

Do we see what we expect at first glance ?

Apparently, everything is there : A frame and a subject. However, this apparent normality, this balance of forms and colors, contains an unimaginable depth.

What, in fact do we see ?

Something is difficult to situate.

Of course there is the sky and the presence of earth (tree, cloud), but these spots, these disks, these lights, are they in the sky, in front of the sky ?

And where are we ?

Behind, or in front of these moments of radiance ?

We come to realize that there is less of something to see than an impression of internal movement, like a mellow distortion.

All is calm, however, the dizziness is barely noticeable.

Sometimes our certainty about the world's solidity is shaken up : we do know that things exist only as we see them at the moment we see them, but we pretend it isn't so. We are prisoners of the decor. Denis Darzacq takes us behind the decor, there where there is a breath of fresh air.

Is Denis Darzacq subversive ?

Not really ! There is no intention to confront, to howl, fuss and brandish differences, to reveal some sort of drama. Quite the opposite, he's only exploring what is human, but without ever satisfying himself with what appears as such.

From "Only Heaven" to "Ensembles", the research of what brings women, men, their bodies, their desires together is the center of that exploration. Denis Darzacq tenderly brings us towards that other place of ourselves, that thought that questions us.

In "Fakestars" this exploration comes even closer to the spectator, almost to the burning point. I undoubtedly see something else, but this other thing is elusive. The illusion of using it as reference evaporates : "the other" this radiance, me, twirl around in a strange merry-go-round.

This reminds me of a story :

It takes place in the USA in the 80's during an interview with a defrocked Tibetan monk. At the end of the interview, the presenter asks the monk if he has some advice for the viewers.

He turns towards them and asks them to look at a point situated between themselves and television.

I think Denis Darzacq explores this wide gap. He 's seeking to give it taste.

Perhaps it's a place filled with "Fakestars" false stars, radiance of moments which slowly break up beneath his eye.

A photographer is condemned to make light pass through the objective.

Denis Darzacq uses it to test the depth of existence.

François Garaude, February 2004.