

Secret Conversations

Conversation is a delight of the illogical. It is not attentive enough to be dialogue, yet not indifferent enough to be meditation. Too close to ignore the other person, too distant to get involved. In a conversation I has a dual role, we touch intimacy, we are fragranced with secret. We feign importance in giving seriousness to the circumstances, we bestow with the instant the vertigo of time. We take possession of the public domain in transforming the road into an alcove.

The photographer is a thief of instants who gives up hope of catching everything in the fragments. Each of his glances expresses the strength of continuity. In ' Secret Conversations' , Martial Rossignol deflowers intimacy. More than just positioning , the close-ups erase the flux of the world. There are only those two left, exchanging looks, their features parallel. A primary school teacher's face, her finger on her lips, inviting silence. Unless it is the inherent hesitation before conversation : closing the mouth to prevent any word or intention from escaping. Between the two people, one of them has escaped in the form of an incomplete heart. The man with the hat has tried in vain to catch it. That is the real conversation : words like bubbles of soap, sketched out lines, fragments of sentences we'd like to stop, but instantly forget. We say to ourselves we must return. But too late. The coat, like the hat, in contrast reveals fixed lines, a binary world, made up of dark and light, while the word refuses a rational framework and covers itself in twilight and fleetingness. The man and woman are only really looking at the fleeing of inaudible sounds, the crossing of time.

Conversation in no way resembles conversation. Fragile pictures, useless, balancing with elegance, a rhetoric of existence. And however, from these light fragments appear surreptitiously the depth of a being. Especially its mystery, traces, stolen faces. Only the hats remain. Always the same story, infinitely renewed. Ancient greek masks have made way for the jousting of hats, like so many signs. The idiot looks at the finger showing him the moon...There you are - we have to look elsewhere.

Photography is the art of subtlety, the turning of the gaze, the eroticism of life. Deep down we are all from elsewhere, the photographer leads us there, almost unbeknownst to us. We just have to let ourselves be taken, to accept to get lost in the images, to find ourselves again, to no longer see in order to look. To enter into a new semiology : by fragmenting the picture, splinters of surface, we surround ourselves with a certain lightness of being. For this you must renounce the initial reading, with fixed lines and closed forms. Through illusion to free ourselves from illusion. Here are the reflections which say nothing to those who always prefer the brutality if the original : the artist who endeavours to travesty always loves the gaze more than the one who looks.

Are you looking for faces? Look at the hats, you will see better. Do you want to hear what the fragments of time are saying? Look at the eyes - they are asking to be heard.

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