

Patricia Falguières The discretion of images

We could be too hasty : identifying historic scenes, a mildly disconcerting version of familiar figures, locating an iconography. It could be Central Europe, after 1938, its signs, uniforms, souvenir photographs and everyday kitsch. Many have taken part in the indiscriminating use of imagery that the collapse of communism provided in abundance. It is a very delicate Operation to escape the picturesque. Unless, like Adam Adach, they have been through the mill of a demanding, formal apprenticeship and have experienced the latency of painting, the delay which is unique to this work, and brought it into the space of narration. Reinstating history, its rumors and its legends is now no longer about exploiting neo-pop treasure, reactivating it in the derisory manner of ready-made images. On the contrary, it is about preserving what is implicit: the discretion of images which delay their identification, and mobilise their power of affect. For example, sensing the reversibility of signs: the heraldry of the banners in *Minderheit*, the ambiguity of half swastika of the Polish minority in the Reich in 1938, the rhyme of a redemptive cross on the wing of the hydroplane in *Sauvetage* and the white flows of *Mine de sel*, like so many signs of pictoriality captured on the point of emergence from the figure. Adach's pictures generate similarities rather than acknowledging resemblances, a research method typical in painting.

The thick, physical coating of Secours slides onto the surface of the wood, eludes the grain and carelessly punctuates a "mountain drama" with four, minute silhouettes; the layout in the plans of *Maisons blanches* obstructs the potential to interpret the space and turns back the political / documentary intention towards the modulations - all on the surface - of an extensive, red painted monochrome. The eloquence of the image, its pathos, the immediate adhesion that it incites in whoever "recognises" it is retained, and the attention of our gaze is also maintained, like the impoverished hero of *Cours du soir*, lines hastily sketched with a paintbrush, furtive indications of pink, red and orange, which look out at us attentively expecting a radiant future. Images surge forth from an excess of pigment, always threatened by a return to vagueness, provisional figures always on the verge of suggesting some genealogical intrigue, preludes to the appearance of the "subject of the story".

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