

NICOLAS GENTY

ONE DAY AT A TIME

July



To the memories that ebb and flow

*Photography is an Art, when the
Photographer is an Artist*

Walker Evans

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Cover Page: Sailing - Zierikzee, 19 July 2025: Although unrelated, this boat made me think of *Sailing*, the song by Christopher Cross. It is a fishing boat from Arnemuiden in Zeeland, displayed alongside other boats in the Zierikzee Stadhuismuseum.

Nicolas et moi avons le goût de faire des images. Mais cette fois c'est Nicolas qui compose, moi je feuillette. Et j'interprète.

Quand Nicolas joue sur une note surréaliste, il saisit le surprenant.

Je vois un Big Ben perdu au Canada, une dame rattrapée par un lièvre et une tortue, une pendule démontée sur un mur, des trous de trompette comme des trous d'eau qui se reflètent, des cages à oiseaux sur carrelage ou en abat jour à bougies, un cow boy attardé dans un musée qui se connecte, un homme et une statue qui s'instrospectent, une fleur qui n'est pas d'artichaut sur une plage de Noordwijk...

Et deux sparadraps collés sur un ciel tourmenté jouant aux parapentes dans la tourmente.

Et des vitraux à moins que ce ne soit les arabesques d'une mosquée? Mais non c'est une église d'Amsterdam aux vitres colorées.

Quand Nicolas prend la fuite sur ses lignes, c'est dans quelle perspective?

Je vois cet Escalator qui ne mène à rien.

Je ne vois qu'un alignement de tentes fermées mais pas de baigneur en point de mire.

Je me perds en fausses pistes avec ces maisonnettes décuplées à l'infini. Mon regard suit cette langue de sable qui coupe un ciel de gros nuages de ses reflets dans l'eau, pour s'attarder in fine sur un reste de mer égaré par le reflux.

Nicolas me plonge dans une esthétique de convergences.

Et quand il me montre des architectures, les lignes de force s'alignent en horizontales, s'empilent en blocs qui s'accoient, s'encastrent en triangles et s'entrecroisent à n'en plus finir.

Quand Nicolas se prend aux jeux des lumières, elles sont chaudes de soleils se couchant, saturées de verdure ou de rayures, profilées en ombres portées par un contre jour, découpées par un noir tranchant, dense et opaque, ou tout simplement : un blanc transparent.

Quand Nicolas arrive au point limite de son point de vue, je suis agréablement perdu. Il masque de noir et de blanc le bleu de Delft, il floute premier et arrière plan, il mixe cercle et rayons, arc de cercle et coupole, et même vent du Nord et voiles d'Asie...

On en redemande.

Il nous reste quand même onze autre mois à parcourir.

Patrick Dulac, Ami, artiste et acteur social, Juillet 2025.

Nicolas and I share a taste for making images. But this time, it's Nicolas who composes, while I turn the pages. And I interpret.

When Nicolas leans into the surreal, he captures the unexpected.

I see a Big Ben lost in Canada, a lady overtaken by a hare and a tortoise, a dismantled clock spread across a wall, trumpet holes like pools of water reflecting back, birdcages on tiles or turned into candle-lit lampshades, a lingering cowboy in a museum finding connection, a man and a statue locked in introspection, a flower that is not an artichoke on a Noordwijk beach...

And two band-aids stuck onto a stormy sky, playing at paragliders in the turmoil.

And stained glass windows—or are they arabesques of a mosque? No, they are the colored panes of a church in Amsterdam.

When Nicolas escapes along his lines, where does his perspective lead?

I see an escalator that goes nowhere.

I see only a row of closed tents, but no bather in sight.

I get lost in false leads with these little houses multiplied into infinity.

My gaze follows a strip of sand slicing a sky heavy with clouds through its reflections in the water, lingering at last on a stray patch of sea left behind by the ebb.

Nicolas plunges me into an aesthetic of convergences.

And when he shows me architecture, the force lines align in horizontals, stack into adjoining blocks, fit into triangles, and interweave endlessly.

When Nicolas plays with light, it is warmed by setting suns, saturated with greenery or stripes, profiled in shadows cast against the light, cut through by sharp black—dense and opaque—or, simply: a transparent white.

When Nicolas pushes his viewpoint to the limit, I am pleasantly lost. He veils Delft blue in black and white, he blurs foreground and background, he mixes circle and rays, arc and dome, even the North wind with Asian sails...

We are left wanting more.

And yet, there are still eleven other months to journey through.

Patrick Dulac, Friend, artist, and social actor, July 2025.



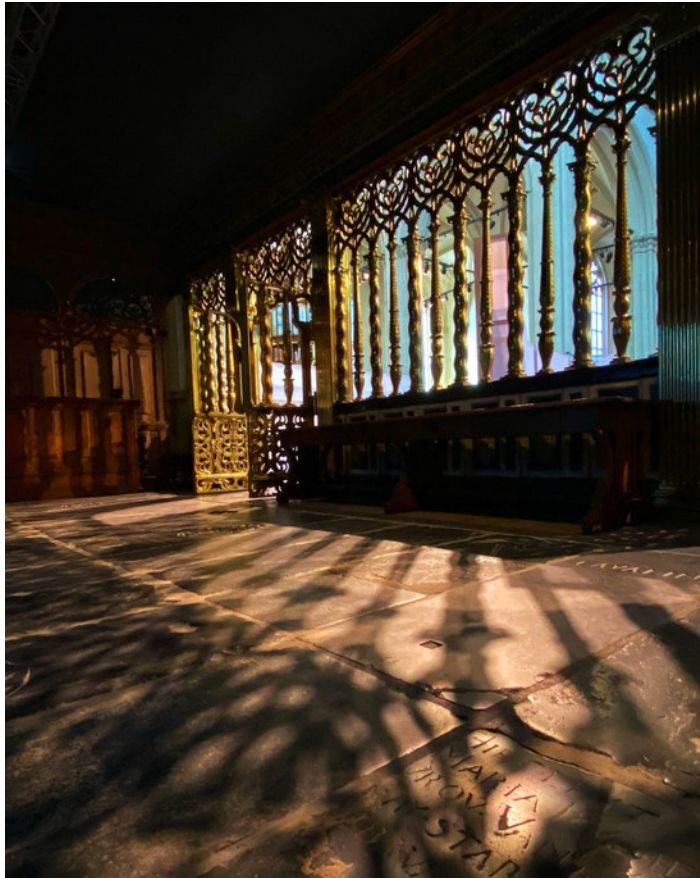
O Canada! - Ottawa, Canada, 1 July 2008: O Canada, the national anthem, rings out proudly on July 1st, Canada Day, accompanied by a sea of red and white. Here, in front of Parliament, the atmosphere is festive and patriotic, with flags waving, people singing, and the heart of the country pulsing with celebration.



Dancing in the Sky - Noordwijk, 2 July 2023: The kitesurfers off the shore of Noordwijk move like dancers carried by the wind, graceful, swift, and in perfect harmony with the waves and clouds.



Happy Fish - Singapore, 3 July 2016: Fishing in the Kallang River in Singapore is an activity reminiscent of the good old times. Among the modern skyline and busy urban life, older men cast their lines peacefully. Do they catch anything? Is it the point?



Church in Colors - Amsterdam, 4 July 2021: The New Church (Nieuwe Kerk) in Amsterdam is not only the site where Royal events take place. It is also a location for exhibitions and concerts, mixing modernity and tradition. The colors percolate through the finely decorated pillars.



Pricky - Noordwijk, 5 July 2021: Thistle is a tough and resilient plant, growing on sand in the dunes. A symbol of the endurance of the Dutch people in their centuries-long battle against the sea.



Sunset - Noordwijk, 6 July 2019: A sight that never fades: clouds backlit by the last glimmers of the sun, casting a gentle glow over the horizon and marking the quiet end of the day.



Counting Out Time - Dordrecht, 7 July 2018: A gentle nod to Genesis with this photo of multiple clocks without hands used as a wall decoration in a hotel.

