

The white dress, the wedding costume, a little luxury and toddlers understand that they were welcomed in an organized world. If mystery there is, that can't be serious : nothing disturbs the arrangement of the bouquets placed against the grooms. There a family likeness between the photographs of parents ; fathers as St Joseph, Mothers always a little like virgins escaped from some annunciations. Wrinkles are starting to write beautiful stories which are telling almost the same : « Happy who as Ulysse after a long travel,... » Conventions immunise ourselves from poetry...

Diane Ducruet took her time so, that the photographs do not lie around on the top of fireplaces or night tables. The case which occupies us, are neither dates or birthday. One looks at father and mother as their cats do, very closely and rather obscene. Disencumbered of stories and bound of body. Here are that the wrinkles are gotten entwined. « Mirror, my beautiful mirror,... » can say the photographer, standing at the filiation place. Would she still know how she was wrinkled at the her first minute ? If love is presentable, let avoid ox and donkey, hang the saint family in the cloakroom, hang it on the the cross of fates. Here the photographs have finally nothing more in common with civil and social body. Mum and dad are not anymore disguised in human being.

Milou about "Dialog" or "A family Portrait", 2004
Translation M.D.Kay