

## **Paysage d'une fenêtre**

At first sight, a window is a real thing.

The window that I took a photograph of does not exist. However, the window is neither a pretext nor an artificial means. Its architectural reality is bound to the outside world.

I will explain: when we watch a film, we see pictures running in front of our eyes. But to watch these pictures, we must have a screen - a support on which to project. Yet, the screen must not be seen as such. Its reality is a primary sine qua non condition to the film projection, but as such, the screen must remain secondary to allow us to watch the film and perceive it as a film.

As a matter of fact, from the aesthetic point of view, the only things that matter are the pictures running in front of us and what they mean. To us, it is just as if the screen did not exist.

It goes the same way with this series of photographs. The window is similar to the screen at the theatre. The window does not exist. It exists just as a prerequisite, as a frame; it is a tool for the mediation.

Just as any limit, a frame does not exist in itself. It makes sense only in terms of the possibility it offers to all the rest, as a pure shape in space. The window, that I have taken a picture of, represents a space within which temporality discloses itself.

A window always opens into something else than itself.