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I've modeled sculptures that take the form of holes.

There are 6+1 bronze holes that I named "Regard", a French term meaning "look", but that is also the name given to a hole in the sidewalk to peer under the asphalt, observing ducts and pipes. Usually, it is a cast iron plate, but in this case are vertical rings of modest size, made of polished bronze, but, above all, they are holes.

Sculpting a hole is complex because it's about creating a void instead of shaping matter. And through this void, a passage opens. I must therefore outline the contours of the hole: a context to cross, to overcome, to pierce. The frame of a very, very heavy door. The possibility of a mental break-in. An escape, an escape plan, a new run to get out of here.

Over the past few years, I have carved several holes: mouths, ears, ventilation grates, secret passages. Every time I sculpt, I leave holes. A hole in a face, a tooth, a fountain, a house, a wall, a fence. They act as valves between an invisible and underground world and a luxuriant and generous exterior. An irresistible kiss with freedom. A sort of overturn, of possible revolutions.

Would you like to take a look inside? Slide over the threshold of reality to play with the abyss? Start a revolt? Savor the crystal clear water? Come face to face with your alter ego or look at you from the outside?
I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT SEX. WELL, A LITTLE, FOR SURE.
But not only that: it's not a sexual hole, on the contrary, there is no sexual hole - it's rather a portal for merging into another world and abandoning yourself to it. Always building yourself up against the other, sure. Spy through the lock, all right. And sometimes, wide open, let the air in.

Are you wondering what it would be like if everything collapsed? If you opened the door wide? A huge vacuum of air currents and the world upside down, sweating. On the other side, a head could sprout, even a whole body. I vividly imagine such a scene in a movie. Turning reality on itself like you would a sock. Everything trembles, a glass breaks, and then everything is messed up, aspirated. A great visual vortex of shapes, matter, memories of a lifetime through that tiny hole, and BAM, everything is back in place, it's similar but different. These are the kinds of holes I carve.

Text by Lou Masduraud
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Lou Masduraud (Montpellier, FR, 1990, lives and works in Geneva, CH). She graduated at the Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts, Lyon and at the Haute école d'Art et de Design, Geneva.

Recent and upcoming solo exhibitions include: 2024 – Kunsthau Langenthal, CH (upcoming); Institut français d'Allemagne, Berlin, DE (upcoming); ADA, Rome, IT (upcoming); Kunst Raum Riehen, Basel, CH. 2023 – MAMCO, Prix Manor, Geneva, CH. 2022 – CAN, Centre d'Art Neuchâtel, CH; May Day, Basel, CH. 2021 – La Maison Pop, Montreuil, FR. Recent group and upcoming exhibitions include: 2024 – FRAC Champagne Ardenne, FR (upcoming); Fondation Bally, Lugano, CH (upcoming); MCBA, Lausanne, CH (upcoming); Musée des Beaux arts de La Chaux-de-Fonds, CH (upcoming). 2023 – Muzeum Susch, CH. 2022 – Istituto Svizzero, Rome, IT. 2021 – Musée d'Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris, FR. 2020 – Sculpture Garden Biennale, Geneva, CH. 2019 – 15ème Biennale de Lyon, FR. 2018 – Kunsthalle Basel, CH. Residencies include: Istituto Svizzero, Rome, IT (2021 – 2022). In 2023 she was awarded the Geneva Manor Art Prize. In 2022 she was nominated for the Swiss Art Awards as well as for 2024.