

ALMINE RECH GALLERY

MATTHIEU RONSSE — EXCHANGE PIECES

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Berlin, a man with sly eyes, sweat pants and a shirt, upright collar,
chuckle face, the corners of his mouth in a restrained smiling cramp.
It was pleasant, though. A week in company with these golden claws.

an extra asset never takes a long time coming,
the slight let-down afterwards brings a lump in the throat.
Then the idea that fear should be tempered.
With a rugged whip and a little colour...
like a brewer once told me.

A loud ha-ha drives the demons crazy.
I keep an eye on that guy... he feeds me, and I talk the dead moments to a close.
What am I doing here otherwise.
A nice guy.

The carcass of a pet in a plastic bag neatly trimmed in gold
on the saddle of a fitness device of a hedonistic old man
whose desire to lose weight ages like rust.
On the wheel, a little bear.
The prize-winner of a ball game in the Baroness's garage.

And then another sip of beer.
Not such a good beer... bad even, since we save the good for friends and family.
And we fraternize with the unruly foreigners.
Poisoned by the same stuff, we jabber the night into the morning.