Dominique Savariau

about Cahier de doléances (extract of Chiens de fusil) written for *Échos*, at the Immix Gallery, Paris, April 2013

In the heart of things unfinished (extract)

This Cahier de doléances comprises a series of 16 photos organised into a discursive sequence. A tight frame around the main figure prevents it from integrating the background, at the same time as placing it very close to the viewer's eye, removing the physical and metaphorical distance inherent to interpretation. In addition, the anti-logical system of the images functioning according to a dual polarity - empty/full, high/low, opacity (of an adjusted black stocking)/transparency (of this same stocking through tension), life/taxidermy (mise en abyme of the photo), predation/display, texture and folds of a fabric/ grain of the stone and undulating stony corals... etc. - results in the viewer's inability to make an interpretative, paradigmatic choice. The viewer is invited to meditate on this perceptual confusion while identities go haywire and everything changes. It is not a matter of illusion or reality: the reality is illusion and vice versa. The world retreats cloaked in light and shadow, the latter masking more than it reveals, petrifying the fruits that it leaves us (the childish tattoo on the bare arm). When the organ for sight is contradictorily exactly that of its impossibility, the dream of an impossible simultaneity of positive and negative belongs to the fantasy of alchemical transmutation. So? Continue to photograph. Present this list of grievances so that 'For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears, Divides one thing entire to many objects,' (Shakespeare). Present a list of grievances to invent ourselves thanks to the mediation of art, to conquer our individuality bearing our desire to be, to see and to create, at the horizon of striving towards this third term that R. Barthes calls Neutral. Discover the truth in movement and perpetual renewal, winding between hope and despair, being and not being, in the world of metamorphoses, 'somewhere in the heart of things unfinished' (Rilke).

Translated by L. Jablonowska