



#### IDDU

France - 2007 - 52 mn - HD • 16/9 - Colour

From February to November 2007, Henry Colomer filmed photographer Jean-Michel Fauquet in the maturing of his work, in other words, in the unusual surroundings of his work through digressive and orbicular movements, experiments, walks, parallel works, voyages, discoveries, until the final releasing of the marvelous clutter deemed worthy of existence.

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Writer  
Henry Colomer  
Camera  
Henry Colomer  
Sound  
Jocelyn Stadérol  
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IDDU: L'atelier de Jean-Michel Fauquet

A film by **Henry COLOMER**

Light and sound are all in Henry Colomer's consummate study of the French photographer/artist Jean-Michel Fauquet in his atelier: light emerging from darkness as in the creation, a stunning soundscape from silence; in both, a deep sense of the primal, Fauquet speaking so quietly as to not disturb his own gaze, his own alertness.

IDDU (the Sicilian word for "lui/him"), is beautiful and sensual: Fauquet's laborer's fingers, delicately stroking the negative into arousal in the darkroom: sorcerer's hands, a scene of witchcraft, the scratches on the print, the touch of the inked brush, the artist's breathing. All of this is Colomer's signature as a filmmaker, in effect, his touch.

Colomer's camera enters into the grain of Fauquet's photographs and into his lair, his studio-- a small balding Frenchman with chisled features, a black sweater and a black wool cap, his movements animally sensitive; Fauquet's work reflected in the frame of a magnifying glass attached to his protective glasses and headband; Fauquet's I-witness shadow etched on his print of river pilons. Fauquet's paint brush in his hand, then in his mouth, poisoning himself with licks of black. Both Fauquet and Colomer are fearless of black-- 50 shades of black and light.

There is a moment in both the film and the photography, in which process becomes as important as product, and words are of little importance. Colomer and Fauquet lead us to drawing as fundamental to the construction of objects and images. Both construct their grand worlds of memories from the dawn of time. Colomer's camera lives in the bends of Fauquet's body: under his arms, at his fingertips, at the point of his brush, on the stubble round his lip; it admires the labor, the carton, the Japanese knife, the shutter release; the filmmaker working in the service of the artist and of the art of film is, like his subject, both modest and utterly confident.

In his studio, Fauquet, at work, answers his phone and speaks only briefly; he explains: "Henry is filming."