

Nico Jacobsen, "Satoshi Kojima @ Bridget Donahue", *Totokaelo*, July 12, 2017.

Totokaelo



SATOSHI KOJIMA @ BRIDGET DONAHUE

Satoshi Kojima is not an artist whose work would normally attract me from first glance. This is due primarily to the fact that his palette is dominated by soft Easter hues. If you look beneath the rosy exterior, though, you'll find a conceptual world that is certifiably at odds with the immediate presentation. The themes of the show relate mainly to mystical sexuality, including odd depictions of various cultures' explanations for how humans came to be. These portrayals intermingle with bizarre vignettes from different types of full moon activities, from sex clubs to DJ sets. All of this is brought to life with an approach to painting that pools together a vast array of styles prominent in early-1900s America, from Realism to Precisionism. It's a truly perplexing show, and to perplex at this level in 2017 is quite an accomplishment.

NICO JACOBSEN

Yin Ho, "Critics' Pick: Satoshi Kojima", *Artforum*, July 7, 2017, <https://www.artforum.com/picks/id=69378>.

ARTFORUM

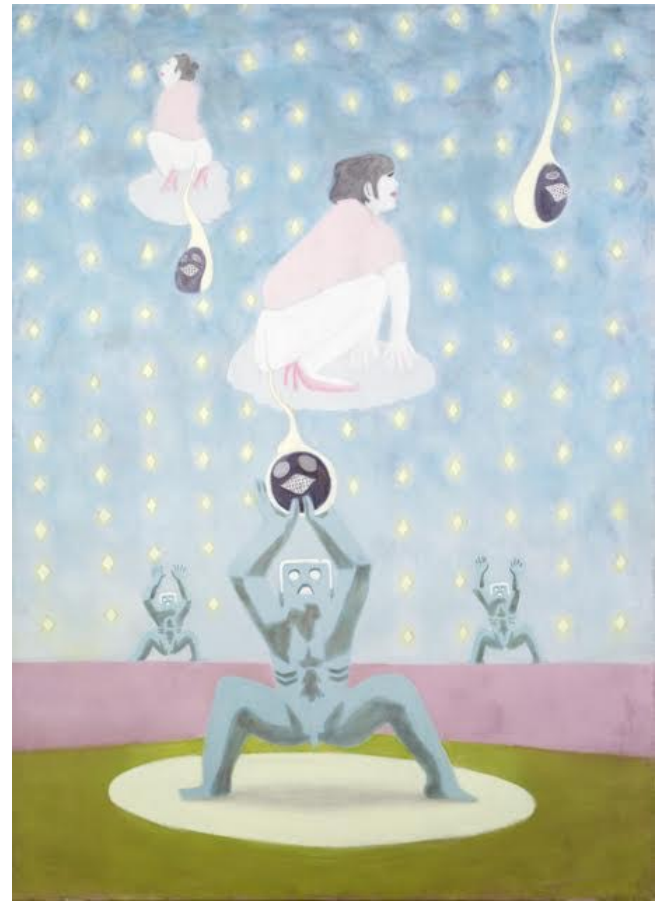
New York

Satoshi Kojima

BRIDGET DONAHUE
99 Bowery, 2nd Floor
June 7–August 4

Satoshi Kojima's exhibition of pastel-drenched, otherworldly oil paintings here—his first show in New York—speaks of being a stranger in a strange land and liking it. The artist moved from Japan to Germany to study art, and found in Düsseldorf a city where "it's quite normal for numbered women in lingerie to strike poses in windows," according to Peter Doig and Parinaz Mogadassi's text for the show. Pleasure-seeking, primal instincts and a trippy search for self are the subjects of these pieces.

The settings, futuristic-looking and Op-inspired, are hallucinatory. In *Last Dance*, 2016, a pair of groovy figures wave their hands against a disco-glitter landmass—or is it a sky?—while posing on a train track that leads to nowhere. *Beautiful Things*, 2013, gives us blue-skinned aliens catching smiling, sperm-like objects being shat out by floating women—Lucys defecating from a sky full of yellow diamonds. The kaleidoscopic galaxy space in which the shirtless, jorts-clad disc jockey moves in *DJ Box*, 2017, vibrates. The anal-retentive construction of the background in this work is lightened by the painter's soft-edged sensibilities. With *ONO*, 2014, the phrase "OH . . . NO . . ." appears as a pattern behind a man embarrassed by his hard-on, likely caused by the pretty male sylph reclining seductively on the grass in a thought bubble. Among all the negatives is one "OH . . . YES . . ."—a crack in the brittle armor of sexual frustration, a moment of giving in to lust's supple embrace. Oh yes, yes . . . YES.



Satoshi Kojima, *Beautiful Things*, 2013, oil on canvas, 98 1/2 x 62 1/2"

“Satoshi Kojima”, *The New Yorker*, July 3, 2017.

THE NEW YORKER

ART GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Satoshi Kojima

The ten large oil paintings in this Düsseldorf-based Japanese painter’s solo début in New York have soft edges and a palette of washed-out pastel. They mix the opacity of half-remembered dreams, the weirdness of New Wave science fiction, and the gleeful bawdiness of old-fashioned smut. In “Rondo,” three figures in yellow jackets and hats vamp on a Golden Gate Bridge to nowhere. In “Weather Report,” a cartoon riff on an Aztec priest holds a staff topped with a weathervane and points at a form that’s either two disco balls crushing a rain cloud or a pair of disembodied, postcoital buttocks.