

"SILENT GARDENS" or the Still Life

My gaze for these silent, languishes interior gardens, is loving at this moment by a dash of light that awakens them, the exits of their torpor. They were staged, ordered by an attentive hand, here with a touch of chance, there of the desire that elected them, ordered with intelligence and taste in ephemeral postures. They are attentive to the life of the house, very discreet witnesses and yet talkative about the living, surprised in this second by an indiscreet the lens, before forgetting it erases them from our memories. Tomorrow they will be in other attitudes, modified, displaced, in these places of life, if not undone, pushed, broken or sold, by the hand that cherished them. They are there to be seen, to support us in our dreams and our imaginaries, admired, trained as standing upright guardians, reminding us of happy memories, funny stories, encounters that we do not want to say. I stopped by and loved them always. Fixed on the photographic film the past, to fix a time so that the gaze may rest, return to it ceaselessly, make X-rays of the soul, feed my humanity, transgress words, and survive the wear and tear of days.

Text by Philippe Blache June 2019

Others text ae coming soon Thank you