

It is a surface. Very flat. Like a plane flying over desolated landscapes. Werner Herzog, *Lektionen in Finsternis*. A list. Jack Kerouac, *On the road*. A non-exhaustive list of elements. Lucchino Visconti, *Ludwig*. It is like a box that you open and everything poors down. Bérurier Noir, *Souvent fauchés toujours marteaux*. Pandora's box. Leon Tolstoi, *Guerre et Paix*. At the end of the day it could become a tool or a toolkit, something to look at in some future time. Fjodor Dostoievski, *Die Brüder Karamasov*. Something to look at more than something to read. *The Cure*, Disintegration. There are images. Leo Tolstoi, *Der Tod des Iwan Iljitsch*. He ran away from home and got caught by death on a train station bench. Ingmar Bergman, *Laaterna Magica*. A few images. Arnaud Desplechin, *Un conte de noël*. All is past. It is all past. Gustave Flaubert, *La tentation de saint Antoine*. It is like a collection. It has the same obsessive futility. Andrei Zviaguintsev, *The Return*. Francis Ford Coppola, *Apocalypse Now*. *Hearts of Darkness*. Gustave Flaubert, *Trois contes*. Right now I am reading a book called "Forests, the shadow of civilization" by Robert Pogue Harrison. He wrote another book called "Gardens". Gustave Flaubert, *Bouvard et Péécuchet*. Heiner Goebbels, *Stifters Dinge*. We could discuss here but we will later. For sure. Emile Zola, *L'œuvre*. I have the tendency to identify with the main character of this novel. Jeroen de Rijke, Willem de Rooij, *The point of departure*. Stanley Kubrick, Barry Lyndon. DJ Krush, *Candlesong*. A state of the art of a certain time. Antonin Artaud, *L'Ombilic des limbes*. Emile Zola, *Le ventre de Paris*. In this book I read this passage this morning: Wim Wenders, *Im Laufe der Zeit*. Gilles Deleuze, *Abécédaire*. It is the "a", mainly the "a" like "animal". Jacques Rancière, *Le destin des images*. Abel Ferrara, *Mary*. Ferrara is a madman. He is the sinner under all sinners trying to achieve redemption by making movies. Abel Ferrara, *Bad lieutenant*. Gustave Flaubert, *L'Education sentimentale*. Flaubert is supposed to be democracy in literature. Why? Because of this: "ne pas conclure." It is a litterary revolution. But: In Forests, "the shadow of our civilization" I read this in the morning(repeat): Let us follow Nietzsche's Zarathustra down the mountain. On his way toward the world of humanity Zarathustra enters a forest. There he meets a solitary saint who has made the forest his home. The saint remembers Zarathustra from ten years ago, when Zarathustra passed through that very forest on his way to the mountain. The saint now says to him : « You lived in your solitude as in a sea... alas, would you now climb ashore ? » Zarathustra answers : « I love man ». « Man is for me to imperfect a thing, » says the saint, « love of man would kill me. » Zarathustra answers : « Did I speak of love ? I bring man a gift. » The saint becomes emphatic : « Do not go to man. Stay in the forest ! Go rather even to the animals ! Why do you not want to be as I am – a bear among bears, a bird among birds ? » (Zarathustra, Prologue, 2). The saint has a point. Zarathustra's love is at bottom a love of the earth and its species, but there is a problem. Detached from the events of history in his forest, the saint has not yet heard the news that «God is dead», or that the human age that murdered God is wreaking havoc with the earth, the animals, the species. The saint is unaware that history and nature now share a common destiny and that his forest will soon become a wasteland as humanity embarks upon a godless conquest of earth. The death of God has left history in a reckless uncertainty. Zarathustra therefore cannot stay in the forest and be a bear among bears, a bird among birds, for he must go down into the city where the fate of the earth is being decided by men and women who dwell in oblivion. (p.41) Led Zeppelin, *How the west was won*. Jack Kerouac, *The Dharma Bums*. Bruno Dumont, *Twenty nine Palms*. Fjodor Dostoievski, *L'Idiot*. Fjodor Dostoievski, *Le Joueur*. Michelangelo Antonioni, *La Notte*. Andrei Tarkovski, *Nostalgia*. Alain Bashung, *Climax*. Andrei Tarkovski, Andrei Roubov, Hiroshige. Abbas Kiarostami, *Five*. A unique manifesto on the ambivalence of the position of the artist towards his own creation and the world. Luc & Jean-Pierre Dardenne, *Le Fils*. They say it is christian love after the death of God. Luc & Jean-Pierre Dardenne, *La Promesse*. That's the kind of things I read in this book. Radiohead, *Hail to the thief*. Roman Opalka, 1969-∞. someone who found it. Caspar David Friedrich, *Frau am Fenster*. I once did a performance with this topic. For eight hours she was standing at the window, naming. Caspar David Friedrich, *Mönch am Meer*. John McEnroe. I used to want to be him. Wim Wenders, *Der amerikanische Freund*. Mark Rothko. Jeroen de Rijke, Willem de Rooij, *Bantar Gebang*. Sol Lewitt. *The Cure*, *Faith*. Carl Andre. Joseph Beuys. Marcel Duchamp. Morton Feldman, *For Philipp Guston*. Ingmar Bergman, *Fanny & Alexander*. David Lynch, *Mulholland Drive*. Jan Langedijk. Xavier Leroy. Abbas Kiarostami, *Taste of Cherry*. Gaspar Noé, *Irréversible*. Michelangelo Antonioni, *L'avventura*. Jacques Audiard, *Sur mes lèvres*. Radiohead, Kid A. Jean-Christophe Baily, *Le versant animal*. Jean-Christophe Baily, *L'instant et son ombre*. Jacques Rancière, *Le Maître ignorant*. Paul Virilio, *Esthétique de la disparition*. Gilles Deleuze, *L'image-temps*. Pier Paolo Pasolini, *Il Vangelo secondo Matteo*. Gilles Deleuze, *L'image Mouvement*. Bela Tarr, *Damnation*. Henri Bergson, *Matière et Mémoire*. Forests play an important role in my life and in my work. They always have been. Of course they are by far the best place to get lost. That's why civilization could only get born at the moment when man settled down outside of them, in the clearing. You are either in a forest or you are outside of it. Max Milner, *L'envers du visible*. The sex Pistols, *Never Mind the Bollocks*. Mircea Eliade, *Le sacré et le profane*. Wassily Kandinsky, *Du spirituel dans l'art et dans la peinture en particulier*. And when you are inside of it you are forced to humility like in a cathedral, unlike in a football stadium. Simon Schama, *Landscape and memory*. *La Bible*. Georges Daix, *Dictionnaire des saints*. Andrei Tarkovsky, *Die versiegelte Zeit*. I read something else. Bérurier Noir, *Abracadaboum*. Susan Sontag, *Regarding the pain of others*. In the 1950s' Mark Rothko started to develop an idea that was to become central for his work : the idea of the empathy of the art piece for the spectator. Lucchino Visconti, *Il Gattopardo*. Dora Valier, *L'art Abstrait*. Manuel Vazques Montalaban, *Marcos*, *Herr der Spiegel*. Marcos somos todos. Luc & Jean-Pierre Dardenne, *Rosetta*. I like to think of forests like that. Hans-Christian Schmid, *Requiem*. Jérôme Bel. Places that naturally impose respect. Jean Ziegler, *Les nouveaux maîtres du monde*. Abel Ferrara, *the funeral*. Apollinaire, *Alcools*. Rob List. Antonin Artaud, *Le théâtre de la cruauté*. Honoré de Balzac, *La peau de chagrin*. Charles Baudelaire, *Les fleurs du mal*. Wolfgang Büscher, *Berlin-Moskau*. Michel Butor, *La Modification*. *Dictionnaire des symboles*. Albert Camus, *L'étranger*. Andy Warhol. Cervantes, *Don Quichotte*. Franz Kafka, *Brief an den Vater*. Places that are stronger than us and embrace us. And at the same time we know that we are their destructors. Being in a forest or even thinking of a forest is naturally nostalgic. Getting lost in a forest as a willing gesture is bringing this nostalgia to its paroxysm. Wim Wenders, *die Angst des Torwarts beim elfmeter*. Emil Cioran, *Des larmes et des saints*. Georges Perec, *espèces d'espaces*. Robert Bresson, *Pickpocket*. Wim Wenders, *Tokyo Ga*. There's a short interview where Werner Herzog is filmed at the top of a skyscraper stating that sometimes, in order to make a picture, you have to climb a mountain. Andrej Zulawski, *l'important c'est d'aimer*. Fiodor Dostoievski, *Souvenirs de la maison des morts*. Marguerite Duras, *Moderato Cantabile*. So I often go into the forest and make that kind of pictures: John Cage, *Silence*. Dieu s'installe dans les vides de l'âme. Il louche vers les déserts intérieurs, car à l'instar de la maladie, il se prélasser aux points de moindre résistance. 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