

GALERIE GISELA CAPITAIN

LIZA LACROIX

She was abandoned by her parents and survived illness twice. She was an art star, but is now making feature films. She was happily married – now she is happily dating a man half her age.

April 11 – June 3, 2026

Galerie Gisela Capitain is pleased to announce *She was abandoned by her parents and survived illness twice. She was an art star, but is now making feature films. She was happily married – now she is happily dating a man half her age.* by Liza Lacroix. This marks the artist's fourth exhibition with the gallery.

Horse Girl

After taking the photo I would have liked to have seen us composed, drunk but not melting. Instead, our faces were puffy, facial muscles slack, displaying a level of inebriation that was only possible to internalize the following morning when Botox seemed the obvious and necessary solution. We looked happy, though, in front of that window to some sprawling industrial space, containing photograph after photograph of horses propped on painting easels. Nothing but glamour shots.

“What a weird way to sell horses,” Liza said.

“They’re selling... the idea of horses.”

And beauty is the idea of what? Desire? Transcendence? Who knows. All I knew in that moment was how impossible it seemed to look good on a really cold New York night.

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Every now and then, on a night like this one, we’d end up at some downtown bar where we were likely to see people we knew, yet so dislocated from our surroundings there was little chance we’d actually speak to them. I don’t know what caused this delusion, good conversation perhaps. Or maybe we believed the city could offer anonymity whenever you decided to call on it. Or we were simply drunk enough that we couldn’t care less. That night, I realized it caused a certain way of speaking. No names, firstly. And I liked how this omission made our conversation a bit of a conspiracy. I liked even more the result: abstracting the subject made me more likely to say how I felt.

“Everyone there seemed like they went to boarding school in Switzerland!” Somehow, our assessment of the art critic and his birthday party at some West Soho, celebrity-adjacent restaurant was inexhaustible. I mean, did I even know anyone who went to boarding school in Switzerland? Definitely not.

“Yeah. But the vibe was very LA. I mean, he’s so hot.”

“He’s so hot. But he would be nothing without those glasses.”

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"Yeah, he's balding."

"Really? But there's something about the affectation that I find attractive. You know, there's something hot about the vulnerability of the try-hard."

"He's a vulnerable person!"

"Exactly. Exactly."

"Only a vulnerable person can understand art on that level."

"Well yeah, only a vulnerable person can understand the kind of art I am interested in." As the words left my mouth, they felt a revelation.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I am only interested in work... work about fucking erotics. I mean, that's what your work is about."

"Yeah. Nobody gets that."

"So, he's the right man. It's kind of like John Berger and that artist he is always writing to. Marissa something, I can't remember her name. Like, even if they weren't fucking, he definitely wanted to. He wrote the most beautiful thing about cave painting for her. I mean, you just can't write like that unless you want to fuck your reader."

"Are you saying I want to fuck every person who looks at my paintings?" We were both laughing, telling jokes to ourselves, ratcheting it up for whoever else might be listening, likely nobody at all.

"No, no. The critic wants to fuck the artist! He's writing to her about the cave painting, how he can't describe their darkness, but how she knows it better than him. Not the painting, but the feeling he gets from the painting. And then he just goes on and on about herding cows on a hillside in, like, Switzerland. Time turns on itself, I mean, history turns in on itself, like he's the cave painter. It's this insane present-tense, a total collapse. I'm sorry, but that sort of beauty can only be the sublimation of sex. And that's probably the reason they never fucked. The effect of not fucking was just too damn good. I mean don't you think that's what's going on here?"

"I don't know. Okay, it's just, like, the way he was acting in my studio, it just felt like there was this possibility of, do you love me? You know?"

"Like he was taking advantage of your desire to be fully transparent?"

"Yeah, it was some sort of power play. But there was vulnerability to it. Like I could tell he wanted me to want something from him."

"Totally. I mean the experience of aesthetics is like the experience of sex..."

"Like the way he was taking his glasses on and then off and then on and then off again. It wasn't cheesy. That's what was fucked up about it, it wasn't cheesy at all!"

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“A choreography of domination. We need...”

“I want another drink,” she said, not really listening to me as she tried to find the bartender’s eyes. He looked even younger than he did when we first arrived. I imagined the apartment he would go back to after work, grim and full of life. It made me think about something a friend a few decades older than me once said. She told me she started to wear lipstick when men stopped looking at her on the street. It’s more the noticing of the story that depresses me. As if aging takes away one’s self-possession. “What?” Liza said, putting an end to my drifting thoughts.

“We need our own choreography of domination. That’s what we need.”

“What do you mean domination?”

“I don’t know maybe there’s a way... like our own way of taking the glasses on and off and on. I think if you are willing to make fun of yourself it is its own kind of power play. Being unhinged, it destabilizes other people.”

“Yeah, but I don’t want to be unhinged. Like, I feel like he smells like money. Like his bedsheets smell like money. His whole body probably smells like money. Everything smells like money—everything probably looks like money.”

“But do you want to smell like money?” I asked, with the assumption that she would renege on her desire for the smell of money.

“100 percent,” she replied without a touch of shame.

“Because I don’t want to smell like money. I don’t even know if I want to fuck someone who smells like money.”

“What do you want to smell like?”

“Um,” I paused. In the silence I felt how much I wanted my answer to be true. “The sea.”

“Fishy,” she replied, taking the last sip of a new drink that I couldn’t remember arriving. “Like caviar. That’s money.”

“No, no. Like absolute freedom.”

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I woke up to a text from Liza: a picture of her coat wrapped around the bedroom door, propping open the entry to the hallway. The way the leather folded in on itself created deep caverns of brown, a place interminable. It reminded me a bit of her paintings, how they functioned in the recesses, and how easy it was for people to gloss over their form with familiar language. Why does abstraction always elicit so many adjectives, as if language could modulate form? That sort of description is a fear of collapse. It’s a symptom of passing attention. Kind of like talking to someone at a party who is constantly scanning their eyes behind you for someone, seemingly anyone, else.

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When I opened Safari, I saw the Daily Mail article I had fallen asleep reading. I never made it past the headline:

“She was abandoned by her parents and survived illness twice. She was an art star, but is now making feature films. She was happily married—now she is happily dating a man half her age.”

I took a screenshot and sent it to Liza.

“Very you,” I wrote.

I pulled the covers over my head hoping to sink back into sleep I knew would never come. Instead, I sank back into time. Maybe today was the day I'd finally pay someone to tell me the future.

Noa Wesley

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Liza Lacroix has exhibited at Casino Luxembourg, Galerie Chantal Crousel, (both 2025), Neue Galerie Gladbeck, Le Consortium, Dijon (both 2024), Galerie Gisela Capitain, Cologne, Zweigstelle Capitain, Napoli (both 2023), Magenta Plains, New York (2024 & 2022), Midnight Projects, New Jersey, NJ, Magenta Plains, New York (both 2021), Peana, Monterrey (2018) and AC Repair, Toronto, CA (2016). She has participated in artist residency programs at Palazzo Monti, Brescia, Pocoapoco, Oaxaca and Duncan, Albuquerque (all 2018).

Noa Wesley is a curator and writer based in New York, where she is currently the Assistant Curator at the American Academy of Arts and Letters.