

Louise Sartor "Old Patterns" at Crèveœur, Paris

19.11.2024

READING TIME 3'

SHARE



Louise Sartor "Old Patterns" at Crèveœur, Paris, 2024. Courtesy: the artist and Crèveœur, Paris. Photo: Martin Argyroglo

Crève-cœur

19.11.2024

READING TIME 3'

SHARE

Olga holds the seconds back in her lungs
behind her thin lips
the smoke envelopes the white filter.
Her sentence's stem is materialised in a single breath
"...fairefleur.
You see?"
I see their black, pink, yellow,
emerald green pullover
whose petals wilt if I don't fix their image
with the approximate eye of my two zero one six iPhone.
Zoom-in. Crude smooth pixels.
To recompose later into a single painting,
the right idea
of the fortuitous elegance of her hands (photo 2),
of the surprised look of her clear eyes (photo 5),
of the extreme softness of her pale broad forehead (photo 1),
of this flower pattern—tulips, daffodils and daisies (photos 1 to 5)—with which Olga forms a
body. Olga is a flower

My friends are dandies
exhibited, published, followed
and sometimes, even, awarded a few prizes

From one end to the other of my wooden table,
Sam and Sabrina adopt the pose of a dubious Annunciation
They talk bodybuilding and working out:
Pimping the bodily outfit,
flexing, bulging to exhibit the long-term work of a body
which is built using barbells like a sentence,
like a painting
Then, inhabiting the muscled pulp,
performing, splaying the glossy fan, the peacock feathers,
the hundred-eyed oscillated trapping—azure, curry yellow, water greens, orange and sienna
earth before the assembly's marvelled gaze
The superposition of flesh becomes litany, repetition, pattern
like the coloured camouflage that Sam likes to wear for coquettish provocation and home
comfort

Crève-cœur

19.11.2024

READING TIME 2'

SHARE

*Eat your heart out Jean-Étienne Liotard,
grieve and lament Édouard Vuillard*

My friends are growing depressed
I think ,
because being carefree and twenty gives way to being thirty and disenchanted
In the belly: emptiness and fatigue,
and routine's cold fat

And the great pomp of artistic avant-gardes has long since succumbed to the arrival of its
twilight
and to the hegemony of cash
Philipp gets bored in a tank top, alone
amid LED screens and his bottles of Cristaline water
and Kim, sculptor of 3D plastic UFOs, dreams of inheriting,
a chosen ambassador, dressed in refined colours
from distant lands
And my friends are like a little bird
To whom I give, to keep them alive ,
crumbled bits of minced steakmini artificial earthworms of flesh and bone ,
already ground, beef

From the window of my 34th floor, I capture,
quickly,
the day's luminous variations
I write infinity
on little boxes, found, folded and mistreated,
which inspire me with a disturbing yet genuine compassion
Touches of skies compose a sensitive decoy for daily meteorological
mood swings
of a new day that begins
and of a day that ends

Perhaps the painter of modern life no longer probes the beauty of circumstances
but accepts the incessant
failure
to measure up to the great and fall short
and yet,
despite the discomfiture, the desire remains entire,
You start again and force yourself
to hit home, scrutinising, concealed
in the background-noise of the wallpaper facing life
for nothing is minor in painting,
not bouquets of flowers,
not the fold of clothes,
not the red of meat,
not the grey of the wing
of a baby blackbird
—*Ana Mendoza Aldana*
(Translated by Ian Monk)

at Crèveœur, Paris
until December 14, 2024
