

GALERIE CRÈVECOEUR  
4 RUE JOUYE-ROUVE  
75020 PARIS

**MICK PETER**

*Two Nots*

10/09 - 29/10/11

Soon the ceremony will be ready to start, the bell ready to be rung and the champagne to be served... Before that the artist will have got off the plane, caught a train, and found once more the crates and cardboard boxes containing his bubble-wrapped works, a bag of cement and the usual container of Jesmonite. As a type of strange ritual, an exhibition takes place in a dedicated space. This space will usually have a set of practical protocols, the inherent absurdity of which remains mainly invisible. But they are the end point of one of mankind's most universal but demented activities; the transportation of things.

Ultimately *Two Nots* stand in this space, their formal echo bounces from one room to the other. If there were no wall in-between they would potentially face each other. The vertiginous effect of the Moebius-like shapes of the Nots is similarly interrupted by a strange magnetism, to elements pulled in from undefined surroundings. Our eyes slide along the curvilinear structure but keep bumping into banal or even vulgar cast objects: a shoe, a sock or a lumpen ball.

The Nots are not a couple of stereoscopy images, neither are they an austere reference to seriality in the 20th century history of sculpture. Instead they play a spot the difference game in a playful and subversively enchanted atmosphere, one that has been recurrent in Peter's work. Here we are wandering somewhere between a theatre stage set, some novelistic props and the remains of a ludicrous epic. The torn down effect and disembodied eyes of the flyer also announce this fragmented universe. The only certainty we have is that those enigmatic and incongruous assemblages have to be seriously considered, especially for what they might represent, a knotted string, a shoelace or a pretzel. The knot's formal beauty as well as its strange symbolic power is unshakable but its importance has been underestimated in the field of art. For instance about Francis Bacon's paintings Louise Bourgeois invoked a certain culinary specialty: «*Il distordait ses personnages – principalement masculins – comme un bretzel pris dans le mouvement d'attraction et de répulsion du ruban de Moebius.*» (1)

Far from any tortured representation of the human body, bretzel or pretzel is never easy to pronounce when eating one of them. Why did the "bretzel" lose its "b" to become a pretzel? Imaginary alliterations and ghost letters are surrounding the Two Nots. A subtle tactile desire and a pretzel taste are metaphorically called in mind. And the disappeared "k" is as illusive as the pretzel softness: neither the back of the tongue nor the (k) not-like shape dough against your palate.

Caroline Soyez-Petithomme

(1) "He distorted his characters or figures – mainly male – such as a pretzel takes in the attractive and repulsive movement of the Moebius strip." Francis Bacon : *Papes et autres figures - Peintures de la Succession*, Galerie Lelong, Paris, 1999.