

Unarticulated Spaces and Unlimited Visions

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I couldn't get through Jad Salman's world. Go figure...

His recent Parisian work left in me many repercussions, undoubtedly as much discomfort. Difficulty, anxiety, rejection and questions overlap since. First of all, those paintings have something in common.

They push to renunciation. But what kind of renunciation is it? The one where we abandon our own construction and representation of reality and History, to truly redefine our own identity. This renunciation to consider the past, define the present and conceive the future in a whole new way. It is at this price that born clash between the Man and his Space; rehabilitating the first in his second. Strange allocation and exhortation in the loss of the landmarks and the sense.

Here, the Space, this conjugation of time and place, is represented, by the uninterrupted game of forms, faces, colors and materials. These spaces are mixed and form a whole. A non-compacted whole, suffocating and discouraging, but on the contrary an ensemble where everyone is free to define his own journey. Everyone is free to see, to disclose and to acknowledge traces, proofs or other signs.

Something is sure; no space has his defined place. And it is this same liberty that bump into the reason.

So, across these paintings, History refrains from being cyclical, such as the Man established it. It does not register in any schema of building-peak, destruction-decline.

This is here a sincere invitation to leave the rails of the construction of the marked-out Space. Why? To discover a universe where dimensions, figures, forms and spaces face each others and mix up in the same time.

That's how I got caught playing this game. I am before a painting. Before anything else, I determine a starting point (natural reflex) from which I start to go up and down the picture, from one detail to another, from one space to another, from a «key» to another, abandoning myself in a key just after discerning it.

Reassuring. Then I reissue the same technique going now from a painting to another. Questions, illusions, tenderness, rage, irony, rejection, joy are right in front of me. My feelings become confused for the greatest happiness of my Mind. Or maybe for the greatest happiness of my Ego. Misleading contentment? At the same time, a detail popped up in my mind: it is my starting point. What happened to him? He lost the sense I had defined him ...

I do not understand. I have however been told. Obviously, the force of Jad Salman's work is that it's practiced with the greatest application; coat after coat, form after form, material after material, color after color. Sense - or rather senses - take life and shape.

Different spaces which, each taken apart, seem to have an established sense. But willing to clarify the work by this method makes all sense of work ruined.

The force of the work compels to transverse reading, synonymous with freedom of reading. It condemns any order established by reading. Reading and rereading succeed one to another. Reading and rereading increase at the risk of confronting each other, sometimes even (post controversial irony) to complement each other.

The absence of mark, accentuated by the interlacing of coats, forms, materials and colors, confer to the work a free spirit. It ruins the chains of all space construction and representation and gives, somehow, in the reality, all the force for quest of freedom. Because before all, to give correspond them of any building and presentation of the space, the dimension and therefore someplace reality to grant in the search of freedom all its potency. Because foremost, this quest is issued from its own chains.

We might see in this the mark of a René Char: «Our legacy is preceded of any testament»...

Therefore. Return to the painting. A form of déjà vu, already known and the eye becomes established comfortably, reassured, and gets ready to start the reading of a painting. Let us take this picture for example where we can easily find in the background a character from a science fiction novel; a futuristic character, the representation of the sexless superman and who almost looks like a robot; two or three details allow us to be driven by the painting.

This sensation barely gone, here I am, sinked in these dark, strict and tough traits. Traits planted on the face of my character and disfigure it. I see a parallel with the « Immaculate Conception » and its Transcendental Beatitude there. But it is all the opposite. The subjugation of a superman disfigured by his own human condition.

The strangest thing is that my character is as much fouled as he is denaturalized but his face doesn't carry the stigmata of this corruption. Let me explain myself. These traits didn't fade away; they aren't integrated in my character but are marked on his face. The Superimposition is being obvious.

What are these shapes, these nourished black traits who attack my character? Especially when it doesn't seem to be touched.

How are these lines obvious to my character, who is nothing more than my own representation of the future? These lines confuse me. These shapes choke me.

Who are these forces with the least human shapes - since it is about traits - simple traits certainly, but which have the supreme power to annihilate any strength of my character....

Can these traits be borders? As much hindrances to my character's freedom, whatever the nature of this freedom is?

Are these lines imposed borders and against which my character can't do anything? It doesn't even seem to come to his mind him the possibility to struggle, to show any kind of feeling on his face; he seems inert and condemned. This is a kind of reading which confuses me. I search another painting to elaborate another reading. Escape. However, I re-examine my futuristic character from the corner of the eye. This is the moment I say: Thus, who is this character whom I became identified with?... I shall not know how to answer ...

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This text was written in 2009