

**'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