

My grandmother, a very wise countrywoman from the Ariège mountain, had foreseen it all: 'By regularly sending piles of junk to the sky, they have damaged it!' Her solid common sense, which is a stranger to scientific rationalities as much as it is undisputed when it comes down to knowing which phases of the moon favour the growth of mushroom or the milking of cows, marvelled at the sudden changes of the weather and those unbearable disruptions that make the so-called Martian rain showers fall until the end of May. Anyhow...

Her beautiful earthling culture made her, however, not believe in kind of apparitions (except the Virgin Mary's) and UFO tales, Martians and other oddities that could haunt the blue sky seemed to be dwelling in nowadays' urban legends. She would have, at the most, agreed to consider the ones who claimed they have seen in the sky such oddities and flying saucers as junkies who deserved her total disapproval.

Bearing in mind the fact that she looked at photography as being the irrefutable proof of a reality that has truly existed, I wonder what look she would have casted at Denis Darzacq's latest productions. She is unfortunately no longer here to fiercely state that there are undoubtedly some tricks—behind which she would have not failed to suspect a perverse desire of manipulation with an intent of self-enrichment—or nonetheless, a sort of a scam. It would have been absolutely fruitless to attempt convincing her with the help of explanations based on the elementary principles of optics, the reflexion of lights and the traps of photography.

While looking at those strange coloured rectangles, I pleasantly like to think of this reaction of obviousness. Simply because I cannot deny the feeling of awe that fills us as we watch that strange presence in the wide above, in turns showers of light, mad saucers, unknown stars fighting against the moon or unacceptable constructions like suspended courts of tennis.

Once that feeling of awe is gone (although quite impossible to dispel in the case of some photographs) and beyond the delicacy of the tints which inevitably defines Denis Darzacq's work, what might, as soon as one has understood its basics, appear as some kind of amusement, submits far too many questions. Without a shadow of a doubt, the question about the inside/outside, the one about our ordinary blindness of course, since it has been effectively proven that we constantly come across, in this 'transparency-obsessed' world of ours which spawns many reflective glazed surfaces in which we see nothing as we are more anxious to see what lies 'behind', the one of the illusions that surround us and the specular world that offers to our eyes an omnipresent virtuality we refuse to see.

Anyhow, these tales with neat framings that lead to obvious deliriums are more serious than they appear to be: they raise questions about the very notion of what is real, the very notion that we wish to more and more simplify as the world becomes more and more complex.

We go on facing images that suggest a simple contemplation for a climax of oddities bereft of spectacular, or that force us to measure the limits of our perception of the world. Between an immediate seduction, an invitation to reverie and a strong questioning of the vision itself, these images become obsessive and annoying only to fade out such as furtive flicks or disturbing flares.

My grandmother was right, they have damaged the sky and as a result we too may strongly end up being heavily damaged as well.

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Original text in French. English translation by Kaissar Gerges.