

Louise Sartor & Naoki Sutter-Shudo

Jour de fête en couleurs

30.08.19 — 30.10.19

“ - So what's the spirit then? You weren't saying anything yesterday in the car.

- But I was, talking about the feeling of beauty and comparing it to pity and grief, and Naoki was saying that it was a
feeling of helplessness.

- It was very emo and metaphysical.

- The feeling of helplessness in front of a grandiose landscape?

- Yeah, that's what he said, I don't know where it came from. Maybe from the Grenier book he was telling you about. ”

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The sentimental organization of the world leads us to opt for SMS exchanges with artists. I have often experienced relationships with artists as love relationships and phone messaging lends itself well to love relationships.

Together, we recently designed and carried out the project to go for a sea bath at the foot of the Esterel massif, on Ile aux Vieilles. As we watched the volutes of an octopus trying to escape the atrocious vision of three clumsy swimmers wearing grotesque masks, Louise almost lost her sight. It was the crooked merchant's fault, the one in Théoule-sur-Mer who sold us a tampered diving mask, its window breaking into a thousand pieces. While scrutinizing the beauty of the marine world and the sublime oil-blue water that spreads at the feet of the red rocks, a painter could have lost her sight. The shards would have suddenly cut into her retina and I wouldn't have been able to do anything but cry. If a dealer can't even protect his artist's vital organs, what is his use? A colleague recently reprimanded me for putting affect in professional relationships: “No feelings in business”. It's not exactly a professional relationship, it's a working, intellectual and sentimental relationship. It's super emo.

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For the exhibition, Louise and Naoki both made portraits of friends and family and views of buildings. Painted or photographed, the people and places that are represented each first struck them with their respective beauties, but are also infused by the subjective relationship they have with them, and contain anecdotal narrative elements.

Depicted on strange surfaces in Louise's work, in old-fashioned saturated colours in Naoki's work, they are captured in those paroxysmal moments when a great silence takes place, when life suspends itself for a moment before it begins again. The presence, simple and permanent, we access it with care, we must be content to do as we live, and to live as if we were petrified under the sun. These frontal pieces, almost classical, show some kind of vision of the world. But this vision is also constructed in a stranger way with collages of objects, weird sculptures, dead animals, flea markets finds. They did not collaborate completely to the point of co-signing pieces, but they helped each other for everything they produced. This exhibition is the result of the hysterical and exciting exchanges of inspiration that they have been maintaining for years.