

Island

Roulez moins vite vous pourriez écraser Roland Barthes

This spring, Island has the pleasure of presenting a selection of works by artist Patrick Carpentier. Typical of his sources of inspiration and artistic production, these new and older pieces are intrinsically inscribed within his body of work.

Aesthetic is revealed within technical materials, poetry extracted from raw matter, there is a taste for the exploration of archives, and a sampling of literary form. This exhibition is built around a found photograph dating back to early 1980's taken in France. An image of graffiti referencing the death of philosopher Roland Barthes. Operating a movement going from image to sculpture, Patrick Carpentier invites us into an urban and light filled installation. The installation, made specifically for Island, triggers a certain form of irony but also ingenuousness, rendering the spectator attentive to his own rhythm of movement.

On the ground floor, an engraved piece of marble first meets the eye. Text made apparent by a thin layer of white gold, seemingly lights up the stone. The sculpture evokes a headstone, an homage to that something which no longer is. We do not know whether the words written by Ian Curtis refer to an intimate moment of the artist's life or to a more global experience, that in the end is concerning us as well.

Further inside the space, coloured straps reach from the floor to the ceiling. Such as a structure crossing a room but flowing in a reverse direction, the object conjures resistance, a feeble attempt at anchoring two surfaces and keep foot within a physical and mental space which we've already lost control over.

On the first floor we discover several light boxes drawn from a series of works first presented during a visual and sound installation in 2010. The text found within this piece is excerpted from a monologue concluding Uncle Vanya, an 1898 play by Russian author Anton Tchekhov. The last sentences uttered by Sonia, niece of Vanya, are a resigned cry to the deceptions of life: the broken illusions that love or success lead to happiness.

We discern within this exhibition thoughts moving to and fro, organising the universe into clear forms, and then into more obscure abstractions. A swinging movement underlines our inability to catch hold of the flow of time and our inevitable desire to mark it. Roland Barthes no longer is however his disconcerting imagination excites time and time again those who grasp the out-stretched line of his thoughts.