

by neither with help from sun ra friedrich nietzsche jamiroquai and jean-luc nancy
fiat nox

the blatant approach had not worked to the extent of his expectations so he tried again
if he recalled well all things were slightly off to the palm a cold callous feeling sending
charges down the grid yet a resistance a seam not perfectly disappeared through handwork
or machine work what are the differences anyway and here he was in a space he'd too often
scene sound muffled where he felt finally open to his-self undistracted from his being and
for once embracing solitary ambitions his social life couldn't allow as one sleeps in a room
emptied vacuumed nested behind its eyelids behind a dream that has yet to start where one relates

only to himself self to self self to none none to self time on a hold until the day
starts again one night like all nights the night the only one a whisper feeding
on its reserves *qui dort dine mais qui dine ne dort pas* locked upon its darkness light
extracted surrounded by remnants of his room

*skating swiftly on the shores of a jamiroquai music video set you know that one where he
passes from floor to wall to floor to wall to ceiling the remnants of domesticity surrounding
him moldings of another space scattered along the walls encountering at times
drawn out vignettes of precious withdrawn events*

*ars somni i'll sleep when i'm dead a translucent dream where rest is permanent
and a thud stops or starts yet start be none that anticipated its*

action created its being emphasised its potential volume repeating the

asperities of his thoughts recalling their flatness to one's cerebellum in a nutshell a defined moment

where happens are few events forgot the displacement leads to misplacement

so be it images put on their jacket and reveal their dimensional aspect

none the other cold to the palm gentle to the eyes it is but an exhibition no worries

felt yet questions arise draw it out please stretch the meanings of your accomplishments

nah nah i'm good commercial instance respected window shoppers welcomed

cut it out you're on the other side of time now whose muffled reactions recall all so often
that space stays porous and shouldn't be divided when suddenly the room's reduction shrinks
the horizon to a line an idea more than a reality conceptualised through pressed and lidded eyes

what you see is what you draw lying and playing on wood slants

you can dress the part but can you be it

aaahhh he caught his breath attempting to find a way to reassess his certainties

he'd seen enough yet the images imprint the retina and reveal their own negative

blind sighted to the errors of art's exceptionality and back

he couldn't keep out the thought that nature had sculpted a nut whose insides mimic the human brain

et vice et versa how could an object look exactly like the muscle who needs its nutritional qualities

to develop sanely and how his grandfather showed him how to open one by crushing it against another

yet never knowing really which one would crack first and the surprise of its inside

that schrödinger nut effect he was coming back to the world out of this domestic shell of a room

this had been a haven was he ready to leave it he'd probably never know he inhaled

one last time and accepting to leave himself behind to become once again permanent two for

in relation to others once again he also remembered that in order to not die of the truth one has art

it was enough for him at the moment he felt grateful and opened his eyes

'A curtain is a door but is a door a curtain?'
aka Some naps last a long time
Reflections about (, \,) an exhibition by Alexandre Lavet

by neither

Some things seem obvious and some take a bit more time.

This can be said about a lot of things: relationships, recipes, walks and it is often said about art.

Art would hold in itself a certain resistance to what it is.

As if it needed to always be something else and in this sense something more, something better.

I'm not sure this thought is shared by Alexandre Lavet.

When experiencing this exhibition there are a few 'tricks' that you end up being submitted to by the artist. From the start, after following a small corridor you have to open a door by operating a replica of the cling of the artist's bedroom.

Relics from a gallery's storage space are here to welcome you.

Packed paintings, sculptures and crates as well as an unusually low light are here as caught in a time loop of a build-up, or as if you had opened the wrong door. But like in a dark space, one must get acquainted to the lack of light here, one must get acquainted to the subtle interventions that question the space and that transpose it continuously.

Elements from the outside gently blend into elements from the inside of the gallery; not the ones that you usually see but the ones that you're not meant to see.

But I don't believe that these tricks are only that.

Trickery is the practice of crafty underhanded ingenuity to deceive or cheat. Yet in this context A.L. chooses to invite us to the tails side of the coin, one that through his works always falls on the tails.

We are caught in a space where we witness a strong sense of scenography of art's gimmicks yet a will to step away from it at the same time.

The previously mentioned elements become pedestals where cartoonish representations can rest; the same drawings which took so long to be considered art are brought into the sacred gallery space to softly lie down,

keeping their manually reproduced sobriety to themselves.

On the walls, a slight change of colour and mouldings extracted from the artist's bedroom guide us to a calm space where time is slightly suspended in a continuous torpor. Various elements that recall, by their shell, literature staples are scattered through the space, glorifying characters of worlds where time takes its time.

Museum labels are here to do the opposite 'metonymy-sing' the works they evoke, once again of men and women who have chosen to embrace slowness as the vehicle to guide them to their truth.

Rest then occurs in this calm event. Rest for the works and rest for the viewer and his thoughts.

An extended period behind the curtains of representation all too often shielding us from the magic that creates all too often entertaining situations. But as much as we are able to separate an actor from its role to accept the power of theatre's fiction, A.L. trusts us to embrace his fiction while showing us the way he transgresses the objects and space he puts us in contact with. And once all of this is taken in, here and there, if you open your ears they can also get tickled by remnants of the artist's naps that he once took in other spaces.

This is a loaded exhibition (as in the loaded dice expression) where you don't always get what you want, but you might get what you need.

And when you do let yourself go, maybe you can encounter A.L.'s courageous intimate gift guided by his urgency to make sense of an all so absurd world whose speed can easily take away so much.

Please indulge yourself in a break, a time well spent with works that aren't images but actions, interventions, transformations and maybe small truths.

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neither is an undisclosed entity