Khady Sylla was a Senegalese writer and filmmaker who spent her life giving the unheeded a chance to speak, making durable, and irrigating with new images, the legacies of the African word, covered over and threatened with dissolution.

“The first film of Khady Sylla that I saw was called An Open Window, it was on the programme at the Cinématographe in a programme reshowing films selected at the Marseille Festival of Documentary Film. This was in 2005. I said to myself then that, for a long time, I would remember that voice, its tone and intonations and its particular scansion, where words, the act of speaking, focus in an urgent and essential fashion on what she says. This voice came from far away, from behind the dividing line of the visible, and it cast on the images the nervous weight of a whole body, a body constrained but, multiple, polyphonic, we might say, contemporary, post-colonised, distraught.

Khady Sylla was Senegalese. She died not long ago. As we continue to listen to her, we are also sure to see her, her films will become closer to other films and sometimes the cameras of other filmmakers will in turn bring us back to her. She will be there, sitting on the edge of emptiness, at the window where she observed the servitudes of the world, trying to re-find a place there.”

Jérôme Baron, Artistic Director of the Festival des 3 Continents.