

Childhood, love and death are sufficient onto hundred percent of our obsessions.

Everyone, everybody is here making photographs.

The days fly away and leave images. All can be used to make photographs, a city, a desert, a scene of a crime... But nothing holds without glance in concrete.

Such photograph taken at thirteen years old in front of a mirror, camera on the temple, a piece of bread held like a lout between the teeth, the light wedged in a coming and going, the eyes staring at the image being done, was premonitory.

The exploration of the man isn't a small matter : one needs a calvary and tortures, to skin him overwroughted, to strip him from his illusions, prothesis and vaunts. Here are

« Dialog », parents occupied with some rude explorations of noses and mouths... The improbable night dancer, « Father dancing », as if he was frustrated of reality... This, here, the eternal feminine smashed up, in the daughter holding a hoop under the nose of a weird mother in a nightdress, poses at the same distance from obscenity and grotesqueness... Goya... As if « Mother and Daughter » were not enough, a procession of the most well-worn representations of the ambient machism follows... theatre of female misery out of places for seduction... cleaning ladies out of slippers, love on the run... But it is not enough to show horrors, they have also to be funny, because it is not our cruelty which makes us unbearable, but our vanity... Sillinesses of the Man are proved.

A small bag of objects, places and characters are used as incriminating evidences. Such are « Things and Words », sumptuous like the portrait this girl with the rosy cheeks, deserted like those seats from a train, despairing like the decoration of Stasi, terrifying like this army camp, the deplorable walls of separation, boring a like those middle class' s housing, resting like the flowers of a shaded cemetery. A black insane eyes cat gives the measure of all things.

« Passengers » get to the core this business, since one can't separate marble and flesh, and does not know wether we are built or deconstructed, rotting or appearing. Simplicity of the scene, frontality, lecture in square, monochromy organize a silence of laboratory... A Rebirth is not so far, because finally we become again enigmas after one century of discoveries so terrible and so unexpected that we are frightened of ourselves.

Not need to turn around the world in order to turn around the Man, one can use just a square or a rectangle without clutter.

If one is hardy, middle and neutral backgrounds can be satisfying, a wide aperture in order to efface excess of signs, a scene staged in one's mind, as the "fresquistes" who could never flashed-back, one bends to his ideas things and

people, puts shadows and lights where their relationship are creating a magical equation, one makes travel vibrations side to side in the image, copies on a fragile reality the weft of a “machine to look at” passing through mirrors...But beyond, what is left from the trip ? The cruel power of not living anymore between the hammer and the anvil...

Milou, 2007, For [le catalogue](#) Diane Ducruet's solo show, at Gallery Wozovnia, Torun, Poland