

Vittorio Santoro

Pulleys, I & The Supposed Half of a Day &...

Galerie Thomas Bernard - Cortex Athletico Paris, 20.10.2016 - 26.11.2016

Artist's Statement

Maybe more than in other exhibitions, in this one, I deepen my sculptural research to highlight the dichotomy between the inside and the outside and, by extent, to dwell on the membrane each individual is willing to forge or develop between him/herself and the visible constraints and silent coercions of the socio-cultural world.

I mostly conceive of an exhibition like a metaphorical dissection table where the everyday surrounding and different levels of my thoughts converge. I try to compare present social mechanisms and aesthetic phenomena and incorporate past equivalents by looking for their signs and symptoms across different disciplines. This is how I try to explain the everyday to myself.

I am aware that everyday or assembled objects are activators of collective, shareable thoughts. Objects contain the patina of history. They can be used, reexamined and activated in relation to different cultural contexts and historical situations. They might be able to speak a more subtle language across time. In this exhibition, the combination of materials forming, what I would call *sculptural situations* and their spatial arrangement in space, might underline this phenomenon.

The work *Pulleys, I* is spreading like a tentacle in the exhibition space. The adjacent works related to it seem to present each one a different version of a story, only from different viewpoints. Repetitions – works which are quasi-doubled – point out that the same thoughts incorporated in a work might occur over and over again but each time are uttered with different words. I believe that artworks are a source of ideas – not just one, but many – rather than a vessel for a single thought or a concept. They by definition speak a language that ignores tags. It is the role of the artist to show that there are multiple, mysterious grey-zones in language and that they are more powerful when left unspoken. I like to think of the viewer like someone that would like to join an open-ended conversation.

–V.S., Paris, October 2016