

COME IN, GET OUT by CHARIS VLAHOS

If I was interested in just one thing that could be the ambiguity: that something can be interpreted in two different ways – to be consisted of opposite parts.

A black and white zebra realized that opposites can form a whole. That wasn't enough for it! It chooses to disembowel just to be able to discover other colors through the hole it created.

These series of works, as well as the text that frames them, do not have the Fall as its main subject, nor do they dream of the fantasy of ancestral innocence, the imagination of a once-upon-a-time wholeness before language, before writing, before Man.*

It was the thesis, it is the antithesis, the synthesis screams.

One painting breaks into 12 different ones. Fragmented experiences that were unconscious messages hidden in the zebra tale become symbols and occasions for new narratives. Stories are tools, retold all over again, variations that reverse and displace the hierarchical models of the shaped identities. Between violence and play, guiltiness and innocence, apocalyptic fulfillment and mere awareness of our own death and other competing dualities, they undermine the basic myths of ancestry.

I will not talk about what the great linear story is. I can only say, that each one of the 12 stories, serves a different purpose and that it has its own protagonist. We have the caretaker, the hero, the rebel, the ruler, the innocent, the explorer, the lover, the magician, the ordinary, the creator, the jester, the wise. But I will not tell you the right order of appearance. You can try and make the match. They operate as a network.

I have opened 12 holes and whatever we say about a hole we cannot ignore the fact that we can only see it and perceive it as the empty space and the opening in the solid body that has received it. Through a hole, you can see the world around you from two sides. Two sides through something that never existed and we thought we saw it. It is all a matter of your perception.

A hole as a burrow and as a shelter, a passage, an absence, a vortex, a window, a crack, a wound, a source of pleasure. All paintings share holes that lead to others as channels that bridge the inside with the outside. However the painting and the image are two-dimensional - the hole will not be experienced. You stand either inside or outside. The void cannot be perceived, it is just an illusion.

From confession to disengagement, to something that becomes almost a secret. I will not chew, I will not spit. These words act as a tangible, experiential way of embodying the hole. The void always depends on something material in order to be defined. The meaning is perceived through its relation with its surroundings.

You can see it as a game, as an opportunity to put the pieces in order by telling your own story, as a trailer for the next step which is already planned or you can just accept that you went somewhere that you would anyway come in, get out and even if it had a more informative text, you would never be informed enough.

It was the thesis, it is the antithesis, the synthesis screams.

One is too little. Two are too much. Three just adds up, and no one was content with that alone.

*cyborg writing