

ARPAÏS DU BOIS

Trois cent quatre-vingt-onze

January 28 – March 12, 2011

ARPAÏS du bois has labeled this exhibition as being her “exhibition of everything”. That of every page, of every day as well as that of all risks taken. She decides to show for the first time the whole process of evolution of the work from conception to fulfillment, without any interference. Until now, the selection of the works to be exhibited was the result of careful considerations maintaining an equilibrium between intuitive and rational choices. The aim was to associate, to confront and to present materialized visions, tamed words and underlying colours. All these stories recomposed, reassembled but nonetheless sorted out made it easy for the viewer to penetrate to the core of the work. ARPAÏS could at wish show her very personal and ephemeral meta-truth that popped up out of her constant trying to communicate through drawings, by means of which she could propose a brighter picture or an easy roll-into her work. This time, however, there is no intention nor possibility to omit a drawing for any reason whatsoever. Because here they are, just as they have been committed to the booklets, gurgling sometimes in opulence and sometimes in desperation. Above all, the drawings are not recomposed in terms of time. And that is how the 46 sketchbooks, containing the 391 days cast into 2748 drawings are being showed. The ‘nakedness’ that ARPAÏS shows in this one year plus 26 days and the way the visitor is ushered to ramble through the exhibition at his own pace and avoid being pushed through it by the sheer amount of drawings to be seen, these two elements combined made her choose for this particular way of showing the work. This rambling through requires a great deal of effort from the viewer who ends up being a searcher of something in an immense labyrinth. The fact that he accepted the invitation to attend, to open booklet 1 and continue to consult the 45 remaining ones enables him to recognize the rhythms of certain visual recurrences. The way ARPAÏS deals with melancholy by kicking at it for example or the way she uses her drawings as a shield against the banality and the absurdities of the outside life. She strolls down the streets and into daily duties and so she gets bruised by the world outside. When evening comes, her bruises become drawings. Once committed to the paper, all of this ceases to be just a cry without a sound but on the contrary heard by the silence. And above all, it can be ‘read’.