

Art worth seeing and living is for impregnating our everyday lives, invading our homes, occupying my or your eyes. Is anything better at resolving this clear enigma of existence than adding beauty, not banality, to the world? If the function of life is more life, Lou adds new twists, brushstrokes, mouthfuls of paint to the aromas and flavors of our contemplation.

In his poem "Os Sapos", read at the 1922 Week of Modern Art, Manuel Bandeira had upbraided the Parnassians. He had had enough of restrained lyricism, of the prose of the market, of the tricks and inventions of critical texts. He wanted to talk of material things: good poems, good paintings, good music. Brazil was inventing itself. We entered the 1930s to produce excellence in architecture, and regionalist literature. People were not the products of a society of spectacle.

I am going back to the past, to a time when people created without ostentation, without their eyes turned to the media. The artist had to prove himself by talent. By what he did. For his clear love of himself and the Brazilian things ingrained in his training.

Lou magnifies fragments of Brazil: memories, the chairs we sit in, the flowers we smell, the mist we do not dare disperse. It is all soaked in looking and paint, it all dissolves into gesture and body. The artist removes her skin, her most intimate clothing, and naked, shamelessly involves herself in the linen of the canvas, the cotton or wood pulp of the paper.

That is how Lou seems to emerge from the memory of time. [It is a good idea to leave foolish ideas outside when entering MARGS. Her painting is rough. Real. Present. There is no restrained lyricism. She makes a mark from spreading colors onto previously intact white surfaces. We hear the swish of the brushstrokes, the splash of the paint. It is living, wet material, impossible to dry through the action of time. Lou seems to live more at the edge of time than at the edge of the Guaíba. And yet, paradoxically, her contemporaneity is radical.

She makes no concessions. She makes paintings.

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