which weapons they'd whip out of the trunk: SP 2022<sup>15</sup>, HK G36<sup>16</sup>... In short, useless and annoying.

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“What are you doing?”

I turn around and put on my innocent face

“— Oh, uh, I was a little hungry, aren't you hungry?” He seems satisfied with my answer and leaves me alone so I can supposedly prepare a breakfast of champions for my new lover.

15 SIG-Sauer SP 2022 is a semi-automatic pistol from the SIG-Sauer Pro series, designed in Switzerland by SIG and manufactured in Germany by Sauer

16 The HK G36 is an assault rifle model designed by the German company Heckler & Koch

All of a sudden I see something I had never noticed before, in twenty years of living in this place and cooking in this kitchen almost every night. A door. Well, not a door really, but a sort of outline in the wall, a vertical rectangle resembling a door. It's not drawn, and it's not a block embedded in the wall either, but rather a thin line, four or five millimetres<sup>17</sup> wide, as if carved with a box cutter several times in a row, not very deep. It reminds me of perforated paper, the kind you fold in the same place a few times before you can tear it off, but in door format.

As I'm wondering why I'd never noticed this before, which lasts about a minute, the aforementioned patch of wall begins to vibrate at first, then echoes with several dull thuds, interrupted each time by silence, before collapsing, as a sledgehammer emerges to finish it off, wielded by Kristin Scott Thomas<sup>18</sup>.

She stands in front of me, wearing safety goggles and a white work jumpsuit, worn-out black Timberlands, the same as mine. Maybe she helped herself, grabbed them from my closet. Surrounded by a cloud of plaster dust from the destroyed drywall, she wipes her forehead under her grey fringe with one of her sleeves and coughs her lungs out.

Behind her I see a room, not too big, I'd say about eight square metres<sup>19</sup>, no windows, all of this in my kitchen, naturally... On the floor, breadsticks, kitchen roll, a radio, an ultra-thin, semi-inflatable single camping mattress... actually, it looks just like the one the guys from the exhibition space in Berlin put in my flat, right in the middle of the only room, empty, when I went there to set up and open my exhibition last June. *Nice*. There were also tinned goods but like totally useless ones — personally, if I were to stock up on food, I'd store kidney beans rather than peeled tomatoes.

It was clear that someone had been living here for a few days, holed up in my fucking kitchen. And then I understood. I understood that my kidnapper had broken into my home and lived in my walls in secret. No wonder he grabbed me coming back from the club when I was waiting for the others by the edge of the fountain. Kristin confirmed this to me just before explaining that he'd hired her through her agent to remodel the interior of this room after spending the equivalent of a week there, and that everything had been filmed for a new TV show, *BricoMax*<sup>20</sup>, whose concept is to invite celebrities to renovate a place while indulging in self-promotion.

Except that there was a mix-up, he pretended to be the producer and sweet-talked Laurent Grégoire<sup>21</sup> from *Adéquat*<sup>22</sup>, who in turn didn't bother checking before sending his actress over. She was also trying to escape, which is why she was smashing the wall. The giant had pushed her into the hidden room and must have tried to cover up the opening. He clearly botched the job.

“Girl, RUN!”

But shitttttt, he shows up just as she finishes her sentence. The fucker was looking for a bath mat. So I thought of Mamie, Nonna and my parents, who would gently scold me when I ‘made a swimming pool’ in the bathroom. I put on my best housewife-y tones — the one who also affects the whining baby voice perfectly, because she doesn't dare express her frustration, for fear of conflict... and at the same time, how could you not empathize.

“I mean listen, if you splashed water everywhere then, sure, I'd appreciate if you could grab a bath mat to wipe it up because I mopped last night. They're in the hallway cupboard.”

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That's it, I can FINALLY escape this nightmare. I run down the stairs, descending all seven

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17 About a sixth of an inch wide

18 British-French actress born in 1960

19 About eighty-six square feet

20 Unproduced TV show, concept by Elvire Duvelle-Charles

21 French film agent

22 French film agency

floors while repeating to myself, like a mantra, watch out, don't fly down the steps because if you break your neck he'll catch up with you, but still hurry up anyway, and I rush, I go as fast as I can, as fast I can while trying to stay focused, like when I'm about to catch the metro, watching my feet race down the steps to the platform while whispering to myself that it'd be pretty damn dumb to smash my teeth on the concrete just to be on time.

I'm in the street. I head straight for the tabac and ask for a pack of Pueblo with filters, no, stick ones please, thank you, and small blue Rizla+ if you have it.