

Laying one's card on the table, is confessing so many things... In a cupboard, Maigret\* found a smell of orange tree flowers which reminded him of before the war, and the odor of naphthaline on an assassinated old maid's coat...Every poacher has his knife and pieces of string...There are more useful things in a gypsie's pocket than in minister 's one. Photographers are not going out to breath the air, when they go on for a walk. They're taking some pictures, as one picks mushrooms. They are organizing rectangles or squares, some parts from landscapes, faces, things, plants, and animals... They don't always know what they're going to do with this, but if one really takes a look, one will recognize that those appearances are fragmented with the same fractions, that they obey to the same modulations, which seems to be coming from the same voice.What those things are saying is that they all converge in the same idea. Here, nobody will tell you whether you have to laugh at the world or to admire it.This foot looks like a crasping hand, it's such a programm...Nothing here is really serious , but everything can hurt...The tough feminity of an excessive rosy face, the fragile nerves of a cat, leftovers, fragments, fossils alive or dead from a story that has no beginning, no end, no moral. One of the most famous picture's of Edouard Boubat shows a black chicken in a farm's courtyard , overcome by the sun, shot taken without any premeditation. What stays from photographers in our minds ? Four or five images that gives some space to our imagination, joining some paintings, some sequences of movies, some literay rides, surviving sensations from our childhood and from love... This is the coming and going of our singularity. Photographs are floating on the surface as fragments of some predictable wreckage, sometimes coming from some isolated people on some deserted islands who have sworn to live... There are no images of the truth, but between nothing and nothing, all the stages are unforgettable when you know how to manage it...

Milou, about "Things & Words" 2006  
Translation M.D.Kay