



Textes descriptifs des images
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Comme ils disent

His face shows the signs of a laborious night. After shopping at the market, he takes his place, as usual in this coffeebar where he is certain to meet containing, among other things, a stick of leek, a sexual symbol.

Jewels, such as rings, reinforce the feminine side of the character. The look is both dreamy and weary. Even if one fails to perceive the facial expression of the young man, one is aware of a disturbed person, even to such an extent that his companion seems irritated; a pressure on the arm calls him back to her.



Désormais

The separation is consummated. He finds himself alone and wanders among the objects he has gathered in a disordered way, similar to their couple, objects reminding him of the beloved person. He survives in the complete obscurity. The shadow of himself faces the door which he hopes will be next opened by his lost love. Does not the dog always wait for the return of his master?



Emmenez-moi

The temperature is freezing and the fog from the north begins to fall over the port. A boat is docked and has just been unloaded. Its engines are turned off, no smoke escapes from the funnel. The sailors, after getting drunk, rejoin the board. Alone, a docker stands, the smoke of his cigarette mingling in the fog. His dreamy and distant gaze as well as the trace of a smile, are wishful thoughts that life will become better.



For me formidable

Picadilly Circus, a young woman running towards her French lover, scaring in passing a flock of pigeons. She turns back her hat, revealing her face covered with freckles, like the pigments of the black marble of the fountain. Her rather unusual dress style reminds us that the London fashion is everlasting.



Hier encore

Surrounded by images and objects from a period reminiscent of his youth, the person tirelessly projects movies that remind him of forgotten moments. He is alone, with no other light than that reflected by the screen of the projector whose clinking fills the silence of his solitude. Immersed in himself, he wears a pullover that protects him from the coldness of his isolation. Behind him is the metaphorical picture of his life. There is an anachronism between the expression of the gaze and that of the mouth. While the former expresses nostalgia, the second is the source of some amusement.



Je bois

The lassitude of a mediocre life has blunted their feelings. Reproaches and criticisms are flying from one side to the other. During a semblance of a dance, alcohol is the only thing he would like to share with her. She rejects disgusted once more from his advances and does not longer recognize the man she loved. The shape of a chandelier recalls the colchic, a flower symbolizing lost love.



Je m'voyais déjà

A singer out of tune was once again turned away by an artistic agency. Almost without a sou, emaciated, his suit swims on him. A hairpiece masks his baldness. Upon going out, annoyed he noisily shouts out to a cleaning woman; with an expression between astonishment and mistrust, she does not care. Only a passing person manifests some curiosity.



L'amour c'est comme un jour

The sun shines but fails to warm the atmosphere enveloping a passing couple. He looks at her as if she is naked in front of him, maybe for the last time. She remains insensitive to his kneeling plea, turning away his gaze and pushing him back with one hand. With the other she plays



La bohème

A customer hesitates between two canvases. His reflection is disturbed by the painter's discourse, which evokes the good times of the past. His favourite model has just got dressed. She has posed for him so many times and for so many years, that he could finish his canvass without her.



Les comédiens

Madame Loyal's opening gesture is an invitation to watch the spectacle of a troupe of travelling acrobats. All are artists. Authors, singers, musicians, directors and dog trainers.



Les deux guitares

The café is his evening haven, the guests his family, the wine his companion of loneliness. The effects of alcohol and tobacco, coupled with a hypothetical dance, makes his head spin and for the space of an evening, amnesic and happy. Out of the frenzied rhythm of guitars the outside world does not exist anymore. He remains insensitive to the mockery which he anyway does not perceive.



Les plaisirs démodés

A couple out of the time meets again in the night club which they called at the time the dancing. Everything changed; the scenery, the people's clothes and above all the music and the dance style, now more rock than rhythmical. But they don't mind, this is the place they have met. They are in their own world. They don't see anybody and nobody sees them. For them both, this is the path of their tenderness.



La Mamma

Somewhere in Italy, the family has gathered for passing away of the Mamma. Some are sitting at the table and are looking at the photo albums. It is hot, the shirt collars are open, the jackets hanging on the chairs. They are not sad; one day she he would have died. The remains of a snake are still lying on the table.

On the right, rejected by the others, is Giorgio, the damnable son whose inclinations can be imagined, thanks the young woman accompanying him. Sad, his eyes looking into the distance, he tries to alleviate his grief and drinks alone. She, close to him, comforts him. The intensity of her gaze reflects her anxiety. Lying down, the old dog seems to understand the sadness of the situation.

The guitarist, the only link between the characters, intones well-known tunes. At the foreground a relative tells a little girl, well-dresses for the occasion, to remain silent, so as not to awake the Mamma. Finally, suggested in the scene, the chamber of the Mamma. A person, whose shoulder is seen, moves towards her to bring her comfort.



Mes emmerdes

The party was long, the day begins, the wind blows and, in spite of a ray of sunshine, the weather is threatening. After walking along the beach for miles, he takes the precaution of stopping to cover the roof of his luxurious car, paid like everything else thanks to a professional ambition. He turns back and sees the trail of his journey printed in the sand, noting with bitterness that it is similar to that of his life, forgetting with regret, relatives and close friends



Non, je n'ai rien oublié

Although time passed, he has not forgotten this love of his youth. His wish would be to see her again, but a bowed head, a look full of regrets, a cold handshake, a discreetly presented wedding ring should make him understand that his hope is without any future. Is their social difference the only reason?



Par gourmandise

The grain of the skin and the speckled seeds of the passion fruit provoke a common desire, the pleasure of the tasting, the arm clasping his head is a strong invitation to share.



QUI ?

The difference in age is passed (ran) like a cat on embers through their lives, however midnight will soon ring. The arm passed around her shoulders is protective. She feels it, and the position of her hand shows some relief.. Their expressions do not express the same thoughts. His of anxiety, hers of uncertainty. The different style of the bathrobes intensifies the generation gap.

(Mrs. Faulstroh: *"The difference in age had always been an issue throughout their lives, however an end is in sight"*)



Trousse chemise

Like a pilgrimage, he often returns to this wood. Life is hard resulting in a bent back. All is grey, it rains but he does not feel the raindrops. The remains of the bottle that he is holding sadly remind him of the moments which have changed his youth and all his life.



Tu t'laisses aller

Late return from the office, down casted look and neglected appearance, he has drunk to give himself the courage to speak to her. He dares not to face her directly and stands in the darkness. Sitting, his head leaning against the wall, a hand on the handle of the door, all that give him a little assurance to confess her all the pain that he feels. She, in front of her mirror, surprised by what she just heard, brings a hand on her cheek, as to alleviate the pain of the "slap" she just received.



Un corps

The softness of the curtain balances the coldness of the iron bedstead and allows for vivid imagination. She, beseeching, offers herself fully to the caresses lavished by a hand she guides with gentleness and accompanies with firmness.