

In Denis Darzacq's photographic series, men and women walk naked in streets crossing residential areas. They've come out of their homes, they march ahead to the rhythm of their steps, they cross the air which is at this moment of the day, an almost hazy white, like the light that shines completely upon them. These men and women have something to do, you can tell by the calm way they hold their bodies, they move ahead without hesitation, without restraint. Perhaps they are answering to a call. They go towards the same meeting ground, leaving behind them the constructed comfort of their habits. They will meet together to take on the edification of a project which will change their experience, a new order which seems to them to be the best way to contemplate a marvelous future. They are therefore confident and they move ahead. Who gave them this hope? Who convinced them to appear this way, in this extreme nudity, like the proof of a new-found freedom which will bring them to an intelligent and sensitive unknown, the freedom that will transform them forever? No answer of then too many answers. For now, it's too difficult to know more, these captivated bodies attract the eye and bring us into the wake of their steps.

Further. These beings have come from somewhere else, you can tell by the calm and free way they hold their bodies, contradicting the obscure conformity bordering these streets of small pre-fabricated forms. Now, they show themselves to those hidden behind the exacted facades of these cloned houses. They show themselves as proof of total freedom, a freedom that's easy to attain. It's enough to undo conventional attributes, to breathe normally, deeply, to undress and to go. These women and men then become bait who will lure the observers towards a marvelous unknown. This army is here to screw things up.

Further. In the photographic series of Denis Darzacq, men and women walk down streets which cross residential areas. The white light envelops them and makes them feel good. They all come out of one of these houses, they have spent the night, a marvelous moment, they've talked, danced, made love, recreated the world. They have all felt the need to breathe this new air, to go down the path of the craze with their eyes wide open.

And then still more stories, those which underline the visibility of the nudity of these bodies. The bodies can't be idols, but rather examples. They are close, they're alive, they look like our bodies. What is spectacular then, is that these bodies present themselves in another state, beyond their nudity.

This series of photos is not a new endeavor in Denis Darzacq's work, but another event to associate with other series, night beings, Brazilian commemorative plaques, anonymous people walking through plazas, or again the apparition of luminous forms on transparent screens, Denis Darzacq invents the way of looking.

Georges Tony Stoll, December 2003