

Two collective diaries
by Anna and Thalia

Ethnography: Attention to words. What was said in the moment. Rather than philosophical reflections. Observations of the every day. A record of the pace of our cherished time here.

collective diary #1

Sunday, October 20, 2024

Marie is driving us to le four à pain. She says she is looking at the outskirts of the road to avoid hitting any animals who might unexpectedly jump in front. What does it mean to look at the outskirts? Looking at the outskirts as a gesture of care.

The moon follows us. Or, perhaps, we are the ones following it.

We eat together and listen to stories of the house. The wooden floors are dark brown, marked with scratches and swirls – signs of movement engraved in the floor. In its previous life, this floor was a stage for dancers. The wooden planks were transported across cities, undone and put back together. Looking at the floors, one hears rhythms.

Then, the story of a woman, drawing the past with her body. Tracing the contours of tables and chairs, where the oven once was, and the old wall.

We write a scene of a body reviving a past through dance.

Monday, October 21, 2024

In a field near Nivolières.
Surrounded by grey, by green, by wind.
We pass each other a dance and hold a handful of straw in our hands.
We sing the same note and hear the friction somewhere in the air between us.
Like a thread shaking in the wind.



Tuesday, October 22, 2024

On our walk.

“I like the sound of this path.”

“It’s like we’re sounding the path.”

The pale grey branches of a bush look like many spines of dancers.

A lone tree on the top of the hill. Just one lone tree and much green.



We see the tree again in the evening. On a screen in a film. A Kiarostami wink.

We eat one more blackberry from the bush. To carry the flavour home.

Anna balances their camera on their head.

"It's too heavy for my hand."

"I wonder how heavy."

"Probably like 500g."

"Like a bag of flour. Or a can of chickpeas."

The dogs bark at us. They sound like old men.

We can hear the sheep so far away. The hills carry the sound. We carry the walk home inside us.

Marie jokes, "I placed an order for fog. And rain. I also requested deer, but they haven't arrived yet."

David: "And a wild boar?"

Marie: "No. I didn't request a wild boar. Car against wild boar – and it's the boar that wins."



We drive through a village. “Here we are. Here is the school. The pool. The grocery store. There’s the dry cleaner’s. The laundromat. Okay. Now you’ve seen it all.”

Gargantua lost his shoe there. Like Cinderella. But a bit less delicate.

Wednesday, October 23, 2024

If the barn was a living organism, then the fire would be its heart, and the sheep, its past, its ancestors. We are merely visitors here. Passing through. Two lost sheep in a barn. We arrive far too late to meet the others. We can only imagine them.



Thursday, October 24, 2024

We bike down to the view point. We bike at speed 5. Electric bikes. No effort required. "I have to do nothing!" Anna exclaims. We chant Jonas Mekas, "I am searching for nothing! I am happy!"



We greet the horses. They are licking salt. What if humans hung out and just licked salt together? What if we greeted each other by rubbing our heads against one another?

We have been in a landscape with very few people and it makes us happy. It makes us collect longing too.

Later that day, a meeting with Julian

“The practice of writing a script is never lost time. You can get somewhere even if it feels circuitous/unsteady. Even if you come to something simpler through a complicated process.”

What is it like if this fiction is *here* or *here* or *here* or *here*?

Sunday, October 27, 2024

“Aren’t we supposed to go this way?” Anna said, when we arrived at a crossroads.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Well, it seemed like you were going to keep going straight,” Anna replied.

“There was a way we were supposed to go?” I asked.

It felt like something said out of a fairy tale.

We went up to Anilhac. The houses were beautiful. We called out hello and then goodbye to the mountain and its spirits, as we had seen in Kiarostami’s film.

We are drinking hot water with one sprig of rosemary in it.

We picked it from the garden before darkness fell.

collective diary #2

Saturday, January 18, 2025



“The sky is blue! Sharp as a slap!”

Sunday, January 19, 2025

Timothée knocks at the window.

He leans his head on his cupped hand, tells us about the books he's been reading.

(We are curious to see how he will say goodbye)

A few moments later, he makes for the door, without saying a word.

A few steps down the road, he turns, pauses, waves at us, then rushes off.

Saturday, January 21, 2025

Editing a scene where we talk with Elka, in the mountains:

"How did you discover this spot?"

"Hmmm I like sort of climb all over the place... so I sometimes fall upon nice things... sometimes not nice things: I once found a fridge. An abandoned old fridge in the forest."

"Was there anything inside?"

"No no! *Luckily*."

We laughed a lot that night.

Wednesday, January 22, 2025

In the afternoon, a meeting with Julian

"When worry peers in, keep going."

"Keep applying your best intuitions."

"What is the glue of the film? What is its magic trick?"

"Assembled together, the fragments will say something."

We look at the photography of Marie Hoeg:



Friday, January 24, 2025

“Usually, we inspire ourselves from what we’ve lived in order to write. For once, it had been the opposite: I had inspired myself from what I wrote in order to live.”

- Sylvain Prudhomme in *Coyote* (borrowed from Marie’s magical library)

“Every morning brings us the news of the globe, and yet we are poor in noteworthy stories. This is because no event any longer comes to us without already being shot through with explanation. In other words, by now almost nothing that happens benefits storytelling; almost everything benefits information. Actually, it is half the art of storytelling to keep a story free from explanation as one reproduces it. [...] The most extraordinary things, marvelous things, are related with the greatest accuracy, but the psychological connection of the events is not forced on the reader. It is left up to him to interpret things the way he understands them, and thus the narrative achieves an amplitude that information lacks.”

- Walter Benjamin, *The Storyteller*

Saturday, January 25, 2025

We know the temperature of a place from the temperature of our hands. They are not freezing cold here. In Coustouges, we could not bend our fingers.



In the morning, we don't talk. We light the fire, we feed it. We watch the light change, we feel our bodies warming. First the stomach. Then the neck, the legs, and finally the tips of our fingers and ears. We share a smile and a coffee. We sit at the large wooden table, to immerse ourselves in the images dancing in our heads. We have to tame them, make them change shape. Words become images, images become sounds, sound become ideas. On and on it goes. It's shocking how much better we work, in the warmth.

We walk backwards and see the landscape, vast, all about us.

Anna halts and this halting opens my eyes.

We see the village as if they are images in a film. And yet, some images cannot be framed. The tree with its dancing arms, we know, could not convey its dancing in an image. It is dancing because of the way it seems to jut its branches about, as though in looking at them, we can see them swiftly grow.

We wanted to let go of our thoughts, so we listened to close things and farther things.

We noticed how the wind in our ears sounds so much like wind captured through a microphone.

Time changed as we walked.
In talking, time seems to melt away, burn up.
In silence, time drew out.

When listening otherwise, we could hear. And see. What we had not been able to notice. A red plant. A red bud. A mushroom that had the texture of water.

“It is so relaxing to talk less.”

Monday, January 27, 2025

How many sheep have breathed this barn air before us? Camille tells us, during our Zoom meeting, that it looks as though we're living in a cave. We like the idea of living in a cave, surrounded by the ghosts of sheep... So, we write scenes. If we listen closely, the sheep whisper the words to us. The fragments emerge, converge, assemble, dissever, disintegrate. Our fictions become friction. We grope, we wander. Often, we get lost. Luckily, we hear the sheep.

Tuesday, January 28, 2025

We finish chapter five of Jonas Mekas.

“There are still four hours left?”

“No no! We watched almost two hours. That means only three hours to go.”

“*Only* three hours...! Ha ha!”



Tuesday, January 28, 2025

All this red around us.

Moments feel like stages.

Films feel like trees.

Trees with their own branches of possibilities and meanings.

We are growing our tree.

