

Γυναίκες Women

... while the bird of life dreams in her hand. CESAR VALLEJO

Kostas Karakistsos' women rise as clay ideas of a well known and yet unexplored femininity. Colloquial and colourful, lightly attired, yet without a trace of girlish elaboration, they bear in their hands the conscious, I should say, object that controls their will but also leads them to it. A cactus, a boat, a house, a bird, or even nothing nested in their hands are raised to symbols of their inner self or of the cause that stimulates their movements and behaviours.

... ready to travel when they so wish, primary intense and aggressive, at times they promise leisurely a co-existence and at some other moment the flap their wings vehemently. Nevertheless, they refuse to let their hair loose as if it is a nightly secret, insisting thus to underline their diversity through their peculiar head cover.

Kostas Karakitsos moulds in a moving but not melodramatic way the archetypal impression women create through their appearance and he lets pure plasticity triumph on every look. What we eventually behold is the violent privilege to stand next to us unaltered, loyal to their inexplicable nature and irrational conduct.

"Betrayal, anything beyond that be"

έπαιξα με τα αγκάθια των κάκτων... I played upon the cactus thorns...





πηλός stoneware οξείδια πυροχρώματα oxide stains ύψος height 1,53 cm







