

Even in the days when I first knew Albert Vidal, at my Mime and Theatre School in Paris, he used to take refuge in faces, he was fascinated by them. And now I meet him –and them– once again in these excellent photographs by Leopold Samsó.

A disquieting, inquisitive look coming from a face that is pale rather than white, emerging from the shadows, then a smile growing in the direction of open hands that hold the memory of fear.

These images of Albert Vidal bring out two forces that are opposed in the contradiction between for and against expressed here with the intensity and compression of the mime.

The look seems to refuse what the hand is asking for. Waiting becomes fear with no possibility of flight. Departures are uneasy and immobile. Questions remain unanswered. Face and hands converse together to an absurd degree; the right hand becomes the left, and the left the right, one no longer knows to which arm, or to whom, they belong.

The body that is absent in the photographs is terribly present in the face and the hands, which seem to be suspended, and the photographer's still portrait makes this phenomenon even more intense.

These expressions, disillusioned to the point of disgust, alarmed to the point of anguish, which freeze into a grimace, mock and implore us.

Everything in Albert Vidal's face is urged to paroxysms of expression. His eyes move in the orbit of the mask-face like those of oriental actors, to the very limit of their ability.

He speaks of us. He is from here. He is of our age.

Jacques Lecoq
Paris, October 1982