

PHASE_01

principles of the text

coexistence

without hierarchy | overlapping

containment

frame | envelope

proximity

not linear

openness

adaptability

principles of the film

physcial dimension

open - enclosed
structured - chaotic
permanence - temporality

human dimension

personal - collective
intimacy - publicness
purposeful - accidental

temporal dimension

stability - transformation
life - decay
fluidity - fixity

principles of the restaging

trust

proximity

density

senses

shell

set: two people speaking - one voice belongs to the movie, and one to the text!
> all people gathering around our box. they are blindfolding themselves.<
now the performance starts. the music starts - someone is walking around with the music. we are waiting to start speaking
>approximately 30 seconds.
>the reader starts - the other start picking up the people, women first.

inroduction: As the performance is starting now, we kindly ask you to blindfold your eyes. stay calm and don't move. stay silent please. we will play a game.
> loud noises for 30 seconds

text:

We've heard it.

We've all heard all about all the sticks and spears and swords, the things to bash and poke and hit with, the long, hard things, but we have not heard about the thing to put things in, the container for the thing contained. That is a new story. That is news. 1:30"

movie: I've always gleaned. I remember going with my grandmother and my brothers and sisters. People gleaned during the war because there was no food.

movie: Machines are so efficient nowadays.

text:

A leaf a gourd a shell a net a bag a sling a sack a bottle a pot a box a container. A holder. A recipient.

movie: Some are misshapen. Heart-shaped. I want the heart!

text:

Wanting to be human too, I sought for evidence that I was; but if that's what it took, to make a weapon and kill with it, then evidently I was either extremely defective as a human being, or not human at all. That's right, they said. What you are is a woman. Possibly not human at all, certainly defective.
- first the women and then the men get picked by us? - focus on the hands!

movie: Gleaning. But it's not just women anymore. It's men too.

text:

If it is a human thing to do to put something you want, because it's useful, edible, or beautiful, into a bag, or a basket, or a bit of rolled bark or leaf, or a net woven of your own hair, or what have you, and then take it home with you, home being another, larger kind of pouch or bag, a container for people, ... if that's what it takes, then I am a human being after all. Fully, freely, gladly, for the first time. - do we want this quote? this interpretation of our bag as the home?

movie: Lundi, des patates
Mardi, des patates
Mercredi, des patates
Jeudi, des patates
Vendredi, des patates
Samedi, des patates
Dimanche, un gratins au pommes de terres.
> refering to the situation at home!

text:

I would go so far as to say that the natural, proper, fitting shape of the novel might be that of a sack, a bag. A book holds words. Words hold things. They bear meanings.

movie: And I'll stroll with my little camera among the colored cabbages and film other vegetables that catch my eye. There's no law governing this type of gleaning - of images, impressions, emotions, facts, actions and information.

text:

Finally, it's clear that the Hero does not look well in this bag. He needs a stage or a pedestal or a pinnacle. You put him in a bag and he looks like a rabbit, like a potato.
That is why I like novels: instead of heroes they have people in them.

movie: Her first trailer cost her 2,000 francs. And the most recent, where I'm living at the moment, 200 francs.

text:

The novel is a fundamentally unheroic kind of story. It sometimes seems that the killer story is approaching its end.- we are telling our story, we are acting repetitive. there is no climax, so therefor there is no killer.

text:

This story is not the arrow or the spear. The story is the bag, the container, the holding together.

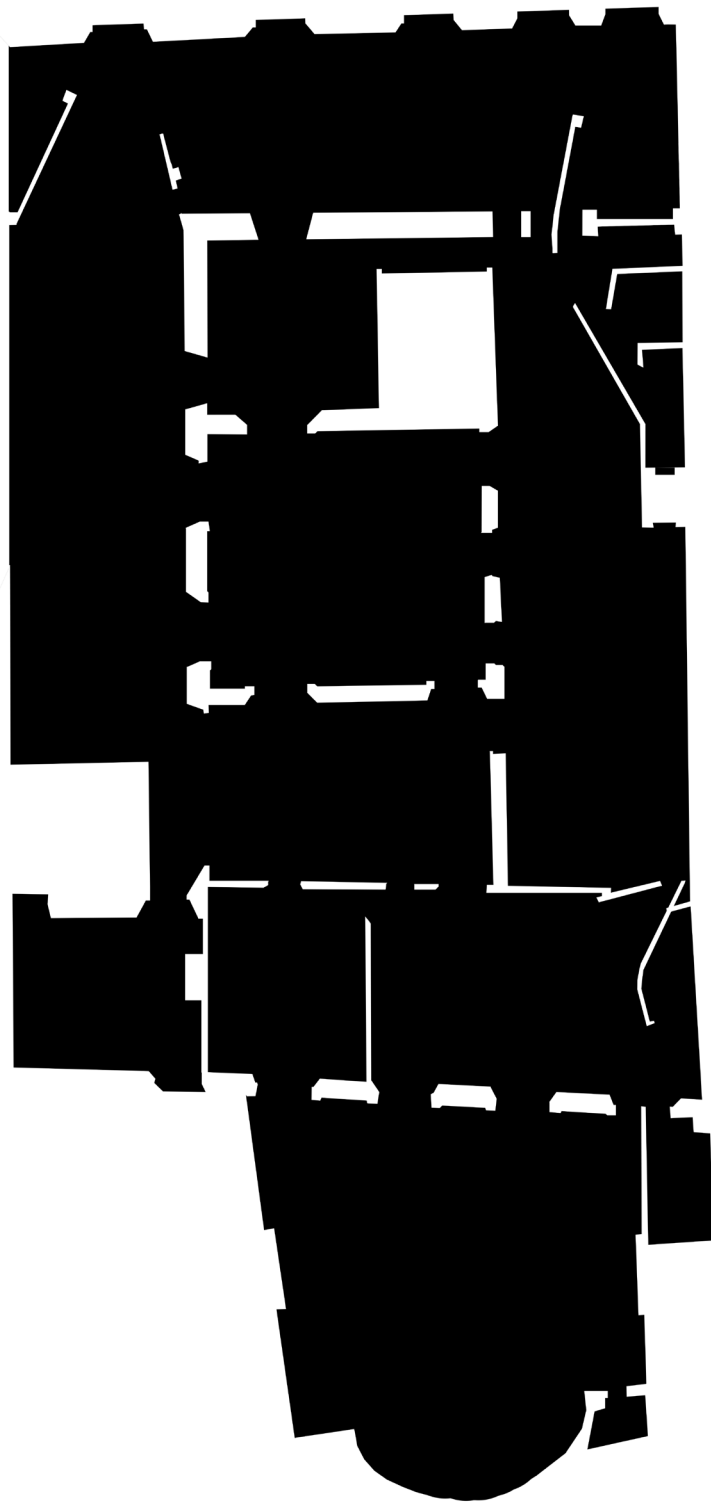
movie: Pick up what's left so nothings wasted.
Where does the play stop and Where the art start.

> it's us, filling the bag ourselves, with people.





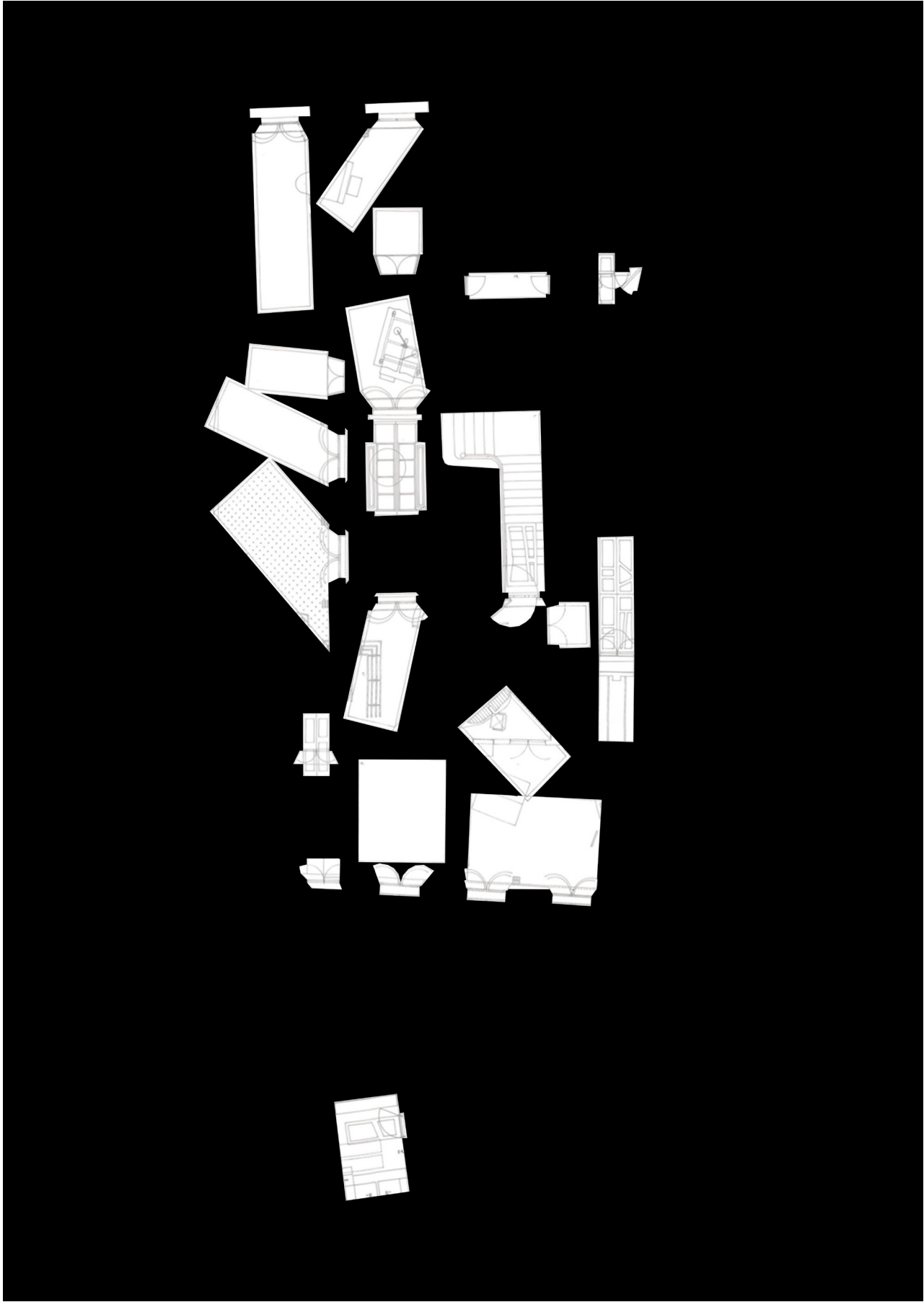
PHASE_02



taxonomy | the walls; the structure



taxonomy | the randomness of the elements



taxonomy | the transitions

field

In the film, the field is open, wide, and marked by furrows. After the harvest it holds what is left behind — potatoes scattered on the ground, fragments waiting to be picked up. Here, gleaning is both necessity and tradition, survival and memory.

This openness becomes an interior: a horizontal ground plane beneath a roof that slowly slopes downward. At the entrance the space is high and wide, recalling the collective image of the field as tradition and abundance. Vertical ribs descend from the roof, guiding the body deeper into the room.

The further one moves along these ribs, the more the ceiling lowers and the walls rise, until vision is cut and the body is drawn down into furrow-like passages. The act of bending becomes unavoidable here — the field loses its idyllic character and turns into a space of necessity, where gleaning is an act of survival, often solitary, close to the ground.

dump

The dumpster can be understood as a space of dual perception. For the regular passerby, it appears as nothing more than a trash bin, a sealed container for things without value, hidden away and of little importance. From this perspective, it is a closed, indifferent object in the urban landscape. For the gleaner, however, the dumpster becomes something entirely different. It is not simply a place of waste, but a site of potential, where discarded objects can be revalued and transformed. What to some is trash becomes, to others, a resource. A threshold space, rejected to the outside and filled with possibilities revealed to the inside.

museum

The gleaners museum is the museum of everyday life, a space where what used to be considered insignificant and rejected becomes the art work, the beauty. Throughout the different spaces the volumes, the heights and the lights create various atmospheres and sensations. If you look inside you will find some heart shaped potatoes, intriguing mold growths, as well as art sculptures made of gleaned objects.

market

The street space disappears, a layer of waste spreads across it, reshaping the place and transforming the ground. Between the vast infrastructures of the city, a new connection emerges: a space of leftovers, forming a different structure. In the middle of the waste, tables appear, covered with plastic sheets, with simple frames rising above them. Fabric surfaces stretch over like skins, turning the fragile construction into a space with its own order.

kitchen

The kitchen might be the first room you enter when you come home, a place where food is set down after a day of gathering. It begins as a place of storage, sometimes for minutes, sometimes for years. From there, the food is processed, transformed, and finally brought to the table, to be shared among others. It has its own cycle, closed. Yet, this might be a romanticized vision of a kitchen, as this one appears as the core of a home. Not every kitchen carries the feeling of warmth and belonging. When stripped down to necessity, it can feel cold and even impersonal. Whether humble or grand, the kitchen is always a room of transformation.

home

This space represents the function of a house, a place for living. The model expresses this through its intimate scale, created by the division of space into different rooms, such as a bathroom or a foyer with a fireplace. The use of wood, whose presence can be inferred, also conveys a sense of intimacy through its warmth and comfort.

field

openness
endlessness
rows
solitude | loneliness
permanent
nature

market

overcrowded | intensity through things and people
overload
enclosed space
rows | spatial structure
less permanent
collectiveness
urban | built

dumpster

overcrowded | intensity through things
duality of perspective
not open
chaotic | not rigid | no structure
alone
not permanent | changing, evolving
not built

home

domestic scale | not open
intimacy | familiarity
permanent | mirror of the inhabitant
structure | collection of rooms
character | defined by the inhabitants
built

kitchen | workshop | studio

room of transformation
enclosed
structured
collectiveness
intensity
permanent
built

museum

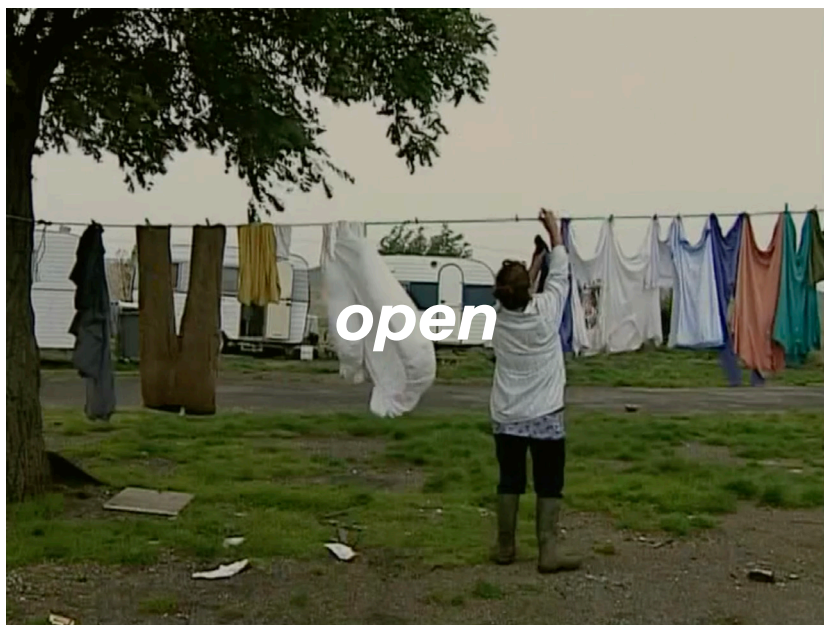
contrary of the domestic scale
not personal | distance
organised | intentional | structured
generosity
lightening | atmospheres
public space | collectiveness
built

cafe | bar

enclosed | but open to the public
collectiveness
structured | chairs + tables
holds temporality | the inside is changing
built

flea market

enclosed | but open to the public
collectiveness
not structured
cluttered | organised
holds temporality | the inside is changing
built



open



enclosed



structured



chaotic



permanence



temporality



personal



collective



intimacy



publicness



purposeful



accidental



life



decay



stability



transformation

Gleaning;

is the act of collecting leftover crops *spaces* in the field *building* after harvest *renovation*. During harvest *renovation*, there is food *space* that is left or missed often because it does not meet store standard *requirements* for uniformity *use*.

gleaning
out of necessity

gleaning
out of activism

gleaning
out of curiosity

what is our point?

This film gathers fragments of society; discarded objects and overlooked moments. Some glean out of necessity, others as a political statement, others out of simple curiosity. They walk the same path, through the same surroundings, yet their eyes linger on different things. Their bags reveal their place in a world shaped by consumption and waste: what one discards, another depends on.

Home, as a container, can be full to excess or empty and bare, reflecting a system that sorts people as it does objects. Still, each bag is part of one larger whole: a shared vessel that holds not only what we carry, but our stories, our differences, and our interwoven network of care and inequality.

We, the camera, move through the world from the perspective of a gleaner. Our lens becomes their eyes, experiencing a journey shaped by what they see. As the camera follows each subtle shift of attention, the sequence changes depending on which gleaner we are. The path is always the same: the same surroundings, the same objects. Yet different things catch each gleaner's attention. What exists remains constant, but perception transforms it.

An object's value depends on the person who chooses it: to one, it may seem worthy, to another, invaluable. It is about being chosen, about the moment an object becomes part of someone's story.

First frame:
An almost empty room.
We begin as Gleaner 1.
We are hungry.
The drawers and the fridge are empty.
Home, as our container, feels hollow and void.
Leaving through the door, we scan our surroundings.

Not far from home, the fields have just been harvested.
Efficiently enough? Perhaps not.
With quiet hope, we get closer and closer, scanning the ground with care.
Beneath the leaves and branches, small potatoes appear.
We bend down, gathering them one by one with our hands.
We have only two plastic bags, no more.
Carrying more would be impossible; it would just get too heavy to bring it home by foot.
We take all we can manage and make our way home.
On the way, we pass a pile of abandoned kitchen utensils.
There, we find a pot.
With it, we can boil the potatoes tonight.
This is how we live.
This is our home.

Next, we become Gleaner 2.
We are angry.
Our home is overflowing, cluttered with objects.
Home, as our container, reflects the dysfunction of our society.
Seeking alternatives, we roam the streets, scavenging what others discard.
We search dumpsters, landfills, forgotten corners.
Among piles of waste, we pick the objects that spark curiosity.
Carrying them home on a bike, we place them on the table and examine them.
How do they work?
What are their parts?
How can they be reimaged, repurposed?
We disassemble and rethink, making each object part of our growing collection.
Sometimes, we simply toss it into a corner and forget it:
only to chase the next discarded thing

Finally, we become Gleaner 3.
We have what we need.
Our home is full, the essentials already secured.
With survival no longer urgent, we have the freedom to turn our attention elsewhere: to
what lies beyond need.
But not everyone with abundance chooses to look closely.
To glean in this way is not about need, but about attention.
As we walk the same path, we are drawn to fragments others overlook:
a rusted hinge, a frayed ribbon, a piece of glass catching the light.
We focus on texture and ambiguity, on beauty rather than function.

It is a way of seeing:
a practice of noticing what might otherwise remain unseen.
And yet, this difference, between need, protest, and curiosity,
is a reminder of a problem that still runs through our world.

the envisioned society

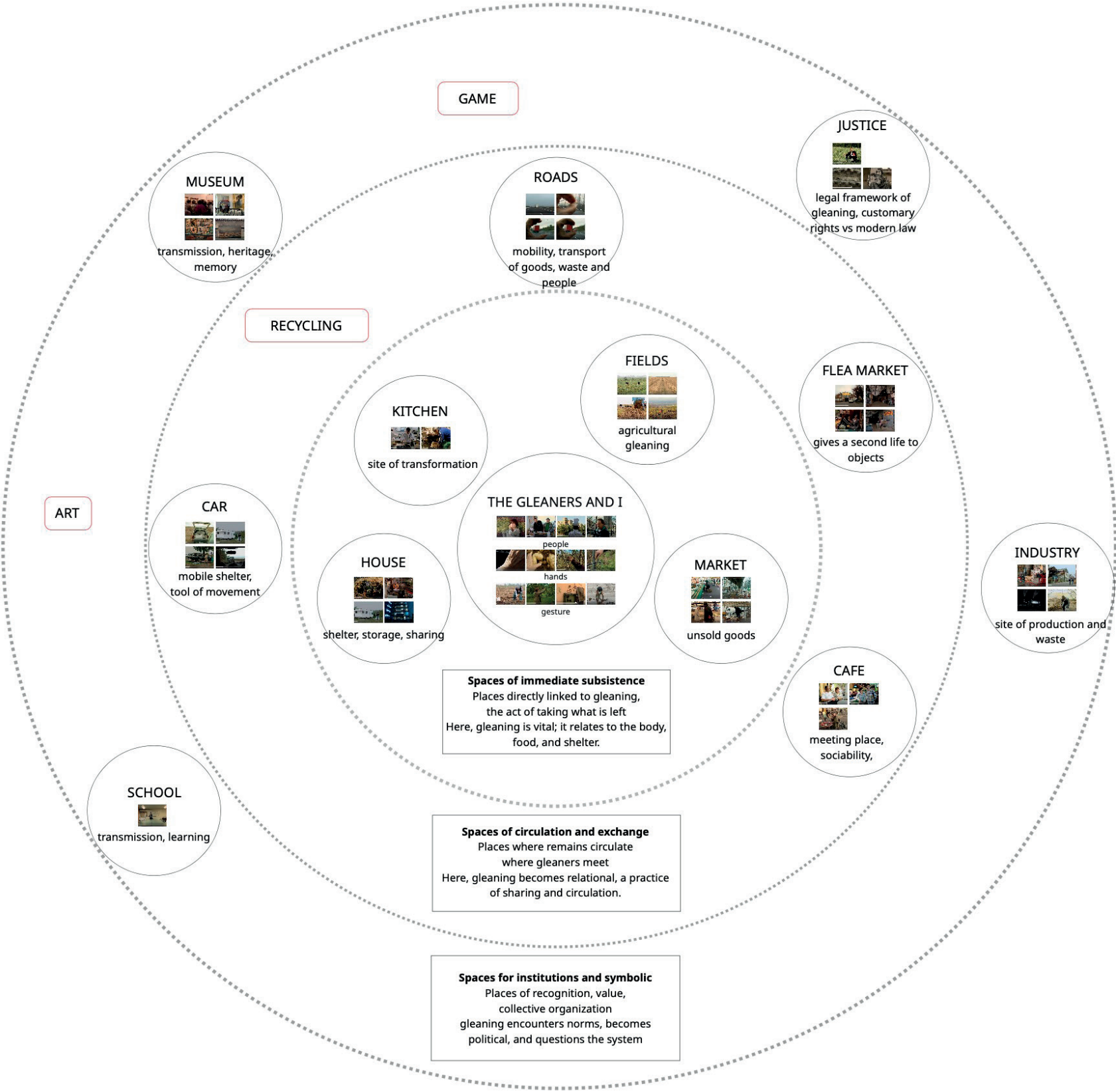
We have built a fragment of this envisioned society, where the gleaner becomes the protagonist. Through a fragmentary composition and the interweaving of different models, we aim to express a form of self-sufficiency, a utopian city, rooted in the practice of gleaning, but transposed to a larger scale. Each fragment corresponds to a specific function, yet none exists in isolation: they work together, communicate, and complement one another.

Together, they form a circular system; free of waste and grounded in recovery, exchange, and sharing. These functions are derived from a spatial taxonomy inspired by the film, which we have articulated around three main categories:

- spaces of subsistence**
- spaces of circulation and sharing**
- spaces of production and pleasure**

Each of these types of spaces overlaps and contributes to a collective dynamic based on complementarity. Finally, this society is not purely utilitarian: it is also defined by pleasure, creativity, and the joy of living together in a space conceived as a vast, shared container.

Taxonomy of spaces from selected film scenes



Scheme re-imagining a spatial proposal : a society where gleaning is the fondamental basis, the center

The walls appear as the existing structure: the frame we want to work with. As we observe the plan with care, objects begin to appear. They carry meanings. And they have a physical presence we already know. From above, the drawing of a plan shows us these objects in their simplest form. And this is where the transformation begins. What is known shifts. A piano turns out to be something else; a dense, intimate, personal space, with a memory of what it might have once suggested.

Rectangular shapes on the floor flip, and suddenly they are new light openings. The unexpected happens. We glean these shapes and work with them. New rooms emerge, a new surrounding begins to take shape.

We glean, like gleaners do. In our surrounding. We show how something gets defined by the person who holds and works with it.

the narrative - version 1

Line drawings without hierarchies. A bag full of interwoven elements. Their worth is not defined by thickness. Almost unreadable, they seem to resist explanation, and yet we understand them, because of memory. We know, because we've seen them before. We recognize how a thick ancient wall with window openings appears in a drawing. So we take what we know: a wall, a window, a chair, a piano. But the unknown remains. Shapes that don't align with what we expect. They interfere, like fragments breaking through a narrative. These unexpected forms appear as suddenly as a cut in a film; a transition to something new, then back again to where we were before. Piece by piece, room by room, we gather parts of this fragment. With each step, the story expands. The scene comes together as a whole; interrupted three times, revealed slowly, until the last room gives us the enough of the story to understand it.

the narrative - version 2

Varda's Apartment (Paris) – recurring location.



Musée d'Orsay (Paris) – Millet's The Gleaners painting.



Field, Family House, Bistro



The Gesture



Marché de la Bastille (Paris) – vegetable market, gleaners, street sweepers.



Gleaning Collectively vs. Gleaning alone



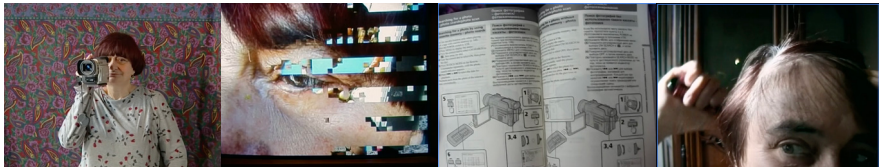
Road to Arras



Musée d'Arras - The Gleaner of Jules Breton



Varda's Apartment - Exkurs on Camera and Aging



Filming one Hand with the other



Fields - Following the Potato



After the Machine



Heart shaped Potatoes



Lonely Gleaner - The Story of a former Truck-Driver



The Trailer Park



The Social Downfall - Ends with the Hand in the Trash



Social Clash - Trash vs. Michelin Restaurant



Wineyard - The Story of Edward le Grappilleur



The Road to Bourgogne - A Children's Game



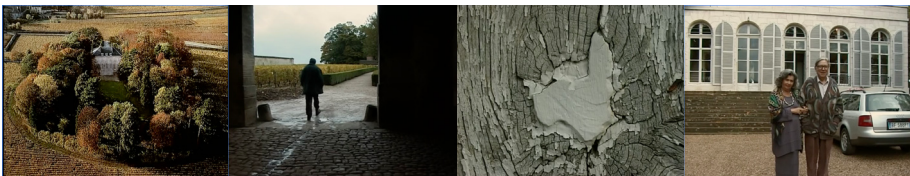
Bourgogne - Exkurs on Aldo Van Eyck Last Judgement



Bourgogne - La region des Grand-cru et Du Bellay



Domain - The Story of Jean Laplanche



Couples - How they met



Bistro - Family and the Technicalities of Gleaning



Cabbages and Law



Camera wandering through the cabbage - the gleaning of images, impressions, emotions



Autoportrait Rembrandt vs. Autoportrait Maurice Utrillo, Little Museum in Hôtel de Ville, Sannois



Found Objects – The Story of Hervé aka “VR200”.



Encouters on the road - Found Objects and Flea Markets



Another Encounter on the Road - Palais Idéal of Bodan Litnanski's



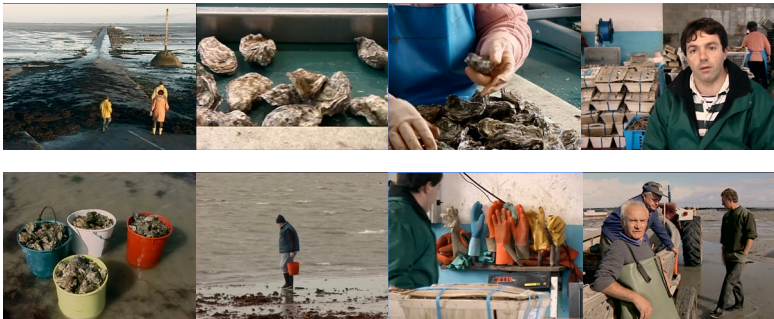
Another Artist - The Story of Louis Pons



Road to the Atlantic - Catching Trucks



Noirmoutier - Following the Oyster



Encounters on the Road - Flooding, Sheets and Dog with Boxing Glove



Colline d'Aptes - The abandoned Vineyard



Colline d'Aptes - Exkurs: The Dance of a Camera Lid



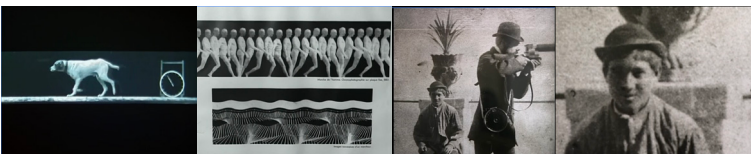
Road Signs „Domaine de la Folie“



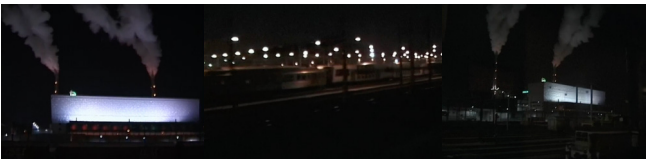
Domaine de la folie - The Ancestor of Jerome Noel Button



Jules Marey - Movement Studies and the Boy with the Bowler Hat



Train leaving Austerlitz - Trash Disposal Station of Ivry



Prague - Three Perspectives on a Crime



On the road - Hotel Room an Thoughts



Paris - The Story of The Man with the Boots (Erika Oil Spill, Bretagne)



Atelier of „Poubelle Ma Belle“ - Childern to Street Sweeper



Paris Markets and Mr. Charlie's Kitchen– The Story of Salomon the Migrator Bird



Fridge - Street, Exhibition, Manifestations



Arles - The River



Paradise Fruit Garden – From Rural to Urban Law



Paris, Streets - Copper Gleaner and TV's



Car with François - Two Chairs and Broken Clock

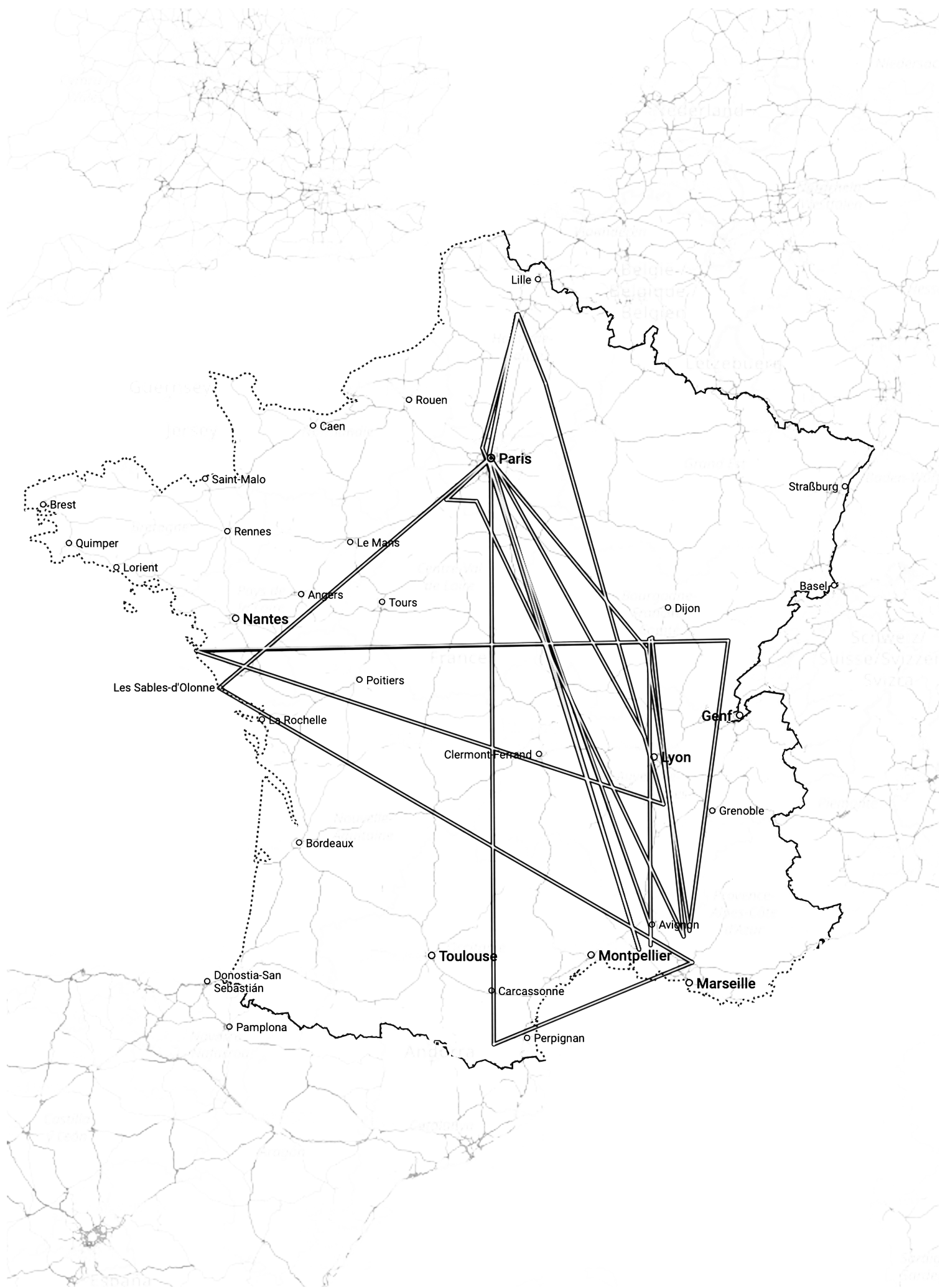


Paris - From the Market to the Basement - The Story of the mysterious man with the bag



Museum Basement - The Gleaner fleeing from the storm





1. *Paris, Musée d'Orsay (7e) – Introduction about gleaning in painting (Millet)*
2. *Arras, Grand Place (62) – Arrival in Arras*
3. *Arras (Pas-de-Calais, Musée des Beaux-Arts) – Visit to Jules Breton's painting La Glaneuse*
4. *Paris, 88 Rue Daguerre (14e, Varda's apartment) – Reflections on the camera and aging; self-observation in the apartment*
5. *Beauce (Eure-et-Loir) – Potato fields and machines; Varda films her hand holding heart-shaped potatoes*
6. *Étampes (Essonne) – Families in caravans; poverty, Restos du Cœur, eating from bins*
7. *Provence, Bonnieux (Restaurant La Bastide) – Édouard Loubet, Michelin-starred chef; herbs and leftover cooking*
8. *Burgundy, Côte-d'Or, Beaune, Hospices de Beaune – Hotel; Wan der Weyden*
9. *Burgundy, Beaune (Château de Pommard) – Conversation with Jean Laplanche*
10. *Café du Centre, Maussane-les-Alpilles – Talk with café owners about gleaning and falling in love*
11. *Avignon / Apt (Vaucluse) – Cabbage and tomato fields; lawyer explains gleaning rights and edicts from 1554*
12. *Paris, 88 Rue Daguerre (14e, Varda's apartment) – Return to the apartment; letters scattered around*
13. *Sannois (Val-d'Oise, Musée Utrillo-Valadon) – Visit to the museum; artist Hervé (VR99) with scrap-material works*
14. *Arras, 4 Rue Victor Leroy – Varda discovers and buys a Gleaners painting*
15. *15 Rue Jean Jaurès, Viry-Nouveau, Aisne, Hauts-de-France – Visit to Bohdan Litnianski's sculpture garden Jardin des Merveilles*
16. *Hauterives – Interview with artist Louis Pons*
17. *La Barre-de-Monts, (VRQW+QGV), France – Oyster gleaning after storms; conversation with oyster farmers*
18. *L'Épine, (XPGC+X86) France – Interview with another oyster farmer*
19. *Jura – Flooded road; nature and landscape footage*
20. *Apt (Vaucluse), Collines d'Apt – Unharvested vineyard; dancing pruning shears; reference to Étienne-Jules Marey*
21. *Chemin de la Folie, 71150 Chagny – Farmer who allows people to glean on his land*
22. *41 Rue Bruneseau, 75013 Paris, France – View from the train; waste incinerator; transition to the theme of waste*
23. *Prades (Place de la République) – Teenagers „make trouble“*
24. *60 Av. Guy Malé, 66500 Prades, France (JCCP+W8 Prades, France) – Interview with the Intermarché supermarket owner*
25. *Aix-en-Provence, (GCGW+P85), France – Café conversations; man collects food from the street despite having a job*
26. *32 Pl. des Tanneurs, 13100 Aix-en-Provence, France – Man in boots talking in the alleyway*
27. *Les Sables-d'Olonne, (H557+V4H), France – Erika oil spill; beach cleanup*
28. *23 Rue de l'Arbre Sec, 75001 Paris, France – Children's workshop at Musée en Herbe*
29. *261 Bd Raspail, 75014 Paris, France – Sarah Sze's installations made from waste materials*
30. *Paris – Paris markets and Mr. Charlie's Kitchen – the story of Salomon the migratory bird*
31. *Paris, Place Denfert-Rochereau (14e), Lion de Belfort – Transition from lion statue in Paris to lion statue in Arles*
32. *Arles, Pont aux Lions (Pont de Lunel) & Rhône riverbank – A man watching the river*
33. *Paris, (R8RG+6JV), France – Alain, giving lessons in a migrant hostel (site 1)*
34. *Paris, (R8RC+J4G), France – Alain, lesson continued (site 2)*
35. *Villefranche-sur-Saône (Musée Paul-Dini) – Symbolic ending with the painting Gleaners Fleeing Before the Storm*

SCENE 02 : HOSPICE DE BEAUNE

Camera drifting over roof of the hospice. Intricate patterns of colored tiles. Still shot of the altar. The room is dark. Van der Weyden's Last Judgement is glowing in a golden light, while the shadows of the visitors move in the front. Head to feet shot of Archangel Michael. Still shot of Archangel Michaels head through a distorted lense. Sequence of close up shots from the painting - tormented facial expressions, crooked bodies and the flames of the hellfire.

VARDA

We're arriving in Burgundy. For me, Beaune is the old almshouse and the magnificent painting by Van der Weyden, The Last Judgment. The archangel Michael weighs and judges the deeds of the dead. Those to be resurrected weigh lightly on the scale. Those who are to suffer in hell weigh heavily.

MAN LOOKING TO THE SKY

Slow shot driving through the vineyards. Centered composition of sinious road emphasized by white, dried-stone wall. Camera turns left to the colored patches of the vineyards. Stripes of burnt orange, deep maroon and moss green pass by the window of the car. Wonky shot of Agnes Varda parking the car next to a fruit tree.

VARDA

(suspicious)

The grape harvest is over, yet there's no one in sight. Why?

SCENE 02 : BURGUNDY

Camera follows quick movement of grape picker. Still shot of the soft slope over the hills. An abandoned white cabin lost in the vineyards. The texture of the leaves sharpens in the foreground. Portrait shot of vinemaker wearing big maroon glasses, a white shirt and a knitted cardigan.

JEAN LAPLANCHE

(chuckeling)

Gleaning was a lovely activity.Le "Just as one sees the gleaner walking along, gathering what the harvesters left behind..." You know those li- nes?

VARDA

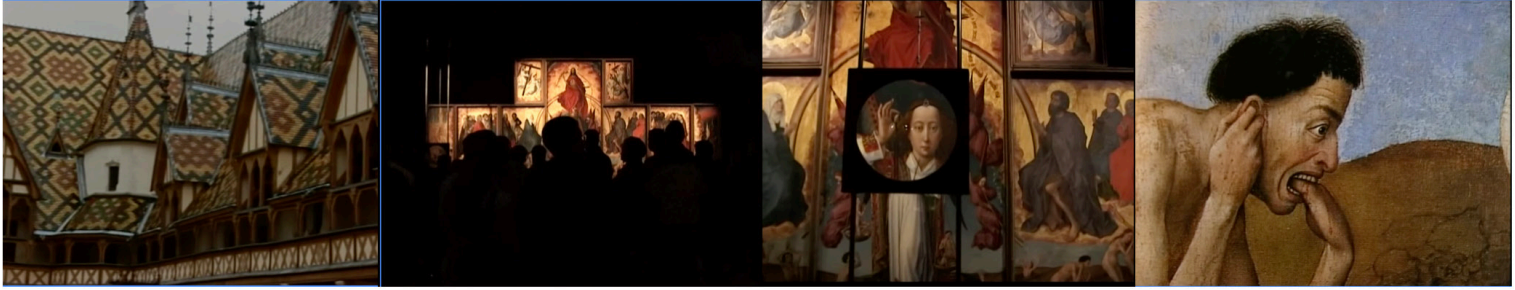
Yes. Du Bellay, right? Impressive! You know it by heart!

Diagonal shot of grape picker with blue shirt. The leaves of the vineyards rustle under his movement. Randomly moving close up shots of the grapes and leaves. Birds-eye view of mansion surrounded by vineyards.

RED BRICK DETAIL WALL

JEAN LAPLANCHE

I took over my father's estate. From grape to bottle... I'm the only master on board. I have no cellarman. Nadine and I choose the best blends for our vintage output.



SCENE 02 : NOIRMOUTIER

Left to right shot over the coast of Noirmoutier. Still shot of oyster gleaner with colorful rain coats. Camera drifting over plastified postcard „huitres de Noirmoutiers“.

VARDA

The island of Noirmoutier is renowned for the causeway leading to it and for its oysters.

OWNER OYSTER FARM:

People glean there after rough storms and at very low tide. Storms dislodge oysters from the beds and carry them close to shore. But people know that around Christmas time we're so busy that we can't gather them back up. So we leave them for gleaners. They're out there the day after a storm.

Sequence of shots how oysters are being processed. Centered shot of oysters passing by on the conveyor belt. Motion from right to left. Man emptying green plastic box. Close up of female hands sorting shells and plastic gloves.

MAN WITH BUCKET:

We come every year at low tide.

MAN WITH YELLOW APRON:

They follow the water as it recedes and gather anything they find.

FLOODINGS

SCENE 02 : COLLINES D'APTES

Still shot of the Nenon Family harvesting the hill. Close up of grapes getting picked by hands and tossed into a plastic bucket. Moving shot of harvesters making rhythms with the pruning shears and singing.

VARDA

The Nenon family, in the hills near Apt, present a special case of grape picking. It wasn't a few grapes they found but a whole vineyard.

HARVESTER:

That's a real harvest! Yes, the entire vineyard was left unpruned last year. It's an entire harvest going to waste.
I spotted this place and was astonished.

VARDA

Could anyone say anything? Don't the owners care?

HARVESTER:

No. After November 1... we're allowed to pick grapes in any vineyard.
They'd just be eaten by wild boar or birds anyway.

VARDA

Wild boars like grapes?

HARVESTER:

They love them.

DANCE OF A CAMERA LID



SHOT 11 – CLOSE SHOT – STATIC – INTERVIEW WITH A FEMALE GLEANER

Duration: 1:40 → 1:48 (8 sec)

Agnès Varda interviews again the same woman from the *Restos du Cœur* association.

WOMAN

"I'm a single mother. I get food from the Red Cross and Charity Meals."

Sound: residual sounds

Camera: –

Lighting: natural

SHOT 12 – CLOSE SHOT – STATIC – INTERVIEW WITH A MALE GLEANER

Duration: 1:48 → 1:55 (7 sec)

Agnès Varda interviews again a man from the *Restos du Cœur* association.

MAN

"When I see all this go to waste while some people have nothing to eat, it's really disgraceful."

Sound: residual sounds

Camera: –

Lighting: natural



SHOT 13 — MEDIUM SHOT — TRACKING — GLEANERS CARRYING BAGS OF POTATOES ON THEIR SHOULDERS TOWARD THE CAR

Duration: 1:55 → 2:07 (12 sec)

Agnès Varda films the gleaners bringing their sacks of potatoes to the car trunk of the association.

VOICE-OVER (Agnès Varda)

"They collected almost 700 pounds that day.
That's something, at least, against the
enemy."

Sound: residual sounds

Camera: shaky handheld

Lighting: natural

SEQUENCE 4 — FIELD — GLEANER

Estimated total duration: 00:10 min

Location: rural outskirts, Northern France

Lighting: natural

Atmosphere: contemplative, active

Equipment: handheld DV camera

SHOT 14 — MEDIUM WIDE SHOT — STATIC — GLEANER WALKING IN A FIELD

Duration: 2:07 → 2:17 (10 sec)

Agnès Varda films a gleaner walking toward the pile of potatoes, almost in the same place as the previous gleaners' field.

VOICE-OVER (Agnès Varda)

"A while later, in almost the same spot,
we saw a man approach."

Sound: residual sounds

Camera: —

Lighting: natural



PHASE_03

Strategy

Our strategy is to treat the plan as a field of lines without hierarchy – lines lying beside and over one another, each equal, each uncertain. Instead of fixing meaning through memory or recognition, we read them openly, allowing walls, windows, or furniture to remain ambiguous. From this approach, spaces emerge fragment by fragment, extruded not by measure, but impulse. Much like Varda's film: discontinuous, layered, and held together by transitions. The narration itself is built from the rules of this reading – a manifesto that frames but never resolves the chaos. – or – "Resolution, not as an end, but as a gathering. The whole only for a moment."

Lines beside lines. Equal, drifting.

No wall, no window, no chair – only lines among lines.

Memory slips. What we know does not hold.

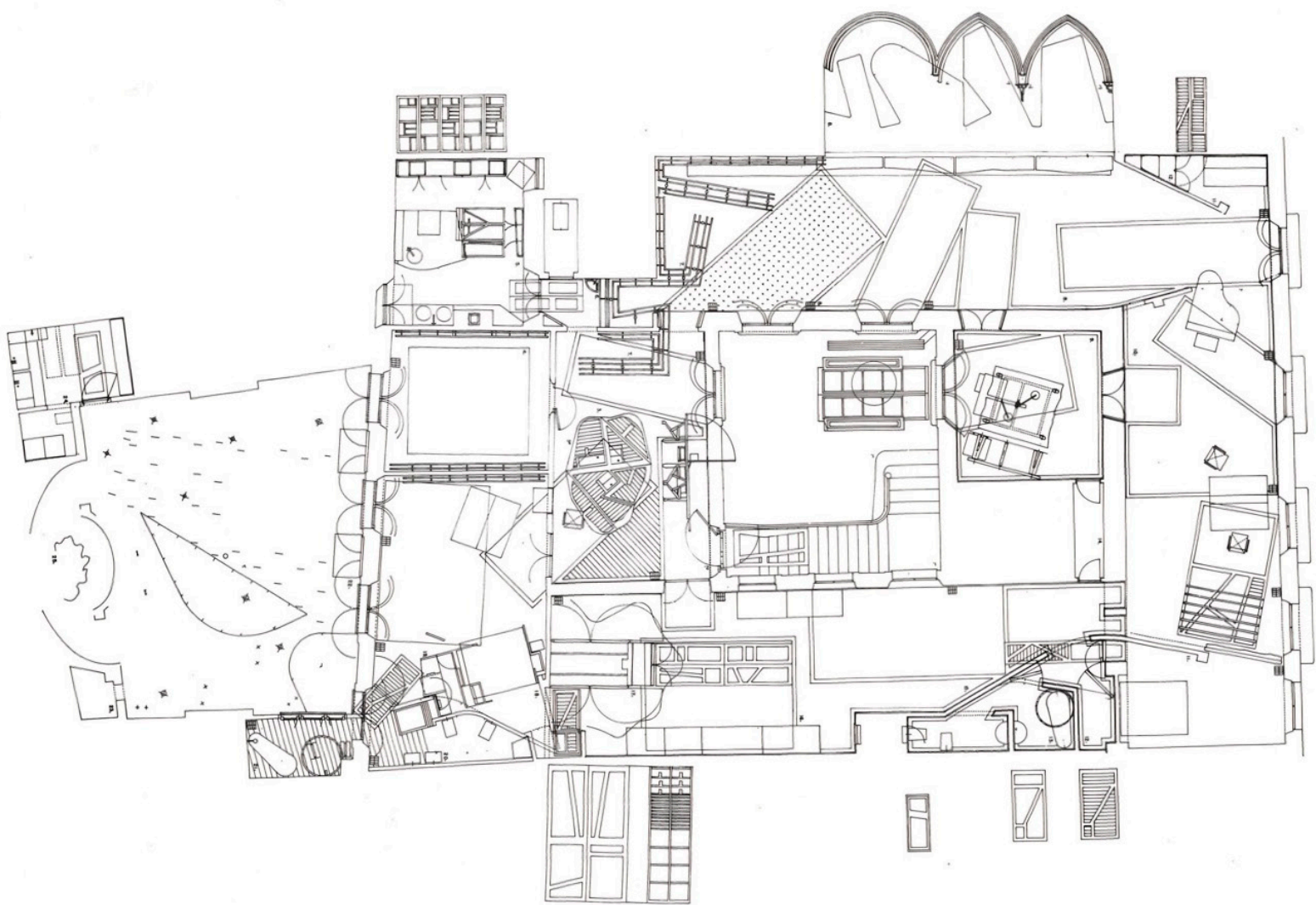
We extrude without rule. An impulse, not a measure.

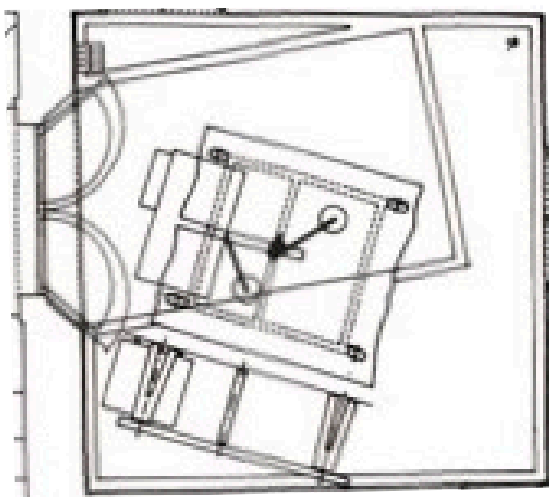
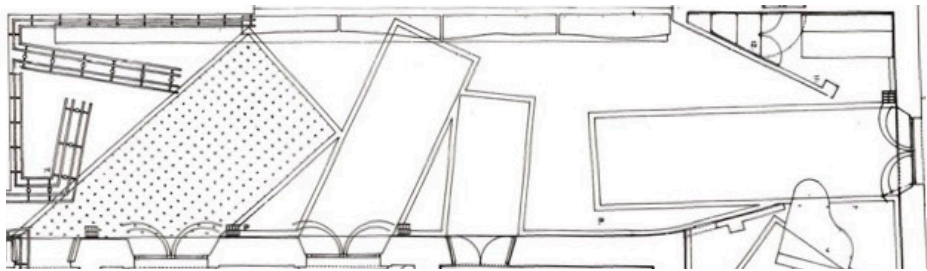
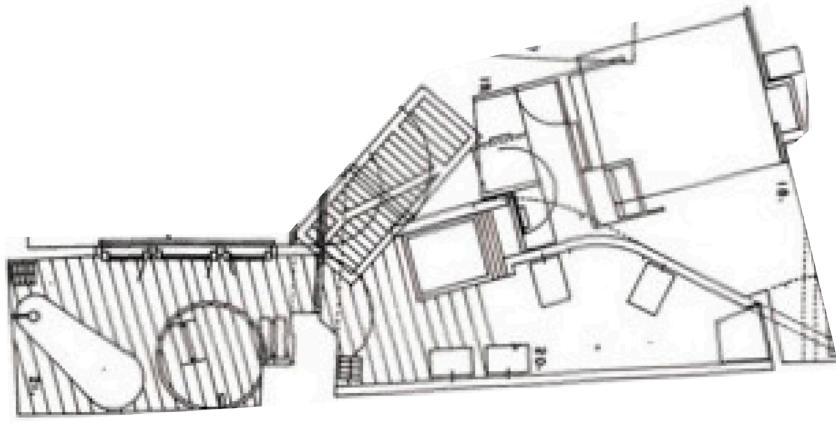
Fragments emerge – unstable, incomplete.

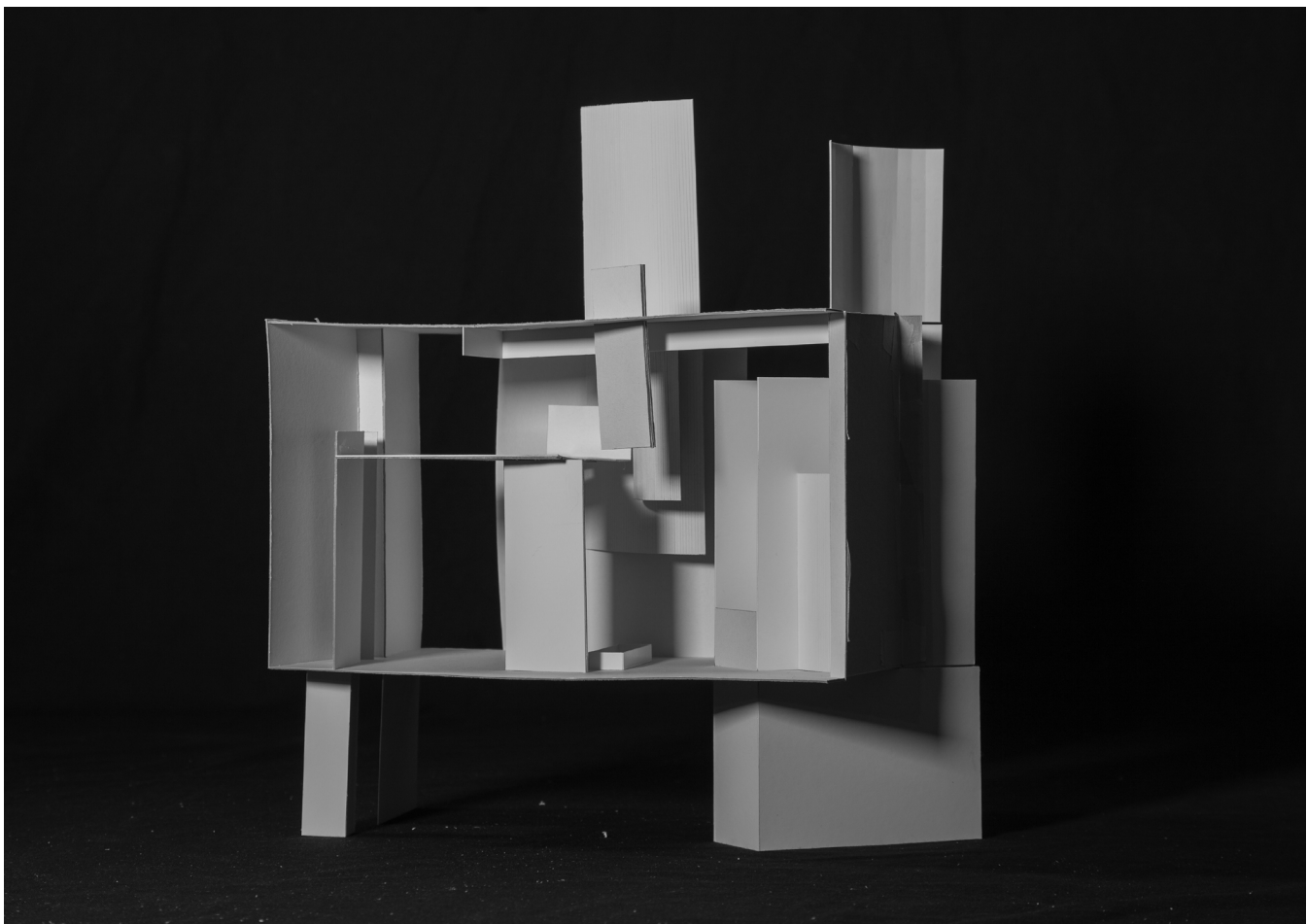
Silence stretches. Then interruption.

We follow the rhythm, not the order.

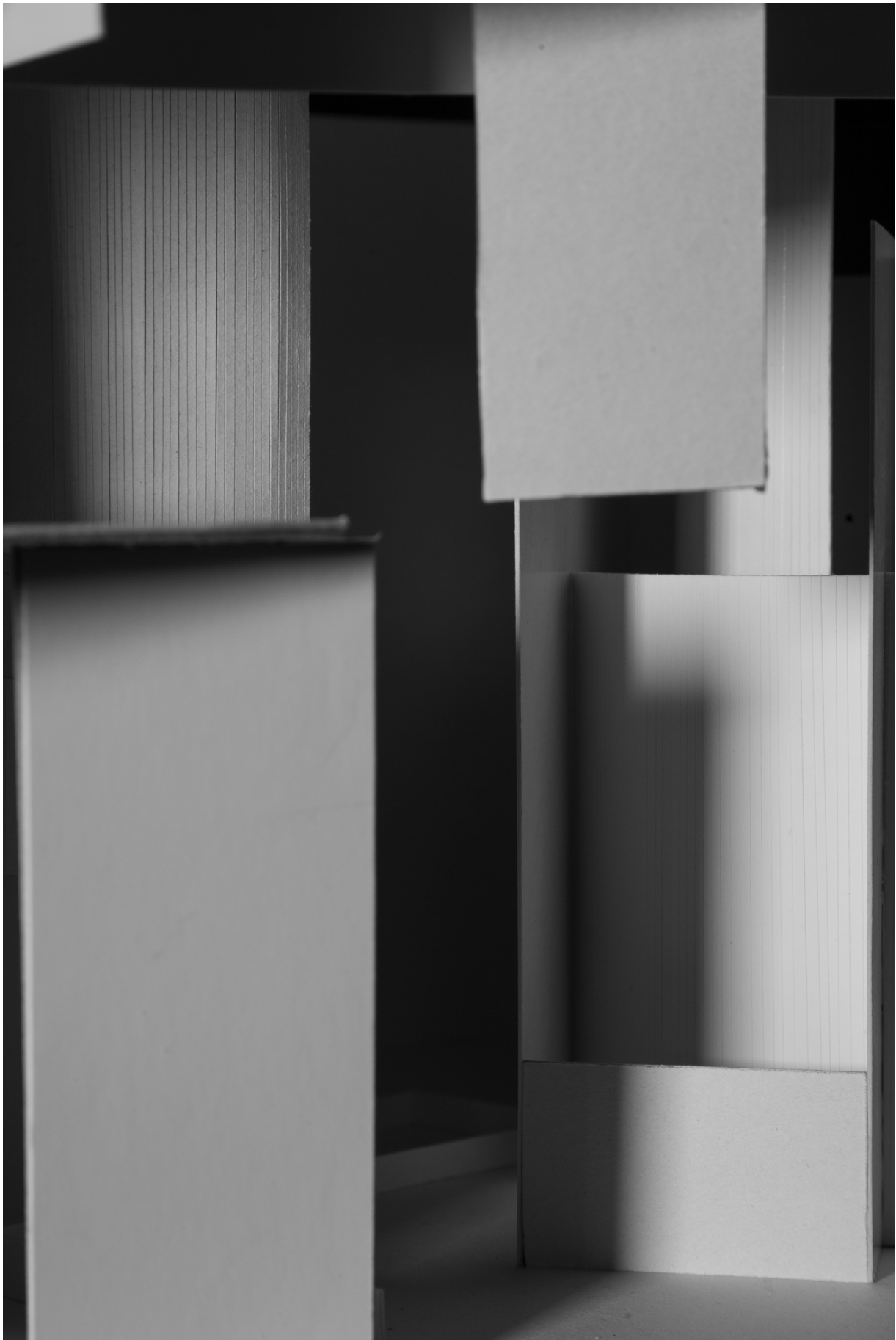
In the end, only fragments remain, side by side.

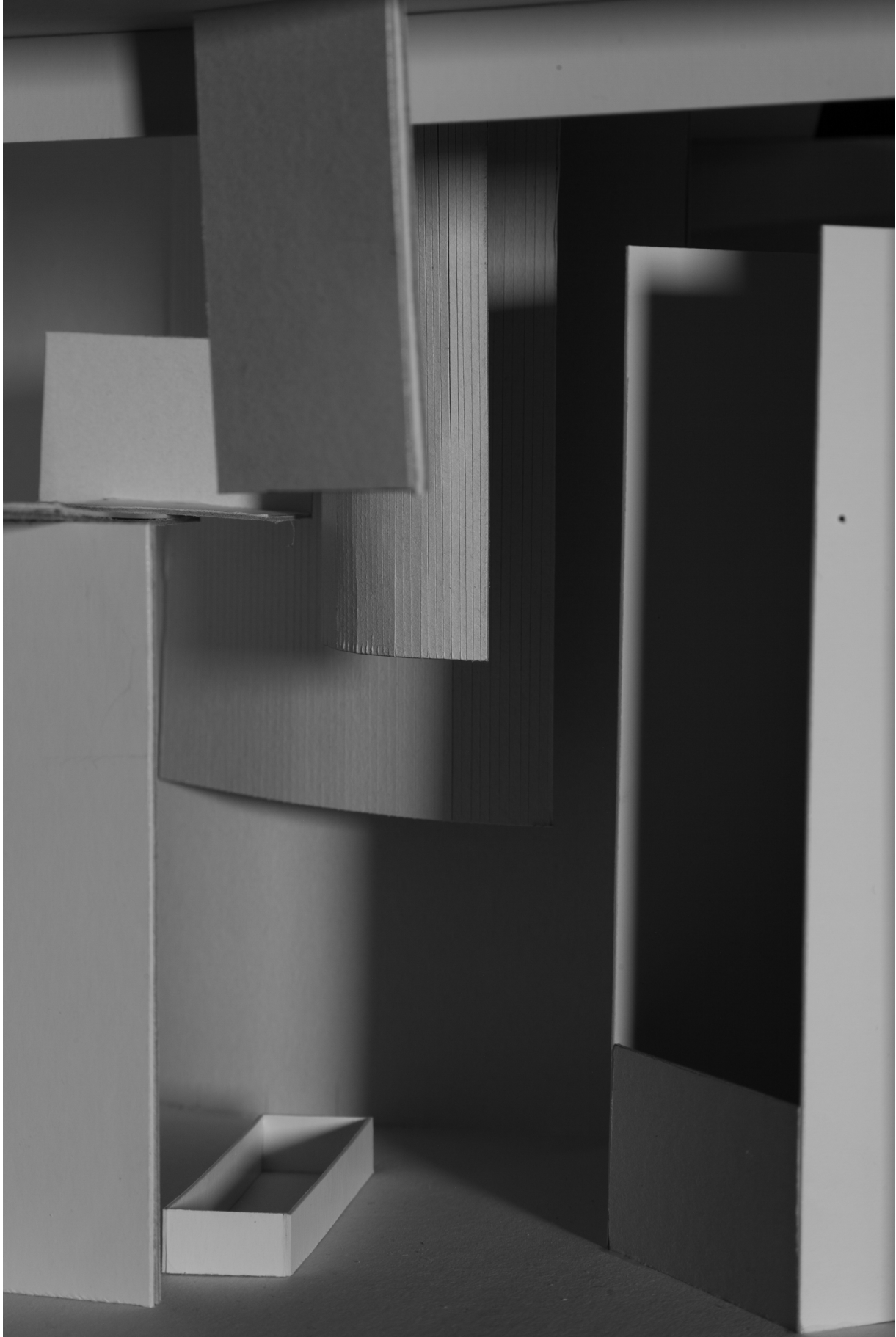


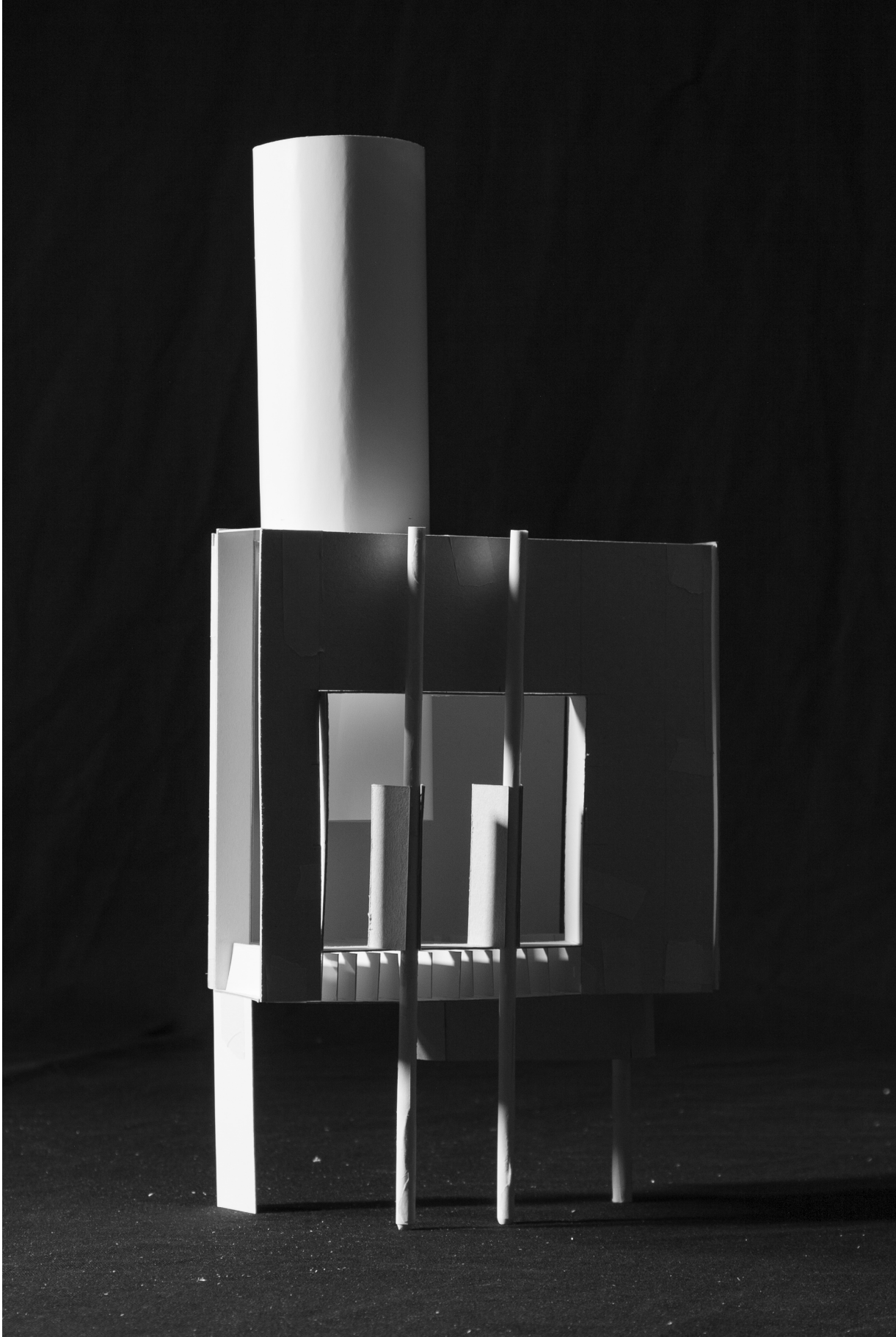


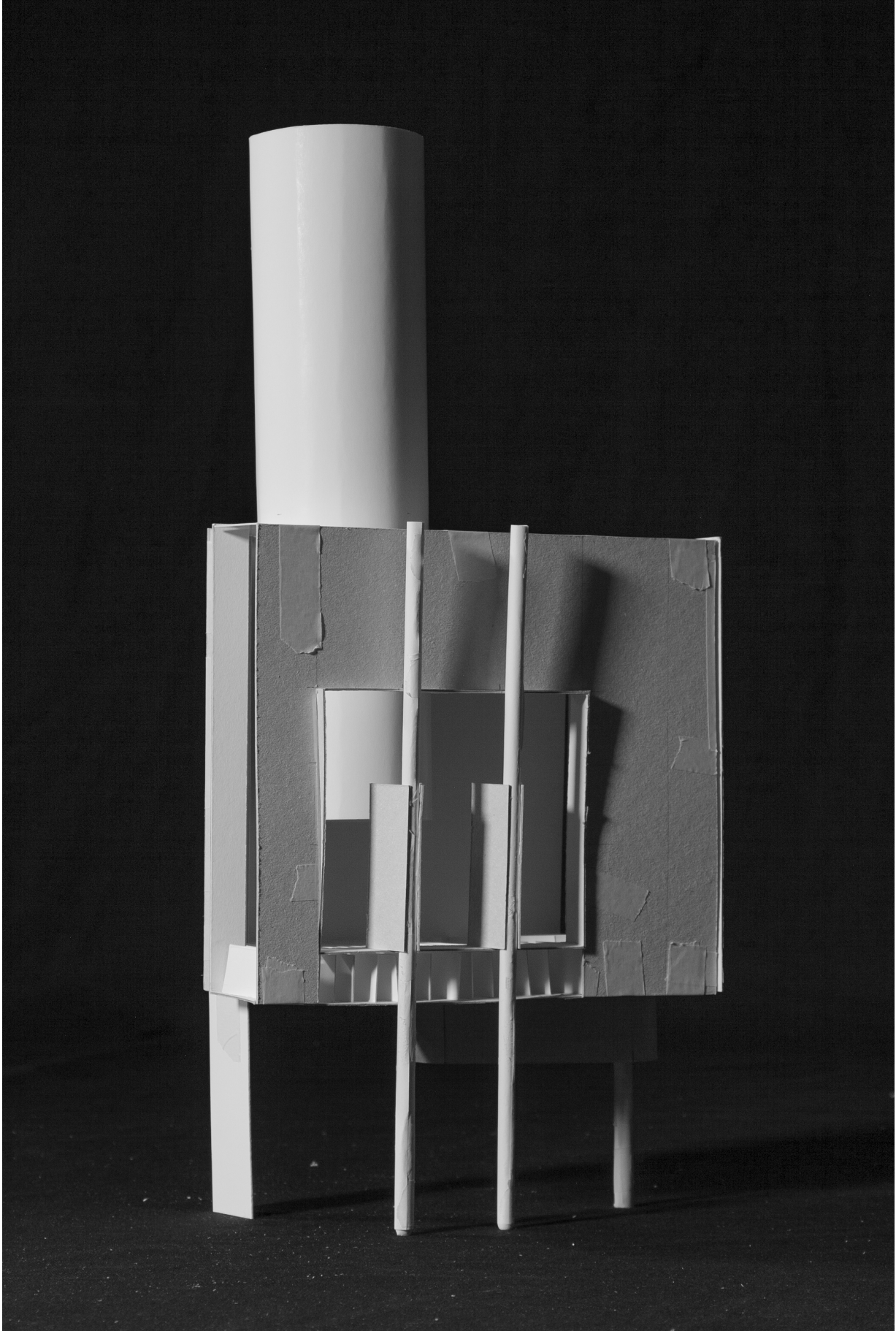




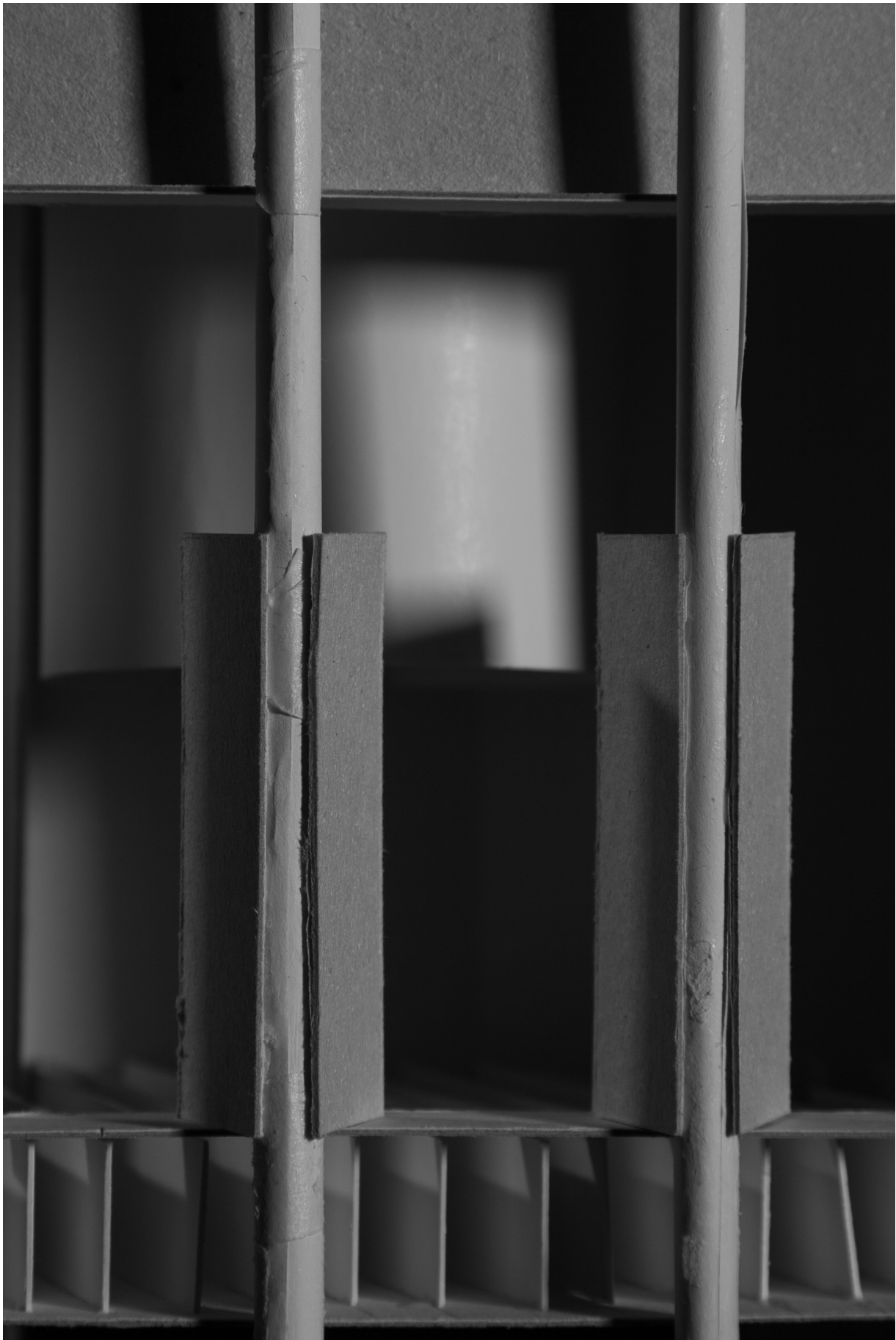


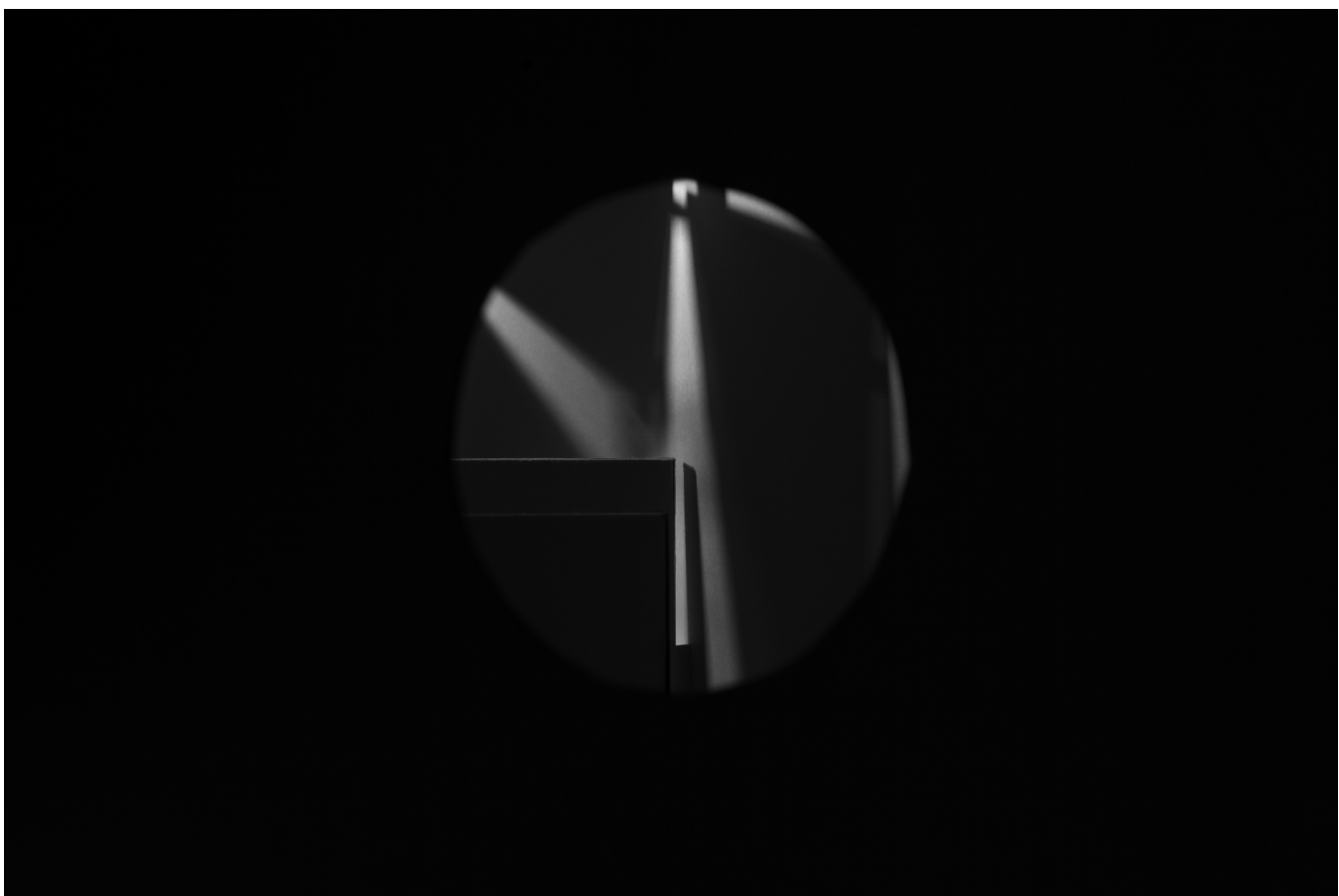






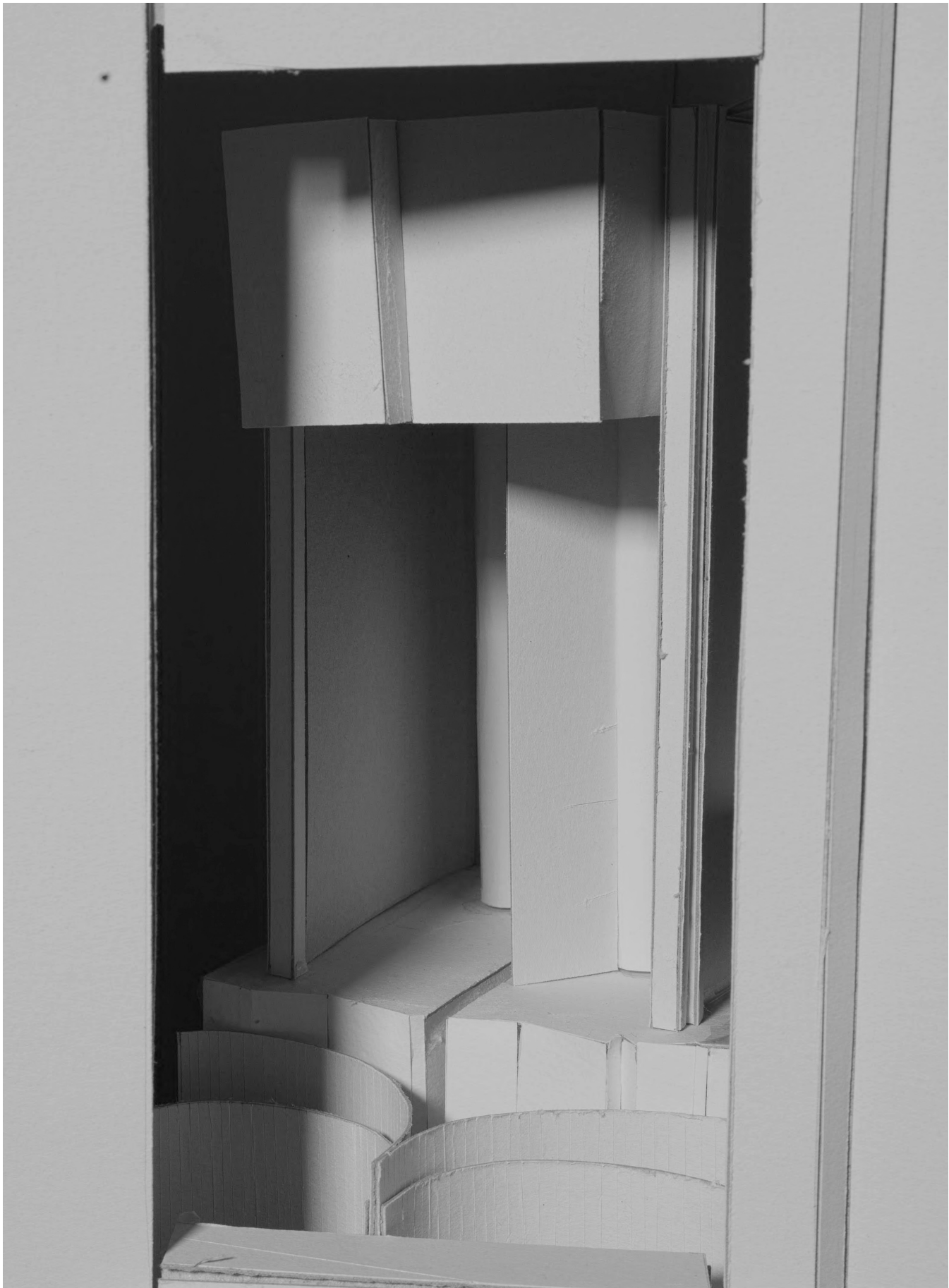


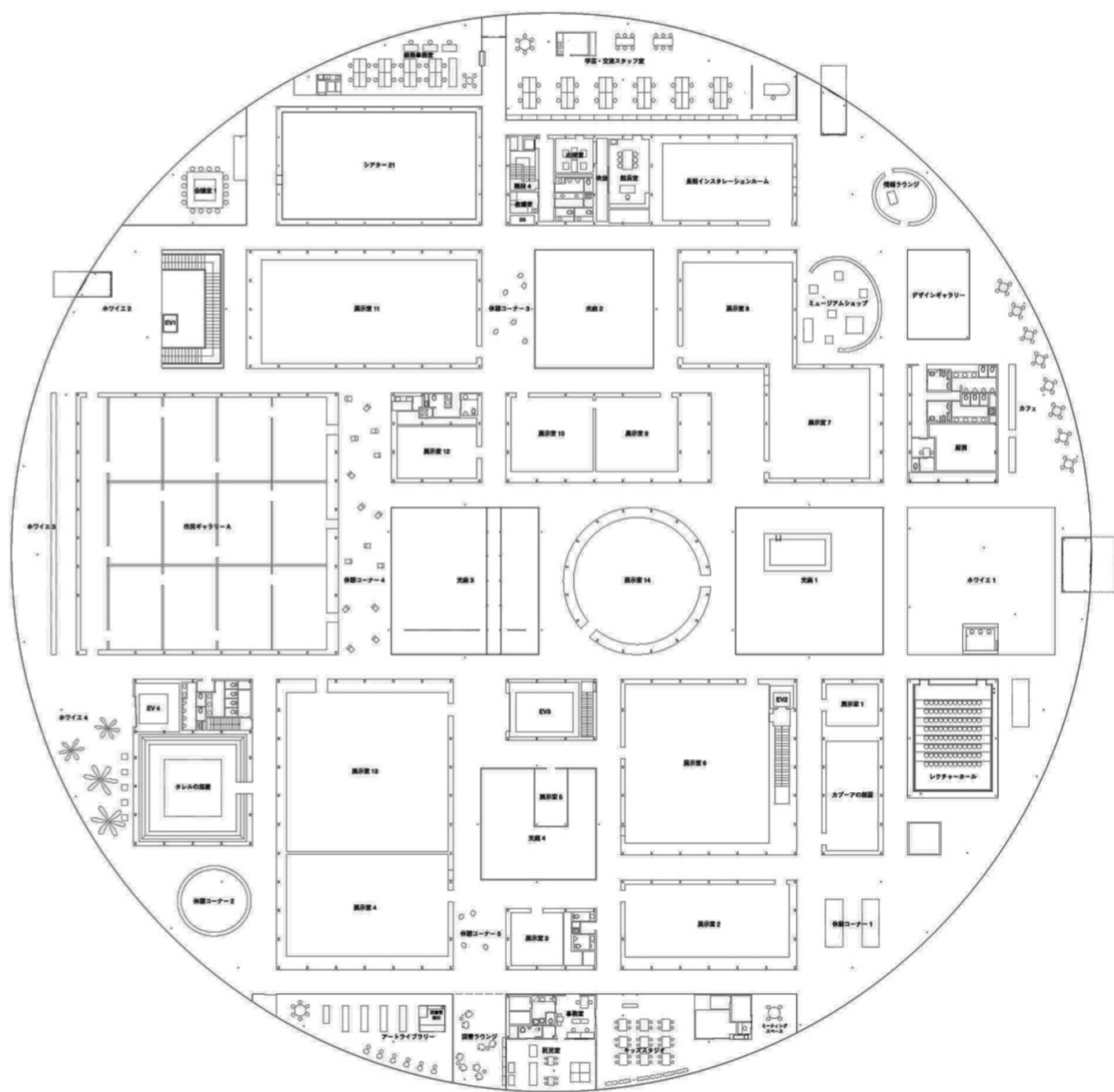










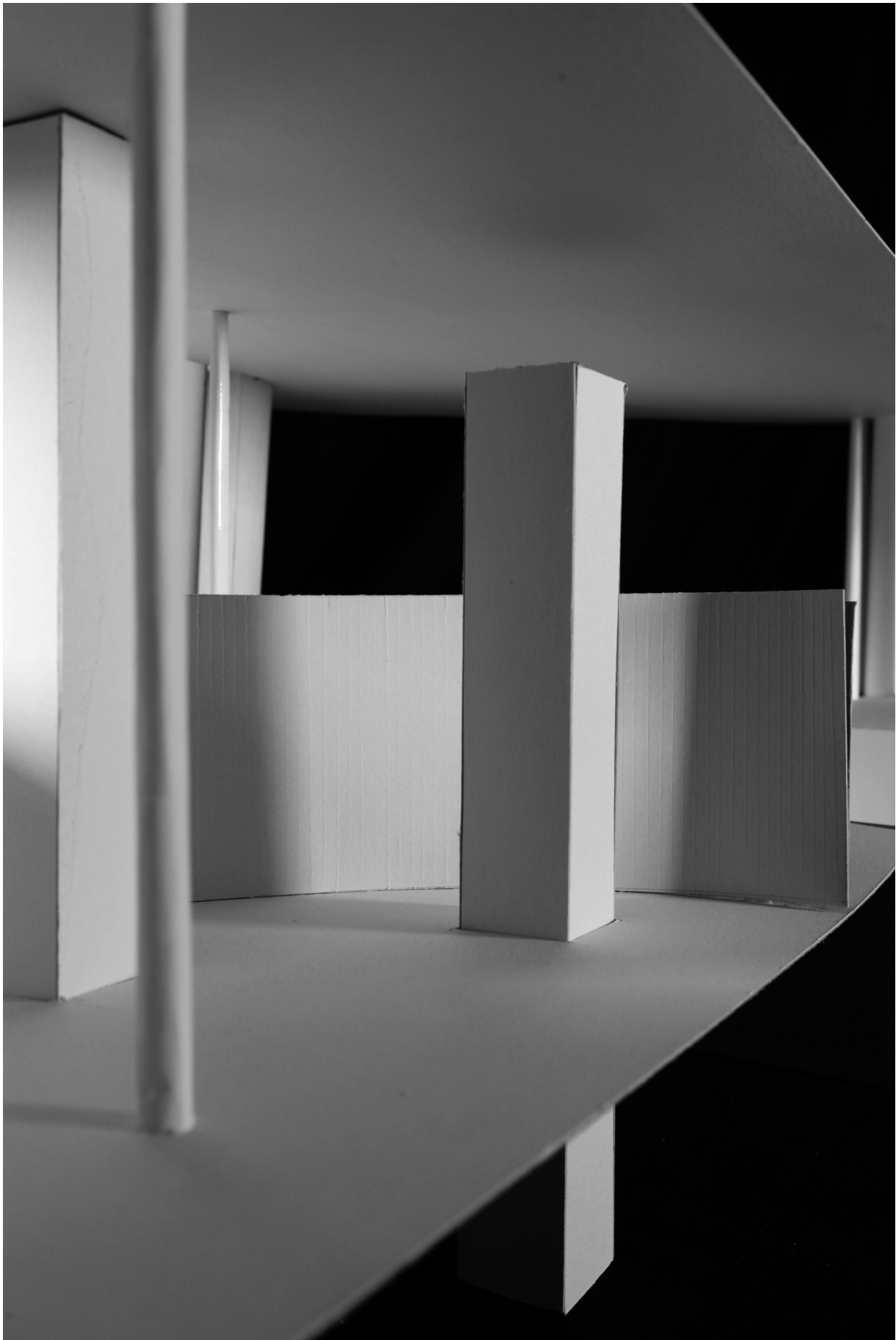


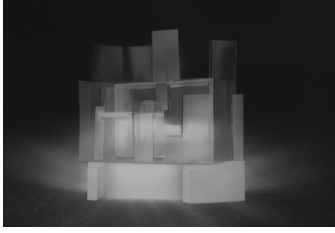
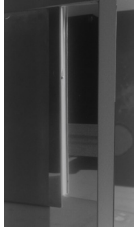
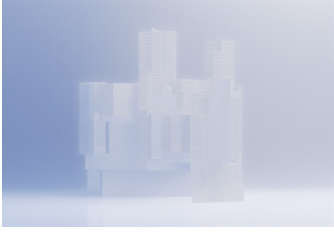
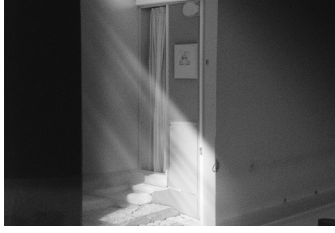
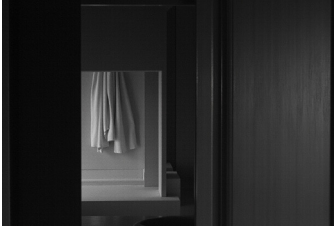
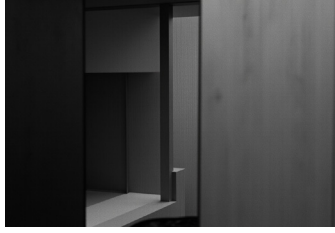
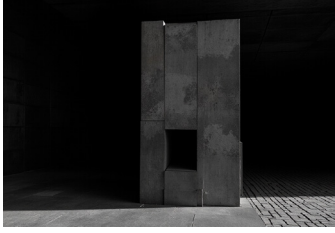
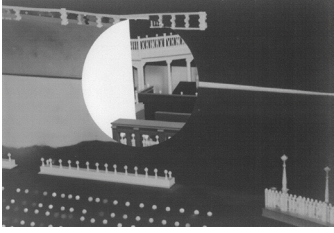
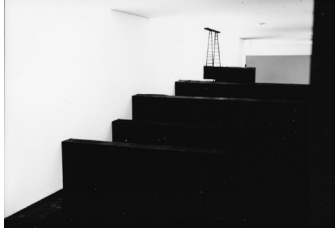
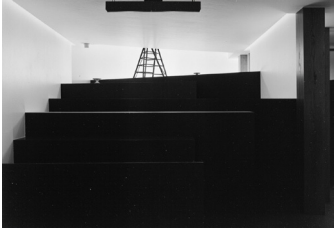
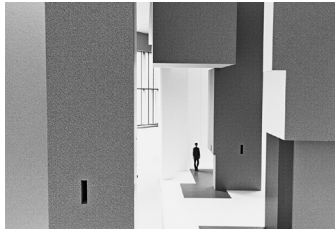
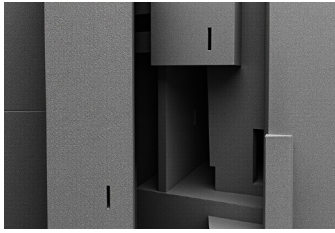
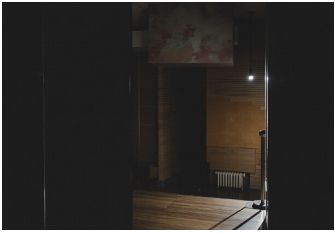
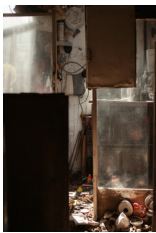
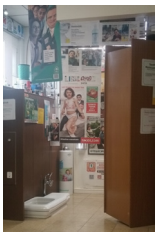
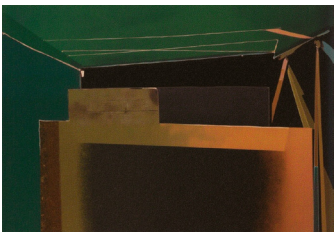
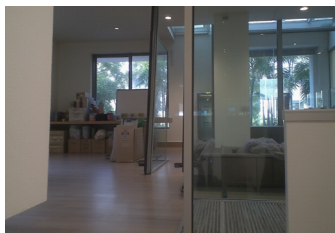
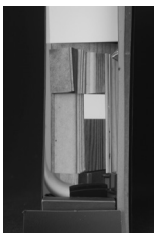
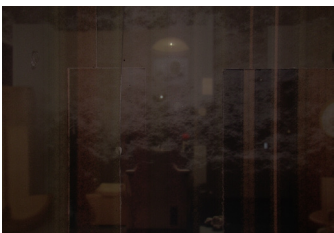


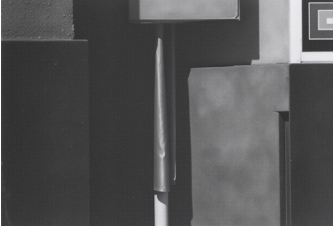
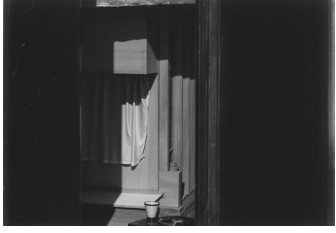
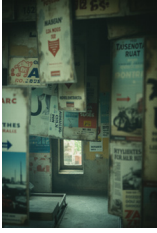
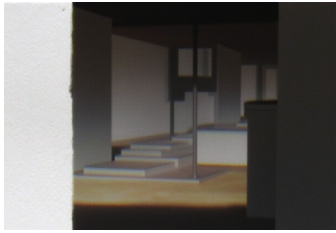
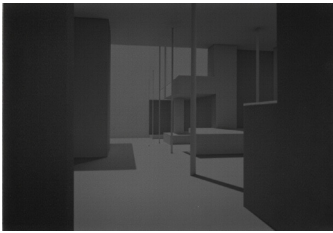
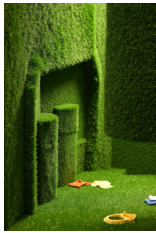
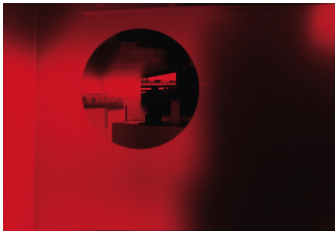
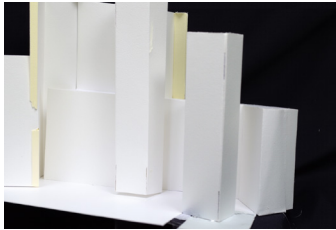
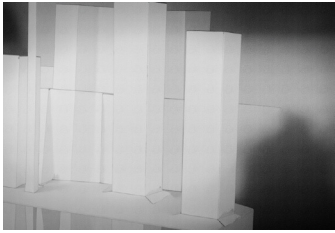
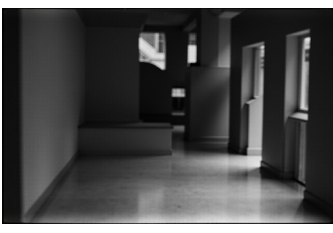
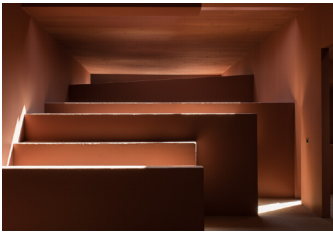
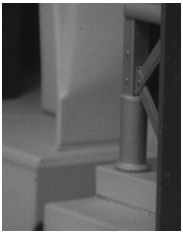




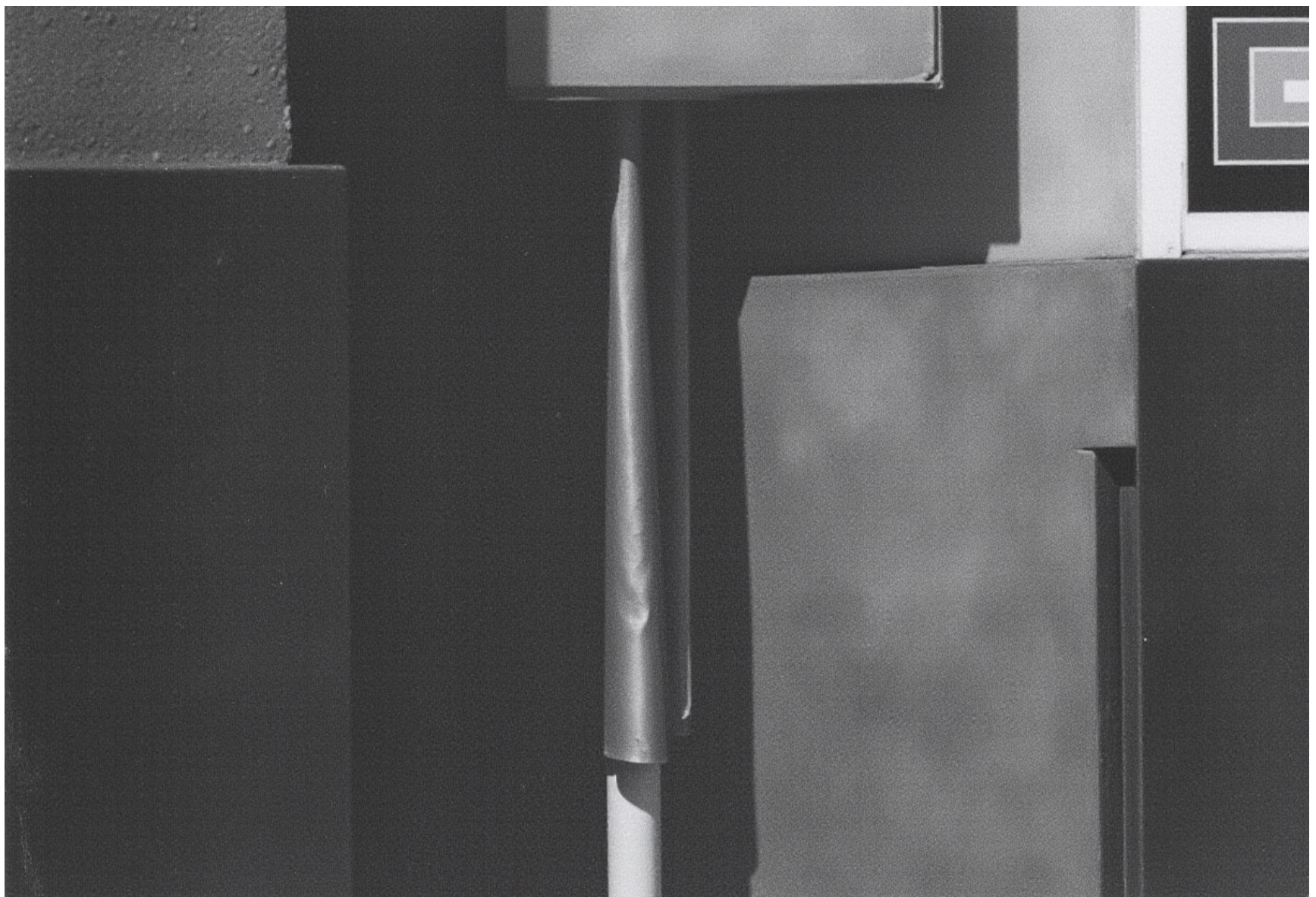


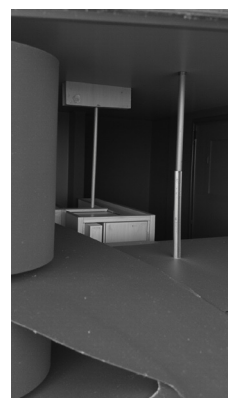
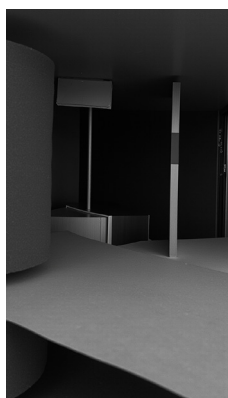
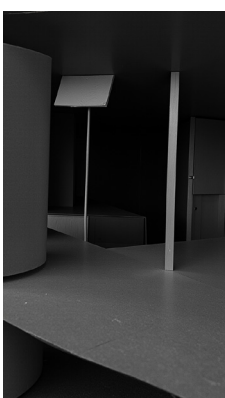
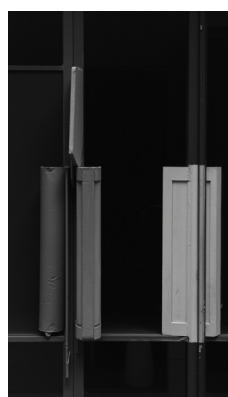
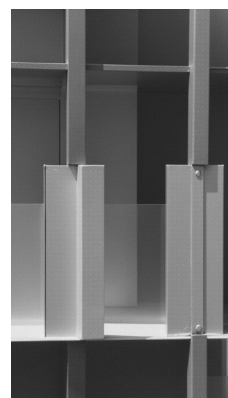
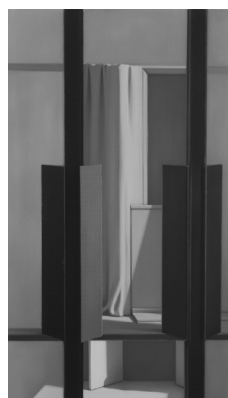
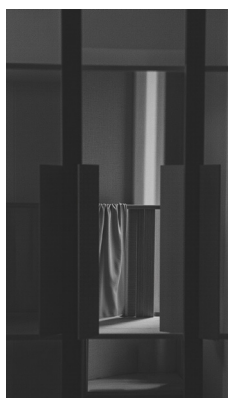
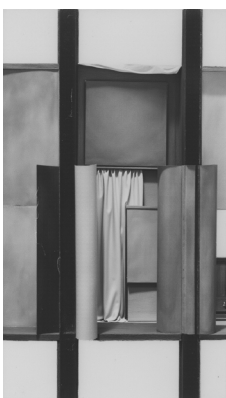


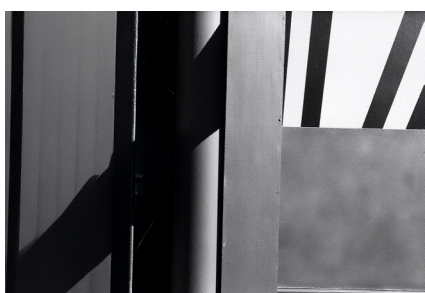
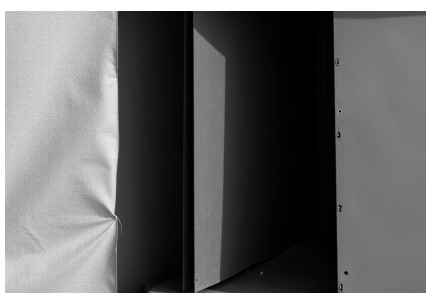
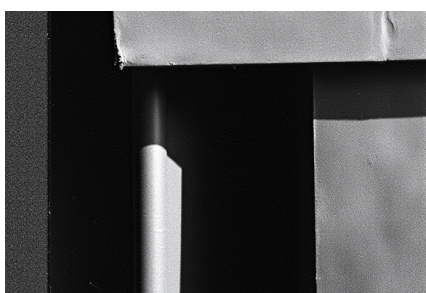
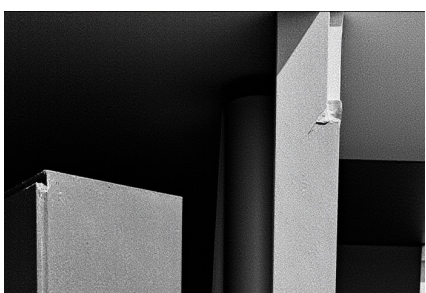
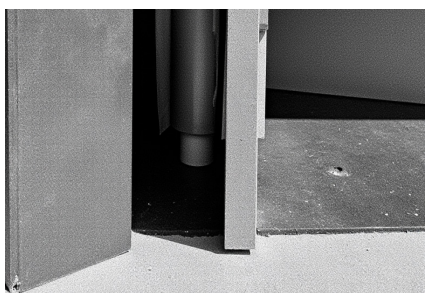
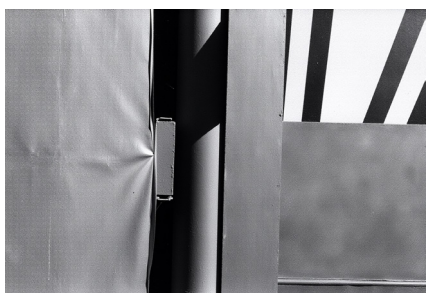
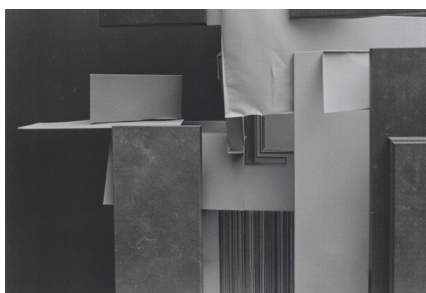
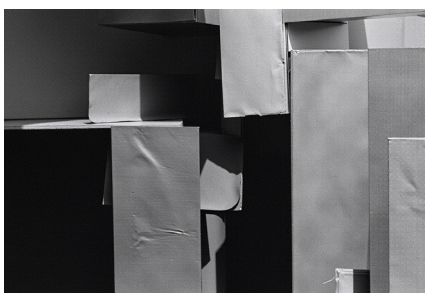
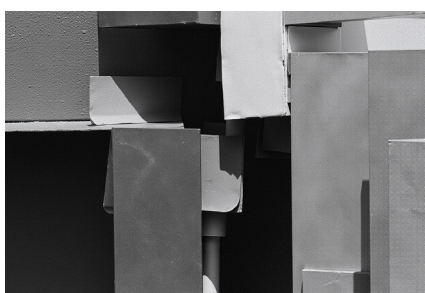
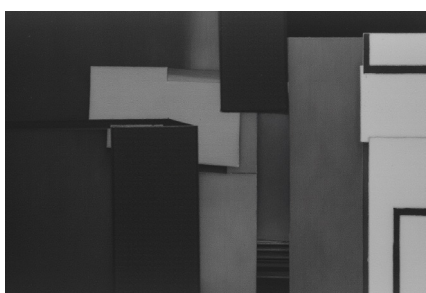
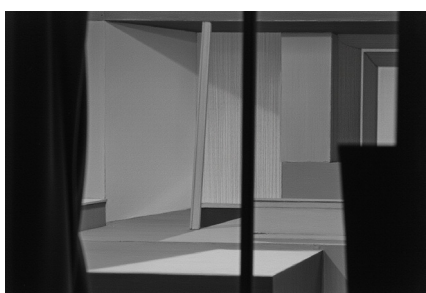
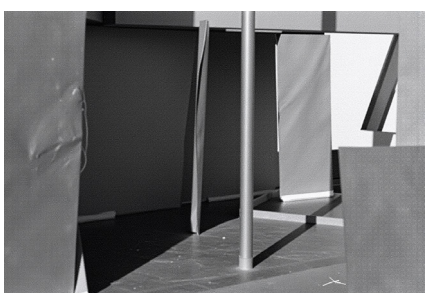
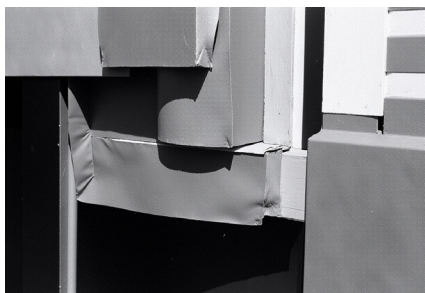
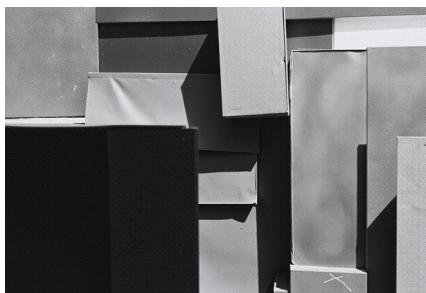
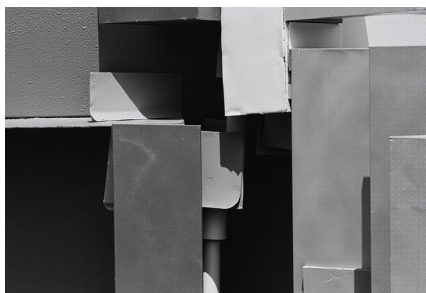
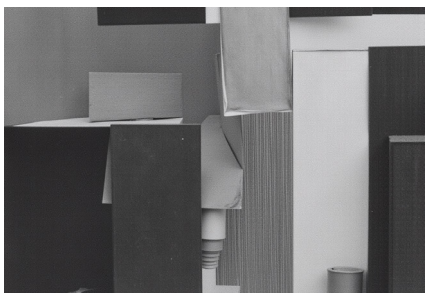
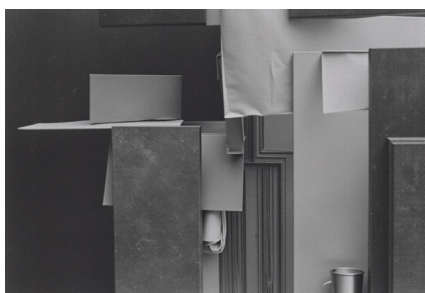
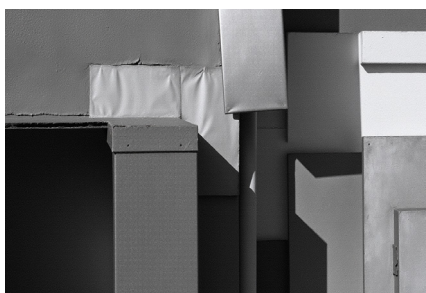
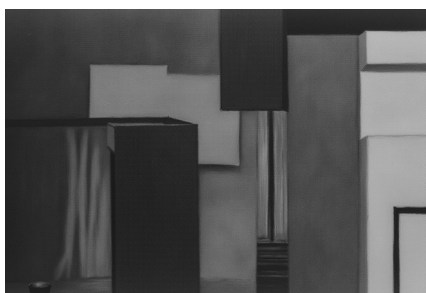
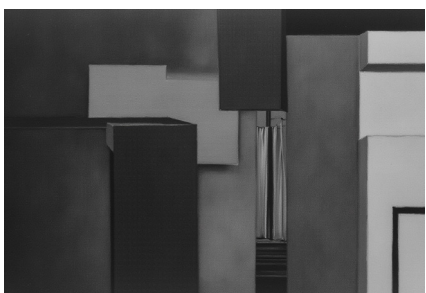
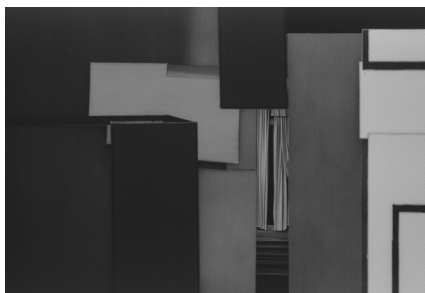
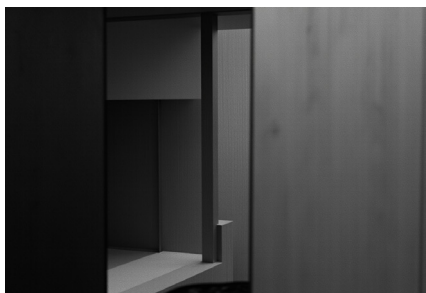
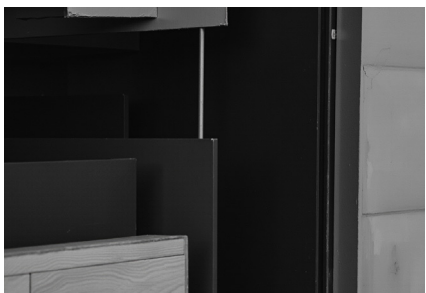


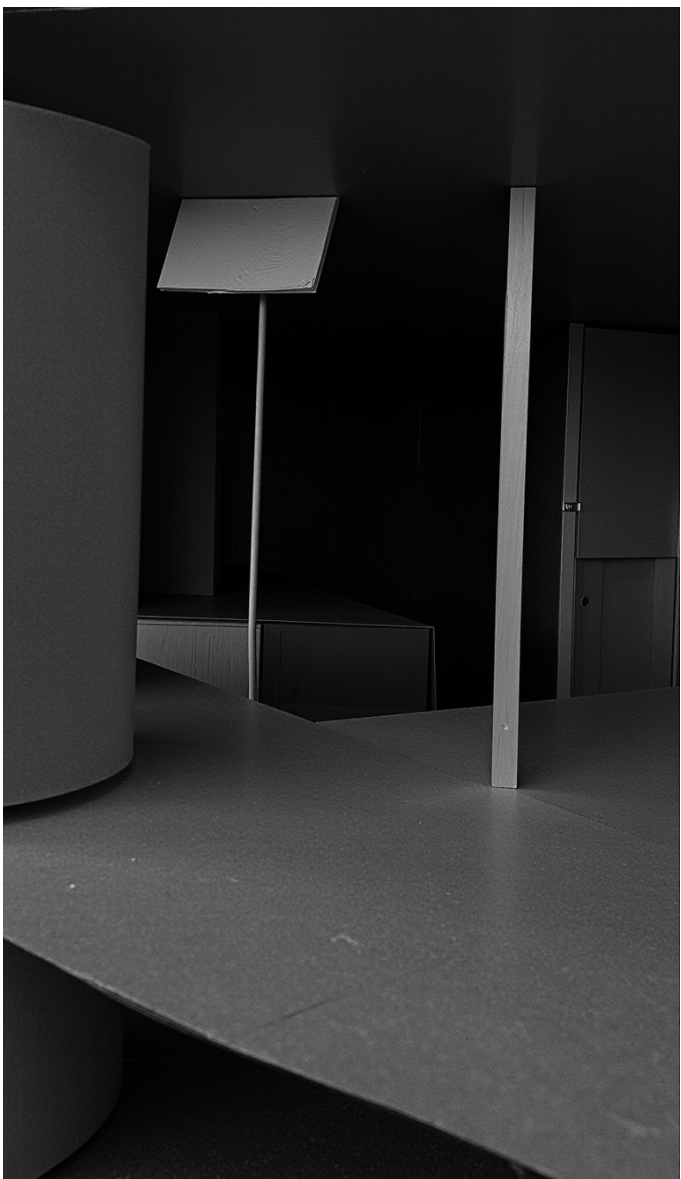
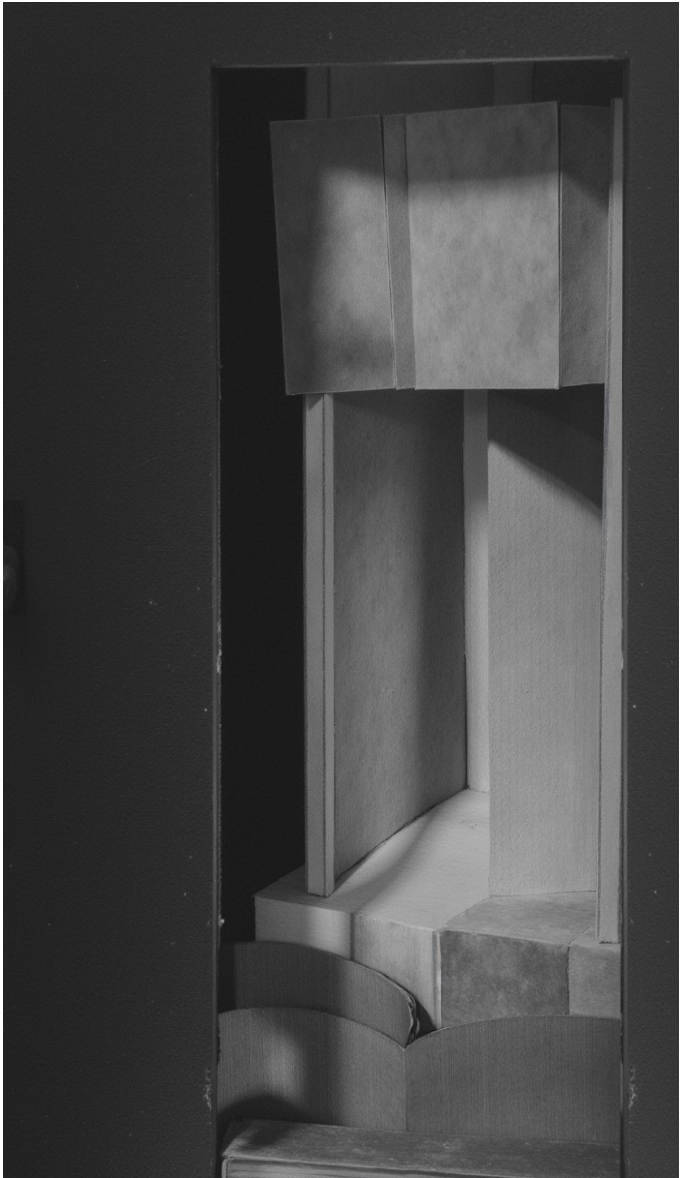


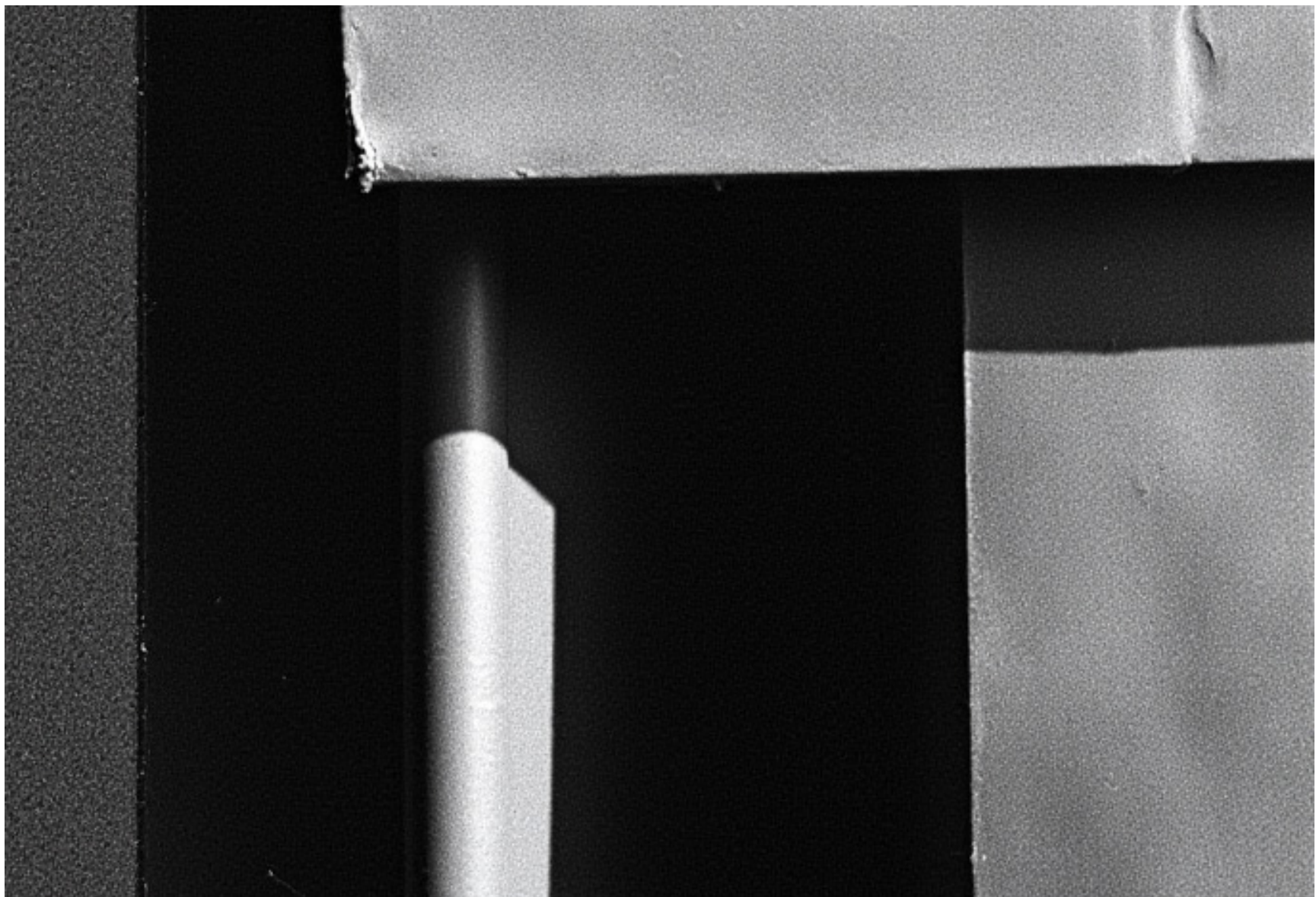
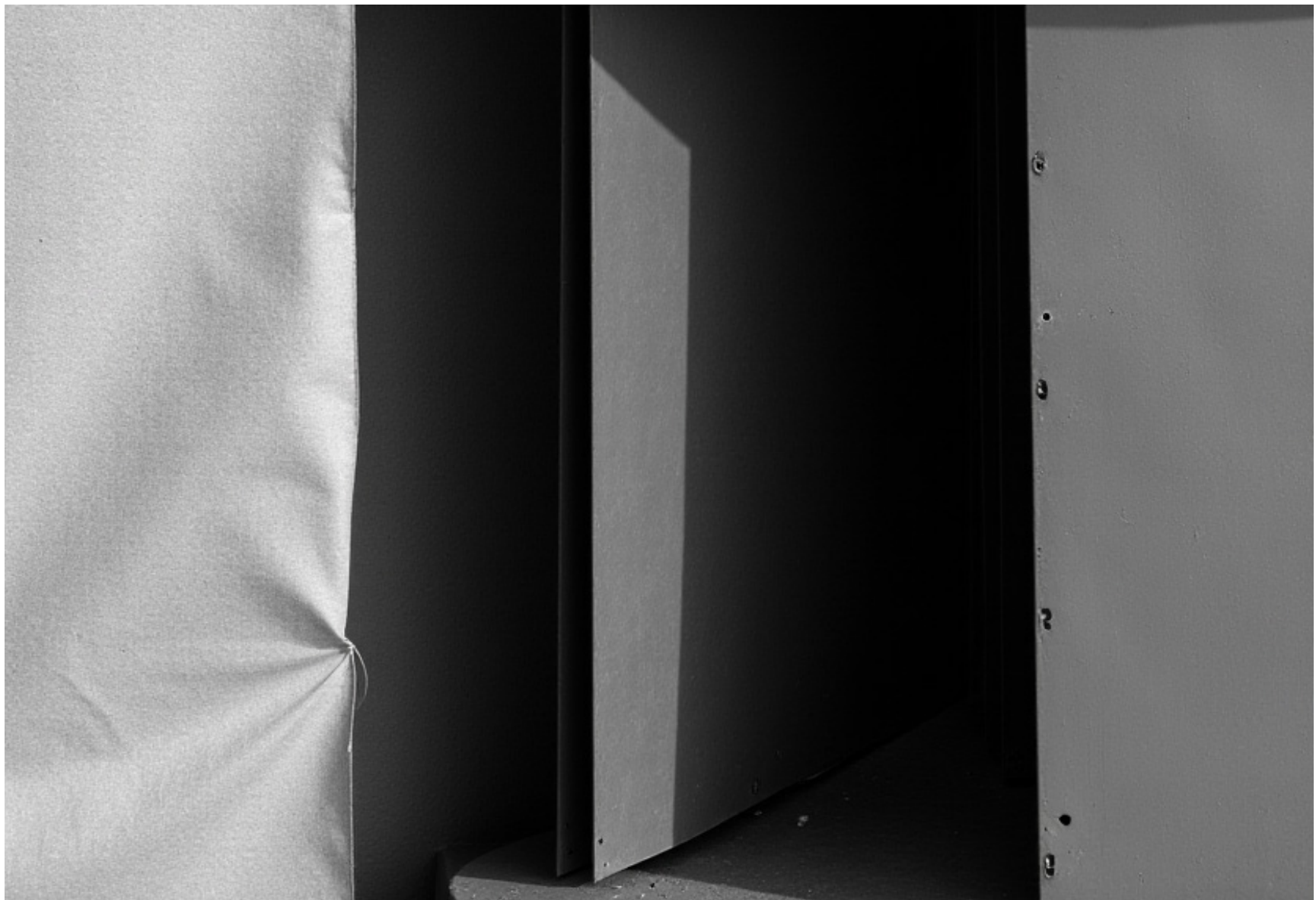


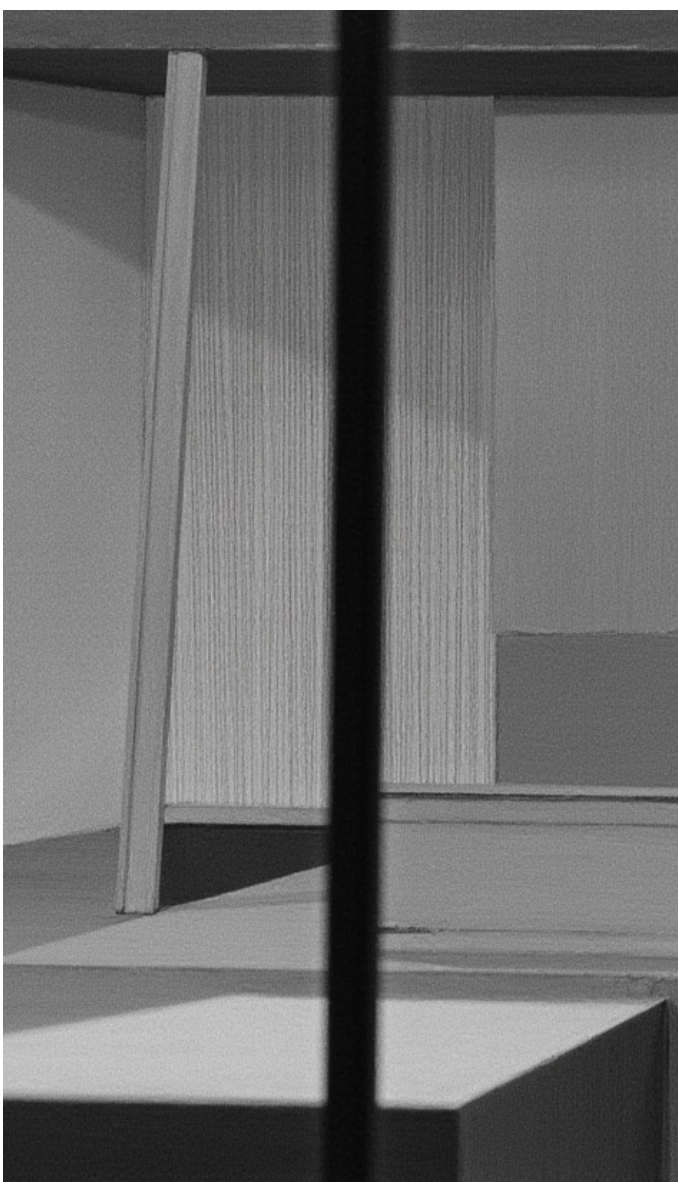


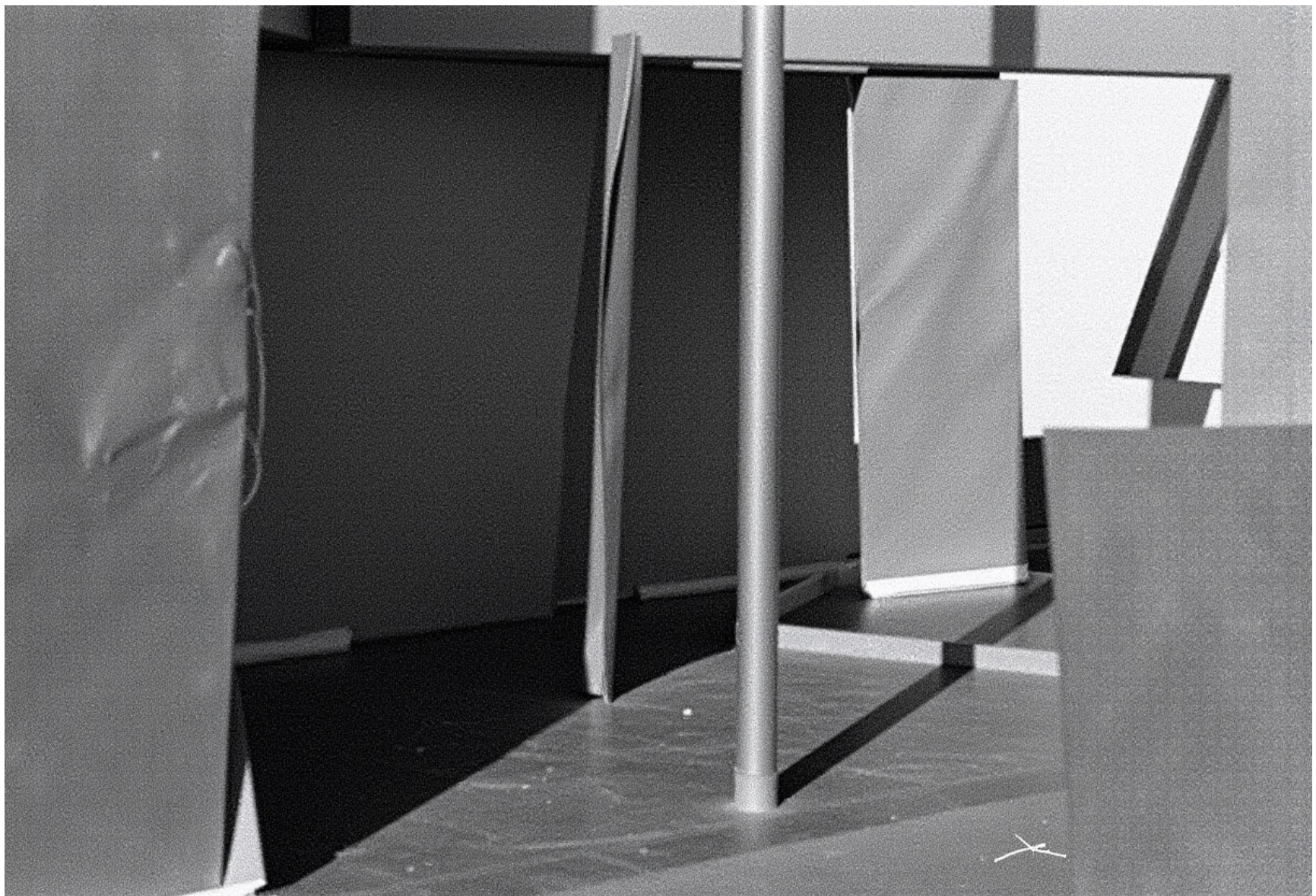
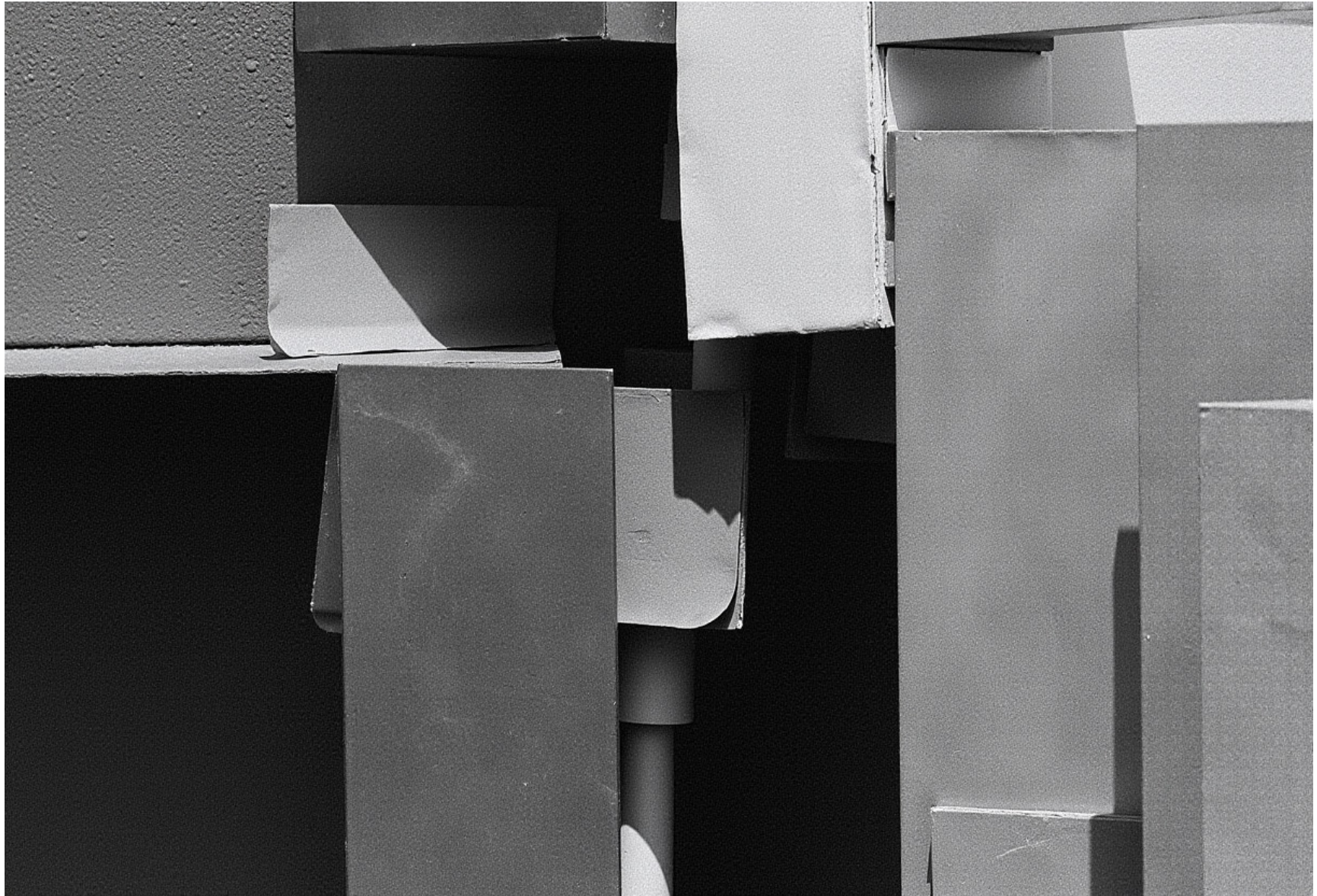




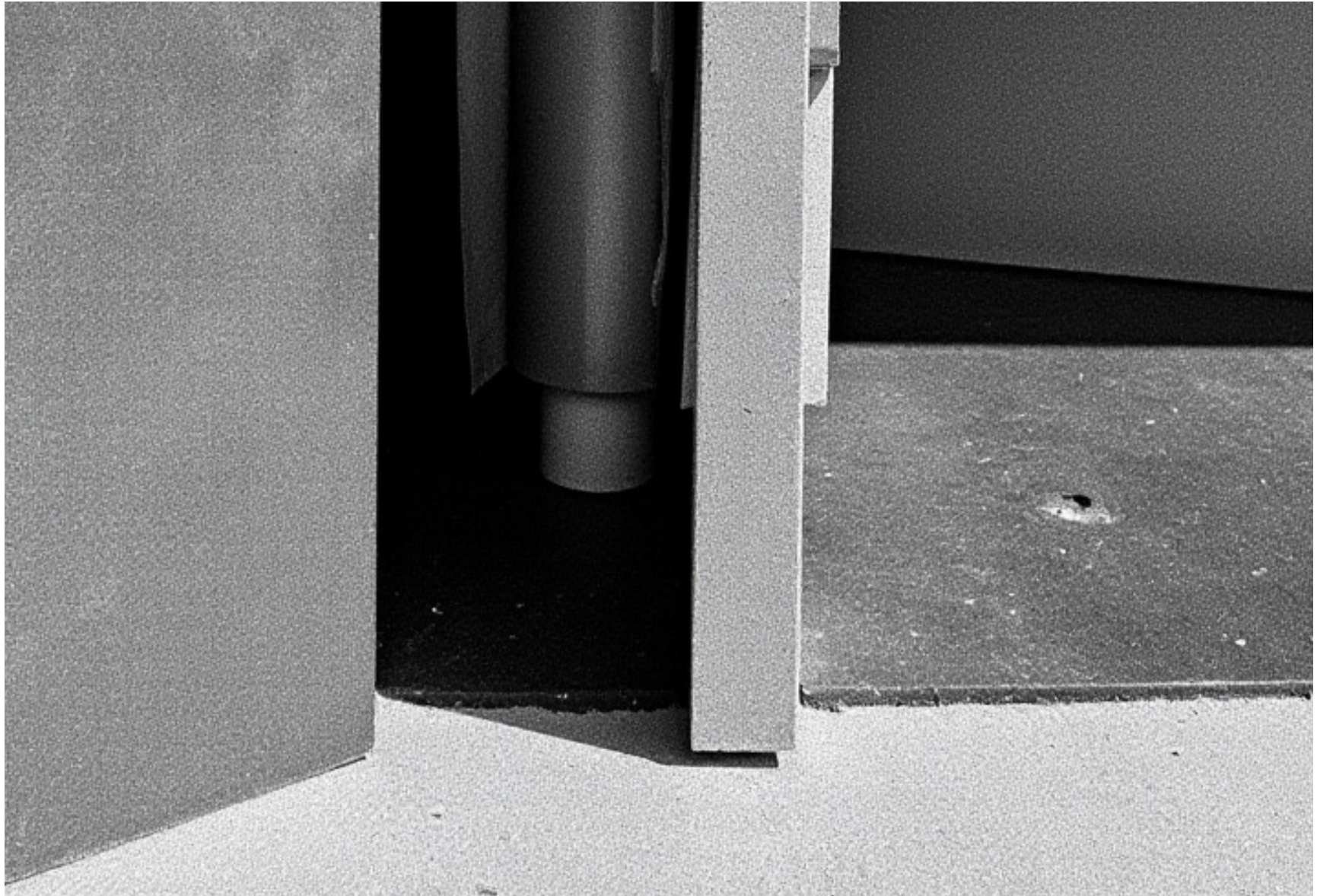


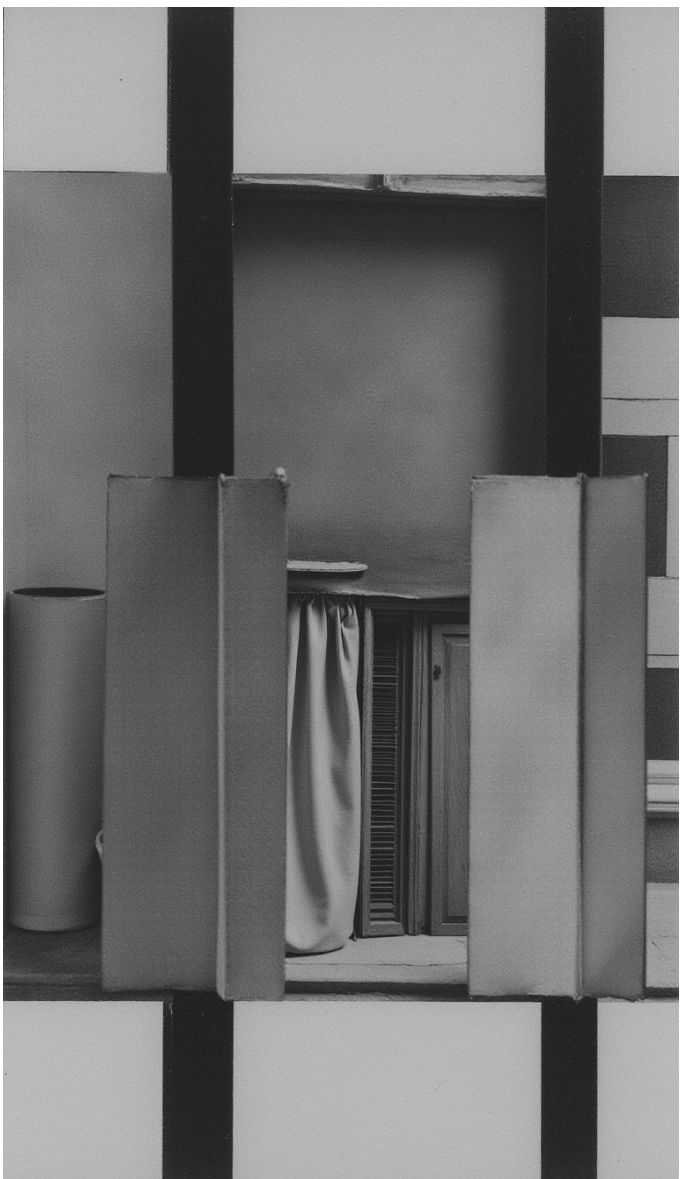
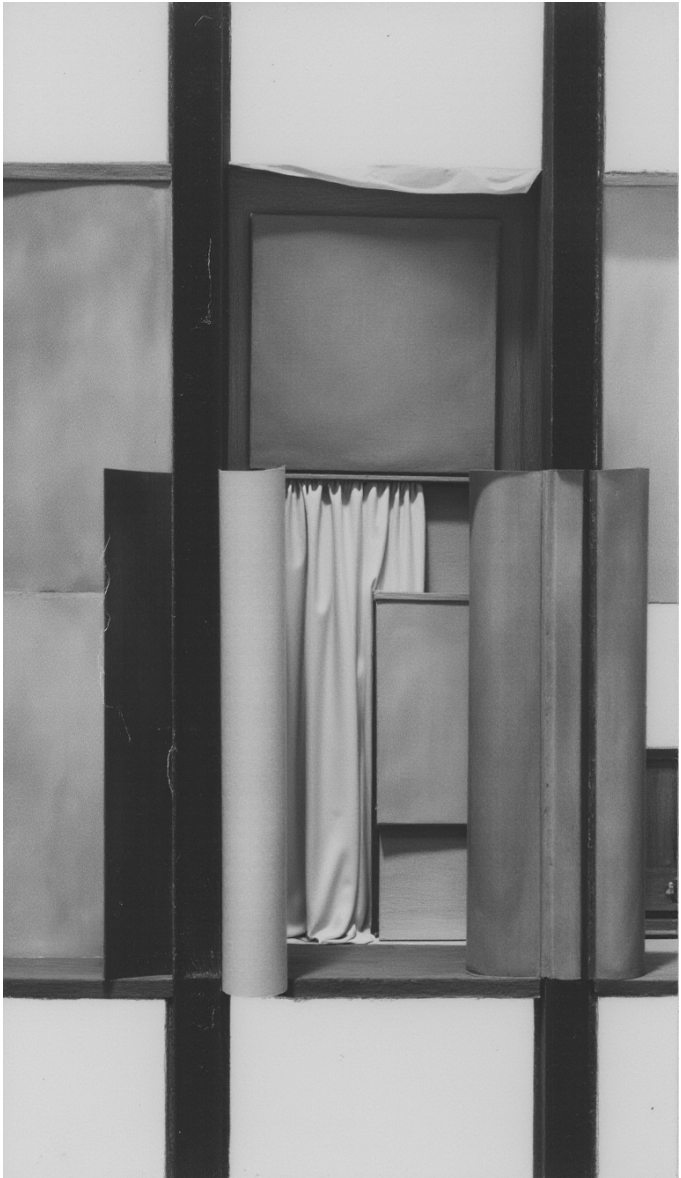


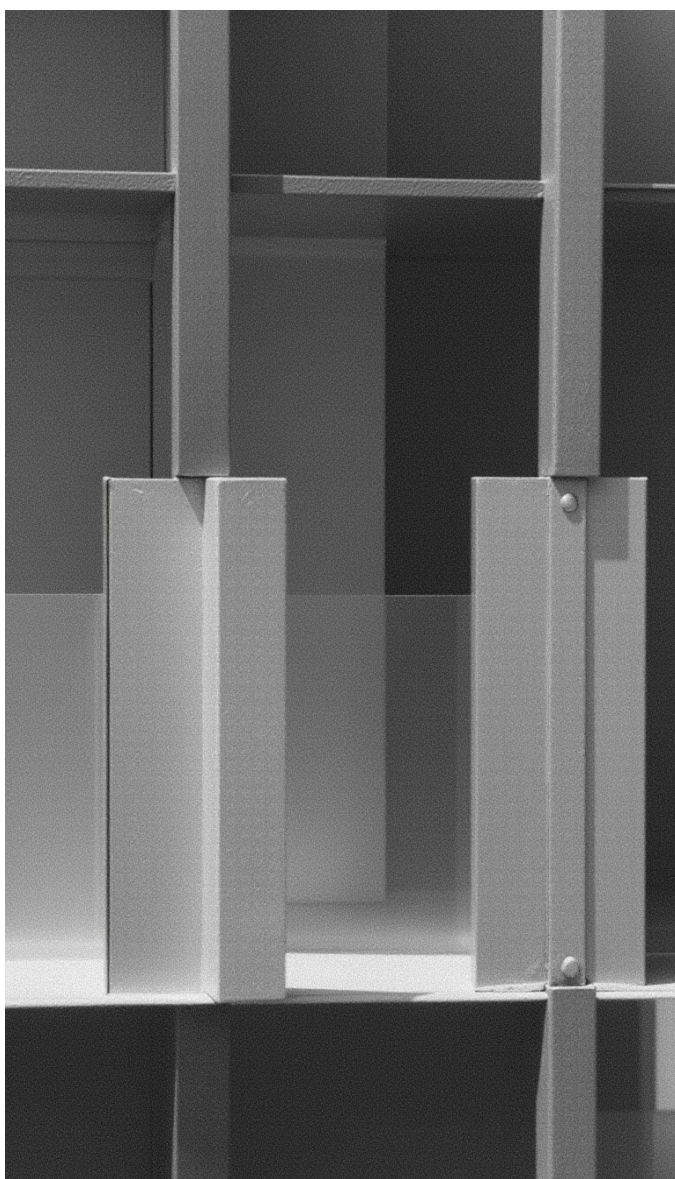
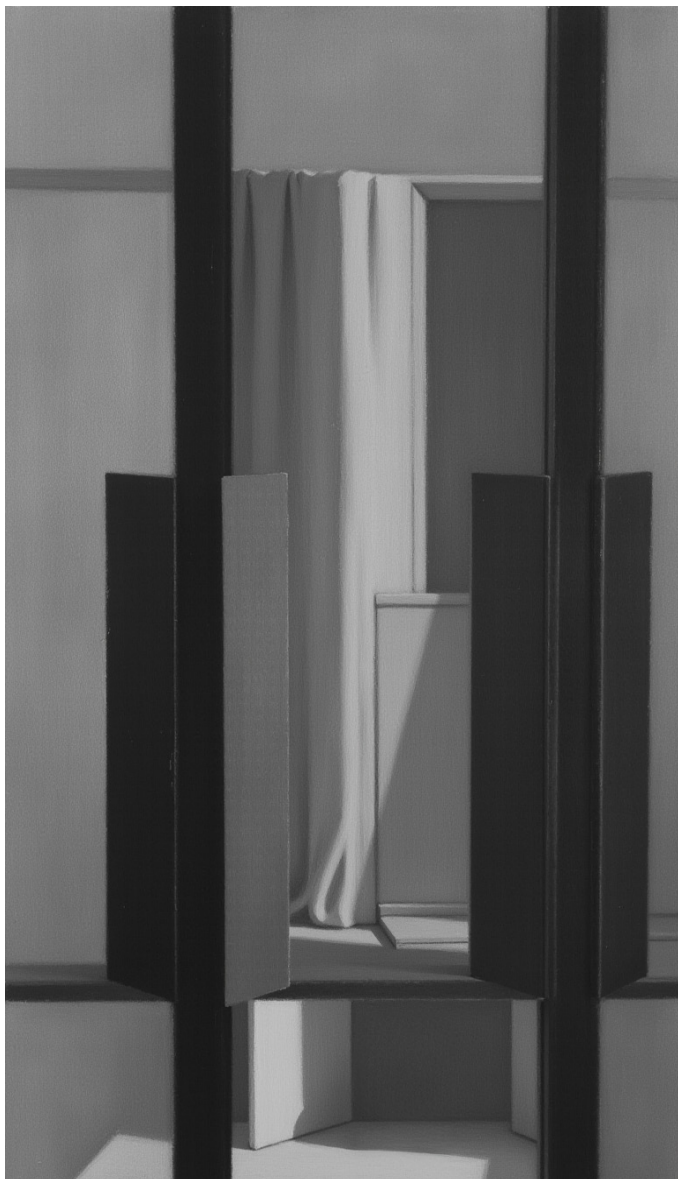


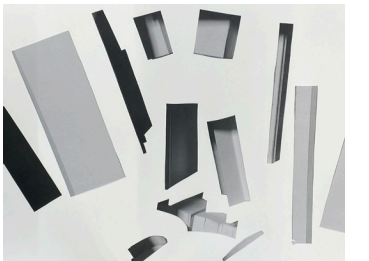
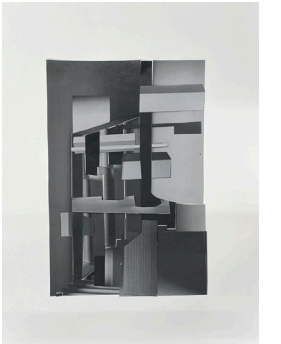
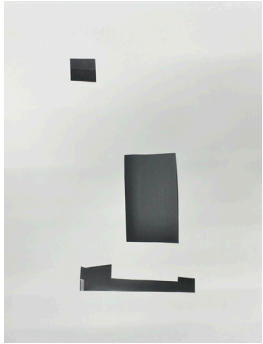
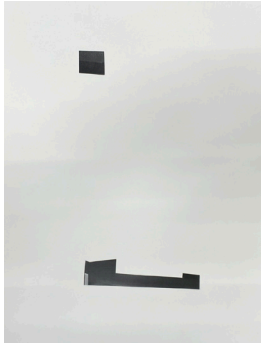
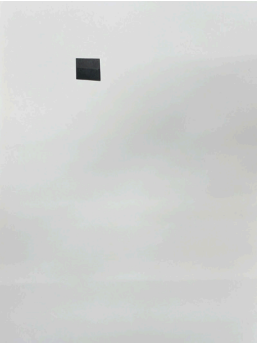
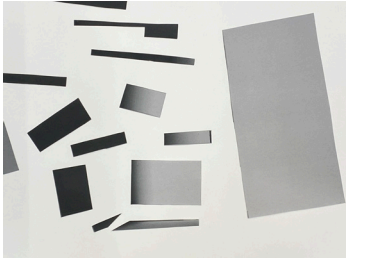
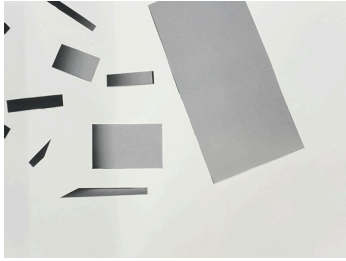
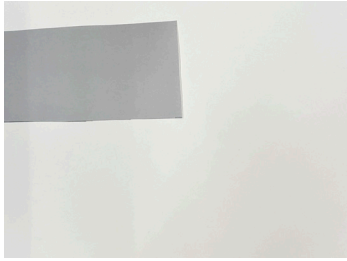


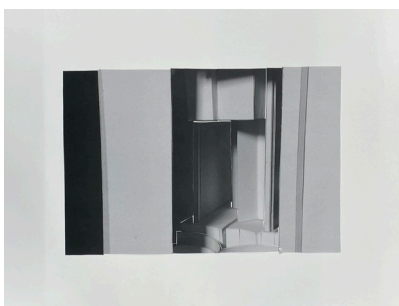
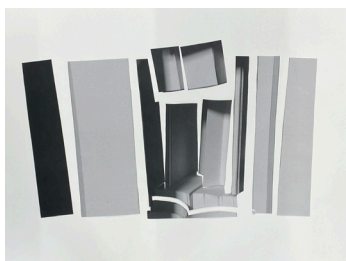
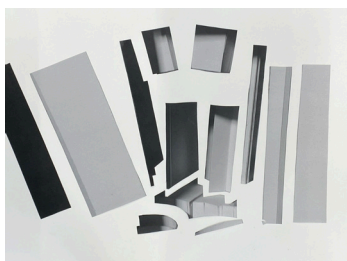
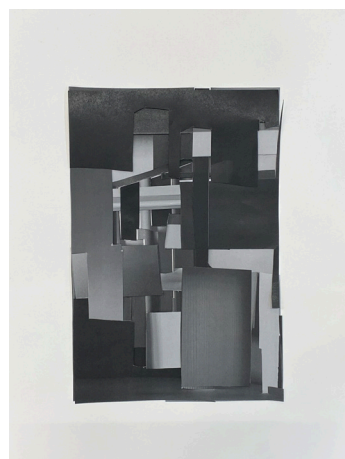
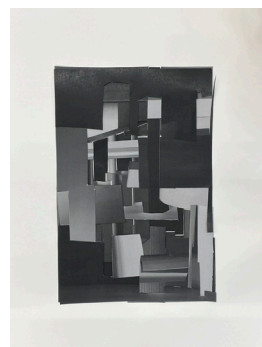
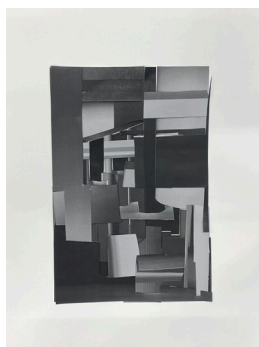
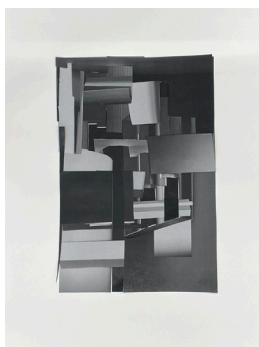
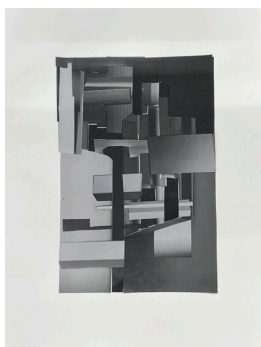
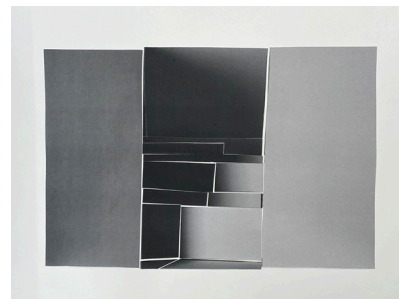
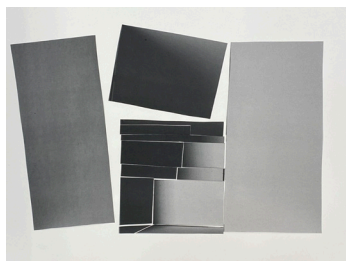
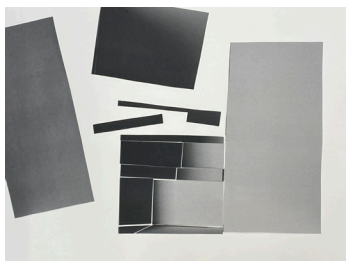
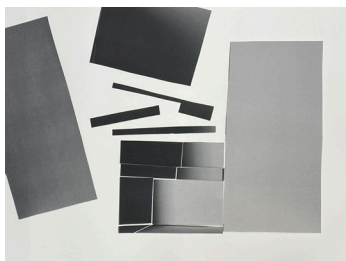
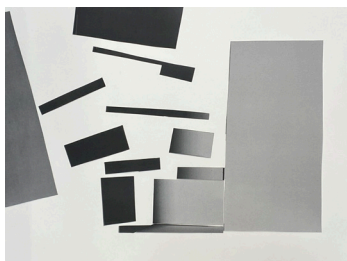












PARALLAX

This concept explores how value is not inherent in objects or moments, but created through perception. It challenges conventional judgments of worth by proposing that what is dismissed or overlooked can gain new meaning when viewed from a different angle. Through a shift in perspective, the seemingly useless becomes significant, the forgotten becomes visible. It is a reflection on the power of attention and the transformative role of the observer in redefining what is seen, appreciated, and ultimately, what is considered valuable.

INTRODUCTION

ELECTRONIC SOUND

Black screen with undertitles.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Every word once said with the right
tone can become a piece of poetry.
Every crumb can become a piece of
cake. A newspaper, speak it out loud.
The tone leads to perceive the meaning
of the word.

BLACK SCREEN

Titel : "Parallax"

BLACK SCREEN

every word every crumb speak it out loud.

PARALLAX PARALLAX

FRAGMENT 1 - EXT.- MIRALLES

ATMOSPHERIC SOUND 1

Pieces of paper assembling on white background. First space appears. (Collage)

CUT TO

A black hole in a cardboard wall. The shadow of a hand appears from above and aims for the hole. First hesitant, the shadow slowly finds the right angle. For a moment it remains still. The hand makes a fist. (Model)

BLACK SCREEN

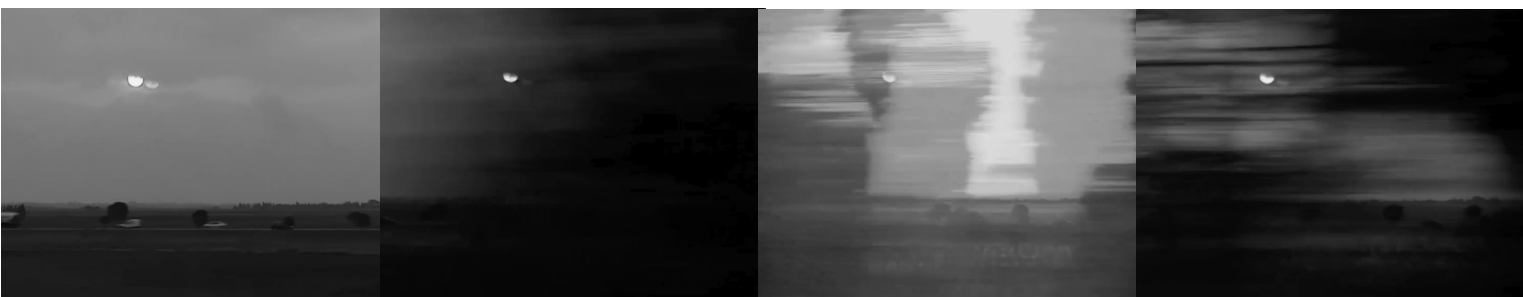
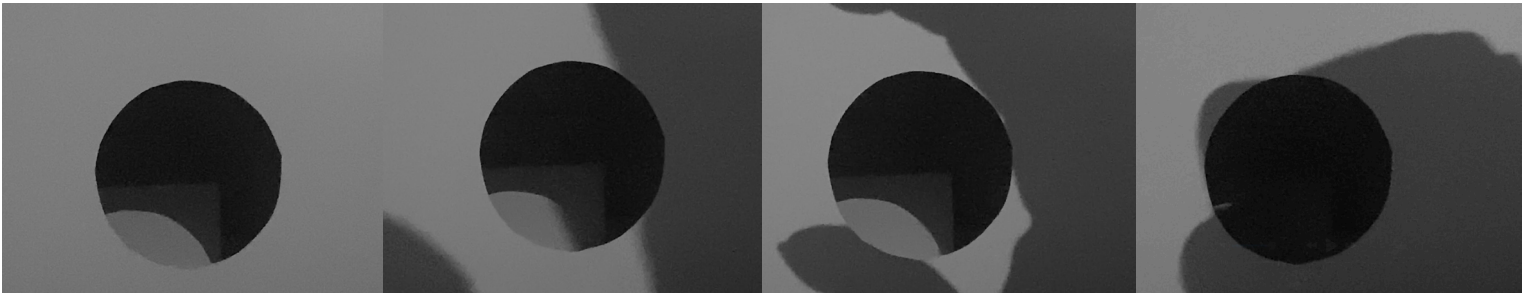
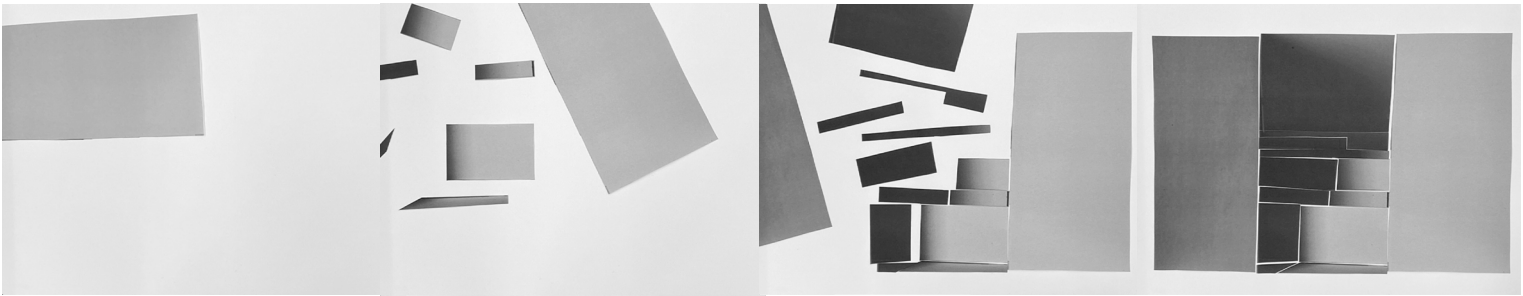
Still shot of Marché de la Bastille. Piles of cardboard boxes laying between monumental stone pillars. Sequence of hands rumbling in the leftovers of the market. A white plastic bottle lamp twirling in the air. The movement slows down. Zoom-in. (Movie-scene)

BLACK SCREEN

FOOTSTEPS, LAUGHTER, VOICES
(overlay)

Semi-rural Landscape. Blurry objects rush by the window of a car. (Movie-scene)

CUT TO



BIRDS CHIRPING
(overlay)

KIDS
(Singing)

Lundi, des patates
Mardi, des patates
Mercredi, des patates
Jeudi, des patates
Vendredi, des patates
Samedi, des patates
Dimanche, un gratins au patates

Two gleaners in a field. The grass gently moves in the
wind. In the background, the silhouette of a tree.
(Movie-scene)

CUT TO

Zoom-in silhouette of tree. Washed-out image of field.
No grass. First abstraction of space. (KI-Image)

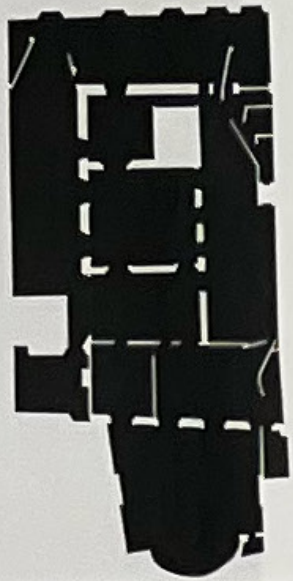
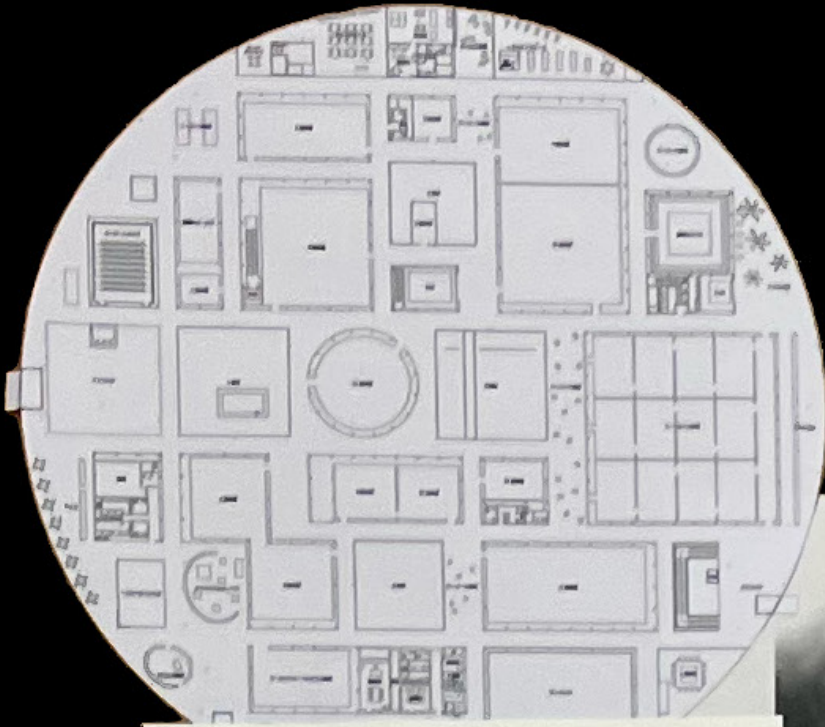
BLACK SCREEN

FRAGMENT 2 - INT.- MIRALLES

ATMOSPHERIC SOUND 2

Pieces of paper assembling on white background. Second
space appears. Black Frame. (Collage)

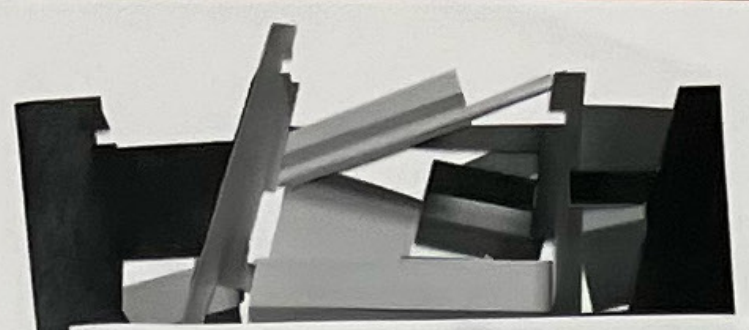




chaotic



structured



FRIDGE



CARRAGE



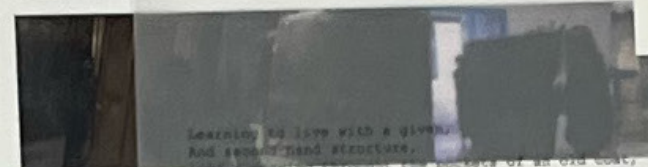
BOOTS



MYSTERIOUS MAN



BASIN



Learning to live with a given.
And second-hand structure.
Site imaging through the pockets of an old coat,
setting the things one finds one's clean surface.



Lines beside lines. They cross, they rest, they overlap.
No weight, no order, no hierarchy. Perhaps a wall, perhaps a
window, perhaps nothing. We let memory slip. Only lines—
equal, layered, drifting.



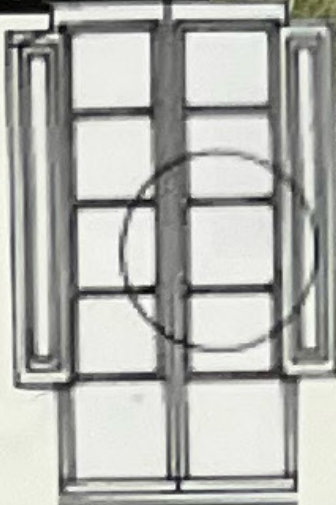


accidental



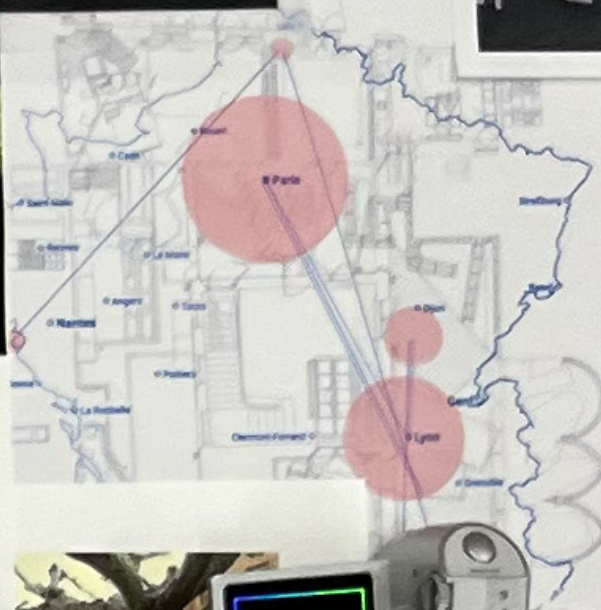
purposeful

field

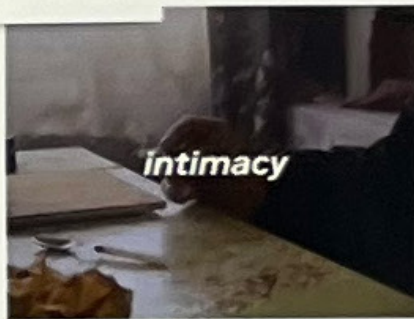


Gleaning;

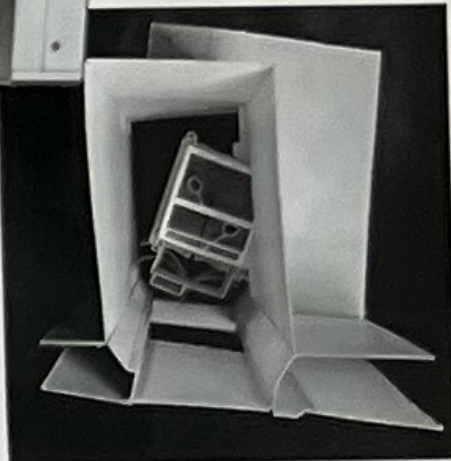
is the act of collecting leftover crops
spaces in the field building after
harvest renovation. During harvest
renovation, there is feed space that is
left or missed often because it does
not meet store standard
requirements for uniformity use.



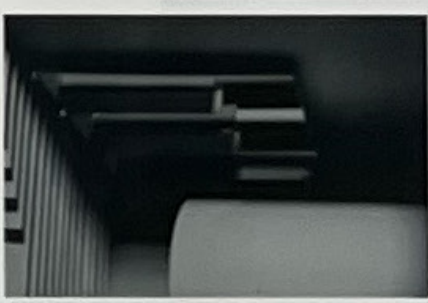
publicness



intimacy



Bags of every kind, ordered from
above, they seem equal a simple cor-
tainer open at the top made to
carry things. But they are different.
Each bag becomes a vessel of class
and care, a quiet reminder that
though we carry differently, we are
all part of the same act of gleaning,
bound in a shared story.



STORY
AFTER A DAY
IN THE FIELD
BUILDING
SCALE
STRUCTURING
DRIVING THE
DISPERSED
ATMOSPHERE