

EXHIBITION SCÈNE 22

Midori Sato Solo Exhibition
「Flower Gazing」

- A little message from the artist -

When I gaze flowers, I suddenly feel as if I make eye contact with them.

Being enticed by enchanting scent, the color beauty and complex shape of the flowers, I approach them so close enough that my cheek could touch. The closer I get to them, their outlines are getting hazier, and my focus turn toward their texture and colors. The moist texture of petals, purple blending into yellow, red and pink blending together. Not only that but I bathed in many more colors, the petals turn into matières and the colors in my mind.

Then, the various colors appear in the closet as transparent dresses bringing breeze and light. The fluttering dresses be meshed together with the flowers swaying in the wind.

Midori Sato

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- A little message from the curator -

Upon opening the door of a white house on the hill, flowers are everywhere and hand-stitched curtains sway in the soft sunlight.

Fruits are placed on beautiful glassware on the table, seasonal flowers bloom and rustle in the breeze in the garden and tea for tea break in the afternoon is ready on a small table in the corner of the garden.

In Midori Sato's studio, there is a view which could be seen in her work.

There are quite a few artists who reflect their personal life in their work, but in Sato's case, it seems as if she lives inside her works as the scenery of her real life itself is composed in a painterly way.

Watching her works, I feel as if I could have sympathy for what she was feeling, what her life was like, what places she visited and what she loved, before and after the exhibition.

‘By the way, where is your closet?’ I asked her excitedly in her studio, said her ‘That does not exist. It's just my dream. My closet is small, actually’.

It sounded very interesting for me.

For most people, the works depicting closet may come to mind by hearing her name, Midori Sato. I remember that it was only a couple of years ago that flowers suddenly appeared in the wardrobe and began to blend in with the dress.

Her garden is filled with seasonal flowers carefully grown and the vases placed around the house are arranged with hand-picked flowers from her garden, which also appear in her artworks. She mentioned that it was the flowers harvested from the garden that first blended into the closet in her pieces in her own text for the exhibition held in a few years ago.

As she is a person who owns a lot of clothes, the many beautiful dresses, and of course the flowers in her garden make up her immediate world. The closet that is not an objective reality becomes a fusion point, and they are gradually transformed beyond being flowers and dresses, and appear in her paintings as beautiful colours, lines and matières, seemingly becoming more and more abstract.

I have yet to witness another moment when a work becoming so beautifully abstract.

Just as Richter has moved back and forth between photography and painting, and just as Pollock was drawn to the unconscious that emerges in paintings, I am gazing her journey as if I am being shown how one artist is climbing on the path toward the higher.

SCÈNE

Nanako Yamamoto