



Louise Sartor, *Sicilian Lovers*, 2018. Gouache and watercolor pencil on paper, 9.5 x 6.5 inches. Courtesy of the artist and Bel Ami, Los Angeles

LOUISE SARTOR *SICILIAN LOVERS*

Burdens, such as the château, with its ample grounds and its various architectural follies, had been sold off long ago. Centuries back, men and women, old and young, had assembled to carve, polish, and paint what visitors from villages near and far had come to marvel at. Obviously, the death of a few workers was inevitable—a square zone of contrasting vegetation could once be found where the corpses were laid, a few minutes away from the obligatory stable. Each of these spaces were demolished efficiently. What the people really craved was not majesty or glory, but fresh, clean water, unsoiled by human contact, sleeping deep under these lands. The gardener would have a maid go and fetch some from the well to fill vases of delightful seasonal blooms for the Lady of the house. None of the above-mentioned occupants left children. The well crumbled. The rediscovered underground water was bottled by local entrepreneurs and sold in high-end grocery stores, shipped in the same trucks that had formerly transported the contents of the château prior to its bulldozing. Auctioneers scattered the chandeliers, trophies, and portraits, which now occupy a network of tasteful interiors that collectively cover more territory than the original grounds, yet this imprint is smaller still than the web of the bottled water consumers. A dainty silver frame, originally held within the château chambers, now holds a photograph of an absentminded poodle, inside of the water bottling factory. Or is it of a human child? The dust keeps collecting so as to blur the outlines of the image. If you have binoculars, you can see, from the factory's windows, some feral dogs fighting each other, where the well once was. They run around and dig up bones to gnaw, and fight to dominate the terrains. But the ruins beneath them are not their own; they were built by the skeletons the dogs now consume. Of course, the windows need cleaning too. It is advised to exist humbly, keeping in mind that you are merely being allowed to live. — Louise

Sartor (b. 1988) lives and works in Paris, France. Recent exhibitions include Bel Ami (Los Angeles, CA), Crèvecoeur (Paris, France), Château de Versailles, Paris de Tokyo offsite (Versailles, France), Ghebaly Gallery (Los Angeles, CA), Galerie der Stadt Schwaz (Schwaz, Austria), Musée des Beaux-Arts (Dole, France), and Fondation d'entreprise Ricard (Paris, France). Upcoming exhibitions include Gwangju Biennale, Palais de Tokyo Pavilion (Gwangju, South Korea), and Frieze London with Crèvecoeur.