

Crèveœur

Louise Sartor

Old Patterns

14.10 - 30.11.24

5 & 7 rue de Beaune

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

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

My friends are growing depressed
I think ,

Crève-cœur

because being carefree and twenty gives way to being thirty and disenchanting
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 steak mini 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