

SPLIT
RIVIERA

Formations

19.06.25- 27.07.25

Filip Lav

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Filip Lav

Filip Lav (born in Vienna 1991) currently lives and works in London. His practice spans painting, installation, and expanded forms of visual storytelling - often navigating themes of myth, memory, and transformation.

He completed the Turps Studio Programme in London in 2024, following an MFA at Columbia University, New York (2016), and a BFA from the Ruskin School of Fine Art, Oxford University (2012). His education reflects a rigorous engagement with both conceptual and material processes, informing a body of work that is layered, evocative, and responsive to the tensions between the personal and the political.

He has exhibited widely in group exhibitions across Europe and the U.S., including *Those Beginning Notes* (Warbling Collective, London, 2025), *At the Service of the Unreal* (Chilli Art Projects, London, 2025), *Transitions* (F2T Gallery, Milan, 2025), and *In Rapture* (The Bomb Factory, London, 2024). Earlier exhibitions include *GIFC at The Hole NYC* (2020), *Summer Projects* at Nancy Margolis Gallery (2016), and the *MFA Thesis Exhibition* at Fisher Landau Center, New York (2016).

His work has been featured in publications such as *Floor Magazine* (Issue 32, 2024) and *Gentle Doom*, PGV Project Gallery V (2023).

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Formations, Filip Lav explores the fractured remnants of symbolic language, assembling painterly fragments into hybrid structures that evoke both rupture and resonance. These works do not reconstruct lost meanings but trace their lingering forms—dislocated symbols, gestures, and fields that hover between coherence and dissolution.

Each canvas operates autonomously, yet in juxtaposition they form constellations—portraits beside patterns, figuration beside abstraction—mirroring the contradictions of a culture where shared narratives have eroded. Like psychoanalytic symptoms, the paintings return history's aesthetic debris in distorted form: motifs stripped of function but still pulsing with affect.

Lav's compositions embrace ambiguity and discontinuity. Their layered temporality reflects a slow, intuitive process, where resonances shift and fragment over time. Rather than delivering resolution, Formations invites the viewer into a suspended space—part atmosphere, part architecture—where recognition flickers and disappears.

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Cold Heaven

185 x 32cm

Oil and acrylic on linen and jute

2025

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Traumfassade I, II, III,
330x32cm
Oil and acrylic on linen and jute
2025
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Traumfassade I,II, III,
330x32cm
Oil and acrylic on linen and jute
2025
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Bronze Age,

185 x 32cm

Oil and acrylic on linen and jute

2025

Filip Lav

Between the Aisles

[A tape reel starts. A clearing of the throat. A chair creaks.]

"So, let's continue. Can you describe to me your experience, its details?"

Her eyes are sincere but I feel nervous. Is the light buzzing?

"Umm, well..."

"Take your time. Go on."

"Okay. So, a foot dragger walks past, they're scuffing their heels, squeaking a bit. Then the tannoy chimes in—tincan tones about daily deals and last chance bargains-

[Static crackle.]

"Sorry?"

"What is it?" *She didn't hear anything.*

"...Nevermind... So, well, the lights are too bright, I can feel them bearing down on me. I look at the shelves, trying to remember what I need, squinting a little, allowing the colours to blur into rectangles of patterned light. I look at the packets—all these brightly colored beacons communicating their visions, their stylised utopias. I'm walking, passing through these divided aisles, looking into familiar faces. Each packet a story, a material history, a symbolic lineage. I feel like I have to squint still - it's so bright. I can hear the light's buzz. I look at the cereals, the oats and that smiling Quaker. I know him well. I think of fields and harvest. I think of early mornings, and the toil. I watch my knuckles as I bring down my scythe. Cutting, I feel the midday heat, bearing down on me. I look at my hand with its gnarled fingers, hard and callused from wooden handles. Blades and handles. Then I taste iron. I know it's my time. Blood is filling my bruised mouth and I start choking, spluttering as I lie breathing my last lungful. My eyes wide open. The sky is as blue as it has ever been and the clouds part to reveal-

"I blink. I pick up the oats, put them in my basket and start to walk toward the checkout. I feel dazed but synthetic strings are playing on the tannoy. Thank god for Muzak. A lullaby romances me; my mood is won over to the artificial calm. I smile to myself. I turn to reach for tinned peaches. The metal cans glint and wink. A high cheeked face is peering at me through their unnatural geometries. The aluminum. Repeating cylinders and ribs, the high modernism of consumer goods... Did you know, aluminum was briefly one of the most valuable metals on the planet? Napoleon used aluminum cutlery for only his most prestigious guests. Metal and its luxury value seem so innate, but then advancements in industrial processes can transform our-

"Shall we get back to your experience?" *She looks concerned. My jaw aches with tension. I nod. The buzzing is in here too. Her office. She's wearing horn rimmed glasses.*

"I bet his wine was fantastic. Napoleons. Anyway, yeah, so the blood, then the aluminium cans... and well, aluminum also caps the Washington Monument, that great obelisk in the west, an Egyptian lightning rod in the heart of the new seat of Rome, a needle pointing back through-

"Rome? We were in the aisles, Britain, the rows of stacked brands. You had some kind of vision?" *She is frowning slightly.*

"Right yeah. So, that shuffler, they're still dragging their heels, I can hear them one aisle over - dairy. And amongst the peaches, that face shimmering behind the tin cans winks. High-cheeked and horned. Horned and grinning. I see the great god Pan and his multiplicities, as if replicated on some lithograph printer. Printed again and again and sent all over the country, the planet, identical and-"

"Pan?" *This piqued her interest, plenty to unpack from that one I bet.*

"So, I look at the tinned veg. Plain old tinned veg. Eat your greens, a panacea. A cure all. The green giant grins from a hundred angles. And the fresh produce, everything's alive now, everything's got dimensions. I look through portals in the new potatoes. I see the divine amongst the detergent."

[Tannoy: Pandemonium in the meat aisle. Shoppers please be aware.]

"Fear is viral. It's not long before it's at pandemic proportions. We're trapped between the great dividers of the aisles, these stacked shelves now a maze, labyrinthine. People run; even the foot shuffler picks up pace. Snorts and grunts. Panic. Maybe those shuffling heels weren't Nikes.

From behind the cold cuts, it sounds like a new kind of butchery is taking place. The cream-curdling bellows of a half man half bull, scuffing supermarket tiles with half human hooves."

[The light buzzes. Clock ticking. The sound of a cash register. The tape has finished and is clicking rhythmically.]

By Kaius Owen

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The exhibition will be open from Thursday to Saturday between

11:00 - 18:00.

We open are doors on the 18.06.25 at 18:00-21:00. The location of the gallery next to Dunston Rd, London E84EH, on the canal next to the railway bridge.

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