



CAUSSE TO CAUSSE. The Lozère of Causse Méjean, the place known as Caussignac. It is always a privilege to settle elsewhere to give birth to what we have inside. An intangible order that we first addressed to ourselves and that, perhaps one day, will finally emerge.

I came to the Lozère as if to a home I'd known for a long time but had never been to before. I would need so many words and images to recount that. The fear of trivializing the landscape and everything it exudes encourages a conjugation of the arbitrary: 4 images and 4 titles for 4 weeks minus 4 days. The technical discourse is a possible poem, an aperitif.



TO SEE IS TO SEE

SOMETHING ELSE. A great show in a small museum space in Florac. A profound definition of what “culture” can mean outside the “major centers”. An exhibition devoted to a certain Pilo, a community artist who lived for a time near Florac before he died. Which will happen to us all (dying, I mean). So, Pilo. An artist, handyman, painter, lover, craftsman. A gym teacher fond of postal art. A free spirit who drifted here and there, in the cage of meridians. The multiroom exhibition, shaped by his wife and son, offered a truly beautiful journey. Art as pure impulse to create objects and connections, as a way of being present to places, lights, people. The deep root of that in every moment.



THE PERSISTENCE OF THINGS. I'm happy with this title. Time will tell if it remains the best one for the film in the making, but I'm glad the title exists. It speaks of a connection between objects and their uses, between places and memories, between people and buildings.

I do have a cheerful heart. More often than not. Because there exists a huge abyss in our world. Like a drug that celebrates and crushes. The great thrill: the great beauty that gives and the true cruelty that kills. THE place to dive in and never come back. And when you dive, it's like an old cartoon. You're both the Road Runner and Wile E. Coyote: you accelerate and you laugh, you hunt and you fall flat on your face. And then you do it again.



TO THINK IS TO THINK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE. Days of walking, reading, and meditating. Time of great quality spent writing the feature-length documentary, “The Persistence of Things”. This whole corner of the world resonated particularly well with the themes of the film, and these meditations will find their way to the screen in due course. It is in the intangible that strength takes root deep in the images. But if the mind is free to dig in this way, it is also free to flit about. The life of the mind digs and notes, meditates and notes again, but it also listens and hears, floats and bubbles. So when I was invited to present my 2015’s film *Joseph Samuel Jacques Julien* at the Genette Verte, the pleasure of replaying old things presented me with an old challenge. Doing it live again. The sheer pleasure of performing a film like a musician plays a set from their repertoire.

Special address. “Dear compatriots! We don’t often win our elections these days, but we don’t lose our fervor!!!! Many thanks to La Nouvelle Dimension and Vues du Québec for welcoming us in Florac, and thank you to DOC-Cévennes – l’Imaginaire and to Terra Nostra for kindly including my films in their program (*The Game* and *La mémoire du corbeau*). In a village of 300 souls deep in the Cévennes, filling a room with 70 people from 2 to 11pm over a long weekend to watch art-house documentaries, share food and natural wine... I felt at home in an amazing community. Very special thanks to Marie Descourtieux of Le Four à Pain and to the legendary team at La Grive, to Pascale, Émilie, and Pedro for the generosity of their welcome, care, and delicacy. Incredible. Bravo to the team from the Festival de cinéma de la ville de Québec and its partners for putting this residency together! But I must let the next ones who will have the chance to go and live in Caussignac know...that 4 weeks pass quickly!”