

Interiors

Exhibition In Sight. Galerie Isabelle Gounod. Boulogne. 2005

Like freeze framed images that you need to decipher, or a piece of history without a past, Richard Tronson's photographs are disturbing by their lack of instant readability. Ambiguous and confused atmospheres, "multiple choice" images; images not necessarily making sense but made of many different sensations; which is exactly the artist's desire, to create a suspended formula with uncertified goals. A display of possibilities and therefore many possible readings. From then the uncertainty prevails with the viewer: which is perfectly legible in artistic terms, the images are voluntarily lacking from the point of view of their significations. Like Paul Ardenne wrote it in Tronson's catalogue: "The artist wants to mark the contradiction of an image and the limits between the coherence of the world of images and the incoherence that prevails with its perception.[...]. Familiar territory, but unfamiliar faces. Homogeny of the frame, diversity of content. Together but falling apart. Fractured.

Since the "Painless images" theme (2000) which happened to be located in hospitals, the "interior" serie is moving places; The medical world becomes a private sphere, the mobile living space, significant set.

Most of the time in closed environments such as old libraries, bourgeois houses, XIX century living rooms or 1930's "Salons", some strange characters dressed in white or occasionally in black are travelling through the images, bizarre beings, sleep walking, pulled out from our ordinary logic are inhabiting the space. In a closed universe borrowed from the past, they symbolise waiting, and potentiality of the home. Sitting, lying down or standing up, reduced to the most simple gestures, they write themselves into the structure of the photo and the invisible lines which makes them, disappearing into the background until becoming confounded. To give up on the world or not to adapt to it.

Deaf ambiance, deviant images celebrating the inadequate.

Like Chinese poetry it's the recurrent theme that is asked: The right person but the wrong time or the right time but the wrong place.