

Twisted Together

We had ceased to believe our eyes, without even noticing. It was slightly like the “upside down” of *Stranger Things*. We first found ourselves asking, 'Haven't I have already seen this?' and exactly at the same time and following the exact same strange feeling, “Is this even something I recognise, something I can define, something I know?” Because gradually, yet also all of a sudden, the uncertainty that it wasn't something that well defined had taken hold. Unwittingly we had fallen asleep at the wheel at the very moment we thought we had awoken to the route and the destination.

Ghost viewers (maybe we were just tired or overwhelmed with visual informations), we came, the plague on board. Once there, everything was supposed to be just as it had always been: homey, soft and cosy. But something subtly affected the atmosphere. Yet we were not – and perhaps had never been – masters in our wonderful own visual world. And this unease gave rise to the awareness that something new would have to be built, new routes found, new connections discovered and layers (de)constructed. Something that wouldn't bend to our will.

Just follow me back to the beginning: the idea is that of different spaces, virtual or real, sculptural or layered on a flat canvas. It's also a matter of ambiguity and hybridity. Aymeric's stories are built in a fragmentary way, superimposing images and shapes, separating spaces, confronting textures and materials, lights, lines and blur. They are always composed of layers and strata.

This one begins in that more-than-white space. *More* due to its attenuation by the white wallpaper, equalised or homogenised. In a living room becoming sculptural, the screens reveal instead of hide and Aymeric organises shifts and recoveries. Whether for the paintings or the objects, the process is the same: 1) to recover; 2) to isolate; 3) to return. *Return* to a different context that brings them back to another possible place, that escapes from the primary source and thus becomes a new possible source. It's somewhere around here that the magic happens. At one point the *primary* and the *possible* kind of merge, and there the real story begins. Not the one told by Aymeric but the one taking place in the eyes of the other. Using the same visual elements they can be very different one from the other. But as this is not in a movie in which we try to communicate with aliens there's no problem here.

Whether a zoom in a bunch of cables, a game of shadow on a bare skin or the alternative text Facebook offers you instead of an image when your signal isn't strong enough, the images chosen by Aymeric are at the same time very figurative and very evocative. Directly linked with art, he steals the pattern of a flyer, draws from the opening credits of a movie or resurrects an 80's gif; images can come from everywhere and there's no hierarchy among them. Reframed, assembled with others, their colours changed, they talk about something other than what they show. They become bastards who can speak for themselves. And even if at first sight you do not recognise those hundred elements that you've seen a hundred times before, there is nothing cryptic here; just an opportunity to look closer at details we can see everyday and everywhere, and to let them tell us something.

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